

INT. PENTHOUSE – NIGHT

An almost common setting, in the sense that this is to be expected from a soirée thrown by insanely wealthy socialites. Not so common in terms of numbers, this is after all the top one percentile. This being said, nothing really out of the ordinary: obscure but tasteful mid-century with a sprinkle of art deco in a three-story penthouse in the 6th arrondissement. A grand living room with soaring ceilings and paintings covering the walls in abundance, too many in fact, which probably should be considered a bit garish except that the hosts are well known collectors and we all comply.

It's the tail-end of the night and the camera pans the room spotting what appears to be two figures deep in conversation.

- Everyone is delusional these days. I mean, I feel delusional for even saying this.
- Not sure what you mean darling.
- Well, even to say “everyone”, I mean who am I to account for anyone?
- Is that a Carol Simon on the wall?
- I think it is.
- I've never seen that one, even in a reproduction.
- Anyways baby, you know I barely read the news, I just can't be bothered, I'd really just rather spend my energy on what's around me, you know like friends, family, my neighborhood, you.
- There's this Italian saying, it goes something like, “il mio piccolo orticello”. I think it means “my own little garden”.
- I've heard that before, I like it. Oh, I've had too many of these, shall we go home?
- This all sounds very apolitical darling, maybe you should eat something.
- What's the alternative babe?
- Well darling, an infantile madman becomes president and everyone is sexually harassed.
- Haha, ooh these are good, is this Bottarga on top?

The young male server responds “yes it is” with a trained smile.

Another conversation can be heard in the background

- That's really bad form, artists can be such sociopaths, I heard Samantha really championed him. And Moretti/Springer isn't even a good gallery! What a terrible move...
- I know, what do you think of his work?
- To be honest, I don't know it well enough to have an opinion.

The camera follows the server into the kitchen where we catch a glimpse of 10 or so busy workers, all in their twenties.

TOM HUMPHREYS
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INT. TAXI (MOVING) – NIGHT

Backseat of a taxi headed toward the 9th. It's Saturday night and you can hear the streets in the background, still pregnant with folks drunk on booze and the energy of life in a metropolis.

- Maybe it is just the power structure and not men in particular, I mean doesn't everyone in positions of power have a tendency to abuse?
- But babe, those power structures are inherently patriarchal, how everything is organized.
- Why would anyone want to be in a position of power.
- Haha, easy for you to say...

- That painting was really interesting.
- Again about the painting? It's just a Painting baby.
- I know darling, I've just never seen it before and there was something about it, just strangely compelling, that shape in the center.
- It looked like a hamburger, or a macaron.
- Or some kind of eye staring back at you and you couldn't tell whether it was receding or on the surface, like a kind of trompe l'oeil effect but without all the fussiness that usually comes with it.
- To be honest babe, I don't really get painting these days. It just seems so superfluous.
- And the light blueish walls, almost like a frame, framing this arrangement or even mechanism. It's amazing to think about how many decisions are made in a painting, it's an entire structure, each painting its own institution. I wonder if by osmosis you can change or even evolve being next to one.
- That sounds ridiculous baby.
- Here's my stop.
- What? Aren't we going home babe?

EXT. STREET (METRO STATION ENTRANCE) – NIGHT

The taxi door opens and a figure swiftly exits and escapes toward the metro entrance, while a figure inside the taxi can be heard calling out.

- Tom! Where are you going? Get back here right now! What are you doing??

The figure halts and briefly looks back to respond before disappearing into the station.

- My name's not Tom darling.