

INT. SHARED STUDIO SPACE - DAY

Carlos and Dahlia paint together. Laughter, stolen kisses, creative sparks fly. Love blooms on canvas.

INT. GALLERY - NIGHT

Carlos stands beside a familiar landscape. Dahlia with a piercing portrait. The press flocks to DAHLIA.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dahlia recounts praise. Carlos forces a smile.

MONTAGE - DAHLIA RISES, CARLOS FALTERS

-Carlos reads reviews calling his work "redundant."

-Dahlia appears on talk shows.

-She buys them a house.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

CARLOS

You wouldn't even have a career if  
I hadn't pulled you in.

DAHLIA

You mean until my painting silenced  
the room?

A glass shatters. - Cliche

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Carlos flirts. Pulls away. Miserable.

INT. GALLERY - NIGHT

Dahlia laughs with other artists. Carlos watches, seething.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Screams. Dahlia storms out.

What?

- Rushed  
misses  
the point

too much

No he  
doesn't

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Carlos, drunk, crying.

INT. DREAM - NIGHT

Dahlia marries someone else. Carlos alone in a crumbling home.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY

Carlos accepts a six-month AA chip.

*]- Nuclear  
time jump*

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Carlos sees Dahlia's car.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CARLOS

I've hated you for being better.  
This is all I've painted.

*= Rushed*

He unveils the PAINTING FROM ACT 1.

*↳ Bad*

DAHLIA

I still love you. But promise me—no  
more painting until your ego's  
gone.

*= Bad Dialogue*

They embrace.

INT. TALK SHOW - NIGHT

INTERVIEWER

Carlos, are you painting again?

CARLOS

Not yet.

*What?*

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Carlos slides over a napkin. A sketch of Dahlia at the table,  
Carlos down on one knee.

She looks up—REALITY MATCHES.

DAHLIA

Yes! Yes!

MONTAGE - WEDDING

Surrounded by artists. Joyful. Vows: "Family First."

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carlos stares at a blank canvas. He tries to paint. Nothing comes.

MONTAGE

-Carlos supports Dahlia.

-He stares at blank canvases.

-She encourages him.

-Still nothing.

CARLOS (V.O.)

I only ever painted longing. And now I have everything.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Dahlia throws up. Coughs.

INT. GALLERY - LATER

She collapses.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

DOCTOR

You're pregnant.

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

Carlos paints. Dahlia pretends to sleep.

INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY

Dahlia kisses the baby. Flatline.

No understanding of emotion

Oversimplified

Reads like parody

No narration

Rushed

Carlos holds his daughter. Grief and joy, side by side.

FOUR YEARS LATER

INT. PRESCHOOL - DAY

BAILEY  
I made you something!

She hands Carlos a drawing—"My Daddy."

CARLOS  
Mommy and I used to draw like this.

BAILEY  
You did? Can you show me?

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Bailey sees Carlos's paintings.

BAILEY  
Why no pictures of me?

CARLOS  
I stopped painting.

BAILEY  
Why?

CARLOS  
I can only paint Mommy. And that hurts.

BAILEY  
I wanna see Mommy.

CARLOS  
Then I'll paint the three of us.

TWO YEARS LATER

INT. GALLERY - DAY

BAILEY  
Me and my daddy painted this. This is my family.

No  
emotion

The painting: a shared canvas. Dahlia, glowing. Bailey's half shines.

Carlos, in the back, teary-eyed. Not sad. Full.

We push in on Dahlia's face. She smiles.

FADE OUT.

**THE END**

Horrendous      pacing,  
Incoherent,      no real  
imagination