

THE EXHIBITS

Jeff and Maggie came to the second to last exhibit, a mural of three women and five men engaged in an orgy. Whoever drew it had little to no control over shape and form, but the overblown genitalia made for an arresting view.

Jeff, a stooped man at the age of eighty-five but with the exuberance of a twenty-year old, said, “Jesus wept, would you look at that?”

“It’s a doozey,” said Maggie. Two years his senior, she, too, looked like a bit worse for wear, but no one would catch her outside not dressed to the nines. She joined him, standing just inches away from the mural. “I hate to admit this, but I could look forever.”

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“Yo, Rick, get over here,” said John. He turned away from the six television sets and waved Rick over. He pointed to the fifth screen. “These two old perverts are looking at that orgy painting.”

“It’s not a painting,” said Rick, adjusting his security guard uniform. “It’s a mural. We’ve talked about this before.”

John took out his iPad, the cover cracked, and began to scroll through video from the day, waiting to see when the old couple bought tickets. He noted the time and proceeded to examine the names of customers who’d paid at that time. “Maggie and Jeff Prulough,” he announced.

“Jot their names down,” said Rick. “Just in case. You never know when something can become important. Have to keep tabs on the sickos.”

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Simon jerked off to the porn playing silently on his laptop. His shirt was soaked in sweat. He did not look at the monitor on the other side of the table, which was the only purpose of his job. Simon didn’t think anyone would notice, though, just as he didn’t notice the two security guards on his monitor watching an elderly duo stare at a mural.

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“For crying out loud,” muttered Sara, the overseer of overseers. Her boss had been right, much as she hated to admit it. Simon, the man who was supposed to watch the watchers, was derelict in his duties and in the most unpleasant of ways. She made sure the footage of Simon’s activities saved and then looked away.

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“I knew it,” Bruce shouted out to his secretary. He leaned back in his chair, putting his legs up on his desk. The laptop in front of him displayed a very dissatisfied woman looking at the floor. “Sara didn’t want to believe me, but I knew Simon was no good. I got a thousand people under me and I can read each and every one of them. This poor

girl has to watch Simon, but, hey, she probably deserves it for doubting me. I always know what's going on here."

Bruce's secretary came in from the other room. "You need to learn to use the intercom," she said. "What were you saying?"

"I said I—"

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Jeff and Maggie came to the final exhibit in the museum. It was just a television set stuck in a wall. It displayed a fat man sitting behind a desk, shouting something.

"This isn't as exciting and twisted as the mural," said Maggie.

"Well, we can't hear it," said Jeff. "Turn up the volume."

Maggie did so. On the screen, a woman walked into the room, joining the heavysset businessman. Neither Maggie nor Jeff heard the first part of what the man said. They only heard, "—always know what's going on around here."