

Dinner, Gallery, and a Self Destructive portrait of the ART and the ARTIST

by. Steven Harmon



//Scene 1

FATHER

Are you alright?

IST

Fine.

FATHER

You weren't yourself last night.

IST

Was I?

FATHER

You seemed sad... bitter.

IST

I was tired, angsty, teenage stuff.

FATHER

Mother had to force you to eat some soup.

IST

I was busy.

FATHER

I just-

IST

I know. Fine, honestly; just tired, that's all.

//Scene 2

ART

LOOK AT ME!!!

Look at how I move. *[ART is stationary]* I can dance with you, be present with you, just give me some attention. Just for a second, or hours. Acknowledge me please. Please, please do. That would be ever so kind, so kind if you would just. DAMMIT! why are none of you looking at me? You see that I am here, rotting away on this ever so bare wall, why won't you look at me. No you are all too busy looking at... *[beat]* figures. Wait, is this... They do want me!

MAN

This will never sell.

WOMAN

Well I could have told you that.

MAN

Mary, I know. God, I should have never been so kind-

WOMAN

It's taking up too much space here.

MAN

It's starting to drive off too many customers I think.

WOMAN

I think you are right Dick.

MAN

I think you've never looked so beautiful amongst this hideous painting.

WOMAN

I love how the only way you compliment me is by putting others down.

MAN

I love it how you love how I can only compliment you by putting others down.

WOMAN

It's a great juxtaposition-

MAN

With regard to-

WOMAN

Light and darkness in it's discourse-

MAN

Conceptually activating a deep euphoria et dévastation-

WOMAN

With a hint of lemon-

MAN

Aged in oak. Come lets take this “art” to the back, it won't sell.

WOMAN

Ah, yes, lets.

[Man and Woman pickup then proceed to lift ART offstage]

//Scene 3

IST

We are no good for each other.

ART

For each other?

IST

For me.

ART

No.

IST

For us?

ART

For them?

IST

No.

ART

Of course, do leave them out of it. Will you?

IST

Will you?

ART

“Will you”, what?

IST

I forgot. Oh yes...

ART

No.

IST

But-

ART

No. No Butts.

IST

Right. Poop does cometh from them.

ART

Shit.

IST

Excrement.

ART

Feces, dung, fecal matter!

IST

Defecation, discharge, stool!

ART

Deuce, manure, stool... Wait, no. Stool?

IST

Come again?

ART

“Come again”, what?

IST

I forgot... again?

ART

“Again”, what?

IST

Again, yes again!

ART

No.

[Beat]

IST

We are no good for each other.

ART

I blame them.

IST

Whom?

ART

THEM! I blame them, look at them, all of them, them them them... It's disgusting. They like it too, they get off to it, they just love it don't they.

IST

Do they? Do they really?!

ART

Do you really need them to?

IST

I don't know.

ART

You don't know.

IST

How can I?

ART

How can anyone?

IST

I'll ask them!

ART

Are you mad?!

[beat]

IST

Do you love it? Do you love us?

[wait for response]

ART

UP SHUT!!! *[breathe]* Wait, no.

IST

SHUT UP?

ART

No. SHUT UP!

[IST claps]

They don't matter.

IST

But- I mean, yes.

ART

And?

IST

And, they really do matter to you.

ART

Don't make this a “me” thing.

IST

I need them and so do you. To live, without them you die. Without them I can't have you.

ART

Sadly.

IST

It can work.

ART

Has it ever?

IST

It's a good idea on paper.

ART

Then draw it.

[IST draws it on ART]

IST

Wait, no... give me a minute.

ART

I'm going to kill myself.

IST

That wouldn't look very nice though.

You do want to look nice for them, no? It wouldn't be fare.

ART

To whom?

[beat]

IST

What must we do?

ART

We can do everything.

[Both IST and ART sit and do absolutely nothing, silent for quite some time.]

IST

Still something.

ART

That's what she said.

IST

What did she say?

ART

I don't remember.

IST

Rememb-er I hardly even-

ART

Know her!

[both laugh, then become disquited]

IST

We aren't good for one and another, you know?

ART

I know.

IST

I remember. I remember the beginning of everything. I was at first lost, following a shadow until I had grown large enough to cast one of my own creation, creation from imitation large enough to overshadow the first. More lost ever so than before, than before. Before, now, afterwords. Everything seemingly to go to pieces at any moment. I will fail, I will always fail, something can, and therefore will go wrong, all wrong. Wrong wrong bong. You were there. You were constant, consistent, I measured existence by you for you for me. We were inseparable... You responsible.

ART

An escape-

IST

A prison.

ART

It's easier this way.

IST

Is it?

ART

Blame me, go on I can take it.

IST

I don't know.

ART

You don't know.

IST

How can I?

ART

How can anyone?

[Beat. IST recedes assimilating into the audience. ART fades away. Fadeout.]