

ART

*(DREW and BLAIR enter, each carrying a camera or using the cameras on their phones. DREW enters enthusiastically, slightly ahead of BLAIR.)*

DREW: Come on, we have to do sixteen outdoor photos each and then we're done.

BLAIR: Ugh, I hate this. This is so boring.

DREW: It's easy! *(Looking up.)* Look – that building has some pretty cool graffiti, right? *(DREW takes a photo of the graffiti.)*

BLAIR: Fine.

*(BLAIR takes a photo of the graffiti. DREW looks at BLAIR disapprovingly for a moment.)*

DREW: That cloud's pretty cool. *(DREW takes a photo of the cloud.)*

BLAIR: I guess. *(BLAIR takes a photo of the cloud.)*

DREW: No – you can't just keep taking the same pictures I take.

BLAIR: Who says?

DREW: You're supposed to, like, be relying on your own judgment.

BLAIR: Well, I judge that you've got good taste.

DREW: That's my cloud.

BLAIR: You can't just call a cloud.

DREW: Yes you can. I saw it first.

BLAIR: Nobody owns the clouds.

DREW: No, but I own the *picture* of the cloud.

BLAIR: Great. You own your picture, I'll own mine.

DREW: No – it doesn't work that way. We can't just show up with all pictures of the same things. We have to have our own different pictures.

BLAIR: He won't even notice.

DREW: Of course he'll notice! Both our last names start with S. Our pictures will be right next to each other on the wall.

BLAIR: I hate this class.

DREW: Then why did you take it?

BLAIR: Umm. Because you *asked* me to.

DREW: I only asked you 'cuz I thought I'd be fun.

BLAIR: It's not.

DREW: It *is*! And it's easy! Look - anything can be art. You just have to . . . to look for it. Graffiti can be art. Clouds can be art. Garbage can be art!

BLAIR: In this class it can.

DREW: I'm serious. Look at that garbage can. The way all the paper and bottles and everything is just pouring out of the top and piling up all around it – it's like a fountain. You take a picture, you call it "Fountain," and it's art.

BLAIR: (*Getting a little interested.*) You think so?

DREW: I know it!

BLAIR: (*Sullenly.*) Go ahead. I won't copy you.

DREW: No – it's for you.

BLAIR: (*Genuinely pleased.*) Really?

DREW: Yeah! (*BLAIR picks up the camera, looks at the garbage can through it, squints, circles around the can, squats, stands up, etc., looking for the perfect angle, then takes the photo.*) Lemme see.

(*BLAIR shows DREW the photo.*)

BLAIR: Art?

DREW: Art.

*(BLAIR smiles.)*

BLAIR: OK, but you can't keep calling everything first. You can't call the whole world.

DREW: Look, I'll make you a deal. I'll split it with you.

BLAIR: What?

DREW: We'll split the world. I'll photograph my half, you photograph your half.

BLAIR: OK - I call North America and South America. You can have the rest.

DREW: Why are you being such a pain?

BLAIR: I just want to make sure there's something good in my half.

DREW: Alright, tell you what. You take everything from the waist down, I'll take the waist up. That graffiti and that cloud is above the waist.

BLAIR: The head.

DREW: What?

BLAIR: I own everything to the top of my head.

DREW: Done. *(Suddenly looking up.)* Oh! Look at that pigeon. *(DREW takes a picture.)*

BLAIR: *(Looking down.)* Gum wrapper! *(BLAIR takes a picture.)*

*(DREW and BLAIR start to exit, still looking around and taking photographs - DREW looking up, BLAIR looking down.)*

DREW: That shadow on the building! *(DREW takes a picture.)*

BLAIR: Cigarette butt in the gutter! *(BLAIR takes a picture.)*

DREW: Are you just gonna take pictures of garbage all day?

BLAIR: Didn't anyone ever tell you? Garbage can be art.

*(DREW and BLAIR exit.)*

- END SCENE -