

The Dilettantes

by Terry Dugan

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On the web:
terrydugan.com

Plays by Terry Dugan:
Mary Courage & Her Children
Dies
Feng Shui for Cubists
The Fog People
Jsem Robot
The Closest Distance
Tis Better to be Vile than Vile Esteem'd

Cast of characters

WILLIS, a man with a camera

HARRISON, his friend

CAMERAMAN, a man with a bigger camera

The VIEWER, a connoisseur

STATUE, a naked female statue

SECURITY guards 1-4

The Dilettantes

SCENE:

An art museum. Two blank, vertical canvases, most likely suspended from the “ceiling” are on opposite ends of the stage and facing the audience. A bench is placed in the center, near the apron. Images of works of art are projected onto the blank canvases. When The Dilettantes visit a piece of art, the other half of the stage goes black, but instead of simply cutting the stage in half, the light should be angled so that the entire bench is in the light whether The Dilettantes are visiting the artwork on stage left or stage right. Regardless of the specific staging or type of bench, The Dilettantes will never sit on the bench to look at the art, only to look at the audience or to address each other.

AT RISE:

The light comes up on the painting at stage left. A SECURITY guard sits on a stool in the darkness at the back of the stage. The Dilettantes are heard from off-stage as they begin their entrance through the darkness and to the bench.

HARRISON

Willis, hurry up!

WILLIS

I’m hurrying.

(HARRISON enters.)

HARRISON

We’ve got 1,000 paintings to see and only an hour in which to do it. We must get moving!

(WILLIS enters.)

WILLIS

I’m tired.

The Dilettantes
HARRISON

From what?

WILLIS

The stairs.

HARRISON

The stairs?

WILLIS

The stairs.

HARRISON

We can rest for 30 seconds.

(They sit and face the audience.)

WILLIS

How many paintings did you say there were?

HARRISON

One thousand.

WILLIS

But my camera will only hold 950 pictures.

HARRISON

You'll have to be selective, then.

WILLIS

But these are some of the greatest works of art of all time, and I paid full admission price, not 95% of it.

HARRISON

Maybe we can, somehow, get two paintings into one shot.

WILLIS

And do that 50 times?

HARRISON

And do that 50 times.

The Dilettantes

WILLIS

Harrison, you're a genius.

HARRISON

Willis, you are observant. Shall we admire some art?

WILLIS

Lead the way, my friend.

HARRISON

Thank you, my good man.

(They leave the bench and approach the first painting, a Virgin and Child painting by Botticelli.)

WILLIS

Who painted this one?

HARRISON

(Looking at the "tag" which may or may not exist.)

Baw-ti-sell-eye. Bawtiselleeye.

WILLIS

What kind of name is that?

(WILLIS takes a picture with his small digital camera, the flash goes off. SECURITY #1 enters from the darkness.)

SECURITY #1

No flash, please.

(SECURITY #1 exits back to his/her chair. The Dilettantes move to the front of the stage, practically addressing the audience.)

The Dilettantes
HARRISON

What an ass hole.

WILLIS

Did you see that?

HARRISON

What a prick.

WILLIS

Did you see that?

HARRISON

You should talk to his supervisor.

WILLIS

I was just taking a picture.

HARRISON

Just a picture.

WILLIS

And then to get, to get violated like that.

HARRISON

It was verbal rape!

WILLIS

I feel so, so, vulnerable.

HARRISON

This museum has no class.

(WILLIS moves toward the painting
for a closer look.)

WILLIS

What's so great about this picture anyway that my tiny little flash
provokes the wrath of such a, an art vigilante?

(He looks closer at the painting.)

Look at this! It's totally broken.

The Dilettantes
HARRISON

What do you mean?

WILLIS
Look at all the cracks! Like it's ready to fall apart.

(The Dilettantes return to the
front of the stage.)

HARRISON
What kind of crappy 15th century art are they trying to pawn off
on us?

WILLIS
I paid good money for this.

HARRISON
For this broken art.

WILLIS
Should I have ripped my money into pieces and put it into their
hands?

HARRISON
(Like a barker.)
Step right up and watch things fall to pieces before your very
eyes.

WILLIS
(Copying him.)
You sir, they're cracked like your face.

HARRISON
They're all cracked.

WILLIS
Cracked, and deleted. I'm not wasting my memory-card space on
broken pictures.

HARRISON
Of course not.

The Dilettantes

WILLIS

I only have room for 950.

HARRISON

Maybe this is the area of the museum where they put all the paintings waiting to get fixed.

WILLIS

Like a waiting room at a doctor's office.

HARRISON

Exactly.

WILLIS

That makes sense.

HARRISON

Let's step into this other room, see if it has fresh paintings.

(The Dilettantes walk toward stage right where the lights come up as the lights go down on stage left. A picture of a painting from the Mark Rothko Black-Form series is displayed on the blank canvas. A new security guard sits in the chair.)

WILLIS

You'd think they'd have a better opening room for their fancy museum.

HARRISON

(He notices the painting.)

What the hell is that?

WILLIS

Maybe it's a logo for some art.

HARRISON

I think this is the art.

The Dilettantes

WILLIS

No.

HARRISON

Yes.

WILLIS

No.

HARRISON

Yes.

WILLIS

It's a square.

HARRISON

Squares are also rectangles.

WILLIS

It's a rectangular square.

HARRISON

And this is art?

WILLIS

Is this art?

HARRISON

This is art.

WILLIS

How do you know?

HARRISON

It's here, isn't it?

WILLIS

It must be famous.

HARRISON

The most famous rectangular square in the world, perhaps.

The Dilettantes

WILLIS

Famous or not, it's ugly.

HARRISON

It's nothing.

WILLIS

An ugly bunch of nothingness.

HARRISON

How can it be ugly when it's nothing?

WILLIS

Nothingness is always ugly.

HARRISON

Except when it's not.

WILLIS

Isn't that the truth.

HARRISON

I'll bet that if I looked at it, I wouldn't even see boobs hidden in it.

WILLIS

That doesn't sound like art at all.

HARRISON

That's how we know this isn't art.

WILLIS

You know what would make this thing look a whole lot better?

HARRISON

What's that?

WILLIS

You standing in front of it.

The Dilettantes

HARRISON

I can't believe you said that. That's exactly what I was thinking.

(HARRISON stands in front of
the painting and WILLIS takes
a picture with flash. SECURITY #2
enters from the darkness.)

SECURITY #2

No flash, please.

(SECURITY #2 exits.)

WILLIS

Oh my god!

HARRISON

I just hate them.

WILLIS

Fascists.

HARRISON

Fascists?

WILLIS

Fascism against light.

HARRISON

Oh the worst kind!

WILLIS

Vampire fascists.

HARRISON

Vampire fascists

WILLIS

That painting is too dark not to use a flash.

The Dilettantes

HARRISON

How will you know what color it is without it?

WILLIS

How will anyone know there are two colors in it if I don't use a flash?

HARRISON

Like a vampire fascist cares about you.

WILLIS

Yet, I'm the ass hole here. Not the idiot who forgot to put color and light in his painting.

HARRISON

What an idiot.

WILLIS

You're an idiot...

(WILLIS looks to see who painted it.)

Mark Rothko.

HARRISON

Rothko. What kind of a name is that?

WILLIS

Kind of sounds Russian.

HARRISON

Oh, comrade!

WILLIS

Guess they ran out of colors in communist times.

HARRISON

(In Russian accent)

You will paint in brand new style – the square.

WILLIS

(Joining in accent)

And we have one color – is black.

The Dilettantes

HARRISON

And not to hide circles in art as we are watching you.

WILLIS

(WILLIS looks at camera's LCD screen.)

Man, you look great in this picture.

HARRISON

Anyone would look great next to that ugly piece of shit.

WILLIS

Famous piece of shit.

HARRISON

And we saw it.

WILLIS

We saw it.

HARRISON

And I stood next to it.

WILLIS

And I took a picture of you and it.

(Light comes up at stage left. A painting of an Andy Warhol Campbell's Soup can appears on the canvas. After The Dilettantes walk over to it, light goes down on stage right.)

HARRISON

Now this is what I'm talking about!

WILLIS

It's totally fantastic.

HARRISON

It's like I'm home.

The Dilettantes

(VIEWER enters from the
darkness to view the painting.)

WILLIS

It's a window to your world.

HARRISON

On your wall.

WILLIS

In your cupboard.

(WILLIS is about to take a
picture when VIEWER
stands in front of the painting.)

Ahem.

(VIEWER continues to admire painting.)

A-he-he-hem.

HARRISON (coughing)

Move. Get out.

(Willis makes sounds like he's
going to cough up a lung.
The VIEWER, not minding the
noises, walks off stage.)

WILLIS

Finally.

HARRISON

Some people think they own the thing.

WILLIS

Like their money is worth more than ours.

HARRISON

We paid good money to be in here.

WILLIS

The nerve.

The Dilettantes
HARRISON

The nerve.

(WILLIS takes his picture with flash. The SECURITY guard re-enters from the darkness.)

SECURITY #2

Sir, I said no flash, please.

WILLIS

Yeah, yeah, sorry, I thought I turned it off. Sorry.
(The SECURITY guard goes back to the chair. The Dilettantes are so beside themselves that they can only express themselves through sounds of frustration. Once they calm down, WILLIS looks at his LCD screen.)

Look at this.

(They both sit on the bench and admire the picture in the LCD screen.)

HARRISON

That is an amazing picture.

WILLIS

It's unbelievable how well I captured that painting.

HARRISON

I think your flash helped.

WILLIS

You think so?

HARRISON

Your flash made that painting way better.

WILLIS

And they didn't want me to use the flash.

The Dilettantes
HARRISON

The nerve.

WILLIS

The nerve! Maybe that's OK for Comrade Rothko's geometry lesson but I'm an American, and if I want to take pictures of cans of American soup with a flash, then by god, I'm going to use flash to take pictures of American soup!

HARRISON

You know, some of that soup will keep for four years before it goes bad.

WILLIS

That's amazing.

HARRISON

I mean, can you imagine that? Having something that in four years is still good to eat?

WILLIS

Blows my mind.

HARRISON

Preservation is a gift from God best served cold.

WILLIS

I'll bet I won't even have this picture in four years.

HARRISON

Why not?

WILLIS

The hard drive in my computer tends to crash once every two years.

HARRISON

That's horrible.

WILLIS

I know, I know.

The Dilettantes
HARRISON

You ever do a back-up?

WILLIS
Crashes are unpredictable, so why bother?

HARRISON
True, true.

WILLIS
It's not like I have anything important.

HARRISON
So why bother.

WILLIS
That's what I say.

(CAMERAMAN enters from the darkness. He stands behind the bench and uses his camera with a cartoonishly large lens to snap a picture of the painting, without flash, as The Dilettantes begin talking about him.)

HARRISON
Look at the size of that thing!

WILLIS
Are you kidding me?

HARRISON
That thing could kill a man.

WILLIS
I'll bet that is the most amazing camera in the world.
(To CAMERAMAN)

Excuse me.
(CAMERAMAN lets his camera hang down from the camera strap.)

The Dilettantes

The camera ends up resting
below his belly button with the
lens becoming a giant penis.)

CAMERAMAN

Yes?

WILLIS

Is that the most amazing camera in the world?

CAMERAMAN

This old thing? No, well, it was when I first bought it, but that was
two weeks ago.

WILLIS

How many megapixels is the camera?

CAMERAMAN

100 million.

(The Dilettantes say “Whoa!”)

I need a special 70 terabyte memory card to store the pictures, and
there’s only one place in the world where they make something
like that: China.

(The Dilettantes are now more amazed.)

It takes me three days to download photos from my camera to the
computer.

WILLIS

Three days?

HARRISON

That’s unbelievable.

CAMERAMAN

I know.

WILLIS

Is it worth it?

The Dilettantes
CAMERAMAN

You tell me.

(CAMERAMAN shows them the photo he just took on his camera, and they admire it.)

You won't find a camera that creates better 2-D representations of 3-D objects on the market today. Well, except for the new camera that just came out on the market, and I'm definitely moving up to it when I get the money.

WILLIS

That's a beautiful picture.

HARRISON

I'm moved.

WILLIS

I'm choked up.

HARRISON

I'm moved and choked up.

CAMERAMAN

I'm humbled that you like my picture so much.

WILLIS

Oh we do.

HARRISON

Indeed, we do.

CAMERAMAN

There's supposed to be some important painting by some Dutch guy on the second floor. I'm going to head out. It was nice meeting you though.

(CAMERAMAN exits.)

WILLIS

Yes, goodbye camera, I mean, sir.

The Dilettantes

HARRISON

Happy shooting. Shoot them all.

(WILLIS sits on the bench,
head in his hands.)

Willis. Willis, what is it?

WILLIS

Nothing.

HARRISON

Oh, what's wrong?

WILLIS

I'll never be any good.

HARRISON

Good? At taking pictures?

(WILLIS nods.)

Oh, that's nonsense.

WILLIS

How will people ever like my photos when people like him walk around with such amazing equipment?

HARRISON

Just because you have that kind of equipment doesn't mean you automatically take the best photos.

WILLIS

Maybe.

HARRISON

You have to have an eye for it! Sure, he could walk up with that beautiful, beautiful piece of equipment and take a good picture, but if he doesn't frame the paintings the right way, his message will be lost and his picture will be worthless, or at least not very exciting. You, on the other hand, you have the eye. You have the eye and the skill and the talent to take wonderful, wonderful pictures of these paintings. You can be the best!

WILLIS

You really think so?

HARRISON

If it wasn't for illusions of grandeur, none of this art would be here in the first place for us to take photos of. Why should your thoughts be any different?

WILLIS

Why can't I have illusions of grandeur!

HARRISON

Precisely.

WILLIS

Why shouldn't I have my pictures hanging on the wall?

HARRISON

If this guy and his can of soup can be hanging up here, why not you?

WILLIS

Why not me?

HARRISON

That can of soup, it's totally sloppy. The picture you take of it can be sharp and crisp and clear. It can look exactly like the can!

WILLIS

I don't understand why they don't just put the actual can in here instead of paintings of the can.

HARRISON

But then it wouldn't be art.

WILLIS

Of course.

The Dilettantes
HARRISON

Of course.

(The Dilettantes walk to stage right. The canvas has disappeared, and in its place is a statue of a naked woman. She can pose in any way that is desired, but her legs must be spread a little bit apart. The VIEWER is walking around the statue.)

Oh my God!

WILLIS

Oh my God!

HARRISON

Oh my God!

WILLIS

Oh my God!

HARRISON

She is totally naked.

WILLIS

Thank you, God.

HARRISON

You've got to get a picture of me.

WILLIS

Go, go, go!

(HARRISON pushes the VIEWER out of the way and puts his arms around the statue. WILLIS takes a picture. HARRISON sticks his tongue out as if he was going to lick her nipple. WILLIS takes a picture. HARRISON stands behind her as if he were having sex with her and makes a face. WILLIS takes a picture.)

You are on a roll!

The Dilettantes

(HARRISON bends down and sticks his head between her legs.)

HARRISON

I'm a baby!

(WILLIS takes a picture.)

I'm stuck! I'm stuck!

WILLIS

Push!

HARRISON

I can't!

WILLIS

Not you - her!

HARRISON

Push mommy!

(WILLIS takes a photo while HARRISON makes a goofy face. SECURITY #3 enters.)

SECURITY #3

No flash, please.

WILLIS

Sorry.

HARRISON

Sorry.

(SECURITY #3 exits.)

WILLIS

The nerve!

HARRISON

The nerve!

(HARRISON pulls his head out and walks to the front of the stage to be with WILLIS.)

The Dilettantes

WILLIS

(Looking at the camera)

Again, you look great.

HARRISON

Do you really think so?

WILLIS

You could be a model.

HARRISON

No.

WILLIS

Yes.

HARRISON

No.

WILLIS

Yes.

HARRISON

Well, I must admit that that crossed my mind. As my head was brushing next to her stone genitals, I thought, "Why couldn't those be my stone genitals?"

WILLIS

I don't see why not.

HARRISON

In fact, I think my genitals deserve to be immortalized. But how does that happen?

WILLIS

You just take a picture of your genitals, send the picture to the artist and then he will include your genitals in his next statue.

HARRISON

Let's do it.

The Dilettantes

WILLIS

You're taking this picture.

HARRISON

Of my genitals?

WILLIS

Of your genitals.

HARRISON

What? You'll look at any stranger's genitals cast in stone, but you won't look at mine, your best friend's genitals?

WILLIS

It's not that I don't want to see your genitals. I'm just not sure the art museum is the right place for our introduction.

HARRISON

Are you afraid that seeing my genitals will change our friendship?

WILLIS

I don't know what seeing your genitals will do to our friendship. Do you?

HARRISON

Now that you mention it, yes. I think it would change the dynamic of our friendship.

WILLIS

Maybe it would.

HARRISON

I have genitals that I think should be bronzed for immortality, so I think pretty highly of them. But you, you haven't said one word about yours. I'm thinking you're not comfortable with your genitals.

WILLIS

No, they're fine.

The Dilettantes

HARRISON

Not spoken like a person in love with his genitals.

WILLIS

It's just an odd conversation topic.

HARRISON

Not between friends.

WILLIS

Which is why I'm sure nothing would happen if I saw your genitals.

HARRISON

Which is precisely why I don't want you to see them anymore. I can see this is a topic you're uncomfortable with, and we still have a lot of pictures to take in the next 40 minutes.

WILLIS

I would gladly take a picture of your genitals.

HARRISON

Forget I even mentioned anything. Just give me your camera.

(HARRISON takes the camera,
opens up the waistline in his pants
and takes a picture. SECURITY #3 enters.)

SECURITY #3

No fl-, ah, never mind.

(SECURITY #3 exits. HARRISON
admires the picture on the camera.)

HARRISON

OK, I changed my mind. Look at this.

WILLIS

I changed my mind. It will change too much between us.

The Dilettantes

HARRISON

I'm not suggesting you touch it. Just admire it.

WILLIS

I appreciate the offer, but I'm not sure I'm one who can admire such art.

HARRISON

OK, well, don't delete that. I want a few copies.

WILLIS

For the Internet?

HARRISON (scoffs.)

Maybe.

WILLIS

Bah!

HARRISON

The world should see my genitals immediately. They're important. The world doesn't have time to wait for some person to chip them into a big piece of rock.

WILLIS

It's hard to argue with that.

HARRISON

Then let's don't. I'm sorry I tried to make you see my genitals.

WILLIS

Apology accepted.

(The Dilettantes make their way to stage left. HARRISON leads the way, and WILLIS quickly looks on his camera at the picture of HARRISON's genitals. The canvas has been replaced with a painting of a camera. Either on the painting or next to the painting is a button. Every time the button is pushed,

The Dilettantes

the small flash goes off from the top of the frame or preferably a hole in the canvas where a flash is inserted. HARRISON, being the first to notice it, is taken aback and says WILLIS's name. Startled, WILLIS stops looking at HARRISON's genitals and asks, "What?")

HARRISON

Look!

(The Dilettantes move closer to inspect the painting.)

WILLIS

What is it?

HARRISON

A painting?

WILLIS

Of a camera?

HARRISON

A painting of a camera.

WILLIS

You can paint cameras?

HARRISON

What's it doing here?

WILLIS

This is art.

HARRISON

Is this art?

WILLIS

Is this art?

The Dilettantes
HARRISON

This is art?

WILLIS

This is art.

HARRISON

How do you know?

WILLIS

It's here.

HARRISON

Of course.

WILLIS

But it's-

HARRISON

Interesting?

WILLIS

No.

HARRISON

Thought-provoking?

WILLIS

No.

HARRISON

Fascinating?

WILLIS

Strange.

HARRISON

Strange.

WILLIS

It's like painting a painting of a painting.

The Dilettantes

HARRISON

Like taking a picture of a picture of a picture.

WILLIS

More like taking a picture of a picture.

HARRISON

I see. I see.

WILLIS

Should I take a picture of it?

HARRISON

It could be the most important picture of a painting of a camera that you'll ever own.

WILLIS

Until my hard drive crashes.

HARRISON

Until your hard drive crashes.

WILLIS

But what happens when a painting of a newer camera comes along. Will my picture of this camera still be valuable to me?

HARRISON

Boy, I don't know. I would think your picture would be worthless.

WILLIS

Then I shouldn't even bother.

HARRISON

I wouldn't even bother.

WILLIS

But it's so tempting. I want to have that picture of that painting.

HARRISON

Then take the picture.

The Dilettantes

WILLIS

Why would someone even go to all the effort of painting a camera that will be outdated before the paint is even dry?

HARRISON

Artists aren't known for being rational people like you and me.

WILLIS

You know I think I will take that picture.

(The VIEWER walks onto the stage
and stands in-front of the painting.)

HARRISON

I think you'll be very satisfied with that decision.

WILLIS

Look at this guy. He has absolutely no respect for others.

HARRISON

He thinks he can own the world.

WILLIS

He thinks he owns the world.

HARRISON

Like the world is his, and we're supposed to wait on him hand-and-foot.

WILLIS

I wish he were dead.

HARRISON

It would be no big loss.

WILLIS

What society really needs is another idiot who makes us all wait.

HARRISON

Another glorious idiot.

The Dilettantes

(The VIEWER pushes the button to activate the painting's flash. The Dilettantes react in stunned surprise. The VIEWER activates the flash once again, and then moves on.)

WILLIS

Did you see what I saw?

HARRISON

I saw what you had seen.

WILLIS

The painting took a picture.

HARRISON

A picture.

WILLIS

Two pictures.

HARRISON

Have these paintings been taking pictures of us this whole time.

WILLIS

Certainly not. We would have seen the flash.

HARRISON

But what if those vampire fascists got to them, too.

WILLIS

For all the paintings to take pictures of us, they'd all have to be paintings of cameras.

HARRISON

What if they had hidden cameras?

WILLIS

What if they did?

The Dilettantes

HARRISON

I don't let anyone, let alone any painting, take my picture unless I know in what context they're going to use that photo for future use.

WILLIS

It's a rights issue.

HARRISON

It's a rights issue!

WILLIS

No, if a painting would have taken our picture, we would have known.

HARRISON

How do you know?

WILLIS

Because we are observant.

HARRISON

You, sir, are an amazingly perceptive man.

WILLIS

And you are too kind.

HARRISON

Yes, I am.

WILLIS

I think I'd like to look closer at that painting of a camera.

HARRISON

Closer?

WILLIS

Closer.

The Dilettantes

HARRISON

(He takes a deep breath.)

OK.

(The Dilettantes creep toward the camera, trying to stay out of its field of focus. The split up, one going to each side.)

What brand of camera is it?

WILLIS

I don't know.

HARRISON

Does it say on that description?

WILLIS

All it says is, "Individualism is the New Conformity. Oil on canvas. 2007. By Anonymous."

HARRISON

So it doesn't say what kind of camera it is?

WILLIS

No, not here.

HARRISON

Do you see a place where the pictures are stored?

WILLIS

No, you?

HARRISON

No.

WILLIS

Well, it doesn't look like an instant camera; the pictures just don't come falling out of the painting.

HARRISON

Do you think there's an LCD screen on the other side of the painting.

The Dilettantes

WILLIS

What kind of question is that?

HARRISON

Just a question.

WILLIS

Of course I think there's a screen on the back of the painting.

HARRISON

It's too realistic not to have one.

WILLIS

Way too realistic.

HARRISON

But it's certainly not a new model.

WILLIS

No, doesn't look like it.

HARRISON

Someone must have painted a picture of a newer camera by now.

WILLIS

Still, I wonder how good of pictures this camera takes.

HARRISON

Let it take your picture.

WILLIS

Are you sure?

HARRISON

That's the only way we'll find out if this painting takes better pictures than your camera.

WILLIS

I thought it wasn't about the quality.

The Dilettantes
HARRISON

You know what I mean.

WILLIS

I do. I just constantly need reassurance.

HARRISON

Stand in front of it.

(WILLIS stands in front of the
painting. Nothing happens.)

Maybe you need to smile.

(WILLIS smiles.)

Ah, OH! I need to push the button.

(HARRISON pushes the button and
the flash goes off.)

WILLIS

Whoa!

HARRISON

Whoa!

WILLIS

I just had my picture taken by a painting.

HARRISON

But was it a good picture?

WILLIS

I don't know.

(They look around the painting
for a picture.)

This thing must take a picture and then it wirelessly is sent to the
exit so we can pick our picture up when we leave.

HARRISON

Did it feel like a good picture?

WILLIS

I don't know.

The Dilettantes
HARRISON

But you smiled?

WILLIS

Yes.

HARRISON

And your eyes were open?

WILLIS

Yes.

HARRISON

And your head was tilted, it felt casual?

WILLIS

No. I didn't tilt my head.

HARRISON

Then you, my friend, just took a mug shot.

WILLIS

A mug shot?

HARRISON

That way, if you try to steal this painting, they'll already have your picture.

WILLIS

Well, how do we erase that picture?

HARRISON

I don't see how we can.

WILLIS

Then let's take another. Let's take another.

HARRISON

OK, now remember, casual.

(WILLIS smiles, tilts his head.)

Try putting your hands like this:

The Dilettantes

(HARRISON makes a crescent-moon with his right arm and poses his left arm horizontally in front of his chest. WILLIS copies his lead.)

There, now that's a boy ready to have fun.

(HARRISON pushes the flash button.)

WILLIS

Now get a picture of me getting a picture taken.

(WILLIS gives HARRISON his camera, repeats his pose and takes the picture.)

HARRISON

(Looking at the camera.)

Wow, you look great getting your picture taken by art.

WILLIS

It's your direction that made all the difference.

HARRISON

You're both too kind and completely correct.

WILLIS

We should have the painting take a picture of both of us.

HARRISON

That's a great idea.

(They both stand in front of the painting.)

WILLIS

How are we going to push the button while we're both here?

HARRISON

I don't know. I don't think we can.

WILLIS

Do you see a timer next to that button?

The Dilettantes
HARRISON

I don't see one.

WILLIS
What kind of camera doesn't have a timer setting?

HARRISON
This is poorly executed.

WILLIS
This is an embarrassment to cameras everywhere.

HARRISON
This is unthinkable. Timers have been around since the beginning to time. Time is in the name "timer"!

WILLIS
Life is so unfair sometimes.

HARRISON
It's like the artist is purposely trying to screw with our heads.

WILLIS
That doesn't make any sense. Why would an artist do that?

HARRISON
I don't know, but I can't think of any other possible explanation!

WILLIS
Wait a minute! Before you go badmouthing this artist, we must ask ourselves one thing.

HARRISON
What's that?

WILLIS
Are there boobies in this picture?
(They look in, back out, face each other, nod & smile.)

The Dilettantes

HARRISON

Did I ever tell you how much I like art?

WILLIS

Tell me later. We only have about 15 minutes left, and I still have 900 pictures to take.

HARRISON

Race you to the Picasso?

(Pronounced “peeka-so.”)

WILLIS

We can make it through this place in a flash.

(SECURITY #4 enters from his/her post.)

SECURITY #4

No flash, please.

(The Dilettantes look at SECURITY #4, pause, then all three put their hands around each other’s shoulders and let loose a big laugh.)

(BLACKOUT.)