

PAINTER AND THE PAINTED

A One Act Rap Musical

by

M.

mareshindersingh75@gmail.com

Cell: (778) 789 - 1749

GENERAL INFO

RUN TIME

Roughly 35 - 40 minutes.

SUMMARY

An artist and his creation argue over many prevalent themes in the creation of art, fame, and what success entails. They debate the question of who made who. Is an artist's creation a true reflection of oneself?

SETTING:

We are in the PAINTER's office. There is a large framed canvas turned away from the audience in the middle of the room. There is a table with art supplies on it, and one stool.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

PAINTER

An artist who makes has never had the chance to truly shine, but now gets his chance when one of the works of art he doesn't like gets famous.

(Costume: Traditional Painter's Apron, Etc.)

PAINTED

The PAINTER's painting and the narrator. Very pretentious and obnoxious in all of his ideologies and actions. Believes himself to perfect, and the embodiment of art. Very resentful towards PAINTER for his ideologies.

(Costume: White Shirt, Tan Pants, Painted Shirt)

PROPS/SET PIECES

LARGE WOODEN FRAME

A 6 ½ by 3 feet frame on wheels.

TABLE

A (preferably) large round table.

STOOL

A simple stool.

ART SUPPLIES

Various art supplies, including:
PAINTBRUSHES, PAINTS, PALETTES,
ETC.

NOTICE

A notice for an art competition.

LETTERS

A variety of different letters to
throw around.

SONG 1 - REGRET**AT RISE:**

LIGHTS OFF. PAINTED starts motionless in the frame as if he was a painting. PAINTER on a stool directly behind the frame is obscured by darkness.

PAINTED:

Regret.

[MUSIC STARTS]

How does it happen?

[FRONT LIGHTS TURN ON SHOWING PAINTED]

Can a man,

(Starts moving limb by limb, cracking out of his stance; moves STAGE LEFT)

A man, with fame as his destiny
 Leave change as his legacy;
 Objectively paint a masterpiece
 Which will stay in your memory, forever!
 Like the embers of his efforts,
 (Pointing at PAINTER)

[SPOTLIGHT ON PAINTER]

And endeavours, to stay remembered

Can a man

(Starts towards STAGE RIGHT)

A man gain the centre of attention
 And enter, with pleasure being recognized
 In the same sentence, compared to perfection
 (Does the PERFECT POSE)

And then take the recognition
 That I should have been given

Can a man

(Starts towards PAINTER)

A man with the fire and passion
 (Does the FIRE ACTION)

To paint such a path as to take this drastic action!
 To change his attraction!

(Runs to CENTRE STAGE)

Desire to act on the rage of his wrath

(Does the PERFECT POSE)

For fame? Or satisfaction?

How did this happen.

(Starts breaking down)

Let it be.

Apparently, it was destiny,

You'll regret this see,

You credit thief, the death of me!

Why do you resent me?

Is it envy? Jealousy?

Why try to put an end to me?

This guy! Relentless in his effect on me!

My enemy! Won't rest lest I say rest in peace!

Is this destiny? Inevitably? Meant to be?

Cause now the world won't ever remember me!

What will be your legacy?

(Passes PAINTER on his way to the TABLE)

[CENTRE LIGHTS ON; REST: OFF]

PAINTER:

I want the world to remember my name

Remember my flame, after the embers decay

(Does the FIRE ACTION, starts towards FRAME)

So my endeavours will stay forever in grace

And whatever place I end up

(Reaches for the stars, ends in PERFECT POSE)

The world will - remember my name

(Wheels FRAME to STAGE RIGHT; starts painting)

[BACK + FRONT LIGHTS, STAGE LEFT
 SPOTLIGHT ON]

PAINTED:

He had an artist's life, a try the hardest type of guy
 Not the smartest type of guy, but wants to go the farthest!
 He entered competitions being different with his paints,
 But he never ended up winning, always finished last place

(A defeated PAINTER sits on the stool to think)

So can a man, grappling with facing the fact
 That he may have to collapse on his plans
 Abandon the fantasy of asking for a pass to fame,
 Somehow find a way to break back into the game.
 His aims and the task at hand still remain the same,
 But with stacks of paintings in last place
 His flame was constantly attacked, contained,
 But, one last chance came, one last chance came.

(Grabs a notice, which catches PAINTERS attention)

That's right one last chance came!

A competition with the prize of fame!

(Starts convincing PAINTER who is reading the notice)

And with the price of the game on the line -
 Don't hide, show no shame,
 Show your pride, for your name
 For your life, for your flame!
 You've got no time to waste
 The deadline is just one day away. One day!

(PAINTER starts painting immediately)

So he worked, not stopping;
 He had gotten exhausted trying to block
 The thought of being forgotten
 From his gnoggin.
 The clock kept tick-tocking.
 No signs of it stopping.
 Time is up! It is due!

(PAINTER stops and ends in PERFECT POSE; which slowly
 crumbles after as he moves right behind his STOOL)

Where was the effort in his muse
 It wasn't there, he didn't care, he didn't have a clue
 All he knew was that he hated his paintings view

(PAINTER does the FINISHED POSE)

[SPOTLIGHT on PAINTER; FRONT LIGHTS ON]

But what can a man do,
Just a man do,
When the painting he hated makes his dreams come true?

Can this man receive extensive acclaim,
Achieve the extent of his aims,
His dreams to assemble this fame,
And then claim, that this entire endeavour was a giant mistake!

He wanted to play this game, well, what made him change?
He wanted to raise the stakes, well, what mistakes did he make?
He wanted to change his painting after getting all of this fame,
But, how can you change your painting,
And not expect to sever your name!

(Addressing audience; moving to CENTRE STAGE)

Who is he. Who is he?! What's his name!
He is the man I blame, the idea I overcame!
So when you ask his name,
I say ask my name! What's my name!
Who am I? Who am I!

(Ends in CENTRE SPOTLIGHT)

I may be his painting,
But I'm the one that made him.
I broke it for him,
And he broke me for it

Regret. This is how it happens!

[BLACKOUT. MUSIC STOPS]

[END OF SONG]

SONG 2 - WHO ARE YOU**AT RISE:**

LIGHTS FADE IN to display PAINTED
 "trapped" in his frame (STAGE RIGHT) as
 PAINTER aggressively walks in throwing
 letters at his painting. NO MUSIC.

PAINTER:**PAINTED:**

Another one, another one...

Ahh, what is this

Another one, another one...

More mail for me?

Another one, another one...

I love this!

More compliments!

Another one, another one...

Yes, yes.

Well, let me see!

(PAINTED starts reaching for letters, but is confined
 to those closest to his frame)

(PAINTER is sarcastic. PAINTED is ecstatic)

Congratulations
 you've won!

Congratulations
 You've won!

A fake cruise to London...

Here's a ton of praise from
 this nation you've stunned.
 What has this become
 I hate doing this,
 There's no more freedom.

It's great, YES!

Thank you Alex from the Caribbean!

(PAINTED does the HAMILTON POSE as a nod)

Why did this
 make me famous, huh?

I'm so famous!

Why does everyone believe this
 To be on
 a great list,

Everyone loves me!

I'm so great.

I didn't finish it.
 It's not even finished,
 If only they let me finish!

(does the FINISHED POSE)

PAINTED:

Ahh, somebodies wishlist for Christmas got mixed in.

PAINTER:

I submitted it with the intention of winning,
And this is what I've done, I've won - was it imminent?

PAINTED:

Of course you've won, observe this, I'm perfect!
See, this girl from around the world in Perth

(PAINTER turns away from PAINTED unable to hear him)

Is working to earn my worth,
Just so she can purchase this.

PAINTER:

Why does this feel so undeserved.
Feel so unearned.
How can someone enjoy this
When it lacks any effort!

PAINTER:

Another one, another one...

Another one, another one...

Another one, another one

Another one, another one

(PAINTED is stretching his body to get a far letter)

PAINTER:

Ahhhh! My brain pains with thought aches
that maintain and blockade my raw hate. But - Stop, wait!

(Has an epiphany)

I can set straight this situation!

Lemme take paints and fix the mistakes of my painting.

I made him, therefore I can change him!

I painted him, so I will fix my painting!

PAINTED:

Ahhhh, Wait-Wait?!

(PAINTED falls and stumbles through the frame)

Why, hello sir,

(PAINTER is confused)

PAINTER:

Howdy?

PAINTED:

How do you do!

PAINTER:

Me, I'm about to fix my painting, uhh - how about you?

(PAINTER starts towards FRAME; blocked by PAINTED)

PAINTED:

Ahh yes, I'm perfect, but in a moment that wouldn't be true.

PAINTER:

Ahh is that true... Wait, I'm confused.

Who am I talking to?

PAINTED:

Ahh, but I am you.

PAINTER:

That can't be true, I am me

PAINTED:

I am too

PAINTER:

So who is who?

PAINTED:

Can't you see?

PAINTER:

No, I mean, yes but -

PAINTED:

- Don't lose your head over me

See I'll make it easy

I'm like a piece of you

A masterpiece

I'm also perfection,

Your reflection

A 10 out of 10

I'm awesome

A perfect 10

Did I mention I was a 10

I'm better than everything

I'm a 10

PAINTER:

Definitely pretentious

PAINTED:

Well that's a reflection of you, then!

PAINTER:

No, but really who are you?

PAINTED:

Think it through.

PAINTER:

Perfection, "reflection", 10 out of 10 rating

So pretentious, so degrading

Well, you must be my painting?

PAINTED:

Hey, you got it, correct, that's great man!

Now let's put a stop to this and address the situation.

I could not be better, so instead of fixing me,

How about you fix your statement.

PAINTER:

Well I've never. Do you know who I am.

PAINTED:

Who are you? Who are you!

PAINTER:

The world will remember my name,

Remember my aims!

The fact that I stay the same!

Cause fame won't make me change, but face it you will change

Cause whatever place you end up

The world will still remember my name

PAINTED:

No one will ever remember

You will be forgotten forever

So stop this rhetoric

The world will truly forget you

So forget it, forget it!

(PAINTER grabs a PAINTBRUSH to fix his painting)

(The following sequence has the two stealing the brush
from each other as they speak)

PAINTER:

Remember, remember!

PAINTED:

Forget it, forget it!

PAINTER:

Forget it? Never!
 My endeavours are for my own betterment
 So, let your guard down,
 Let me fix your textures and the detriments
 Remember it

PAINTED:

I appreciate the sentiments and the courtesy
 But it'll certainly be curtains for me
 I was meant to be perfect, see
 So forget it

PAINTER:

You were meant to be perfect,
 See you're not perfect to me
 The fire in me burns to be perfect!
 You don't know how much it's worth to put the work in!
 Remember it

PAINTED:

And how much is your work worth to you
 It's rare to see such concern from you
 Take a look, I mean observe the truth
 You're nothing compared to the world's view,
 So forget it

PAINTER:

I don't care about the compliments
 This Earth churns out for me

PAINTED:

The problem is you can't see
 You'll turn me into a catastrophe.

PAINTER:

No I was not finished, I made you!
 This is urgent, an emergency

PAINTED:

To what, purge yourself of me to be free.
 Well then hurry, but firstly - you said an absurdity!
 So don't worry. I'll make your crazy statement true,
 You did not make me, it's me that made you!

SONG 3 - I MADE YOU

(PAINTER and the PAINTED argue in each others faces)

PAINTER:

Excuse you?

PAINTED:

That's right, it's true
You did not make me, it's me that made you
Without me,
People wouldn't know your name
You would be the exact same
Without having attained any fame!
Your flame would be an ember
So when you say remember
I say forget it, that's the truth!
The world will forget you!

[LIGHTS indicate MONOLOGUE]

PAINTER:

Where do I end up
I used to say that one day
The world would remember my name
One day, one day,
That it would happen one day
That I would get everlasting fame
As long as my passionate flame
Stays strong and acts the same
One day, one day is all it takes
To paint my pains and all my rage
My painting claims he's no mistake
No mistake, oh boy that's a mistake.
Cause my soul remains the same!
Cause I have a mold to break!
Cause you add to all my rage!
Cause I hold the paints!

[LIGHTS indicate end of MONOLOGUE]

I want to change the game, so it'll never be played the same.

I want to raise the stakes so no mistakes will ever be made.
 I want to stay the same me,
 So when you say you made me,
 Think it through you are crazy!
 It's true, you are crazy!

The world will remember my name.
 No matter the state.
 After the end of my days.
 So whatever you say, will never make me change.
 And whatever place I end up,
 The world will remember my name

(Approaches PAINTED; grabs a PAINTBRUSH)

Cause I'm the painter - and you, are my creation.
 My vision, my imagination.
 So listen to my frustrations
 And give in, stop complaining.

(Starts towards FRAME)

Let me finish this stupid painting!

(Just about to paint; similar to the PERFECT POSE)

PAINTED:

Alright,

(Getting PAINTERS attention, preventing painting)

you are the painter,
 I guess I'm the painted,
 Sure, you painted me,
 But I made you famous

(Grabs PAINTERS hand, and starts dancing)

So go ahead call me crazy
 Blame me all you want
 I know you stress to hate me
 But I made you,
 You can not say I'm wrong
 Or say I'm flawed
 Cause I get the applause
 Collect the ooh's and aah's
 Cause the effect to leave you in awe,
 See who's in awe

(PAINTER is starting to enjoy himself)

I'm perfect
 I believe I get people to stop
 People pause

(Drops PAINTER)

Now what do you do?
 You're a loudmouth, egocentric, attention hog
 Who stole all the credit
 From a painting you've perfected
 Yet you say I have detriments,
 And you still say you should get it?
 AHH, forget it!
 You didn't make me, so let me vent a bit

I am not a remanent
 of your temperament
 I am not your testament
 I set a precedent

You forget it,
 You reject that in the end, it's all so objective
 Don't you get art is meant t'be introspective
 I don't get it.

You say "remember me", as if you're destined to be
 The best that you can see out of everybody
 But your legacy will never be
 Better than me, so face that destiny

I paint the emotions on the canvas of your face
 I made your hopes and imaginations embraced
 So when I say I made you
 Know that that is true
 Forget your aims
 Think it through

PAINTER:

I made my own fame -
 (PAINTED grows visibly upset)

PAINTED:

- No I am not finished,

(Does the FINISHED POSE)

I gave you your fame

That frame was a cage

And I will not be tamed

I will not be framed

I am not your aim

I am not afraid

I am not just a painting

I am perfect

And obviously you don't know how much that's worth yet

SONG 4 - PICTURE PERFECT

(PAINTER pushes PAINTED back with every line)

PAINTER:

Don't lecture me about perfection see,
 You'll certainly never be perfect to me
 Remember, to birth you
 I worked against the burden of adversity
 You emerged through only one day of work
 Yet you've the audacity to use the word
 Perfect
 Like you've earned it?
 Absurd
 You don't deserve it
 You say you're picture perfect
 Well then, picture perfect
 Picture what perfect is worth
 And the perfect will picture work
 The perfect will put the hurt in
 The perfect will feel the burn
 And the perfect will put effort in
 Remember
 There was no effort in you
 So why do you think you deserve it?

PAINTED:

Cause me, I'm perfect effortlessly,
 I don't need the effort, to get people to respect me
 In essence, your effort doesn't matter to me,
 When nevertheless people look at me happily
 With benevolence, they call me a masterpiece
 Cause they relish this, they feast on the eye-candy
 But I can't see why you are mad at me
 The world says I'm perfect, so in actuality
 The people say I've earned this
 So I think - no, I know I deserve it

I can promise that the world wants this
 And that's just being honest
 Why do you want to stop this
 No piece of art can top this

Why ruin your accomplice,
You are just a man, who's so obnoxious
 (Realizing this hurts PAINTER)
You are just a man! You'll be forgotten.
You hear that! Yes! You'll be forgotten!

PAINTER:

The world will remember my name
Forever I say,
Even after the death of my flame
So don't you ever claim, they'll never, okay,
Cause whatever place you end up
The world will remember my name
 (Confronting PAINTED)
So, where will you end up
What will the world remember of you
That you are my creation
I'm sorry, but that's the truth
And fixing you doesn't change it
So let me finish you,
You'd be even more famous
If only I finished you.
You try to change my views
Who are you to make, to rearrange my views
Who are you, who are you!,
What do you want to do!

SONG 5 - PROVE A POINT

(PAINTED becomes very defensive and is aggressive, but elegant with how he dances around the room following PAINTER)

PAINTED:

Me?

I am a masterpiece, perfection,
 I am finished so hear my voice,
 You angrily defect my intentions
 Against fixing me, ruining my joy,
 Would you be happy your creation is
 A misery, because you deployed
 An attack on me, your painting.
 Instead of fixing me.
 Your mission now seems to destroy

I recollect on your silence
 Specify what is the right of this noise
 I won't let non-compliance
 Testify to screw with the style of my poise
 I know you will regret it,
 Ooh, stop, you'll rue your choice
 You! The world will forget you!
 And me? What I want to do with my voice
 Well yasee? I want to prove a point.

you don't get it,
 You let obsession blind your temperament
 And forget in the end, art is meant for the collective
 Forget it,
 You say you'll fix me, but truthfully
 If you do that to me, well then you will be,
 Just as ruined as me, it'll be the death of me,
 That'll be your legacy, so face that destiny!

SONG 6 - OBJECTIVE

[LIGHTS indicate MONOLOGUE]

PAINTER:

Why is this where I end up
 I used to say that one day
 The world would remember my name
 One day, one day
 And it's only given me pain
 I never thought this to be fame,
 To endure this artist's voice that has come,
 Which argues I'm insane if I change my painting!

One day, one day
 Will be all it takes
 To go and paint,
 Or let go of the fame
 He claims I'm crazy for
 all of the mistakes
 That plain as day I can see
 But apparently didn't make?

[LIGHTS indicate end of MONOLOGUE]

Art can not be for the collective
 If I made you,
 Then wouldn't it be my elective
 To change you?

PAINTED:

(To audience)

Can a man so dense as to
 not understand or make sense
 of the fact that he will end
 All his plans with the trend of
 The path that he treads
 As his actions manifest
 With attacks against
 The canvas which he had invested

A day of his best into it's set up?
He doesn't know where he is going to end up
I'll show him why he is wrong, I'll prove my point.

(Confronting PAINTER)

Let me get this through to you
Who do you make art for
Do you want to be remembered
Or adored for your artform.
If you make art for yourself
that's your problem
People respect you as an artist
Just accept being the best
Cause if they saw you change me
You'd be the first
They'd call you crazy
They'd call you the worst
They'd burn you at the stake
You'd burst into flames
The world would not remember your name
Or me, your painting
This is not in line with your aims
Or mine,
So either remain the same crazy
Man aiming to change me
Or let fame change thee
So I can stay the same me
I understand you hate me
You blame me for this pain
But it pains me that you want to ruin your painting.
So you've gotta change!

If everyone except you thinks I'm perfect
Just accept that
To ruin perfection
Would it really be worth it?

[LIGHTS indicate MONOLOGUE]

PAINTER:

I want the world to remember my name
Everything he claims
States they will forget my fame
Either I endure the hate, or fake it to maintain my place
Which place will I will end up
 (does the PERFECT POSE choosing between two options)
I want the world to remember my name

So there is nothing I can change
These are the stakes that he has raised
This is the game we play
I want fix all of his paints
And erase the mistakes
But, he is right.
I can not hold that place, if my soul truly wants fame.
I've gotta slow my pace, and rid this painting from my brain.

Cause I want the world to remember my name,
Remember my flame
After the embers decay
So you've got to change, you're forever stuck in this cage.
Fame is the cage in which I've ended up
So I can't change my painting
Or the world won't remember my name...
Forget it. Let it be.
That competition.
To be honest,
I hate you not for the end product
But for the context - I wasn't finished
So why did I win this
If only I finished
If only I didn't enter this competition!
I regret this competition
I resent my own creation
Forget it, forget it

[LIGHTS indicate end of MONOLOGUE]

I want the world to remember my name
So if I ever change you
They'd sever my fame
So I never thought I'd say this, but whatever you claim
I want to end up remembered
So for the better, I'll have to endure the pain
Of knowing the price of fame
Knowing I have to change.
Knowing I can not change you.
So why do you change me!
Why do you make me change!
You make, create and rearrange my views
And play this aimless game to make me hate you
You're wrong, you didn't make me,
I made you,
That's what logic dictates
I painted you
So stop this, my head aches
You're a problem, a mistake
You are a pain, a disgrace,
You've made me break
I hate you
I wish I never painted you
I wish I never made you!

SONG 7 - YOU'RE A TOOL

PAINTED:

Scratch that, you fool!
 Stop saying you made me, I made you
 Why must you be so cruel as to pain me
 Heck, you didn't even paint me - you steal the credit and the
 fame from your tools!

(PAINTER grows visibly angered by this)

From your paintbrush, canvas, easel, paints, and your muse.
 So forget it,
 I don't get you.
 I made you
 You are my tool!
 And I used you to paint me,
 Face it, you credit thief
 Every painting is it's own creation
 And you only set me free

That's the point I'll prove
 That was my destiny.

PAINTER:

You can not say that I was made by you
 It's crazy, but even if it was true
 You can not say that I did not paint you
 And blatantly ignore the fact that I control my tools
 You are so frustrating, so you know what
 I don't care, the effort wasn't in you
 My painting, I just want to get rid of you
 I think your fix is due

PAINTED:

Let it be -

PAINTER:

- I'm not finished, let me fix you,
 I don't get why they are all so into you
 I was not finished
 If only they let me finish
 I am going to finish
 So hold still and let me finish you

PAINTED:

But think about this,
Lemme take away your tools
And are you still an artist?
No, you're just a fool in a painters get up with a past,
On a stool with your painters head up your

PAINTER:

Cool it

PAINTED:

Forget it

PAINTER:

Let it be!

PAINTED:

End it!

Without your tools just try to end me!

SONG 8 - FAMESICK

[LIGHTS indicate MONOLOGUE]

PAINTER:

Is this where I end up
I used to say that one day
The world would remember my name
One day, one day
That it would happen one day
And now that I've attained my aims
My own creation claims he gave me my fame

This ember used to be a flame
Now it's an inferno of ruinous rage
Cause he's trying to screw with my brain

If only there was something I could change
If this is what fame is I hate it, I'm famesick
Fame is a cage, and I've been played to hatred
I'm enraged I'll say this, fame is the frame that will break us

With fame you can not stay the same
Art's freedom can not remain
So either you change or be hated
Why should I change so you can stay the same?

Cause I wanted the world to remember my name,
Remember my flame
After the embers decayed
So my endeavours stayed, forever in grace
And whatever place we end up
Forget it, forget it!

[LIGHTS indicate end of MONOLOGUE]

SONG 9 - FORGOTTEN**PAINTER:**

Cause I am the painter - and you, are my creation
 My abysmal abomination
 I'm driven by frustration
 Take a simple examination
 Your image will have changes
 I'll fix this stupid painting
 And finally rid your contemplations
 From within this aching pain in my brain
 I can't contain all the stakes
 That you continue to raise
 You make a venue of rage
 And then, what ensues is hate
 So let me send you some hate
 Let me end you with hate
 Let me fix this

I am not finished
 If only they let me finish
 I will finish this
 I will finish you!
 The world won't remember you
 (Does the FINISHED POSE)
 You'll be forgotten
 The world will forget you

PAINTED:

They will forget you too

PAINTER:

At least I will have done something different
 In an industry filled with competition
 I want to change the game, so it'll never be played the same
 I want to raise the stakes so no mistakes will ever be made
 I want to stay the same me
 So I will change you
 Sure, they will call me crazy,
 But you've made me hate you

You can not do this to me

People see me as completion
 Put down the brush let's get even
 Cause you'd be the first to commit artistic treason
 And ruin a painting that at one point you believed in
 You'll be forgotten for my deletion,
 No, You will be remembered forever
 But for all of the wrong reasons

This is what art is
 This life's the hardest
 If not, then stop this
 You're not an artist

Believe me
 You are making a mistake
 Whatever you do for you
 It's do or die for our fame
 So please, put down the paints
 Or it'd be suicide to our names

PAINTER:

Suicide!
 Well then screw this life,
 If I'm not an artist, who am I, who am I
 You will see the change
 You will go up in flames
 I just want to rearrange your face
 into as many mistakes as I can make
 The world will forget you
 I will still be remembered!

(PAINTER starts fixing his painting as the light goes out on PAINTED)

PAINTER:

Another one,

 Another one,

 Another one,

PAINTED:

Please just
 AHH
 Forget it

 Forgiveness
 Stop this
 You will

Another one, Regret this
Another one, another one
Another one, another one

PAINTER:

The world will remember my name
No matter the fame
As long as there is a flame
I won't ever be taken away from my aims
long as I stay the same
long as I do not change
It doesn't matter if you are defaced, severed and slayed
Set ablaze, burnt by my flames, or sent to the grave
Whatever place I end up
The world will remember my name
Because I am the one that made you
I created you
I painted you
And that means I can change you
Cause I am the painter - and you are my creation.

(PAINTER sits at the table with his hand on his head)

[BLACKOUT]

SONG 10 - POINT PROVEN**AT RISE:**

PAINTER is at the table motionless as
the LIGHTS FADE IN. PAINTED enters in a
brand new PAINTED SHIRT.

PAINTED:

How can this man
Brandish a paintbrush and a mission
Take a look at his canvas and say it's not finished
Take action to change the lush and lavish of my image
To trash his - MY perfection,
And axe his initial vision

I was a masterpiece, perfection,
I was finished so hear my voice,
All your dastardly intentions
Have finished me, ruined my joy,
Are you happy your creation is
A misery, you deployed
An attack on me, your painting,
By fixing me? Yet you blatantly rejoice?

(Towards PAINTER)

The effects of your violence
Rectify someone to silence this noise
I'm upset, non-compliance
Exemplifies you screwed with the style of my poise
I will get revenge,
Ooh, he will rue his choice
You! I will end you!
I need to prove my point.

The world will forget you
Truly forget your name
You've ruined your painting,
And in the process
You've ruined your fame,
No. I am not your painting,
I am not your painted
I am not your mistake or yours to be hated
I am not your creation

How can you say that you want to stay the same
Despite having changed
Throughout the duration
Of this game we play
Because I paint you
I paint your opinions
I shape you
You are my painting
So I am the painter
YES, you are my painted.
And you can not say different
Because I am not finished
If only you let me finish,
I will finish this,
I will finish you!
You changed me, so now the world will hate me
So listen up - listen, Heed my ruthless voice,
This is what I need to do
You may have finished me,
But I will end you!
I need to prove my point!

[BLACKOUT]

SONG 11 - MY PAINTED**AT RISE:**

LIGHTS FADE IN to reveal PAINTER still
at the desk, now looking at all his
letters from the beginning. PAINTED is
nowhere in sight.

PAINTER:

Let it be, let it be
Will the world remember me
Can I now rest with peace
Will my mind be at ease

You've ruined your masterpiece
Let it be, let it be

You will leave the best legacy
This was just destiny
I hope to god my paintings left me
This is not the death of me
The world will not forget me

PAINTED:

(Offstage)

Why are you still ranting about destiny
You've set in stone your legacy
You've ruined me
So I will ruin you

PAINTER:

I don't get it
I thought I finished you
I thought that if I fixed you
I'd get rid of you

PAINTED:

(Enters)

Well mission accomplished,
Mister Grinch,
You've went and ruined
lil Tim's Christmas

(Holds the letter from WHO ARE YOU)

You changed me
So I will set you on display

You are my painting
 Go, get inside the frame
 I'll show the world what you've done to me
 Colour me shades of red, I'm angry
 Underneath shades of blue, I'm sad
 Fun to make fun of you and the colours a man paints when he's
 mad
 Are these your emotions,
 Oh I don't understand.
 What the -

PAINTER:

Stop!

PAINTED:

Does this mean,
 Noone cares, do you understand
 The people wanted me,
 But I can see there was a limit
 I don't mean to be mean
 But is your ego finished
 I mean, look at everyone of your dreams
 Everything I've achieved
 How can you still say you made me
 When I am you, I am all your beliefs

PAINTER:

That's not true, I'm not you

PAINTED:

Think it through
 Who am I

PAINTER:

You are mine

PAINTED:

You are mine!
 I made you.
 I can change you.
 I can rearrange you.
 I can paint you in any way I want to showcase
 You are my mistake
 So I will take you and display you and
 what you've done to the way I am viewed

They'll hate you
 Fame will be the cage in which I frame you
 I gave you your name, and you've thrown it away
 Don't hide, show your shame,
 We've got all the time to waste,
 Where's your pride, this is your life
 Where's your flame,

PAINTER:

No

PAINTED:

I change your views

PAINTER:

No

PAINTED:

I change you

PAINTER:

Stop

PAINTED:

Without me, you're not you

PAINTER:

You're not me

PAINTED:

Face the truth!

I am your ember, your flame,
 I am the artist, the painter,
 I deserve your name
 So I will make sure you never receive my fame

[LIGHTS indicate MONOLOGUE]

PAINTER:

Is this where I end up?
 I once said one day
 The world would remember my name
 One day, one day!
 That is all I can take
 I'm done!
 I wish it never had come
 I'm done!

He says he was my ember, my flame
He is why I ever had any fame
That we are forever the same
That I will forever be his painted
That I am wrong,
That if he was gone,
Then fame is gone,
And my dreams are gone
That there is nothing that I can change
Maybe, I can hide this painting to get it out of my brain
I'll hide it in a cage far away from this place
So I can get a hold of myself
Give it my all to remain sane.

Ahh wait-wait. I can set straight this situation

[LIGHTS indicate end of MONOLOGUE]

I won't hide you, no, that's way too good a fate

I want to take this painting, so it'll never complain again
I want to raze this mistake, so I'll set it ablaze with my flame
I want to lightcha, ingnitecha,
Setcha on fire,
You liar, I desire
For the flames to go higher!

Face the action of my wrath
My passion will turn you to ash
So you can feel the exact same
as I did with all of this fame
If you entered through the frame
You'd better exit the way you came
You'd better exit
You'd regret it
Do you get it!
Get out!

PAINTED:

Forget it!
 I don't get it,
 You resent that in the end, I have the better legacy
 And object that this isn't meant t'be your destiny
 So forget it, forget it, you don't get it.
 You are a just credit thief, destined to be
 A lesser me and everybody can see
 That your legacy will never be
 Better than me, so face that destiny

I painted the emotions on the canvas of your face
 I made all your hopes and imaginations embraced
 So when you say you will set me ablaze
 That is crazy, you cannot cage me
 You tried to change me, but I tried to stay the same me,
 You did not make me, so you can not take me
 Set ablaze me
 You aimed me at the ground,

(Does the PERFECT POSE to aim at the ground)

you gave me misery
 So if I'm going down,
 I'm taking you with me

(PAINTED grabs the frame as well, and they both begin
 to tug at the frame)

PAINTER:

Let it be
 Let it be
 No, I am not finished!
 I will finish you!
 I will end you!
 Remember!
 Remember!
 Forget it!
 Forget it!

PAINTED:

Let it be
 Let it be
 No, I am not finished!
 I will finish you!
 I will end you!
 Remember!
 Remember!
 Forget it!
 Forget it!

(PAINTER does the FINISHED POSE which hurls PAINTED.
 The light goes out - PAINTED is hurled with a piece of
 the frame into the stage right cold spotlight)

SONG 12 - ASHES

PAINTED:

Regret, I broke it for him
And he broke me for it

Can a man imagine what he could have had
Had he took a stand against what he had planned
Had only if he hadn't had such stubborn passion
Only if he had took some other action
That man had his dreams in his voice
If only I wasn't that man
If only I hadn't felt the need to prove a point
If only I could forget it
Remember, remember
Why did I have to prove a point
I don't get it,
Why did I choose no other option,
I could have stopped this
I don't get it
This is all my fault
And I regret it. This is all my fault - and I regret it
Oh, I'll be forgotten and I regret it

Regret, this -

(A rewind section happens where the center spotlight is turned back on. PAINTED hands the broken piece of the frame back to the lone PAINTER who is standing with the two pieces of the frame which attach to create an unbroken mended singular piece)

- is how it happened

(PAINTER leaves, revealing PAINTER breaking the frame himself)

PAINTER:

Let it be
Let it be

No, I am not finished!
 I will finish you!
 I will end you!
 Remember!
 Remember!
 Forget it!
 Forget it!

(The frame breaks and PAINTER holds the two pieces of the frames up looking through them mirroring the opening of the play, but this time in the PERFECT POSE)

This is where I end up,
 One day
 Is all it took
 For a painting to be made
 For my aims to be portrayed
 For the world to remember my name
 For me to break.
 I remember what used to be a flame,
 I remember from where I came
 I remember this competition's game
 It gave me the prize of a name
 And with the price or your dreams on the line
 You pry for whatever will achieve you your fame
 So for my masterpiece,
 I painted myself and my endeavours
 How I'd never be the same
 Whether or not people would understand
 I remember that aim
 Because no artist can truly understand, so
 The world won't ever know the truth behind the paints
 And now, there's nothing I can change
 If only I could change this
 I regret all of this
 It was my refrain, all of my pain,
 I was blinded with smoke and rage,
 So my inferno blazed,

A mold needed to break,
and who better to hold the paints.

It was imminent see,
Just so destiny could laugh at me
They make fun of my misery
And use me to make a masterpiece
Just so they can see my insanity
But in actuality,
Maybe he was right
He was effectively perfection
Effort isn't part of an audience's attention
That the people don't care about an artist's intentions
That he was not my enemy. That he made me.
That he was trying to help me, to save me,
That a painter is never a painter without his painting
That I am crazy.

Will the world remember my name
Will the world remember my name
Will the world remember my name
Or remember my flame
Once my embers decay
Now that my endeavours for fame stay forever disgraced
Why couldn't I stop and let up
Cause now I may never be remembered.
I may be forgotten forever.
The world may never remember.

(DIM TO BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

(FIN)