

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

# Art Duty

Written by

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3/18/22

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(NOTE: All roles are and may be played by any ethnicity and any gender)

(OTHER NOTE: Change any pronouns/honorifics as you need)

(LAST NOTE: The play is structured so that it may be performed with a cast as small as 4, with two actors doubling all roles aside from Asher and Tobin.

Suggested doubling is provided below.

That being said, as long as Asher and Tobin do not double, you may cast each role according to the needs of your producing company)

TOBIN: Older than Asher. Has an eye patch.

ASHER: Younger than Tobin. Has no eye patch.

VOMITER: Has no water.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL: Has a spectacular coat.

CAMERA OPERATOR: Has a camera.

BRIEFCASE: Has a briefcase.

SKETCHER: Has a sketchbook.

EGGS: Has a bone to pick.

RICH LOVER #1: Has an eyeball guy.

RICH LOVER #2: Has a hunger.

BELLAMY: Has an apron.

TAGGER: Has a can of spray paint.

CRITIC #1: Has a passion.

CRITIC #2: Has no penchant for subtlety.

SANDY DANIELS: Has a degree in talking.

DUDE WITH TRUCK WE DON'T SEE: Has a truck. That we don't see.

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SUGGESTED DOUBLING:

Track 1:  
Tobin

Track 2:  
Asher

Track 3:  
Vomiter  
Camera Operator  
Sketcher  
Rich Lover #2  
Bellamy  
Critic #1  
Sandy Daniels

Track 4:  
Leopold Caldwell  
Briefcase  
Eggs  
Rich Lover #1  
Tagger  
Critic #2  
Dude With Truck We Don't See

SETTING:

Art Plaza.

TIME:

Deep winter.

CONTENT WARNING:

Graphic discussion of violence and suicide. Characters point guns at and fire at one another, but resulting violence is depicted offstage.

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*"I tried to drown my sorrows, but  
the bastards learned how to swim,  
and now I am overwhelmed by this  
decent and good feeling."*

-Frida Kahlo

*"Would Hamlet have felt the  
delicious fascination of  
suicide if he hadn't had an  
audience, and lines to speak?"*

-Jean Genet

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Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 1.

SUNRISE

*Art Plaza.*

*Deep winter.*

*In the center of the space is  
the Art.*

*It is pure gold.*

*It twinkles.*

*TOBIN and ASHER, in uniform,  
assault rifles in hand, guard  
the Art.*

*Behind them, and the Art, a  
massive, brutalist concrete  
wall.*

*They both stand in silence, at  
a lax attention.*

*TOBIN is alert, but tired.*

*ASHER is just tired.*

*ASHER yawns.*

*Beat.*

*ASHER looks off in the  
distance to their right.*

*Turns back.*

*Double-takes to their right.*

*Stares.*

ASHER  
There's somebody throwing up over there.

TOBIN  
What?

ASHER  
Look.

*TOBIN looks.*

*They both stare off.*

(CONTINUED)

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Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 2.  
CONTINUED:

TOBIN  
Huh.

ASHER  
Got nothing witty today?

TOBIN  
I don't care.

ASHER  
Going to be a long day with that attitude.

TOBIN  
It's a long day every day.

ASHER  
Yeah.

Hey, at least we're not throwing up.

TOBIN  
Maybe not physically.

ASHER  
All right. There's the Tobin we know and love.

TOBIN  
Shut the fuck up.

ASHER  
Right. Okay.

*Silence.*

*ASHER looks behind them at the Art.*

*Looks back front.*

*Looks behind at the Art again.*

TOBIN  
What are you doing?

ASHER  
Just looking at it.

TOBIN  
Not the job to look at it.

ASHER  
I know that. I just...

(CONTINUED)

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Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 3.

CONTINUED:

TOBIN

What?

ASHER

I really don't get this one.

TOBIN

It's not our job to get it.

ASHER

I know that. I'm just saying with the amount of money they spent on it you think it would be...better.

It's not very good, is it?

TOBIN

Eyes front.

ASHER

My eyes are front.

Not much to see back there anyway.

*Silence.*

TOBIN

I wouldn't say that shit too loud.

ASHER

They don't mic us. Just the cameras.

TOBIN

They can read your lips.

ASHER

No, they can't.

TOBIN

I've seen it happen.

ASHER

Seriously?

TOBIN

Yeah.

ASHER

...

Shit.

TOBIN

Just don't say that shit too loud.

(CONTINUED)

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Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 4.  
CONTINUED:

Noted.  
ASHER

*Silence.*

ASHER  
When did you see it happen?

TOBIN  
...

I'd rather not talk about it.

ASHER  
You're not messing with me?

TOBIN  
Why would I lie to you?

ASHER  
Because you want me to shut up.

TOBIN  
Correlation isn't causation.

ASHER  
I guess.

Yeah, okay.

*Silence.*

ASHER  
It's going to be a long day if you don't want to make conversation.

TOBIN  
...

ASHER  
...

You have any interesting dreams last night?

TOBIN  
...

ASHER  
I did.

Not last night, this was, like, a week ago. I was at the Market. I dreamt I was at the Market. And you know how they're always out of everything. I was looking for tuna.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 5.

CONTINUED:

ASHER (cont'd)

For some reason, I had this really strong, almost violent, hankering for a tuna sandwich. I don't know how to unpack that part. But I was in the canned aisle, and you know how they're always out of everything. They were out of tuna. So I buzzed one of the intercoms for help, and I asked if they had anything in the back.

TOBIN

Why the fuck would you do that?

ASHER

What?

TOBIN

There's never more in the back, if they still had any, it would be stocked in the front.

ASHER

Well, it's funny you say that, because the intercom said I was welcome to go back and check.

I know. I was shocked. I thought, "I must be dreaming." Which, I guess I was, thinking about it. But I walked across the whole Market to the doors at the back. And I opened them, and the entire back was filled floor to ceiling with cans of tuna. Literally, tuna as far as the eye could see. I had never seen so much in one place. Ever.

And then I picked one up, bought it, and went home.

I woke up before I could make the sandwich.

TOBIN

Why tuna?

ASHER

I don't know. I hate fish.

TOBIN

Fuck fish.

ASHER

Right?

Who even eats fish anymore? It's, like, a delicacy.

*Silence.*

ASHER

Did you have any interesting dreams, lately?

TOBIN

No.

(CONTINUED)

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Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 6.  
CONTINUED:

ASHER

Cool.

*Silence.*

*ASHER looks off to the right  
again.*

*Stares.*

ASHER

They're still throwing up.

Should we help? Or do something?

TOBIN

Not the job.

ASHER

(Overlapping)

Not the job. I know. I know.

...

God, it's going to be a long day.

*Silence.*

*The lights blackout as the  
Clock chimes Seven.*

SEVEN

*Lights rise.*

*Literally nothing has changed.*

*TOBIN and ASHER guard the Art.*

*ASHER looks off to the right.*

*ASHER watches (perhaps TOBIN,  
too) as VOMITER slowly enters,  
dehydrated and exhausted.*

VOMITER

Excuse me.

Excuse me, please?

ASHER

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

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Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 7.  
CONTINUED:

VOMITER  
Do either of you have any water?

ASHER  
Um...

TOBIN  
(Pointing off to the  
left)  
There's a fountain that way.

VOMITER  
Forgive me. I'm not sure if I can make it.  
I exercised a little too vigorously, you see. I threw up  
quite a bit back in that direction.

ASHER  
We saw.

VOMITER  
You did?

ASHER  
Yeah.

VOMITER  
You didn't have any impulse to assist me?

ASHER  
Well, we did. But it's not our job to help you.

VOMITER  
What?

ASHER  
Oh, sorry. We wanted to help. But we couldn't. We're on Art  
Duty. Can't leave it unguarded.

VOMITER  
I see. I didn't realize the installation was today.

ASHER  
Mmmhmm! It is.

*VOMITER examines the Art.*

VOMITER  
Looks expensive.

ASHER  
It is!

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 8.  
CONTINUED:

VOMITER  
Is that gold?

ASHER  
It is.

*Silence.*

VOMITER  
I don't know if I get this one.

ASHER  
(Trying to hide his  
lips so only VOMITER  
can see)  
Us neither.

VOMITER  
Ah.

Anyway. I believe I may be dying. Neither of you have any  
water?

ASHER  
(Looking to TOBIN)  
I might...?

TOBIN  
(Pointing off to the  
left)  
There's a fountain that way.

ASHER  
...

Sorry.

VOMITER  
That's okay.

Fuck me, I guess. Have a good day.

ASHER  
You too!

*ASHER watches as VOMITER exits  
slowly to the left.*

*After they exit, the sound of  
them collapsing to the ground  
and dying.*

(CONTINUED)

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Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 9.  
CONTINUED:

ASHER

Oop.

They definitely just died.

TOBIN

...

ASHER

Look, I know we can't give citizens any of our supplied rations, but they looked like they really needed it.

TOBIN

Not our job.

ASHER

I know.

I just don't understand where the harm is in it, you know?

It's just water.

TOBIN

Look, if you want to break the rules. By all means, break the rules.

Just don't say I didn't tell you so.

ASHER

...

You're telling me you've never broken the rules? Not once?

TOBIN

Of course I have.

ASHER

Okay. Did you get caught?

TOBIN

Yes. I did.

ASHER

Oh.

...

What happened?

TOBIN

...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 10.

CONTINUED:

TOBIN (cont'd)

You know how I always tell you not to ask about my fucking eye?

ASHER

Yeah.

TOBIN

That's what happened.

ASHER

No.

TOBIN

Sure as shit.

ASHER

They took out your eye?

TOBIN

Yep.

Through a straw.

*Beat.*

*TOBIN cracks a smile.*

*Laughs.*

*ASHER slowly joins in the laughter.*

*Laughter.*

*It subsides.*

ASHER

So...

What happened?

TOBIN

I just told you.

ASHER

...

*LEOPOLD CALDWELL enters, followed by CAMERA OPERATOR.*

*LEOPOLD CALDWELL carries a handheld microphone and is*

(CONTINUED)

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Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 11.  
CONTINUED:

*dressed in a spectacular,  
enviable reporter coat.*

*CAMERA OPERATOR carries a  
camera, and is dressed in  
whatever they want.*

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

All right. Let's get this over with.

Tobin? Good god, is that you?

You're still here?

TOBIN

Looks like it.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

I thought you were retiring.

TOBIN

Didn't work out.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Well. Ain't that shit?

TOBIN

Goddamn right.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

That slut from Channel 5 come by yet?

TOBIN

Nope.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Thank God.

(Examining the Art)

This it?

ASHER

It is!

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Jesus.

Is that gold?

ASHER

It is.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

These things get fucking weirder every season.

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 12.  
CONTINUED:

*Beat.*

CAMERA OPERATOR  
Yeah, I don't really get it.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
Why are you talking? Set up the fucking shot.

CAMERA OPERATOR  
Sorry.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
Don't be sorry. Set up the fucking shot. Do your job.

*CAMERA OPERATOR begins to set  
up the shot.*

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
Christ.

Tobin, have you smiled this morning?

TOBIN  
Not really.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
Great.  
(To ASHER, snapping)  
You.

ASHER  
Yes?

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
Leopold Caldwell. Prop Channel 8. You new?

ASHER  
I've been on the force for six months.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
Oh, really?

ASHER  
We've met.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
We have?

ASHER  
Several times.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
Why does your face look new?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 13.  
CONTINUED:

ASHER

I don't know?

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Mmm.

Whatever. You ever do one of these before?

ASHER

No.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Perfect. Just stand there, be happy, I'll take care of the rest.

*LEOPOLD CALDWELL whistles at  
CAMERA OPERATOR.*

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

You ready?

CAMERA OPERATOR

Just one...second...

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Sure. Take your time. This is the only stop we have to make today.

CAMERA OPERATOR

What? I thought we had a bunch of--

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

I'm being sarcastic! Set up the shot before we all piss on you.

*CAMERA OPERATOR finishes  
setting up the shot.*

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Thank you! Count us down.

CAMERA OPERATOR

And you're on in 5, 4, 3,  
(Mouthing the last  
numbers)

2, 1.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

(Speaking into the  
mic, at the camera)

Hello, Nation! Leopold Caldwell, Channel 8's Finest  
Entertainment Correspondent, coming to you live from Art  
Plaza at the newest installation. I don't know about you,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 14.

CONTINUED:

LEOPOLD CALDWELL (cont'd)

folks at home, but it's a good thing this weather's made me double up on socks, because this new Art just knocked a pair off my feet! The State--

CAMERA OPERATOR

They're not smiling!

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

What?

CAMERA OPERATOR

Gun dude, you need to smile.

ASHER

What?

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
(To CAMERA OPERATOR)

Quiet.

(To ASHER)

Were you smiling?

ASHER

I thought I was.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Tobin?

TOBIN

I wasn't looking.

CAMERA OPERATOR

They weren't smiling.

ASHER

Aren't we live?

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

We're never live, we record in advance. Just smile, okay?  
Let me see the face you made.

*ASHER makes the face they  
made.*

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Yeah. Okay. No. That's not enough. Let me see you actually smile.

*ASHER "actually" smiles.*

*It's too much.*

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 15.  
CONTINUED:

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
Oh, Jesus fuck me. Jesus literally fuck me and impregnate me  
with himself. Stop.

*ASHER stops.*

*Beat.*

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
(To CAMERA OPERATOR)  
There's a dead body over there. Go film some B-roll for a  
minute.

*CAMERA OPERATOR exits towards  
VOMITER'S body with the  
camera.*

*LEOPOLD CALDWELL really takes  
ASHER in for the first time.*

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
What's your name?

ASHER  
Asher.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
This your first Art Duty?

ASHER  
Second.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
Okay.

Well, if Tobin, here, hasn't shot you yet, that at least  
means you can take direction. So listen up.

Do you know how to smile like a human being?

ASHER  
I--

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
The answer should be yes. Just smile.

Look, there's no trick to it. Just be yourself. Don't force  
it. Follow your heart. You're employed, be happy. You don't  
have to impress anyone. You can't please everybody. Imagine  
that everyone watching at home is in their underwear. I do.  
Remember, they'll be looking at the Art, not you. A watched  
pot never boils. The early bird gets the worm. If you love  
what you do for a living, you'll never work a day in your

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 16.

CONTINUED:

LEOPOLD CALDWELL (cont'd)

entire life. It's about the journey, not the destination. Everything happens for a reason. No pain, no gain. Pain is just weakness leaving the body. You can't make an omelette without breaking a few eggs. The grass is always greener on the other side. Dance like no one else is watching. You miss 100% of the shots you don't take. The quickest way to find love is to stop looking. Time heals all wounds. Don't do drugs. It's better to have loved and lost than to have never loved at all. Work smarter, not harder. Think outside the bun. Don't judge a book by the cover. Good things come to those who smile.

Okay?

It's propaganda, kid. Not rocket science.  
(Yelling)

AGAIN!

*CAMERA OPERATOR re-enters,  
rushing back in and resetting  
the shot.*

*As they do, LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
starts picking their nose.*

*They retrieve a booger,  
examine it, then wipe it on  
TOBIN, who has not seen any of  
this.*

CAMERA OPERATOR

Set!

And you're on in 5, 4, 3,  
(Mouthing the last  
numbers)  
2, 1.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
(Speaking into the  
mic, at the camera)

Hello, Nation! Leopold Caldwell, Channel 8's Finest Entertainment Correspondent, coming to you live from Art Plaza at the newest installation. I don't know about you, folks at home, but it's a good thing this weather's made me double up on socks, because this new Art just knocked a pair off my feet! The State has really outdone themselves this season. Just look at that. It's so shiny.

(To ASHER)

Is that real gold?

ASHER

Uh--yes, it is.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 17.  
CONTINUED:

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Real. Gold. Get a load of that, folks at home. I could stare at this for hours and just unpack it for days. I'm almost tempted to shirk off my responsibilities and go chat with friends about it in a Java Shop, hahahahahahahahahahaha.

Well. Remember, the installation lasts today only. If you want to see this amazing, life-changing work with your own eyes, get your heinies over to Art Plaza!

(Holding it)

...

CAMERA OPERATOR

And we're out.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

(Dropping the  
professionalism)

FUUUUUUUUUCK.

(To ASHER)

You did good. You'll go far.

TOBIN

See you around.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Not if I kill myself.

Genuinely. I've been thinking about it.

I know exactly how I would do it.

ASHER

...

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Pills and alcohol. I know a guy.

What about you all?

TOBIN

Bullet to the head.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Ah, that's boring. You're so boring.

CAMERA OPERATOR

I've always been a fan of toaster in the bathtub.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

That's even worse. That's a goddamn cliché.

(To ASHER)

Kid, save us.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 18.  
CONTINUED:

ASHER

...

I don't think about killing myself.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

...

...

See you around.

*LEOPOLD CALDWELL exits,  
followed by CAMERA OPERATOR.*

*Silence.*

ASHER

I don't think I like them.

TOBIN

We fucked.

ASHER

What?

TOBIN

Couple of years back. Off and on.

ASHER

Wow.

TOBIN

They're into piss.

ASHER

...

Like...?

TOBIN

Yeah. Golden showers and shit.

ASHER

Did you...ever...?

TOBIN

Did I ever piss on them?

How else would I know what they're into?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 19.  
CONTINUED:

ASHER

...

Do you...?

TOBIN

No. I don't.

ASHER

Why would you pee on them?

TOBIN

Why the fuck wouldn't I? I'm not an asshole.

It's not like they were pissing on me.

*Silence.*

*BRIEFCASE enters, on their way  
to work.*

*They stop to look at the Art.*

BRIEFCASE

Is this it?

ASHER

It is.

BRIEFCASE

...

I don't get it.

*Silence.*

*The lights blackout as the  
Clock chimes Nine.*

NINE

*Lights rise.*

*TOBIN and ASHER guard the Art.*

*BRIEFCASE is gone.*

*SKETCHER is here.*

*They sit off to the side,  
sketching the Art in their  
sketchbook.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 20.  
CONTINUED:

*Silence.*

It's Nine.  
TOBIN

Bathroom break.  
ASHER

Yup.  
TOBIN

Do you want to go first?  
ASHER

Yup.  
TOBIN

*Silence.*

*TOBIN turns and exits.*

*ASHER is left alone.*

*SKETCHER sketches.*

*Silence.*

ASHER  
(To SKETCHER)  
Are you drawing the Art?

I am.  
SKETCHER

I can move a little, if you need.  
ASHER

No.  
SKETCHER

Thank you, though.  
I'm drawing you, too.

Really?  
ASHER

Mmmhmm.  
SKETCHER

You have a kind body.

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 21.  
CONTINUED:

ASHER

I do?

SKETCHER

Yes.

*Silence.*

*SKETCHER'S phone rings.*

*They put their sketchbook down  
and take their phone out of a  
pocket.*

*They look at the caller ID,  
smile, and answer the phone.*

SKETCHER  
(Into the phone)

Hey, babe.

Mmmhmm.

I miss you, too.

Yeah, no, I'm over at the Plaza.

What do you mean?

Well, yeah.

Mmmhmm.

I told you, though.

I told you I was going to sketch this morning.

I told you I was going to sketch this morning.

The other night.

I did.

Well, if you had a problem with it why didn't you say  
anything then?

Of course I was serious. Why would I not be serious?

Because I like doing it.

Baby--

Please let me finish.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 22.

CONTINUED:

SKETCHER (cont'd)

I do not need this shit this morning, okay? Can we talk about this later?

...

Goddamn you.

No, I am tired of this shit!! Do you know how much I put my interests by the wayside for you?!

I have too!

Fuck you!!

I mean it. Fuck you. I don't deserve this. You don't deserve me.

You don't.

Yeah, I am.

I am. I'm done.

Don't beg.

Stop apologizing.

Stop fucking apologizing.

Of course it's you!!

I'm hanging up.

I am hanging up.

If I see you again I'll fucking rip your genitals off.

I'm sending Carrie for my stuff.

No.

Fucking kill yourself.

*SKETCHER hangs up, in tears.*

*They attempt to wipe away their tears.*

*They throw their phone on the ground and stomp on it repeatedly.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 23.  
CONTINUED:

*They attempt to wipe away  
their tears.*

*SKETCHER makes eye contact  
with ASHER.*

*Beat.*

*SKETCHER moves to ASHER and  
hugs them, crying into them.*

*ASHER, uncomfortable, does  
attempt to console SKETCHER.*

*Silence.*

*SKETCHER lifts their head and  
looks at ASHER.*

SKETCHER  
Are you doing anything tonight?

ASHER

...

Uh...

*SKETCHER breaks from ASHER and  
crosses back to their  
sketchbook.*

*They write on the sketch and  
rip it out of the book.*

*They cross back to ASHER and  
hand them the sketch.*

SKETCHER  
I'm gonna stay with my friend for a while. If you want to do  
anything, that's the address.

I'm into everything.

I'll suck your dick or make you suck mine.

Piss. Vore. Whatever you want.

ASHER

...

*SKETCHER kisses ASHER.*

*SKETCHER exits.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 24.  
CONTINUED:

*Silence.*

*TOBIN re-enters and takes up  
their post.*

*Silence.*

TOBIN

Mmm.

Guess they finished their drawing.

ASHER

...

*The lights blackout as the  
Clock chimes Ten.*

TEN

*Lights rise.*

*TOBIN and ASHER guard the Art.*

*Silence.*

TOBIN

I'm not actually retiring.

ASHER

No?

TOBIN

No. Don't get any ideas.

ASHER

About what?

TOBIN

Trying to replace me.

ASHER

I wasn't.

TOBIN

Sure.

ASHER

I wasn't.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 25.  
CONTINUED:

TOBIN  
Good.

'Cause you aren't gonna.

ASHER  
Did I say something? To give you that idea?

TOBIN  
Didn't have to.

It's the way you stand.

ASHER  
What?

TOBIN  
You're impatient.

ASHER  
...

That doesn't mean I want to replace you.

TOBIN  
Sure.

*Silence.*

*ASHER tries to analyze the way  
they stand.*

TOBIN  
What are you doing?

ASHER  
Trying to figure out how the way I stand makes you think I  
want to replace you.

TOBIN  
It's not going to be obvious to you.

ASHER  
Would you care to elaborate, then?

TOBIN  
No. Because you want to replace me.

ASHER  
...

TOBIN  
...

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 26.  
CONTINUED:

ASHER

...

Are you messing with me again?

*TOBIN looks at ASHER.*

*Into them.*

*ASHER looks back.*

*ASHER is unnerved.*

*TOBIN looks away.*

*Silence.*

ASHER

I don't want to replace you.

TOBIN

Sure.

*EGGS enters, dressed in a  
large, puffy coat.*

*TOBIN stiffens.*

EGGS

Officers.

TOBIN

...

ASHER

Good morning.

EGGS

So, this is the new Art?

ASHER

It is.

EGGS

Gold.

ASHER

It is.

EGGS

How much was this one?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 27.  
CONTINUED:

TOBIN

Okay. Let's move along.

EGGS

I am a taxpaying citizen, I have every right to be here.  
Just asked a question.

TOBIN

Question that's none of your fucking business.

EGGS

Hey. I don't mean any trouble.

TOBIN

Then fuck off.

EGGS

Okay.

*EGGS doesn't fuck off.*

EGGS

Lot of folks come by to see it yet?

TOBIN

...

ASHER

Not really. No.

EGGS

That's a shame.

I think I actually like this one.

ASHER

Yeah?

EGGS

Well, how can you not like gold?

But yes. You can tell a lot of thought went into it.

...

So how much did it cost?

TOBIN

What did I just fucking say?

EGGS

I think I have a goddamn right to know.

(CONTINUED)



(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 29.  
CONTINUED:

15. ASHER

*Beat.*

15? EGGS

You pussy asshole. TOBIN

*Beat.*

15 million. For that? EGGS

Percent. ASHER

What? EGGS

Stop. TOBIN

... ASHER

15 percent.

... TOBIN

Percent of what? EGGS

Of the Nation's capital. ASHER

*Silence.*

EGGS  
(Losing it)  
ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?!

TOBIN  
(Overlapping,  
brandishing their  
rifle)  
STAND DOWN!!

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 30.  
CONTINUED:

EGGS  
(Overlapping)  
ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?!

TOBIN  
(Overlapping)  
BACK THE FUCK UP!! NOW! NOW!

EGGS  
(Overlapping)  
ALL THAT MONEY?!?! WHILE WE'RE DYING IN THE STREETS?!

TOBIN  
I WILL SHOOT YOU! YOU UNDERSTAND?!  
  
STAND DOWN.

EGGS  
(Standing down)  
I'm fine.

...

...

I'm fine.

Money well spent.

It looks good.

*Silence.*

*EGGS exits.*

*Silence.*

TOBIN  
If someone's only here to cause a scene, you don't have to  
answer them.

*An egg flies in from off.*

*It hits TOBIN, or the Art, or  
nothing.*

*It does not break.*

*TOBIN lifts their gun and  
shoots off.*

*The sound of bullets striking  
EGGS off.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 31.  
CONTINUED:

*Again off, the sound of EGGS  
collapsing and dying.*

ASHER

...

TOBIN

That was your fault.

ASHER  
(Looking from the  
body off to the egg)

...

...

TOBIN

What?

ASHER

Is that an egg?

TOBIN

I don't care.

ASHER

It didn't break.

*Silence.*

*The lights blackout as the  
Clock chimes Twelve.*

TWELVE

*Lights rise.*

*TOBIN and ASHER guard the Art.*

*The RICH LOVERS admire the  
Art.*

*They both wear gold, shiny  
coats.*

RICH LOVER #1

Lord Almighty.

RICH LOVER #2

It's beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 32.  
CONTINUED:

RICH LOVER #1

I am genuinely experiencing a continuous orgasm. Of the eyes.

RICH LOVER #2

I can't look away.

RICH LOVER #1

I love you. But this is truly the most immaculate thing I've laid my eyeballs upon in my life above this earth.

RICH LOVER #2

How did they realize eyeballs were ball-shaped? Who first figured that out?

RICH LOVER #1

I would fuck this Art. I would let it fuck me.

RICH LOVER #2

Did they take out somebody else's eye? Were they surprised at how much more there was to it?

RICH LOVER #1

I would have this Art's babies.

RICH LOVER #2

Did they take out their own?

RICH LOVER #1

Carry them to term. Nine months.

RICH LOVER #2

How many eyeballs are there in the world?

RICH LOVER #1

Triplets.

RICH LOVER #2

At least twice as many people.

RICH LOVER #1

Quintuplets.

RICH LOVER #2

I want to taste an eyeball.

RICH LOVER #1

What?

RICH LOVER #2

What?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 33.  
CONTINUED:

ASHER

...

TOBIN

...

RICH LOVER #1

Did you just say you want to taste an eyeball?

RICH LOVER #2

Yes. I did.

RICH LOVER #1

...

I know a guy. I could make that happen.

RICH LOVER #2

Ah. I love you.

RICH LOVER #1

I love you, too.

*The RICH LOVERS kiss.*

*They get really into it.*

*Eventually...*

*TOBIN clears their throat.*

*The RICH LOVERS break apart.*

*Beat.*

RICH LOVER #1

What about you, Officers?

TOBIN

...

ASHER

What about what?

RICH LOVER #1

You ever eat an eyeball?

ASHER

No.

TOBIN

Can't say I have.

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 34.  
CONTINUED:

RICH LOVER #2

You sure?

That's a nice eye patch, there. You sure you didn't eat your eye accidentally?

TOBIN

...

I think I'd know.

RICH LOVER #2

I mean, I don't know, I've seen weirder things happen.

RICH LOVER #1

Me too.

RICH LOVER #2

I once saw a guy suck his own dick so hard that it came off.

RICH LOVER #1

I watched a triple homicide.

RICH LOVER #2

It went right down his throat. Like the perfect toss of a basketball.

RICH LOVER #1

She did it with a knife.

RICH LOVER #2

Nothing but net. Except the net was his esophagus. And his dick was the basketball.

RICH LOVER #1

She tied them all to folding chairs. And carved each of them apart over the course of eight hours.

RICH LOVER #2

It went all the way down to his stomach. He digested his own dick.

RICH LOVER #1

They were triplets. I don't know if that was why she murdered them, but I don't know if it wasn't.

RICH LOVER #2

Over the next 42 to 44 hours, he digested the entirety of his own dick.

RICH LOVER #1

From the first one, she took his face.

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 35.  
CONTINUED:

RICH LOVER #2  
From the stomach to the small intestine.

RICH LOVER #1  
From the second, she took his heart.

RICH LOVER #2  
From the small intestine to the large intestine.

RICH LOVER #1  
And from the third, she took his dick.

RICH LOVER #2  
From the large intestine to...you know.

RICH LOVER #1  
She didn't eat the dick, though.

RICH LOVER #2  
He shit out his digested dick.

RICH LOVER #1  
She put it on some mannequin. Along with the face and heart.

RICH LOVER #2  
I know what you're thinking.

He put the shit that was his dick where his dick used to be and just used that from then on.

RICH LOVER #1  
It was some freakish ritual or something. Maybe. Whatever it was she made, she prayed to it.

RICH LOVER #2  
And you're right. That's exactly what he did. Told me to call him Shit Dick.

RICH LOVER #1  
I should mention, I was hiding in the closet this whole time. But she didn't know I was there.

RICH LOVER #2  
But I didn't. Because I thought it was gross.

RICH LOVER #1  
Eventually, she stopping praying and left.

RICH LOVER #2  
I told him to fuck off. And he did.

RICH LOVER #1  
After a while, I left too.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 36.  
CONTINUED:

ASHER

...

TOBIN

...

RICH LOVER #2  
So yeah, we've seen weirder things.

RICH LOVER #1  
A lot weirder.

ASHER

...

TOBIN  
I think I'd know.

RICH LOVER #1  
Yeah, you probably would.

RICH LOVER #2  
Yeah, you probably would, I guess.

...

Do you think whoever took it out ate it?

TOBIN  
Why are you assuming someone took it out?

RICH LOVER #2  
Am I wrong?

RICH LOVER #1  
Are we wrong?

TOBIN

...

RICH LOVER #2  
What's the weirdest thing you two have ever seen?

RICH LOVER #1  
Yeah. Regale us.

RICH LOVER #2  
Please.

RICH LOVER #1  
We're bored.

*Silence.*

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 37.  
CONTINUED:

TOBIN  
Probably this.

RICH LOVER #1  
...

RICH LOVER #2  
...

RICH LOVER #1  
Are you making fun of us?

RICH LOVER #2  
We're baring our souls here.

RICH LOVER #1  
Yeah.

RICH LOVER #2  
Pretty disrespectful.

RICH LOVER #1  
Pretty disrespectful.

RICH LOVER #2  
We have a lot of clout, you know.

RICH LOVER #1  
A lot. You know who we are?

ASHER  
We didn't mean to disrespect you.

RICH LOVER #1  
...

RICH LOVER #2  
...

ASHER  
We're just Security.  
We haven't gotten to see as much of the world as you.

RICH LOVER #1  
Huh.

That makes sense.

RICH LOVER #2  
That does make sense.

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 38.  
CONTINUED:

RICH LOVER #1  
Kinda makes me sad.

RICH LOVER #2  
Have you ever even been out of the Nation?

RICH LOVER #1  
Don't tell us you've never traveled out of the Nation?

ASHER  
Can't say I have.

TOBIN  
Nope.

RICH LOVER #2  
OH MY GOD.

RICH LOVER #1  
That makes me so sad.

RICH LOVER #2  
OH MY GOD.

RICH LOVER #1  
You just have to.

RICH LOVER #2  
You just have to.

RICH LOVER #1  
Doesn't matter where.

RICH LOVER #2  
Although the Highlands are lovely.

RICH LOVER #1  
They ARE.

RICH LOVER #2  
But anywhere, really.

RICH LOVER #1  
Thank you for clarifying.

RICH LOVER #2  
Really. Thank you for clarifying.

(To TOBIN)  
I was so offended I was about to ask my lover if their  
eyeball guy could take your other eye.

Teach you a lesson not to be fucking rude.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 39.

CONTINUED:

RICH LOVER #2 (cont'd)

But you know your place.

RICH LOVER #1

Yeah, you know your place.

You really should travel if you can.

RICH LOVER #2

You really should.

RICH LOVER #1

Might help you climb the ladder a bit.

RICH LOVER #2

The most important part of self-improvement is the art of conversation.

RICH LOVER #1

The most important part.

RICH LOVER #2

The most important part.

RICH LOVER #1

The most important part.

RICH LOVER #2

The most important part.

RICH LOVER #1

The most important part.

...

You think we should make them practice, dear?

RICH LOVER #2

Maybe later.

I could go for a Java.

RICH LOVER #1

That does sound nice. Dissect the new Art over a Java.

RICH LOVER #2

That's what I was thinking!

RICH LOVER #1

I love you.

RICH LOVER #2

I love you, too.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 40.  
CONTINUED:

*The RICH LOVERS kiss.*

*They get really into it.*

*Eventually...*

*They break apart.*

RICH LOVER #2  
Your eyeball guy. If I want one normal, one fried. Can he do that?

RICH LOVER #1  
I don't see why not.

RICH LOVER #2  
Oh, thank God. I'm so excited.

RICH LOVER #1  
Let's go.

RICH LOVER #2  
All right.  
(To ASHER and TOBIN)  
Remember. Conversation.

RICH LOVER #1  
And travel.

RICH LOVER #2  
Travel and conversation.

RICH LOVER #1  
Adieu.

RICH LOVER #2  
Auf Wiedersehen.

*The RICH LOVERS exit.*

*Silence.*

TOBIN  
You okay?

...  
ASHER

Yeah.

You?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 41.  
CONTINUED:

TOBIN

...

Same shit, different day.

ASHER

Yeah.

...

Yeah.

*Silence.*

ASHER

What time is it?

*The lights blackout as the  
Clock chimes Thirteen.*

THIRTEEN - THE PREVIOUS DAY

*Lights rise.*

*The Art is not there.*

*On one side of the space, at a  
cafe table, ASHER and BELLAMY.*

*On the other, at another,  
TOBIN.*

*ASHER and TOBIN face opposite  
directions. They have not  
noticed one another, nor will  
they.*

*Everyone drinks Javas.*

BELLAMY

So your profile said you work for Security?

ASHER

Yep.

BELLAMY

God, that must be exciting.

ASHER

Uh, not really.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 42.  
CONTINUED:

BELLAMY  
No?

ASHER  
No, it's actually mostly just standing around. Guarding things.

BELLAMY  
What kinds of things?

ASHER  
Parties. Events. People.

BELLAMY  
Sounds exciting.

ASHER  
Well, we're always outside the room they're in.

BELLAMY  
Oh.

ASHER  
We are guarding the new Art tomorrow.

BELLAMY  
Oh!

ASHER  
Yeah, you should come by. If you're not busy.

BELLAMY  
Maybe I will.

Have to see how the rest of this goes first, don't we?

ASHER  
I'm having a nice time.

BELLAMY  
Me too.

*Beat.*

*LEOPOLD CALDWELL enters,  
walking to TOBIN.*

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
Sorry I'm late.

TOBIN  
You're fine.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 43.  
CONTINUED:

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
What the fuck is this?

TOBIN  
What?

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
You didn't get me anything?

TOBIN  
I don't know what you drink.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
Yes, you fucking do.

TOBIN  
No. I don't.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
Two shots, Extra Dark, caramel fluid.

TOBIN  
I don't know what that means.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
Everybody gets caramel fluid.

TOBIN  
Not everybody.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
What are you drinking?

TOBIN  
I don't know.

I just asked for Java.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
Oh, get fucked.

*LEOPOLD CALDWELL exits.*

ASHER  
Do you like working here?

BELLAMY  
As much as anybody likes where they work.

ASHER  
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 44.  
CONTINUED:

BELLAMY

Haha. Thankfully it only leaves me mostly burnt out at the end of the night instead of totally.

ASHER

You said you wrote music?

BELLAMY

When I can find the time, yeah.

ASHER

What do you play?

BELLAMY

Violin.

ASHER

Really?

BELLAMY

Yeah.

ASHER

That's so cool.

BELLAMY

You think? It's kind of nerdy.

ASHER

No, it's cool. It's, like, a delicacy. It's got history to it.

BELLAMY

I guess I get that.

*The sound of a loud,  
uncomfortable buzzer.*

BELLAMY

Sorry. Gimme a sec.

*BELLAMY stands and exits.*

*Silence.*

*ASHER and TOBIN still do not  
notice one another.*

*LEOPOLD CALDWELL re-enters.*

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

So what is this? What'd you want to talk about?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 45.  
CONTINUED:

TOBIN

Business first.

*LEOPOLD CALDWELL sighs, then reaches into their spectacular coat and pulls out a transparent bag full of pills.*

*They plop the bag on the table as TOBIN pulls out a wad of paper currency.*

*TOBIN hands the currency to LEOPOLD CALDWELL and picks up the bag of pills.*

TOBIN

You said these'll take care of me?

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
(Counting the money)

Oh yeah.

(Combined with a mouth sound for punctuation)

Like that.

TOBIN

Good.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Wait.

Remind me, you trying to get high or trying to die?

TOBIN

The first one.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

...

Give me those back.

*TOBIN hands back the pills.*

*LEOPOLD CALDWELL grabs a different, but exactly the same, new bag of pills from their coat and plops them on the table.*

TOBIN

Jesus Christ.

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 46.  
CONTINUED:

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Yeah, yeah.

TOBIN

You're a terrible drug dealer.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

You're a terrible Security Guard.

TOBIN

That's not fucking true.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Yeah, I guess.

TOBIN

Fuck you.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Fuck you.

TOBIN

Fuck you.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Fuck your mother.

TOBIN

Fuck your ancestors.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

They're dead. Necrophiliac.

TOBIN

Least I can get aroused without getting pissed on.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

HEY. DO NOT FUCKING KINKSHAME ME.

TOBIN

...

You're right, that was a low blow.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Low blow.

TOBIN

Sorry.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Fuck.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 47.  
CONTINUED:

*Beat.*

*BELLAMY enters the space with  
TOBIN and LEOPOLD CALDWELL.*

*They serve LEOPOLD CALDWELL a  
Java.*

BELLAMY  
Two shots, Extra Dark, caramel fluid?

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
Thank you, darling.

BELLAMY  
Thank you. Have a Java Day.

*BELLAMY exits.*

*Beat.*

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
What the hell does that mean?

Have a "Java Day."

TOBIN  
They have to say it.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
Just because they have to say it doesn't mean they have to  
say it.

TOBIN  
Sure.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
What is a not "Java Day?" What makes a day a "Java Day?"

TOBIN  
The Java.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
...

That's fucking dumb.

TOBIN  
Didn't say it wasn't.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
I hate this place.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 48.  
CONTINUED:

TOBIN

Yup.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

I have to go do an interview later. One of the farmers out in the rural country. For a fucking piece about leather. I have to ask him how he skins the cows for their hides. What makes a good hide? How do you remove the flesh from the hide? What's the best method for that? How quickly do you have to salt the hide to slow decomposition? How do you take all the hair off the hide?

*BELLAMY enters the space with ASHER.*

BELLAMY

Sorry about that.

ASHER

Don't be. I get it.

BELLAMY

Where were we?

ASHER

Violin.

BELLAMY

Yes. Do you play anything?

ASHER

Um...

No.

BELLAMY

You hesitated.

ASHER

I did.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

How do you tan a hide? What is tanning? Why do you do it? Why do you have to re-tan a hide? Why isn't once enough?

BELLAMY

So what does that mean? You do, but don't think you're good? Or you want to?

ASHER

Uh, the second one.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 49.  
CONTINUED:

BELLAMY

That one's more fun.

ASHER

Yeah.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

How long does it take to dye the leather? Do you have to do it in a sterile environment? Are certain colors harder to achieve than others?

BELLAMY

What do you want to play?

ASHER

It's kind of dumb.

BELLAMY

I'm sure it's not.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Why do we finish the leather? What the hell does that mean? Are we cumming on it? How do you impress a pattern on it? What do you do with the rest of the cow?

ASHER

Harmonica.

BELLAMY

Fuck off.

ASHER

Yep.

BELLAMY

I love that.

ASHER

It's dumb.

BELLAMY

No, it's not. Why harmonica?

ASHER

I don't know, you know? I guess I just like the image. There's something about the sound of it that's always...said something to me. I don't know what.

BELLAMY

That's what matters.

ASHER

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 50.  
CONTINUED:

BELLAMY

Yeah.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Even once it's fucking done, there's more questions. What's the difference between high quality and low quality leather? Where does PLEATHER fit in? What is pleather? Who discovered pleather and how? Does it make a difference in the bedroom? Does pleather scientifically turn people on more or less than real leather?

BELLAMY

Violin wasn't a choice.

ASHER

No?

BELLAMY

No. I love it, don't get me wrong. I really do. But I didn't choose it. My parents did.

ASHER

Oh, wow.

BELLAMY

Yeah.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Like, I don't want to do that this afternoon, you know?

TOBIN

Huh.

Would think that'd interest you.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Why?

TOBIN

Your coat.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

...

Is this leather?

TOBIN

I don't know.

BELLAMY

I got lucky. That they chose something I fell in love with.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 51.  
CONTINUED:

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

This is the one thing I own that doesn't make me want to kill myself.

BELLAMY

It feels like the one thing I have that doesn't make me want to kill myself.

ASHER

Really?

TOBIN

Really?

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

I don't know. Probably.

BELLAMY

Yeah. It is.

Is that sad?

ASHER

Maybe?

TOBIN

Why don't you retire?

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

What?

BELLAMY

That might be the crippling depression talking. Sorry.

TOBIN

Why don't you retire?

ASHER

Don't be. I'm sorry.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Because I have fucking bills.

BELLAMY

Why are you sorry?

TOBIN

You have to make enough selling pills.

ASHER

I'm sorry that--you feel that way.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 52.  
CONTINUED:

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

You think?

BELLAMY

I mean, it's okay. Everyone that feels way.

TOBIN

You have to make more doing that than reporting.

BELLAMY

Do you not feel that way?

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

The State pays pretty fucking well.

ASHER

I...

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

How else do you think I can afford a coat like this?

TOBIN

Pills.

ASHER

I don't. I genuinely don't.

BELLAMY

You've never thought about killing yourself?

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

What are you suggesting?

ASHER

No. I don't think about it.

BELLAMY

Interesting.

TOBIN

You could start your own business. Strike out on your own.  
Might make you happier.

BELLAMY

That's really interesting.

ASHER

Is it?

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

And why are you, of all motherfuckers, suddenly talking  
about enterprising?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 53.  
CONTINUED:

I'm retiring.  
TOBIN

Fuck off.  
LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Fuck off.  
BELLAMY

What?  
TOBIN

What?  
ASHER

You're a lying piece of shit, yes, you have.  
BELLAMY

You are not retiring.  
LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Yes, I am.  
TOBIN

No, I haven't.  
ASHER

Everyone has. You don't have to lie about it.  
BELLAMY

You're lying.  
LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Nope. Just did.  
TOBIN

What?  
LEOPOLD CALDWELL

What?  
ASHER

I get that you're trying to impress me, but lying isn't a good way to do it.  
BELLAMY

I'm not lying.  
ASHER

You fucking liar.  
LEOPOLD CALDWELL

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 54.  
CONTINUED:

I'm not lying.  
TOBIN

I swear.  
ASHER

You're fucking lying.  
BELLAMY/LEOPOLD CALDWELL

I'm not lying.  
ASHER/TOBIN

Today's my last day.  
TOBIN

...  
BELLAMY

...  
LEOPOLD CALDWELL

...  
ASHER

Bellamy. I'm not trying to offend you.

...  
BELLAMY

*The sound of a loud,  
uncomfortable buzzer.*

Hold that thought.  
BELLAMY

*BELLAMY stands and exits.*

LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
So when I show up at fuck early o'clock? Tomorrow? You won't  
be there?

Nope.  
TOBIN

...  
LEOPOLD CALDWELL

*LEOPOLD CALDWELL starts to  
laugh.*

*LEOPOLD CALDWELL laughs.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 55.  
CONTINUED:

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Okay.

Okay. Okay.

What did you actually want to talk about?

TOBIN

That was it.

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

...

You're serious?

TOBIN

Never been more serious about anything.

*LEOPOLD CALDWELL stares at  
TOBIN.*

*TOBIN stares back.*

LEOPOLD CALDWELL

Well, shit.

Cheers.

*TOBIN and LEOPOLD CALDWELL  
clink their Javas.*

*ASHER sits alone.*

*The lights blackout as the  
Clock chimes Fifteen.*

FIFTEEN

*Lights rise.*

*The Art is back.*

*TOBIN and ASHER guard the Art.*

*No one else is there.*

ASHER

It's Fifteen?

TOBIN

Yup.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 56.  
CONTINUED:

Great.  
ASHER

*Silence.*

ASHER  
Can I ask you a personal question?

TOBIN  
I'd prefer you didn't.

ASHER  
...

Did I do something to offend you?

TOBIN  
What?

ASHER  
I get the impression you don't care for me.

TOBIN  
You get the impression I don't care for you?

ASHER  
Yes.

TOBIN  
What gave you that impression?

ASHER  
Everything. That you say. And do.

TOBIN  
...

ASHER  
Did I do something?

TOBIN  
You're not special. I don't care for anyone.

ASHER  
You seem like you especially don't care for me.

TOBIN  
This conversation certainly isn't helping.

ASHER  
Right.

Right. Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 57.  
CONTINUED:

*Silence.*

*TAGGER enters, dressed in darker garb and something that obscures their face.*

*They say nothing.*

*Neither do ASHER and TOBIN.*

*TAGGER takes out a can of spray paint.*

*They shake it.*

Oh my god.

TOBIN

...

ASHER

*TAGGER starts to spray paint the wall.*

*Whether they paint something verbal, an image(s), or a combination of the two, it is explicit, vulgar, and not complimentary of the State.*

*As they paint:*

Your turn.

TOBIN

What?

ASHER

Go fucking stop them.

TOBIN

Me?

ASHER

Yes, you. Do the goddamn job.

TOBIN

Right.

ASHER

Uh...

*ASHER approaches TAGGER.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 58.  
CONTINUED:

*TAGGER does not stop painting.*

ASHER

Hello. Um.

Please stop.

*TAGGER does not stop.*

ASHER

Please stop doing that.

*TAGGER does not stop.*

ASHER

You need to stop doing that. Now.

*TAGGER does not stop.*

ASHER

Please stop.

TOBIN

Shoot them.

ASHER

If you don't stop, I am going to have to shoot you.

*TAGGER does not stop.*

ASHER

If you do not stop, I will have to shoot you.

*TAGGER does not stop.*

TOBIN

You've warned them. Shoot them.

*TAGGER does not stop.*

ASHER

Seriously. I will shoot you. I have to.

*TAGGER does not stop.*

ASHER

Please!

*TAGGER does not stop.*

TOBIN

Shoot them, what the fuck?!

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 59.  
CONTINUED:

PLEASE STOP!  
ASHER

*TAGGER stops.*

*Stares at ASHER.*

*ASHER stares back.*

*TAGGER sprays ASHER in the eyes.*

*ASHER reacts, screaming in pain and covering their eyes.*

*TAGGER runs.*

*TAGGER exits.*

*TOBIN lifts their gun and shoots off.*

*The sound of bullets striking TAGGER off.*

*Again off, the sound of TAGGER collapsing and dying.*

*Silence, aside from ASHER'S pain.*

TOBIN  
(To ASHER)  
You wanna know why I especially don't care for you?  
Shit like that.  
You're a fucking flower.

ASHER  
...

Oh my god my eye.  
They got my eye.

TOBIN  
...  
(Pointing off to the left)  
There's a fountain that way.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 60.  
CONTINUED:

ASHER  
Could you just help me?

TOBIN  
...  
(Looking around)

...  
Fucking come on.

*The lights blackout as the  
Clock chimes Sixteen.*

SIXTEEN

*Lights rise.*

*TOBIN and ASHER guard the Art.*

*ASHER is now wearing TOBIN'S  
eye patch.*

*Both of TOBIN'S eyes are now  
visible, and neither of them  
have visible damage of any  
kind.*

*Silence.*

ASHER  
I can't believe you have both eyes.

TOBIN  
Shut the fuck up.

ASHER  
What the hell?

TOBIN  
You tell anyone, I swear to God, I'll give you a fucking  
reason to keep that eye patch.

ASHER  
Why would you lie about that?

TOBIN  
News flash. I lie about everything. Dumbass.

ASHER  
Why?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 61.  
CONTINUED:

TOBIN

Because information is power, you fucking imbecile. If you don't understand me, if you don't know anything about me for sure, it keeps me in control.

ASHER

Why do you need to be in control?

TOBIN

...

If you have to ask that, you'll never understand.

ASHER

Understand what?

TOBIN

How things work.

ASHER

What?!

TOBIN

No wonder you never think about killing yourself.

ASHER

WHY IS THAT A PROBLEM?! WHY IS THAT SUCH A PROBLEM WITH EVERYONE?!

You say that like I'm the one with the problem!

TOBIN

You are. It's weird.

ASHER

No, it's not!

TOBIN

It really fucking is.

ASHER

...

Oh my god.

Oh, Jesus Christ, fuck.

TOBIN

Just shut the fuck up.

Finish today.

*Silence.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 62.  
CONTINUED:

ASHER  
Life isn't about finding a reason to not kill yourself.

TOBIN  
Then what the fuck is it?

ASHER  
...  
Not that!

TOBIN  
...  
Sure.

*Silence.*

*CRITIC #1 enters, dressed in  
critiquing uniform.*

CRITIC #1  
Good afternoon, Officers.

TOBIN  
Do you think about killing yourself?

CRITIC #1  
Bi-hourly.

TOBIN  
(Re: ASHER)  
They fucking don't.

CRITIC #1  
Really?  
That is queer.

ASHER  
...

CRITIC #1  
Would you care to explain yourself?

ASHER  
I--  
I shouldn't have to.

CRITIC #1  
Ah! But you must.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 63.

CONTINUED:

CRITIC #1 (cont'd)

Humanity is not allowed the lack of explanation. That  
majesty, we give only to Art.

Think upon that whilst I make my observances.

(Examining the Art)

This is the piece?

TOBIN

Yup.

CRITIC #1

Lord above.

It's beautiful.

I am genuinely experiencing a continuous orgasm of the eyes.

I cannot look away.

Is that gold?

ASHER

It is.

CRITIC #1

Good god, the insight. The prowess.

I would fuck this. I would let it fuck me.

I would have this Art's babies and carry them to term.

ASHER

What does it mean?

CRITIC #1

...

What?

ASHER

We don't really get it.

CRITIC #1

...

My sweet child.

If you have to ask that, you'll never understand.

ASHER

...

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 64.  
CONTINUED:

CRITIC #1

No wonder you never think about killing yourself.

ASHER

...!

CRITIC #1

I just informed you that Art does not owe us an explanation. Art owes us nothing but its existence. I should know. I am a critic. I critique things. I look at things, think thoughts about those things, and then write those thoughts down, turning them into critique. I used to critique for no compensation. But now? Critiquing things earns me my living. I am quite well-known for my critique. And I am held in high regard. I am also humble. And an alcoholic. As a critic, I do not think myself above anyone. Being a critic means that I am anyone. I represent anyone. The Everyperson. Yes, I am immensely knowledgeable about humans, Art, and all things in-between, but I am not above thee. I simply have the gall to yell "theater!" in a crowded fire. I have the wherewithal to point at something and say, "this is something that means something else."

Everyone makes things, my sweet, innocent, delicate, unblemished child, but only those who have what it TAKES... find the passion to create Art. Art with a capital A.

This is known. I have tried to make things. I failed. That is why I became a critic. Someone critiqued the thing that I had made. So I killed them. Before I was a critic, I was a madman. Am I mad today? Trick question. We are all mad. And critique is the only thing that keeps us sane. That keeps us pure. That keeps us alive.

A world without critique is a world without critique.

Have I made myself clear?

ASHER

...

No!

CRITIC #1

Oh. Bless your heart.

It is my wish you will one day understand.

ASHER

...

CRITIC #1

May I have intercourse with this?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 65.  
CONTINUED:

TOBIN

No.

CRITIC #1

I figured. I had to try.

Thank you. Thank you for sharing this moment in time with me.

I will cherish this memory until I forget it.

Good day.

*CRITIC #1 exits.*

ASHER

...

...

*CRITIC #2 enters, dressed in critiquing uniform.*

CRITIC #2

Hey, Officers. This the new piece? I gotta critique it.

TOBIN

Yup.

CRITIC #2  
(Examining the Art)

Hmm.

...

...

It's shit.

CRITIC #1  
(Yelling from  
offstage)

YOU SON OF A BITCH!

*CRITIC #1 re-enters, beelining for CRITIC #2.*

*Over the following, they put them into a chokehold and choke them out.*

CRITIC #1

YOU TAKE THAT BACK! YOU TAKE THAT BACK RIGHT NOW!

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 66.  
CONTINUED:

CRITIC #2

[Being choked sounds].

CRITIC #1

THIS ART IS NOT SHIT! YOU ARE SHIT! IT IS YOU WHO ARE SHIT!

CRITIC #2

[Being choked sounds].

CRITIC #1

YOU ARE UNWORTHY TO LOOK UPON ITS GREATNESS! I SHOULD PLUCK  
OUT THINE EYES!

CRITIC #2

[Being choked sounds].

CRITIC #1

SLEEP!

SLEEP!

SLEEP!

SLEEP.

SLEEP.

Sleep.

Sleep.

Sleep.

That's it.

That's it.

Sleep now.

Sleep.

Sleep.

*CRITIC #1 lets go of CRITIC  
#2, now passed out on the  
ground. Maybe dead.*

*Beat.*

CRITIC #1  
(Breathing hard)

...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 67.

CONTINUED:

CRITIC #1 (cont'd)

...

Some people just...

Some people just don't appreciate subtlety, you know?

*Silence.*

*CRITIC #1 exits.*

*Silence.*

ASHER

(Re: CRITIC #2)

They're not getting up.

TOBIN

Just put 'em with the others.

*The lights blackout as the  
Clock chimes Eighteen.*

EIGHTEEN

*Lights rise.*

*TOBIN and ASHER guard the Art.*

*No one else is there.*

ASHER

Is it Eighteen?

TOBIN

Yup.

ASHER

Bathroom break?

TOBIN

Yup.

ASHER

Do you want to go first?

TOBIN

You go.

ASHER

Okay.

*ASHER turns and exits.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 68.  
CONTINUED:

*TOBIN is left alone.*

*Silence.*

*SANDY DANIELS enters, rolling  
two suitcases behind them.*

Excuse me?  
SANDY DANIELS

...  
TOBIN

Excuse me?  
SANDY DANIELS

Don't need to talk to me to look at the damn thing.  
TOBIN

I'm not here for the Art. I am looking for you. And your  
partner.  
SANDY DANIELS

Why?  
TOBIN

Sandy Daniels. I have a degree in talking.  
SANDY DANIELS  
(Extending a hand  
that TOBIN doesn't  
take)

Right. You must be Asher.

Tobin.  
TOBIN

Ah. I was told Officer Tobin had only one eye. Wears an eye  
patch.  
SANDY DANIELS

Yep.  
TOBIN

...  
SANDY DANIELS

Yes, anyway, I handle the Caldwell family's legal affairs.

So you should probably be bothering them, right?  
TOBIN

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 69.  
CONTINUED:

SANDY DANIELS  
Normally, yes. Some circumstances have arisen.

TOBIN  
What? Leopold finally kill themselves?

SANDY DANIELS  
Yes. Actually.

TOBIN  
...

What?

SANDY DANIELS  
They killed themselves. This afternoon.

TOBIN  
...

SANDY DANIELS  
I understand how hard it must be to hear the news.

TOBIN  
...

SANDY DANIELS  
And, of course, I offer my sincerest condolences.

TOBIN  
...

SANDY DANIELS  
From what I have been led to believe, you two shared a cordial and sensible relationship.

TOBIN  
How'd they do it?

SANDY DANIELS  
What's that?

TOBIN  
Pills? They overdose?

SANDY DANIELS  
No. Uh, they...drowned.

TOBIN  
Drowned?

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 70.  
CONTINUED:

SANDY DANIELS

In their bathtub.

It was full of their own urine.

To the brim, actually, it was remarkable. I have no idea how long it would take a human to produce that amount.

TOBIN

Good for them.

SANDY DANIELS

I'm sorry?

TOBIN

Nothing.

Thanks for the shit news. Now fuck off.

SANDY DANIELS

...

Um. I still have to--

TOBIN

What?

SANDY DANIELS

Have no fear. You make me quite uncomfortable. Your shtick is very effective. I will leave posthaste. I just have to give you these suitcases.

TOBIN

...

They left us their shit?

SANDY DANIELS

Everything. Actually.

To you, their entire pill collection.

To your partner, Asher. Their coat.

TOBIN

(Cracking an expression that is not necessarily a smile, but certainly not a frown)

...

Leopold left the rookie their coat?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 71.  
CONTINUED:

Yes.  
SANDY DANIELS

That's funny.  
TOBIN

Is it?  
SANDY DANIELS

Haha.  
TOBIN

Shut up.  
SANDY DANIELS

Okay.  
(Re: the suitcases)  
Should I just leave these here?

Yeah, fuck off.  
TOBIN

SANDY DANIELS  
(Fucking off)  
Very nice talking to you, Officer.

*SANDY DANIELS exits as ASHER  
re-enters.*

*As they pass each other:*

SANDY DANIELS  
(To ASHER)  
Merry Christmas!

What?  
ASHER

*But SANDY DANIELS is gone.*

*Beat.*

Who was that?  
ASHER  
(Re: the suitcases)  
What are these?

...  
TOBIN

Tobin?  
ASHER

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 72.  
CONTINUED:

Hey, come over here.

TOBIN

Is everything okay?

ASHER

Just come over here.

TOBIN

I gotta tell you something.

*The lights blackout as the  
Clock chimes Nineteen.*

NINETEEN

*Lights rise.*

*TOBIN and ASHER guard the Art.*

*No one else is there.*

*Silence.*

*ASHER is not doing the best.*

...

ASHER

...

Can I ask you something?

TOBIN

...

ASHER

What?

Never mind.

TOBIN

No! No. Please.

ASHER

I just can't believe you're initiating a conversation.

Okay, fuck you.

TOBIN

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 73.  
CONTINUED:

ASHER  
Sorry. Please. Please, I can't stand here in silence  
anymore.

Please.

TOBIN  
Why'd you take this job?

ASHER  
...

I don't know. Why did you?

TOBIN  
No, fuck you. Why did you?

ASHER  
...

*ASHER shrugs.*

TOBIN  
You went to School, right?

ASHER  
Yeah.

TOBIN  
You get the degree?

ASHER  
Yeah.

TOBIN  
So you could have done anything. Food Service. Trade  
Service. Hell, the military's always bombing somebody.

Why'd you pick this?

ASHER  
I guess...

I don't know. I guess...

I thought'd be...

Easy.

TOBIN  
...

Easy?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 74.  
CONTINUED:

ASHER

Yeah.

Easy.

*Beat.*

*TOBIN cracks a smile.*

*Laughs.*

*The most they have all day.*

*Maybe in their entire life.*

*ASHER slowly joins in the  
laughter.*

*Laughter.*

*It subsides.*

TOBIN

You think this shit is easy?

ASHER

...

No, I--

TOBIN

It is.

ASHER

It is?

TOBIN

Yeah. Easiest fucking job in the world. You're goddamn  
right.

ASHER

...

TOBIN

What's wrong?

ASHER

I...me. I think I was wrong.

I think you're wrong.

TOBIN

All we do is stand here all day.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 75.  
CONTINUED:

ASHER

Yeah, but it's not easy.

TOBIN

No? Maybe it is. Maybe you're just making it harder than it needs to be.

You know why I joined?

Just wanted to be able to legally kill someone I didn't like.

ASHER

...

*TOBIN laughs.*

ASHER

How are you like this?

TOBIN

What?

ASHER

I don't understand you.

TOBIN

Well, I don't understand you. Fucking weirdo.

ASHER

Killing people shouldn't be easy.

TOBIN

Yeah, but it is.

Spoken like somebody who doesn't want to kill themselves.

ASHER

Stop saying that. Please.

TOBIN

Why? What are you gonna do?

ASHER

I'm not going to do anything, just please stop.

TOBIN

It's not normal.

ASHER

Neither are you! You need to talk to someone!

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 76.  
CONTINUED:

TOBIN

Talking to you.

ASHER

A professional! Who's qualified to unpack your shit!

TOBIN

Oh, doctors? Sure.

Rather kill myself than pay someone to talk at 'em for an hour.

ASHER

Then fucking do it!!

*Beat.*

TOBIN

Excuse me?

ASHER

Fucking kill yourself, then!! If it's so normal! If it's so reasonable! Just do it!

You said it, "bullet to the head," just go ahead and do it already!

TOBIN

...

ASHER

What are you waiting for?

Fucking come on, you pussy!

You scared bitch! Do it!

TOBIN

...

ASHER

...!

TOBIN

...

ASHER

(Pointing their gun  
at TOBIN)

DO IT!

TOBIN

...

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 77.  
CONTINUED:

ASHER  
COME THE FUCK ON!!

TOBIN  
...

ASHER  
If you don't do it, I will. I swear to God.

TOBIN  
...

...

No, you won't.

ASHER  
...  
...  
...

*ASHER puts down their gun.*

ASHER  
No.  
But neither will you.  
Because if you really wanted to kill yourself, you'd have done it by now.

TOBIN  
...  
It's a little more complicated than that.

ASHER  
Why? How?

*TOBIN gestures to the Art.*

ASHER  
...  
What?

TOBIN  
(Re: the Art)  
That's how.

That's what it's about.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 78.

CONTINUED:

TOBIN (cont'd)

Of course you don't get it.

ASHER

...

TOBIN

It's not subtle.

ASHER

...

...

...

What time is it?

*The lights blackout as the  
Clock chimes Twenty.*

TWENTY

*Lights rise.*

*TOBIN and ASHER stand around  
as DUDE WITH TRUCK WE DON'T  
SEE loads the Art onto a  
dolley or transportation  
mechanism.*

DUDE WITH TRUCK WE DON'T SEE  
Good golly. This cunter is heavy.

Still can't believe you two just get to stand here all day.

Wish my job was as easy as yours.

*The Art is ready for  
transportation.*

DUDE WITH TRUCK WE DON'T SEE  
All right. I'm good here. You good?

TOBIN

Yup.

ASHER

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 79.  
CONTINUED:

DUDE WITH TRUCK WE DON'T SEE  
All right. Go get fucked up. You've earned it. After a long,  
hard day of nothing.

(Examining the Art)

...

You know, I'll be honest. I'm pretty sure I get this one.

But that doesn't mean it ain't shit.

*DUDE WITH TRUCK WE DON'T SEE  
exits, transporting the Art.*

*ASHER AND TOBIN are alone.*

*There is nothing left to  
guard.*

*Silence.*

So. TOBIN

So. ASHER

... TOBIN

... ASHER

Look, I, uh... TOBIN

... ASHER

... TOBIN

You gonna be okay? ASHER

... ASHER

Same shit, different day?

Hah. TOBIN

There you go.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 80.  
CONTINUED:

ASHER  
Are you going to be okay?

TOBIN  
No.

But that's okay.

Maybe I'll retire.

ASHER  
Actually? Or are you just fucking with me again?

TOBIN  
I don't know.

Guess we'll find out tomorrow.

*They see each other for a moment.*

*Eye to eye.*

TOBIN  
Gimme' my fucking eye patch.

ASHER  
Right. Um.

*ASHER takes off the eye patch and hands it to TOBIN.*

TOBIN  
See you around.

*TOBIN exits, wheeling their LEOPOLD CALDWELL suitcase behind them.*

*Silence.*

*ASHER takes in the Plaza.*

*It's cold.*

*They put their hands in their pockets.*

*Surprised at feeling something unexpected in one of them, ASHER removes SKETCHER'S sketch from the pocket.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 81.  
CONTINUED:

*They stare at it.*

*Consider it.*

*Both the drawing and the  
address written on it.*

Whatcha' looking at?  
BELLAMY

*ASHER looks up to see BELLAMY,  
outdoor winter wear over their  
work uniform.*

Bellamy?  
ASHER

You said I should come by, yeah?  
BELLAMY

I...didn't think I was ever going to see you again.  
ASHER

Yeah, well.  
BELLAMY

I figured if I stopped by you'd let me hold your gun.

Uh. I can't, actually. We're not allowed.  
ASHER

I'm fucking with you.  
BELLAMY

Sorry I reacted how I did. Yesterday. I forget not everybody  
vibes with that kind of shit.

That's okay.  
ASHER

Apology accepted.

Exciting day?  
BELLAMY

You know...  
ASHER

It's funny.

Okay.  
BELLAMY

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 82.  
CONTINUED:

ASHER  
I don't know if I'd call it exciting.  
Definitely interesting.

BELLAMY  
Mmm.  
What's in the suitcase?

ASHER  
Oh, uh.  
The reporter on Channel 8?

BELLAMY  
Leopold Caldwell?

ASHER  
Yeah. They killed themselves.

BELLAMY  
Ah, that sucks.

ASHER  
Yeah.  
They left me their coat.

BELLAMY  
That's a bitchin' coat. You try it on?

ASHER  
Uh, no.

BELLAMY  
Do it.  
Come on.

ASHER  
Okay. Uh.

*ASHER unzips their LEOPOLD  
CALDWELL suitcase.*

*They remove the coat and put  
it on.*

*A moment.*

BELLAMY  
Well, do a spin or something. Wear it.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 83.  
CONTINUED:

*ASHER complies.*

*Beat.*

Huh. BELLAMY

Is it too much? ASHER

You'll grow into it. BELLAMY

Right. ASHER

*They share a laugh.*

BELLAMY  
(Examining the space  
where the Art was)  
So this is it, huh?

What? ASHER

BELLAMY  
This one actually looks nice. I usually hate them. Think  
they're pretty vapid.

... ASHER

Oh! No, they took the Art away already.

What? BELLAMY

Oh. So this is just the Plaza?

Yeah. ASHER

Ah. BELLAMY

Huh. ASHER

... BELLAMY

Well, it still looks nice.

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

Art Duty, Daniel Prillaman, 84.  
CONTINUED:

ASHER

...

Yeah.

Yeah, it does, actually.

END OF PLAY.