

Loco, the Artist

In an art museum, there is a man name Loco. He hangs himself on the wall as if he is one of the modern art works. People walk by the gallery and look at the odd pieces of art collection. Two women, Sally and Foley stop at this strange piece of work.

Sally: What's this?

Foley: It's called "Take Pity on the Fool."

Sally: It's amazing. The man in this painting looks so vivid.

Foley: Yeah! It sure is! It's like he could walk right out of the painting and talk to us.

(Suddenly Loco's eyes pop open and the women are startled.)

Loco: Do you have any water?

(His eyes close again. Sally and Foley look at each other and then the painting again.)

Sally: Am I hallucinating or is there really a voice?

Foley: I'm not sure either.

Loco: Water~~(Roars).

(Sally and Foley are both frighten and they screamed.)

Sally: (Trembling voice) I'll go get some water.

(Sally leaves. Foley wants to leave with her as well because she doesn't want to be left alone.)

Loco: Wait. Don't leave me. Please.

(Foley reluctantly stops, still trembling. She looks around but finds herself alone. Then she cautiously returns.)

Foley: (trembling voice) What did you just say? Uh... Who? I mean...

Loco: Why am I here?

Foley: Sure... Let's ask that question.

Loco: This is my self-portrait.

Foley: Take Pity on the Fool?

Loco: Yes, exactly.

Foley: Well...uh... It's quite successful. Uh...I mean I feel sorry for you.

Loco: Everyone does.

Foley: Oh...

Foley looks around nervously hoping Sally will return. Loco gets out of the background and sits at the edge of his work, looking very hurt and sad. Finally, Sally returns with some bottled water.

Sally: Well, uh...I found some water.

(Loco takes it from her and gives a weak smile.)

Loco: Thank you.

(Loco drinks and lets the water refresh him. Foley and Sally look at each other and then at Loco nervously.)

Foley: So uh... This is a self-portrait.

Sally: Are you the artist?

Loco: Yes.

Sally: Honestly, I have to say I've never seen anything like this.

Loco: Well, I guess I will take this as a compliment. It's a variation on the living statue idea.

Foley: So it's not original?

Loco: Not really.

(They are all quiet for a moment, looking at each other with nothing to say.)

Sally: Well, I've never seen anything similar to this piece of work.

Loco: Then I'll have to say that you haven't been out much.

Sally: What? Look, we're trying to be nice.

Loco: Because you pity me.

Foley: Isn't that what you want? Someone who pities you?

Loco: How do you know what I really want? Don't think that you understand pretty well.

(Sally and Foley start to back away. Loco curls up at the bottom of his art.)

Sally: Look. I think you're a little... uh...overwhelmed by your art work.

(Loco is starting to cry.)

Foley: Is he crying now?

Sally: Let's get out of here before he totally burst out.

Foley: But he looks so sad. Those harsh words you said to him hurt his feeling.

Sally: Well, I only see some creepy performance art.

Foley: You got to admit that it's pretty original.

Sally: Just because it is different, doesn't mean it's good.

(Loco looks up sadly at Sally.)

Loco: You... You don't think it's good?

Sally: Foley, let's go. And you, creepy man, leave us alone!

(Sally tries to grab Foley's hand and leave but Foley doesn't move a bit.)

Foley: I think it's one of the most interesting things I've ever seen.

Loco: Stop saying that. I know you're just trying to be nice. I get that. You don't really feel that way.

Foley: I mean it. Really. Art is always so boring in two dimensional. Your work is so... lively... well, literally.

(Loco gives Sally a pitiful look.)

Loco: She hates it though. (He starts crying again.)

(Sally gives him a cruel look and Loco gets sad and collapses into his art.)

Foley: Sally, say something nice to him.

Sally: What? Me? No! Never!

Foley: Do it. (with a little anger)

(Sally reluctantly goes up to Loco. Foley pushes her closer and Sally slaps her hand away. Sally is next to him.)

Sally: Okay, I have to admit. This is the most unusual... (Foley pokes her) ...different... Most creative piece of art here tonight.

Loco: Thank you. (says weakly)

(Sally turns to Foley and pulls her away.)

Sally: Can we go now?

Foley: You go first. I'll catch up in a minute.

Sally: Whatever.

(Sally leaves. Foley goes up to Loco and kneels down next to him.)

Foley: How do you come up with such a brilliant idea? What have inspired you?

(Loco sits up slowly and looks up at his background.)

Loco: (sighs~) It's a long story. Everything you see here represents something that's happened in my life.

Foley: The images are stunning. I've never seen a piece of art work that bears so many stories behind it. I could probably sit here for hours trying to figure out what happened to you.

Loco: Stay then. Stay with me.

Foley: But I have to go... How long will you be...uh...on display?

Loco: This is the last night. Then I will have to leave this town. Hopefully, I can show this in other galleries though.

(Foley gives him a piece of paper.)

Foley: I would like to see you... and your work again. Here's my number. Call me when you're showing this again.

Loco: I will.

Foley: I'd better go. Sally is still waiting. Great work on this. It's very moving.

(Loco gives a weak smile and waves good-bye as Foley leaves. He climbs back up in to his original position. Quinn enters and goes up to Loco.)

Quinn: So, indeed a successful artwork right? After all, you've got what you want.

Loco: Yap! Got some pity and also...this! (showing the piece of paper) her number.

Quinn: You know. There got to be an easier way to pick up women.

Loco: What can I say? After all, I'm just a fool.

Quinn: Ain't that the truth.

(Then Loco goes back into his art work and stays still, holding the piece of paper he gets in his hand. He waits for another chance to get some pities and other things he wants.)