

PAINTER AND THE PAINTED

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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



**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 came  
 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)