

The Gallery

By Alan R. Hergert

Overview: You can run into the Divine in many places, including the local art gallery.

Time: 4-5 minutes

Characters: Smith – self-proclaimed art aficionado, may have a British accent
Jones – a simple, common person

Props: None.

Lighting: General lighting.

Sound: Two wireless lapel mics.

Director's Note:

This skit requires several long pauses to be effective. It is set in an art gallery where silence is acceptable.

Scene opens with bench center stage with Jones seated motionless staring straight ahead as if studying a 'painting'...

Smith: *(entering stage right – goes down stage/stage right – looking straight out as if studying a 'painting' – sees Jones over his shoulder – turns back to the painting) Ahhhh... Monet... (loudly – drawn out, hoping Jones will notice)*

(pauses... crosses behind Jones to downstage left to another 'painting' – studies it a while – glances over his shoulder at Jones – returns focus to the 'painting') Ahhhh... Renoir...

(pauses... crosses upstage behind but to the left of Jones facing away from the audience to yet another 'painting'... slowly tilts head to the right for a better perspective... slowly tilts head to left for better perspective... tilts head all the way upside down... returns head to normal position... shakes head... turns toward Jones with puzzled look...) Ah... Picasso...

(pauses... looks at 'painting' Jones is staring at... crosses behind Jones, slowly comes around bench and sits next to Jones without breaking his gaze...) It's so primitive... barbaric...

Jones: Yes... it is...

Smith: The shading is wrong. The colors are so... so...

Jones: Dark and foreboding...

Smith: *(shooting a quick glare at Jones) No! (again staring at the 'painting')* Dark and foreboding...

(silence)

Smith: *(daring to break the silence)* Who painted?

Jones: I don't know...

Smith: His body is all wrong... The spike through His feet is too large... The wound in His side is too bloody... *(slowly, softly)* His shoulders look like...

Jones: *(quietly)* They could hold up the whole world...

Smith: *(reverently)* Yes... *(silence)*

His face... so ugly.. so twisted... so beaten and bloodied... *(pause)* It's the kind of face...

Jones: Only a Father could love... *(silence)*

Smith: Yes... *(silence)* And His eyes... so kind and soft... they seem to...

Jones: See right through you... *(silence)*

Smith: Yes... *(silence)*

(Jones quietly gets up and exits stage left... Smith doesn't notice... Smith assumes the same pose as Jones at the beginning of the scene...)

Who is He?

Fade to black.

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