

TIMOTHY MEYER'S VOMIT

By Kelly Meadows

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CHARACTERS

(2 Females, 2 Either)

KARA

A high school girl attending a modern art exhibit, she has a mainly positive outlook.

TRINA

Kara's friend, just along for the ride, and not nearly as enthusiastic.

CURATOR OF THE EXHIBIT (m or f)

PATRON AT THE EXHIBIT (m or f) Very snooty and upper crust.

*If desired, silent museum patrons can be added to the cast; they can react to some of the action as well.

SETTING

An art exhibit, which can be pantomimed in its entirety, or set up as small displays. However, for best effect it's best if the audience doesn't know what the "art" is until the characters bring it up. In order to make sure the cast members face the audience, it might be wise to have the "exhibit," whether real or not, at the front rather than the back of the stage, so as the characters look at the art, they are facing front. This is definitely a piece where the actors can allow the audience to use their imagination as to how the museum is set up.

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CURATOR: *(very welcoming, as TRINA and KARA enter and start to look around.)* Thank you for joining us today. *(hands pamphlets to TRINA and KARA)* Here's some information about our artists and the exhibit. If you have any questions, feel free to ask.

KARA: *(looking over the pamphlet as TRINA already starts to wander off)* Thanks!

CURATOR: Enjoy your visit! *(CURATOR exits, perhaps giving the impression of greeting other patrons.)*

TRINA: *(SHE's looking around at some art, not very impressed, and not so happy to be there at all.)* Oh, Kara. I can't believe you talked me into a *(making fun of it)* modern art opening!

KARA: *(joining TRINA)* It'll be fun, Trina! We'll get some culture. *(and even better . . .!)* And some extra credit in art class!

TRINA: *(looking around, still unimpressed)* I don't know anything about art. I don't even know what I like.

KARA: Well we're here, so let's educate ourselves. *(SHE spots a work of art and guides TRINA to it.)* Let's just dive in! *(looking at a plaque on the wall)* This is called *Her Own Woman*. *(reading aloud)* "The artist means to show, through visual imagery, how women have risen from millennia of oppression to finally be appreciated as individuals in their own right."

(While they're discussing, the PATRON, a snooty art aficionado, more towards middle age, enters to look around.)

TRINA: *(looking intently at the exhibit, confused, and after awhile finally speaks)* It's a milk carton.

KARA: *(correcting her, pointing to the plaque)* It's a symbol of feminism.

TRINA: *(again, a short pause, confused)* It's a milk carton. *(leans over and smells it, too!)* Eeewww! They didn't even rinse it out.

KARA: That's because women are tired of cleaning up!

TRINA: Can't they just throw it away? My parents would have my hiney for this! *(reaches for it)*

KARA: *(stops her, by this point PATRON is standing behind them, trying to get a better look)* Don't touch it! Someone worked years on this!

TRINA: Someone had a drink and left it here! Now everyone's afraid to touch it. It's like a Seven-Eleven parking lot.

PATRON: *(to TRINA)* Your friend is right, young lady. Someone worked years on developing this exceptional work of art.

MOTHY MEYER'S VOMIT- Page 4

TRINA: It stinks.

PATRON: Ah, the judgment of the ignorant.

TRINA: No, it really stinks. It's an open carton with sour milk residue. I can make this at home . . . but then I wouldn't get extra credit for looking at it. (*realizes . . .*) I've been an artist all my life and didn't even know it!

(*As SHE reaches for the carton, PATRON and KARA try to stop HER.*)

CURATOR: (*enters, running over to THEM*) Step back! If you touch it, you'll go to jail. (*more seriously*) And we'll alert your parents!

KARA: Our parents would love to know we're at an art exhibit. You *should* call them right now!

CURATOR: (*moving TRINA away from the carton*) Please move along. There's other patrons who want to learn and explore.

(*TRINA and KARA move to the next exhibit as CURATOR exits again. PATRON moves up to examine the milk carton in more detail.*)

KARA: Here's an unusual one. (*reading a plaque*) "Timothy Meyer's Vomit."

TRINA: What is it?

KARA: Well, according to the description, it's . . . Timothy Meyer's vomit.

TRINA: I can make *that* at home, too.

PATRON: (*brusque*) Is your name Timothy Meyer?

TRINA: No. It's Trina Meyerstiener. Close enough.

PATRON: Then you can't make that at home.

KARA: Let's read . . .

TRINA: (*cutting off KARA, arguing with PATRON*) I know Timothy Meyer. That's not his vomit.

PATRON: I highly doubt you are knowledgeable enough to make that assessment.

TRINA: I babysat him when he had the flu. I, more than anyone, know Timothy Meyer's vomit when I see it. And that's not it.

PATRON: Perhaps it's vomit resulting from a different food source.

TRINA: (*impressed, but sarcastic*) Never thought of that. You're good. Insightful.

KARA: (*finally, as SHE reads aloud*) This is, once again, to bring to light the oppression of women who have to stay home and clean up the puke and poop of young children when they could be making more out of their lives.

PATRON: It's art because the artist is using it to make a statement.

MOTHY MEYER'S VOMIT- Page 5

TRINA: I use it to make a statement too. (*making a statement*) Bleack!
I'm sick! (*explaining herself*) Simple, yet accurate.

KARA: (*thinking out loud*) A Rembrandt lasts for 500 years. People still want to see it and learn from it. We protect it as our heritage. How many people will line up to see Timothy Meyer's Vomit in 500 years? And better yet, how will they move it to another museum without messing up the display?

TRINA: (*a bit louder than necessary*) We should get an A-plus for this! What's next, cow poop in a butter churn?

CURATOR: (*enters, tapping THEM on the shoulder, in a loud whisper like a librarian.*) Please be quiet. You girls are ruining the experience for serious patrons of the visual arts!

TRINA: Vomit and sour milk can ruin just about any experience for anyone without any help from me, thank you very much.

PATRON: (*enlightened!*) I think what this says, on a deeper cultural level, is that fine art is everywhere! Our entire world is an art gallery that we neither appreciate nor understand.

TRINA: I think what this says is . . . you're just stupid.

KARA: So . . . every time we throw up, we're creating art, but then we're victimized by our own cultural ignorance.

PATRON: Exactly. Now if you'll excuse me, I really need to get away from you two! (*exit*)

KARA: See Trina, we are learning something after all!

TRINA: Let's go to the next piece. Though I'm afraid to.

CURATOR: (*who has been standing close by, observing, if there are other actors, CURATOR can be helping them as well*) Let me direct you to my personal favorite. (*leads them over to the next piece, excited*) Don't you just love it?

TRINA: (*again, stating the obvious, unimpressed*) It's a fish skeleton.

KARA: Like at the grocery store. But without the fish.

CURATOR: It's called Fossil of the Future. It shows how men, in their refusal to change, will be the same in 150 billion years as they are now.

MOTHY MEYER'S VOMIT- Page 6

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