

SETTING: THE ETHER

Lights up on BOB ROSS at his canvas, holding his palette and brush.

BOB ROSS

Hello there. I'm certainly glad you could join me today. Are you ready to paint another world with me?

Begins to apply paint.

BOB ROSS

Where would we be without the sky? I think today's going to be a nice clear day with lot's of blue, so go ahead and apply a little phthalo blue by taking the brush and gently tapping it, covering the bristles nice and evenly. Using gentle crisscross strokes, let the brush bounce around and add some lovely winter sky. This is your world. You're the creator. Find freedom on this canvas. Believe, that you can do it.

Enter SALVADOR DALÍ, he watches.

BOB ROSS

(Noticing DALÍ)

Hello, there, friend.

DALÍ

Si, yes, si. Bueno. Go on, por favor. Go on, please.

BOB ROSS

I was just telling our friends that an artist is a creator, and we are creating a lovely sky with happy clouds.

DALÍ

Si, sky. Infinito! And then?

BOB ROSS

Then?

DALÍ

What next? After sky? Tell Me!

BOB ROSS

Well, then trees at the foothills of a sprawling, snow-covered mountain.

DALÍ

Sí. Tell me more.

BOB ROSS

I see a thick majestic oak, and birch trees in the foreground.

DALI feigns sleep, makes loud snoring sounds.

BOB ROSS

Pardon me?

DALÍ

Trees, yes! Naked trees, but in desert! No snow! Wasteland. Sand. No life. No beauty. Muerto. I see timepiece, many timepiece, melting on branches of dead trees.

BOB ROSS

No beauty? A timepiece?

DALÍ

Si! Many. Melting!

BOB ROSS

Melting?

DALÍ

Si. Like the cheese. Then, above everything, the giant eyeball, and the blood-Venus!

BOB ROSS

I don't understand.

DALÍ

Open mind!

BOB ROSS

Um, friend, I don't paint those kinds of things.

DALÍ

You can do! You are God! Remember you said this, no?

BOB ROSS

Creator, not God.

DALÍ

Okay then, create cello-Satan-fish? Or massive egg fetus?

BOB ROSS

How's about a cabin, with smoke coming out of the chimney.

DALÍ

What about Joaquina Vedruna de Mas with sliced eye-ball? Blood drip up into sky for eternity!

BOB ROSS
No offense, sir, but are you on drugs?

DALÍ
I am not on drug! I *am* drug!

Enter ANDY WARHOL

DALÍ (CONT'D)
(To ANDY WARHOL)
You, señor! Come!

ANDY WARHOL
Me?

DALÍ
Sí, you, señor. What is your name?

ANDY WARHOL
Andy.

DALÍ
Do you not see the melting cosmic timepiece, or the spiral staircase penis?

ANDY WARHOL
I don't see that.

BOB ROSS
What do you see?

ANDY WARHOL
A soup can.

DALI
Qué?

ANDY WARHOL
Marilyn Monroe. With yellow hair.

DALÍ
Ridiculous!

ANDY WARHOL
What's so ridiculous about it?

DALÍ
Ingenuo! Trivial!

BOB ROSS
Look, I'm no fancy art expert, but I think the folks at home want serenity, calm. Not blood dripping or dead celebrities.

ANDY WARHOL

They want what's familiar. Everyday objects with

DALÍ

They want fantasy and destruction, like atomic-bomb-pig
vagina.

BOB ROSS

How will all that guff make them feel good?

DALÍ

Feel good? Why feel good?

ANDY WARHOL

Should art make people feel good?

DALÍ

No!

BOB ROSS

Why, certainly.

ANDY WARHOL

Art should be a thrill.

DALÍ

Art breaks us from our chains!

ANDY WARHOL

Art is anything you can get away with.

BOB ROSS

Art should make you happy.

DALI takes canvas off the easel
and shakes it over his head.

ANDY WARHOL

Art should make you famous.

DALÍ

This is for hotel room wall! Chocolate box art!

BOB ROSS tries to take back
canvas. They grapple.

BOB ROSS

Give me that, you freak!

DALÍ

No! You no paint no more!

BOB ROSS

I'll beat the devil out of you!

Slaps large paint brush across
DALI's face.

DALÍ

Bastardo! Waste of canvass!

ANDY WARHOL

The guy is famous.

BOB ROSS

Millions watch The Joy of Painting.

DALÍ

Idiots! All of them!

ANDY WARHOL

They buy his books, watch his show. Money.

DALÍ

Money?

ANDY WARHOL

Maybe art is about money.

BOB ROSS

Would you paint for free?

DALÍ

I paint for the gods!

DALI finally wrestles canvas from
BOB ROSS and flees. BOB ROSS
chases him offstage.

ANDY WARHOL

(To audience)

And speaking of money. I like money on the wall. Don't you?

SCENE

SETTING: AN ART MUSEUM MEETING ROOM, ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE
AREA. ON EASELS, THERE ARE ART PRINTS OF DALI, WARHOL, AND
YES, BOB ROSS.

We hear the offstage sound of
someone beating on a copier. The
room is unbearably corporate. A
large portrait of Charles
Eadburg, a very old white
billionaire, overlooks the
waiting area.