



Campbell Carolan  
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NOBLESS OBLIGE

CAMPBELL (V/O)

There we were emerging into the contemporary, with this goddamned incredibly expensive car, completely twisted on current events, no cash, no market viability and no chargers. And on top of everything, a ten car pile up of missed calls. We'd been in the Catskills for long enough for people to notice we weren't at work.

Do me one last favor, Art: just give us five more high-speed hours before install; just let us get rid of this goddamn car and off the New Jersey Turnpike.

A SILVER MALIBU with FLORIDA license plates comes into view. Driving the car are the two remaining board members of the limited-liability conceptual art outfit CAMPBELL CAROLAN.

The words "EVERYTHING MUST GO" peels off the passenger side windows in Irish Soap. Over the sweet sweet sounds of PUBLIC ENEMY and BRITNEY, the half dozen empty cans of WHITE CLAW tied to the bumper rake down NY 17 at 80MPH audibly.

Whoever's behind them can make out the words NOBLESSE OBLIGE across the back windshield of the MALIBU. The two parvenu's haul ass towards MANHATTAN.

CAMPBELL:

That dad is riding our ass. Are you speeding?

CAROLAN floors the accelerator. CAMPBELL takes a long drag on someone else's JUUL.

CAMPBELL:

Tailgating is an installation context, right?

CAROLAN:

It is now.

EXT. - TWO HOURS LATER, A PRESTIGIOUS BLOCK OF DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN COMES INTO VIEW. CAMPBELL CAROLAN park the car to watch for cops. At 6PM, CAMPBELL and CAROLAN get out of the car and begin unloading the TRASH, WHITE CLAW, AND BIRDSEED from the MALIBU.

CAROLAN:

I need some tape.

CAMPBELL (V/O):

The New York Biennale. Three months prior to the We wouldn't even know until a week later after seeing his tractor posted up on Museum Mile. It was bigger than the Noblesse Oblige, but as per usual, all we could do was count on the historical blindspots.

CAROLAN starts unloading the COOLER. They're both starting to come down.

CAMPBELL:

Think about site-specificity here. Antique roadshow, Zuccotti park. This is public art for chrissake. Where's the birdseed-

CAROLAN gets back in the MALIBU and starts stabbing the GPS as if to trigger the deus ex machina.

CAMPBELL:

Don't bother. That happened hours ago.

CAROLAN gives up and pops the trunk to reveal the BACK INVENTORY.

CAROLAN:

Hey! I found the keys!

CAMPBELL (Gestures towards MONUMENT):

Don't attract attention. Some people committed crime to be here.

CAROLAN:

Holy cow! What the fuck is this?!

CAMPBELL:

Don't worry, those are only illegal in Manhattan.

CROWDS begin to gather in BLEEKER PARK.

CIVILIAN #1  
Hey! Is that your car?

CAMPBELL:  
You poor fools have been watching too much news. This car is the property of the World Bank.  
That money goes to ITALY!

CAROLAN tapes a FINE ART PRINT over the rear mounted camera of the MALIBU that reads "PRIVILEGE  
IS RESPONSIBILITY:

CAROLAN:  
This is a fine art show. Have a White Claw.

CAMPBELL CAROLAN gesture towards JACKY FLOWERS installing a work on a nearby iron fence.  
Meanwhile, SVEN unfurls a large painting hanging off a streetlamp.

CIVILIAN #2:  
Fine Art, hell! Look what you're doing to that car!

CAROLAN:  
Fuck the car. They should make these things with automatic drive.

CAMPBELL:  
This car cost us \$1100 so far. That makes it practically a discourse.

CIVILIAN #3:  
I need to see a press release!

AMALIA ULMAN begins speaking politically. The ART AUDIENCE and the PUBLIC become divisive.

CAMPBELL:  
Go listen to that woman over there.

CIVILIAN #4:  
Somebody should call them out!

CAROLAN:  
Cancel us? Are you people crazy?

The PUBLIC begins to demonstrate signs of unrest.

CIVILIAN #1:  
I need to speak to a curator!

CAMPBELL begins to throw birdseed at the encroaching people.

CIVILIAN #4:  
Look what they've done to that beautiful car!

CAROLAN jumps in behind the wheel. CAMPBELL calls shotgun and hurls herself through the  
passengers side window.

CAROLAN:  
This art audience is not rational. They can't relate to us. Let's find another parking spot.

CAROLAN floors the accelerator – screams at the audience.

CAROLAN:  
You people all have representation! You killed patronage!

The MALIBU swerves round and through the PUBLIC.

CAROLAN (V/O) :  
The public broke ranks. Nobody wants to be run over by a Chevy Malibu.

EXT. CAR RENTAL AGENCY - NEXT DAY

RENTAL AGENT:  
Holy God! How did this happen?

CAROLAN:  
We were late to an art show, Officer

RENTAL AGENT:  
I can't see anything through the rearview mirror!

The CAR RENTAL AGENT wrestles with the trashed car.

CAROLAN:  
Yeah, somethings wrong with the GPS.

INT. -- (FLASHBACK) THE MALIBU HURTLES DOWN NY 17

CAMPBELL:  
The trick is to iterate rapidly and not name anything until you have to.

CAROLAN:  
Look out and tell me if that tractor is still tailing us. We might have to test the brakes.