

CLARA

Avery gonna be mad.

AVERY

No I won't. I promise.

(Silence.)

How did it happen?

(Clara shakes her head.)

Please tell me?

CLARA

I say...

AVERY

You said what?

CLARA

I say I been paintin since I was five. Say I studied Van
gog- Van goo- Van g-

AVERY

Van gogh?

(She nods.)

CLARA

-And I tol him- I say I figured out what was wrong with his
strokes.

AVERY

Wait a minute, you told them somethin was wrong with Van
gogh's stroke? Heh heh. What happened after that?

CLARA

Avery laughin at me.

AVERY

No. No. No. No. I think- what happened?

CLARA

I say Van go was scared.

AVERY

Of what?

CLARA

Makin miss-takes.

AVERY

How do you know that?

CLARA

Short strokes. Daddy say when a painter make short strokes they scared or unsure. Say they hidin what they don't understand... Then he say he gonna call back later. He call back and say they wanna ask me questions. Say what you say when you come in. They wanna see how I make decisions. I say I wanna see Avery graduate!

AVERY

No. You-

CLARA

Yes I say- I say Avery never home because he workin for you. Say he work an- an- and work and work. What he got to show for it?

AVERY

I don't believe thi-

CLARA

Then he say "What if I can get you a scholarship?" Like that... "A art scholarship?"

AVERY

You gotta be kiddin me.

(She shakes her head no.)

Seriously?

(She nods. Her hands move involuntarily.)

CLARA

Say if they can study me theysel, they get me in the Academy on full scholarship and Avery get his degree this semester. Say they can kill two birds with one stone... Finish writin they book.

AVERY

They're book?

(She nods.)

CLARA

Say they fear you not tellin them everything. This way they see for themselves.

AVERY

But that means- I don't get- They're stealing my work! Years and years of studyin you...

CLARA

I am a monkey.

AVERY

No. No. No. No. I didn't mean that the way it sounded-

CLARA

Avery love his monkey-

AVERY

It's not-

CLARA

-Whooo whoooo ahhh ahhh ahhh ah!

AVERY

-Like that!

CLARA

-Heeeeeeeah! Heeeeeeeah!

AVERY

Clara.

CLARA

-Heeeeeeeeeeeah! Heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeah!

AVERY

Clara stop it.

CLARA

-I am a zoo animal.

AVERY

Clara stop it now!

CLARA

-Wild.

AVERY

Clara!

(He grabs her arms. She shakes herself trying to break free of his grip. She flings him down on the couch and jumps on top of him. She is beating his chest. He grabs her hands and sits up.)

ENOUGH!!!!

(Silence. Avery gets up and crosses up the steps. We hear him speak from upstairs.)

You want to be their exhibit. You got it!

(He comes back down the steps with a bag in his hands.)

CLARA

Avery say he was not gonna be mad.

AVERY

What?

CLARA

Avery say tell me. Say he was not gonna be mad. Say he wanna know about my scholarship.

(Her hands move involuntarily.)

Then he paint with short strokes.

AVERY

Oh I'm scared now.

(She nods.)

Of what? You? Them?

CLARA

Us.

AVERY

That's ridiculous.

CLARA

Take me out.

AVERY

O-kay this is absurd.

CLARA

See. Avery don't want me.

AVERY

I- I love you.

CLARA

Go.

AVERY

But-

CLARA

Go and do not come back until the sun learns how to shine.

(Thunder. Blackout.)