

16.

Siena stands looking at one of Vincent's painting. This should be imagined so that she is looking directly in to the audience. **Vincent** is lying on the bed smoking. She peers closely at it, tilting her head slowly. She moves backwards to take it in. She folds her arms and is overcome by a despondent sadness.

Siena Reminds me of her

Vincent The painting?

Siena The colour

Vincent -

Siena I don't know why. It's not like I dressed her and that was her favourite colour. I wouldn't know would I. What she liked. What colour was her favourite. Is her favourite. Never saw her dressed in anything. Had to not see her. Straightaway. Knew that if I looked at her I might say no. And I couldn't do that. Not with how I was. Where I was then. I was totally.... Yeah... I was. You know I see her though. Never actually saw her. I close my eyes and I think about her. I call her Grace and see her tiny little fingers bending in to make a fist. And I see my hand, reaching out, and I slide my forefinger into that clenched little hand, and its warm there, and her fingers, they squeeze. They squeeze my finger. She's letting me know it's Ok, that she is Ok. And I think she is, that she's OK

She takes her forefinger in her left hand and holds it. She slides her thumb and fingers along it and then turns both hands toward her, palms up. She begins to weep

***Vincent** takes out a pencil and begins to draw her as she cries*

***Siena** is lost in her pain*

***Vincent** draws*

***Siena** looks up and sees him drawing*

Siena What are you doing?

Silence

Sunflower petals pour from beneath her skirt on to Vincent's head. He tries to catch as many as he can in his mouth. The pouring stop

Silence

***Siena** begins to cry. It a quiet, held cry that is only for her*

***Vincent** lifts his hand to try and touch hers*

She walks away

Vincent *takes some petals in his hands, he lifts up his arms and lets the petals flutter down over his face. He repeats this twice. Then he draws his hands on to the petals that lie on his face. He presses the petals in to his face, his skin*

Siena What are you doing?

Vincent You looked so... beautiful

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