

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?

Vincent Drawing you

Siena For fuck's sake

Vincent You looked so beautiful

Siena I'm crying

Vincent I know

Siena I'm upset

Vincent I know

Siena About something that hurts, that actually means something and you –

Vincent There was this glow, this –

Siena What is wrong with you?

Vincent -

Siena I'm crying and you think oh that's pretty I'll get my pencil out

Vincent I said beautiful not –

Siena Beautiful, pretty, who gives a fuck

Vincent It's important

Siena What about me? My crying. My Pain. Isn't that important?

Vincent Of course it is

Siena So why have you got a pencil in your hand rather than putting your arms around me and holding me?

Vincent You want me to hold you?

Siena No

Vincent I can

Siena Too late.

Vincent It's never –

Siena You did what... You saw what... whatever it was that you thought you... I don't know... I just don't know

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

Siena Why wont you hold me?

Vincent I was. I will. I am. I am