

UGLY ART

a one act romance

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UGLY ART

Rise: It is seven-thirty one winter evening. REBECCA is looking at the painting. MICHAEL joins REBECCA. SHE is wearing a red dress and a flower. SHE holds her coat.

MICHAEL

What am I supposed to be looking at?

REBECCA

What do you see?

MICHAEL

Red. I mean it's red paint ... that's all ... red paint.

REBECCA

Do you not see the texture and tones?

MICHAEL

I see red.

REBECCA

I think it's sensual.

MICHAEL

Why'd anybody want to hang a red picture on a wall?

REBECCA

I like it.

(MICHAEL reads)

MICHAEL

It says, "A Dancing Woman With Red Flowers."

REBECCA

He's a Spanish painter.

MICHAEL

I don't see a woman dancing. If it's supposed to be a dancing woman, why didn't he paint a woman dancing? There's nothing on it, just red.

REBECCA

What time is it?

MICHAEL

Almost eight. And I'm getting hungry. I want to eat something.
Are we going to wait any longer?

REBECCA

Are you asking me out for dinner?

MICHAEL

I'm asking you if he's coming or not.

REBECCA

He painted.

MICHAEL

I thought you said he was a musician.

REBECCA

He liked music and he liked to paint.

MICHAEL

Did he?

REBECCA

Yes.

MICHAEL

Your friend must be quite a man. I mean, what didn't he do?

REBECCA

You're not going to be difficult, are you Michael, when he comes?

MICHAEL

No, actually I'm looking forward to meeting him.

REBECCA

I haven't thought about him in a long time.

MICHAEL

And how did he know where to find you after so long? We haven't lived in Virginia for years, since we were married. How would he know your name now?

REBECCA

All I know is he called and left a message to meet him.

MICHAEL

No number?

REBECCA

No. No number.

MICHAEL

You don't think that's odd? He calls and leaves no number.

REBECCA

I don't know, Michael, is it odd?

MICHAEL

How's he to know you can meet him if he doesn't leave a number?

REBECCA

I don't know.

(Pause)

You didn't know us. How could you understand?

MICHAEL

I suppose that's something only you and your friend can answer.

REBECCA

Do you care, Michael?

MICHAEL

God, it's ugly.

REBECCA

It's art. Anything can be art, as long as it has a critic.

(HE looks to see who signed the painting)

MICHAEL

What did you say his last name was?

REBECCA

I didn't say.

MICHAEL

His last name's not Surio is it?

REBECCA

No.

MICHAEL

For all you know, he came and left and you didn't recognize one another. What does he look like? Is he tall?

REBECCA

Yes.

MICHAEL

Red hair, blonde hair, black hair ... what?

REBECCA

That's right, Michael, black hair.

MICHAEL

And why Thursday night? Why not Friday night?

REBECCA

Because he's not like anyone I know.

MICHAEL

Why'd he call two days ago? Why not three years ago? Seven years ago? The day after you saw him last? Why an art gallery?

REBECCA

I don't know.

(Again HE considers the painting)

MICHAEL

You actually like this?

REBECCA

I told you. It's very passionate.

MICHAEL

Not to me.

REBECCA

Sometimes, Michael, I wish you were more open.

MICHAEL

To what?

REBECCA

To anything, it wouldn't matter ... sometimes I feel so trapped. Did you even know I like art galleries?

MICHAEL

Why?

REBECCA

I like how they make me feel. I just like knowing there's a different world beyond the little tapered path I'm living. Give me your hand.

MICHAEL

Why?

REBECCA

Just do ...

(Taking his hand)

REBECCA (cont'd)

... quieres bailar?

MICHAEL

What?

REBECCA

Quieres bailar, it's Spanish, "Do you want to dance?" Give me your hand ... I want to dance.