

Tasha steps into the doorway.

CASEY

Wait!!!!

Tasha stops.

CASEY

There's paint all over the floor.  
Just don't want you to ruin your  
shoes. Here, put these on.

He hands her two grocery store bags.

CASEY

Ya know, like this.

He motions putting his foot into the bag.

CASEY

Tie it at the top, ya know.

TASHA

Yes. I understand.

She stiffly lifts a leg to put her foot into it, starts to lose her balance. Casey catches her.

CASEY

I gotcha. Fire away.

She pulls away, centers herself, ties a bag around each foot.

CASEY

All right! Blunt *and* independent.

There is a work in progress on the easel at the center of the room. Tasha goes to it.

CASEY

The finished stuff's over here.

He points her toward a pile of paintings against the wall. They are covered in a cloth, which he pulls back.

TASHA

You throw paint at the walls?

CASEY

Sometimes, ya know, I get frustrated.

TASHA

You get frustrated.

CASEY

I dunno. Lose my temper.

TASHA  
And throw paint at the walls?

Casey nods.

TASHA  
So you throw tantrums. Paint's an expensive thing to waste. What would Modigliani say?

CASEY  
Nothing. He'd just get wasted, kill some bugs and use their guts for brown.

Tasha chuckles, turns to a painting.

CASEY  
How about you? You just got an art fetish or what?

TASHA  
I guess you could say that. I write.

CASEY  
What kind of writing?

TASHA  
Art criticism.

CASEY  
*Really?!?*  
(beat)  
Wait. You're *that* Tasha?!? Tasha Fitzpatrick! Boston Globe, Herald, New York Times. Hmm!

Casey's look changes. Disgust? Fear?

TASHA  
"Hmm"?

CASEY  
I just pictured somebody...a little older. Crustier.

TASHA  
A common defense amongst the criticized, of course. Excuse me if I bear your jab with cynicism.

Tasha flips through a stack of paintings.

CASEY  
I always found people who criticize art but don't make it a strange breed.

TASHA

Perhaps you mistake your assumptions  
for fact.

CASEY

What? You paint?

TASHA

Sure. But it's not my forte.

CASEY

Really? Says who?

TASHA

Says me. I recognize my talents.  
Painting is not one of them.

CASEY

Then why do it?

TASHA

It was always the one thing I couldn't  
do.

CASEY

Well if that's true, you're a helluva  
lot better off than most people.

\*

Tasha stops on a painting.

TASHA

Interesting.

CASEY

Yeah, I like that one too. No title  
yet, but if you've got an idea, I'd  
love a suggestion.

Casey steps in very close to look over her shoulder.

TASHA

The colors and the lines... They  
don't...

TASHA'S POINT OF VIEW

The image swims slightly, but remains intact. The parts  
will not separate.

42 BACK TO SCENE

42

Tasha turns to move and bumps into Casey. Awkwardness. She  
moves away.