

NORMA

(softly) The current's off again.

START

MRS. BRONSON

Every day it... it stays on for a shorter time.

She looks frightened for a moment, not the perpetual and persistent fright that she wears constantly – but another sharp gouge of fear

What if- what if it shuts off and doesn't come back on again? It would be like an oven in here. As hot as it is now... as unbearable...it would be so much worse. Norma, it would be so much worse.

She looks around the room a little aimlessly, looks over at the paintings that line one of the walls.

(in a soft and different voice) Norma?

Paint something different today. Paint something like a pastoral scene with a waterfall and trees bending in the wind.

She sinks to her knees in front of the paintings. She reaches out to touch one of the paintings that is unseen by us.

Paint something... something cool.

Her features twist and contort and she reaches out and grabe the painting in front of her and smashes it down on the ground.

Don't paint the sun any more.

END