

SCENE 7

The next morning.

All of the windows are open and it's raining. George enters and closes the windows promptly.

He looks for Millie. He puts his news program on the radio, loudly, and looks for her again, expectant she'll pop out of the woodwork.

As George looks for her, the scattered painting supplies begin to register, but the mural does not.

After getting his coffee, he investigates — walking right up to the butterfly wall. Looking up from the floor (where he examines the supplies) he suddenly sees the butterfly, which looms gargantuan above him. George is literally taken aback.

Millie enters, soaking wet. She sees him looking at the butterfly.

MILLIE:

You like it?

GEORGE:

What is it?

MILLIE:

A butterfly, George — free from its chrysalis.

George gets up and walks around the kitchen, catching glimpses of the butterfly from different angles. It is hard for him to look directly into Millie's eyes.

GEORGE:

You're soaking wet.

MILLIE:

It's raining.

GEORGE:

You just went out in the rain, just like that?

MILLIE:

It was lovely.

GEORGE:

You're out of your mind!

MILLIE:

I'm not crazy, George. I'm possessed. I know what I want now, and it's got quite a hold on me.

George looks from Millie to the mural, his piecing everything together unfolds on his face.

The radio is loud. It is George now who can't stand listening to it. Millie doesn't even realize it's on until he shuts it off.

Millie is peaceful — a deep inner peace has overtaken her.

George notices this in Millie, and this pushes him to the point of near eruption. Millie is excited by his frustration.

MILLIE:

Scream, George! You wanna scream? Let it out!

He looks at her, annoyed.

MILLIE:

You never scream, George. You never get excited.

George forcibly calms himself.

MILLIE:

You have to scream, damn it — at least once in your life, just to know you're alive!

George sits at the table, still visibly calming himself.

On the surface he is calm, but the pressure on the coffee mug between his hands is about to crack the mug.

GEORGE:

Shelter, water, food — that's all you need to live.

MILLIE:

I need a lot more than that — *(pauses and looks around)* I need a lot more than this.

Millie takes one of the paint brushes in her hands. She holds it dearly; it almost seems sacred.

MILLIE:

I need passion.

GEORGE:

Passion isn't always the extreme. You can be comfortable with someone and still have passion. Passion can be breakfast in bed — it's not always candlelight and romance, sometimes it's comfort.

(pause)

MILLIE:

I'm not comfortable with you.

Lights fade.