

***Matisse's Self Portrait* by Charles Mee**

WOMAN

(A woman whose career consists wholly of modeling hats for Matisse. She is an unnamed age, probably in her 20's. She is wearing a crow head hat when she is vocalizing this monologue.)

You have to wonder sometimes: what is the point? Is there a meaning? To spend a life this way. Day after day. Alone for the most part. Making pointless things that have a point only if they are important in some way. But in what way? Trees in the meadow. A field. A vineyard. What do you tell yourself that is persuasive? That settles your doubts. You will do these things and then you will die, and everything you have done will be forgotten. Or, even if it is not forgotten at once, in time it will turn to dust, and then what was the point? Or does nothing have a point, but others who are doing pointless things are too busy just getting things done to agonize over the question how they are spending their lives.