

RED by John Logan

KEN

Two years I've been working here. Eight hours a day, five days a week and you know nothing about me. You ever once asked me to dinner? Maybe come to your house? You know I'm a painter, don't you? No, answer me, you know I'm a painter? Have you ever once asked to look at my work? You know, not everything has to be so IMPORTANT all the time! Not every painting has to rip your guts out and expose your soul! Not everyone wants art that actually HURTS! Which you might learn if you ever actually left your hermetically-sealed submarine here with all the windows closed and no natural light – BECAUSE NATURAL LIGHT ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU! But then nothing is ever good enough for you.