

Female Monologue from
***The Matthew Portraits* by Colette Mazunik**
One Act

RUTH:

Take off your clothes.

Take off your clothes.

I want to paint you.

You want someone to see you? Take off your clothes. I want to paint you the way you look right now.

Hurry. I don't want to loose this. Take off your . . .

Fern, trust me. You want someone to see you? Please. Let me paint you.

The way you look right now. Only—it's gotta be a nude, so take . . .

Come on. It's not sexual. I'm an artist. I look at line and form, not . . .

Come on. What are you scared of? That someone might actually *see* you?

That maybe you aren't as beautiful as you think?

Then take off your clothes.

Yeah.

Come on. Don't worry. I'm not going to be *attracted* to you. I'm thoroughly heterosexual.

Look. I don't know why you're not with someone right now.

And I don't know why I am.

This sounds cheesy.

But, don't get mad at me—but you never looked like you needed someone.

You never look like you need anyone. So maybe people thought you didn't—want—someone. I don't know. I don't know. But just now, I saw .

. . . In you. When you said that you could walk around campus naked and no one . . . I saw . . . Look, you know how we said, when I went to paint

Matthew that, we said it wasn't going to be sexual. But . . .

Art is sexual. Creation is sexual.

I don't know what I'm saying but, look—I saw something—I see something.

And I want to paint you.

Please.