

Z-JONES looks up at the portrait and laughs. She takes stencil, rolls it up and puts it back in his back. She then bends over to pick up spray can, but hurts her back and is more pain than ever. She can barely move. After straightening herself as much as possible, she inches her way toward a chair and lowers herself onto it. Every movement is excruciating. This take several moments.

HANNAH enters holding papers. Does not notice the portrait...yet.

HANNAH

Where are the others?

Gone. Z-JONES

Really? Just us... HANNAH

I guess. Z-JONES

Writhes in pain, holds lower back. Sits.

Let me. HANNAH

Sits next to Z-JONES, tries to rub her lower back.

You need to stop. Z-JONES

Pushes HANNAH away.

Why are you being like this? HANNAH

There's a room of suits down the hall. Z-JONES

I don't care. HANNAH

Whatever happened was just a whatever... Z-JONES

Not for me. HANNAH

Sorry. Z-JONES  
(Coldly)

You said you'd take me away from this place. HANNAH

You're fine. Z-JONES

Making copies for old men is not fine. HANNAH

Z-JONES  
(More sincere)

I'm sorry. For real. I get carried away.

HANNAH  
I've been trying to tell myself this whatever wasn't just about the grant. That it meant something to you.

Z-JONES  
I didn't say it didn't.

HANNAH  
It was just you getting carried away?

Z-JONES  
Not *just* that.

HANNAH  
Then why the distance?

Z-JONES  
No more distance than anyone else.

HANNAH  
I don't want to be anyone else. I want to be closer.

Z-JONES  
I'm not what you want. Trust me. I can't be.

HANNAH  
Why? Am I too conventional? Too status quo?

Z-JONES  
Stop.

HANNAH  
I can be edgy...I can be unpredictable. I actually hate boardrooms and pantsuits.

Z-JONES  
I own a mini-van. I'm done with unpredictable.

HANNAH  
I'm fine with mini-vans. I can be that too.

Z-JONES  
Look, Hannah. Just be yourself.

HANNAH  
Then it was about the grant? Not about me.

Z-JONES says nothing.

I guess I'm right.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Long pause. Z-JONES, struggles but begins to walk out.

Where're you going?

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Z-JONES  
To the parking garage. To my mini-van.

HANNAH  
You should know that it worked. It's you.

She holds up the paper work and places it on the table.

No!

Z-JONES

HANNAH  
(Coldly)  
Congratulations.

Takes pen and places it on the table.

You're kidding.

Z-JONES

HANNAH  
Nope. You got what you came for. It's yours. You can't be surprised.

Z-JONES  
I am, I'm...at a loss.

HANNAH  
Sure you are. Just know that the board was split. Some of them wanted the girl...but I was the tie-breaker. I gave you this. When you're painting your masterwork over the Benton mural or wherever you're told to do it, think of me.

Z-JONES makes her way toward the table. She seems broken as she takes the pen and signs the non-disclosure.

HANNAH finally notices the defaced portrait.

HANNAH  
(Taking a closer look)

Oh my god...what the hell is this?

Pause. A long one.

Z-JONES  
Ummm...it wasn't me. Honest.

The stage darkens until only the  
portrait is visible.

BOB ROSS enters. He takes down  
the Eadburg portrait and replaces  
it with a signature mountain  
landscape.

BOB ROSS  
(To the audience)

Thank you, my friends, for being here with me today.  
Remember, you can do anything you want. This is your world.  
You're the creator. So, from all of us here, I'd like to wish  
you happy painting, and God bless, my friend...

**END OF PLAY**