

RED By John Logan

KEN

(After dealing with Rothko's self-centered, narcissistic personality for far too long, Ken loses his cool and tells him how he really feels.)

My neediness bores you?! Bores you?! - Christ almighty, try working for you for a living! – The talking-talking-talking-Jesus-Christ-won't-he-ever-shut-up titanic self-absorption of the man! You stand there trying to look so deep when you're nothing but a solipsistic bully with your grandiose self-importance and lectures and arias and let's-look-at-the-fucking-canvas-for-another-few-weeks-let's-not-fucking-paint-let's-just-look, And the pretension! Jesus Christ the pretension! I can't imagine any other painter in the history of art ever tried so hard to be SIGNIFICANT!

(Ken roams angrily.)

You know, not everything has to be so goddamn IMPORTANT all the time! Not every painting has to rip your guts out and expose your soul! Not everyone wants art that actually HURTS! Sometimes you just want a fucking still life or landscape or soup can or comic book! Which you might learn if you ever actually left your goddamn hermetically sealed submarine here with all the windows closed and no natural light – BECAUSE NATURAL LIGHT ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU!