GERMAINE. There’s a problem.
EINSTEIN. What?
GERMAINE. Well, it seems to me, if you judge it only by its meaning, then any bad painting is just as good as any good painting if they have the same meaning.
(There is a pause while everyone thinks.)
EINSTEIN. Women!
GASTON. I would like a wine. The purpose of the wine is to get me drunk. A bad wine will get me as drunk as a good wine. I would like the good wine. And since the result is the same no matter which wine I drink, I’d like to pay the bad wine price. Is that where you’re headed, Einstein?
FREDDY. I really don’t think he’s that clever, Gaston.
SUZANNE. (Reaches in her bag and produces a folded-up piece of paper.) Want to see the drawing he gave me.
(He hands it to EINSTEIN. He gets up and walks downstage holding the drawing, examining it in the light.)
EINSTEIN. I never thought the twentieth century would be handed to me so casually...scratched out in pencil on a piece of paper. Tools thousands of years old, waiting for someone to move them in just this way. I’m lucky tonight; I was open to receive it. Another night and I might have dismissed it with a joke, or a cruel remark. Why didn’t it happen before, by accident? Why didn’t Raphael doodle this absentmindedly?
FREDDY. What do you think of the drawing?
EINSTEIN. (Innocent.) What could it matter?
FREDDY. Huh? Let me see it.
(He looks at it.)
Hmmm. Yeah. Here.
(He hands it to GERMAINE.)
GERMAINE. (She looks at it.) I like it all right.

(She offers it to GASTON, who looks at it.)
GASTON. I don’t get it.
SUZANNE. I don’t think it looks like me.
EINSTEIN. There you go. Four more opinions. I wonder how many opinions the world can hold. A billion? A trillion? Well we’ve just added four. But look, the drawing stays the same.
FREDDY. Hey look. What kind of a person would I be if I didn’t form an opinion? I see the drawing, I think about it, I form an opinion. Then I see other people and I express my opinion. Suddenly, I’m fascinating. And because I’m so fascinating, someone else sees the drawing, and they have an opinion and they’re fascinating too. Soon, whereas before I was standing in a room of dumbbells, I am now standing in a room of completely fascinating people with opinions.
(He takes a swig of EINSTEIN’s drink.)
SUZANNE. My name’s Suzanne.
GASTON. And you’re waiting for Picasso.
SUZANNE. Right. Do you know him?
GASTON. Oh yeah, I’ve heard of him. Big guy, plays the ukulele.
SUZANNE. Uh, no...
GASTON. What’s his first name?
SUZANNE. Pablo.
GASTON. Oh, no. Different guy.
GERMAINE. Oh Gaston, lay off. So how did you meet Picasso?
SUZANNE. I...it was about two weeks ago. I was walking down the street one afternoon and I went up the stairs into my flat and I looked back and he was there framed in the doorway looking up at me. I couldn’t see his face because the light came in from behind him and he was in shadow and he said, “I am Picasso.” And I said, “Well so what?” And then he said he wasn’t sure yet but he thinks that it means something in the future to be
(The VISITOR thinks, steps back, then gestures toward the painting. Effect: The painting changes into the full-size, eight-foot square painting of Picasso’s “Les Demoiselle D’Avignon.”) PICASSO and the VISITOR stare at the painting in wonder. No one else, of course, sees it. PICASSO turns away from the painting, entranced.

PICASSO. (To himself.) I could dream it forever and still not do it, but when the time comes for it to be done God I want to be ready for it, to be ready for the moment of convergence between the thing done and the doing of it, between the thing to be made and its maker. At that moment I am speaking for everyone; I am dreaming for the billions yet to come, I am taking the part of us that cannot be understood by God and letting it bleed from the wrist onto the canvas. And it can only be made because I have felt these things: my love, my lust, my greed, my happiness.

(Turns to the bar.)

So this is what it’s like.

GERMAINE. What?

PICASSO. To be there at the moment.

GASTON. What moment?

PICASSO. The moment I leave blue behind. I’d like some wine.

GERMAINE. Any special color?

PICASSO. (He looks back at the painting.) Rosè.

(To the VISITOR.)

My name is Picasso. Are you an artist?

VISITOR. I had my moment.

PICASSO. What kind of moment?

VISITOR. I had my moment of...perfection.

PICASSO. I know the feeling. I just had it over there.

VISITOR. It’s a good feeling.

PICASSO. Yes it is.

VISITOR. I think not many people have it.

PICASSO. No, no they don’t.

VISITOR. Hard to know when it’s happening, till it’s over.

PICASSO. Don’t tell anyone that; better to let them think you always knew.

VISITOR. Yes sir.

PICASSO. Don’t let anyone in on the fact that we can’t help it. We’re like the chickens that cross the road. We do it and we don’t know why.

VISITOR. Yes sir.

PICASSO. And remember, in a sense, we are both exalted, because we are originals.

VISITOR. Well, that’s a pretty bold statement, Mr. Picasso, considering we both took ideas from the art of the Negro.

(Magic music. The set pulls away, revealing a backdrop of stars in the sky. The painting is still visible. EINSTEIN pops out of his chair, looking up.)

Whoa!

EINSTEIN. Did you see that?

VISITOR. The roof is gone.

EINSTEIN. The stars have come out.

PICASSO. Millions and millions of stars.

EINSTEIN. You’re way low.

VISITOR. It’s night. I didn’t know it was night, you know, the time traveling thing. I arrive, I don’t know if it’s lunch or dinner or what. I’ve put on eighteen pounds. Hoping to take it off when I go back.

*A license to produce *Picasso at the Lapin Agile* does not include a license for the use of Picasso’s “Les Demoiselle D’Avignon.” Licensees will need to acquire rights for usage of “Les Demoiselle D’Avignon” on their own.
SAGOT. *(Takes a short look.)* Oh that. I see a five hundred pound lemon.

FREDDY. What?

SAGOT. I know that there are two subjects in paintings that no one will buy. One is Jesus, and the other is sheep. Love him as much as they want, no one really wants a painting of Jesus in the living room. You’re having a few people over, having a few drinks, and there’s Jesus over the sofa. Somehow it doesn’t work. And not in the bedroom either, obviously. I mean you want Jesus watching over you but not while you’re in the missionary position. You could put him in the kitchen maybe but then that’s sort of insulting to Jesus. Jesus, ham sandwich, Jesus, ham sandwich; I wouldn’t like it and neither would He. Can’t sell a male nude either, unless they’re messengers. Why a messenger would want to be nude I don’t know. You’d think they’d at least need a little pouch or something. In fact, if a nude man showed up at my door and I asked who is it, and he said, “Messenger,” I would damn well look and see if he has a pouch and if he doesn’t, I’m not answering the door. Sheep are the same, don’t ask me why, can’t sell ’em.

GASTON. Here’s what I don’t get. A month goes by, every night no different than another. People come in, people go out. So why do all the nuts show up in one evening?

GERMAINE. Picasso’s definitely coming in tonight.

SUZANNE. I hope he comes in.

FREDDY. Me too. He owes me a bar bill.

EINSTEIN. I’d like to meet him.

SAGOT. Maybe I could get a painting out of him.

GERMAINE. Well, we all have an interest in Picasso; let’s give a little toast to him.

EINSTEIN. I’ll do it...to... Pi...

*(They all raise their glasses. Through the door, PICASSO enters, age twenty-three. Moody, brooding.)*

PICASSO. I have been thinking about sex all day. Can’t get it out of my mind.

GASTON. I’ve been thinking about it for sixty-two years.

PICASSO. I did sixteen drawings today, two in pencil, the rest in ink. All women. What does that tell you? It tells me a painter has the obligation to stay sexually exhausted...

*(EINSTEIN reacts with a gasp.)*

...otherwise the mind drifts off the easel, out the window and across the street to the grocer’s daughter.

*(To EINSTEIN.)*

You were proposing a toast.

EINSTEIN. Oh yes, to... Picasso.

PICASSO. Hey, to him. I mean did you talk about anything else besides me? Did the weather come up?

EINSTEIN. It was mostly about you.

PICASSO. God I feel good! How lucky for you! To be talking about someone and then in they come. Anyway, how do I look, be honest. That spot!

*(Points to the sheep painting.)*

We’ve got to do something about it.

*(To SAGOT.)*

Why don’t you come by tomorrow? I have something to show you. Something’s afoot. The moment is coming I can feel it.

SAGOT. The last month’s work has been spectacular. I sat in front of the last piece I got from you with some friends and explained it for two hours.

PICASSO. Did they get it?

SAGOT. Don’t know. They left after the first hour.

PICASSO. Forget it. That was piss, piss I tell you; this is different already. There is nothing in my way anymore. If I can think it I can draw it. I used to have an idea, then a month later I would draw it. The idea was a
a month later I would draw it. The idea was a
then. If I can think it I can draw it. I need to prove to myself
that there is nothing in my way. That is Picasso.
DOUG: Don't know. They got after the first hour.
Picasso. Did they get it?
and explained it for two hours.
ERLICKIN: Well, we all have an interest in Picasso. Let's
DOUG: Maybe I could get a painting out of him.
ERLICKIN: I'd like to meet him.
FREEBY: We'll see. He's not a bad fellow.
STIZANNE: I hope he comes in.

Picasso. Picasso definitely come in tonight.
Enstein. I'll do it. "No..."
GEARMAN: He'll see all the interesting in Picasso. Let's
DOUG: I can't get it. Can you sometime show the
moment is coming. I
say you. Sometimes a show. The moment is coming. I
WY, don't you come by tomorrow night? I have something to
say.

Yes, I got to do something about it.
(Points to the steam painting)
I look. I haven't, the steam.

Er, I'm not sure. I'm not sure. Anyway, you say
for them. I read good. How happy for you! To be taking
Picasso. I was mostly about you.

Er, I mean did you talk about anything
Picasso? Hey, I mean did you talk about anything?
Picasso. 90's..." Picasso.
Er, 90's..."

You wrote proposing a draft.
(Interjects)
Er, 90's..."

enlarged...

Exaggerated...

It's not a question this obligation to stay sexually
and across the street to the grocer's daughter. In a
after the study table of the desk at the window,
You read with a gap.

Er, 90's..."

I am not thinking for fifty-two years.
Picasso. I have been thinking about sex, all day, can't get it.
