

ACT 1, SCENE 1

In DARKNESS, we hear the sounds of UNINTELLIGIBLE CHATTER OF STUDENTS for a few seconds. Then, LIGHTS UP FULL.

SETTING: Spain. A classroom in The Barcelona School of Fine Arts. 6 EASELS are arranged in a semi-circle, each with STOOLS, etc..

TIME: Morning. Winter, 1899

AT RISE: SIX STUDENTS are present. Five of them can be easily seen behind their EASELS. The sixth student is blocked by his. The FIVE STUDENTS are dressed in identical smocks. There is an OVERWEIGHT FEMALE MODEL on the platform, posing. She has a ROSE STEM in her teeth. The PROFESSOR, 60's, enters. He is a stern taskmaster. The FIVE students instantly snap to attention.

PROFESSOR

Buenos dias, alumnos!

STUDENTS

Buenos dias, Profesór.

PROFESSOR

Let us begin. Brushes up! Today, we will learn the four rules essential to becoming an artist. Repeat after me..

Song: "EXERCISES"

CHIN UP, CHEST OUT,
HAND STEADY, EYES STRAIGHT.

STUDENTS

CHIN UP, CHEST OUT,
HAND STEADY, EYES STRAIGHT.

PROFESSOR

WRIST FIRM, FINGERS LIGHT,
HAND STEADY, EYES STRAIGHT.

STUDENTS

WRIST FIRM, FINGERS LIGHT,
HAND STEADY, EYES STRAIGHT.

PROFESSOR

SIT HIGH, ELBOW SO
HAND STEADY, EYES STRAIGHT.

STUDENTS

SIT HIGH, ELBOW SO,
HAND STEADY, EYES STRAIGHT.

PROFESSOR

DON'T BLINK, DON'T THINK...

STUDENT #1

Sí, ready.

PROFESSOR

No, wait!
LONG, EVEN STROKES.
KEEP YOUR LINES IN LINE.
PAINT AND NEVER CEASE,
IT WILL GIVE YOU PEACE.
NO ONE HERE'S MATISSE.

FINE...

YES, FINE...

JUST SHIMMER THERE, DON'T SHINE.
WITH LUCK, YOUR WORK WILL GLIMMER
LIKE MINE... (The PROFESSOR now reaches the SIXTH STUDENT who
still remains unseen) Señor! What have you done to my lesson?!?

STUDENT #6

I've improved it.

PROFESSOR

Improved it!? I could expel you for a remark like that.

STUDENT #6

Expel me then! I would consider it an early graduation!

PROFESSOR

Your tongue is most colorful, young man. I fear, though, the day
is far off when your brush will catch up. (He returns to
inspecting his students' works)

NOW THEN,
LET'S SEE.
VERY NICE.
THAT'LL DO.

NEEDS WORK,
NO, NO, NO
MORE RED,
LESS BLUE.

PROFESSOR

YES, YES!

SPLENDID!

BRAVO!

WHO ARE YOU? *(Not recognizing the student)*

CHILDREN OF ART
AND THE SPANISH SOD,
PAINT AND BE CONTENT
IF YOU MAKE YOUR RENT.
DON'T THINK YOU WERE SENT
DOWN HERE TO INVENT!

(The PROFESSOR exits. Immediately, the 6th STUDENT bolts up from behind his EASEL. He is PABLO PICASSO, 18-years old. He is in an identical, but messier, smock. He is short, intense and has a lock of black hair falling over his forehead) Song: "BARCELONA"

PABLO

GOD.....!

IF I SEE ANOTHER STILL-LIFE MATADOR,
OR A WATERCOLOR CLOWN WHO'S SAD.
IF I SEE ANOTHER BOWL OF FRUIT IN OILS,
I SURELY WILL GO MAD!

IF I SEE ANOTHER BIG, FAT MODEL
WHO IS CHEWING ON A FADED ROSE,
FROM LANDSCAPES TO FACES
TO FLOWERS IN VASES,
I'M TIRED OF ALL OF THOSE!

THERE'S A NEW CENTURY ON THE MARCH
AND IT CALLS TO ME LOUD AND CLEAR!
AND I'VE GOT TO GO WHERE IT'S GOING TO BE GOING
AND IT'S GOING EVERYWHERE...BUT HERE!

IN BARCELONA,
WHAT'S NEW AND MODERN
ALWAYS COMES TO US LAST.

IN BARCELONA
THEY MAKE AN ART
OF LIVING DEEP IN THE PAST.

IN BARCELONA
THE FOOD'S SO BAD,
YOU WISH FOR LIVER AND GREENS.

PABLO (Cont'd)

IT'S EVERYTHING YOU DON'T LIKE
TO EAT..AND BEANS!

IN BARCELONA,
YOU SIT AND ROT
AND LIVE IN FEAR OF THE KING.

IN BARCELONA
THE SMELL OF BULL
IS NOT JUST FOUND IN THE RING!

IN BARCELONA,
NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO,
YOU'RE DOING WITHOUT.

SO, ALL I WANT IN BARCELONA
IS OUT!

MALE STUDENT #2

Pablo, the professor will hear you!!

MALE STUDENT #3

You're never happy with anything!

MALE STUDENT #4

What are you complaining about? We have the best art teacher in
all of Spain. We're lucky to be here!

MALE STUDENT #5

And, one day, we'll all be a success!

IN BARCELONA,
PAINT AS YOU SHOULD
AND LIFE WILL FIND YOU A NICHE.

MALE STUDENT #1

IN BARCELONA,
THE WORK IS GOOD.

PABLO

...IF YOU LIKE DIGGING A DITCH!

MALE STUDENT #2

IN BARCELONA,
I AIM TO DO THE THINGS
MY FATHER ONCE DID.

PABLO

LIKE SELLING RINGS ON A BLANKET IN MADRID!

MALE STUDENT #3

IN BARCELONA,
YOU DRINK ALL DAY
AND LAY OUT UNDER THE STARS.

PABLO

IN BARCELONA,
YOU WASTE AWAY
AND PLAY FLAMENCO GUITARS!

ALL STUDENTS (*Except PABLO*)

IN BARCELONA,
AND HERE TO STAY
IS WHAT OUR LIVES ARE ABOUT!

MALE STUDENT #4

THERE'S LIFE TO LEAD IN BARCELONA.

MALE STUDENT #5

I WILL SUCCEED IN BARCELONA.

PABLO

BUT, ALL I NEED IN BARCELONA IS-

PROFESSOR

Ooouuuut!!! Señor, you have corrupted the sanctity of my classroom for the last time! (The other STUDENTS race back to their seats) You may consider your education here terminated!

PABLO

When did it ever begin?!!

PROFESSOR

Out! Out! OUT! (*The PROFESSOR throws PABLO him out & slams the door behind him. LIGHTS FADE OUT on the classroom. PABLO is alone outside*)

PABLO

IN BARCELONA,
A STUDENT CAN'T EXPRESS A THOUGHT OF HIS OWN.

I KNOW THERE'S NOTHING IN BARCELONA,
THAT I HAVEN'T OUTGROWN.

TO BARCELONA,
THE TOURISTS COME
BUT MOSTLY EVERYONE FINDS...

THE ROADS ARE DIRTY AND NARROW,
LIKE THE MINDS! (*PABLO crosses to a street. People pass by*)

PABLO (Cont'd)

IN BARCELONA,
YOU HAVE A PLACE YOU'D LIKE TO CHANGE
BUT YOU WON'T.

IN BARCELONA,
YOU KNOW EACH FACE
AND LONG FOR ONE THAT YOU DON'T!

IN BARCELONA,
YOU PRAY AND PRAY,
BUT HAVEN'T MUCH OF A PRAYER!

YOU LIVE TO SWEAT IN BARCELONA
YOU DIE IN DEBT IN BARCELONA
THE ONE PLACE BETTER THAN
BARCELONA...IS ANYWHERE...!

(He runs off)

END OF SCENE

Continuous action into..

ACT I, SCENE 2

SETTING: A public square in Barcelona

TIME: A few minutes later.

AT RISE: PABLO runs in out of breath. He stops in front of his Father, JOSE RUÍZ BLASCO, 50's, slim build. A variety of paintings surround his EASEL. They are renderings exclusively of birds and flowers. All of them look rather the same.

PABLO

Papa, I have to tell you something.

JOSE RUÍZ (*Deep in his work*)

Tell me over there. You're throwing a shadow.

PABLO (*Moves where he is told*)

I have made a decision.

JOSE RUÍZ

So have I. I'm calling it "Lilacs and Pigeons". What do you think?

PABLO

It's good, Papa...much better than the last one.

JOSE RUÍZ

Much better? My son is also my critic.

PABLO

There is something I must do.

JOSE RUÍZ

Do I say "No" now, or shall we go through all the usual formalities?

PABLO

I am moving to Paris.

JOSE RUÍZ (*A Beat*)

No.

PABLO

I have made another decision.

JOSE RUÍZ

It's a big day.

PABLO

I am taking Mama's name.

JOSE RUÍZ (*Stops painting abruptly*)

You are.....what?

PABLO

"Picasso" sounds better than "Ruíz". A famous painter needs a name that sounds like.....a famous painter.

JOSE RUÍZ

Oh, a famous painter. Is that what you are?

PABLO

I will be.

JOSE RUÍZ

I don't even know WHO you are.

PABLO

I have to leave now, Papa. (PABLO starts out. JOSE RUÍZ calls after him. PABLO stops)

JOSE RUÍZ

What's happened, hijo? Something must have happened to make you so...

PABLO

No! Nothing has happened! Nothing happened today, nothing happened yesterday and I happen to know that nothing will be happening tomorrow. Nothing ever happens in Barcelona. Look around you!

JOSE RUÍZ

I DO look around me and do you know what I see? I see my friends, my family, a good position.....and I see sons who honor their fathers' names!

PABLO

Paris is where I belong.

JOSE RUÍZ

School is where you belong, Pablo RUÍZ. *(He checks his pocket watch)* By the way, isn't it a bit early for you to be... *(PABLO turns away sheepishly. He is caught)* Ah... they threw you out again, didn't they? That's what all this is about, yes? You want to go to Paris? *(Hands him a brush)* Here, paint it on the wall. That's what I do.

PABLO

We are not the same, Papa. I cannot just paint my dreams anymore. I must go to them while they live and WHERE they live before there is not enough time to make them happen. Just think of it, Papa. Just think of it!

Song: "EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE IN PARIS"

I'VE ONLY SEEN IT ON POSTCARDS
OR READ ABOUT IT IN BOOKS,
OR HEARD ABOUT IT FROM PEOPLE ON THE STREET.

JOSE RUÍZ

The street is where you'll end up.

PABLO

I'VE TASTED SOME OF THE VINTAGE
I'VE SMELLED SOME OF THE PERFUME.
WITH ALL THAT I HEAR IT HAS, WHAT COULD COMPETE?
I NEED TO BE WHERE SOMEONE WITH A DREAM STILL HAS A CHANCE!

JOSE RUÍZ

RUN HOME NOW! TO MAMA!

PABLO

No, Papa. TO FRANCE...!

EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE IS PARIS!
EVERYTHING WORTH HAPPENING HAPPENS THERE.
ELECTRIC LIGHTS, THE SMALL CAFES.
THE NIGHTS THAT LAST FOR DAYS AND DAYS,
THE DRESSES ALL THE LADIES ALMOST WEAR!

JOSE RUÍZ

I cannot look at you.

PABLO

EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE IN PARIS
OR, AS I HEAR THEY'RE CALLING IT, "GAY PAREE"!
THE WINDS OF CHANGE ARE BLOWING THERE
AND EVERYBODY IS GOING THERE
SO WHY.....CAN'T.....WE.....?

JOSE RUÍZ

Why? Because I am your father...

PABLO

...and my first teacher.

JOSE RUÍZ

Exactly.....and there is still much you need to be taught.

PABLO

Come with me, Papa.

JOSE RUÍZ

Paris was never for me...and it's not for you!

PABLO

Paris is for anybody with something new to say in need of a
place to say it.

EVERYONE IS BEAUTIFUL IN PARIS
HERE IS HOW A BEAUTIFUL FRIEND IS MADE.
FIND A PARK AND MAKE A SWIRL,
THEN FIND THE PHRASE TO FIND A GIRL.
SEE, THERE'RE TWO WAYS OF PROFITING FROM OUR TRADE!

JOSE RUÍZ

If Mama could hear you now.

PABLO

I WILL BE UNSTOPPABLE IN PARIS.
IN NO TIME, THEY'LL BE SHOWING ME NEAR AND FAR.

JOSE RUÍZ

The trip is long.

PABLO

Oh, Papa, please...
IT'S DOWNHILL AFTER THE PYRENEES!
AND, THERE WE ARE...!

JOSE RUÍZ

YOU'LL SURELY LOSE YOUR WAY.

PABLO

A MAP WILL SERVE ME WELL.

JOSE RUÍZ

YOU'LL HAVE NO PLACE TO STAY.

PABLO

I'LL FIND ONE, I CAN TELL.

JOSE RUÍZ

YOU'LL NEED A JOB ONE DAY!

PABLO

JUST WATCH MY PAINTINGS SELL!

JOSE RUÍZ

'TIL THEN, WHAT WILL YOU DO FOR EATING?

PABLO

JUST RELAX AND START REPEATING...
EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE IN PARIS!

JOSE RUIZ

LIFE WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE IN PARIS!

PABLO

WHAT'S THE POINT OF WAITING ANOTHER DAY?

JOSE RUIZ

PABLO, YOU MUST LISTEN TO WHAT
I SAY!

PABLO

AMOR IS ALWAYS IN THE AIR,
THE FOLLIES...what's it called?

JOSE RUÍZ

Bergere.

PABLO

JOSE RUÍZ

...IS ALL I NEED TO HURRY ME ON MY WAY!
I'LL BE RICH AND POWERFUL IN PARIS

YOU'LL BE SICK AND PENNILESS IN PARIS!

PABLO

INSTEAD OF SAYING "GRACIAS", SAY "MERCI".

JOSE RUÍZ

YOU STAY WITH ME!

PABLO

THE WINDS OF CHANGE ARE BLOWING THERE,
THE RIVER SEINE IS FLOWING THERE,
A LOT OF SKIN IS SHOWING THERE,
AND EVERYBODY IS GOING THERE.
SO, WHY...CAN'T...

JOSE RUÍZ

Pablo Ruíz, I forbid you! (PABLO moves away from his father.
The set starts to transform into a Paris street)

PABLO

WHY.....CAN'T.....

JOSE RUÍZ

Hijo! Come back here! (Lights fade down on JOSE RUÍZ.)

PABLO

WHY.....CAN'T.....

Continuous action into.....

ACT 1, SCENE 3

SETTING: A plaza in Paris. There is a café, a small hotel, many shops, etc...

TIME: A few days later.

AT RISE: The plaza is bustling with activity. PARISIAN VENDORS of all types sell their wares. PABLO looks on. He is carrying a suitcase, drawing pad, & painting supplies.

FRUIT VENDOR

OUI, MADAME,
TWO FRANCS!

PARISIAN HOUSEWIFE

TWO FRANCS!
IT'S JUST A PEAR! A SIMPLE PEAR!

FRUIT VENDOR

THE RAIN, YOU SEE, MADAME, WAS LIGHT.

PARISIAN HOUSEWIFE

MONSIEUR, I DO NOT CARE ABOUT THE RAIN.

FRUIT VENDOR

OF COURSE, FOR THREE, MADAME, I MIGHT
THROW IN A LOVELY BUNCH OF GRAPES.

PARISIAN HOUSEWIFE

MONSIEUR!

FRUIT VENDOR

AND A PLUM.

PARISIAN HOUSEWIFE

YOU MUST BE MAD TO ASK THAT SUM!

FRUIT VENDOR (*Steals from other vendor*)

ALRIGHT, TWO APPLE CREPES.

PARISIAN HOUSEWIFE

THAT'S FINE.

FRUIT VENDOR

NOTHING MORE?

PARISIAN HOUSEWIFE

IN A BAG.

FRUIT VENDOR

THE BAG, I FEAR, IS "FOUR".

ENSEMBLE MEMBERS (Female)

EVERYTHING IS OVERPRICED IN PARIS!
IN PARIS!
IN PARIS!
IN PARIS!

(Two women enter: JACQUELINE, 40's, an ultra sultry, overly made-up prostitute and FERNANDE OLIVIER: early 20's, a natural beauty and modestly dressed. She carries a basket of flowers. PABLO runs across the stage and stops directly between them)

JACQUELINE

BONSOIR 'ELLO, BOY.

FERNANDE

SOMEHOW, I CAN TELL THAT YOU ARE NEW TO PAREE.

PABLO *(Trying to seem like a local)*

New? Don't be silly, I'm from..

JACQUELINE

IT'S PARADISE FROM HEAD-TO-TOE, BOY.

PABLO *(To FERNANDE)*

I'D LIKE YOU TO SHOW ME PARIS. WILL YOU?

FERNANDE

WE'LL SEE. *(PABLO steps back)*

BUT, IF I DID,
WE'D HAVE SO MUCH TO DO
ON EVERY RUE.
THE SEINE, THE VIEW, THE SHOWS.

WE'LL TAKE A LITTLE WALK.
WE'LL SIT AND TALK.
A LOVELY DAY
SOME CABERNET...

JACQUELINE

...AND, AFTER THAT, WHO KNOWS?
YOU CAN'T SAY "NO", BOY.

FERNANDE

WE'D START AROUND MONMARTRE AND, BY THE WAY, DO YOU DANCE?

PABLO

No, but, I move fast.

FERNANDE

Yes, I can see that.

JACQUELINE

TONIGHT, I'LL MAKE YOU ALL AGLOW, BOY,
AND YOU'LL UNDERSTAND HOW PEOPLE FEEL ABOUT FRANCE.

FERNANDE

I DON'T CARE JUST WHERE IT ALL WILL LEAD TO.

JACQUELINE

I AM ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.

IT'S QUITE A SHOW, BOY.
SEVEN FRANCS, THE FUN BEGINS.
LET'S GO, BOY.
SUNDAY, YOU'LL CONFESS YOUR SINS.

FERNANDE

BUT, IF, YOU'RE FREE
COME TOUR WITH ME... (*JACQUELINE leaves PABLO and approaches
someone else. PABLO follows FERNANDE. (The following dialogue all
happens over UNDERSCORE)*)

PABLO

Now? Can we go now?!?

FERNANDE

My, you DO move fast. We could leave now or later. Paris isn't
going anywhere.

PABLO

But, we are! Come on!

FERNANDE

Wait! I thought I was going to show YOU Paris.

PABLO

I'm Pablo. What's your name?

FERNANDE

Fernande Olivier.

PABLO

Fernande Olivier!! Music!! (*SEBASTIEN, late 20's, enters. He is
FERNANDE'S abrasive lover. He carries a bottle of beer*)

SEBASTIEN

Fernande!

FERNANDE

You go on ahead. I'll be right there. (*PABLO runs off. FERNANDE
crosses to a nearby RACK OF DRESSES. She quickly picks one up
which has a FLORAL DESIGN. SEBASTIEN approaches menacingly*)

SEBASTIEN

What are you doing here? I told you to make my lunch.

(FERNANDE holds up the DRESS so that it is between her and SEBASTIAN)

FERNANDE

Please, Sebastien, may I have it? It doesn't cost very much and I have my own money. It's mine!

SEBASTIEN

YOU are mine, Fernande. Now, put that dishrag back where you found it. *(She obediently puts the DRESS back on the RACK)*

(SEBASTIEN briefly crosses away to guzzle some beer with a few others of his class. While he's gone, she crosses back to the rack of dresses. She picks up the FLORAL DRESS again, gives some money to the DRESS VENDOR and hurriedly stuffs it in her flower basket. SEBASTIEN turns around and whistles for her like a dog) Let's go!!

FERNANDE

Yes, Sebastien. I'm coming...I'm coming.

(He grabs her and pushes her ahead of him, causing her to stumble as she exits. Sebastien takes another swallow of beer and follows her out laughing)

(Two women watch all this happen. They are GERTRUDE STEIN and ALICE B. TOKLAS. GERTRUDE STEIN is in her late 20's and stockily built. ALICE B. TOKLAS is in her late 20's, thin, Jewish)

ALICE

Gertrude, if I ever treat you like that, you are instructed to shoot me.

GERTRUDE

Oh, Alice, I'll do much worse. I'll make you wear the dress.

(Three men enter. MAX JACOB, a poet, late 20's. Tall and effeminate but in a grand, Oscar Wilde sort of way. With him are ANDRÉ SALMON, 20's, a budding journalist and GUILLAUME APPOLONAIRE, 20's, a philosopher. ANDRÉ speaks insistently)

ANDRÉ

Max, I need that poem you promised to the magazine NOW!

MAX

...but I, André, need inspiration.....and, if anyone can recognize inspiration.....

ANDRÉ

Max, if I don't turn in something today my editor will...

MAX (*Turns to him sharply. MUSIC STOPS*)

You want a poem? Here's one:

"Roses are red,
pansies are pink.
The poem can wait.....
Now, let's get a drink!" (*MUSIC BACK IN*)

(The three men exit laughing. PABLO re-enters. He is looking for FERNANDE with no success. Focus shifts to LUC DU LAC, mid-40's. He's a commercially successful, morally bankrupt artist. He carries a WALKING STICK, has a small entourage and is standing five feet away from PABLO. PABLO addresses CESAR, 30's, not knowing he is a friend of DU LAC's)

PABLO

Who did.....this?

CESAR

Why, Luc Du Lac, of course. Would you like to meet him?

PABLO

I don't have to meet him. (*Indicates the canvas*) I can see him there.....and I've seen enough. But, here's something you haven't seen!

(He rips a sheet of paper out of his SKETCH PAD and hands it to CESAR. Immediately, a few others join to look. They start to talk animatedly to each other) Wait a minute! (They stop talking. He steps between CESAR and the PARISIANS. He signs his name at the bottom of the sketch) You never know.

(CESAR and DU LAC share a look. CESAR gives the sketch to one of the PARISIANS who, with PABLO, exit right in front of DU LAC, gossiping about Pablo's sketch, fawning over him, etc... The UNDERSCORE concludes. DU LAC steps away from his entourage).

DU LAC

EVERYONE IS TALKATIVE IN PARIS
AND IT SEEMS THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT THIS BOY.
THIS BOY, WHO PARIS MAY ADOPT.
HE MIGHT BE GOOD
HE MUST BE STOPPED
AND THAT'S A JOB I CERTAINLY WILL ENJOY.....!

EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE IN PARIS
AND, IF THAT'S TRUE THEN POSSIBLY IT MEANS WAR.....!
HE'S WANDERED IN TO MY DOMAIN.
I'LL HAVE HIM BACK ON THE EVENING TRAIN, IF NOT BEFORE.

(DU LAC returns to his entourage. PABLO crosses away from his new admirers)

PABLO

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M HERE!

THERE'S SO MUCH TO BE DONE.

(Lights up on JOSE RUIZ. He is in Barcelona)

JOSE RUIZ

YOUR LIFE IS SO UNCLEAR.

PABLO

THAT'S WHY IT'S SO MUCH FUN.

JOSE RUIZ

THE PEOPLE THERE ARE QUEER.

PABLO

AND I'VE MET EVERY ONE!

JOSE RUIZ

NEXT WEEK, YOU WILL COME BACK HOME CRAWLING!

(Lights fade out on JOSE RUIZ)

PABLO

PAPA, IT'S MY FUTURE CALLING!

$\frac{1}{2}$ ENSEMBLE

EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE IN PARIS!

$\frac{1}{2}$ ENSEMBLE

EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE IN PARIS!

EVERYTHING WORTH HAPPENING HAPPENS HERE...!

EVERYTHING WORTH HAPPENING HAPPENS HERE

A YOUNG COUPLE

THE OPEN LOVE.

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

THE BLUEST SKIES!

JACQUELINE *(Tucks money in her cleavage)*

THE CENTER OF "FREE ENTERPRISE".

$\frac{1}{2}$ ENSEMBLE

AND JUST THE PLACE

FOR STARTING A NEW CAREER...!

$\frac{1}{2}$ ENSEMBLE

IT'S JUST THE PLACE TO START!

EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE IN PARIS!

EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE IN PARIS!

THREE ENSEMBLE MEMBERS

THE FOOD AND WINE ARE BETTER
THAN SPAIN OR ROME!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER
MAY LUCK AND FORTUNE GUIDE YOUR WAY!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER
MAY LIFE HERE BE ONE LONG SOIRÉE.

ENSEMBLE MEMBER
WE HOPE THAT YOU ARE HERE TO STAY.

ENSEMBLE MEMBER
.....AND THOUGH IT'S ONLY BEEN A DAY,

ENSEMBLE (Except PABLO)
WELCOME.....!

PABLO (Shouting)
Una vez mas!

ENSEMBLE
WELCOME.....! (*Someone quickly whispers something in PABLO'S ear*)

PABLO
Encore!

ALL
WELCOME.....HOME.....!

(The song ends with all of Paris seeming to embrace our hero. As a small, final touch, the FRUIT VENDOR throws PABLO a free pear)

BLACKOUT

ACT I, SCENE 4

SETTING: A street in Paris.

TIME: A few hours later.

AT RISE: DU LAC stands between CESÁR and ANATOLE, 30's, another of Du Lac's associates. 30's. Both read from small writing pads.

ANATOLE

Born: Malaga, Spain. Twenty-five, October. 1881. Eighteen years of age.

DU LAC

A child.

CESÁR

Two sisters. Lola and Conchita, who died. Too bad.

DU LAC

Pity.

ANATOLE

Tragic.

CESÁR

Father: Jose Ruíz Blasco. Drawing instructor.

DU LAC

A teacher? Provincial, no doubt?

ANATOLE

Mostly birds and flowers.

DU LAC

Delicious. Anatole, you will speak to the local gallery owners. (Pulls some money from his pocket) Here, you'll need this. It will diffuse any integrity to which they are occasionally susceptible. Keep a little for yourself, naturally.

ANATOLE

Naturally. Thank you, Du Lac.

DU LAC

Cesár, you will canvass all the critics who are obliged to me. We must stop this pestilence before it spreads.

CESÁR

But, what should I tell them?

DU LAC

Just say he's Spanish. They'll know what to do.

LIGHTS FADE

END OF SCENE

ACT I, SCENE 5

SETTING: A small park. Blending in, as part of the scenery, is a turntable on which Pablo's various sketches revolve.

TIME: A few weeks later, late afternoon.

AT RISE: PABLO is painting the portrait of a cleric, FATHER FRANCOIS, 50's, rotund, pompous and vain.

FATHER FRANCOIS

Now remember, this is for posterity so let us try to be as flattering as possible, shall we? Be careful not to forget my halo and the warm, compassionate look in my eye. Can you capture all of that, young man? I want something simple, but lavish.....you understand.

SONG: "SKETCHES"

PABLO

ONE LINE FOR THE BACK.

FATHER FRANCOIS

One line?! Don't be ridiculous! Who could tell anything from one line?!

PABLO

AND TWO FOR THE THIGHS.

FATHER FRANCOIS

Thighs? But, you can't even see my thighs! CAN you?!? (He covers the mid-section of his robe with his hand)

PABLO

SOME NEGATIVE SPACE FOR THE FACE,
A CIRCLE AND SQUARE FOR THE EYES.

A LITTLE PASTEL FOR THE GOWN,
SOME SORT OF SCRAWL FOR THE REST,
YOU MAY BE GOOD AT BLESSING,
BUT YOU'RE NOT THE ONE WHO'S BLESSED.

(The turntable starts to revolve, carrying FATHER FRANCOIS off)

FATHER FRANCOIS

Absurd! One line, indeed! Perhaps, young man, you are not aware of my reputation in this community and how important it is that I am rendered with the utmost care and.....

(The turntable brings on a LITTLE GIRL and her snobbish, overbearing MOTHER. The little girl is ANNABELLE. She wears toe shoes and uses a chair to balance as she poses)

ANNABELLE

When can I stop smiling?

MOTHER

When the little man says so, precious. (To PABLO) Annabelle is going to be a prima ballerina.

ANNABELLE

My face hurts.

MOTHER

Try not to move, dear. Remember, you are Mother's little professional. My husband wouldn't allow me to commission a real artist, so I thought it might be amusing to come out here in the common and sit for someone like.....you.

PABLO

A CURVE FOR THE ARM,
PERPENDICULAR SWEEPS FOR THE CHAIR.
DIAGONAL LINES FOR THE LEGS,
A CHARCOAL SMUDGE FOR THE HAIR.

MOTHER

Young man, what are you mumbling about? Or, is unintelligibility part of being modern?

PABLO

I wouldn't know. Perhaps a "real artist" could tell you.

SOME PISS AND SPIT FOR THE MOTHER,
A DELICATE SWIRL FOR THE TOT.
EVERYBODY'S ONLY POSING
TO BE SOMEONE THEY ARE NOT!

(The turntable revolves again, carrying ANNABELLE and her MOTHER off. At the same time, it brings on a WOMAN in a HAT and tries to hide her face from PABLO)

PABLO

LIFT YOUR HEAD

WOMAN IN HAT

NO, THEY MUSTN'T SEE ME.
NO, I AM MYSTERIOUS TODAY.

IF YOU PLEASE, LIFT YOUR HEAD.

THEN, I WILL BE NOTICED.
THEN, I'LL BE REMEMBERED.

HOW CAN I BEGIN IT
'TIL YOU LOOK THIS WAY?

NO, I MUCH PREFER TO
LOOK THIS WAY.

PABLO (Cont'd)

WOMAN IN HAT (Cont'd)

FEELINGS ARE FOR MELANCHOLY
WOMEN IN HATS.
IF YOU PLEASE.....

THEN SKETCH FROM WHAT YOU FEEL.
MUST YOU ALWAYS SEE?
FEELING IS WHAT'S REAL
TO ME.

DRAW THEM AS YOU FIND THEM,
NOT AS YOU'VE DESIGNED THEM
TO BE.

(She is carried out of sight by the turntable. Now on the turntable appears a woman: CLAUDINE, 30's, poorly dressed, struggling in the arms of a man, REGIS, 30's)

CLAUDINE
STOP! LET GO!

PABLO
"DRAW THEM AS YOU FIND THEM..."
(To CLAUDINE)
MADEMOISELLE, I CANNOT
INTERFERE.

(To PABLO)
OH, MONSIEUR!
(To REGIS)
PLEASE, NO!

COLOR FOR THE PASSION,
SHADOW FOR THE ANGER.

WHAT AM I?
A WOMAN OR A SOUVENIR?

(The turntable carries CLAUDINE and REGIS off. Then, JOSE RUÍZ appears. PABLO approaches him)

PABLO
OH, PAPA, YOU MUST KNOW.
I DO NOT HAVE THE ANSWER
TO GET BEYOND THE GIFT YOU GAVE TO ME. (JOSE RUÍZ starts out)
NO, PAPA, PLEASE DON'T GO.
YOU BROUGHT ME TO THIS MOMENT.

JOSE RUÍZ
ALONG WITH ALL THE GIFTS I GAVE TO YOU,
JUST LISTEN TO YOUR WORK AND YOU WILL LEARN WHAT YOU MUST DO.

(Now, EVERYONE whom PABLO has drawn appears, coming from different directions. The ENSEMBLE also appears)

FATHER FRANCOIS
 GIVE ME LESS DIMENSION.
 MOTHER
 GIVE HER MORE PERSPECTIVE.
 CLAUDINE
 DON'T FORGET MY BRUISES.
 WOMAN IN HAT
 DO NOT LET THEM SEE ME.

FATHER FRANCOIS SLENDERIZE MY WAISTLINE. CLAUDINE SHOW THEM HOW HE TREATS ME. ANNABELLE MOTHER, IS IT OVER? MOTHER JUST A LITTLE LONGER. FATHER FRANCOIS DON'T FORGET THE HALO. WOMAN IN HAT WHAT'S TO SEE IN SADNESS? REGIS KEEP ME IN THE BACKGROUND.	JOSE RUIZ YOU'LL MAKE US ALL... IMMORTAL, PABLO. THIS I CAN FORETELL NOW, DRAW JUST... WHAT YOU SEE, AND YOU WILL BE, AS WELL...	ENSEMBLE OH, SIR... A BLUR. IF NOT FOR YOU, WHAT MIGHT OCCUR IS THAT NO ONE... WILL EVER KNOW WE EVER WERE.
--	---	--

MOTHER
BALLERINA.
CLAUDINE
I'M EMBARRASSED
FATHER FRANCOIS
I AM WAITING, YOUNG MAN!

ENSEMBLE (Except PABLO)

WE ARE IN YOUR HANDS NOW.
 THAT'S HOW IT SHOULD BE.
 ONLY WHEN WE'RE CAPTURED
 ARE WE FREE. MAKE US FREE...!

Song: "GIVE US LIFE"

ENSEMBLE (Cont'd)

GIVE US LIFE
WHEN WE'RE GONE
BY YOUR TOUCH,
WE GO ON.

MAKE US EASY TO REMEMBER,
AND CAREFULLY UNPLANNED.
AS THE WORLD AROUND YOU VANISHES,
WE STAND.

LET US SHINE
LIKE THE STARS.
GIVE US PEACE TO KNOW ETERNITY IS OURS.

GIVE US TRUTH SO PURE,
IT MUST ENDURE.
BUT IF WE'RE SURE TO LAST,

GIVE US LIFE!
GIVE US LIFE
AFTER LIFE HAS PASSED...

.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

FATHER FRANCOIS
GIVE US POWER!
CLAUDINE
GIVE US PURPOSE!
WOMAN IN HAT
GIVE US MEANING!
ANNABELLE & MOTHER
GIVE US MAGIC!

1/2 ENSEMBLE
BUT, FIRST...

1/2 ENSEMBLE
BUT, FIRST...

ALL

GIVE US LIFE!

(The FIGURES freeze in their signature positions)

END OF SCENE

Act I, Scene 6

SETTING: Another part of the same park.

TIME: A few hours later

AT RISE: Pablo continues to sketch. DU LAC enters.

DU LAC

Pablo Picasso?

PABLO (*Stops painting, politely rises*)

Yes. Good afternoon!

DU LAC

Oh, please, don't get up. My name is Luc Du Lac. I am also a painter.

PABLO (*Disappointed, sits*)

Oh, you're a painter. (*Returns to work*) Why aren't you painting?

DU LAC

Additionally, I am Senior Cartoonist at the Assiette au Beurre magazine. Surely, you've seen my work.

PABLO

No, I haven't.

DU LAC

Well, you are new to Paris. The word on the wind is that you are an exceptional talent. May I have a look?

PABLO

Go right ahead.

DU LAC (*A cursory glance*)

Very nice.

PABLO

Spread the word.

DU LAC

Would an exhibition spread it sufficiently?

PABLO

Yes, of course, but I don't know anyone would could arrange something like that.

DU LAC

You do now.

PABLO (*Stops work abruptly and stands*)

Thank you, monsieur. You're most generous, but may I ask, why? Where?

DU LAC

As to why, well, I personally would receive a great deal of satisfaction at seeing your work get exactly what I think it deserves. As to where...

(*Lights up on ANATOLE and CESAR*)

ANATOLE

The Claude Sagot Galerie!

CESÁR

The junk shop!?!

ANATOLE

The very same.

CESÁR

Oh, no!

ANATOLE

Oh, yes.

CESÁR

Poor boy.

ANATOLE

So sad.

CESÁR

The Claude Sagot Galerie is to careers what the guillotine is to.....to.....

ANATOLE

Longevity?

CESÁR (*Laughs*)

Oh, you slay me, Anatole! You simply slay me! (Lights fade out on ANATOLE and CESAR. Focus returns to DU LAC and PABLO)

DU LAC

.....it's intimate, but once you're seen there, it will be the place with which your work is forever associated.

PABLO

That's what I've wanted for myself since my first day here.

DU LAC

Yes, me too. Now, pack up your things and go home. Surely, you'll have no better customer today than I.

PABLO (*Jotting quickly*)

Here's my address.

DU LAC

Very good. I'll come around on Friday evening at eight o'clock and we'll choose the canvasses together. Good day to you.

PABLO

Good day. (*DU LAC exits*)

(PABLO collects his things and exits hurriedly. FERNANDE enters and the two collide, causing her flower basket to spill its contents. She is wearing the same floral dress which, earlier, SEBASTIEN wouldn't let her buy. PABLO kneels to assist her and drops his sketch pad. A few sketches fall out. They don't yet recognize each other)

PABLO

Oh, forgive me! Your flowers!

FERNANDE

No, that's alright. I've got them.

PABLO

You are very kind.

FERNANDE

An artist really should take better care of his..... (She looks up and recognizes him) Oh, hello, Pablo!

PABLO

It's you! But, how did you remember?

FERNANDE

How could I forget? So, have you conquered Paris?

PABLO

I was about to.....and then I lost my escort.

FERNANDE

I'm sorry.

PABLO (*An awkward pause*)

That's a lovely dress.

FERNANDE (*She spins around*)

Do you like it?

PABLO

Would you sit for me sometime?

FERNANDE

Why, yes. I'd love to. When did you have in mind?

PABLO (*Putting on an air*)

Well, my next exhibition..... (They exchange a look. He comes back down to earth)my *first* exhibition is coming up soon. The man who's behind it will be over on Friday night. Please come.

FERNANDE

I can't promise.

PABLO

Good! Until Friday, then. (*PABLO starts out. FERNANDE sees something on the ground and calls after him*)

FERNANDE

Oh, Pablo, wait! There's one more! What do you call it?

PABLO

Yours. Bon jour, Fernande Olivier!

FERNANDE

But, it doesn't have a signature! (*PABLO comes back and signs his name*) You never know. (*PABLO backs away, his glance fixed on FERNANDE. When he is gone, FERNANDE crosses to patch of grass. A flute melody, indicating the presence of a bird, is heard*)

Song: "I PREFER TO DREAM"

YES, I CAN HEAR YOU.

YES, IT IS BEAUTIFUL!

IT MUST BE BEAUTIFUL LIVING IN A TREE.

CHOOSING WHEN TO FLY.

OH, TO BE THAT FREE,

AND NOT TO LIVE AS I...DO... (*SEBASTIEN enters. He carries an empty beer bottle*)

SEBASTIEN

I thought you'd be here. Come on, Fernande, I need some drinking money. (*He tries going through her pockets*) Where do you keep it?

FERNANDE

Sebastien, stop that! Look up there! It's a lark. He's singing to me.

SEBASTIEN

You don't cook, you don't clean and now you think birds are singing to you.

FERNANDE (*Forcefully*)

I believe they sing to me as I believe in all that is beautiful and impossible because, without something to believe in, all I have is what I know!

SEBASTIEN

I'll tell you what I know. When I come home tonight, if you are not in the kitchen making dinner, I know this belt will make you sing louder than any of your birds! (*Looks at her dress*)and I still think it's a dish rag! (*Starts to exit, turns back*) I want those pots rattling, Fernande, do you hear ME? (*He exits*)

FERNANDE

YES, I CAN HEAR YOU.

BUT I'M NOT LISTENING.

WHAT GOOD IS LISTENING TO SOMETHING THAT YOU KNOW FROM SOMEONE WHO YOU DON'T...?

I PREFER TO DREAM.

I SEEK OUT ILLUSION.

I GO ON IMAGINING THERE'S LIFE BEYOND TODAY.

I DON'T WANT TO KNOW.

I EMBRACE CONFUSION,

WHEN I LOOK AT ALL I HAVE, I HAVE TO LOOK AWAY.

FERNANDE (Cont'd)

I WOULD RATHER HOPE AND LEARN AND DISCOVER
WHAT MY FUTURE HAS TO TELL.

I BELIEVE IN SOMETHING WAITING SOMEWHERE
AND SOMEONE WHO DREAMS, AS WELL.

I AM NOT AFRAID.
WE WILL FIND EACH OTHER.
HE WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE AND BEAUTIFUL
AND HE'LL STAY.

I EXIST IN THE WORLD OF HOW THINGS ARE,
BUT LIVE WHERE THEY ONLY SEEM.
DO NOT WAKE ME.
I PREFER TO DREAM.

YES, I CAN HEAR YOU.
YES, YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL.
"YES", TO THE BEAUTIFUL,
"YES", TO THE MAGICAL,
"YES", TO ALL THOUGHTS UNTHINKABLE!

I WOULD RATHER WISH AND WAIT AND WONDER
THAN TO HEAR HIM CURSE MY NAME.
I BELIEVE THAT WHAT THERE IS
AND ALL THERE IS
ARE NOTHING NEAR THE SAME.....!

I WAS MEANT FOR MORE.....
MORE THAN JUST SEBASTIEN.
WHAT IS IN SEBASTIEN, I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD BEFORE.

I MUST LIVE IN MY HEART,
AT LEAST IN THE PART
WHERE FANTASY REIGNS SUPREME.

WITH THE FLOWERS.....
IN THIS SPECIAL PARK.....
AND THE PRIVATE SONG OF MY FAVORITE LARK.

I BELIEVE IT.
SO, IT HAPPENS.
DO NOT WAKE ME... I PREFER TO DREAM.

(FERNANDE settles to the ground. Lights fade out)

END OF SCENE

ACT I, SCENE 7

SETTING: Pablo's studio. A meagerly furnished room with a multitude of canvasses lying around. A large painting covered by a sheet dominates one part of the room.

TIME: Friday evening. A little past eight o'clock.

AT RISE: The meeting with DU LAC is in progress. As he flips through a series of paintings, Fernande is changing behind a dressing panel.

DU LAC

Mm-hm (*Flips to another painting*) A-ha (*Flips to the next*)
Ooooh... (*To the next*) Well, well, well.

PABLO (*Confident*)

I know it must be difficult choice. Which one do you like best?

DU LAC

These won't do. What else?

PABLO

They won't...do?!? (DU LAC crosses to another part of the studio to another set of canvasses)

DU LAC

I'm afraid not. (*Crosses to another part of the studio*) What about these? (*He starts flipping through them, muffling a laugh*) Oh, dear. (*Flips to another*) Repetitive. (*Flips to another*) Derivative.

PABLO

I will not hear any more of this!!! (*Collects himself*) Monsieur, Du Lac, please understand I have been painting day and night to...

DU LAC

I need to see your own hand, my boy...your own voice. Now, where are those clever, little things I saw in the park? (*FERNANDE emerges from behind the dressing panel*)

FERNANDE (*Emerging from dressing panel*)

Nonsense! This is fine work! Much more exciting than anything anyone else is doing.

DU LAC (*A short beat*) A model who speaks: Delicious. (*DU LAC uses his walking stick to lift her dress up a little in various locations. She seethes*) Your face is unfamiliar. Have you ever sat for me?

FERNANDE (*Emphatically*)

Never.

DU LAC

Pity. I really must have a talk with that charlatan posing as my representative. Apparently, he is overlooking the new bodies which deserve to be on my.....canvas.

FERNANDE (*Has had enough*)

If you will excuse me. (*She exits behind the dressing panel*)

PABLO

With all due respect, Monsieur Du Lac, I think these paintings are good.

DU LAC

Good?!? How do you mean good, Pablo? "Good" as in "good enough"?!? "Good" as in, "good, you've tried"?!? Or just "good" because you're "good" and satisfied with being only "good". There is no room for "good" where you are going. (Suddenly cheerful) Now, then, what is under the sheet?

PABLO

I'm still working on it.

DU LAC

May I see the progress?

PABLO

NO! Uh.....I mean, I'd prefer you to wait until it's completed.....

DU LAC

.....so that I may experience the full effect.....

PABLO

Yes.

DU LAC

.....so that I may appreciate every nuance all the more.....

PABLO (*Unaware he is being put on*)

I knew you'd understand.

DU LAC

.....so that I do not misconstrue the meaning of the message as I might with an unfinished work.....

PABLO

Exactly.

DU LAC (*With building rage*)

Monsieur Picasso, I am Luc Du Lac. You may save the suspense for your memoirs. I am here to see your work. All of it. I am here to help you. Help me help you. (A beat) Remove the sheet. (PABLO does. A look of controlled horror ripples across DU LAC'S face)

PABLO

You hate it.

DU LAC

Hate it? Noooo. What I hate is the thing that would have you believe you can do only this and no better. I suggest you consider subject matter that is more attractive: smiling children, pretty landscapes.....

PABLO (Sotto)

...flowers in vases.

DU LAC

Remember, Pablo, when people buy a painting, they want..... happiness on the wall! Good luck on your exhibition. I'm sure it will be everything I've hoped for you. We'll do the best we can with what you have this time around, but please, whatever you do, get rid of that.....monstrosity. Au revoir.

(He exits. After a beat, FERNANDE comes out from behind the dressing panel)

FERNANDE

He's wrong, Pablo. I know he's wrong.

PABLO

He's part of the past, but doesn't know it yet.

FERNANDE *(Moving closer to PABLO)*

Aren't you worried?

PABLO

Worried?

FERNANDE

About your exhibition?

PABLO *(Light-hearted)*

Oh, the exhibition? Of course, I'm worried. Terribly worried. With all the money I'll have, do I buy a larger studio or take a country house?

FERNANDE

How can you be so relaxed?

PABLO

How can you be so beautiful?

FERNANDE

So, shall we continue the.....

PABLO

No. You go home but, before you do, take a good, last look around here. Tomorrow, life will be different. Tomorrow, they all will know.

FERNANDE

I wish you good luck.

PABLO

There are better things to wish for.

FERNANDE

Well, congratulations, then.....and, Pablo?

PABLO

Yes?

FERNANDE

Take the country house.

PABLO

Good night, Fernande.

FERNANDE

Good night. (*She exits. PABLO closes the door and, immediately, the confidence leaves his body. Ravaged with self-doubt, he sings*) Song: "WE'LL FIND A WAY"

PABLO

DID YOU HEAR HIM?
WHAT HE CALLED YOU?
I AM SORRY.
HE DOESN'T KNOW.

HE SEES PICTURES,
I SEE WINDOWS
TO THE FUTURE
AND LONG AGO.....!

THROUGH THE BLINDNESS OF THEIR EYES,
THROUGH THE MADNESS OF TODAY,
THROUGH THE DARKNESS OF EACH MIND,
WE'LL FIND A WAY.

IF, TOMORROW,
THEY DESPISE YOU,
SPEAK WITH POISON,
HIDE THEIR FACE,...

...JUST REMEMBER,
AS THEY VANISH,
YOU HAVE PURPOSE
AND A PLACE.

BRING ON ALL YOU HAVE TO BEAR,
LET OUR HOPES AND DREAMS DECAY,
PUT UP MOUNTAINS IN OUR PATH,
WE'LL FIND A WAY.

PABLO (*Cont'd*)

AND WHEN WE DO,
AND WHEN WE GET THERE,
THEY'LL COME TO SEE MISUNDERSTANDING US WAS WRONG.

WE'RE JUST WHAT'S NEW.
AND, SO THEY'RE FRIGHTENED
TO REALIZE WE'VE BEEN THERE ALL ALONG

I'M NOT A POET,
I'M JUST A PAINTER.
I'M ONLY AFTER
WHAT'S RIGHTLY MINE.

IF THAT MEANS FIGHTING,
I'LL BE A FIGHTER.
I AM PICASSO...THE NEXT IN LINE!

BRING ON ALL THE HATE IN HELL!
BRING ON HAILSTORM AND FLOOD!
BUT, TAKE CARE TO HEAR ME WELL:
WHERE THERE IS BATTLE, THERE IS BLOOD!

TRY TO CRUSH MY VERY SOUL!
THEN, REMOVE MY WILL TO PRAY.
WITH WHATEVER'S LEFT BEHIND,

WE'LL FIND A WAY.

(To himself)

Tomorrow, things will be different. Tomorrow, they all will know.

(To the large painting.)

Good night....."monstrosity".

WE'LL FIND A WAY.

LIGHTS FADE OUT

ACT I, SCENE 8

SETTING: The exterior and interior of the Claude Sagot Galerie.

TIME: Early evening, the next day.

AT RISE: MAX, ANDRÉ and GUILLAUME pass by the Sagot Galerie.

ANDRÉ

No, Max, absolutely not! I go to press tomorrow with or without your poem!

MAX

My dear André, you have the instincts of a journalist but the foresight of a gypsy palm reader. Without my poem, your magazine is simply a magazine: something destined for obscurity or the bottom of a birdcage but, with my poem, it becomes a piece of literature to be treasured for all eternity.

ANDRÉ

But, I cannot wait an eternity to find out. I have to...

MAX

Stop! (ANDRÉ and GUILLAUME halt, as if by a force)

ANDRÉ

What is it?

MAX

Look at that.....that painting in the window. I think I'll drop in for a quick look-see.

GUILLAUME

What about dinner tonight?

ANDRÉ

What about the deadline?

MAX

André, if I hear another word about the deadline, the only contribution I will make to the magazine will be your obituary. As for dinner, Café Zut, of course. Eight o'clock.

GUILLUAME

Café Zut?!? Again!

MAX

...and again and again.....until I've devised a way to eat cheaply at Maxims. You two, go ahead. Don't mind me and my foolish curiosity. (GUILLAUME and ANDRÉ exit)

(To Himself) Now, this should be a colossal waste of time. After all, what's displayed in a window is rarely an indication of anything worth.....

(The storefront disappears. MAX steps immediately into the interior of the gallery. PABLO'S paintings are displayed throughout the gallery which looks like a junk shop masquerading as an art gallery. Spotlights hit a series of canvasses. NOTE: We do not see the images. Song: "AND SO IT BEGINS"

MAX

GOD.....!

IF I NEVER SEE A WORK OF ART AGAIN.
THERE'LL BE NOTHING MORE TO UNDERSTAND.
IF I NEVER SEE ANOTHER THING AT ALL,
I'VE SEEN YOUR MIGHTY HAND!

THIS IS BEAUTY OF A SORT UNPARALLELED.
THIS IS PASSION I HAVE NEVER KNOWN.

THE TRUTH IT SUPPLIES,
THE JOY IN DISGUISE,
AND ALL FOR MY EYES, ALONE!

THERE'S A NEW CENTURY NOW AT-HAND
AND MY PLACE IN IT IS IN SIGHT.
IT'S TO SPEND MY LIFE
IN YOUR SERVICE FOR THE PURPOSE
OF BRINGING THESE WORKS TO LIGHT!

THIS NIGHT IS MY CALLING,
BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
THIS WORK IS A VISION
THAT HAS TO BE SEEN.

THIS LIFE IS A JOURNEY
OF LOSSES AND WINS,
I'M READY TO GO,
THAT'S ALL I KNOW.

AND SO IT BEGINS.

YOU'VE GIVEN ME TREASURE
THAT CONSTANTLY GROWS.
YOU'VE SEEN TO ITS SPARKLE,
I'LL SEE THE WORLD KNOWS.

THIS MAN, THIS.....PICASSO.
FROM YOU, HE APPEARS.
BUT, WHETHER THEY LAUGH OR DOUBT,
I'LL SHOUT 'TIL SOMEBODY HEARS!

MAX (Cont'd)

LOOK AT THEM: BEAUTIFUL,
YET POWERFUL.
IMPERFECT BUT, STILL, DIVINE.
INTELLECTUAL, BUT PASSIONATE,
AND SENSITIVE TO THE HEART.

JUST LOOK AT THEM: MAGICAL
AND SENSUAL.
I PROMISE THEY WILL SURVIVE.

SO INVADING,
SO INVOLVING,
SO ALIVE.....!

NOW, WHERE IS THIS LEADING
AND WHAT IS IN STORE?
AND WHY DID YOU CHOOSE ME
WHEN MOST COULD DO MORE?

I'LL WAIT FOR YOUR ANSWER
ON NEEDLES AND PINS.
BUT MAKING THIS VOW
IS FINE, FOR NOW
AND SO IT BEGINS.....!

*(Lights come up elsewhere on the stage. Music continues. MAX
stares at a painting, almost hypnotized. PABLO enters carrying a
stepladder. He places it next to MAX, disturbing his reverie)*

PABLO

Excuse me.

MAX

What do you think you're doing?!

PABLO

The show is over, the gallery is closing, everyone has.....*(Gives
MAX a look.)*...almost everyone has gone home. They must come down.

MAX

No! I mean, not yet.....not that one.....not now. Her face is
so.....magnificently tragic, it requires.....

PABLO *(Softly)*

Elevation.

MAX

Yes.

PABLO

Above the eyes.

MAX

Yes, to be fully worshipped! Oh, young man, if you must take them down, do it over there where I can't see your loathsome task in progress. I need to be with her.....with all of them!

(Lights up on FERNANDE. She sits on a knoll in her favorite park. She holds the self-portrait PABLO had given her)

MAX

LOOK AT THEM..

FERNANDE

LOOK AT HIM.. BEAUTIFUL.

PABLO

UNSELLABLE.....

MAX

MIRACULOUS.....

PABLO

CRITICIZED.....

FERNANDE

UNFORGETTABLE.....

PABLO

.....AND SPAT UPON!

MAX

HE'S PROOF OF THE HUMAN SOUL!

PABLO

THEY SEEK TO DENY MY SOUL!

FERNANDE

I FEEL HIM INSIDE MY SOUL!

JUST LOOK AT HIM: BECKONING

PABLO

...AND LANGUISHING.

MAX

I'LL CARE FOR YOU, HAVE NO FEAR!

FERNANDE

SO DETERMINED! *(Lights fade out on FERNANDE.)*

PABLO

SO DEFENSELESS! *(Lights fade out on PABLO. MAX takes stage)*

MAX

SO, I'M HERE!

I'M HERE FOR PICASSO!

MY PLEASURES ARE HIS.

I LOVE THIS PICASSO,

WHOEVER HE IS.

MAX (Cont'd)

I'M GRATEFUL YOU CHOSE ME
IN SPITE OF MY SINS.....!

BEGINNING TONIGHT, RIGHT HERE, THIS SHOW
WITH ALL OF THE STRENGTH THAT YOU BESTOW,
I'LL MAKE HIS A NAME THE WORLD WILL KNOW.

AND SO IT BEGINS!

AND SO IT BEGINS!

AND SO IT BEGINS.....! (Song ends. PABLO re-enters. He carries the
stepladder and starts to remove the paintings)

MAX

Ah, the rapist returns!

PABLO

Monsieur, it's late but, if it makes any difference, I also like
these paintings and, you're right, it's wrong to take them down.

MAX (Impressed)

You really mean that.

PABLO

More than you know.

MAX

Are you an artist?

PABLO

I paint.

MAX

I thought so. And what kind of paintings do you do?

PABLO

Nothing much. This 'n that.

MAX (Not paying much attention)

Well, good for you. Glad to hear it. (MAX crosses to the door)
Now, I must be off. Somewhere, there's a martini with my name on
it.....and I'm so sorry, I didn't get yours.

PABLO

Pablo.....Pablo Picasso. (MAX starts out. PABLO doesn't move. MAX
walks slowly back toward PABLO)

MAX

"This 'n that"? (He points to a painting) Or.....THIS and THAT?

PABLO

And these.....and those.

MAX

You are Picasso?!? (*PABLO shrugs his shoulders*) But you are so young.....so beautiful.....forgive me. I am simply overwhelmed by your...

PABLO

Look, do you want to buy a painting?

MAX

Quite the salesman. Of course, I would love to acquire them all.

PABLO

But.....

MAX

But, alas, I am wealthy of personality, not of purse. The awful truth is that I am incapable of purchasing even a single stroke of your work.

PABLO

Who ARE you, monsieur?

MAX (*Suddenly "on"*)

Contrary to my elegant disposition and my ability to be erudite about absolutely everything, I am not really a "Monsieur". Pablo Picasso, meet Max Jacob! (*They shake hands*) Raconteur, Bon Vivant and other things which sound better in French. I have a vagabond's pocket, but a millionaire's soul and I am on every party list in Paris.....whether invited or not.

PABLO

I don't understand.....what do you want?

MAX

Isn't it obvious?

PABLO

You have made a big mistake, Monsieur! (*He starts out again. MAX calls after him. His voice stops PABLO cold*)

MAX

Knowing everyone worth knowing is not the same thing as doing something worth doing. (*Beat*) You are a genius, sir. To bring notice to the world of a gift the size of yours would be to know my time on Earth was not wasted. (*PABLO is motionless and moved, A beat. Then, "on" again*) Have dinner with me tonight! I want you to meet two of my dearest friends.

PABLO

Well.....

MAX

We're meeting at Café Zut at eight-o'-clock. The food is.....well.....how shall I say? Have you ever been to Maxims?

PABLO

No.

MAX

Good! Then, you'll love it!

PABLO

Well.....I could use a good meal. (*Leaving*) Thank you, monsieur.

MAX

Don't forget.....Café Zut.....eight o'clock! (*PABLO exits. MAX sings heavenward*) Song: AND SO IT BEGINS (Reprise)

YOU'VE GIVEN ME TREASURE
THAT CONSTANTLY GROWS.
YOU'VE SEEN TO ITS SPARKLE
I'LL SEE THE WORLD KNOWS.

I'M GRATEFUL YOU CHOSE ME,
IN SPIITE OF MY SINS.

BEGINNING TONIGHT, RIGHT HERE, THIS SHOW.
WITH ALL OF THE STRENGTH THAT YOU BESTOW,
I'LL MAKE HIS A NAME THE WORLD WILL KNOW.....!

AND SO IT BEGINS!
AND SO IT BEGINS!
AND SO IT BEGINS!

BLACKOUT

ACT I, SCENE 9

SETTING: Outside the entrance to Café Zut around which is a collective of various businesses. Various PARISIANS mill about.

TIME: Later that same evening, around midnight.

AT RISE: DU LAC and PHILLIPE, 50's, Pablo's landlord, enter. PHILLIPE wears glasses and is easily intimidated.

DU LAC

He'll be coming out any moment. Be ready.

PHILLIPE

But, I like him. He's a nice boy. I couldn't speak to him like that. I don't know how.

DU LAC

Somehow, I am certain the prospect of having your building condemned by the Housing Commissioner, a treasured friend who owes me a favor, will inspire you to lucidity unequalled in the history of self-preservation. Do we understand each other?

PHILLIPE

Monsieur Du Lac, you wouldn't!

(MAX, ANDRÉ, GUILLAUME and PABLO come on stage through the front door of Café Zut. All four seem a little tipsy, but GUILLAUME is positively blitzed and walking with difficulty. DU LAC reacts)

DU LAC

Quiet! Here they come! Don't look at me! *(He pulls a small BOOK out of his pocket and buries his face in it. PHILLIPE crosses towards MAX and the others. DU LAC calls after him).....and, Phillipe,.....(PHILLIPE stops and looks back).....I would.*

(PHILLIPE resumes his cross. DU LAC exits. Focus shifts back to MAX, GUILLAUME, ANDRÉ and PABLO)

ANDRÉ

Guillaume, tomorrow night you might consider having a little food with your wine.

GUILLAUME

I had only one drink... *(He hiccups).....I just had it continuously...and in different glasses. (The boys laugh)*

PHILLIPE

Good... evening, Pablo. Isn't this a nice coincidence? It has been so difficult, of late, to get you at home.

MAX

Pablo, who is this man?

PABLO

My landlord.

PHILLIPE

I am afraid we must speak.

PABLO

Speak.

PHILLIPE

In private, if you please.

PABLO

These are my friends. I keep nothing from them. What's the matter, Phillipe?

PHILLIPE (*With forced officiousness*)

As you wish. In the matter of your rent, you are two months behind. Tomorrow will begin another month.....that makes it three.

MAX

Pythagoras could do no better.

PHILLIPE

Monsieur Picasso, if you do not immediately satisfy the outstanding balance, you will receive a visit from the police...and they can be harsh with foreigners. Good night.
(PHILLIPE exits. PABLO is stunned)

MAX (A beat)

You can sleep in my room!

PABLO

Thanks, but.....

MAX

It's a perfect arrangement! You paint at night, correct? While you paint, I will sleep in the bed. Then, in the morning, when I leave for work, you can sleep in the bed.

ANDRÉ

Do my ears deceive me? Max, did you say "work"?

MAX

It's just an expression.

PABLO

Don't worry. I've always managed by myself.

MAX

Precisely my point. Song: "YOU NEED MAX"

LIFE IS FULL OF CONTRADICTIONS.

HERE'S ONE THAT'S WIDELY KNOWN:

WHAT ONE DOES WELL, ONE DOES BY ONESELF,

BUT NOBODY DOES IT ALONE!and now, Pablo, here's what they didn't teach you at art school!

MAX (Cont'd)

YOU'RE NOT CEZANNE YET,
AND I SHOULD KNOW.
AND YOU WERE LUCKY TO HAVE NEVER BEEN VAN GOGH. A mess.

YOU HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE,
BUT FACE THE FACTS...
YOU NEED MORE THAN THAT.
YOU NEED MAX!

AS FOR CONNECTIONS,
I'VE EVERY SORT:
AND I'M ESSENTIAL WHEN YOU CRAVE A QUICK RETORT.

YOU HAVE THE BRILLIANCE,
IT'S PLAIN TO SEE.
BUT THAT'S NOT ENOUGH,
YOU NEED ME...!

YOU NEED ME FOR SOCIAL INTRODUCTIONS,
ETIQUETTE INSTRUCTIONS:
HOW TO LOOK AND WHEN TO SPEAK AND WHAT TO SAY.

YOU NEED ME FOR MARKETING DECISIONS,
CONTRACTUAL PROVISIONS
AND SMILING THROUGH THE CRITICAL DISMAY.....
OR, TO COMPLIMENT THE HOSTESS WHEN YOU GO TO A SOIRÉE.

GUILLLAUME

SOPHISTICATION
CAN OPEN DOORS.

ANDRÉ

THAT'S HIS DEPARTMENT,
JUST AS WHAT YOU DO IS YOURS.

MAX

IT'S VERY SIMPLE,
SO JUST RELAX.....!

ANDRÉ

YOU HAVE IMPATIENCE, INDIGNANCE,
AMBITION AND SPEED.

GUILLAUME

YOU ARE PROLIFIC, ERRATIC,
AND GIVEN TO GREED.

ALL

THEY'RE ALL IMPORTANT BUT, PABLO,
IF YOU'RE TO SUCCEED.....

MAX

YOU NEED MAX! (Spoken) Gentlemen, I don't think he's convinced!

GUILLAUME (Produces a book)

READ ALL THE CLASSICS
FROM FLAP-TO-FLAP.

ANDRÉ

BE QUICK TO QUOTE THEM AT THE DROPPING OF A CAP. (He removes
PABLO'S cap and throws it away)

MAX

AND ALL YOUR ANGER,
IT JUST DISTRACTS. (*A cute girl walks by*)

PABLO (*Grabbing MAX'S coat*)

Would you look at her!

MAX

YOU NEED MAX! Watch the coat.

ANDRÉ

ATTEND TO GROOMING
KEEP NICE AND CLEAN
A LITTLE STUBBLE COULD MEAN TROUBLE UNFORESEEN.

GUILLAUME

YOU'LL LEAVE THE OTHERS
FLAT ON THEIR BACKS.

MAX

THEY'LL HAVE SWEAT AND TEARS,
YOU'LL HAVE.....

PABLO (*As if to say "Enough, already!"*)

Max.....!

MAX

You're catching on.
YOU'LL HAVE ME FOR FOOD, SUPPLIES AND LODGING,
OCCASIONAL BILL-DODGING.
TOGETHER, WE'LL TAKE ON WHAT LIES AHEAD.

YOU'LL HAVE ME FOR PRAISE WHEN YOU'RE PRODUCTIVE
CRITIQUES THAT ARE CONSTRUCTIVE,
SUPPORT WHEN YOU ARE HANGING BY A THREAD.

WE'LL SHARE A KEY,
WE'LL SHARE PAREE,
BUT, SADLY, NOT A BED!

PABLO

I'm sorry, Max. I have standards.

MAX

Standards? Oh, Pablo, you are a bore.

THE RICH AND FAMOUS
ARE FRIENDS OF MINE.
THERE IS MATISSE AND BRAQUE
AND "MISTER" GERTRUDE STEIN!

MAX (*Cont'd*)

THEY'RE NOT ABNORMAL,
THEY'RE JUST ABSTRACTS.

GUILLAUME

THEY SIT AND TRADE BON MOTS WITH MAGICAL SPEED.

ANDRÉ

THE WORLD OF ART TAKES NOTES AND FOLLOWS THEIR LEAD.

ANDRÉ & GUILLAUME

AND SO, TO MEET THEM, HERE IS HOW TO PROCEED.....

ALL

YOU NEED MAX!

MAX

Are there any questions?

ALL

YOU NEED MAX!

MAX

You'll be my only friend with standards.

ALL

YOU NEED MAX!

MAX

Come along, Pablo! Stop dawdling!

ALL

YOU NEED MAX.....!

(The song ends. NO APPLAUSE. Lights up fast on a SELLER, 50's, who is holding a painting. A BUYER, 40's, valet-like, is looking at the canvas with puzzlement. The SELLER is trying to close the sale. The following is spoken with pace)

BUYER

Pablo who?

SELLER

Twenty-five francs, monsieur. (MAX bolts across the stage)

MAX (*Impersonating a rich art patron*)

Ooooh, curses! I KNEW someone would beat me to that one! I had just the place picked out for it in my foyer.....and what a bargain at ONE HUNDRED francs!

BUYER

One hundred francs?!? (*He looks to SELLER*)

SELLER (*To BUYER. Sensing a good thing*)

Uuh.....YES! One hundred francs, monsieur.

MAX

For a Picasso original?!? (*Matter of fact*) One-fifty.

BUYER

Two hundred francs, then.

MAX

Two-fifty! My wife has her heart set. (*Guillaume & Andre chuckle at that one. MAX shoots them a look*)

BUYER

Three hundred! But, that's my final offer.

MAX (*Feigned sadness*)

Very well, monsieur. I hope you're happy. (*ANDRÉ & GUILLAUME approach to pull MAX away but he pours it on*) My wife is ill and does not take well to disappointment. (*MAX starts to falsely weep. GUILLAUME & ANDRÉ ad-lib "Alright, Max.", "That's enough, Max", etc...*)

BUYER (*Hands the SELLER a card*)

Have it delivered. (*The BUYER exits*)

MAX (*Abruptly stops weeping and bellows*)

Pabloooo! Get used to it! Song: "YOU NEED MAX" (Reprise)

I'LL BE YOUR AGENT,
BUT WITH RESTRAINT.
I'LL MIND THE BUSINESS THAT NEEDS MINDING,
YOU CAN PAINT.

GUILLAUME & ANDRÉ

YOU HAVE THE GREATNESS,
BUT ALL IT LACKS
IS ONE INGREDIENT:

MAX

YOU NEED MAX!

PABLO

Finished?

MAX

No! YOU NEED ME FOR CHARMING WEALTHY MATRONS
AND TURNING THEM TO PATRONS
SO, YOUR EVERY EXHIBITION, THEY'LL ATTEND.

YOU NEED ME FOR SCINTILLATING HUMOR
AND TO SPREAD THE KIND OF RUMOR
THAT WILL CHANGE YOU FROM A "PAINTER" TO A "TREND"!

ANDRÉ

AS "CONFIDANTE"

GUILLAUME

AND "DIPLOMAT"

MAX

BUT, MOSTLY, AS A FRIEND,
IT'S "JACOB" AND "PICASSO" TO THE END!

MAX (*Cont'd*)

YOU'RE AFTER POWER?

YOU WANT ENTRÉE?

AS I HAVE SHOWN YOU, THERE IS ONE AND ONLY WAY.

THOUGH YOU'RE NOT THERE YET.

DON'T GRIND AN AXE.....!

ANDRÉ

WE'RE JUST BEGINNING. LIKE NATURE, WE'RE PLANTING A SEED.

GUILLAUME

"DETERMINATION" AND "VIRTUE" ARE NOBLE, INDEED.

MAX

BUT, TO BE AN IMMORTAL, JUST FOLLOW THIS CREED:

ALL

YOU NEED MAX!

MAX (To ANDRÉ & GUILLAUME)

Alright, everyone! Class dismissed!

ALL

YOU NEED MAX!

MAX

Why don't you paint one of ME?

ANDRÉ & GUILLAUME

(*Reacting "Not again"*)

YOU NEED MAX!

MAX

(To PABLO) By the way, I love you. (*PABLO starts to put his hand on MAX'S shoulder*) Watch the coat!

ALL

YOU NEED MAX!

BLACKOUT

Act 1, Scene 10

SETTING: Sebastien & Fernande's room in Monmartre. A dark, messy, miserable place: EMPTY BEER BOTTLES, CIGARETTE BOXES, FILLED ASHTRAYS, etc... are everywhere. There is a SMALL BALCONY on which rests FLOWER BOXES, which are clearly cared for.

TIME: Mid-day. One week later.

AT RISE: FERNANDE is arranging flowers on the kitchen counter. Next to her, are stalks of CELERY and CARROTS and something simmering in a POT. The sound of HEAVY FOOTSTEPS are heard off-stage. Upon hearing them, FERNANDE immediately pushes the flowers aside, picks up a KNIFE and starts to rapidly chop the vegetables. SEBASTIEN enters. He carries a BEER BOTTLE, takes one last gulp and tosses it at a WASTEBASKET, missing badly.

FERNANDE

When will you be wanting lunch?

SEBASTIEN

Now, that's what I like to hear. I'll make a woman of you yet, Fernande.

FERNANDE

Did you have any luck finding a job today?

SEBASTIEN

I didn't find one...*(He burps)*...which I would call very good luck.

FERNANDE

Did you look?

SEBASTIEN

What is this? I come in to my house and get a lot of questions? What's the matter? You don't like it here?

FERNANDE

Well, as a matter of fact...

SEBASTIEN

Be careful what you say. It might be something you will regret...and regrets can be so painful, can't they Fernande?

FERNANDE

Oh, look! Lunch is almost ready.

SEBASTIEN *(Reaching around her waist)*

You know something? I think what I am hungry for...is not in that pot.

FERNANDE

Sebastien, please!

SEBASTIEN

Don't make me lunch, Fernande...*(He loosens his belt)*...make me happy. Turn around! *(SEBASTIEN forces himself upon her. A struggle begins, voices overlap, appropriate ad-libs, etc...)*

FERNANDE

No! Sebastien, stop! I beg you!

SEBASTIEN

This is what I want when I come home..., you understand!?!

FERNANDE

Please, don't! Please!

SEBASTIEN

...not your damn questions!

FERNANDE

Take your hands off me!

SEBASTIEN

Shut up! You know you want me to.

FERNANDE

Alright! *(He stops shaking her but still holds her tightly against him)*

SEBASTIEN

You will not run? *(FERNANDE weakly shakes her head "No")*
(He releases her) Now, get me a drink and come to bed... *(He takes his belt off and holds it in his hand)*...I'll be waiting.

(SEBASTIEN crosses to the BED where he begins to undress in dim light. FERNANDE slowly crosses out to the balcony. The familiar bird-like, flute melody is heard and beckons to her)

Song: "I PREFER TO DREAM" (Reprise)

FERNANDE

YES, I CAN HEAR YOU.
YES, YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL!
"YES" TO THE BEAUTIFUL!
"YES" TO THE MAGICAL!
"YES" TO ALL THOUGHTS UNTHINKABLE!

I WOULD RATHER LEAVE THIS LIFE FOREVER
THAN DO WHAT HE TELLS ME TO.
IS A MAN WHO'S SWEET AND KIND
JUST IN MY MIND?
OR, PABLO, IS IT YOU?

I WAS MEANT FOR MORE...
...MORE THAN JUST SEBASTIEN.
WHAT IS IN SEBASTIEN I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD BEFORE.

FERNANDE (Cont'd)

SOMEONE NEW WHO CAN FEEL
IS ALL THAT I REALLY WANT IN THE GRANDER SCHEME.

NOT A PALACE,
JUST A MAN WHO'LL CARE.
IF HE DOES, THAT PALACE IS ANYWHERE.

I BELIEVE IT
SO IT HAPPENS.
DO NOT WAKE ME.

I PREFER TO DREAM.

(FERNANDE listens for the bird, but hears nothing. Then, all we see is Sebastien's sweaty, muscular arm reach for her from inside the door. It pulls her back into the room as the...)

LIGHTS FADE OUT

END OF SCENE

ACT I, SCENE 11

SETTING: The streets of Paris, later the Bateau Lavoir, Monmartre.

TIME: The next afternoon

AT RISE: Enter GUILLAUME and ANDRÉ pushing a hand-cart which is loaded with PABLO'S possessions and paintings, etc.

GUILLAUME

Max is taking Pablo's decision to move out remarkably well, don't you think?

ANDRÉ

Yes, very impressive. I didn't think he had it in him.

GUILLAUME

So mature.

ANDRÉ

So noble.

GUILLAUME

So brave. (*PABLO enters*)

ANDRÉ

Pablo, where is that shining example of stoicism, who has so graciously accepted the news of you relocation?

PABLO

He doesn't call it relocation. It's more like.....
(*MAX enters. He is carrying nothing*)

MAX (*Wailing*)

Abandonment! Shameless abandonment!

PABLO

Here we go.

MAX (*Off on a tear*)

Everything was going to be fine! We traded the bed, I was going to get a job and then, out of the blue, VARIOUS SHADES, he sells a painting...WITH assistance...and it's "adios"!

ANDRÉ

Yes, Guillaume, remarkably well.

PABLO

I needed more space. Besides, Max, you can come over anytime.

MAX

You probably won't even be there.

PABLO

Of course, I'll be there.

MAX

Who knows? You might sell another one and rent out the Palace of Versailles!

GUILLAUME

Max, would you come over here and help us? You're not carrying anything!

MAX

Oh, I couldn't possibly! He's leaving me. My parcels are emotional.

(JACQUES GRAVILLIER enters, 50's, enters. He is the concierge/manager of the Bateau Lavoir)

JACQUES

Well, I can't believe it! I expected you an hour ago.
Bon jour, Max!

MAX

Pablo, I want you to meet a living legend here in Monmartre, Jacques Gravillier, the Concierge of the Bateau Lavoir.

JACQUES

A pleasure. Any friend of Max's.....So tell me, young man, what is it that you do?

PABLO

I'm a painter!

JACQUES

Did everyone hear that?!? We have a real, live painter among us! Now, there's something we don't see too often around The Bateau, yes?

(Lights up on the Bateau Lavoir, a three-story tenement with nine out-facing windows. Laughter and ad-libs ring down from the ENSEMBLE in windows and the street nearby. The ad-libs are sarcastic, but playful, such as: "Oh no! Never!", "A what"?!? "What a surprise!" , "Imagine that"!, "A painter, did you say?", etc.. JACQUES quiets them all down and turns back to PABLO)

Oh, Pablo, I am sorry. That must sound terrible. Please don't misunderstand. On behalf of all of us, I say to you, Pablo Picasso.....painter... (He sings, "WELCOME TO THE BATEAU LAVOIR.")

WELCOME TO THE BATEAU LAVOIR!

IF YOU FEEL AT HOME, WELL, YOU ARE.

HERE, IT'S ONE BIG FAM'LY AFFAIR.

WHEN YOU'RE BROKE, IT'S EASY TO SHARE.

JACQUES (Cont'd)

IF YOU'RE ALWAYS LATE WITH THE RENT,
LET ME CALM YOUR FEARS
IT HELPS TO KNOW THAT MOST OF THEM
HAVE NOT PAID THEIRS IN YEARS.

SO, WELCOME TO OUR HUMBLE ABODE!
PUT THOSE THINGS DOWN, TAKE OFF A LOAD,
THERE'RE NO RULES AND NO PROTOCOL.
IT'S PART HOME, PART HOLE-IN-THE-WALL.

ALL THE BOURGEOISIE OVER THERE
DON'T GIVE US A GLANCE.
SO, WELCOME TO THE BATEAU LAVOIR
THE BEST OF THE WORST ACCOMMODATIONS.....
IN FRANCE!

The Bateau Lavoir is renowned.....renowned for being obscure. It is
abundant in friendship, but lacking in.....what, Max?

MAX

Everything else.

JACQUES

Exactly! No marble floors, no fancy gardens.....

MAX

.....but, what it's missing in amenities, it makes up for in.....
identities.

JACQUES

Are we confusing you? Well, just look up there! (Each tenant
sings from his/her window)

ENSEMBLE MEMBER (AN ACTOR)

IF YOU'D LIKE A RECITATION, 1-B!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER (FORTUNE TELLER)

FASCINATING CONVERSATION, 2-D!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER (OPERA SINGER)

OR, A VOCAL DEMONSTRATION, 3-C!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER (STREETWALKER)

OR, A LITTLE "RECREATION", SEE ME!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER (A PAINTER)

EVERYBODY IS A BRILLIANT ARTISTE AND,
THOUGH WE'RE FULL OF GOOD CHEER,
.....WE HAVE NO CAREER.....

ALL

.....AND THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE!

FEMALE ENSEMBLE

THE MICE ARE NICE.
JUST FEED THEM TWICE!
THE ROOMS ARE SWEET,
BUT NONE HAVE HEAT!

THE NIGHTS ARE FINE:
GOOD FRIENDS, GOOD WINE.
IT'S HARDLY A SHOW-PLACE
BUT BETTER THAN NO PLACE!

MALE ENSEMBLE

IF YOU NEED ME,
I'LL BE PAINTING ALL DAY.
COME ON OVER
AND BE MY PROTÉGÉ.

WHAT I'M WORKING ON
HAS SO MUCH TO SAY.
DOESN'T MATTER
NO ONE BUYS IT, ANYWAY!

EVERYBODY IS A LOVER OF ART
AND GIVES IT ALL THAT
HE'S GOT.
WE'RE FAILING A LOT.....

FEMALE ENSEMBLE

WE SING,
WE DOZE,
COMPLAIN,
COMPOSE,
RE-WRITE,
REHEARSE,
AND, YET,
IT COULD BE WORSE!

WE SIT,
WE THINK,
WE LAUGH,
WE DRINK,
WE PRAY,
WE PLOT.....

ENTIRE ENSEMBLE

BUT FAILURES, WE'RE NOT!
SO, WELCOME TO THE BATEAU LAVOIR,
HOME TO EVERY BUDDING "DEGAS".
NO HOT WATER, NO TELEPHONE,
BUT, AT LEAST, YOU'RE NEVER ALONE.
WHERE WE LIVE IS NOT JUST A PLACE,
IT'S A MONUMENT.

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

AND IF YOU LISTEN CLOSE,
YOU'LL HEAR PUCCINI THROUGH THE VENT!

1/2 ENSEMBLE

SO, WELCOME TO A SQUEAK
IN THE DOOR.

1/2 ENSEMBLE

SO, WELCOME TO A SQUEAK
IN THE DOOR.

½ ENSEMBLE (Cont'd)

SO, WELCOME TO A CREAK
IN THE FLOOR.

SAY "BON JOUR" TO
ONE BIG COMMUNE.

BED AT FIVE AND
SLEEP IN 'TIL NOON.

OUT THERE, THEY DON'T CARE
WHO YOU ARE.

1/3 ENSEMBLE
HERE, YOU HAVE A
CHANCE!

½ ENSEMBLE (Cont'd)

WELCOME TO A CREAK
IN THE FLOOR.

SAY "BON JOUR" TO
ONE BIG COMMUNE.

BED AT FIVE AND
SLEEP IN 'TIL NOON.

OUT THERE, THEY DON'T CARE
WHO YOU ARE.

1/3 ENSEMBLE
HERE, YOU HAVE A
CHANCE!

1/3 ENSEMBLE
HERE, YOU HAVE A
CHANCE!

ENTIRE ENSEMBLE

SO, WELCOME TO THE BATEAU LAVOIR:
THE BEST OF THE WORST ACCOMMODATIONS IN FRANCE! (*The song ends.*
FERNANDE enters and is greeted warmly)

JACQUES

Fernande!

FERNANDE

Bon jour, everyone! What is all this? Is there a celebration?
(*To JACQUES*) Why was I not invited?

JACQUES

Who can ever find you? (*Moving her toward PABLO*) Come here, I
want you to meet our newest guest at The Bateau.

FERNANDE

Hello, Pablo. We're neighbors.

JACQUES (*To PABLO*)

You know each other? (*Stunned by the coincidence, PABLO drops
all he is carrying to the ground*) Max, they know each other!
Isn't that wonderful???

MAX (*Jealous*)

Wonderful.

GUILLAUME

We'll take all this to your room.

JACQUES

He's in 3-B. I hope you brought blankets. Here, I'll show you the way. (*JACQUES, GUILLAUME, and ANDRÉ start towards the front door. MAX does not follow. He is staring at PABLO who is staring at FERNANDE*)

ANDRÉ

Come on, Max, get your "ass"thetic over here and help us! (*MAX, ANDRÉ & GUILLAUME go inside with JACQUES. FERNANDE reaches to get PABLO'S SKETCHPAD*)

FERNANDE

I always seem to be picking up after you.

PABLO

Fernande, I apologize for what Du Lac did to you in the studio.

FERNANDE (*A beat*)

I read about your exhibition.

PABLO

You did?

FERNANDE

Who wants a country house, anyway?

SEBASTIEN (*Off-stage*)

Fernande!

PABLO

When will you sit for me again?

FERNANDE (*Nervous*)

Well, I don't know.

PABLO

How about right now!

SEBASTIEN

Fernande!

FERNANDE

Uh, no, Pablo. I'm afraid that's impossible. There's something I haven't told you.....(*SEBASTIEN enters*)

SEBASTIEN

Fernande! What did I say about going out? (*To PABLO*) Who is this?

FERNANDE

Sebastien, this is Pablo Picasso. He's just moved in to The Bateau.

SEBASTIEN

Uh-huh. (*To FERNANDE*) Inside. (*Pats her rudely on the derriere. They start toward their bldg.*)

FERNANDE

It was a pleasure meeting you, Pab.....Monsieur Picasso.

SEBASTIEN

Alright! Enough! Get in there! *(They exit into their bldg. MAX, GUILLAUME & ANDRÉ burst through the front door of The Bateau. JACQUES trails behind)*

MAX

Well, it's not the Taj Mahal, but you should be happy there in a Victor Hugo sort of way.

GUILLAUME

Good luck, Pablo.

ANDRÉ

You've arrived, mon ami!

MAX

If you need anything.....

PABLO

I know.

MAX

.....anything at all.....

PABLO

I know, Max. I know.

MAX

.....I'm already there, do you understand?

(PABLO crosses to his SKETCHPAD. GUILLAUME and ANDRÉ exit. MAX starts out then stops. He watches PABLO who starts to sketch like a man possessed)

PABLO

Fernande Olivier. Music. (One by one, the subjects from the park start to appear. Song: "WELCOME TO THE BATEAU LAVOIR" (Reprise)

FATHER FRANCOIS

IF YOU'D SLENDERIZE MY WAISTLINE.....

MAX

She belongs to someone else.

PABLO

I don't care.

MAX

Sentiment is a dangerous discipline.

MOTHER *(Standing next to ANNABELLE.)*

IF YOU WEREN'T QUITE SO MODERN.....

MAX

Resist it.

PABLO

She's all I think about.

MAX

You are the parent of a new WAY of thinking. There's no room for anyone else.

WOMAN IN SHAWL

IF YOU DIDN'T LET THEM SEE ME..... *(Two POLICEMAN enter. They approach PABLO)*

POLICEMAN #1

Are you Picasso?

PABLO *(Does not stop sketching)*

I am.

MAX

He is.

(Lights up on JOSE RUÍZ. He is in Barcelona at his EASEL by the fountain)

JOSE RUÍZ

Pablo Ruíz! Get out of there!

CLAUDINE *(Next to REGIS)*

IF YOU DIDN'T LET HIM HURT ME.....

MAX

See here! What is the meaning of this?

POLICEMAN #2

Defrauding an innkeeper. Non-payment of rent. We have orders to have him deported. *(To PABLO)* I'm afraid you'll have to come with us.....Señor.

(As the song continues, MAX looks to ANDRÉ, GUILLAUME and JACQUES for help. Pantomime, ad-libs, no one can do anything.)

ENSEMBLE

EVERYBODY IS A BRILLIANT ARTISTE
AND, THOUGH THEY'RE FULL OF GOOD CHEER,
WE HAVE NO CAREER.....

1/3 ENSEMBLE

.....AND, THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE!

1/3 ENSEMBLE

THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE!

1/3 ENSEMBLE

THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE.....!

(NOTE: The forthcoming singing is hushed under the dialogue)

ENSEMBLE

MAX

SO, WELCOME TO THE BATEAU LAVOIR!
 IF YOU FEEL AT HOME,
 WELL, YOU ARE!
 HERE IT'S ONE BIG FAM'LY AFFAIR.

Now, Pablo, this is nothing
 more than a minor inconvenience.
 I promise I will do
 everything I can to keep
 you here!

WHEN YOU'RE BROKE
 IT'S EASY TO SHARE

POLICEMAN #1
 We are waiting.

IF YOU'RE ALWAYS LATE WITH THE RENT,
 LET ME CALM YOUR FEARS,
 IT HELPS TO KNOW THAT MOST OF US
 HAVE NOT PAID OURS IN YEARS!

JOSE RUÍZ
 Are you alright, hijo?
 PABLO
 Papa, you are throwing a
 shadow!

SO, WELCOME TO OUR
 HUMBLE ABODE!
 PUT THOSE THINGS DOWN,
 TAKE OFF A LOAD.
 THERE'RE NO RULES
 AND NO PROTOCOL.
 IT'S PART HOME
 PART HOLE-IN-THE-WALL.

POLICEMAN #2
 He's mad. If you will not
 come with us quietly, there
 are.....other ways. (One
 POLICEMAN shows his night
 stick. The other produces a
 a pair of HANDCUFFS)

MAX
 This is a mistake! He's not
 an immigrant! He lives
 with me!

ALL THE BOURGEOISIE
 OVER THERE
 DON'T GIVE US A GLANCE.
 SO, WELCOME TO THE BATEAU LAVOIR

POLICEMAN #1
 I might have known.

*(They push MAX away, evoking
 a gasp from the ENSEMBLE.
 FERNANDE runs out onto a
 balcony)*

BEST OF THE WORST ACCOMMO.....

FERNANDE
 What's going on out here?!?
*(PABLO stops painting and
 rises, his arms outstretched
 to FERNANDE)*

BEST OF THE WORST ACCOMMO...

PABLO
 Fernande!

*(The POLICEMEN grab his arms
 and whip them around his back
 and put on the handcuffs. One
 POLICEMAN puts his night
 stick under PABLO'S chin,
 choking him.)*

(NOTE: The lyrics are intended to time out to match the dialogue)

ENSEMBLE
BEST OF THE WORST ACCOMMODATIONS.....

FERNANDE

What are you doing?!?
Leave him alone!!!
(SEBASTIEN runs out and violently grabs FERNANDE. He gives her a violent verbal thrashing)

(POLICEMAN #2 starts to take PABLO away. He is resistant and fixes his focus on FERNANDE)

MAX

Oh, dear God! No, please don't do this! I beg of you! André, Guillaume, don't just stand there, we have to do something! Have no fear, Pablo. Even when I am not with you, I am with you. I'm already there! Do you understaaaaaaaand!

(MAX faints. GUILLAUME and ANDRÉ try in vain to revive him)

(Lights up on DU LAC'S office. He sits confidently with his feet atop his desk. ANATOLE & CESÁR are behind him. The music stops and the ENSEMBLE freezes)

DU LAC

Delicious!

ENSEMBLE

IN FRANCE.....!

(Lights fade down on DU LAC'S office and ENSEMBLE. The POLICEMEN subdue PABLO, put handcuffs on him and drag him out. There is stage-wide chaos as...)

The Curtain Falls

END OF ACT 1

Intermission

ACT II, SCENE 1

SETTING: PABLO'S studio in the Bateau Lavoir. Like his previous residence, it is sparsely appointed. Completed and incomplete canvasses are stacked everywhere.

TIME: Several months later. It is a hot, summer night.
"Paris when it sizzles."

AT RISE: A riotous party is in progress. Present are mostly fellow Bateau Lavoir residents. PABLO paints undistracted. Amid the activity, one man sits off to the side with his back to us. It is DU LAC. He is dressed in common clothing, has a SKETCH PAD and tries to remain inconspicuous. JACQUES approaches PABLO.

JACQUES

Pablo! It's Jacques. Don't you recognize me?!?

PIERRE

You've been at it all night!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #1

Any luck?

JACQUES

Nothing.

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #1

Keep trying. (Lights fade down on group around PABLO. Focus shifts to MAX and FERNANDE. GUILLAUME and ANDRE stand near MAX)

MAX

You've been good for his work, Mademoiselle Olivier.

FERNANDE

I haven't done anything, really. I hardly see him.

MAX

However, it cannot be denied my recent performance in the courtroom was also of value.

GUILLAUME

He was brilliant!

ANDRE

Astonishing!

GUILLAUME

Max Jacob at his best!

FERNANDE

What did you do, Max? (*GUILLAUME and ANDRE overlap ad-libs, egging MAX on: "Come on, Max", "Tell her, Max"! MAX feigns disinterest in telling them and, eventually, succumbs*)

MAX

Oh, very well! Flattery is my opiate. *(He re-lives the moment)*
I marched down the aisle, stood defiantly before the judge,
spoke a devastating piece of legal persuasion.....then fell to my
knees and begged!!! *(Everyone laughs)*

FERNANDE

...and that worked?!?

MAX

Begging always works, my dear. Trust me on that. *(JACQUES approaches MAX)*

JACQUES

Max, you know Pablo better than I. Tell me, how does he paint
with all these people around?

MAX

Brilliantly.

GUILLAUME

At least, he's painting.

ANDRÉ

What about you? Are you painting?

JACQUES

Of course, I am! Well, not at the moment, but tomorrow I begin
my next work! *(Several ENSEMBLE MEMBERS laugh heartily)* Quiet!
All of you, quiet! I can see it now! *(Song: "MY NEXT WORK")*

MY NEXT WORK

WILL BEGIN A REVOLUTION,
AN IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORLD OF ART.

MAX

You are a sick man, Jacques.

JACQUES

MY NEXT WORK

WILL BE WORSHIPPED AND ADMIRERD
AND, AS SOON AS I'M INSPIRED,
I WILL MAKE A START!

PIERRE

YOU KEEP ON SAYING THAT, BUT
MY NEXT WORK WILL HAVE POWER
AND COLOR,
A STYLE THAT'S CONTROLLED, YET UNREHEARSED.

FERNANDE

Pierre, you can't even begin a sentence!

MAX

Touché!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

MY NEXT WORK WILL BE A BREAKTHROUGH,
A BRAINSTORM!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER (Young)

AND MY NEXT WORK.....

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

WILL BE YOUR FIRST.....!

(Everyone laughs)

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

MY NEXT WORK WILL BE A WONDER!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

A DEPARTURE!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

A MIRACULOUS NEW METHOD OF DESIGN!
BUT, FOR NOW...

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

BUT, FOR NOW.....

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

BUT, FOR NOW.....

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

BUT, FOR NOW.....

ALL

MORE WINE!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

MY NEXT WORK
WILL HAVE LOTS OF MAGIC IN IT.....

ANDRÉ

.....AND YOU'LL PROBABLY BEGIN IT
RIGHT AROUND NEXT SPRING!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

MINE'S COMPLETE! (*Everything stops, everyone gasps*)
WELL, NOT QUITE, BUT I HAVE THEORIES.

GUILLAUME

WHEN MUSEUMS HANG UP THEORIES,
YOU WILL GET A WING!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

MINE WILL BE
SOMEWHAT BIBLICAL IN FEELING.
I WILL PAINT IT ON THE CEILING
OF MY CHURCH, FOR FUN!

MAX

MON AMI,
I DON'T THINK IT'S WORTH PURSUING.
EVEN WHAT YOU AREN'T DOING, HAS BEEN DONE!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER
MY NEXT WORK WILL BE A CLASSIC!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER
.....AN EPIC!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER
AN ILLUSTRATION WORTHY OF A SHRINE.....!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER
I WILL START RIGHT AWAY!

FERNANDE
WHEN IS THAT?

ENSEMBLE MEMBER (Same as previous EM)
WHO CAN SAY?

ENSEMBLE MEMBER
WHEN I'M NOT FEELING FAINT!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER
WHEN THERE'S TIME!

JACQUES
WHEN THERE'S PAINT!

ENSEMBLE
BUT FOR NOW.....MORE WINE! (*Lights dim on the ENSEMBLE. Lights up on DU LAC*)

DU LAC
LOOK AT HOW THEY ARE, DRUNK AND LAZY.
LOOK AT HOW THEY PLAY.
THE MORE THEY TALK,
THE MORE THEY HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO SAY.

COLLECTIVELY, AS USELESS AS
MY RENDERING TODAY,
WHICH SITS THERE MOCKING ME. (*Lights fade up on PABLO*)

LOOK AT HOW HE WORKS:
ON AND ON WHILE EVERYONE CAVORTS.

THE GODS ARE WISE,
THEY GIVE US ALL IDEAS OF MANY SORTS,

BUT, WHY ARE THEY SO FRIENDLY TO
THAT LITTLE SHIT IN SHORTS
WHO SITS THERE MOCKING ME.....?!

I WANT TO MAKE BEAUTIFUL THINGS!
I WANT TO MAKE PEOPLE AWARE.
I WANT THEM TO SEE A PAINTING
AND, BY LOOKING, KNOW I WAS THERE!

DU LAC (Cont'd)

I WANT TO BE SOMEONE WORTH REMEMBERING,
 NOT SOMEBODY WHO
 IS ONLY GIVEN A VIEW
 OF WHAT PICASSO CAN DO.....!

MY NEXT WORK
 WILL BE SOMETHING INNOVATIVE
 AND DECEPTIVELY CREATIVE,
 IF THE FATES AGREE.

PABLO'S GOOD,
 THOUGH HIS TALENT LACKS PRECISION.
 BUT, HE'LL HAVE THAT SUPERVISION
 WHEN HE WORKS FOR ME! *(DU LAC slips out the door unseen by the
 others. Lights up on ENSEMBLE)*

	ENSEMBLE MEMBER
TO DISCIPLINE!	
	ENSEMBLE MEMBER
TO DIGNITY!	
	ENSEMBLE MEMBER
TO PASSION!	
	ENSEMBLE MEMBER
TO SORROW!	
	ENSEMBLE MEMBER
TO STRIVING.....!	
	ENSEMBLE MEMBER
TO PAINTING!	
	JACQUES
TO STARTING.....!	

ENSEMBLE

TOMORROW.....!
 MY NEXT WORK WILL BE PERFECT WHEN COMPLETED
 AND WILL NEVER BE REPEATED, WHICH IS FINE!

$\frac{1}{2}$ ENSEMBLE
 BUT, FOR NOW,.....

 $\frac{1}{2}$ ENSEMBLE

BUT, FOR NOW,.....

BUT, FOR NOW,.....

BUT, FOR NOW,.....

ENSEMBLE

BUT, FOR NOW.....

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

MORE BEER!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

MORE CHEESE!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

MORE BREAD!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

AND, PLEASE,

ENSEMBLE

MORE WINE.....! *(The song ends. Two ENSEMBLE MEMBERS cross to MAX)*

MAX

More wine?!? If he doesn't sell something soon, there won't BE any more wine.

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

We can't reach him, Max!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER

He's a fortress!

MAX

Oh, must I do everything? *(To Fernande) Excuse me. (MAX crosses near PABLO bellows) Maaax! Maaaaaaax! (Nothing happens). Then, reluctantly, he says the magic word) Fernande! (PABLO instantly bolts to attention. MAX crosses away, rolling his eyes)*

PABLO

What?!?! She's here? Where? *(MAX gestures in her direction) Okay! That's it! Everybody out! (The ENSEMBLE reluctantly shuffles to the door, grumbling discontented ad-libs as they go)*

MAX *(To GUILLAUME and ANDRE)*

Gentlemen, come away, lest we, too, become victims of Cupid's bow. Good night, Fernande! Look after our boy.

(MAX, GUILLAUME and ANDRÉ exit, miming "good-byes" to PABLO. The last guest to leave is a very drunk JACQUES)

JACQUES

Pablo, did I tell you about my next work?

PABLO *(Ushering him out)*

Do me a favor, yes? Tell me next week, tell me next month, tell me next year. *(PABLO closes the door and gazes at FERNANDE. They are alone) Don't ever tell me.*

FERNANDE

You certainly have made a lot of friends. Everyone is always visiting you.

PABLO

Not everyone.

FERNANDE

It's.....Sebastien.

PABLO

Ah.

FERNANDE

He doesn't like me talking to other men. He doesn't like.....a lot of things. *(FERNANDE turns away and gets emotional)*

PABLO

Fernande.....what is it? What's the matter? Please don't cry. Here.....turn around. You can tell me. (*FERNANDE lets her shawl drop, revealing two badly bruised arms & shoulders. PABLO explodes. He grabs a piece of wood & crosses to the door*) I'll kill him!

FERNANDE

Pablo, he's gone! He left this morning.

PABLO

I'll kill him when he comes back.

FERNANDE

He won't come back. I went to the police. I should have done it long ago.

PABLO

Fernande, stay with me.

FERNANDE

Tonight?

PABLO

And tomorrow---until there are no more tomorrows.

FERNANDE

But, all these paintings...you'd never find me.

PABLO

I know there isn't much room, but we'll manage.

FERNANDE

Pablo, I don't think...

PABLO

I have an idea! I will paint some place bigger for us on the wall! My father and I used it do it all the time in Barcelona. How about a palace? Would you like that? (*FERNANDE quickly nods, "yes."*)

As you wish, your Highness. Now then, would you like it surrounded by a garden of flowers or would her majesty prefer a moat?

FERNANDE (*Moving to him*)

Here's what her majesty would prefer.....

(*They kiss tenderly as we listen to an excerpt of I PREFER TO DREAM played in a major key and then, to show the passage of time & hardship, a minor key*)

END OF SCENE

(Continuous action into.....)

ACT II, SCENE 2

SETTING: Pablo's studio in the Bateau Lavoir.

TIME: Six months later. Winter. Night.

AT RISE: PABLO and FERNANDE, now in bed under a blanket, are locked in the same kiss. Snow is falling outside the window, which is now missing a pane and wind is blowing through the tattered curtains. A lantern burns weakly. A man enters and stands outside the door. It is RAYMÓND, 30's. He runs a nearby café. He wears an apron and carries a covered tray with food. There is a knock at the door.

FERNANDE

Who is it?

RAYMÓND

It's Raymónd! I brought your supper.

PABLO (Sotto)

Did you pay him for last week?

FERNANDE

With what, Pablo? Coming, Raymond!

PABLO

Tell him I'm not here.

(She nods and climbs out of bed. PABLO covers himself entirely with the blanket. FERNANDE quickly wraps herself in a nightgown, crosses to a MIRROR & throws some water on her face from a BOWL. She hurriedly tries to fix herself up, fluff her hair picks up the lantern)

FERNANDE (Stalling)

Hold on, Raymond..... We were.....I mean, I..... was sleeping.. don't go away.....I'll be right there! (She opens the door and is vaguely flirtatious) Hello, Raymond.

RAYMOND

Mademoiselle.

FERNANDE

Oh, that smells wonderful!

RAYMOND

It is. May I speak to Monsieur Picasso?

FERNANDE (Lying poorly)

Oh.....I'm sorry.....Monsieur Picasso is.....out.

RAYMÓN

Out? In this weather?

FERNANDE

Silly, isn't it?

RAYMOND

Mademoiselle, may I remind you that my café is not a charity.

FERNANDE

I know.

RAYMOND

If you wish to eat my food, I expect you to pay for it.

FERNANDE

You've been very patient.

RAYMOND

Be sensible, Fernande. I cannot run a business...

FERNANDE

We're truly grateful, Raymond. We can work something out.
(*FERNANDE takes the tray*)

RAYMOND (*Suggestive*)

I would like that.

FERNANDE

We'll return the tray in the morning.

RAYMOND

Perhaps, I could pick it up myself.....if you like.

FERNANDE

Good night, Raymond.

RAYMOND

Mademoiselle.

(She closes the door slowly, looking at RAYMOND. When the door is closed, RAYMOND starts out, stops, looks back at the door, wryly smiles and exits. FERNANDE crosses to PABLO. He comes out from under the blanket. She removes the cover from the food)

FERNANDE

Oh, Pablo! Look at all this! Roast chicken, salad, potatoes!
Tonight, we eat like kings!

PABLO

We eat like thieves.....every night.

(PABLO shivers slightly. He gets up and crosses to the stove. On the way, he picks up one of his small wooden framed paintings)

FERNANDE

I'll make you some coffee. It will warm you up. Would you like it with your... *(She looks to PABLO and sees he is about to throw on of his paintings in the fire. She races across the room)*
Pablo! Stop! No!

PABLO (Numb)

There isn't any more coal.

FERNANDE

It hasn't come to that. No matter how cold it gets or how little food we have, I will never let you burn one of your precious.....
(PABLO folds into himself and begins to softly weep. FERNANDE gathers him up in her arms) Song: "WE'LL FIND A WAY" (Reprise)

PABLO, LISTEN.

DON'T BE FOOLISH.

SIT BESIDE ME.

FORGET THE SNOW,

WE'RE IN TROUBLE.

I DON'T MIND IT

AND THERE'S SOMETHING

YOU SHOULD KNOW...

THROUGH THE SADNESS THAT WE SHARE,
THROUGH THE DARKNESS OF THE DAY,
THROUGH THE WINTER AND BEYOND,
WE'LL FIND A WAY.

PABLO

I ADORE YOU,

BUT IT'S HOPELESS.

I'M A FAILURE.

FERNANDE

OH, NOT TO ME.

PABLO

LOOK, YOU'RE FREEZING.

FERNANDE

DOESN'T MATTER.

WE HAVE FIRE

THEY CANNOT SEE.....

PABLO AND FERNANDE

LET THEM TRY TO HOLD US DOWN,
LET THEM KEEP OUR DREAMS AT BAY,
LET THE WORLD REMAIN UNKIND,
WE'LL FIND A WAY.

PABLO

FERNANDE

AND WHEN WE DO...

I'LL BE WITH YOU.

PABLO

AND WHEN WE GET THERE.....

PABLO and FERNANDE

WE'LL COME TO SEE
THAT IT IS WHERE WE BOTH BELONG.

IT MIGHT SEEM NEW,
WE MIGHT BE FRIGHTENED
BUT, IF WE HAVE EACH OTHER, WE'LL BE STRONG.

PABLO
MY WORK CONSUMES ME.

HOW DO YOU STAND IT?

FERNANDE, I'VE FAILED YOU
AND THAT DESTROYS ME.
FORGIVE THE PAINTER
AND LOVE THE MAN!

FERNANDE

DON'T SPEAK OF WORK TONIGHT!

NOW, NOT A WORD, I KNOW YOU'RE
DOING THE BEST YOU CAN.

YOU KNOW I DO!

PABLO AND FERNANDE

WE ARE NOT THE FIRST TO DREAM,
WE ARE NOT THE FIRST TO FEAR.
BUT I'VE GOT TO JUST REMEMBER
THAT, WHATEVER COMES, YOU'RE HERE.....!

FERNANDE
THROUGH THE BEAUTY IN YOUR EYES,

PABLO
THOUGH I WONDER WHY YOU STAY,

PABLO AND FERNANDE
THROUGH THE POWER OF OUR LOVE.....
WE'LL FIND A WAY.
WE'LL FIND A WAY.

(The music envelops the two of them as they huddle close to one another and start to eat the food as...)

LIGHTS FADE OUT

END OF SCENE

ACT II, SCENE 3

SETTING: The office of LUC DU LAC at the Assiette Au Beurre magazine. The décor is befitting a man of title: paneled walls, oak desk & plaques of achievement hang in several locations.

TIME: A few days later. Afternoon.

AT RISE: DU LAC is seated behind his desk. He is in the middle of reviewing the work of JEAN-PAUL, 50's: a down-on-his-luck illustrator applying for a job. Four employees of DU LAC, GERARD, CESÁR, ANATOLE and FELIX are present and stand at various locations. The critique has a familiar ring.

DU LAC

Mm-hm (*Goes to the next illustration*) A-ha (*Goes to the next*)
Well, well, well.

JEAN-PAUL

You hate them.

DU LAC

Hate them?!? Nooooo. What I hate is the thing that would have you believe you can do only this and no better.

JEAN-PAUL

But, I can do better! I'll do anything you..... (*There is a knock at the door. MARGUERITE, 20's, Du Lac's secretary, pops her head in*)

DU LAC

Yes, Marguerite?

MARGUERITE

He's on his way up.

DU LAC

Delicious. (MARGUERITE closes the door. DU LAC starts to escort JEAN PAUL out)

JEAN-PAUL

Monsieur Du Lac, if you could please be persuaded to offer me the position.....

DU LAC

.....and we would be lucky to have you.

JEAN-PAUL

I could use the job, monsieur. My family is in great need and.....

DU LAC

.....and I am in great need of an illustrator, so there we are!

JEAN-PAUL

We are?

DU LAC

Let me.....toss your work around and..

JEAN-PAUL

...and?

DU LAC

...see what happens.

JEAN-PAUL (*The door closes on him*)

Thank you very much. God bless you, monsieur. (JEAN-PAUL exits & closes the door)

DU LAC

Felix, open the window.

FELIX

What are you doing? (DU LAC crosses to the WINDOW and throws out JEAN-PAUL'S illustration book)

DU LAC (*Dry*)

Seeing what happens. (Another knock at the door is heard) Yes?

MARGUERITE

Pablo Picasso. (PABLO enters. MARGUERITE exits)

PABLO

Good afternoon.

DU LAC

Ah, the great Picasso!

GERARD

"The genius of Monmartre".

PABLO

Who told you that?

ANATOLE

You are well-known.....there.

FELIX

Not well-compensated, though. Pity.

DU LAC

But, all that is about to change. Pablo, do you drink brandy?

PABLO

No.

DU LAC

Good, because today we are drinking champagne! Marguerite!
(MARGUERITE enters pushing a CART atop which is a BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE ON ICE with 6 FILLED GLASSES. She hands everyone a glass)

PABLO

Champagne? Not after that last exhibition.....which I've been meaning to talk to you about. I know now I should have taken your advice, Monsieur DuLac. Since then, I haven't stopped working for a moment. My new canvasses are much more...

DU LAC

Ohhhh, Pablo, always thinking of yourself when it is so much more Christian to think of others. Take me, for example, I am always thinking of you. But, today I depart from that consuming preoccupation so that we may grieve over the loss.....of..... (*DU LAC scans his associates, as if improvising a choice. Everyone freezes with fear*) Felix!...who is being transferred to our....."International" Dept. Glasses up!
(*All, except FELIX, raise their glasses and drink*)

FELIX

But, Monsieur Du Lac, I don't want a trans...

DU LAC

No thanks are necessary, my good man. I'm sure you'll be an invaluable help to us.....in Guyana. Marguerite, take our newest executive out of my sight. I may become incontinent with envy.
(*MARGUERITE escorts the dumfounded FELIX out*)

PABLO

I don't suppose this has anything to do...

DU LAC

.....with you? Not at all. The fact that I am now in need of an illustrator and the fact that you can illustrate and that you are in my office and in desperate need of a situation are all entirely coincidental, I'm sure.

PABLO

Monsieur Du Lac, I truly appreciate your many efforts to employ me but, as I've told you, I am an artist, not a.....

DU LAC

Ah, ah, ah! I feel a limitation coming on.

PABLO

But, I like what I do.

(Song: "CARTOONS")

DU LAC

THERE'S WHAT YOU LIKE TO DO,

GERARD

THERE'S WHAT YOU LOVE TO DO,

CESÁR

THEN, THERE'S THAT NASTY, LITTLE NUISANCE:

ANATOLE

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!

DU LAC

THOUGH TO MALIGN THEM ALL IS WHAT YOU FEEL,
TO JUST COMBINE THEM ALL WOULD BE IDEAL, WOULDN'T IT?

PABLO

I know you mean well, but I was born to...

DU LAC

THERE'S WHAT YOU'RE BORN TO DO,

GERARD

THERE'S WHAT YOU'RE MADE TO DO,

CESÁR

THEN, THAT PROFOUND HUMILIATION:

ANATOLE

WHAT YOU'RE PAID TO DO!

GERARD, CESÁR & ANATOLE

IF WHAT YOU'VE PRAYED TO DO HAS HIT A STALL,
DON'T BE AFRAID TO DO IT ALL!

DU LAC

YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO BE SO ANGRY
AND TOO POOR TO BE A SNOB.

ALL (Except PABLO)

SO, WHILE YOUR PROMISING CAREER KEEPS PROMISING.....

DU LAC

I PROMISE YOU A JOB!

PABLO

Doing.....what?

DU LAC

CARTOONS,
CARTOONS,
ONCE THOUGHT THE PRACTICE OF OAFS AND BUFFOONS,

NOW SERVE TO OFFER EMPLOYMENT,
THE WORK IS NOT VERY HARD.
IMAGINE ALL THE ENJOYMENT!

PABLO

But, my life! My dreams!

GERARD

My card.

DU LAC
REMEMBER.....
CARTOONS.....

GERARD, CESÁR & ANATOLE

DO ONE.....

CARTOONS! CARTOONS!

DO ONLY ONE.

DU LAC

IT MAY NOT BE A COMMISSION,

ALL (Except PABLO)

BUT, IT'S FUN.....!

DU LAC
JUST TAKE.....

GERARD, CESÁR & ANATOLE

.....MY HINT.

JUST TAKE.....

HIS HINT.

PUT WHAT YOU PAINT IN PRINT!

IN PRINT!

THOUGH AT A GLANCE,
I CAN'T TELL THEM APART

I CAN'T TELL THEM APART.....!

ALL (Except PABLO)

AT TEN-FRANCS-A-PIECE,

DU LAC

A CARTOON IS ART!

PABLO

Ten francs?

DU LAC

To start. But, once your name is known, well.....

PABLO

Ten francs?!?

DU LAC

It's a living wage. (LIGHTS DIM on Du Lac's office. Focus on
PABLO)

PABLO

SHOULD I BE A PARASITE WITH A PAYCHECK?
IS THAT WHAT I CAME TO PARIS FOR?
YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN A PAWN
WHEN YOUR NAME IS WRITTEN ON A DOOR.

(LIGHTS FADE UP in Du Lac's office)

DU LAC
CARTOONS.....

.....ARE NEW.

GERARD, CESÁR & ANATOLE

CARTOONS! CARTOONS!

THEY'RE, OH, SO NEW!

ALL (*Except PABLO*)

THE PAPER HAS A NICE CONTRACT FOR YOU. (*LIGHTS DIM in Du Lac's office. Focus back to PABLO*)

PABLO

I WILL NOT GIVE IN TO HIS SEDUCTION!
I CANNOT CREATE UPON COMMAND.
TEN FRANCS ISN'T WHY I WORK. CAN'T HE UNDERSTAND?
WHY DOES NO ONE UNDERSTAND?!?

AND, WHAT ABOUT THE THINGS THAT CAN'T BE PAID FOR?
LIKE WHAT I DO IN MY OWN WAY.
THOUGH I HAVE NOTHING IN MY POCKETS,
I HAVE THAT EVERY DAY!

AND EVEN IF I TOOK THIS JOB TOMORROW,
DO I WANT TO END UP LIKE DU LAC?
THERE ARE SOME THINGS IN LIFE YOU CAN'T PUT ON A PLAQUE.

(*Lights up in Du Lac's Office. PABLO hands the card back to GERARD*) HERE, TAKE IT BACK!

ANATOLE
A STEADY LINE IS A VIRTUE.

DU LAC, GERARD, CESAR,
OOOOO, OOOOO, OOOOO

GERARD
THE BENEFITS ARE NOT BAD,

DU LAC, CESAR, ANATOLE
OOOOO, OOOOO, OOOOO

DU LAC
PUBLICITY WOULD NOT HURT YOU!

PABLO
I'VE MADE UP MY MIND!

DU LAC
MY LAD,
IT'S TIME THAT YOU ARE
AWARE.....

GERARD, CESÁR & ANATOLE
IT'S TIME YOU ARE.....

DU LAC
IT'S NOT THE SIZE OF THE CANVAS,

YOU ARE AWARE

ALL (Except PABLO)
IT'S WHAT'S THERE.....!

DU LAC
THOSE THOUGHTS.....

YOU THINK

CAN ALSO WORK IN INK!

IT'S NOT ALL THAT YOU WANT.....

GERARD, CESÁR & ANATOLE

THOSE THOUGHTS.....

YOU THINK.....

.....IN INK!

ALL (Except PABLO)
.....BUT IT'S A START.....!

CESÁR
ALL YOU WORRIES WILL CEASE.

GERARD
FEEL THAT TENSION RELEASE.

DU LAC
AND, AT TEN-FRANCS-A-PIECE,

ALL (Except PABLO)
A CARTOON IS ART.

DU LAC
IT'S NOT DA VINCI.

ALL
BUT, A CARTOON.....IS.....ART.....!

(DU LAC, CESÁR, ANATOLE and GERARD strike different poses. One offers PABLO a PEN, a CONTRACT and TEN FRANCS. PABLO throws the CHAMPAGNE GLASS in the TRASH CAN and storms out of the office)

END OF SCENE

BLACKOUT

Continuous Action into..

ACT II, SCENE 4

SETTING: A street outside Du Lac's office.

TIME: Continuous Action

AT RISE: PABLO is confronted by his own sketches. Their voices are cutting.

FATHER FRANCOIS

Young man, is my bulging waistline intended to make a legitimate statement, or is it yet another way of expressing your own..... perversion?

MOTHER

...indulgence.....

ANNABELLE

.....Confusion.....

CLAUDINE

.....Conceit.....

REGIS

.....Contempt.....

WOMAN IN HAT

.....Your canvasses are invasive.....

MOTHER

.....Subversive.....

FATHER FRANCOIS

I'm bloated!

ALL FIGURES

.....and entirely incomprehens..... (*PABLO lifts up both his arms and all the FIGURES disappear*) Song: "CHANGE THE WORLD"

PABLO

GOD.....!

HAVE I DONE A THING THAT HAS OFFENDED YOU?

IF I HAVE, THEN I AM UNAWARE.

I HAVE TAKEN EVERY GIFT THAT YOU'VE BESTOWED
TO PROVE THAT YOU ARE THERE

WHY, THEN, DOES IT SEEM YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN ME?

I'M DEMANDING THAT YOU INTERVENE.

IF I'VE SINNED, DECREE IT.

DENOUNCE ME, SO BE IT!

IF NOT, LET THE WORK BE SEEN.....!

THERE'S A NEW CENTURY NOW AT-HAND

AND I RUN TO ITS BATTLE CRY.

AND I LONG TO BASK IN THE GLORY OF ITS STORY,

NOT TO WATCH AS IT PASSES BY.....!

PABLO (*Cont'd*)

I'D JUST LIKE TO CHANGE THE WORLD,
IS THAT SO MUCH TO ASK?
I JUST WANT TO BE LIKE YOU: IMMORTAL, IN MY WAY.

TO LIVE FAR BEYOND MY YEARS.
PLEASE, SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO.
I JUST WANT TO BE THE BEST
AND SHOW THEM ALL
AND CHANGE THE WORLD!!

BUT, I'D SETTLE FOR CHANGING A MIND,
RAISING A BROW,
BROADENING AN OUTLOOK,
KINDLING REBELLION,
SOFTENING A HEART.

SHOWING ALL THAT IS
WITH HELP FROM EVERYTHING THAT WAS:
ISN'T THAT THE WORK AN ARTIST DOES?

I'D JUST LIKE TO MAKE MY MARK.
IS THAT A BIG REQUEST?
I WANT THEM TO HANG UP A PICASSO AND BE PROUD.

I'M READY TO SEIZE THE DAY
AND CLAIM IT AS MY OWN.
TOMORROW IS YOURS TO GIVE
AND MINE TO TAKE
AND OURS TO SHARE.....!

WE'LL SHARE IT BY DARING TO DREAM,
CREATING A STYLE,
HEIGHTENING SENSATION,
STIRRING UP OPINION,
DEEPENING A SOUL.

BEING IN CONTROL
WHEN TRUTH AND ART
ARE FINALLY IN ACCORD.

THAT WOULD SURELY BE
ITS OWN REWARD.....

LET THEM COME THROUGH ME,
OH, LORD.....!

PABLO (*Cont'd*)

ALLOW ME TO STAND ALONE
AND LET MY LIFE BEGIN.
BUT, IF IT WILL BE LIKE THIS FOREVER,
TAKE ME NOW.....!

IT'S TIME THAT I TOOK MY PLACE.
AT LAST, I'VE COME OF AGE!

WHY GIVE ME THE STRENGTH TO SUFFER FOOLS,
THE WILL TO BREAK THE RULES,
THE TALENT AND THE TOOLS,
BUT NOT THE STAGE.....,

ON WHICH I WOULD SEIZE THE DAY
AND MAKE MY MARK
AND TAKE A STEP
OUT OF THE DARK

AND BE THE MAN
I'M MEANT TO BE
WITHIN THE TIME
YOU'VE GIVEN ME
AND, WHILE I'M AT IT,

CHANGE THE WORLD.....!

BLACKOUT

ACT II, SCENE 5

SETTING: Pablo's studio in the Bateau Lavoir.

TIME: Afternoon, a few days later.

AT RISE: RAYMOND, tie loosened, shirt partially unbuttoned & half un-tucked, stands in his stocking feet in front of the MIRROR. FERNANDE sits on the opposite side of the stage staring expressionlessly into space. One of the straps on the simple house dress she is wearing is off her shoulder. What has just taken place between them is plain. RAYMOND dresses briskly.

RAYMOND

I had a feeling you'd be sensible, Fernande. You may consider whatever we had to work out between us.....worked out.

(He crosses to the door, sees the TRAY leaning against a nearby wall and picks it up) Oh, I'll take that tray. (He exits)

(FERNANDE does not move. Slowly, she starts to rise, adjusting the strap on her dress. Her back is to the door. MAX bursts in at full volume)

MAX

Ring the bells! (FERNANDE lets out a startled scream) Sound the drums! Providence has arrived!

FERNANDE

Oh! Max.....darling!

MAX

What's the matter? You look impressionistic.

FERNANDE

It's nothing. I'm fine.

MAX

...and what, in Bernhardt's name, is going on in this studio? Why is everything everywhere?

FERNANDE

It's my little assignment. Oils over here, sketches over there.

MAX

You are the balance to his brilliance.

FERNANDE

I am.

MAX (Playfully)

You are a fool!

I suppose.

But, you love him.

I do.

I know.

Here, let me help you with the bag.

Ah! The bag! Dementia, thy name is Max! Talent must be nourished as well as nurtured.

What is all of this?

Careful! There's a dozen eggs in there.

Oh, Max, you're an angel!

...and, to wash down the feast.....

Wine?! Champagne?!

Paint!

I hate you, Max.

I'll get more.

Now, stop it. You're too good to us already.

You're right! From now on, it's bread, water and indifference for the both of you.

You couldn't pull it off. You'd be pretending.

Ah, but pretending is how I get along and, for me, getting along is getting away with it.

We have no secrets.

Thank God. (Beat) ...and speaking of God, where is the little one?

FERNANDE

I never know.

MAX

Well, tell him I came by. The name is Max Jacob, in case he's forgotten. (He turns to go)

FERNANDE

Max Jacob?

MAX (Coy)

Hmmmm?

FERNANDE

Why is it we don't see as much of you as before?

MAX

I'm sure I don't know what you mean.

FERNANDE

Pablo has not forgotten you. Sometimes, I have to tell myself the same thing.

MAX

We are the brave widows of his industry.

FERNANDE

Max, he needs you. He needs us. With our love and your paint, there's no telling how far he could go.

MAX

Oh, I could tell you, but you wouldn't believe me. Good-bye, my dear.

FERNANDE

No one can be to him what you are.

Song: "THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO LOVE"

MAX

FERNANDE.....

FERNANDE

.....not even me.

MAX

THIS IS WHERE I TELL YOU
THAT IT'S SUCH A CONSOLATION,
HOW I'M FULL OF UNDERSTANDING
AND IT'S GOOD TO KNOW YOU CARE.

FERNANDE

Of course, I do.

MAX

WELL, IT'S NOT THAT EASY.

MAX (Cont'd)

THEN, WE WILL GO INTO
ALL OF HIS APPRECIATION.
THE IMPORTANCE OF OUR FRIENDSHIP
AND THE MEMORIES WE SHARE.

FERNANDE

Max, I never meant to.....

MAX

IT ISN'T YOU.
IT NEVER IS.
THE FAULT IS NEITHER YOURS NOR HIS.

IT'S ONLY LOVE BEHAVING AS EXPECTED:
SOMEBODY RECEIVES IT, SOMEBODY'S REJECTED.
HE MUST BE WITH YOU, TRY TO UNDERSTAND,
THAT IS HOW THINGS ARE, FERNANDE.

FERNANDE

IT ISN'T SO.
IF YOU COULD SEE,
THE MAN NEEDS MORE THAN ONLY ME.
HE NEEDS THE HELP THAT YOU COULD BE.
HE NEEDS A FRIEND.

MAX

HE HAS SO MANY.

FERNANDE

I DON'T MEAN PEOPLE WHO ARE FRIENDLY,
BUT A FRIEND.

MAX

I HAVE TO GO.

FERNANDE

AND, IF YOU DIDN'T GO,
YOU'D SEE THERE AREN'T ANY.....
.....LIKE YOU.....

YOU KNOW THAT ISN'T TRUE.....

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW.....

.....TO FEEL.

HE IS PART OF US.

THEN, STAY.

I KNOW.

MAX

THERE'S NO MORE TO BE DONE.

I KNOW THE WAY I FEEL.

FERNANDE

I CAN'T.

YES.

IT WOULD ONLY MEAN DESPAIR.

BE WELL.

FERNANDE (Cont'd)
BE STRONG.

MAX (Cont'd)

IT'S USELESS.

FERNANDE

NO, YOU'RE WRONG.

THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO LOVE.
THINK OF THAT WHEN THINKING OF HIM.
THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO LOVE
AND SO MANY MORE TO LOVE HIM.

THERE'S WHAT EMERGES FROM THE HEART,
THERE'S WHAT LIES DEEP INSIDE THE MIND.
BUT, WHEN YOU TAKE THE TWO APART,
THE MORE YOU LOOK, THE MORE YOU FIND
THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO LOVE.

MAX

I'VE LOST CONTROL

I'VE LOST MY REASON.

YOU HAVE HIS HEART.

IT ISN'T ENOUGH FERNANDE...

IF HE KNEW I CARED.....

.....WOULD HE NOT FORSAKE ME?

FERNANDE

NO ONE EVER HAS CONTROLLED HIM.

BUT, LOOK AT ALL YOU'VE FOUND.

JUST ONE HEART COULD NEVER
HOLD HIM.

DON'T LEAVE US, MAX!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE KNOWS.

HE WOULD LOVE YOU JUST THE SAME.

MAX

BUT, SOME THINGS SHOULD NOT BE SHARED.
NO, NOT EVEN IF THEY COULD.
IF YOU JUST COULD UNDERSTAND.....!

FERNANDE

I UNDERSTAND.....THAT IT CAN'T BE UNDERSTOOD.

FERNANDE

I LOVE ALL HIS MANY MOODS.

HE'S LIKE A CHILD.
BUT EVEN YOUNGER.

THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO LOVE.....

THERE'S THE HOPE.....

MAX

THOSE PIERCING EYES.

THEY SEE THE FUTURE.

THEY SEE RIGHT THROUGH ME.

AND THERE'S THE HUNGER!

FERNANDE AND MAX

THERE IS THE FIRE IN HIS SOUL,
THERE IS THE MAGIC IN HIS HANDS.

FERNANDE

THERE IS THE LIFE HE MAY DESTROY.

MAX

THERE IS THE GENIUS AND
THE BOY.....

FERNANDE AND MAX

...AND HIS IMPOSSIBLE DEMANDS!
THERE'RE MANY DAYS I THINK TO LEAVE
BUT, WHEN I DO, I JUST RECALL.....

FERNANDE

THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO LOVE.....

THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO LOVE.....

MAX

THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO LOVE.....

THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO LOVE.....

FERNANDE AND MAX

THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO LOVE HIM.....
AND PABLO NEEDS THEM ALL.

FERNANDE

Don't walk out, Max. Whatever Pablo has found in me will mean
nothing if he loses you.

MAX

I never knew a woman could be given to such fits of logic.

FERNANDE

Where are you going?

MAX

To get that wine, of course.

FERNANDE

Wine?

MAX

Unless, you'd rather drink the paint. It's a rare vintage.

FERNANDE (Meaning MAX)

It certainly is.

FERNANDE AND MAX

THERE'RE MANY DAYS I THINK TO LEAVE,
BUT, WHEN I DO, I JUST RECALL.....
THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO LOVE HIM.....
AND PABLO NEEDS THEM ALL.

*(Song ends. PABLO enters carrying all his painting supplies.
MAX quickly jumps behind FERNANDE and grabs her waist,
pretending to have been caught in a compromising position)*

MAX

Oh, the shame of it! Fernande, darling, I thought you said he wouldn't be home for hours! Pablo, it's not the way it looks! I can explain!

PABLO

Hello, Max. (*MAX playfully mimics PABLO, mouthing "Hello, Max"*)

FERNANDE

How did it go today?

PABLO (*Lustily*)

C'mere. (*MAX turns away as PABLO and FERNANDE kiss passionately*)

MAX

Really, children! Do try and behave yourselves! Remember who you are and, if you can't do that, remember who I am. (*MAX takes a glance over his shoulder and sees they both still lip-locked*) Alright, both of you. That's quite enough.....even in France.

(*As soon as MAX turns away again, FERNANDE and PABLO separate and quickly move so they are standing close to MAX on both sides. They look at him with mischievous eyes. MAX looks at them, surmises what they have in mind and looks front*) You may.

(*They both attempt to plant a playful kiss on both of his cheeks but, as they lean forward, MAX holds up his hands to stop them with his usual warning*) Watch the coat!

(*PABLO and FERNANDE then lean forward and kiss MAX without touching his coat. MAX looks at them both with a smile and they all burst into a warm laugh. FERNANDE crosses to a small table next to the sofa, picks up an ENVELOPE and hands it to PABLO*)

FERNANDE

Oh, Pablo. I almost forgot. This came for you.

MAX

My boy, you must tell your lovers to be more discrete.

PABLO (*Opening the letter*)

It's probably from Papa. "Pablo, are you working?", "Are you happy?", "Are you still Spanish"?

MAX

Will you kindly end the suspense and read it?

PABLO

It's from some woman named....."Stein".

MAX

"Stein"?!? GERTRUDE Stein?!?

PABLO

She bought one of my paintings. Do you know her?

MAX

I know of her, of course. Who doesn't? Her soirées are the most sought-after invitation in Paris.

PABLO

Well, she's having one tonight and wants me to come.

MAX

Have you any idea what this means?

PABLO

No, but you seem to. Here, have a good time. (*Gives MAX the ENVELOPE*)

MAX

Don't be insane! Opportunity is knocking like a thunderclap! Can't you hear it?!?

PABLO

Why? Is she well known?

FERNANDE

Is she beautiful?

PABLO

Is she rich?

MAX

What she "is", is one of the best, new writers in Paris whose salon is populated by everyone who is anyone, anywhere in the world of anything. Gertrude Stein has seen your work, likes your work and, yes, she can buy and sell you a thousand times over. So, tell me, Pablo.....are you busy?!?

BLACKOUT

ACT II, SCENE 6

SETTING: The salon in the home of GERTRUDE STEIN and ALICE B. TOKLAS. It is attractively furnished. There is a BUFFET stocked with FOOD and DESSERTS

TIME: Later that same night.

AT RISE: A FANFARE is heard in the darkness. A spot hits the MAID.

MAID

Monsieur Henri Matisse! (*MATISSE enters and passes through the spot. Another fanfare is heard*)

Monsieur Erik Satie! (*SATIE enters and also passes through the spot and crosses to a PIANO. Another fanfare is heard*)

Monsieur Alfred Jarry! (*JARRY enters, waves at someone he knows and passes the MAID into darkness*)

(*LIGHTS UP FULL on the salon. The soirée is in full swing. Music continues under dialogue. Present are GERTRUDE, ALICE B. TOKLAS and other members of both the Parisian cultural elite and avant-garde. Conversation levels drop as our attention shifts to another part of the salon where ALICE and three salon guests are reviewing a Picasso canvas*)

SALON GUEST #1

Alice, why is she wearing that hideous frock?

SALON GUEST #2

Why is she so pale?

SALON GUEST #3

And so depressed.

ALICE B. TOKLAS (*Matter-of-fact*)

Because she is poor, sick.....and unhappy about it. (*Another short fanfare is heard. The MAID announces the newest guest*)

MAID

Mister Andrew Green! (*ANDREW GREEN, 20's, handsome American from the deep South. GERTRUDE crosses to meet him*)

ANDREW

Howdy, ma'am.

GERTRUDE

"Howdy, ma'am". Most reassuring. Welcome to Paris, Mr. Green.

ANDREW

Much obliged, Miss Stein but, so far, that's all it's been: one, long "welcome". Doesn't anybody in this here town ever sleep?

GERTRUDE

I take it, then, you've not been to the opera. (*Focus shifts to a giddy SALON GUEST*)

SALON GUEST #1

Oh, Gertie, dahling! You must come here! Everyone is saying the most delightfully wicked things about the painting!

GERTRUDE

I apologize, Mr. Green. The gravity of ignorance pulls me away. (*ANDREW GREEN tips his hat and blends in with the ENSEMBLE. GERTRUDE crosses. Music stops*)

ALFRED

Really, dear, I can't locate the fuss for a gander. It's morose and meaningless. Who wants to see that?

GERTRUDE

He doesn't paint what you want to see, he paints what you have to see.

SALON GUEST #2

It's entirely devoid of intuition.

ALFRED

Can't he paint a portrait that looks like a portrait? I can.

GERTRUDE

Talent does what it "can" and genius does what it "must".

ALFRED

Gertrude, why do you insist on swearing this allegiance? What is it about this painting that captivates you so? What is it?

GERTRUDE

What is it? Who can say, Alfred? Who can ever say?

(*Song: "IT IS WHAT IT IS"*)

IT IS WHAT IT IS.

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE BEST.

IT DOESN'T IMPLY THE THING IT SAYS

OR TRY TO SUGGEST.

WHAT OTHERS CONCEAL IN SHADOW,

HERE, IS CLEARLY EXPRESSED.

IT IS WHAT IT IS.

IT MEANS WHAT IT MEANS,

IT DOESN'T PRETEND.

THERE'S NOTHING TO READ IN OR TO DOUBT

THERE'S NOTHING YOU NEED TO FIGURE OUT.

IT'S SIMPLY ABOUT WHAT IT'S ABOUT.

GERTRUDE (*Cont'd*)

AND, WHAT YOU DISCOVER
WILL SET YOU FREE:
TO LOOK IS NOT THE SAME THING AS TO "SEE"

TO LOOK IS TO SEARCH
FOR SOMETHING YOU LIKE
FOR SOMETHING TO JUDGE OR COMPARE.

BUT, TO SEE,
IF YOU'RE WILLING JUST TO SEE,
EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO SEE
IS ALREADY THERE.

AND, I SEE THE TRUTH
AS NEVER BEFORE.
AND IF IT HAS ONLY TRUTH TO TELL,
THERE NEEDN'T BE MORE.

AND, IF YOU ARE HERE FOR SOMETHING ELSE
WELL, THERE IS THE DOOR.

THE CHOICES ARE YOURS,
THE PAINTING IS MINE,
THE FUTURE IS HIS.....
IT IS WHAT IT IS. (*The song ends. The MAID announces the newest
guests: PABLO and FERNANDE. FERNANDE is in her familiar, floral
dress*)

MAID

Monsieur Pablo Picasso, Mademoiselle Fernande Olivier and.....

MAX (*Gliding in*)

I'm on the list!

GERTRUDE

Ah! So you are the one! (*Grabs PABLO'S arm.*) Come in, come in,
everyone wants to meet you. (*Notices FERNANDE*) Oh, Mademoiselle
Olivier. How nice. Why don't you.....mingle.

(*ANDREW approaches FERNANDE. GERTRUDE ushers PABLO into the room
where they encounter ALFRED*) Pablo, allow me to introduce you
to.....

ALFRED (*Offering his hand stiffly*)

Alfred Jarry. Fascinating. (*Alfred turns away and speaks to
others. GERTRUDE moves to the next guest, AMBROISE VOLLARD,
50's, goatee, distinguished*)

GERTRUDE

.....and Ambroise Vollard... of the Galerie Vollard.

VOLLARD

Monsieur, your work is persuasive...

PABLO

Thank you.

VOLLARD

...but, having seen only one, I cannot yet say that I am persuaded.

GERTRUDE

Ambroise, why don't you let some fresh air into that warehouse of yours and give this young man an exhibition? I daresay, to be the owner of the gallery that debuts his work...why, the advantages are...

VOLLARD

Advantages, you say?

GERTRUDE

Think of the artistic prestige. *(Waits for a response. Nothing)*
 Think of the critical attention. *(Nothing registers)*
 Think of the money. *(VOLLARD brightens)*

VOLLARD

Young man, the most persuasive element of your work.....*(Takes GERTRUDE by the arm).....is not on the canvas.*
(MAX suddenly appears next to PABLO)

MAX *(Comically mysterious)*

Pablo, we must speak. Say nothing, act casual.....meet me by the paté. *(MAX vanishes into the crowd. Focus shifts to ANDREW and FERNANDE)*

FERNANDE *(Looking around the place)*

Quite a place, don't you think?

ANDREW *(Looking at FERNANDE)*

Beautiful.

FERNANDE

Yes, isn't it?

ANDREW

I wasn't thinkin' of the house. *(FERNANDE smiles shyly)*
 Say, it would be nice to have a mad-moey-zelly like you show me the around the town.

FERNANDE

Somehow, I can tell that you are new to Parée. *(They continue to mime conversation as the focus shifts back to PABLO and GERTRUDE)*

PABLO

Miss Stein, who is that man with Fernande? What are they talking about?

GERTRUDE

The only thing WORTH talking about: you. *(GERTRUDE turns to 2 SALON GUESTS. MAX reappears next to PABLO)*

MAX

The gossip is even better by the desserts! I'll be behind the brioche...and, by the way, when are you going to paint one of me?

(Immediately, a hand lands on MAX's shoulder, turning him around. He is suddenly face-to-face with a WAITER, who was the "BUYER" we saw earlier)

WAITER *(Onto him)*

Is your....."wife" feeling better, monsieur?

MAX *(Flustered)*

Uhhh, yes! She's dead. *(Sees the painting he helped sell)* ...and it looks better in THIS foyer, anyway. Excuse me.

(MAX slithers away. He pretends to be an overbearing guest and grabs PABLO who is now speaking with GERTRUDE and VOLLARD)

There! I've got you and, this time, you're not getting away! Gertie, you simply can't keep him to yourself all night. Love the paté. Now, come with me, you naughty boy! *(MAX leads PABLO a few steps away)*

PABLO

What are you doing?!?

MAX

Oh, my dear! It's positively scandalous! Everyone is talking,...
...thank God!

PABLO

Max, I was in the middle of an important.....

MAX

Remember when we met at Claude Sagots?

PABLO

Yes.

MAX

Remember the disaster it was?

PABLO

Yes.

MAX

Well, someone coerced every critic in town to write about you at their most venomous!

PABLO

What?!?

MAX

.....and someone paid Sagot to leave Paris on the night of your exhibition. Didn't you wonder why you never met him?!?

PABLO

Max, this cannot be true!

MAX

Oh, Pablo, it IS. Do you really think your eviction was unintentional?!? He blackmailed your landlord into putting you out and then bribed the police to try and have you deported. He's undermined your every move since the day you came to Paris and, mark my words, the monster isn't through with you yet!

PABLO

But, who...who has done all of this?!? *(Another fanfare is heard. The MAID announces the newest arrival)*

MAID

Monsieur Luc du Lac! *(PABLO looks at DU LAC then back to MAX)*

MAX (Sotto)

Monster. *(DU LAC crosses to PABLO and MAX)*

DU LAC

Monsieur Picasso! Isn't this a surprise.....seeing you in a place like this.

(PABLO takes an aggressive step toward DU LAC but MAX holds him back, trying to prevent a scene. PABLO struggles to get free)

MAX

Do what you must, but don't do it here! Time and place, my boy. Time and place. *(Nearby GUESTS now start to notice the commotion. PABLO continues to struggle. MAX tries to camouflage the situation)* Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Oh, pay no attention! He's always bursting with new ideas! It can happen anywhere!!! You know these artists. Ha-ha-ha-ha!

DU LAC

Oh, and I spoke with Raymond this morning. Everyone is talkative in Paris. Apparently, he and I share the same taste in models. Fernande, wasn't it? He apologized for ripping your dress. *(PABLO again lunges at DU LAC. but MAX holds him)* I do hope you enjoy the salon this evening..

(DU LAC turns to look at FERNANDE and ANDREW GREEN who are enjoying each other's company. DU LAC turns back to PABLO) ...it seems everyone else is. (DU LAC crosses away. PABLO finally breaks free of Max's grip)

PABLO

Let me go, Max!!!

(PABLO tosses MAX aside and lurches into the center of the salon. He takes a step toward DU LAC, stops, takes a step toward FERNANDE and ANDREW, stops, looks back at DU LAC...then runs over to FERNANDE and ANDREW in a confused, blind rage)

PABLO

Fernande! What did you do with Raymond?!? *(He grabs her arm)*

ANDREW

Why, sir, this is no way to treat a.....

PABLO *(To ANDREW)*

Stay out of it! *(To FERNANDE)*

FERNANDE

How dare you! *(FERNANDE turns to go. As she crosses the salon, PABLO calls to her)*

PABLO

Maybe you'll stop and see Du Lac on the way home, no?

FERNANDE

I'm not going home. *(She runs out of the salon)*

PABLO *(Chasing her)*

Fernande! Come back here! I order you to come back here at once!

(PABLO exits the salon in hot pursuit of FERNANDE. Focus shifts to GERTRUDE and ALICE)

GERTRUDE

Alice, that is not her lucky dress.

END OF SCENE

Continuous Action into.....

ACT II, SCENE 7

SETTING: The 6th floor terrace outside Max's Studio.

TIME: 3 weeks later

AT RISE: PABLO is sitting backwards on a CHAIR with his face buried in his folded arms. The position in which he sits suggests severe depression. MAX enters carrying a BAG.

MAX (*Noticing his dramatic pose*)

Well, here's a piece by Picasso I've never seen. What ever shall I call it? How about, "Portrait of the Artist...As a Pathetic, Pitiful Idiot".

PABLO

Please, not now.

MAX

A fine state for you to be in an hour before the most important exhibition of your life, I must say.

PABLO

I'm not going to the exhibition. Not without Fernande. Have you heard from her?

MAX

No...and, after that scene you made at Gertrude's, I don't expect to. Public humiliation is not the best aphrodisiac. (*Beat*) Now, if you stopped being maudlin for a moment, you'd notice I've stolen the most gorgeous lunch for us.

PABLO

I'm not hungry.

MAX

Ah, yes. "the starving artist". It's been done. Now, kindly join me in this impressive, if slightly illegal, repast. (*He takes a big bite of his sandwich*)

PABLO

Max?

MAX (*With food in his mouth*)

Yes, dear.

PABLO

What if I killed myself?

MAX (*Still eating*)

Oh, shut up.

PABLO

I wouldn't miss Fernande anymore, I wouldn't have to go the exhibition and my brilliance would be discovered after I'm dead.

MAX

Modest, as always...and besides, you won't have the time. You'll be busy with your NEXT masterpiece: a portrait of me! Soon, yes?

(PABLO gets up from the CHAIR and climbs atop the railing, hanging on to something to stabilize him. He looks out front)

PABLO

No, really. Do you think anyone would miss me if I jumped off this balcony right now?

MAX

A valiant attempt but I'm not going to... "fall" for it.

PABLO

One less painter in Paris. Who would notice?

MAX

Very well. I'll indulge you. *(He gets from the table and crosses to PABLO. It's high drama...literally)* Ohhh, yes Pablo! Who would notice, indeed! It's sad but, alas, I'm afraid it's the only way, my boy. You have no other choice. Forgive me.....if I don't look. *(He grandly hides his eyes)*

PABLO

I can already see the papers. (Song: "THEY'LL BE SORRY")

"YOUNG ARTIST FOUND DEAD ON A STREET IN PARIS".

MAX

"In tatters". Sounds better.

PABLO

"IN TATTERS".

MAX

How would they know you were an artist?

PABLO

I'd be clutching a brush and a few of my sketches. You can choose them.

MAX (Dry)

Thank you.

PABLO

A PROMISING CAREER CRUELLY CUT SHORT".

MAX

CUT SHORT.

PABLO

THEY'LL READ ALL ABOUT IT WITH TEARS IN THEIR EYES.

MAX

THEN, TURN RIGHT TO THE WEATHER REPORT!

MAX

Honestly, my boy, you're much too young to be this melodramatic. Suicide, indeed! Why, the very thought of it is beneath you.

PABLO (Looks down)

Exactly.

MAX

Pablo, this has ceased to be amusing. Get down from there this instant!

PABLO

IF I SHOULD STEP INTO THE SKIES,
ENSURING AN EARLY... *(He dangles his leg. MAX gasps)*
...DEMISE,
SOMEDAY EVERY ETCHING
OF MINE WILL BE FETCHING
A PRICE THAT IS CERTAIN TO RISE!

MY DEATH WILL BE TRAGIC AND SAD.
SOME PEOPLE WILL LOOK THROUGH MY PAD
AND SEE GENIUS CLEARLY,
REGRETTING SINCERELY
THAT THEY NEVER KNEW WHAT THEY HAD.

THEY'LL BE SORRY!
THEY'LL BE SORRY!
THEY'LL BE SORRY THEY STOPPED MY SUCCESS.

THEY'LL BE SORRY!
THEY'LL BE SORRY!

MAX

THEY'LL BE "SORRY" YOU MADE SUCH A MESS! (MUSIC CONTINUES under dialogue)

PABLO

I'll teach them a lesson!

MAX

Come down here at once!

PABLO

Suicide will be my final masterpiece. The concrete will be my last "canvas". Splat!

MAX

Yes, yes, very clever...now just take my hand and...

PABLO

Stay where you are, Max. I'm fashioning my legacy!

I'M SURE THAT RIGHT AFTER I FELL
THEY'D CALL ME "THE NEXT RAFAEL".

MAX (*Playing along*)

ONE SNAP OF THE NECK
AND YOU'LL BE A "LAUTREC".

PABLO

NO, I'M QUITE SHORT ENOUGH, CAN'T YOU TELL!?

'TIL NOW, I'VE BEEN HUNG IN THE HALLS
OF GALLERY'S NO ONE RECALLS.
OR, ELSE, IN A STORE-ROOM
BUT, DEAD, TO MAKE MORE ROOM,
THE LOUVRE WILL BREAK DOWN A FEW WALLS!

THEY'LL BE SORRY!
THEY'LL BE SORRY
WHEN THEY LEARN THEIR OPINIONS WERE WRONG.

CLEAR THE PAVEMENT!
THEY'LL BE SORRY.

MAX

THEY'LL BE "SORRY" YOU WAITED SO LONG!

OH, PABLO, HEAR ME OUT!
THERE'S NO REVERSING WHAT YOU PLAN TO DO.
I'D BE SO VERY LONELY IF YOU'RE GONE
AND, BY THE WAY, YOU'RE ONLY 22.

SO, PABLO, LIFE IS ROUGH.
IT'S ROUGH ON ANYONE WHO'S AVANT-GARDE.
KILLING YOURSELF IS EASY. TO BE WILLING TO LIVE IS HARD.

(*GUILLAUME and ANDRE rush in*)

GUILLAUME

Max, what's going on?

MAX

It's nothing. Pablo is going to kill himself.

PABLO

Don't worry, Max. I'm leaving you everything!

MAX

Now, I want you to stop this madness. Nothing is worth the loss
of your life. What about your friends, your family, your public.

PABLO

I don't have a "public"...but I know how to GET one.

MAX

...and I'll help you. We all will. Guillaume, Andre...they're both here. We love you. We'll do anything just, please, don't do this. (A beat) Now, what are you staring at?

PABLO

The thousands of people filing past my coffin.

MAX (Dry)

Oh...them.

PABLO

THEY'VE LINED UP TO SAY, "AU REVOIR"
AS IF I WAS MÜNCH OR RENOIR.
AND PLAYED, AS THEY PASS,
IS A REQUIEM MASS...

ANDRE

OR A BALLET.

PABLO

...AS DRAWN BY DEGÁS!

MY TOMB WILL BE APTLY DESIGNED.
THE PYRAMIDS FIRST COME TO MIND.
THE WORLD'S PERSECUTION
WILL BEG ABSOLUTION
FOR BEING SO UTTERLY FOOLISH AND BLIND.

THEY'LL BE SORRY!

GUILLAUME

You're upset!

PABLO

THEY'LL BE SORRY!

MAX

They'll forget!

THEY'LL BE RIDDLED WITH SHAME
AND DISGRACE!

NO, PABLO, YOU'RE WRONG!
THEY'LL BE LIVING,
YOU'LL BE SORRY
WHEN DU LAC HAS
TAKEN YOUR PLACE!

PABLO

IT WON'T TAKE THAT LONG!
THEY'LL BE SORRY!

MAX

Stop right there!

PABLO
GOOD AND SORRY!

They won't care
AND, BESIDES, WHAT'S THE
POINT IF THEY DO?
LIFE HAS HURT YOU.
WELL, I'M SORRY.

GUILLAUME

PABLO, HEAR WHAT I SAY. YOU ARE SIMPLY PERPLEXED.

ANDRE

YOU'RE IMPULSIVE TODAY...

PABLO

...AND IMMORTAL THE NEXT!
NOW, GET OUT OF MY WAY, HERE I GO!
GOOD-BYE, MY FRIENDS! I GAVE IT MY BEST. GOOD-BYE, PAPA
AND... !!%\$#\$#@%** ...TO THE REST! ** (Ugly sound made w/tongue)

PABLO

LOOK OUT BELOW.....!!

MAX

Pablo! Pablo, don't take another step!
Pablo, stop! Wait! Come back! Pabloooo!

(The MUSIC STOPS. MAX, GUILLAUME and ANDRE are frozen with fear. PABLO casually jumps down from the railing, crosses to the TABLE and picks up Max's sandwich and starts to eat. They stare at him with combined disgust and disbelief. PABLO takes a bite, chews for a beat and then looks up)

PABLO

What's the matter? Why are you all looking at me like that?
Hey, Max, you're right. This IS good...and the price was sure...

MAX (Seething)

How dare you.

PABLO

What? You mean that? *(Indicates the balcony)* It was a joke.
You didn't think I was actually going to...

MAX

There are too many people on this terrace. *(He looks to GUILLAUME and ANDRE who take the hint and exit with haste).*

GUILLAUME

Au revoir, Max.

\

ANDRE

See you at the exhibition, Pablo! (*They are gone*)

PABLO

Max, I truly had no idea...

MAX

Isn't that odd? You're usually full of ideas. All of them true.

PABLO

I do care about you, Max.

MAX

This is a new "color". I didn't buy it.

PABLO (MUSIC IN)

MAX, I'M SORRY.

MAX (*Unmoved*)

Hmph!

PABLO

VERY SORRY.

THAT WAS STUPID AND SELFISH OF ME.

PLEASE BELIEVE IT.

I'M SO SORRY.

MAX

I'M JUST GLAD YOU'LL MAKE TWENTY-THREE!

PABLO

I AGREE

THEY'LL BE SORRY!

THEY'LL BE SORRY!

THAT THEY NEVER KNEW SOMEONE LIKE MAX!

NO, I'M SORRY!

I WILL BE IN YOUR DEBT!

I AM SO GLAD WE MET!

TOMORROW...?

WHO KNOWS.....?

MAX

Please! No more!

But, what for?

So true!

YOU COULD SHARE ME!

PABLO, SEE YOUR LIFE THROUGH.

THERE IS NO ONE LIKE YOU!

IT'S YOUR DESTINY TO SURVIVE!

THE WORLD IS FULL OF SO MANY FOES.

BUT, EVERYDAY, MY CERTAINTY GROWS:

TODAY, IT'S VOLLARD!

PABLO

BOTH

End of Scene

ACT II, SCENE 8

SETTING: The Galerie Vollard. It is opulently appointed.

TIME: One hour later.

AT RISE: Pablo's exhibition is about to begin. Several guests are in attendance including GERTRUDE, ALICE B. TOKLAS, ANDREW GREEN and MAX. VOLLARD walks to the center of the room.

VOLLARD

Madames y Messieurs, Gertrude,.....uh.....(He doesn't recognize MAX)

MAX

I'm on the list!

VOLLARD

Tonight, I present to you a new vision. The most unusual and unorthodox collection of work ever presented at the Galerie Vollard. I give you the art.....of Pablo Picasso!

Song: "I'LL TAKE IT!" (A few GALLERY WORKERS simultaneously lift satin coverings atop 5 paintings. They are the finished FIGURES from the park which now stand alive, but still, inside frames. The guests react with gasps of spellbound awe. GERTRUDE crosses to a PAINTING. PABLO crosses to GERTRUDE)

PABLO

Miss Stein...

GERTRUDE

Wait. Let me step back to get a closer look.

PABLO

I have more to do on this one. I'm thinking of.....

GERTRUDE

DO NO MORE, I BEG YOU. (PABLO crosses to a GALLERY GUEST)

PABLO

I have several changes in mind here. The color isn't quite...

GALLERY GUEST

DO NOT CHANGE A THING.

ALICE B. TOKLAS

BECAUSE OF YOU,
A MIRACLE'S IN VIEW

GALLERY GUEST

THEY LAUGH!

GALLERY GUEST

THEY SHOUT!

GALLERY GUEST

THEY SING!

VOLLARD

They sing? I can't hear anything!

GALLERY GUEST

IF MY FEELINGS HAVE CONFUSED YOU...

GALLERY GUEST

IF MY THOUGHTS HAVE BEEN UNCLEAR...

ALL GALLERY GUESTS

THEN, LET US SAY THE THREE, LITTLE WORDS
ALL ARTISTS LOVE TO HEAR..... I'LL...

ANDREW GREEN

...TAKE IT!

GALLERY GUEST

I'LL TAKE IT!

GALLERY GUEST

I'LL TAKE THIS HERE AND THAT ONE OVER THERE!

ALICE B. TOKLAS

THAT "STILL LIFE" OF A PEACH.

GALLERY GUEST

THE "NUDE" THAT'S OUT OF REACH!

GALLERY GUEST (To a GALLERY WORKER)

THIS ONE THAT'S NEW,
ALL THOSE IN BLUE!

ANDREW GREEN (To same GALLERY WORKER)

CAN I GET TWO OF EACH?

GALLERY GUEST

I love it!

GALLERY GUEST

WELL, I'LL TAKE IT!

ENSEMBLE

I'LL TAKE IT!

GERTRUDE

TOMORROW, YOURS WILL BE A NAME THAT'S KNOWN.....!

½ ENSEMBLE

I'LL TAKE IT!

½ ENSEMBLE

I'LL TAKE IT!

I'LL TAKE IT!

I'LL TAKE IT!

I'LL TAKE IT!

I'LL TAKE IT!

I'LL TAKE IT!

I'LL TAKE IT!

ALL GALLERY GUESTS

I'LL TAKE THEM FOR MY OWN! (Everyone freezes. A spot hits PABLO)

PABLO

GOD.....!

LET THEM HAVE A CELEBRATION OVER ME.
I AM HAPPY THEY ALL DANCE AND SING.
EVERYBODY SEEMS TO LIKE THE WORK I DO.
IT'S FINE. BUT, JUST ONE THING.....

THEY'LL FORGET TOMORROW WHAT THEY BUY TODAY.
SO, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE, IF I FADE TOO FAST?
THE WHIMS THAT I BENT TO,
THE TROUBLE YOU WENT TO.
JUST SAY IF I'M MEANT TO LAST!

THERE'S A NEW CENTURY ON THE MARCH
AND I HOPE IT HAS FOUND A FRIEND.
BUT, I ONLY CARE TO BE HERE, AT ITS BEGINNING,
IF I'M THERE AT ITS VERY END.....!

I'M READY TO SEIZE THE DAY
AND MAKE MY MARK
AND TAKE A STEP OUT OF THE DARK.
SO, SHOW ME HOW TO START MY CLIMB
UNTIL, ONE-PAINTING-AT-A-TIME,
I CHANGE.....THE.....WORLD.....! (Lights up on GALLERY)

$\frac{1}{2}$ ENSEMBLE
I'LL TAKE IT!

I'LL TAKE IT!

I'LL TAKE IT!

I'LL TAKE IT!

OH, I'LL TAKE IT!

GALLERY GUEST
I'LL TAKE IT!

GALLERY GUEST
I'LL TAKE IT!

GERTRUDE
I TAKE IT THAT YOU KNOW I'M NEVER WRONG!

$\frac{1}{2}$ ENSEMBLE

I'LL TAKE IT!

I'LL TAKE IT!

I'LL TAKE IT!

I'LL TAKE IT!

ENSEMBLE

HE'LL TAKE IT!

SHE'LL TAKE IT!

YOU'RE NEVER WRONG!

Alice B. Toklas (Points to a painting)
THE "WOMAN IN THE HAT"!

ANDREW GREEN (Point to another)
THE PRIEST WHO'S BIG AND FAT!

GALLERY GUEST (Pointing elsewhere)
THE DANCER THERE!

GALLERY GUEST (Pointing elsewhere)
THE FIGHTING PAIR!

MAX
I KNEW IT ALL ALONG!

GERTRUDE
You knew it!

MAX
Of course!

GERTRUDE (*Extends a PAINTING to MAX*)
So, here, take it! (A GALLERY GUEST intercepts it, frustrating MAX)

GALLERY GUEST
I'LL TAKE IT!

ANDREW GREEN
PICASSOS WILL GO ON MY EVERY WALL.....!

ENSEMBLE

EVERY WALL!
I'LL TAKE IT!
I'LL TAKE IT!

ALICE B. TOKLAS
EACH ONE OF THEM, DIVINE!

I'LL TAKE IT!
I'LL TAKE IT!

GALLERY GUEST
MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE! MINE!

I'LL TAKE IT!
I'LL TAKE IT!

PABLO
AND WHAT OF THIS, MISS STEIN? (*Everything stops. PABLO presents GERTRUDE with a cocktail napkin*)

GERTRUDE
It's a napkin.

PABLO
Look again. (*GERTRUDE looks. The napkin is a mini-masterpiece*)

GERTRUDE
I'll take that.

GERTRUDE
WE'LL TAKE THEM ONE AND.....

ENSEMBLE

ALL.....
.....
.....
.....

I'LL TAKE IT!
I'LL TAKE IT!
I'LL TAKE IT!
I'LL TAKE IT!

ENSEMBLE

I'LL TAKE THEM
ONE AND ALL.....!!!

VOLLARD (*Grabbing the very last one*)

I hear it!!

(The song ends) BLACKOUT

ACT II, SCENE 9

SETTING: Outside the Bateau Lavoir.

TIME: A week later.

AT RISE: There is a CART in which we see Pablo's belongings. A spot hits PABLO. Simultaneously, the lights fade up on JOSE RUÍZ. He is in Barcelona at the same EASEL we saw in Act 1.

JOSE RUÍZ

So, you are now that famous painter. You are a success.

PABLO

Yes, Papa.

JOSE RUÍZ (*A beat. Envious*)

Tell me what it's like.

PABLO

Success? I don't know.

Song: "SKETCHES/GIVE US LIFE"-Act II Finale. (*Lights up on FATHER FRANCOIS. He, like the other FIGURES, is standing inside a beautiful frame. The FIGURES are now in vogue and are proud to be "Picassos". They hang in different places on the stage*)

FATHER FRANCOIS

ONE LINE FOR THE BACK.....

PABLO

I think it is for others.

CLAUDINE

.....AND TWO FOR THE THIGHS.....

PABLO

It makes them feel better about themselves.....

WOMAN IN HAT

SOME NEGATIVE SPACE FOR THE FACE,

REGIS

.....A CIRCLE AND SQUARE FOR THE EYES.

PABLO

...but it has nothing to do with me.

MOTHER

SOME PISS AND SPIT FOR THE MOTHER,

ANNABELLE

.....A DELICATE SWIRL FOR THE TOT.

ALL FIGURES
EVERY ONE OF US IS POSING.....

PABLO
TO BE SOMETHING I AM NOT.

OH, PAPA, YOU MUST KNOW.
I STILL DON'T HAVE THE ANSWER.
WHY DO I FACE MY MOMENT SO AFRAID?

JOSE RUÍZ
It is not just YOUR moment, Pablo.

PABLO
LIKE YOU SAID LONG AGO,
THIS REALLY IS OUR MOMENT.

JOSE RUÍZ
ALONG WITH ALL THE HOMAGE YOU'LL BE PAID,
REMEMBER BOTH YOUR PROMISE
AND THE PROMISES YOU'VE MADE..... (*The real ENSEMBLE enters*)

MAX
YOU ARE WHAT IS COMING.

ANDRÉ
YOU ARE WHY THEY'RE WAITING.

JOSE RUIZ
DO WHAT YOU ARE FEELING.....

GUILLAUME
NOT WHAT THEY'RE EXPECTING.

VOLLARD
SO, BE THE NEW CREATION!

ALICE B. TOKLAS
BE THE NEW INVENTION!

GERTRUDE
START THE REVOLUTION!

FATHER FRANCOIS
AND, WHILE YOU ARE AT IT,
SLENDERIZE MY WAISTLINE!

REGIS
PUT ME IN THE FOREGROUND.

CLAUDINE
LET THEM SEE MY BRUISES!
MOTHER
DO NOT LOSE PERSPECTIVE!
WOMAN IN HAT
DON'T FORGET THE SHADOW!

FATHER FRANCOIS
BRIGHTEN UP MY HALO!

ANNABELLE
WE BEGAN YOU!
MOTHER
WE BEFRIEND YOU!
FATHER FRANCOIS
WE BESEECH YOU!
ALL FIGURES
WE BELIEVE IT,
SO IT HAPPENS
YOUNG MAN.....!

JOSE RUIZ
YOU'LL MAKE US
ALL IMMORTAL,
PABLO

TIME WILL SURELY
TELL.

BUT BE PART OF
WHAT YOU SEE

AND YOU

WILL BE

AS

WELL.....!

ENSEMBLE
OH, SIR.....
YOU'LL CAUSE

A STIR.....!

IF NOT FOR
YOU

WHAT MIGHT
OCCUR

IS THAT NO ONE

WILL EVER KNOW

WE EVER
WERE.....!

ENTIRE ENSEMBLE (Except PABLO)

WE ARE IN YOUR HANDS NOW!
THAT'S AS IT SHOULD BE.
ONLY WHEN WE'RE CAPTURED ARE WE FREE.....!
MAKE US FREE.....!

GIVE US LIFE WHEN YOU'RE GONE.
BY YOUR TOUCH WE GO ON.

WE WILL SHARE IN ALL YOUR GLORY
AND BE THERE TO GUIDE YOUR HAND.
AS THE WORLD AROUND YOU VANISHES,
WE STAND.....!

LET US SHINE
LIKE THE STARS.
GIVE US PEACE TO KNOW ETERNITY IS OURS.

GIVE US TRUTH SO PURE
IT MUST ENDURE.
BUT, IF WE'RE SURE TO LAST,...

ENTIRE ENSEMBLE (Except PABLO)

...GIVE US LIFE,
GIVE US LIFE,
AFTER LIFE HAS PASSED. (FERNANDE appears from between the crowd)

FERNANDE

I see you have finally conquered Paris. *(She produces a flower from her pocket and puts it in Pablo's lapel)*

PABLO

Fernande, I am so sorry for what I did.

FERNANDE

I believe you.

PABLO

Come with me. We belong together.

FERNANDE

You belong to where you are going, not to me.

PABLO

But, I love you. (He sees MAX) I love you both and I need you to.....

MAX

You need to let us go. The time has come...YOUR time. The new century is arriving with many marvels, but none of them can compare to that which will be created by these hands. I have seen what they will do and, Pablo Picasso, it is glorious! Now, listen to them, my boy! Just listen to them!!

(The music swells fortissimo)

(PABLO says a few last "good-byes" more recognizable people like FERNANDE, GUILLAUME, ANDRE, JACQUES, etc... and then climbs on the CART carrying his belongings. He prepares to leave)

ENSEMBLE

LET US SHINE
LIKE THE STARS.
GIVE US PEACE TO KNOW ETERNITY IS OURS.

THINK OF ALL WE'VE SAID,
WHAT LIES AHEAD
AND, WHEN WE'RE DEAD AND GONE...

(PABLO suddenly realizes the one person he's missed. He leaps off the CART and runs to MAX who, just as PABLO arrives, makes a "hands-off" gesture meaning "Watch the coat")

(After a short beat, MAX flings his arms wide open and PABLO runs into them. The two men meld in a deep embrace. MAX quickly kisses PABLO on the forehead)

ENSEMBLE (Cont' d)

...GIVE US LIFE...

...GIVE US LIFE...

(PABLO quickly takes a SMALL FRAMED PAINTING from his pocket. He hands it to MAX, runs back to the CART and jumps in. MAX looks at the painting and, from his expression, we know it is of him)

AS YOUR LIFE.....GOES..... (Everything stops. MAX holds the painting heavenward and lets forth with a deeply felt, victorious shout)

MAX

And, so, it begins!

ENSEMBLE

...ON.....!!

(The CART is pulled off-stage with everyone waving a final farewell, except MAX, who is looking forward. He holds his painting held against his heart as...)

The Curtain Falls

THE END

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