**Picasso at the Lapin Agile**

Rehearsals: October 2-November 15, 2018  
Shows: November 16, 17, 18, 2018  
*Rehearsals are typically Tuesday-Thursdays from 6-9 p.m. with more nights needed closer to production time.

**Auditions (10 min each):**  
Auditions will be held on Monday, September 17 and Tuesday, September 18 from 6-9 p.m. in Artistree’s red barn building. Please prepare and memorize a monologue under 2 minutes in length, that is comedic or serio-comedic in tone. Also please review the monologue PDFs provided as you may be asked to read one or more of them. You must email Ashley Barrow, Theatre Programming Coordinator, to reserve a 10 minute time slot: theatre@artistreevt.org

NOTE: We will not be using strong dialects in this show so please do not do a dialect in your audition unless requested.

**Callbacks:**  
Callbacks will be held on Wednesday, September 19 from 6:30-9 p.m. You will be notified by email of a callback after the audition time slot ends at 9 p.m. on the day of your audition. For example, if you audition on Monday, you will receive an email after 9 p.m. on Monday evening to let you know whether or not you are called back. NOTE: A call back only means we would like to see more from you, it does not mean you will not be cast. If you are called back, you need to be available for the entire time slot as callbacks will be done as a large group. Come prepared to move and perform scenes from the play. PDFs of the callback scenes will be available closer to the audition time.

**Cast and Show Information:**  
*The action of the story takes place in Paris, 1904.

Freddy: owner/operator of the Lapin Agile, a bar  
Germaine: Freddy's girlfriend, also works in the bar  
Gaston: an older man  
Albert Einstein: the famous German physicist  
Suzanne: feisty woman who has recently become enamored with Pablo Picasso  
Sagot*: Picasso's art dealer  
Pablo Picasso: the famous Spanish painter  
Schmendiman*: a not-so-famous inventor  
The Countess**: Einstein's date  
Female Admirer**: briefly but desperately seeks someone famous at the Lapin Agile  
A Visitor: a shade from the future that inhabits the demeanor of Elvis Presley

*may be cast with a female actor  
**may be played by same actress

NOTE: Einstein, Picasso and the Visitor are portrayed in their younger days, prior to their explosive rises to fame. That said, the actor's biological age is not as important as the skill to embody the energy of the character as written.
Picasso. He said that occasionally there is a Picasso, and he happens to be him. He said the twentieth century has to start somewhere and why not now. Then he said, "May I approach you?" And I said, "Okay." He walked upstairs and picked up my wrist and turned it over and took his fingernail and scratched deeply on the back of my hand. In a second, in red, the image of a dove appeared. Then I thought, "Why is it that someone who wants me can hang around for months, and I even like him but I'm not going to sleep with him, but someone else says the right thing and I'm on my back, not knowing what hit me."

GERMAINE. Yeah why is that?
FREDDY. Huh?
GERMAINE. Never mind.
SUZANNE. See, men are always talking about their things. Like it's not them.
GASTON. What things?
SUZANNE. The things between their legs.
GASTON. Ah, yes. Louie.
FREDDY & EINSTEIN. (Nodding agreement.) Ah...
SUZANNE. See! It's not them; it's someone else. And it's true; it's like some rudderless firework snaking across town. But women have things too, they just work differently. They work from up here.

(She taps her head.)
So when the guy comes on to me through here, he's practically there already, done. So the next thing I know he's inside the apartment and I said, "What do you want?" And he said he wanted my hair, he wanted my neck, my knees, my feet. He wanted his eyes on my eyes, his chest on my chest. He wanted the chairs in the room, the notepaper on the table; he wanted the paint from the walls. He wanted to consume me until there was nothing left. He said he wanted deliverance, and that I would be his savior. And he was speaking Spanish which didn't hurt I'll tell you. Well at that point, the word "no" became like a Polish village:

(They look at her, waiting, then.)
...unpronounceable.

(Proud.)
I held out for seconds! Frankly I didn't enjoy it that much 'cause it was kinda quick.

GASTON. Premature ejaculation?
GERMAINE. Is there any other kind?
FREDDY. Huh?
GERMAINE. Never mind.
SUZANNE. So then, as I was sitting there half-dressed, he picked up a drinking glass, of which I have two, and looked at me through the bottom.

(She picks up a glass and demonstrates.)
He kept pointing it at me and turning it in his hand like a kaleidoscope. And he said, "Even though you're refracted, you're still you." I didn't ask. Then he said he had to be somewhere and I thought, "Sure," and he left.

GERMAINE. You saw him again?

SUZANNE. Oh yeah. That night he came back with this drawing and gave it to me, and we do it again. This time in French. I enjoyed it this time if you're keeping score. Then he got very distracted and I said, "What's the matter?" And he said he sometimes starts thinking about something and can't stop. Wait, he said he doesn't think about it, he sees it. And I said, "What is it?" And he said, "It can't be named." That's exactly what he said, "It can't be named." Well, when you're with someone who says they're seeing things that can't be named, you either want to run like hell or go with it. Well I'm going with it and that's why I'm here tonight. He told me about this place; that he might see me here one day and that was two weeks ago.

GASTON. Sex, sex, sex.
SAĞOT. *(Takes a short look.)* Oh that. I see a five hundred pound lemon.

FREDDY. What?

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

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

GÉRMAINE. Picasso's definitely coming in tonight.

SUZANNE. I hope he comes in.

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

EINSTEIN. I'd like to meet him.

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

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

EINSTEIN. I'll do it...to... Pi...

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

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

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

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

*(EINSTEIN reacts with a gasp.)*

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

*(To EINSTEIN.)*

You were proposing a toast.

EINSTEIN. Oh yes, to... Picasso.

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

EINSTEIN. It was mostly about you.

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

*(Points to the sheep painting.)*

We've got to do something about it.

*(To SAĞOT.)*

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

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

PICASSO. Did they get it?

SAĞOT. Don't know. They left after the first hour.

PICASSO. Forget it. That was piss, piss I tell you; this is different already. There is nothing in my way anymore. If I can think it I can draw it. I used to have an idea, then a month later I would draw it. The idea was a
EINSTEIN. (Indicates his own drawing.) Men have swooned on seeing that.

PICASSO. Mine touches the heart.

EINSTEIN. Mine touches the head.

PICASSO. Mine will change the future.

EINSTEIN. (Holds his drawing.) Oh, and mine won't?

(Triumphant, EINSTEIN grabs SUZANNE and begins to dance with her. PICASSO stands rebuked.)

GASTON. (Suddenly singing.)

WHEN A MAN, LOVES A WOMAN...

FREDDY. What the hell was that?

GASTON. I don't know, it just came over me.

(EINSTEIN dances SUZANNE to her seat and gives her his drawing, signing it. She smiles.)

(SAGOT gets out of his chair and starts to exit.)

FREDDY. Where're ya going?

SAGOT. I'm going to get my camera. A night like this must be preserved on film.

(Referring to the painting on the wall.)

Picasso, do something about that ovine pastorale will you?

PICASSO. The idea is coming.

SAGOT. I like it; sounds good.

(SAGOT exits.)

PICASSO. The idea is coming. THE idea is coming.

FREDDY. Hey Picasso, you're the least funny guy here, tell me if you get this joke.

PICASSO. (Defensive.) Hey, I'm funny.

ALL. (Not unison, but en masse.) ["No, you're not...no way... unh-unh. I don't THINK so."]

GERMAINE. (To FREDDY.) Tell us all.

FREDDY. OK. A man goes into a bakery and says, "Can you mail a pie?" The baker says yeah I think we could. Then the man says, "Well could you bake me a pie in the shape of the letter E?" And the baker says yeah I think we could do that. Come back tomorrow and we'll have it for you. So the man comes back the next day and the baker shows him the pie. The man says, "You idiot! That's a big E I wanted a small E, a small E." So the baker says no problem, come back tomorrow and I'll see what I can do. So the man comes back the next day and the baker shows him the pie. The man says, "Perfect...it's perfect." Then the baker says, "So where do you want me to send it?" And the man says, "You know what... I think I'll eat it here."

(They all stare at him. No laughs.)

Guy told me that the other day; I didn't get it.

GERMAINE. (Explaining.) I think it's surreal.

FREDDY. I guess that's why I didn't get it. I'm a symbolist.

GERMAINE. And a good for nothing one at that.

FREDDY. You calling me a good for nothing symbolist?

SUZANNE. What's symbolism?

GERMAINE. So far it's a fancy excuse for not doing the dishes.

FREDDY. That's not fair. Your post-romanticism has gotten us into a lot of hot water around here.

GERMAINE. My romanticism is not post!

FREDDY. It most certainly is!

GERMAINE. It's neo.

FREDDY. Post!

GERMAINE. Neo!

FREDDY. Post!

GASTON. STOP IT BOTH OF YOU! My God! This is not some sleazy dive somewhere.

EINSTEIN. The reason the joke is funny is because of the perfect selection of the letter E. It couldn't be an A-shaped pie, because "A" is functioning as both article and noun, who needs it. It can't be a B-shaped pie
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because of the confusion of the letter B with the insect. And not a C-shaped pie either because he would have never known it was a capital C because C is the same in both uppercase and lowercase pie. I’ll come back to D. An F-shaped pie is just plain not funny. An H-shaped pie would be unstable: two vertical bars supported by a weaker crossing structure. An I-shaped pie is no good because of the dot problem: do you connect the dot to the pie, in which case it’s not an I, or do you keep it separate, which raises the question, is it a dot or is it a cupcake? A K-shaped pie has Kafka written all over it. An M-shaped pie doesn’t work because of the M-W dilemma. M to whom?

(He makes an “M” with three fingers of his hand, then turns it upside down.)

And need I mention sigma?

(He turns the “M” sideways.)

An O-shaped pie doesn’t work because a pie is O-shaped. A P-shaped pie doesn’t work because the phrase “P-shaped pie” has this naughty calypso rhythm!

GASTON. Excuse me, you’re not going to go through the entire alphabet are you, because I may only have a few good years left.

EINSTEIN. Of course not, some of them are so obvious they needn’t be mentioned. Like Q for example.

(Big pause while everyone thinks.)

GERMAINE. All right, what’s the matter with Q?

EINSTEIN. Well a Q is just an O with a comma through it, and a comma-shaped pie is just a croissant.

GERMAINE. Thank you.

SUZANNE. You said you would come back to D.

GASTON. NO! I have to L... I mean pee.

(He exits to the bathroom.)

FREDDY. Wait a minute, you said the joke was funny. But it wasn’t funny.

EINSTEIN. Oh yes it was. I laughed.

GERMAINE. No you didn’t.

EINSTEIN. Not now, no. I’ll laugh later. An ice box laugh.

FREDDY. An ice box laugh?

EINSTEIN. Yes. You don’t laugh now, but an hour later you’re at home, standing in front of the ice box and you laugh.

GASTON. (Offstage.) E-shaped pie! Hahahahaha.

EINSTEIN. See? He’s just getting it now. Probably through a process of elimination.

FREDDY. So I might laugh at the joke later.

EINSTEIN. Right.

FREDDY. You mean I might owe it a laugh.

EINSTEIN. Exactly.

(FREDDY starts laughing uproariously.)

See! You’re laughing at it now.

FREDDY. Oh, no. I’m laughing at something that happened a year ago. I remembered that I owed it a laugh.

EINSTEIN. Or, maybe the thing that happened a year ago wasn’t funny and you’re really laughing just now at the pie joke.

FREDDY. Well, that’s a good theory, but there’s a problem.

EINSTEIN. What?

FREDDY. The thing that happened a year ago was when the cat went running across the kitchen floor to leap through the cat door but it was locked.

(He slaps his hands together, bang.)

Now there’s no way that wasn’t funny.

PICASSO. How about you my dear? What do you say?

SUZANNE. I’ve had my example of a bad joke.

PICASSO. Oh come on.

SUZANNE. You’re a cruel, womanizing bastard.

PICASSO. If you’re trying to praise me that’s a poor choice of words.

SUZANNE. You’re ridiculous.
GASTON. Horseshit!
EINSTEIN. Well it just so happens that it is!
GASTON. Is not!
EINSTEIN. Is too!
GASTON. Is not!
EINSTEIN. Is too!
GASTON. Is not!
GERMAINE. (To FREDDY.) Neo.
FREDDY. Post!
GERMAINE. Neo!
FREDDY. Post!
PICASSO. Mine is not a formula!
EINSTEIN. (To PICASSO.) Is so!
FREDDY. (To EINSTEIN.) Is not!
EINSTEIN. Is so!
PICASSO. (To FREDDY.) Neo!
FREDDY. Post!
PICASSO. Neo!
FREDDY. Post!
EINSTEIN. Hold it! Not only is space curved but light has mass and it bends when it passes by large masses like the sun at a finite speed regardless of the motion of its source!

(He gasps.)
Uh-oh! Oh my God, I can’t believe I just blurted out the ending of my book. What I just said is my business and I hope it won’t leave this room.
FREDDY. I’m glad you stopped me; I was just going to the phone.
GERMAINE. You want to hear a woman’s opinion on this?
EINSTEIN. There is no woman’s opinion. This is science.
GERMAINE. Are you saying women can’t be scientists?
EINSTEIN. No! I’m saying there are no gender-related opinions on this matter. Madam Curie didn’t say, “I think I’ve discovered radium, I better check with a man.” No man’s opinion, no woman’s opinion. It’s sexless.
GASTON. I know the feeling.
EINSTEIN. What I just said is the fundamental end-all, final, not-subject-to-opinion absolute truth...depending on where you’re standing.

(EINSTEIN sits, exhausted. There is silence in the room. Then.)
PICASSO. Are you through?
EINSTEIN. I am.
PICASSO. So much thinking.
EINSTEIN. You should try it sometime.
GASTON. (To the room.) How do you draw something? It seems so impossible.
PICASSO. (Turns to him.) It’s all in the wrist.
EINSTEIN. (He points to his brain.) And I maintain that the wrist starts here!
GASTON. I had an idea once.

(Everyone gasps.)
FREDDY. Which century?

GASTON. Two years ago I had to paint my shutters. I had to figure out a color. I thought about it for a long time. Should they be a light color or a dark color? For a while, forest blue seemed nice; then, I realized there was no such color as forest blue. I tried to flip a coin but lost it on the roof. I started thinking, “What are shutters anyway and what would their natural color be?” Then I realized that shutters don’t occur in nature, so they don’t have a natural color. I thought, “Maybe just take off the shutters.” Then, I started to think about moving to a land where there are no shutters, and frankly, suicide. But then one day, there was a sale on green paint. And that was it.
PICASSO. My process is just like that, but leave out the start, all the middle parts, and jump to the end. If I
PICASSO. Why be nasty? We're not so different...
GERMAINE. Oh yes we slept together but there is a difference. For me, you are the thing that never happened. You and Freddy exist in separate universes. What I do in one has nothing to do with the other.
PICASSO. How convenient.
GERMAINE. Oh, don't get me wrong. I'm not being nasty. I like you. It's just that I know about men like you.
PICASSO. Men like me? Where are there men like me?
GERMAINE. Have a drink. You don't want me to go on.
PICASSO. No, tell me about men like me.
GERMAINE. (Sets in.) A steady woman is important to you because then you know for sure you have someone to go home to if you can't find someone else. You notice every woman don't you?
PICASSO. Many.
GERMAINE. I mean every woman. Waitresses, wives, weavers, ushers, actresses, laundresses. You notice them, don't you?
PICASSO. Yes.
GERMAINE. And when you see a woman you think, I wonder what she would be like. You could be bouncing your baby on your knee and if a woman walks by you wonder what she would be like.
PICASSO. Go on.
GERMAINE. You have two in one night when the lies work out, and you feel it's your right. The rules don't apply to you, because the rules were made up by women, and they have to be if there's going to be any society at all. You cancel one when someone better comes along. They find you funny, bohemian, irresistible. You like them young because you can bamboozle them, and they think you're great. You want them when you want them, never when they want you. Afterwards you can't wait to leave, or if you're unlucky enough to have her at your place you can't wait for her to leave because the truth is we don't exist afterwards, and all conversation becomes meaningless because it's not going to get you anywhere because it already got you there. You're unreachable.
Your whole act is a camouflage. But you are lucky, because you have a true talent that you are too wise to abuse. And because of that you will always be desirable. So when you wear out one woman, there will be another who wants to taste it, who wants to be next to someone like you. So you'll never have to earn a woman and you'll never appreciate one.
PICASSO. But I appreciate women. I draw them don't I?
GERMAINE. Well, that's because we're so goddamn beautiful isn't it?
PICASSO. Germaine, men want, and women are wanted. That's the way it is and that's the way it will always be.
GERMAINE. That may be true, but why be greedy? By the way, I knew you were using me, but I was using you back.
PICASSO. How?
GERMAINE. Now I know what a painter is like, tomorrow night a street paver maybe, or a news agent, or maybe a bookseller. A street paver may not have anything to talk about to a girl like me, but I can write my romantic scenarios in my head and pull them down like a screen in front of me to project my fantasies onto. Like you project your fantasies onto a piece of paper.
PICASSO. How does Freddy fit in? Why are you with him?
GERMAINE. Because occasionally, occasionally, he says something so profound I'm just glad to have been there. But really? What I wouldn't give for a country boy.
(FREDDY re-enters.)
FREDDY. Well, I caught the son-of-a-bitch in time.
GERMAINE. Not quite.
(A young woman charges into the bar. She looks around.)
PICASSO. (To himself:) I could dream it forever and still not do it, but when the time comes for it to be done God I want to be ready for it, to be ready for the moment of convergence between the thing done and the doing of it, between the thing to be made and its maker. At that moment I am speaking for everyone; I am dreaming for the billions yet to come, I am taking the part of us that cannot be understood by God and letting it bleed from the wrist onto the canvas. And it can only be made because I have felt these things: my love, my lust, my greed, my happiness.

(Turns to the bar.)

So this is what it's like.

GERMAINE. What?

PICASSO. To be there at the moment.

GASTON. What moment?

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

GERMAINE. Any special color?

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

(To the VISITOR.)

My name is Picasso. Are you an artist?

VISITOR. I had my moment.

PICASSO. What kind of moment?

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

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

VISITOR. It's a good feeling.