

6/11/94

SUZANNE

*My name's Suzanne.*

GASTON

And you're waiting for Picasso.

SUZANNE

Right. Do you know him?

GASTON

I've heard of him a bit. Big guy, rodeo rider, trickroper?

SUZANNE

Uh, no...

GASTON

What's his first name?

SUZANNE

Pablo.

GASTON

Oh, no. Different guy. So how did you meet Pablo?

SUZANNE

I...it was about two weeks ago. I was walking down the street one afternoon and I turned up the stairs into my flat and I looked back and he was there framed in the doorway looking up at me. I couldn't see his face because the light came in from behind him and he was in shadow and he said "I am Picasso." And I said "well so what?" And then he said he wasn't sure yet but he thinks that it means something in the future to be 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 ~~guy~~ who wants me can hang around for months, and I even like ~~him~~ ~~the guy~~ but I'm not going to sleep with him, but some other ~~manguy~~ says the right thing and I'm on my back, not knowing what hit me.

GERMAINE

Yeah why is that?

FREDDY

Huh?

GERMAINE

Nevermind.