

Audition Sides

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.

FREDDY. See? As long as we've got him here we might as well use him.

(To EINSTEIN)

I made a deal with Alphonse for a case of port at 26 francs each. He said if I bought six cases, he'd give me a discount. But he didn't know the year of the port. He said, if the port arrived and was newer than 1900, he'd give me a 4% discount, keeping 3% on bottles before 1900 and 2% on bottles before 1895. When I got the cases, two cases had nine bottles dated after 1900 and fifteen bottles dated before 1895. One case had 18% of the bottles dated before 1900 and the rest were evenly split between before 1895 and after 1900. The rest of the three cases after 1900, before 1900 and before 1895 respectively. How much the hell do I owe this guy?

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 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?

SAGOT. I know that there are two subjects in paintings that no one will buy. One is Jesus, and the other is sheep.

Love him as much as they want, no one really wants a painting of Jesus in the living room.

You're having a few people over, having a few drinks, and there's Jesus over the sofa. Somehow

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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. 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 off paint. And that was it.

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. 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. (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

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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.

SCHMENDIMAN. Which one's Picasso?

(GASTON points.)

I've heard of you...nice work. If you like blue.

Come to think of it, it's about time for a Spaniard -. I mean it's been a long time since

"Vell-ath-kweth" ...I'm just needlin' ye! You would be interested in my process. Creation is easy!

Just follow the path of least resistance. You're supposed to paint butcha feel like dancin'?

DANCE! You're supposed to write butcha feel like singin'? SING! That's what I did. Remember, the shortest distance between two points is a foot and a half. No pun intended.

NOTE for actors considering The Visitor (Elvis Presley) There is no monologue for this character. The Director will read the lines with you.

VISITOR. Sheep? Looks like five women to me.

(PICASSO's head snaps around to the picture.)

You puttin' me on? You see sheep?

GASTON. I see sheep, she sees sheep. Everyone in here sees sheep except for you.

VISITOR. Well, mercy. It looks like five weird women to me., PICASSO. (Stopped.) Where did you say you were from?

VISITOR. From the future.

PICASSO. And why are you here?

VISITOR. She sent me with a message.

PICASSO. Who is she?

VISITOR. She is the one who whispers in your ear every time you touch the pencil to the paper.

PICASSO. And what is the message?

VISITOR. Are you open to receive it?

PICASSO. Yes.

VISITOR. You better stand back.