

SUZANNE. I was walking down the street one afternoon and I went up the stairs into my flat and I looked back and there he was 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 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."

So the next thing I know he's inside the apartment. He said 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: unpronounceable.

GASTON. Sex, sex, sex.

SUZANNE. What?

GASTON. Oh nothing, I was just thinking out loud.

SUZANNE. Been awhile?

GASTON. About eight months. Interesting really. I saw a cat in the street and bent over to pet it and it moved just out of my reach. It seemed friendly but nervous so I followed it, it was just out of my reach for several blocks — here kitty, kitty, kitty — when I realized the cat had stopped at the feet of a woman. I looked up at her and our eyes met. Older, my age, but she was dazzling. Let's just say she had a nice mortal coil. We made love in her place within the hour.

SUZANNE. Did you ever make love to her again?

GASTON. No, I didn't.

SUZANNE. See, there you are. She was there; you were taken with each other. You men; why is once enough? Why wouldn't you make love with her again?

GASTON. I would have but she died about an hour later.

SUZANNE. Oh.

GASTON. We both wanted to do it again and I told her I needed an hour to rejuvenate. I went outside and sat with the cat and after a while I looked up and they were taking her body out on a stretcher.

SUZANNE. Oh my God.

GASTON. I can't help but think that I killed her.

(Pause, then.)

Hoo-ah!