

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.

PICASSO. Look, I meant everything I said that night, I just forgot who I said it to.
Stranger things will happen in your young life, believe me. Worse things.

SUZANNE. I believed you.

PICASSO. I believed it too. And now that I see you tonight, my dear, I'm believing it all over again.

I remember a blue-green bed with a rose-colored spread over it. A tin half-moon on the wall, holding a candle. On your bedside table there were three rings side by side with small turquoise stones, one with garnet, and next to them a pale pink ribbon. Later I picked it up off the floor

(Then.)

I can't remember your name.

SUZANNE. I never told it to you.

PICASSO. Yes, you did. I remember it now.

SUZANNE. I never told you.

PICASSO. Yes you did Suzanne.

SUZANNE. I don't remember.

PICASSO. My ear was inches from your mouth. You said your name to me, then spoke words half-whispered, passion obscuring their meaning. Do you remember?

SUZANNE. Yes.

PICASSO. I drew three pictures of you from memory.

SUZANNE. You did?

PICASSO. But I can do better.

SUZANNE. I'll be there later.

PICASSO. That's a coincidence. So will I.

SUZANNE. I should go now. Good-bye everyone. When will you be there?

PICASSO. When the play's over.

(She exits.)