

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. 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.” 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 asked myself what color I wanted it would just slow me down.

FREDDY. I know what he means.

PICASSO. I see other painters struggling with it; killing themselves over it even. And I don’t get their worry. I put the pencil to the paper and it comes out. Not the craft, mind you, that was difficult to get. The ideas are a different matter. The ideas swoop down on me, they fall like rain, they land with a crash.

EINSTEIN. They “thunk,” too.

PICASSO. Absolutely! They thunk.

EINSTEIN. You too?

PICASSO. *(Suddenly interested in EINSTEIN.)* Yes. And pop.

EINSTEIN. Well, pop all the time, that goes without saying. They never seem to flow though.

PICASSO. Never flow. Well sometimes.

EINSTEIN. Yeah, sometimes.

FREDDY. Where do they come from, these “ideas”?

PICASSO. Before me artists used to get their ideas from the past. But as of this moment they are coming from the future, fast and loose.

EINSTEIN. Absolutely from the future.

PICASSO. I think in the moment of pencil to paper the future is mapped out in the face of the person drawn. Imagine that the pencil is pushed hard enough, and the lead goes through the paper into another dimension.

(They start to get excited.)

EINSTEIN. Yes!

PICASSO. A kind of fourth dimension if that's what you want to call it...

EINSTEIN. I can't believe you're saying this! A fourth dimension!

PICASSO. ...and that fourth dimension is...the future.

EINSTEIN. Wrong.

PICASSO. *(Argumentative.)* The pencil pokes into the future and sucks up ideas and transfers them to the paper for Christ's sake. And what the hell do you know about it anyway...you're a scientist! You just want theories —

EINSTEIN. Yes, and like you, the theories must be beautiful. You know why the sun doesn't revolve around the earth? Because the idea is not beautiful enough. If you're trying to prove that the sun revolves around the earth, in order to make the theory fit the facts, you have to have the planets moving backwards, and the sun doing loop-the-loops. Too ugly. Way ugly.

PICASSO. So you're saying you bring a beautiful idea into being?

EINSTEIN. Yes. We create a system and see if the facts can fit it.

PICASSO. So you're not just describing the world as it is?

EINSTEIN. No! We are creating a new way of looking at the world!

PICASSO. So you're saying you dream the impossible and put it into effect?

EINSTEIN. Exactly.

PICASSO. Brother!

EINSTEIN. Brother!

(They hug.)