

PICASSO. *(Exasperated.)* Well, another typical night!

GASTON. I learned something here tonight.

FREDDY. What's that, Gaston?

GASTON. You take a couple of geniuses, put them in a room together and ...
Gee Willikers.

GERMAINE. Boy, you really know how to turn a phrase.

GASTON. What I mean is, these two guys are smart. That's what it must take to be a genius. Brains. An incredible amount of brains.

(Entering with fanfare, the VISITOR, a Singer from The Fifties, age twenty-five. He shakes stardust off his shoulders, looks around curiously. He swivels his hips at Gaston, finds that funny, sits down.)

GASTON. Don't tell me you're a genius too.

VISITOR. Shucks, no.

GERMAINE. Something to drink?

VISITOR. Sorry ma'am, don't drink. Do you have tomato juice? I'm just a country boy.

(GERMAINE collapses, then gets up.)

FREDDY. Tomato juice. You want something in that?

VISITOR. Like what?

FREDDY. Well, like vodka.

VISITOR. *(Giggles.)* You're kiddin'.

(GERMAINE goes weak in the knees again, gets up.)

By the way, watch the shoes.

FREDDY. What brings you here?

VISITOR. Well, I kinda like surprising people, you know, poppin' up where you're least expected. So I thought I'd do a little time travelin'. Try another time zone.

PICASSO. *(To Freddy.)* Put some vodka in it.

(The VISITOR looks around at the group in the bar.)

VISITOR. You seem like some pretty nice folks.

GERMAINE. How dare you. This is Paris.

FREDDY. *(Offended.)* What do you mean, pretty nice folks?

VISITOR. Well, you know, friendly, good natured. Accepting of strangers.

GASTON. Why would I change now?

VISITOR. Well, where I come from that's what people are like.

GERMAINE. Where are you from?

VISITOR. Memphis.

FREDDY. Memphis, Egypt?

VISITOR. No sir. Memphis is in America.

(“Oh.” Silence.)

GASTON. I don't trust any country that doesn't eat frogs.

(EINSTEIN approaches the VISITOR.)

EINSTEIN. I don't believe we've met.

VISITOR. Oh yes we will.

EINSTEIN. You and I think alike.

VISITOR. Watch the shoes.

EINSTEIN. What do you do?

VISITOR. Well, uh, wella, wella, wella ... Ah guess ah ...

(Thinks.)

... sing songs about love.

(Everyone swoons at the thought.)

FREDDY. *(Rhapsodic.)* If only I could sing songs about love.

GERMAINE. If I could sing songs about love, I would remember lovers past, and fill the lyrics with sunlight.

PICASSO. Oh, if only I could sing songs about love. No more paints or brushes ... just the Moonlight, the Junelight, and You.

GASTON. In the summer evenings, I would stand along the Seine and just sing, sing, sing.

EINSTEIN. People crowding in a smoky cabaret to hear the song stylings of Albert Einstein...appearing nightly with the Kentuckymen.

VISITOR. See what I mean about you all being pretty nice folks? Just some little cuddly pussy cats.