

think I've discovered radium, I better check with a man."
No man's opinion, no woman's opinion. It's sexless.

GASTON. I know the feeling.

EINSTEIN. What I just said is the fundamental end-all, final, not-subject-to-opinion absolute truth...depending on where you're standing.

(EINSTEIN sits, exhausted. There is silence in the room. Then.)

PICASSO. Are you through?

EINSTEIN. I am.

PICASSO. So much thinking.

EINSTEIN. You should try it sometime.

GASTON. *(To the room.)* How do you draw something? It seems so impossible.

PICASSO. *(Turns to him.)* It's all in the wrist.

EINSTEIN. *(He points to his brain.)* And I maintain that the wrist starts here!

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. 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 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

START
HERE



END
HERE

