

GASTON: I have to pee.

*(He exits.)*

START  
HERE



SAGOT: I know that there are two subjects in paintings that no one will buy. One is Jesus, and the other is sheep. Love Him as much as they want, no one really wants a painting of Jesus in the living room. You're having a few people over, having a few drinks, and there's Jesus over the sofa. Somehow it doesn't work. And not in the bedroom either, obviously. I mean, you want Jesus watching over you but not while you're in the missionary position. You could put Him in the kitchen maybe, but then that's sort of insulting to Jesus. Jesus, ham sandwich, Jesus, ham sandwich; I wouldn't like it and neither would He. Can't sell a male nude either, unless they're messengers. Why a messenger would want to be nude I don't know. You'd think they'd at least need a little pouch or something. In fact, if a nude man showed up at my door and I asked, "Who is it," and he said, "Messenger," I would damn well look and see if he has a pouch, and if he doesn't, I'm not answering the door. Sheep are the same, don't ask me why, can't sell 'em.

*(He sits down.)*

END  
HERE



GASTON *(reentering)*: Here's what I don't get. A month goes by, every night no different than tonight. People come in, people go out. So why do all the nuts show up in one evening?

GERMAINE: Picasso's definitely coming in tonight.

SUZANNE: I hope he comes in.

FREDDY: Me too. He owes me a bar bill.

EINSTEIN: I'd like to meet him.