

(18)

"Surviving Picasso"
FILM NINETEEN

Screenplay by

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1. INT. VAULTS OF BANQUE NATIONALE. DAY. 1.

PICASSO and TWO GERMAN SOLDIERS are walking through the subterranean passages of the bank. Gates are unlocked for them and clatter shut behind them, as in a prison. They proceed with courtesy, each bowing to let the other pass first. PICASSO bows with a flourish, with a touch of showmanship, like a performer in a circus.

FRANCOISE V.O.

During the war and the German occupation of France, Picasso had been declared a degenerate artist. Unlike the other so-called degenerate artists, who had taken refuge in America, he had stayed on in his studio in Paris. That was when I first met him. He always insisted that he wasn't a hero - and he really wasn't, which maybe made staying here all the more heroic. His explanation was that he was a creature of habit and hated moving. Anyway, he said, what would he do in America? He would have to be polite to a lot of rich old women, and that was not his style.

All exhibition of his work was banned in France, and the Germans would periodically show up in his apartment for "inquiries." They wanted to make an inventory of all the paintings he kept in his vault in the bank so as to have an idea of what assets of his they would be able to confiscate...Fortunately, the inspectors assigned to him were not sophisticated officers but simple soldiers. Perhaps he managed to arrange it that way - he was wily enough for anything...

PICASSO pulls out one painting after another. They are not only his but also his very valuable collection of the work of other painters, such as Cezanne and Renoir. The GERMANS don't know what to make of any of them; they are perplexed and bewildered, and playing on this, PICASSO draws out paintings with ever-increasing speed, piling everything up without giving them time to take in anything. He is much nimbler than the Germans so that they find it impossible to keep up with him, physically or otherwise.

At last, faced with a Picasso painting -

GERMAN

...You painted this?

PICASSO nods proudly and taps his chest.

(in genuine perplexity) Why do you paint like this?

PICASSO smiles and spreads his arms in a gesture of helplessness. Then he leaps away and calls to the GERMANS to follow. They lumber after him. He shows another painting. They ask what it is called. (PICASSO has a strong Spanish accent.) The picture depends on what is available:

PICASSO

"Pipe, Glass and Apple."

GERMAN

But where 'is the glass?

PICASSO points it out, then says oh no pardon, that's the apple. He drags out some more pictures. GERMANS continue to look stupefied. But suddenly a light appears to dawn:

GERMAN

It is all fantasy?

PICASSO

(in a congratulatory manner) All fantasy...
(tapping his head) From up here.

GERMANS are now quite fatigued and wish to finish the business.

GERMAN

And what is the value you would put on all this?

PICASSO

It's hard to say...Unfortunately, nobody wants to pay me very much for them.
(to GERMAN) Why don't you make me a reasonable offer?

GERMAN jumps back as if stung, then laughs and shakes his head.

GERMAN

My wife would have something to say to me if I brought home a thing like this to hang on our wall.

They all laugh in agreement, PICASSO the heartiest. Here for the first time we hear his peculiar highpitched whinnying laugh, which will sound throughout the film.

- 2. INT. LE CATALAN. NIGHT.

2.

It is noisy and crowded with ARTISTS and INTELLECTUALS (and no Germans at all).

PICASSO enters accompanied by DORA MAAR and an AFGHAN HOUND. It is a grand entrance: his coat (a heavy grimy mackinaw) is taken from him; the PATRON rushes forward with a light for his cigarette; a WAITER hurries to place his usual order (a glass of Evian water) on the table where his FRIENDS are waiting for him. He passes through the restaurant, acknowledging and bestowing salutations.

FRANCOISE and GENEVIEVE, both about 22, are seated at a table with their friend PIERRE (a photographer). The two girls make no secret of their excitement at PICASSO's entrance. When he passes their table, he greets PIERRE, while his eyes flick over the two girls in a practiced way. Everything is at a standstill till he is seated (his chair is pulled out for him).

PICASSO is short, strong, muscular, compact, with deep dark Oriental eyes glowing out of a rough-hewn peasant face. He is not as bald as he will be later but has some thinning strands of white hair combed across his skull, one of them falling down over his forehead.

DORA MAAR (35) towers a full head above him. She is wearing a fur coat with padded shoulders and shoes with thick wooden soles and high heels.

FRANCOISE and GENEVIEVE continue to crane toward his table and to whisper to each other about him. While they are fascinated by him, he remains very much aware of them. Surrounded by his FRIENDS, he has launched into a (by now embroidered) account of his adventure with the Germans. He deliberately talks loud enough to be heard at FRANCOISE's table:

PICASSO

...Then I showed them some early drafts of Guernica and they looked at all that - women screaming, house in flames, horse in death agony - and they asked "Did you do this?" And I said "This? This horror? No, I'm not responsible for that, gentlemen. You are. That's your doing!" They said "But we don't paint." I said "You do everything else pretty thoroughly"...Last year they came and ransacked my house. They walked off with my linen and left my paintings behind. How insulting, preferring my towels and sheets to my paintings...

His DOG meantime is going around the restaurant begging for lumps of sugar. He has reached FRANCOISE's table where they make a fuss of him and hold out a lump of sugar. Exclaiming "Kazbec, no!" PICASSO jumps up and

rushes over. He wrests the lump of sugar from the DOG's reluctant jaws, explaining, "Strictly forbidden and he knows it. Sugar ruins his teeth."

DORA MAAR watches him with FRANCOISE and GENEVIEVE. He is on his best behavior, almost coquettish (not unlike Charlie Chaplin when wooing a girl).

DORA is not pleased with what she sees. She gestures and calls to PIERRE to bring the DOG back. PIERRE does so, while PICASSO continues to coquette with the GIRLS, and DORA continues to watch them. She receives the DOG with exaggerated kisses and petting, and while she is doing this -

DORA

(trying to sound casual) Who are your friends?

PIERRE

Francoise and Genevieve... (DORA repeats the names, with PIERRE indicating which one is which) They're painters.

DORA

And what do they paint, besides their finger-nails? (not waiting for an answer, watching PICASSO) He's going through his usual routine: "Oh so you're painters...I'm a painter too...Come to my studio. I'd like to show you my work...Ah, I know your face so well: I painted it before you were even born..."

Actually, this is exactly what PICASSO is saying.

DORA

(kissing the DOG) You're a good dog. All you want is a lump of sugar.

She gives it to him and he chews it gratefully.

3. EXT. 7 RUE DES GRANDS-AUGUSTINS. DAY. 3.

FRANCOISE and GENEVIEVE cross the courtyard, enter a side-door, then ascend a narrow spiral staircase with worn and rickety steps. There is a light but it is one of those timed bulbs and goes off before they reach their destination. They climb and climb, passing the offices of the owners of the building, and at last reach Picasso's door. By this time they are groping their way in the dark, giggling. They ring the bell and the door is opened a crack.

SABARTÉS, elderly, sour, peers out at them through thick lenses, suspiciously. They pluck up courage to say they have an appointment. He nods gloomily and admits them. He is not pleased to see them.

4. INT. ANTE-ROOMS. DAY.

4.

He ushers them in without a word. Tame pigeons are flying around. They follow him through a small entrance hall with more birds, in cages, and some rather ugly plants, then into a long room full of an incredible clutter - tables piled with papers, books, photographs, hats, letters, bits of crystal and other stray objects. There are some dusty 17th century Spanish chairs and a large divan covered in very dusty crimson and yellow velvet; some guitars and mandolins are scattered over them.

Here several VISITORS are waiting, some of whom anxiously question SABARTÉS whether they are going to be received today or not.

SABARTÉS

(mysteriously) Who knows what will be today and what will be tomorrow.

He walks on, followed by FRANCOISE and GENEVIEVE.

MARCEL (who is Picasso's chauffeur) softens Sabartés' ambiguity with vague promises, soothing the disappointed VISITORS. He is cheerful and jovial, and when VISITORS complain about the two girls being led inside, he winks and says that girls like that are always taken inside.

SABARTÉS leads them through another room, containing several paintings, including a Douanier Rousseau ("Allée du Parc Montsouris") and a Matisse. When she sees the Matisse, FRANCOISE cannot help exclaiming:

FRANCOISE

What a marvelous Matisse!

SABARTÉS

(in deep disapproval) One doesn't come to the house of Picasso to admire the work of Matisse.

He gestures them toward a circular staircase, then follows them.

5. INT. PAINTING STUDIO AND ADJOINING ROOMS. DAY.

5.

The studio is cluttered with canvases and painting paraphernalia, but the only furniture is an ordinary

green park bench and a cane chair with a high back. There is an enormous pot-bellied stove but it is unlit, for it is wartime and there is no coal. It is freezing cold in there, and everyone is huddled up in layers of clothes. In spite of the window, which has a radiator underneath it and opens on to a landscape of rooftops, it is very dark in here (the cave of the magician).

There are some FRIENDS, reading a dramatic text, which they are rehearsing. PICASSO is with them, but the moment the two girls enter, he comes to greet them, with radiant pleasure ("Hala! Hala!" - his favorite exclamation). He too is huddled up in an overcoat and scarves. He has his usual Gauloise cigarette between his stained fingers, burned down to the stub. His clothes are worn and stained shabby not because it is war-time, but because he cannot be bothered to buy new ones.

PICASSO

It's very kind of you to spare a little time for me...Are you warm enough? (He winds FRANCOISE's scarf more tightly around her neck) The other night the water froze in the fishbowl and my gold fish is dead. Imagine - even a coldblooded fish can't survive the arctic climate of my apartment. Come on, let me show you around.

SABARTÉS

Bataille has been waiting for three days to see you.

PICASSO

Let him wait. It's good exercise for him; a test of his friendship for me.

He does not introduce the girls to the other FRIENDS whom he now ignores except for telling them vaguely "You carry on." They continue to rehearse. SABARTÉS has joined them but while the others studiously ignore the girls, he keeps throwing malevolent glances in their direction.

Talking animatedly, PICASSO takes FRANCOISE and GENEVIEVE into another small room, explaining this is where he keeps his engravings, then into another room filled with frames, but doesn't give them time to look at anything.

PICASSO

Now you're in the labyrinth of the minotaur. Aren't you afraid you'll never get out? No? But you must know that he perishes if he doesn't devour at least two maidens a day...

FRANCOISE laughs, GENEVIEVE does not.

He regards them with some amusement:

PICASSO

So you are painters...Do you have a teacher?

FRANCOISE

Genevieve is visiting from Montpellier where she is a pupil of Maillol.

PICASSO

And you? Who is your teacher?

FRANCOISE

I don't have one.

He looks at her in silence for a moment - then to GENEVIEVE:

PICASSO

Maillol is a very good teacher for you. When are you going back to Montpellier?

GENEVIEVE

The day after tomorrow.

PICASSO

Oh so soon... (to FRANCOISE) And you - will you be lonely when she's gone? If you are, come and see me. But come because you like me, not as if you're visiting the shrine of Fatima. (He makes a characteristic grimace of distaste)

He leads them back to the studio. They follow behind him, whispering together:

GENEVIEVE

Let's go. He's not going to show us any paintings.

FRANCOISE

Of course he will. Why else did he invite us?

GENEVIEVE

Don't pretend to be so naive.

In the studio the play is still in progress. They listen for a while.

PICASSO

I wrote it. It's my play. (By this time he is addressing only FRANCOISE) Ah-ha, you didn't know I was a writer! But what to do in the long nights with curfew and black-out and Germans prowling around? I like to try everything...

He trails off and looks at them with what Malraux has called his "otherworldly eyes set in a mask of an astonished clown." Malraux also said that his most frequent facial expression was one of "ironic wonderment," and also that he stalked through the disorder of his studio like a cat.

PICASSO

I've been painting you two for years and years; for decades. Always the same theme: two women, two girls together...

He darts off in his usual quick way and dives into the stacked canvases - and characteristically knows exactly where to find what he is looking for (only he can unerringly pull things from out of the hopeless clutter surrounding him). He starts taking out canvases, calling to SABARTÉS to help him. SABARTÉS takes the opportunity to repeat that Bataille has been waiting for three days. PICASSO is irritated, says he has no time. SABARTÉS replies that evidently he has time for other people, frowning toward the GIRLS.

PICASSO and SABARTÉS are muttering together in Spanish, and at the same time GENEVIEVE is muttering to FRANCOISE:

GENEVIEVE

I don't know what we're doing here, listening to all this.

FRANCOISE

Don't spoil it.

PICASSO

(to SABARTÉS) You're ruining my good mood.

He has found the canvases he wants and calls eagerly to the two GIRLS to come see them. He piles up and balances the paintings in a peculiar way all his own, one on top of and beside the other. It is quite an acrobatic feat.

Some of the other FRIENDS also come to look and make the usual impenetrable comments - e.g.

FRIEND 1

An extraordinary plastic intensity.

FRIEND 2

But the monochrome and the considerable distance which separates the symbol from what it symbolizes take away all aggressiveness. The representation conserves the magic beauty of the cult image...

During this, PICASSO rolls his eyes heavenward, then exchanges conspiratorial smiles with FRANCOISE.

He wants FRANCOISE and GENEVIEVE to hold the PAINTINGS to let him step back to look at them. But they can't repeat his juggling trick so that the paintings begin to fall and they have desperately to catch them. PICASSO laughs and says this always happens, that no one but himself can execute this balancing act. He catches and rebalances the paintings, then bows as though acknowledging applause.

6.

RAILWAY PLATFORM: INSIDE TRAIN. DAY.

6.

Through the carriage window - GENEVIEVE is traveling, FRANCOISE is helping her settle into the carriage. They appear to be in the middle of an argument, and when we come in on them inside the carriage -

GENEVIEVE

...I suppose you're going to run to his studio the moment my train pulls out... It's wrong, Francoise. Terribly wrong.

FRANCOISE

You keep saying that, but you don't tell me why...Is it because he's old?

GENEVIEVE

Yes he's old old old...And not only as a man but as a painter too. What we saw in his studio was nothing but perversions and monstrosities.

FRANCOISE

He hasn't made it up. It's what's there: what is.

GENEVIEVE

No. He's defaced what is...But you know why the Mona Lisa is smiling: because all those who've painted moustaches on her face are dead.

FRANCOISE

He's not. He's the most alive person
I've ever seen. And what moustaches
he's painted on your Mona Lisa!

During the above, another PASSENGER has entered the
compartment, with luggage.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCOISE says that she must go, the train is about to leave - GENEVIEVE follows her down the corridor, right to the exit door. As they embrace to say goodbye -

GENEVIEVE

Come with me to Montpellier. You always said that the best time of your life was your vacations with me at Montpellier. We'll paint, we'll take our walks by the river -

GENEVIEVE is desperately talking, pretending not to hear the whistle being blown, the train about to depart - FRANCOISE has to struggle to get away from her. The train is already moving when FRANCOISE, who is lithe and athletic, manages to jump off.

7. EXT. STREETS LEADING TO RUE DES GRANDS-AUGUSTINS. DAY. 7.

It is raining. The streets are bleak, shops half-empty or shut. There is a long line outside a baker's. PEOPLE look shabby and dispirited. In contrast, some GERMAN SOLDIERS, in their smart uniforms, appear well-fed and complacent. It is Paris under occupation. The swastika flies over the Senate and all along the Rue de Rivoli, as en fête.

FRANCOISE is cycling through the rain. But it is a light spring rain, for the season has changed.

FRANCOISE V.O.

Up to that time, Genevieve was the best friend I ever had, and she had a great influence over me. So after she left, I waited several weeks before I went back to Picasso's studio. It was partly because of what she had said - I told myself I was thinking it over - but there was something else as well: I deliberately postponed going there. Not because I was afraid for myself the way Genevieve was afraid for me - not at all! Why should I be afraid of Picasso? I wanted to go to him every day, and every day I held myself back. I made myself wait the way one does for a marvelous treat. Because that's what going to his studio was for me: like visiting some fabulous place, a magician's palace, in those grim days of the Occupation...

But when she gets to his courtyard, there are two GERMAN SOLDIERS there, talking to SABARTÉS. FRANCOISE quickly

turns back and hides. She watches the GERMANS talking to SABARTÉS. When they leave - with bows of apology - she emerges from her hiding place and follows SABARTÉS through the door.

8. INT. STAIRS. DAY.

8.

As she follows him -

SABARTÉS

They come once a week to see his papers and once a week I tell them "let alone his parents and grandparents, even Picasso's great-grandparents are not Jewish..."

9. INT. PAINTING STUDIO AND ADJOINING ROOMS. DAY. 9.

When SABARTÉS enters with FRANCOISE, PICASSO is with INÈS, his pert and pretty maid. She looks at FRANCOISE, then inquiringly at SABARTÉS, who nods as though to say, "That's the one." Neither of them is pleased at FRANCOISE's arrival, but PICASSO is delighted.

SABARTÉS

(accusingly to PICASSO) You said to bring her straight in whenever she comes.
(gloomily) Well, she's come.

PICASSO

Oh but the poor girl is all wet! Look at her - Sabartés! Her hair's all wet! (touching it) Get me a towel, we have to dry it for her.

Exchanging a disgusted look with SABARTÉS, INÈS goes out.

PICASSO

(to FRANCOISE) I had a feeling when I woke up that you would come today. (with the coyness of a provincial Lothario) Or it may even have been a dream...

He puts his arm around her and leads her to another room. INÈS returns with the towel which PICASSO grabs away from her before she can use it on FRANCOISE.

PICASSO

(to FRANCOISE) ...Come along with me, I'll do it myself. The poor girl comes here drenched to the skin and in mortal danger of catching pneumonia, the least we can do is dry her hair.

He takes her into the bathroom where he proceeds to towel her hair. While he is doing that -

PICASSO

Why didn't you come before? You heard Sabartés - I told him to bring you straight in whenever you came. You could even have a bath here.

He turns on a tap:

You see, I have hot water. There are not many places in Paris today where there is hot water. So come and have a bath. Any time. You can see how good I am at drying you off.

He winds the towel around her head like a turban and takes her into an alcove where he keeps a glass case full of curiosities he has either made or collected. He shows them to her one by one, and with each one he gets a bit closer to her, sometimes putting his arm around her, or touching her - delicately, experimentally. Finally he darts forward and kisses her on the mouth. He steps back to watch her reaction. When she has none, except to smile pleasantly -

PICASSO

Well?

FRANCOISE

Well, what?

PICASSO

You're not angry with me?

FRANCOISE

No.

PICASSO

...If you don't even push me away, I might get the idea I could do anything with you.

She smiles.

If you were a properly brought-up young lady, you would feel insulted. (working himself up a bit) Here I am - a painter of some reputation - and you, an innocent young girl, have come to visit me. And what do I do? I take advantage of you. I insult you.

FRANCOISE

I don't feel insulted.

PICASSO

(coquettishly) Then would you permit me to do it again?

FRANCOISE

If you like.

PICASSO

(in disgust) No. Under such conditions, what pleasure is there in seducing anyone?

FRANCOISE

Oh is that what's happening - you're seducing me?

PICASSO

You think you're very sophisticated, but I tell you you don't know a thing. This modern cult of free sex doesn't interest me at all; one might as well go for a haircut, or eat a ham sandwich. It's not serious - so let's do something serious: I'll show you my etchings.

She laughs at this cliché - but he literally proceeds to show her some etchings which he keeps in big albums. She bends over them eagerly, and he makes no attempt to touch her: he is simply the older painter instructing the younger. They are like comrades, not lovers.

PICASSO

...These are all minotaurs: they're half man and half bull. Yes they're monsters, but they're crazy about women...Look at this one: he's studying her. When a man - or a monster - watches a woman asleep, he tries to understand her, what's going on inside her. When a woman watches a man asleep, she wonders what sauce she's going to eat him with...Look: he's trying to read her thoughts.

Now he looks at FRANCOISE and asks her:

Can she love him? A monster doesn't think he can be loved for himself - what do you think?

For a moment it seems that he is about to kiss her, and that she might even kiss him back. But instead they both return to study the minotaurs.

10. EXT. QUAI DES GRANDS-AUGUSTINS. DAY. 10.

An American convoy of jeeps and heavy trucks is passing along the quai just in front of the Laperouse restaurant. AMERICAN SOLDIERS are riding in the jeeps and GIRLS clamber up to kiss them. The CHEF of the restaurant and UNDERCHEFS, in their traditional tall white hats, are part of the crowd. At one point as the convoy slows down, the CHEF runs forward and presents an OFFICER in an open jeep with a magnum of champagne.

11. INT. RUE DES GRANDS-AUGUSTINS. DAY. 11.

FRANCOISE V.O.

After the Liberation of Paris, Picasso became a national monument and an international legend. He was now not only a world-famous artist but a hero of the French Resistance: not that he had done anything very heroic except to stay on through the war when others had run away. As he himself said, "It wasn't that I behaved well, but that other artists behaved badly"...Sabartés said that after the war tourists came to Europe to see the Pope, Pompeii, and Pablo Picasso...

AMERICAN SOLDIERS and other VISITORS have come to pay homage to PICASSO, bearing gifts. PICASSO comes out to greet them, cordially. Behind him comes SABARTÉS, less cordial, collecting the gifts they have brought - cartons of cigarettes, cases of beer, whole hams, cakes of soap, coffee. Someone gives PICASSO a cowboy hat and he wears it. Photographs are taken of PICASSO (maybe by a smartly uniformed WOMAN PHOTOGRAPHER like Lee Miller who was the Vogue war correspondent,. He poses gladly, with a pigeon on his shoulder.

These PHOTOGRAPHS can be seen in national and international magazines on news-stands all over Paris.

12. EXT. BOIS DE BOULOGNE. DAY. 12.

FRANCOISE is riding. She is a superb horsewoman. She looks young, beautiful, buoyant, and in complete control.

FRANCOISE V.O.

Meanwhile I was having my own Liberation... Ever since I had met Picasso, all I wanted to do was paint. I made up my mind to quit the University and devote myself to painting full-time...But my father had

(MORE)

FRANCOISE V.O. (contd)
 always insisted that first I must finish
 my degree, and I knew it was going to be
 a major struggle between us...My father
 had worked hard to form my character.
 He wanted me strong and proud, like a man,
 like himself...He taught me to ride, to
 hunt, to shoot, to sail...

13. EXT./INT. STREET AND GILOT HOUSE. DAY. 13.

FRANCOISE V.O. (contd)
 ...He wanted to make me tough and afraid
 of nothing...

FRANCOISE, full of her new resolution, strides along
 the street and, entering the house, marches straight
 to her father's study to confront him.

FRANCOISE V.O.
 ...That was all very well while I was a
 child and wanted what he wanted. But when
 I grew up to have my own needs and desires,
 then he found that this character he had
 formed was a double-edged sword that could
 be turned against himself.

She takes a deep breath before knocking and entering -

14. INT. GILOT STUDY. DAY. 14.

GILOT looks up as FRANCOISE enters impetuously. She
 is still breathing hard from the effort of her walk
 home.

GILOT
 What's the matter with you?

FRANCOISE
 Listen, I've made up my mind.

Although he gestures her to sit down, she keeps standing,
 as though standing her ground.

I'm going to study painting full-time.

GILOT
 (calmly) You must be mad.

FRANCOISE
 I'm not interested in my philosophy or
 philology classes. I have no talent for
 that kind of thing: abstract thought,
 academic analysis...

GILOT

Who taught you to come and spout this nonsense to me?

FRANCOISE

No one taught me - it's my own decision; my own nonsense, if you prefer.

GILOT

To make decisions is my business, not yours.

FRANCOISE

I'm responsible for myself.

GILOT

Not while I'm here! As long as you are in my house, you do as I say, my wishes are your wishes -

Pushing down his anger, he tries to speak calmly in order to deliver this ultimatum:

You will finish your degree in the humanities and then go on to law school.

FRANCOISE

I tried all that - but I found it doesn't suit me.

GILOT

You found it doesn't suit you.

FRANCOISE

Yes I - I - it is I who have decided that I'm not taking my degree, I'm not going on to law school, but I shall try and be a painter.

He has jumped up and come around from behind the desk and seizes her arms. She faces him squarely, challenging him to do his worst.

But for the moment he controls himself. He lets go of her.

GILOT

I'm giving you half an hour. Go up to your room and think it over and in half an hour come down and tell me that you've been a fool.

FRANCOISE

I don't need to think anything over.

GILOT

I'm giving you this chance. If you don't take it, I'll make my own decision for you. I'll have you committed. Because you're mad. So get out, go to your room, and come down when you've decided you might after all be sane. Go on - get out. Get out!

FRANCOISE doesn't only get out, she rushes out, banging the door, and then the front door as she goes running down the street -

15. INT. GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE. DAY.

15.

MAID opens the door to FRANCOISE - tells her grandmother has gone out - FRANCOISE goes past her upstairs to the bedroom which is kept for her in the house.

FRANCOISE flings herself on the bed, lies there, her arms folded behind her head, looking upset but stubborn. Soon she starts up - for GILOT can be heard roaring downstairs for her.

FRANCOISE goes running down to face him. They meet halfway on the stairs where she stands still in challenge. He raises his hand to strike her.

FRANCOISE

Don't dare touch me.

This is like a red rag to a bull. And like a bull he charges - he beats her mercilessly about the face and head. She tries to shield herself with her arms. He continues to beat her, repeating "Don't dare? I dare! I dare!" with each blow, choking on the words. This is watched by the terrified MAID.

GRANDMOTHER comes home. She is about 75, very short but with a big leonine head and a deep voice like a man's. She looks up and sees the scene on the stairs - MAID rushes to her - and goes at once to the rescue. FRANCOISE is bleeding profusely - when GRANDMOTHER asks what happened -

GILOT

(sullenly) She fell.

FRANCOISE

He's lying! He did it!

GILOT

Don't believe her. She's crazy.

GRANDMOTHER

I believe her and it's you who's crazy.
And in my house - aren't you ashamed?
Please leave. Francoise will stay with
me.

GILOT

Oh yes let her stay with you. You're
welcome to her. Because I'm finished
with her. You understand - finished!

In his rage, he threatens to strike her again but GRAND-
MOTHER comes between them. GILOT stamps out of the house,
cursing them both. GRANDMOTHER tends and comforts
FRANCOISE, muttering "The brute."

GRANDMOTHER

(comforting FRANCOISE) You're with me
now. We'll take care of each other.

16. INT. STUDIO. NIGHT.

16.

PICASSO is alone, painting, enveloped in cigarette smoke.
There is no sound, except from the street. He is silent,
solitary, completely concentrated. He has something of
the air of a magician, of a sorcerer weaving his spell.

17. INT. GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE: FRANCOISE'S ROOM. DAY. 17.

This is now also FRANCOISE's work-place, and her current
work is on the easel. GRANDMOTHER is studying it.

FRANCOISE is dressing up in a black velvet dress like
that of a Velasquez Infanta.

FRANCOISE

How do you like it?

GRANDMOTHER doesn't know if she means the painting or the
dress but decides on the latter.

GRANDMOTHER

Isn't it rather too grand for the middle
of the afternoon?

FRANCOISE

One has to dress up a bit to visit Picasso...

GRANDMOTHER makes no comment but looks wry, sceptical,
to which FRANCOISE responds boldly:

FRANCOISE

...No one has ever excited me the way he
does.

GRANDMOTHER

I hope, my darling, you mean as a painter.

FRANCOISE

Yes that too - but it's all mixed up...
Don't you think I've changed?

Now she clearly does mean her new painting and they both look at it. But then GRANDMOTHER looks at FRANCOISE instead - and says with all her heart:

GRANDMOTHER

Ah, be careful.

But there is nothing cautious about FRANCOISE, resplendent in her black velvet dress. In her exuberance, she might embrace GRANDMOTHER, squeezing her too hard.

When FRANCOISE releases her -

GRANDMOTHER

I tried to speak to your father today.

FRANCOISE

He doesn't want to speak to us. You know how he is: he'll never give an inch, if it kills him...You didn't tell him, did you? About Picasso?

GRANDMOTHER

I didn't have time to tell him anything. He slammed down the telephone after treating me to some strong language à propos your character and mine.

But FRANCOISE is no longer listening. She is intent on fixing herself up for her visit to Picasso. She might ask GRANDMOTHER to help her arrange the back of her dress and GRANDMOTHER obliges, though not happily.

18.

INT. PAINTING STUDIO. DAY.

18.

KAHNWEILER, a dealer, an immaculate, very correct gentleman, is looking through recent work with PICASSO.

PICASSO

...You don't know what a favor I'm doing you. Carré would give his wife and her fortune to get a look at these...And Kootz and Rosenberg are both coming over from New York with fistfuls of dollars.

KAHNWEILER continues to look through pictures unperturbed

KAHNWEILER

...You didn't paint the war because you're not that kind of painter - but it's there all the same.

PICASSO

(as they look at a picture) Everyone was hungry so I painted sausages and leeks... (next picture) And even a casserole can scream... (next picture) When the kitchen table is empty, all that remains is the human skull.

KAHNWEILER

With black sockets staring at the swollen belly of an empty pitcher. So we're agreed on this - and this -

PICASSO begins to bluster - KAHNWEILER continues completely unperturbed. His stolid, rock-like demeanor is very irritating to the volatile PICASSO.

(CONTINUED)

SABARTÉS enters with FRANCOIS in the black velvet dress. PICASSO is delighted to see her ("Hala, Hala!") He introduces her:

PICASSO

This is M. Kahnweiler. He's my oldest dealer - that's to say he has shamelessly exploited me longer than anyone else.

KAHNWEILER protests mildly "No, no" while continuing to concentrate on pictures.

PICASSO

He can get whatever he wants out of me by sheer persistence. He sits there like a stone on his German buttocks till I'd do anything to be rid of him.

KAHNWEILER

I'll send the packers this afternoon.

PICASSO wants to get rid of him to be alone with FRANCOISE -

PICASSO

I haven't said yes -

KAHNWEILER

Should we say at 4?

PICASSO

Here - this will interest you: a drawing I made in 1902. Can you read what I wrote on it?

KAHNWEILER laboriously reads the Spanish inscription: "Quando tengas ganas de joder, jode."

PICASSO

(watching him with amusement) Well, translate it.

Even SABARTÉS is amused. But KAHNWEILER, blushing furiously, puts it down and takes his leave as politely but also as fast as possible.

PICASSO

(triumphant) I knew that was the way to get rid of him. "Quando tengas ganas de joder, jode!"

He invites SABARTÉS to translate, which he does dead-pan ("When you feel like fucking, fuck"). PICASSO looks at

FRANCOISE mischievously but, to his disappointment, she merely shrugs. He indicates her black velvet Velasquez dress -

PICASSO

...Is this your idea of correct attire for a lesson in engraving?

Behind FRANCOISE, SABARTÉS is making a very deprecating face. PICASSO ignores him.

PICASSO

(looking down at himself) As it happens I'm not dressed too appropriately either. Perhaps we should have a change of program.

He leads her out, past the disapproving SABARTÉS - at whom he might shoot a mocking glance of triumph.

19. INT. ATTIC. DAY.

19.

A ladder leads to the trap door of the attic. PICASSO makes FRANCOISE go up the ladder first; he follows behind, which makes her a bit nervous. Pushing open the door, she finds herself in a room of about 12' by 20', under the eaves. A window reaching to the floor is open to a view, like a Cubist pattern, of the roofs and chimney-pots of the Left Bank. She stands by this window to look out.

PICASSO

Nice view, ha? If only I were a painter. I mean a real one, with a pipe and a beard and a palette...(Standing behind her, he puts his arms around her and runs his hands over her figure as though sculpting her) If I were a sculptor, I could do very well with all this. But really you're more a painting. You're a bit androgynous - I think I might like you as well if you were a boy. Almost as well...Would you like to stay here?

FRANCOISE

Up here? (He nods) Alone?

PICASSO

...I'd bring you food twice a day, and at night the two of us would go out together, in disguise, like the Arabian Nights. You'd be my secret - my secret captive.

FRANCOISE

...I'd like to be alone all day and paint.
I wouldn't mind losing my liberty for that.

PICASSO

Yes but if you lose your liberty, I'd lose
some of mine...

FRANCOISE

And you wouldn't like that so much?

Instead of answering, he leads her, with great care,
downstairs and into his bedroom.

20.

INT. PICASSO'S BEDROOM. DAY.

20.

It contains a large brass bed, and a high Louis XIII secretary and chest, both completely covered with the usual Picasso clutter of prints, papers, cigarettes, etc. Behind the bed there are some pictures attached by clothes-pins to nails driven into the wall. A little wood-burning stove stands in the middle of the room, with a wire stretching from its stove-pipe to the naked electric light bulb over the bed. Letters, also attached with clothes-pins, flutter from this wire.

He begins to sweep everything off the bed and after a while she helps him. He thanks her, then smiles and looks at her, in silent appreciation.

Still smiling, he invites her to lie on the bed with him. He touches her delicately, and she turns toward him, also smiling, trusting him completely.

21.

INT. CAR. DAY.

21.

FRANCOISE is in the front seat between PICASSO and MARCEL. PICASSO is dressed up in a suit less crumpled and stained than usual, with a flashy tie of the kind he collected. He is holding a bouquet, like a gentleman caller.

PICASSO

...It's ridiculous for us to be living in
two different places.

FRANCOISE

(surprised) What's wrong with your leg?

GRANDMOTHER

(vaguely) Oh it must be rheumatism...
(to PICASSO, as one old person to another)
You know how it is: all these little aches
and pains we get...But please sit down,
Monsieur...Francoise, a chair...What
charming flowers.

PICASSO

For you, Madame...Francoise, a vase.

FRANCOISE is about to go for vase but GRANDMOTHER barks
for her maid instead.

GRANDMOTHER

(to FRANCOISE) No you sit down.
M. Picasso has nothing private to say
to me, I take it.

She gives a raucous laugh which drowns PICASSO's "There
is something we'd like to discuss with you." GRANDMOTHER
returns to her cards while FRANCOISE remonstrates with
PICASSO not to speak while he insists he will (in dumb-
show).

When GRANDMOTHER looks up from her cards, she catches
this exchange between them.

GRANDMOTHER

(staring at PICASSO) Extraordinary...
Your skin.

He is surprised into touching his own cheek.

Haven't you noticed, Francoise?
M. Picasso's skin is absolutely smooth.

GRANDMOTHER, who is a chain-smoker, is about to light
another cigarette. PICASSO tries to do it for her, but
his hand is shaking too much, so that she thanks him and
does it herself.

PICASSO

(with coy gallantry) It would give me
great pleasure to take you out to dinner.

GRANDMOTHER

(apologetically tapping her ear to
indicate she can't hear) You'll have
to speak louder, I'm afraid...

But before he can repeat his invitation, she again looks at him with the same admiration and wonder:

GRANDMOTHER

Smooth as satin. Quite extraordinary - in a man your age. I suppose you've always taken very good care of yourself? Or had someone else take good care of you?... (She laughs)

PICASSO

Where can I take you out to dinner!

GRANDMOTHER again taps her ear.

FRANCOISE

M. Picasso would like to take you out to dinner.

Although FRANCOISE is speaking in a normal voice, GRANDMOTHER hears her at once.

GRANDMOTHER

Dinner with me wouldn't be very interesting for you.

PICASSO begins to protest gallantly that he would be enchanted -

No you wouldn't. You'd be bored to death.

PICASSO gives a start at this word and makes one of his magic propitiating gestures. GRANDMOTHER does not notice or ignores his distress and carries on talking:

What could we talk about? The last painter whose work I could still enjoy was Renoir.

PICASSO

We might talk about Françoise.

GRANDMOTHER

(returning to her cards) For me Françoise is not a subject to discuss between the soup and the fish... (suddenly looking up, to FRANCOISE) Did you say you had something special to tell me?

FRANCOISE

No - no.

The MAID has entered - GRANDMOTHER indicates flowers and returns to her cards - PICASSO and FRANCOISE continue

Yes they are very beautiful - and I'm sure very expensive - but it's a pity that you should have wasted your money on me, Monsieur...As you see, I'm just a bad-tempered old woman. Especially when this goes wrong -

Referring to her game of patience - which she is breaking up, shuffling the cards together. She does this so violently that, behind her back, PICASSO feints the gesture of a matador shielding himself against a bull. But for once FRANCOISE is not amused.

GRANDMOTHER is getting ready for bed, taking off make-up, etc. FRANCOISE is watching her.

He's had a hundred lives already...And the whole world knows the number of women he's destroyed...I couldn't bear it for you, darling.

Do you really think I'd let myself be destroyed by a man, even if he is Picasso?

A pause while GRANDMOTHER moves from the dressing table to get into bed. She pats the side of the bed for FRANCOISE to come and sit there.

...I don't understand you. You're going against nature. You're young, he's old. It's as if you've taken a wrong turning.

No! For the first time I feel everything is right - that I'm turned in the right direction. (unable to express herself, she wants to reassure GRANDMOTHER and maybe herself too) Really. Believe me. It's true. I'm sure. I've never been so sure of anything in my life.

She laughs at her own overemphasis - then laughs, in general, out of exuberance and being in love.

GRANDMOTHER

(kissing her) It's all beyond me but
never mind: I love you.

FRANCOISE kisses her back. They say goodnight and
FRANCOISE gets up and begins to go out. But GRANDMOTHER
has one more thing to say:

GRANDMOTHER

Don't go and live with him, darling.
Remember: these years won't come back
again. If you waste them, they're
gone.

FRANCOISE smiles as one who knows better. She might
say "Don't worry," with supreme selfconfidence. But
GRANDMOTHER does worry: she lights a cigarette to steady
her nerves.

24. INT. PICASSO'S BEDROOM. DAY. 24.

FRANCOISE and PICASSO are in bed together, making love.
During the preliminaries -

PICASSO

It's perverse, do you know that? For
a girl to live with her grandmother...
I suppose she's warned you against me?

FRANCOISE

Who needs to be warned? Your life is
not exactly a secret.

PICASSO

So all right, there have been a few women -
(suppressing a rather complacent smile)
several women - but now there's only you.

He makes love to her, and while he is doing so -

I love you more every day. You mean
everything to me...

25. INT. MARIE-THERESE'S APARTMENT ON THE ILE ST. LOUIS. DAY. 25.

MARIE-THERESE is reading a letter. She is in her mid-
30s but still blonde and voluptuous. MAÏA, her 10-year-
old daughter, is doing homework.

PICASSO V.O.

...You mean everything to me. If I am
sad, it is because I cannot be with you,
(MORE)

PICASSO V.O. (contd)

as I would like to be. I would give anything for you to be happy. My own tears would mean nothing to me, if I could stop you from shedding even one. I love you.

MARIE-THERÈSE's tears splash on the letter. She wipes them away. As MAÏA looks up from her homework -

MARIE-THERÈSE

Papa loves us, Maïa.

MAÏA

Then why doesn't he live with us?
Why does he only come on Sundays?

MARIE-THERÈSE

Papa is very busy all week. Everyone wants his paintings so he has to work terribly hard. He's doing it for us; to earn money for us.

She embraces her; now her tears fall on Maïa's homework. MAÏA quickly blots them up.

FRANCOISE V.O.

Picasso had met Marie-Therèse Walter when she was 17 years old, and so simple that she had never heard of him. He had to show her his photograph in a popular magazine to prove to her that he was famous. He loved her and painted her and painted her and loved her...

DISSOLVE

A series of shots of MARIE-THERÈSE in various characteristic activities or attitudes - bathing, dressing or undressing, sleeping...

His paintings of her are suffused with sensuality, with sexuality. She is all rounded and soft as a cloud. Healthy, fleshy philadendron leaves sprout from her nude body; her breasts are like fruits that he can eat. These pictures are all about making love - but she wasn't very intelligent and he got bored with her and that was when Dora Maar entered his life. As usual the change was recorded in his paintings - there was one called "Faun Unveiling A Woman": obviously he was the Faun but who was the Woman? Was it Marie-Therèse or was it Dora?

26. INT. CAFE. DAY.

26.

FRANCOISE V.O.

His early portraits of Dora are as tender and lyrical as those of Marie-Therèse when he first loved her, though in much stronger colors - black hair glistening with blues and greens - to express Dora's much stronger character. But within a few years he had tortured Dora out of shape and turned her into the Weeping Woman, with bulging eyes and swollen nostrils and lashes that have become tear-drops...

DORA MAAR is in the crowded café, sitting at a table with other FRIENDS. She is wearing little black gloves with flowers on them; she draws one off, and splaying the fingers of that hand, she stabs with a knife between the spaces; sometimes she misses, and the blood spurts out; when this happens, she looks up, looks at her FRIENDS, and smiles at them before continuing.

FRANCOISE V.O.

...I knew he was still with Dora Maar - she lived around the corner to him, waiting for him to call her, and whenever he did, she dropped everything and came running... But he kept protesting that there was nothing between them, that their affair was over - and that she was a mentally sick woman. He told me that last year she had had a breakdown and had undergone electric shock treatment in a sanatorium...

DISSOLVE:

27. INT. FLASHBACK. DORA'S STUDIO. DAY.

27.

While waiting for Dora, PICASSO is idly looking through her paintings - then begins to make insects out of spots on her wall (which is already plentifully decorated with insects he has drawn).

DORA comes in, looking wild and disheveled.

(CONTINUED)

PICASSO

(busy drawing) More insects for you -
this is how you're going to wake up one
morning, like Kafka - (now he sees her)
What happened to you?

DORA

I was attacked...A man attacked me and
stole my bicycle.

PICASSO

When was this?

DORA

Just now...He attacked me and stole my
bicycle.

PICASSO

But we must inform the police -

DORA

I told them - but they said the assailant
is within.

She stares at him in a mad way -

It's you: you're my assailant.

At first he laughs but then, beginning to realize her
condition:

PICASSO

Pull yourself together.

DORA

You may be a great painter but morally
you're worthless. You live an evil life.
You have contaminated the whole world.

PICASSO

(trying to humor her) But that's exactly
what my critics say - whom have you been
reading?

DORA

I'm thinking of you - your salvation.
You have to be saved.

PICASSO

All right, all right, you save me.

DORA

(in real agony) Don't you see, I can't!
(MORE)

DORA (contd)

Corruption is eating me up too - I'm
like a rotten tooth in your mouth...
It's not your fault - it's not my fault -

PICASSO

It's God's fault.

DORA

(in terror, putting her hand over his
mouth) Ah don't! Get down on your
knees and ask to be forgiven! Let's
pray together - if we don't pray we're
doomed - doomed together -

She clings to him and tries to pull him down. Seriously
alarmed, he is now soothing and protective. He actually
kneels with her, holding her and rocking her in his arms.
And while she continues to insist that they must pray and
pray together because they belong together as one soul
before God, he tries to soothe her.

PICASSO

Be quiet now. We'll go and see Dr. Lacan -

DORA

Don't make me leave you!

PICASSO

I'll take you, of course I will. You only
need some rest, that's all.

DORA

Not without you!

PICASSO

Yes yes, I'm here. I'm going with you.

He makes her rise with him and then gets her ready to go
out. He buttons her coat, combs her hair, tries to make
her look more presentable. He is solicitous and tender.

DISSOLVE:

28. EXT. PONT DES ARTS. NIGHT.

28.

PICASSO and FRANCOISE are crossing a bridge (Pont-
des Arts). FRANCOISE is wearing a plaid skirt and
flat heels and looks very young.

PICASSO

...Dora is weak. She cracked up under
the strain.

FRANCOISE

The strain of you?

PICASSO

(shrugging) Maybe. Anyway, there's nothing any more between Dora and me - she'll tell you herself. Come on, it's just a little further.

FRANCOISE stands stock-still.

FRANCOISE

I don't want to go.

PICASSO

She's expecting us. I thought you felt so terribly sorry for her.

FRANCOISE

That's why I don't want to go.

PICASSO

My God! I'm doing this for you, don't you understand! Because I'm a man of deep feeling! You have no feelings. You know nothing about love. You're as cold as a fish; I always said you were English. I'll just throw you in the Seine.

He pushes her against the iron railing on the bridge and, holding her against the parapet, he twists her around to look down into the water. Her reaction is to laugh. He lets her go.

PICASSO

What's there to laugh at? You have an exaggerated sense of humor.

But he can't help kissing her laughing young mouth. Their arms around each other, they continue walking across the bridge.

29. INT. DORA'S STUDIO. NIGHT.

29.

DORA is as usual severe and formal in dress and manner, which makes FRANCOISE, in her schoolgirl attire, appear younger than ever. They are looking at Dora's paintings and FRANCOISE makes some intelligent comment.

PICASSO

(proudly to DORA) She's intelligent, isn't she?...I really like intelligent women, sometimes...Of course I like stupid ones too.

DORA

(turning her paintings to the wall)
I take it you've come for something
other than to study my paintings.

FRANCOISE is acutely embarrassed but PICASSO cheerfully
takes advantage of the opening:

PICASSO

That's right. The point is I've been
trying to make Francoise come and live
with me but she says she won't because
of you.

Dora's CAT (MOUMOUNE) strolls by and PICASSO makes his
usual affectionate pet noises. But DORA angrily chases
it out of the way.

DORA

What do I have to do with it?

PICASSO

(delighted) Exactly. (to FRANCOISE)
Now you've heard her yourself. She has
nothing to do with it because there's
nothing between her and me. (to DORA)
Tell her.

DORA

(as from the abyss) No. Absolutely
nothing.

PICASSO looks triumphantly at FRANCOISE.

PICASSO

So that's settled. Everyone knows where
they stand.

DORA

Oh yes. Everyone always knows where
they stand with you. She's not going
to last fifteen minutes with you.
Perhaps she thinks you'll immortalize
her. Don't raise her hopes: Picassos
may turn out to be no more immortal than
the skeleton of some extinct bird of prey.

PICASSO laughs, refusing to be taunted out of his good
mood.

PICASSO

Come and have dinner with us. You should
be glad that I'm in a good mood again and
in love.

DORA

You've never loved anyone in your life.
You even hate yourself.

PICASSO goodhumoredly puts his arm around DORA.

PICASSO

(to FRANCOISE) Dora is quite a psychologist.

(to DORA) Come on, we'll go to Lipp and I'll feed you sauerkraut.

30. INT. BRASSERIE LIPP. NIGHT.

30.

DORA and PICASSO are eating heartily but FRANCOISE is too uncomfortable to do more than pick at her food.

PICASSO

(to DORA) Where are you going this summer?

DORA has her mouth full and can't answer so he takes the opportunity to carry on:

Because if you're not going to Ménerbes, we might. (to FRANCOISE) You'll like Ménerbes - it's a house on a cliff which belonged to one of Napoleon's generals.

DORA

It belongs to me. (cutting her sausage lustily)

PICASSO

That's right. I gave it to Dora. The owner wanted a painting of mine so we made an exchange: the house for my painting.

DORA

The owner's wife was killed in a car wreck, that's why he couldn't bear the place any more. I think it's haunted by that poor dead woman.

PICASSO

(making one of his propitiating gestures)
Don't say these things...Since you're not
going this year, we'll stay there: Françoise
and I.

FRANCOISE

But - if it's Dora's house?

PICASSO

(sincerely unable to follow this reasoning) It's a present from me. I gave it to her. Tell her, Dora.

DORA

Yes. It's my house which he gave to me. It's his present to me. It's full of scorpions, as you'll find out. Shake out your shoes in the morning before putting them on.

She laughs.

31. INT. MENERBES HOUSE. DAY/NIGHT. 31.

Besides being gloomy, uncomfortable and very dilapidated, the place is, as Dora had said, full of scorpions. FRANCOISE finds them everywhere: in the garden, on the outer wall, and at night they emerge all over the house - on the staircase, in closets, in the bedroom.

32. EXT. MENERBES COUNTRYSIDE. DAY. 32.

A steep road leads up to the village which stands on a high mesa-like outcrop of rock. The house itself is right on the edge of a cliff.

FRANCOISE and PICASSO are walking in the valley below. There is a continuous sound of battle practice. Owls are flying about, looking for rabbits but all they find are emaciated cats. PICASSO tries to catch a CAT and laughs when it snarls and bites.

PICASSO

(letting it go) I love wild cats. They're permanently pregnant because they think of nothing but love...All these get to eat is lizards, and then the lizards eat them from inside; that's why they're so thin.

He laughs at FRANCOISE's sound of disgust, then shouts "Look out!" for an OWL has swooped down on the CAT released by PICASSO. The CAT fights for its life -

PICASSO

You see, it would have been better off if it had stayed with me... (to FRANCOISE)
Let that be a lesson to you.

He would like to watch the outcome of the fight but FRANCOISE is screaming and pulling him away -

33. INT. EMPIRE STYLE ROOM. DAY.

33.

PICASSO is working on a drawing of Owl and Cat fighting -
The sound of bugle practice continues to be heard.

FRANCOISE enters with mail. All the letters are for him except one which she is reading -

PICASSO

From Grandma?...What does she want?

When she fails to answer, he returns to his own letter, reading with delight, smiling to himself.

FRANCOISE

(watching him) ...From Marie-Therèse, I suppose?

PICASSO

She's so sweet. She writes to me every day, without fail. (still smiling, he reads aloud) "There is only you and I, my wonderful terrible lover, no one else in the entire world not even Maïa. I live for you with every breath..." You would never write to me like that.

FRANCOISE

You're absolutely right; I wouldn't.

PICASSO

That's because you don't know what love is. Marie-Therèse really loves me. She is a real woman...Look behind you.

FRANCOISE does - and sees three scorpions scuttling around her head. She screams - PICASSO laughs.

34. INT. MÉNÉRBES. NIGHT.

34.

The bugles are now excruciatingly loud and getting nearer and nearer. FRANCOISE, driven mad by the sound, is running up and down the empty, eerie house, trying in vain to escape the noise. From a window she sees the Bastille Day Parade approaching -

35. EXT. MÉNÉRGES STREET. NIGHT.

35.

Amid flags fluttering, lit up by torches, big burly BLACKSMITHS are marching in the parade, stripped to the waist and blowing their bugles -

And marching among them, also stripped to the waist and blowing lustily (if tunelessly) on a bugle, is PICASSO himself, radiantly happy -

FRANCOISE V.O.

That was the sort of scene he loved: only men, and not a woman in sight. It was the only Bastille Day I had ever seen where there was no dancing at all. Thank God, Picasso said. He hated dancing. He thought it was immoral. To sleep with women, as many as possible, that was fine, but to dance with them...!

Bugles, torches, naked BLACKSMITHS, PICASSO in his element.

36. EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY.

36.

FRANCOISE, carrying a small bag, is hitchhiking. She has got far enough from the village of Menerbes that it is the background to her flight - a medieval town on the top of a mountain like something out of a crucifixion scene.

Cars pass her without stopping, and she is getting desperate. When another car approaches, she waves to it frantically - but it is Picasso's old black Peugeot, with MARCEL at the wheel. PICASSO gets out; he is furious.

PICASSO

What do you think you're doing?

FRANCOISE

I'm hitchhiking to Marseilles and from there I'm going to Algeria.

PICASSO

Algeria! Another madwoman...Get in the car.

FRANCOISE

No! I've made up my mind -

Another car passes and she runs ahead, frantically waving at it. PICASSO prevents her.

FRANCOISE

I'm not going back to that house!

PICASSO

But what's wrong? You can't do this.

He confronts her, in a characteristic attitude of his: hands at his waist, palms forward and thumbs back. MARCEL stands behind him, in exactly the same attitude.

MARCEL

No, you can't, Mademoiselle. Monsieur needs you.

PICASSO

Get in the car.

She refuses.

What's the matter with you?

FRANCOISE

I can't stand it another day! Dora's scorpions - and the lizards eating the cats after the cats have eaten the lizards and the owls eating cats and lizards...And every day those damn letters from Marie-Therèse - I can't live with you and all your past women!

PICASSO

No - no - no - it's only you and I now.

He puts his arm around her to lead her to the car. She tries to disengage herself, saying "Let me go."

PICASSO

Don't you see that I can't live without you?

FRANCOISE

And I can't live with you.

PICASSO

Ah - you kill me. You kill my heart.

MARCEL

He loves you, Mademoiselle. He's really in love.

Finally, FRANCOISE allows herself to be coaxed into the car. She and PICASSO sit as usual with MARCEL in the front seat. PICASSO puts his arm around her and kisses her, then coaxes her to kiss him back. MARCEL approves.

The car drives back up on to the eerie mountain, into the village square. PICASSO takes FRANCOISE into the church on the square.

37. INT. VILLAGE CHURCH. DAY.

37.

They wander around, growing calm in the simple serene
ambience of the place. PICASSO is very loving.

PICASSO

...I wish I could wrap you up in one
of those tents that Muslim women wear.
In Spain we believe that the eye is like
a sexual organ and looking at a woman
can be rape...Rape with the eye.

He has led her to the holy water stoup.

PICASSO

You're going to swear that you will love
me forever. Swear before God.

FRANCOISE

But you don't believe in God.

PICASSO

Sh. Not here. (looking around nervously)

He dips his hand in holy water and executes the sign of
the cross with a flourish. Then he makes her do it too.

PICASSO

Now say: "I Francoise swear to love Picasso
and only Picasso forever and ever, Amen."

She repeats this. He is highly satisfied and kisses
her gratefully. But when she says "What about you?"
he manages to draw her away from the holy water stoup
without swearing himself.

PICASSO

Now you've sworn and you can never run
away from me again. Why did you do that?
Aren't you happy with me?

FRANCOISE

You can't pretend to be the easiest person
in the world to get along with -

PICASSO

I'm a completely straightforward character
with all my cards on the table.

FRANCOISE

But there are so many cards; and some of
them are under the table too and suddenly
they pop up - like Marie-Therèse - and now
who knows who else is going to appear.

PICASSO (contd)
 here? You know very well that I'm not
 doing anything. Every day I work worse
 than the day before.

SABARTÉS
 Today you'll do something you'll like.
 Just get up and start work and you'll
 see.

PICASSO
 Why should today be any better than
 yesterday?

FRANCOISE
 But yesterday was wonderful! You
 finished your whole series of the
 Pont de Neuf.

PICASSO
 But is it any good?

FRANCOISE
 Go see for yourself.

PICASSO
 It would only depress me...

FRANCOISE
 But it's wonderful!

PICASSO
 How would you know?...And you're only
 saying it to humor me like a baby or
 a very old man. I am a very old man.

SABARTÉS coaxes him to accept the coffee and toast he has
 brought him. PICASSO begins mournfully to dunk his toast.

SABARTÉS
 Kootz says he has to see you today -
 it's imperative.

PICASSO
 He said it was imperative yesterday too.
 And the day before.

SABARTÉS
 He's making my life hell. He says he
 has to go back to America. And Kahnweiler
 is here too. (His lips begin to twitch)
 They're sitting side by side in the salon.

FRANCOISE

They loathe each other.

PICASSO goes into a fit of schoolboy laughter at the thought of the two dealers together. SABARTÉS expresses his pleasure with a sour suppressed smile.

PICASSO

(to FRANCOISE) You go and tell them.

FRANCOISE

What should I tell them?

PICASSO

Tell them Picasso has a stomach ache. And it's true: I have a stomach ache. I've tried to inform my doctor but all he does is show me his grandson's drawings so I can tell him the boy's a genius.

FRANCOISE

Maybe if you got up you'd feel a little bit better. Why don't you try?

PICASSO

(sinking back) I hate it when people try to bully me. It's particularly ugly in a woman, Francoise. If you don't look out, you'll become like your grandmother (imitates Grandmother barking out orders) ...And standing there, wasting my time. Do you think I have nothing better to do than lie in bed listening to you two chattering nonsense?

He leaps out of bed.

40. INT. WAITING ROOM. DAY.

40.

KOOTZ and KAHNWEILER continue sitting uneasily side by side. FRANCOISE comes out:

FRANCOISE

I'm sorry, Mr. Kootz, today is impossible. Perhaps tomorrow -

KOOTZ

Always tomorrow - tomorrow I have to go back to New York!

FRANCOISE is still apologizing and saying how impossible it is today when PICASSO appears, wearing an old brown dressing gown. He cordially shakes hands with VISITORS,

inviting them hospitably "Please sit down" - although there is absolutely nowhere left to sit among all that clutter.

PICASSO

(to KOOTZ - with a start of surprise)
You - here! Why didn't anyone tell me?
(to FRANCOISE) Why didn't you tell me?
Keeping M. Kootz waiting!

He puts his arm around KOOTZ. He pretends not to see KAHNWEILER. He leads KOOTZ into the studio, while KOOTZ throws back an indignant look at FRANCOISE.

FRANCOISE is left with KAHNWEILER.

KAHNWEILER

(with sarcastic resignation) Of course he didn't even see me.

FRANCOISE

(apologetically) M. Kootz had come all the way from New York.

KAHNWEILER

The only reason Kootz is in Paris is to buy Picassos. He goes nowhere else, sees no one else. He doesn't even go to the Louvre: he says it's not abstract enough for him...Do you think Picasso will sell him anything? What will he sell him? What has he got?

FRANCOISE

I'm sure he'll show you soon.

KAHNWEILER looks at the closed door of the studio, then shrugs, crosses his legs the other way, and continues to sit with his usual imperturbable patience.

41. INT. PAINTING STUDIO. DAY.

41.

KOOTZ is walking around eagerly, trying to see paintings. But whenever he approaches one, PICASSO turns it to the wall. He has thrown a cloth over the painting on the easel. SABARTÉS is also there, helping PICASSO to hide his pictures from KOOTZ.

KOOTZ

...In America I can sell everything you give me - just like that - in five minutes.

PICASSO

For how much?

KOOTZ
For more than any other painter alive.

PICASSO
More than Matisse?

KOOTZ
More.

PICASSO
How much more?

All this - and maybe some more - while they are circling among the paintings, assisted by SABARTÉS.

KOOTZ
Matisse has sent a lot of new work...
I told them in New York: wait till you
see the new Picassos...I've got them
all frantic...These are new?

PICASSO turns more pictures to the wall.

PICASSO
How many pictures were you thinking of?

KOOTZ
(timidly) Nine?

PICASSO
(calling derisively to SABARTÉS) He wants
nine pictures!

SABARTÉS
If wishes were horses, beggars would ride.

PICASSO
Sabartés loves old proverbs, he's such
an old woman...Nine is impossible.

KOOTZ
Seven?...I can't go back with less than six.

PICASSO
What about my other dealers? What about
Kahnweiler?

KOOTZ
Kahnweiler is still on pre-War prices.
Pre-First World War. I'm here with a
realistic offer.

He partly opens his jacket to let PICASSO see the dollars
in his inside pocket.

PICASSO

Kahnweiler is my oldest dealer. He bought when no one else would spit at me.

KOOTZ

Great Art is not paid for with nice sentiments but with something more...substantial.

He has opened his jacket wider to show PICASSO the bundles of notes in the other inside pocket. PICASSO peers in and mimes being very impressed. He calls SABARTES over to look too. SABARTES looks but makes it clear he is not impressed.

KOOTZ points at some more canvases. PICASSO turns them over:

PICASSO

I can't show you everything. (He has shown him nothing) Kahnweiler is waiting outside. I've promised to see Rosenberg tomorrow. What a pity you have to go back to New York. I wish you had more time. We could have a meal together. Really talk.

He takes the cloth off the canvas on the easel. KOOTZ eagerly comes up to see it - but it has only two lines on it.

PICASSO

Are you interested?

KOOTZ

Interested! (He laughs at the under-statement) I would have it shipped the moment it's finished.

PICASSO

(indignantly throwing cloth over canvas)
A painting is never finished!

KOOTZ

(hastily) You're right. Art is always in process.

PICASSO

To finish a painting means to destroy it, to rob it of its soul, to give it the puntilla. (He might mime this, using the painting as the bull) ...No, my friend, the day I finish a picture, that day I'm finished...I like your necktie.

It is a very garish American one.

KOOTZ

Yes it's from New York. It would suit you.

He takes it off and ties it on PICASSO. They comment on it and SABARTÉS is also asked for his opinion. PICASSO, very pleased with his new acquisition, offers KOOTZ a cigar, then lights one for himself.

42. INT. WAITING ROOM. DAY.

42.

FRANCOISE, walking through, sees KAHNWEILER still sitting as before. When she apologizes that he should be kept waiting so long, he gives a cool smile:

KAHNWEILER

It amuses him to think of me sitting out here, wondering what he might be selling to another dealer. It's been his favorite game with me for the past 35 years.

Again he shrugs and continues sitting imperturbably, so that one is reminded of Picasso's complaint about being worn down by Kahnweiler's rock-like persistence.

PICASSO and KOOTZ emerge from the studio, slapping each other on the back, puffing at their cigars, like men who have just concluded a great business deal. This is for KAHNWEILER's benefit who, however, doesn't twitch a muscle.

PICASSO, still wearing Kootz's necktie, pretends great surprise at seeing KAHNWEILER.

PICASSO

Kahnweiler! You - here? (to FRANCOISE, reproachfully) Why didn't you tell me? ...What do you say to my necktie? Kootz gave it to me. It's from New York. Chic, eh?

He says goodbye to KOOTZ and leads KAHNWEILER inside. Now it is KOOTZ's turn to look apprehensive as the door closes behind them.

KOOTZ

Do you think he'll sell him anything?

FRANCOISE

Did he sell you anything?

KOOTZ

(gloomily) He told me to come again tomorrow.

FRANCOISE

Why did you give him your necktie?

KOOTZ

What could I do? He said he liked it.

44. INT. STUDIO. DAY/NIGHT.

44

PICASSO (a very different personality from the preceding scenes) is entirely engrossed in his work. It was said that, when he was painting, his face became an intense mask ("the mask of a lizard inhabited by spirits"). And he might whistle or hum to himself - but it was always the same tune: an air from "Petrushka."

FRANCOISE sits on an African tabouret and watches him. Except for a shaft of light entering through the high window, the studio is bathed in a dim uniform light that is on the edge of shadow.

Some DISSOLVES along here.

At PICASSO's right is a small table covered with newspapers and several large cans filled with brushes standing in turpentine. Every time he takes a brush he wipes it off on the newspaper which is a jungle of colored smudges and slashes. When he wants pure color, he squeezes it from a tube on to the newspaper; here he also sometimes mixes small quantities of color. Around his feet stand tomato cans filled with grays and other neutral tones which he has previously mixed. The floor is littered with discarded, twisted, out-of-shape tubes of paint.

While he is working, the shaft of daylight begins to fade.

FRANCOISE

Don't you get tired standing all this time?
You've been working for nine hours.

PICASSO

while I work I leave my body outside the door, the way Muslims take off their shoes before entering the mosque.

He switches on two projector lights which are trained on to the picture surface so that everything else falls away into shadow.

PICASSO

I love these spot-lights - I even prefer them to natural light. They set off every object. And these deep shadows that surround the picture and project them up to the beams - you'll find them in most of my still-lives because they're all painted at night...Painting is stronger than I am. It makes me do what it wants. My hand holding the brush doesn't seem to obey my brain but something else over which I have no control... (exclaiming) Now look at this: I think it's a woman - it's you - but you seem to be turning into a flower...It's very mysterious. I think I've painted one thing and then it's another. I've become so fatalistic that I think - well, if it's blue it's a woman and if it has a beard it must be a man...Things I know nothing about come out, as though there were layers of dead civilizations buried inside me. Well, of course - don't we dream about the same octopuses and the same spiders as the Babylonians did?...

DISSOLVE:

45. INT. NICE FILM STUDIO. DAY.

45.

A film is being made about Picasso at work. Completely unfazed by cameras, lights, technicians, PICASSO is drawing, as serene and self-contained as in his own studio.

His drawing may be no more than doodling, but as each doodle comes out, he changes it and comments:

PICASSO

...I make a lot of mistakes and so does God. He makes a dachshund and then an elephant and a squirrel and a whale - like me. He's tried everything; and like me, He has no style. Style only comes after you're dead. There are painters who make themselves a little cake mold; then they bake cakes - always the same cakes.

But painting has to be a tree and grow its own branches and leaves and fruit. It has to ripen till it's good enough to eat...

(MORE)

PICASSO (contd)

A painting really finishes itself.
Painting is freedom...If you jump, you
might break your neck. But if you're
not willing to take the risk, then you
don't jump at all...

You can try anything in painting.
Provided you never do it again. Don't
sell yourself anything. Don't become
your own connoisseur.

The cat eats the bird; Picasso eats
the cat; painting eats Picasso;
...It's always painting that wins
in the end...

In order to avoid his hand hiding his work, a technique
has been devised to film the drawing from the back of
an absorbent paper through which the colored ink
penetrates immediately. As a result, each line
appears on the paper as though unmediated by any
human agency - as though it were predestined, had
always been there, invisible to all but the artist.
The crayon seems to be moving in answer to an unseen
presence, enhancing the impression that PICASSO at work
is not only a master but a magician.

46. EXT. BATEAU LAVOIR (RUE RAVIGNAN). DAY. 46.

FRANCOISE V.O.

He loved remembering the early days of
poverty in the Bateau Lavoir - when the
ceiling fell down and they had nothing
to eat -

PICASSO is showing the building to FRANCOISE - now
visibly pregnant - and explaining why it is called
the Bateau Lavoir (because of its resemblance to the
boats on which women did laundry on the Seine).

FRANCOISE V.O. (contd)

Because it was tied up with his memories,
and his early paintings, and his early
mistresses, with himself, with his own
past, he loved it and wouldn't let it go.

47. INT. BATEAU LAVOIR. DAY. 47.

It is a strange dilapidated building with about two
dozen studios and many mysterious passages and stairways
It is built on the slope of a hill so that the entrance
is on the top floor and one has to walk down the hill
to get to the other three floors.

PICASSO takes FRANCOISE up and down shabby passages and stairs, knocking on doors. Some doors open, showing disheveled interiors and inhabitants -

FRANCOISE

It looks as if it'll fall down any minute.

PICASSO

It looked exactly the same forty years ago...

He indicates this was Max Jacob's room, this was Van Dongen's, here lived a man who sold artichokes, etc. As they proceed up and down, PICASSO might say the following:

PICASSO

Yes this is where it all started: the Cubist period. Not that we called it that, Braque and I - all we knew was that we wanted to move in a direction opposite to the Impressionists. Each of us worked on his own, but when we looked at each other's canvases, we were amazed to see that we were climbing the same mountain. That's how we thought of ourselves: two mountaineers roped together, heaving ourselves up to God alone knew what heights, or what abyss was waiting for us to fall into it...This was my studio.

He knocks, but there is no answer; he tries the door, it is locked.

PICASSO

I suppose you can't ever get back into the past. Or if you do, it's so much changed that you wish you hadn't...Now we're going to visit an old friend of mine, Germaine Pichot. She was so beautiful that my friend Casagemas killed himself for love of her - in the middle of a restaurant, right there at a table with her in the L'Hippodrome, among a crowd of friends eating and drinking, shot himself in the head...

48. INT. GERMAINE'S ROOM. DAY.

48.

They enter a shabby little room. GERMAINE, a sick old crone, is lying in bed. PICASSO calls out to her:

PICASSO

Germaine! What, still sick?

With dimmed and bleary eyes she tries to see who it is.
He steps up closer and takes her hand:

PICASSO

It's I, Picasso. How are you?

GERMAINE

One day it's my lungs, then it's my kidneys.
It's just a curse to be alive...Who is with
you?

PICASSO beckons to FRANCOISE to come close. GERMAINE
props herself up to look:

GERMAINE

...With you the girls get younger every
time and prettier.

PICASSO beams. GERMAINE touches FRANCOISE's very pregnant
belly and exclaims - which makes PICASSO beam more.

GERMAINE

(sinking back) They always said Picasso
made a pact with the devil for fame,
wealth, and eternal youth.

PICASSO

(only half smiling) Be careful whose name
you mention.

He makes some propitiating signs - the full rigmarole is
to walk around the room, the third finger of each hand
crossed over the index finger, waving arms and shouting
"Lagarto! Lagarto!" but here he might only go through a
part of it. ("Lagarto! Lagarto!")

GERMAINE

I never believed half the things they
said about you. They said Picasso is
a miser, he'll never part with a penny
for a friend. But without friends I
can't even live - I can't eat, you see,
can't chew, see (shows her empty gums),
only a madeleine dipped in tisane, a
little gruel with sugar - etc. etc.

She rambles on about the pap she eats, and while PICASSO
takes out money to place beside her (he has to unfasten
the safety-pin which keeps his money pinned to his inside
pocket), FRANCOISE stares at the mumbling old crone
GERMAINE -

DISSOLVE:

49. INT. FLASHBACK. RESTAURANT: L'HIPPODROME. NIGHT. 49

It is a 1901 Vie Bohème scene (L'Hippodrome was a favorite haunt of Toulouse-Lautrec; Picasso also painted it).

A young and beautiful GERMAINE is laughing and joking among FRIENDS; she flirts with a handsome BEARDED MAN. CASAGEMAS, seated opposite her, watches in agony. Suddenly he leaps up, pulls out a pistol, and levels it at GERMAINE - "Here's for you!" She shelters behind BEARDED MAN, who ducks and deflects the barrel. Amid screaming and ducking under the table, CASAGEMAS levels the pistol at his own head - "And here's for me!", pulls the trigger and falls -

DISSOLVE:

50. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY. 50.

CU HOWLING NEWBORN BABY.

FRANCOISE is trying to soothe this BABY lying beside her. GRANDMOTHER picks it up and croons to it in her raucous voice.

51. EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY. 51.

Carrying a hideous plant tied all over with pink and blue ribbons, a radiant PICASSO is entering the hospital. JOURNALISTS are waiting for him. They congratulate him on the birth of another son. He evades their questions about how many children does that make in total, would this one be called Pablo too, etc., but poses for photograph with plant.

52. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY. 52.

PICASSO enters, kisses FRANCOISE and presents her with the plant. Then he bends over BABY and is very pleased. He takes him from GRANDMOTHER. He holds him and looks around, expecting congratulations on his achievement.

PICASSO

Doesn't he look exactly like me: an authentic Picasso.

GRANDMOTHER

He certainly has the same hair.

(The BABY is totally bald.)

FRANCOISE

(laughing at plant) Oh how ugly.

PICASSO

Isn't it? A prime example of my taste for bad taste. But I have very good taste in women and children...

He is holding the BABY in his arms and looks lovingly from him to FRANCOISE.

FRANCOISE V.O.

...Every Thursday and Sunday he would disappear. Those were the days he spent with his other family: Marie-Thérèse and Maïa...

53. INT. MARIE-THERÈSE APT. ON ILE ST. LOUIS. DAY. 53.

MARIE-THERÈSE is cutting PICASSO's toe-nails, while he is making a puppet-theatre with a whole range of puppet-actors for MAÏA out of paper.

When she has finished, MARIE-THERÈSE wraps the parings carefully in tissue paper -

FRANCOISE V.O. (contd)

She was the only person allowed to cut his nails - a dangerous procedure because if the parings were to fall into the wrong hands, they could be used against him as black magic. The same with his hair-clippings...

With great solemnity MARIE-THERÈSE writes the date on the tissue paper and puts it away in a box full of identical packages. They discuss whether she should cut his hair today. She brings him a mirror to help his decision.

Suddenly he says, pulling at his forelock:

PICASSO

No more forelock.

She protests but he insists.

She cuts off his forelock, crying a bit.

PICASSO examines the result in the mirror.

PICASSO

(to MAÏA) Now your Papa is a bald old man.

He mimes being a very old man. MAÏA laughs but MARIE-THERÈSE cries "no no no" and embraces him to make him feel young and handsome.

MARIE-THERESE wraps, dates, and files his hair in the same way as his nails. While she is doing this -

MARIE-THERESE

I've had such trouble with the electricity bill. They say you have to pay it first and then they'll investigate and give you a refund.

PICASSO

And meanwhile they pocket the interest.

Grumbling, he opens his jacket to take out his money. He keeps it attached with a safety-pin to an inside pocket. Other possessions - an enormous bunch of keys, scissors, all the paraphernalia of a cat burglar - he wears chained to his belt. His watch is in the top pocket of his jacket, attached by a little chain to the lapel. And why? Because all his pockets are torn.

MARIE-THERESE

Why don't you let me sew your pockets for you?

PICASSO

As if you could sew...It's strange how I've never been with a woman who could do anything with a needle and thread.

He turns out the pockets of his jacket, his vest, his trousers - every one is ripped, torn, falling to shreds. He laughs, but then gets down to the serious business of counting out bank-notes.

MARIE-THERESE

(watching him) Maïa and I will have to go shopping for a new coat for her. She's growing so fast.

Reluctantly, PICASSO adds some more bills.

He puts the money in a soup-plate and covering it with another soup-plate tells MAÏA to give it to MARIE-THERESE. Evidently this is a ritual between them. Receiving the plates, MARIE-THERESE opens them to peer inside, then profusely thanks PICASSO.

PICASSO

Without you and Maïa my life would be a desert waste.

MARIE-THERESE sits on his lap. He receives her fondly.

PICASSO

You must write to me every day. I'm sick
if I don't hear from you.

She puts her arms around his neck and smuggles closer.

(From this scene on we see Picasso without his famous
forelock.)

54. EXT. RUE DES GRANDS-AUGUSTINS. DAY. 54.

MARCEL is loading the car, not only with the usual
paraphernalia but also with baby things.

FRANCOISE V.O.

From the time Claude was born, and in
the years following, we spent less and
less time in Paris. Picasso decided
that children need sea-air, so as soon
as it was spring we went to Golfe-Juan
and stayed there right through the autumn.

55. EXT. BEACH. DAY. 55.

FRANCOISE, PICASSO, and CLAUDE (now a toddler) are on
the beach. AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS approach PICASSO. To
everyone's amusement, he autographs a WOMAN in swim-suit
on her naked skin. PICASSO is tanned to a deep mahogany;
his chest and belly bristle with white, goat-like hairs.

56. EXT. BEACH. DAY. 56.

MARIE-THERÈSE is playing beach-ball with MAÏA.

FRANCOISE V.O.

But of course wherever Picasso went, his
assorted families went too. He had taken
an apartment for Marie-Therèse and Maïa,
so that they too could benefit from the
sea-air...

57. EXT. OCEAN. DAY. 57.

FRANCOISE, PICASSO, and CLAUDE go into the ocean.
FRANCOISE is a wonderful swimmer, but PICASSO just
splashes around with CLAUDE. "I swim very well up to
my knees," he says. But he boasts: "I can make love
under water."

FRANCOISE

(in the tone of one who has long waited
to come out with this) You know what I
think would be nice?...If you would let
Marie-Therèse and Maïa come visit us.

PICASSO is deeply shocked as though she had made an immoral suggestion.

FRANCOISE

But why not?...Give me one reason.

PICASSO

If you don't understand these things yourself...

FRANCOISE

I understand that Claude has a half-sister. I'd like him to meet her.

PICASSO

For a middle-class girl, you have very little sense of propriety. You've been badly brought up.

She swims away.

58.

INT. VILLA POUR TOI. DAY.

58.

PICASSO and FRANCOISE live in this house belonging to PICASSO's engraver. Their apartment is crudely hand-painted: the walls are navy blue, spangled with stars; the beds, tables, chairs, and wardrobes are red, strewn with more white stars.

The meeting between FRANCOISE and MARIE-THERÈSE is taking place. MAÏA is romping around with CLAUDE, successfully amusing him. (This might be outside: visible through a window.)

With PICASSO watching them, his arms folded and his eyes narrowed, FRANCOISE and MARIE-THERÈSE are having a decorous tea-party. Their conversation is also very decorous:

FRANCOISE

...Claude was saying whole sentences by the time he was 2.

MARIE-THERÈSE

When did he start walking?

FRANCOISE

He must have been - let me see - 15 months. (offering cake)

MARIE-THERÈSE

Oh I really shouldn't. (indicating her weight but taking one nevertheless)

(MORE)

MARIE-THERÈSE (contd)
 ...Maia walked before she was a year old.
 Of course girls are usually quicker than
 boys. But I didn't wean her till 14
 months.

Listening to all this, looking from one to the other,
 PICASSO can't believe his ears.

FRANCOISE
 I started Claude on solid food at 4 months.

MARIE-THERÈSE
 4 months! Imagine!

FRANCOISE
 Yes, he did very well with bananas and
 cereal.

PICASSO
 And beefsteaks.

MARIE-THERÈSE
 (amazed) Beefsteaks! Before he had teeth?

PICASSO
 He was born with teeth. Strong teeth,
 like mine. (snapping them)

FRANCOISE
 (ignoring him) ...I used to mash the yolk
 of an egg for him in milk.

Muttering a Spanish curse, PICASSO gets up - in such
 disgust that the chair falls over -

MARIE-THERÈSE
 (with true concern) You haven't finished
 your tea. It'll get cold.

PICASSO goes out without looking back. As soon as the
 door bangs behind him - MARIE-THERÈSE puts down her tea-
 cup and leans forward to FRANCOISE:

MARIE-THERÈSE
 Don't hope that you can ever take my place.

FRANCOISE
 (taken aback) No of course not -

MARIE-THERÈSE
 Others have tried and failed. I shall always
 be the first and most important with him.

She takes up her tea-cup and leans back again:

MARIE-THERÈSE
That's all I wanted to say.

Outside, PICASSO is playing hopscotch with MAÏA and CLAUDE. But after a while he can't resist looking in at the window - He sees FRANCOISE and MARIE-THERÈSE amicably chatting and sipping tea together, having resumed their decorous party.

FRANCOISE V.O.
He was very disappointed with this meeting. "You're not a real woman," he accused me. A real woman would have fought over him - physically fought, like Dora Maar did with Marie-Thérèse...

DISSOLVE:

59. INT. FLASHBACK. GRANDS-AUGUSTINS STUDIO. 59.
DAY.

FRANCOISE V.O. (contd)
It happened while he was painting Guernica - that great human cry against all aggression and against the horrors of war and violence and enmity between man and man, and woman and woman...

CU very unfinished canvas of GUERNICA. It is 11½' high and nearly 26' long. It is stretched from wall to wall and from floor to ceiling - which is not quite high enough so that the canvas has to be sloped backward. Its upper part can only be reached by a ladder, and PICASSO (with forelock) is on top of the ladder, painting with a long brush. We know it is GUERNICA from the size, and because it's identified for us, and because it is in black and white. But its composition and figures are very different from the finished picture.

DORA MAAR is taking photographs. MARIE-THERÈSE is sitting there smouldering.

MARIE-THERÈSE goes into a sudden frontal attack, as she did with Francoise. She leaps up and confronts DORA.

MARIE-THERÈSE
This man is the father of my child. You have no right to be here.

DORA

(measuring her coolly) It's true I haven't got a child but I think he finds me equally if not more amusing without one.

MARIE-THERÈSE

(calling up to PICASSO on the ladder)
Make up your mind: which one of us do you want?

PICASSO stops painting, hesitates, looks down from the ladder:

(CONTINUED)

PICASSO

But I like you both. I have no complaint at all.

He is genuinely perplexed as to what to do. Then he gives up:

PICASSO

You'll have to fight it out between yourselves.

MARIE-THERESE and DORA face each other. Then MARIE-THERESE launches an attack on DORA who fights back. They grapple in front of the picture while he continues to paint above them on his ladder. They try to push each other toward and out of the door.

DISSOLVE:

60. EXT. GOLFE-JUAN: JUNK-YARD. DAY. 60.

Pushing CLAUDE in his pram, PICASSO is going around picking up pieces of junk. He is delighted with everything he finds. He collects such a lot that he makes CLAUDE get out of his pram so he can load it with junk. CLAUDE helps him push the pram.

(The junk he collects here depends on what piece of sculpture we see him make out of it in the next scene.)

61. INT. PERFUMERY. DAY. 61.

This disused scent factory has vast tiled workrooms and barnlike workshops. One of these has become Picasso's sculpture studio.

PICASSO is working to assemble a sculpture out of the junk we saw him collect in the previous scene -

A SERIES OF CUs of Junk in the process of being transformed into Sculpture.

Later: The Same.

LANDAUER, a famous collector, a self-made American millionaire, is being shown around by PICASSO and FRANCOISE. (PICASSO whispers to FRANCOISE: "He's the the richest man in America.")

LANDAUER is overcome by the sight of these sculptures. He clutches his head and keeps saying "My God!" and calling to his wife "Did you see that? My God!"

LANDAUER

My God, my God, I'll buy it!

PICASSO

(smilingly shaking his head) You collectors think of nothing but buy, buy, buy.

Overcome with delight at the sight of the sculptures, LANDAUER does a little foxtrot and sings a jazzy tune. PICASSO joins in - he enjoys LANDAUER though continuing to refuse to sell him anything.

LANDAUER is swept away by the sight of another sculpture:

LANDAUER

I'll give you everything I have for it!
Everything!

He takes off his bow-tie and hangs it around PICASSO's neck. While PICASSO is smilingly tying it, he also takes off his jacket and puts it on PICASSO. PICASSO admires it, though it is much too big for him. LANDAUER proceeds to take crumpled bills, etc. out of his trouser pockets and to stuff them in the jacket PICASSO is wearing.

LANDAUER

My shirt - the shirt off my back!

He begins to undo the buttons but PICASSO restrains him -

PICASSO

And your wife?

LANDAUER

Of course; she's thrown in too.

PICASSO

The deal is closed.

Much raucous laughter and back-slapping between these two macho men. MRS. LANDAUER also shrieks with laughter - but this turns into shrieks of delight as her eye falls on a small sculpture of a bird.

PICASSO

Do you like it?

MRS. LANDAUER

It's the most beautiful thing I ever saw in my whole life.

He shows her a whole series of such birds - she keeps on rapturously exclaiming -

PICASSO
 (presenting her with the original bird)
 It's yours. No no, it's a gift. It's
 more friendly that way.

The LANDAUERS are overwhelmed.

They come to the Sculpture we have seen PICASSO working
 on in the previous scene. PICASSO explains the nature
 of such sculptures:

PICASSO
 They are the chance meeting on a dissecting
 table of - say - a sewing-machine and an
 umbrella...But something is missing here...

He notices MRS. LANDAUER looking into the mirror of her
 compact; saying "May I?", he takes it from her and
 experimentally fits it into the sculpture. To every-
 one's delight and amazement, it turns out to be exactly
 the missing piece.

61-A. EXT. GOLFE-JUAN HILLSIDE ROAD. DAY. 61-A.

Landauer's big Oldsmobile convertible is climbing
 one of the many hills behind the town. LANDAUER is
 driving. PICASSO and FRANCOISE are sitting in the
 front seat with him, while MRS. LANDAUER is sitting
 in the back, holding the bird Picasso gave her.
 PICASSO likes the big roomy American car. At some
 point they stop by the side of the road so LANDAUER
 can demonstrate the automatic mechanism for opening
 and closing the roof. PICASSO is delighted with this.
 LANDAUER is delighted that PICASSO is delighted. He
 has the exuberant manner of an American car salesman
 showing off the latest gadget to a potential customer.

62. EXT. JUNK-YARD. DAY. 62.

PICASSO and FRANCOISE are searching for more objects.

But they are pursued by OLGA, a wrinkled, tightmouthed
 woman in her fifties with dyed red hair, dressed in
 black. She is shouting in a mad way. Her heavy Russian
 accent makes everything she says sound like some weird
 oracle:

OLGA
 They call you king of the rubbish dump!
 King of the rubbish dump! That's the
 only kind of king you are.

PICASSO
(to FRANCOISE) Don't look around.
She's completely crazy...It's Olga.
(impatiently when she doesn't understand)
My wife.

OLGA is drawing nearer -

OLGA
Who is that one he's got with him?
Who is she? Where did he find her?

PICASSO
Go away! Go home!

Instead OLGA draws nearer. She feels FRANCOISE as though feeling her quality and makes it clear that she doesn't think much of it.

(CONTINUED)

OLGA

I'm his wife. His wife. I'm the only
Madame Picasso.

PICASSO

Where's your son?

OLGA

My son. He's your son, every bit of
him: he does no work - he spends all
my money and then he asks for more.
He's going from bad to worse, like you.
Nothing but drink and girls: exactly
like his father.

PICASSO

I don't drink.

He walks on, trying to ignore her. She follows and
plucks at his arm:

OLGA

Have you ever heard of Rembrandt?
Rembrandt? If you were like him, you'd
be a real painter! Have you heard of
Beethoven? Beethoven is a great genius.
You're nobody. Nothing. Garbage.

They do their best to ignore her while she trails behind
them - pathetic, mad, solitary.

FRANCOISE V.O.

Picasso had met Olga in 1917. She was
with Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, in the
corps de ballet, while Picasso was
designing the sets and costumes of
the ballet Parade...

DISSOLVE:

63. INT. FLASHBACK. THEATRE DU CHATELET: 1917.
NIGHT.

63.

A young and beautiful OLGA is on stage.

FRANCOISE V.O. (contd)

...Diaghilev chose his dancers either
because they were good dancers or because
they had good social connections and could
be useful to him...Olga fell in the latter
category...

A much younger PICASSO is sitting in a box with DIAGHILEV
and other FRIENDS, watching a ballet performance. This

might be "Parade" or one of the other two ballets performed that season, in which Olga would have danced: "Les Contes Russes" (Russian folk-tales) or "Les Femmes de Bonne Humeur" (by Goldoni, with Scarlatti music). PICASSO is concentrating on the young OLGA, who has a humble role in the corps de ballet, and questions DIAGHILEV about her.

DIAGHILEV

Olga Koklova is the daughter of a general in the Czar's army. You'd better be careful.

PICASSO

Of her - or the general?

DIAGHILEV

If you start something with a Russian girl, that's it: you marry her.

PICASSO looks amused and incredulous.

DIAGHILEV

You'll find out, my friend. And Russian women are very expensive: they have an insatiable appetite for caviare and champanska.

The performance continues -

DISSOLVE:

64. EXT. GOLFE-JUAN STREETS. DAY.

64.

PAULO, red-haired and 6' tall, is riding his motorcycle -

FRANCOISE V.O.

Olga and Picasso were married in 1918.
Their son Paulo was born in 1921, the
same year as I was...

FRANCOISE and PICASSO are being driven by MARCEL. PAULO is acting like an outrider, weaving back and forth on his motorcycle, sometimes ahead, sometimes behind, sometimes alongside. PICASSO is not enjoying this performance at all.

MARCEL

(proudly) Paulo came second in the Monte Carlo rally - imagine, with all those professionals.

PICASSO

That's all he is good for - riding the stupid motorcycle I was stupid enough to give him...And playing bowls with you: I'd say you were a bad influence on him - but everyone he meets is a bad influence on Paulo.

MARCEL

He's a good son. He's very proud of you.

And PAULO does look proud, clearing a way for his father's car. (He might shout "Make way for M. Picasso" in several languages.)

65. INT. GOLFE-JUAN CAFÉ. NIGHT.

65.

PAULO and FRIENDS (including MARCEL, though considerably older than the others) are having a party with some GIRLS (prostitutes) in an upstairs room.

In drunken exuberance, they attempt to throw GIRLS out of the window - MARCEL tries to restrain them -

GIRLS scream - there is a commotion in the street as
SPECTATORS gather -

The POLICE arrive, including POLICE COMMISSIONER -

One GIRL is dangling from the window, kicking her legs in the air.

66. INT. VILLA POUR TOI. DAY.

55.

The POLICE COMMISSIONER is with PICASSO, who is receiving in bed and is purple with rage.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

It's disturbing the peace. Such behavior is inadmissible.

PICASSO

(to FRANCOISE) Get Paulo! Go get Paulo!

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Fortunately for all concerned he is your son, and we can take that into consideration for a time. But you must put a stop to it, Monsieur.

PICASSO

I'll put a stop to it all right. (yelling)
Bring Paulo, I said!

PAULO, shaken and hung-over, is with FRANCOISE and MARCEL outside the bedroom door. The COMMISSIONER passes them on his way out.

PAULO

I'm not going in there alone.

MARCEL, fearing that Picasso has found out that he was with Paulo, refuses to accompany him. So PAULO pushes FRANCOISE in ahead of him, trying to shield behind her - though he towers above her. As soon as they enter, PICASSO, lying in bed, grabs everything he can lay his hands on - shoes, junk-pieces, books - and hurls it at PAULO:

PICASSO

You son of a White Russian! You're the lowest form of animal life!

PAULO dodges and crouches behind FRANCOISE - so that a missile meant for him hits her. She protests volubly.

PICASSO

You're responsible too! He's my son.
You're my wife. So he's yours too.

FRANCOISE can't help laughing at this logic. PICASSO continues to grumble:

PICASSO

It's unbelievable. Trying to throw a woman out of the window.

PAULO

We were just having some fun, Papa.

This enrages PICASSO all over again:

PICASSO

Your fun is costing me too much money!
I'm sick of paying your debts.

But his real rage has spent itself, and he is now just gloomy, shaking his head over his terrible son. FRANCOISE and PAULO approach closer and even sit companionably on the side of his bed.

PICASSO

I don't know what's to become of you.
I never heard of such a thing. I had plenty of women but never in my life did I throw one out of the window.

PAULO

I won't do it again, Papa, I promise.

PICASSO

I suppose you can't help it. You're a Russian - it's all from your mother. She's mad so you were born mad. It's my fault. I should never have married her or had a child with someone like that.

PAULO

(with an ingratiating smile) But then I wouldn't be here, Papa.

PICASSO looks at him with a rather crushing "So what?" expression that makes PAULO's smile fade. Then he sighs again:

PICASSO

No, I should never have married her. I was warned and I didn't listen.

67. INT. CASINO. DAY.

67.

GRANDMOTHER is gambling - and winning.

FRANCOISE V.O.

My grandmother too came to the Midi every summer. I'd like to say that she was here to enjoy the sea air, but the truth is she came for the casino. She was a great gambler and, unlike other gamblers, she usually won...

68. EXT. GOLFE-JUAN STREETS. DAY.

68.

GRANDMOTHER is helping FRANCOISE to push CLAUDE in his pram. They are being pursued by mad OLGA.

OLGA

I'm Madame Picasso! I'm his wife! You can push as many prams with as many little bastards in them as you like, but there is only one Madame Picasso! Me. Olga Picasso! Pi-ca-ssso.

GRANDMOTHER

He's killed her and you're being haunted by her ghost.

69. EXT. VILLA POUR TOI. DAY.

69.

They have arrived home, still pursued by OLGA. FRANCOISE tries to open the door with her key while holding on to her shopping bag and with CLAUDE under

one arm. Seeing her trapped, OLGA starts to pinch and slap her. Holding on to CLAUDE, FRANCOISE finds it difficult to defend herself.

CLAUDE screams. OLGA makes some hexing gesture toward him.

OLGA

This is not his child. His child is Paulo. Only Paulo.

She too is near tears. GRANDMOTHER intervenes and manages to draw OLGA off.

OLGA

(explaining to GRANDMOTHER) This is my place. I live here with my husband, M. Picasso. That one is an impostor.

GRANDMOTHER

(touching OLGA's face in pity) Ah my dear - how your husband has made you suffer.

Tears roll down OLGA's face -

DISSOLVE:

70. INT. FLASHBACK. TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT. DAY. 70.

A new suit is being pinned on PICASSO (20 years younger), who is taking great interest in the proceedings and admiring himself in the mirror.

FRANCOISE V.O.

When they were first married, Picasso was amused by the smart social circles to which Olga introduced him. He even stopped dressing like a tramp for a while. Olga furnished an elegant apartment in the Rue La Boétie, where they entertained all the right people...

71. EXT. FLASHBACK. RUE LA BOÉTIE. NIGHT. 71.

A smartly-uniformed MARCEL is ushering OLGA in furs and PICASSO in tails into a grand car -

FRANCOISE V.O.

Marcel was hired as their chauffeur and he wore a uniform and white gloves. But it didn't take Picasso long to get sick and tired of his new life, and by the time I came on the scene, only Marcel was left, though without the white gloves. Picasso never drove himself: he said a painter must be either too poor to own a car or rich enough to hire a chauffeur...

72. INT. FLASHBACK. DINING ROOM: RUE LA BOÉTIE.
(EARLY '30s) DAY.

72.

The room is polished, shining, immaculate, bourgeois, bearing no trace of Picasso's personality, only Olga's. It is the room of a well-off, careful bourgeoisie, who keeps up with the Joneses. Even Picasso's own paintings, carefully framed and hanging among Cezanne, Renoir, and Corot, seem to belong in the apartment of some stuffy collector.

An elegant dinner party is in progress. OLGA is seated at one end of the table, PICASSO at the other. OLGA is entering into conversation with GUESTS but PICASSO, bored and surly, is completely out of it. His place is already surrounded with little figures he has made out of the corks and wires of the wine bottles.

Now he blackens the end of one of his corks over the candle flame, and with the resultant charcoal he begins to draw on the tablecloth, occasionally highlighting his design with a wine-soaked finger.

OLGA, concerned about her tablecloth, tries to make signs at him, which he ignores. One GUEST, watching PICASSO paint on the tablecloth -

GUEST

Isn't it strange - I've never seen you paint before.

PICASSO

(too busy to look up) Why strange? I also make love, and you've never seen me do that.

As he draws with unconcern, one might hear snatches of conversation, all jumbled together, some in Russian or French, along these lines:

GUEST

Are you coming to the Beaumonts' costume ball on Thursday?

GUEST

What's the theme?

GUEST

Le Malade Imaginaire. I'm going as Measles, with red spots on my face.

GUEST

I was at their ball where you had to come with that part of your body exposed that you thought to be the most interesting.

GUEST

It's a theme with very limited possibilities.

GUEST

(in Russian) But their corrida was so amusing. I went as a matador and Princess Soutzo came as a picador and between us we killed a very difficult bull who turned out to be, of all people, Coco de Madrazo!

Appreciative laughter.

OLGA

(calling down the table) Did you hear that, Pablo? Coco de Madrazo was a bull!

PICASSO looks up - and his attention is caught by a BALD GUEST at the table.

PICASSO

(very courteously) Monsieur, I could do something very good with you, if you would permit me.

Smiling uneasily, BALD GUEST murmurs polite assent. OLGA tries to stop PICASSO, but he has already jumped up with his charcoal and has begun to draw on the man's bald head.

PICASSO

Do you like curls - waves - or a parting? What about a little fringe?

While BALD GUEST smiles more and more uneasily, PICASSO is very swiftly and dextrously drawing a full head of hair on his head. Conversation stops, in spite of OLGA's desperate attempts to revive it. Those seated too far away get up to see. They ignore the MAIDS offering elaborate, specially ordered desserts, though OLGA tries to tempt them with a description of their rich ingredients.

PICASSO draws some little lice in the "parting." The others laugh. PICASSO steps back to admire his handiwork. Then his eye falls on the bosom of a very décolletée LADY GUEST.

PICASSO

Madame, if you would permit me -

Her HUSBAND might here hastily divest himself of his dinner jacket to shield her with it. PICASSO begins to draw on HUSBAND's starched shirt. This leads to general uproar.

DISSOLVE:

73. EXT. BEACH. DAY.

73.

PICASSO, FRANCOISE, and CLAUDE are playing on the beach.

OLGA, fully dressed as usual in black with hat and gloves, is marching up and down in her high heels, which make it difficult for her to walk in the sand. She is circling them, approaching nearer and nearer, calling out her usual imprecations.

PICASSO

Ignore her.

OLGA

You have your own family - your wife, me!
And your son, Paulo! Why are you with
these people? They're scum.

PICASSO

Ignore her.

OLGA

You're scum. Ah, if only I'd married
Beethoven. Or Rembrandt. That's a
real painter. I wish I were married
to Rembrandt.

PICASSO can't help laughing.

FRANCOISE

It's easy for you to laugh but she's
making my life hell.

PICASSO

What do you expect me to do? I can't
burn her, can I? That's unfortunately
not permitted over here.

OLGA has now approached so close that she can kick out at FRANCOISE. But in trying to do so, she loses her balance and falls. She lies there stunned, with her hat over her eyes and her face crumpled.

PICASSO has jumped up. He is suddenly very concerned for OLGA and helps her up. He solicitously dusts the sand off her.

PICASSO

It's your own fault. I told you to leave
us alone.

She takes the opportunity to air her grievances:

OLGA

You don't come to see me and my hotel bill isn't paid.

PICASSO

All right I'm coming and I'll pay it.

OLGA

When?

PICASSO

This afternoon.

OLGA

And you'll bring money? Paulo has spent all my money, everything, he drinks and has girls -

PICASSO

Never mind Paulo. You go home and have a little rest and then I'll come.

OLGA

What time will you come?

PICASSO

Soon. Soon. This afternoon, I told you.

He manages to reassure and soothe her so that she trots off quite happily.

Returning to his family, he begins to teach CLAUDE to make horrible faces -

PICASSO

Every time someone annoys your Mama - you do this!

He shows him - CLAUDE does the same, very well.

FRANCOISE

I want to find another house and move out of the Villa Pour Toi. Why do we have to live in the middle of a town?

PICASSO

Move! What a ridiculous idea. If I had to move every time women fight over me, I'd be eternally packing and unpacking.

FRANCOISE

Next year we'll need more room - did you hear what I said?...I'm going to have another baby.

At this news PICASSO bursts into great exclamations of joy and delight. CLAUDE imitates these. They both embrace and kiss FRANCOISE; CLAUDE bites her and growls and she pretends to be frightened. For the moment, she is surrounded by love and affection, and they are all happy together.

74. EXT. LA GALLOISE. DAY. 74.

It is an ungracious little pink villa perched on a terraced hillside. There are two mulberry trees, too small to shade the gable front of the little terrace. At the bottom of the garden is a garage for the new Oldsmobile (given by LANDAUER).

PAULO, MARCEL, and FRANCOISE are continuously going up and down the long flight of steps, carrying belongings.

PICASSO is watching them but not lifting a finger to help. At one point he warns:

PICASSO
This wasn't my idea. It's you who
wanted to move.

He notices that a piece of paper is fluttering down the steps. He ostentatiously pursues and picks it up - it is a sketch.

PICASSO
Hey, hey! A little respect for my work,
at least...

They continue to trudge and carry.

75. INT. LA GALLOISE. DAY. 75.

They have moved in. The rooms are small and bleak and minimally furnished with plain wooden beds and a few chairs and tables.

PICASSO looks around suspiciously to make sure all his belongings are in place. He is carrying a small red trunk.

He goes into a room, and calling to FRANCOISE to follow, locks the door behind them.

He opens the little red trunk - which is stuffed full of bank-notes. FRANCOISE is astonished. He tells her to help him count it, arranging the notes in bundles of ten.

While they are counting -

FRANCOISE

Don't you keep your money in the bank,
like everyone else?

PICASSO

(makes a derisive sound) Banks are
always crashing and then people have
to kill themselves by jumping out the
window...I prefer to have a bit of
ready cash.

PICASSO is now amusing himself with counting the bills
the way he has seen Charlie Chaplin do in "Monsieur
Verdoux." While he is counting:

FRANCOISE V.O.

All the years we were together, Picasso
gave me no money at all and I never asked
him for any. I had to buy my own clothes
and look after Claude all on my own...

76. INT. CASINO. DAY.

76.

FRANCOISE is watching GRANDMOTHER, who is again on a
winning streak. GRANDMOTHER insists on giving the money
she has won to FRANCOISE:

GRANDMOTHER

I know he gives you nothing for you and
the child... (in disgust) The man's a
multi-millionaire.

FRANCOISE

(shrugging) It's supposed to be a test
of character. How to survive on nothing.

GRANDMOTHER wins again and again gives FRANCOISE money.

77. INT. LA GALLOISE. DAY.

77.

FRANCOISE (pregnant) is painting -

FRANCOISE V.O.

Fortunately I was beginning to earn with
my own work...Picasso didn't directly
influence me but I was surrounded by him
as if he were an element. As in an element
- say, water - I swam, but he wasn't
telling me how to swim. In fact, he
always said: don't try to be Picasso,
be yourself...

PICASSO comes in and watches her. He is deeply interested and makes some suggestions:

PICASSO

Things have to organize themselves into a proper pattern - if they don't, think: is this my fault or that of the objects themselves?...And there comes a moment when you want to cover the canvas from one side to the other and maybe even let it spill beyond its frame...You might even have to stick something on like a piece of tinfoil - or a matchbox - or - (looking around for something, he sees the thumb-tack) Where did you get this?

FRANCOISE

It was in that box.

PICASSO

It's mine. (He takes it down) My thumb-tack. Don't touch anything of mine.

He has taken it out, letting her drawing fall to the floor, then continues seriously commenting on her painting:

PICASSO

You must take what you can find wherever you can find it - except in your own work. Never copy yourself. Have a horror of copying yourself...

78.

INT. LA GALLOISE. DAY.

78.

FRANCOISE has set out her paintings. KAHNWEILER is looking at them, watched by PICASSO.

KAHNWEILER

(to FRANCOISE) How many paintings could you let me have a year?

FRANCOISE, enchanted, is about to hazard a figure but PICASSO makes warning signs at her behind KAHNWEILER.

KAHNWEILER

I might be able to give you a show in the spring and we could talk then about a contract on future work.

PICASSO

I'll do the talking. (to FRANCOISE)
To be under contract with Kahnweiler is the easiest way to starve to death.

KAHNWEILER denies this with his usual placid "No, no."
PICASSO roars with laughter.

KAHNWEILER

The news from America is not so good...
Matisse is all right - his prices are
rising -

PICASSO stops laughing abruptly.

- but they're not buying Picassos.

PICASSO

...Because I've joined the Communist
Party? Fine. Good. I'm satisfied.
You wouldn't understand this, Kahnweiler,
but it's only since I've joined the
Communist Party that I feel that I'm
once again among my brothers...You'll
see: there'll be strikes and troubles
and I'll be marching and singing in the
streets and you'll be hanging from a
lamppost -

79. INT. POLISH COMMUNIST PARTY BANQUET. NIGHT. 79.

Huge COMRADES are hugely eating, drinking, toasting,
speechifying. PICASSO is there with MARCEL. Both
are having a good time.

FRANCOISE V.O.

He went to Poland to attend a Communist
Party conference. They hated his art but
they loved his name and knew what a useful
propaganda tool it was for them...

PICASSO is presented with a medal which, amid applause,
is pinned to his chest: "Cross of a Commander with Star
of the Order of the Polish Renaissance." He is toasted
in Russian, which is simultaneously translated for him:

COMRADE

We salute our new brother's profound
humanity, his moral preoccupations and
his service to mankind and welcome him
into the bosom of the Communist Party,
the great, brotherly family of workers,
peasants and intellectuals...

Applause and more toasts and then the speech continues:

COMRADE

While we appreciate the presence of M. Picasso, it is our duty to deplore the taint of that dangerous anarchy in his art which places the individual outside the mass -

PICASSO

(vehemently interrupting) I object to the use of the word anarchy in connection with my work. I'm not an anarchist, I never have been. My work -

Here the COMRADE next to him absentmindedly takes PICASSO's bread off his plate - quick as a flash PICASSO snatches it back: "This is my bread!" - and continues as though no interruption had taken place:

- my work is a constructive one. I am building not tearing down. What people call deformation in my work results from their own misapprehension. It's not a question of deformation; it's a question of formation.

A somewhat drunken COMRADE gets up:

DRUNKEN COMRADE

Anarchy in art is a petit-bourgeois concept which condemns the artist to mediocrity, incapacity, and malfeasance. Your impressionist-surrealist style -

PICASSO

(jumping to his feet) Impressionist-surrealist! If you must insult me at least get your terminology straight!

Other COMRADES force the first COMRADE to sit down - they embrace PICASSO and begin toasting him all over again -

80. INT. PERFUMERY. DAY.

80.

PIERRE has arrived with his photographic equipment and is with FRANCOISE.

FRANCOISE

I can't let you photograph in here without his permission...I'm sorry, Pierre.

PIERRE

Of course. I understand. Everything has to be with his permission... (But he looks around longingly) When is he coming back?

FRANCOISE

He said he'd be gone three days and he's been gone three weeks.

PAUSE

Do you ever hear from Genevieve? Is she still in Montpellier?

PIERRE

Yes but she comes to Paris sometimes. Don't you see her?

FRANCOISE

(in flat resignation) He doesn't like me to have friends of my own.

She takes out a telegram - or maybe she has been holding it -

Every day I get this telegram from Poland: "Hugs and Kisses from Picasso." Hugs and kisses! That's not Picasso, that's Marcel. He must have told Marcel: "Send her a telegram every day. Keep her quiet."

She crumples the telegram.

81. EXT. LA GALLOISE. DAY.

81.

FRANCOISE, standing at the top of the long flight of stairs, watches PICASSO walk toward her, followed by MARCEL carrying suitcases. When PICASSO reaches her, his arms stretched wide in welcome -

FRANCOISE

(slapping his face) That's for the hugs and kisses.

FRANCOISE stamps inside. When MARCEL reaches him, PICASSO glares at him but then says philosophically "Go get her present." He follows FRANCOISE inside. He is wearing the huge Polish medal presented to him.

82. INT. LA GALLOISE. DAY.

82.

FRANCOISE has locked herself in and PICASSO stands outside the door, coaxing her to open. He has missed her so - he has been counting the minutes -

MARCEL comes and gives him the present: a Polish embroidered coat.

PICASSO

Open the door, Francoise. Look what
I've brought you from Poland.

When she opens at last -

(CONTINUED)

He puts the coat on her - he admires her; is very tender. She certainly likes the coat. Hoping to amuse her, he shows her his medal.

FRANCOISE V.O.

That's the sort of scene he felt at ease with - coaxing a woman, changing her mood, treating her as a pet. He loved pets; he didn't care for people so much...

83. INT. RUE DES GRANDS-AUGUSTINS. DAY. 83.

TWO TURTLE-DOVES in a cage: PICASSO is cooing at them through the bars, sticking his fingers in, coaxing them - not unlike the way he coaxed Francoise in the preceding scene -

DISSOLVE:

84. INT. LA GALLOISE. DAY. 84.

Watched by CLAUDE, PICASSO is sketching a sleeping BABY PALOMA -

FRANCOISE V.O.

...Our daughter was called Paloma: the Dove...She was a model baby who slept practically around the clock.

FRANCOISE looks over Picasso's shoulder at his sketch.

PICASSO

She'll be a perfect woman. Passive and submissive...That's the way all girls should be. And their mothers.

FRANCOISE fails to react.

85. INT. VENCE CHAPEL. DAY. 85.

PICASSO and FRANCOISE have come to see Matisse's decoration of this chapel. PICASSO finds plenty to criticize:

PICASSO

All this is typical of Matisse: there is no terror in him. Of course compared with me Matisse is a young lady...I don't know how he can do all this stuff if he doesn't believe what it represents. That's morally wrong.

They have come to a holy water stoup (like the one in Ménerbes).

FRANCOISE

You don't believe in any of it - but you made me swear. Remember? How you made me swear to love you forever?

PICASSO doesn't want to remember. He takes refuge in a deprecating aesthetic comment.

FRANCOISE

Why don't you swear now - to love the children and me forever? Or at least the children...

PICASSO

(very nervous) What's the matter with you?

He looks uneasily up at Madonna and Child -

FRANCOISE

You don't believe so it wouldn't mean anything - and it might help us.

His superstitious nature oppressed both by the surrounding and by Francoise's demand, he can't get out fast enough. She follows.

86. INT. MATISSE APARTMENT IN THE HOTEL RÉGINA, NICE. 86.
DAY.

FRANCOISE V.O.

...The only time I have ever seen Picasso put himself out for anyone - except of course when he was wooing a new woman - was when we visited Matisse at the Hotel Régina in Nice. And somehow, the way he behaved with Matisse, it really was as though he were wooing a woman - at any rate, someone he loved...

MATISSE is in a wheelchair, drawing on paper sheets applied to the walls and ceiling with a piece of charcoal attached to a long bamboo stick. He is over 80 years old, very serene, very dignified, but more like a distinguished physician or surgeon than an artist. Behind his glasses, his eyes are calm, very blue and penetrating. When he speaks, his voice is urbane, mellow, and as clear as his gaze, with each word well-articulated. He is meticulously groomed and elegant in a cashmere cardigan matching his shirt.

LYDIA, a stately beautiful woman in her 40s (she is seen in many Matisse paintings of 20 years earlier) is arranging

cut-outs on the wall. She wheels MATISSE to that wall and he tells her how to rearrange the cut-outs into different compositions.

FRANCOISE V.O.

About friendship Picasso said "I can't have friends if they're not capable of sleeping with me. Not that I require it of the women or want it from the men - but there should be that feeling of warmth and intimacy one experiences in sleeping with someone."

PICASSO and FRANCOISE have come to visit.

PICASSO greets MATISSE with a respectful affection and care we have never seen him show to anyone else. He presents him with some dates he has brought in a crystal bowl. He sings the praises of these very special dates. While MATISSE politely nibbles at one, PICASSO helps himself to several and keeps on eating them.

MATISSE

(appreciatively eyeing FRANCOISE) ...You're wearing my colors: mauve and almond-green.

PICASSO

I told her to wear them. It was my idea.

FRANCOISE

No - you told me to wear pink and mauve.

PICASSO

(eating dates) Whatever I say, Francoise is sure to say the opposite. I live in a perpetual climate of contradiction.

MATISSE

(laughing) I feel very sorry for you: you always have a bad time with beautiful young women...But whoever had the idea, I'd like to paint Francoise in those colors.

PICASSO frowns; he doesn't like this suggestion. MATISSE now teases him a bit. His attitude toward PICASSO is as toward a wayward son whose antics he enjoys even though he doesn't entirely approve of them.

MATISSE

(studying FRANCOISE in mock concentration)
Her hair would be blue, her cheeks light green: and of course her eyebrows will

(MORE)

MATISSE (contd)

rhyme with her ears...I suppose you
could bring her in for some sittings?

PICASSO swallows his annoyance and enters into the spirit
of these remarks.

PICASSO

Certainly - if you send me Lydia in
exchange to pose for me...But probably
Lydia wouldn't like it. Did you know
that women in Paris curse each other
with "May you be painted by Picasso!"
The eyes in the ears, the mouth in the
nose...

He laughs, throwing more dates into his mouth.

MATISSE shows them around the apartment, which has many
rooms, each one full of his paintings as well as the
objects depicted in those paintings. LYDIA pushes him
in his wheelchair, while PICASSO and FRANCOISE follow.
This is a tour of Matisse's world - blooming and blazing,
with pineapples, anemones, Oriental curtains, Moorish
screens, lemons, goldfish...

While they are strolling and admiring -

MATISSE

Now that I don't get out very often, I've
made myself a little garden to walk in.
Everything's there - fruit, flowers,
leaves, a bird or two...

PICASSO and FRANCOISE stop to admire a portrait of Lydia
("Blue Eyes") done 20 years earlier. PICASSO surrepti-
tiously indicates the present-day LYDIA:

PICASSO

...Still the same Lydia. She's been with
him for 20 years - can you imagine: 20
years with the same Lydia!

He ignores FRANCOISE's ironic look. He turns to MATISSE,
pointing to a picture with a religious theme:

PICASSO

...If we don't pray, we have no right to
portray prayer.

MATISSE

Oh but we do pray! When we are working,
we are praying, you know it yourself.

They look at more pictures, then MATISSE continues:

MATISSE

No, I have no religion in the conventional sense; yet I believe...There is a Zen saying: we have two suns, the one outside in the sky, and the one inside, here. As the one outside fades for us, the other blazes up - more and more. And since my last illness I feel that I carry a sun with a thousand rays inside me...

They have reached a room full of Matisse nudes and odalisques:

PICASSO

And here you've made yourself a little harem, with an assortment of beautiful women lying around awaiting your pleasure.

MATISSE doesn't deny this but chuckles:

MATISSE

The older I get, the younger and more ardent is my imagination...Of course at 25 I didn't need imagination...

PICASSO studies these paintings with special wonder and delight.

PICASSO

You've loved women even more than I have ...But you haven't hated them at all.

MATISSE

I leave that to you. That reminds me: I have a present for you.

PICASSO

(rubbing his hands with pleasure) A present? For me? Francoise, M. Matisse has a present for me - what could it be?

MATISSE

As soon as I saw it, I thought of you.
(His eyes twinkle with secret amusement)

We follow LYDIA who goes into the next room where a large PACIFIC IDOL is seated in a chair. She picks it up and returns with it. It is heavy and its legs drag on the floor.

As soon as he sees it, PICASSO's face falls:

CU a larger than life-size HUMAN IDOL carved in aborescent fern, streaked with violent tones of blue, yellow, and red, very barbaric looking. It is not very old but rather battered; its legs are attached by strings. It is just bits and pieces hanging together, topped by a feathered head.

LYDIA

M. Matisse has been waiting for you to come and claim it.

MATISSE

(to FRANCOISE) Isn't it exactly Picasso?

They all look from PICASSO to IDOL back to PICASSO, who is not pleased with the comparison.

MATISSE

Lydia, have it put into Monsieur Picasso's car.

PICASSO

Today unfortunately we have no room - as usual the car is stuffed with Francoise's mess - I'll send Marcel for it later.

MATISSE

It's really a ceremonial headdress, used for magical invocation in ceremonial dances. The dancer has to put his head and torso inside the body -

His mouth-corners twitching with amusement, he invites PICASSO to put it on. At first PICASSO resists - they urge him -

MATISSE

It's from the Nevinbumbaaau Vanuatu tribe -

PICASSO likes the sound of this very much and repeats it. At last he consents to get inside the headdress, and even executes a little dance for them while wearing it; but then, he doesn't like the feel of this weird thing on him and gets out of it, clicking his fingers to ward off evil.

87. INT/EXT. HOTEL REGINA. DAY.

87.

Now an apartment house, it was once a gigantic hotel, built at the end of the 19th century.

PICASSO, FRANCOISE and MARCEL are leaving, crossing the huge entrance hall with its columns and capitals.

PICASSO

I don't see why he should give me an ugly thing like that.

FRANCOISE

He thought you'd like it. Because he's very fond of you.

PICASSO

Really? You think so? You think he likes me?

MARCEL

M. Matisse loves you, Monsieur.

PICASSO

Yes. Finally, there is only Matisse. When he goes, there will be nothing whatsoever left to say to anyone... You really think he loves me?

They reassure him on that point.

PICASSO

(to MARCEL) All right, go back and get it tomorrow.

They get in the car and drive away.

88. EXT/INT. CHEZ JACQUES (CAFE). DAY.

88.

The SAVAGE IDOL is sitting in back of the cream-colored Oldsmobile.

MARCEL is playing bowls with PAULO and other MEN and drinking.

PAULO and MARCEL leave together, both rather drunk. MARCEL Gets in the car, PAULO on his motorbike.

PAULO weaves to and fro in his usual exuberant way. MARCEL has a rather lascivious conversation with the IDOL, addressing it as though it were a woman.

Laughing at his own humor, he runs the car into a ditch. The car is badly damaged, but both MARCEL and the IDOL emerge intact.

PAULO and MARCEL are very sober now. They place the IDOL on the motorbike; MARCEL gets on it too, and PAULO drives them to La Galloise.

89. EXT. LA GALLOISE. DAY.

89.

FRANCOISE and PICASSO are just coming down the long flight of steps when this trio arrives on the motorbike.

PICASSO

(to MARCEL) ...Where is the car?

MARCEL

Monsieur, there has been a little accident.

PICASSO

How little?...Is it scratched? The fender bent? I told you, next time you get drunk and there's as much as a scratch on my car, you're out. I warned you. Well, tell me - where is it?

He addresses PAULO, forcing him to answer:

PAULO

It's in a ditch.

PICASSO

(beside himself) My new Oldsmobile in a ditch?...You two drunken sots have left my car in a ditch?

MARCEL

Monsieur, what happened was -

PICASSO

I know what happened! You were sitting in Chez Jacques getting drunk on your eternal pastis! This is it: my car is finished and so are you. You're not fit to be my chauffeur. All you're fit for is to lead this idiot astray - well, he's my son, unfortunately I can't get rid of him, he's around my neck for the rest of my life. But you: you're fired.

FRANCOISE

Oh but you can't!

PICASSO

Who asked you? (to MARCEL) You can take the next train to Paris and tell Sabartès what's due on your wages - after deducting
(MORE)

PICASSO (contd)
the cost of damages to my car. I don't
ever want to see you again. Let's go.

He proceeds down the steps, followed by FRANCOISE, PAULO,
MARCEL, all of them pleading and protesting.

MARCEL
Monsieur, I'm very sorry and it was my
fault - but I've been with you all these
years - 25 years -

PICASSO
25 years too long. (to PAULO, pointing
at IDOL) Carry that thing inside.

They have reached the end of the stairs and PICASSO walks
on, MARCEL following.

MARCEL
You mean after all this time - after every-
thing I've been to you - you'd fire me?

PICASSO
That's what I'm doing: firing you.

MARCEL
I should have known.

Something still, resigned, heartbroken in his tone makes
PICASSO stand and look at him. A silence.

MARCEL
...I warn you: the day will come when you
have no one left.

PICASSO shrugs and is about to walk on, but MARCEL halts
him with:

MARCEL
Not even Francoise. You'll see: one day
she'll have had enough and she'll walk
out on you.

PICASSO looks at FRANCOISE who looks back at him. It is
a moment of recognition - of forewarning - between them.

Meanwhile PAULO has shouldered the IDOL and is carrying
it upstairs.

CU IDOL.

90. INT. LA GALLOISE. DAY.

90.

PICASSO and FRANCOISE are asleep. He wakes up with a start - then shakes her awake:

PICASSO

Something's happened to the children.
Go quickly.

She gets up sleepily.

She sees CLAUDE and PALOMA peacefully asleep. She tucks them up - she lingers over CLAUDE, kissing him, bestowing her unused affection on him.

When she returns and reassures PICASSO about the children, he grunts and turns over and goes to sleep at once. But FRANCOISE continues to lie awake and thoughtful -

FRANCOISE V.O.

He was devoted to the children but he couldn't stand too much domesticity...
He began to spend more and more time away from us...

91. INT. VALLAURIS POTTERIES. DAY.

91.

There are shelves full of pitchers in typically Picassian forms of doves, bulls, owls, centaurs and minotaurs; traditional casseroles painted with bull-fights and Arcadian scenes; little statuettes of women as delicate as Tanagra.

FRANCOISE V.O. (contd)

...He was spending most of his days now at the Vallauris Potteries. Besides the fascination of working in a new medium, the potteries may have held another new fascination for him...

A POTTER hands PICASSO a vase that has just been thrown. PICASSO begins to work on it. He is watched with admiration - not to say adoration - by JACQUELINE ROCQUE: she is dark, short, rather stocky but with a well-shaped face and classical features.

PICASSO moulds the vase in his fingers. First he pinches the neck so that the body of the vase is resistant to his touch like a balloon, then with a few dextrous twists and squeezes he transforms the vase into a dove.

PICASSO

You see, to make a dove you must first wring its neck.

JACQUELINE admires the dove - then turns her admiring gaze on PICASSO.

Later:

They are both watching the firing process.

After a while they are joined by FRANCOISE and CLAUDE, who have also come to watch. (PICASSO might explain the process to CLAUDE.)

JACQUELINE

...There is a story about a master-craftsman who burned all his furniture so that his kiln would not go cold.

PICASSO

Furniture? I'll gladly throw in my wife and children to keep the fire going.

He looks mischievously at FRANCOISE - then makes as if to snatch up CLAUDE.

CLAUDE runs off and PICASSO pursues him.

FRANCOISE and JACQUELINE follow.

FRANCOISE picks up one of the statuettes of women and studies it.

FRANCOISE

He says to make a woman you have to wring her neck first.

JACQUELINE

To me he said that about a dove.

FRANCOISE

(studying some of the other objects)
It's all the same to him: a thing's a thing...

CLAUDE laughs and shrieks as PICASSO places a casserole with a monster painted on it over his own face like a mask.

92 INT/EXT. LA GALLOISE. NIGHT.

92.

FRANCOISE is waiting up for Picasso. It is very late.

She comes out to the front of the house, waiting at the top of the long flight of stairs, anxiously.

At last, near dawn, she sees the car drive up. PAULO is driving. JACQUELINE is inside, and after dropping PICASSO, PAULO drives her on home.

Walking up the stairs, PICASSO is furious to see FRANCOISE waiting for him. She may be carrying baby PALOMA who has woken up crying.

PICASSO

Why aren't you asleep?

FRANCOISE

I was waiting for you.

PICASSO

You mean spying on me!

They go inside.

PICASSO

...I'm free to come and go how and when I want!

FRANCOISE

I didn't say you're not - but I was worried. Paulo might have got drunk and smashed up the car - who knows, anything can happen.

PICASSO

And embarrassing me in front of my friends...

FRANCOISE

Your friends? I saw only one friend -

PICASSO

What business is it of yours if there was one friend or a hundred of them? I go where I want, I see who I want, yes I sleep or don't sleep with who I want!... Go to bed where you should have been hours ago. Well, it's hardly worth it now - it's almost time for you to go light the stove in the studio or the place won't be fit to work in. It's one damn annoyance after the other for me...

93. EXT/INT. PERFUMERY. DAY.

93

Carrying kindling, FRANCOISE is walking through the silent early morning streets to the Perfumery -

Inside, she lights the stove. She looks tired, as if she hasn't been sleeping.

FRANCOISE V.O.

He insisted that I was the only person capable of lighting his stove properly so that when he got up around noon he could work there in comfort -

She looks around the studio at his work in progress. She thoughtfully turns around and studies several portraits.

FRANCOISE V.O.

...Picasso could never keep a new affair a secret because as soon as he had a new woman a new face began to appear in his work...Now it was not only Jacqueline Rocque from the Vallauris Potteries but a variety of women...

94. EXT/INT. MIDI SCENERY/CAR. DAY.

94

PAULO and PICASSO are whizzing along in the car, the way Picasso used to do with Marcel. PICASSO is singing, humming the tune when he doesn't remember the words. He is singing songs from Spanish operettas (the zarzuela).

FRANCOISE V.O. (contd)

...so it was not just one overwhelming new love in his life but an indication of his general restlessness and discontent ...He had appointed Paulo to be his chauffeur - he said let him be useful for the first and probably the last time in his life...They would spin around the Midi and reports would reach me via obliging friends of where Picasso had been seen and with whom...

A SERIES OF SHOTS OF PICASSO AND PAULO -

e.g., with BULLFIGHTERS

At a CABARET -

At a CIRCUS -

A TRANSVESTITE BAR -

There are always GIRLS - the different GIRLS he has been painting in his pictures (sometimes he is sketching one). JACQUELINE is the only more or less constant factor, and she makes it clear that she is ready to edge out all other contestants (e.g., it is she who refills his glass or wipes crumbs off his chin). Determinedly possessive of PICASSO, she is sweetly submissive to him even when he snubs her.

(CONTINUED)

95. EXT. LA GALLOISE. DAY.

95

PICASSO and PAULO are getting ready to depart.

PICASSO is giving last-minute instructions to PIERRE, a photographer, on what pieces of sculpture to photograph.

FRANCOISE, with PALOMA and CLAUDE, is standing by the car.

FRANCOISE

I still don't see why we can't go with you.

PICASSO

I've told you: the air in Paris is not good for the children. You're much better off here...
(more irritated) And what about all the things I told you to do?

He points at PIERRE:

Like supervising him so that he doesn't break all my best pieces?

He laughs and punches PIERRE in the chest to show he is joking.

PICASSO is about to get into the car when FRANCOISE steps closer.

FRANCOISE

Don't you want us to be with you?...Don't you think we ought to be together?

She speaks in a grave, intimate tone. He evades her by an elaborately affectionate goodbye to the CHILDREN, promising them that he'll be back soon, loaded with all sorts of magnificent presents for them. But they look sad and disappointed as he drives off without them.

FRANCOISE walks back to the house with PIERRE.

PIERRE

I had a letter from Genevieve. She asks after you.

FRANCOISE

Ah Genevieve....I wish she'd come to see me.

PIERRE

Have you asked her?

FRANCOISE shrugs -

FRANCOISE

(with a faint smile of reminiscence)
Do you remember when you first introduced
us to Picasso - GENEVIEVE and me? At
Le Catalan. We gave a lump of sugar
to his dog...A hundred years ago.

PALOMA comes up crying. FRANCOISE picks her up to
comfort her; CLAUDE also clings to FRANCOISE.

PIERRE looks at them; it does indeed seem a long time
since that first meeting at Le Catalan.

96. EXT. VALLAURIS STREET. DAY. 96.

JACQUELINE is waiting with a suitcase. When PICASSO
and PAULO drive up, she gets in the car with them.

97. INT. VALLAURIS POTTERIES. DAY. 97.

FRANCOISE comes hurrying in - she has been called to
the telephone to take a call from Paris.

At first she doesn't recognize the voice at the other
end. When she does, she has a shock. But then she
has a greater shock at the news she hears.

98. INT. PERFUMERY. DAY. 98.

PIERRE and an ASSISTANT are photographing the sculptures.
FRANCOISE comes in.

FRANCOISE

Pierre...

He looks at her and waits.

My father telephoned. (choking with
emotion) My grandmother has had a stroke.
She's paralyzed.

PIERRE puts his arms around her. She leans against him.

FRANCOISE

...I haven't spoken to or heard from
my father since the day I walked out
of his house...

PIERRE

(looking at his watch) You could catch
the 11.45 Express. I'll take you to the
station.

FRANCOISE

How can I go to Paris? He'll be furious.

PIERRE

Who'll be furious?

FRANCOISE

Picasso. He's left me with a million things to do -

PIERRE firmly leads her to the door.

PIERRE

Get the children ready and I'll be at the house in an hour.

She is still hesitating -

PIERRE

You have to go.

She nods, then bites her lip:

FRANCOISE

(as he regards her in astonishment) You don't know what he's like if anyone goes against his orders.

PIERRE

(still astonished) This is not the Francoise I used to know. A hundred Picassos couldn't order her around...Go and pack. I'll be there with the car in an hour.

FRANCOISE

(wistfully) My father has never seen the children.

He manages to push her out.

He begins to pack up his camera apparatus.

CU SCULPTURES. They seem to express the forbidding and selfish side of the artist. They stand there like his silent lieutenants, defying anyone to differ with their creator.

99. INT. GARE DE LYONS. DAY.

99.

GILOT is on the platform. He sees FRANCOISE, CLAUDE and PALOMA get off the train. He strides toward them:

His first words to FRANCOISE are:

FRANCOISE would like to cry out - to lean for comfort against him - but both father and daughter are too rigidly controlled to give way to any such demonstration. However, the starkness of these first words he has spoken to her in all these years does somehow set aside or surmount their estrangement.

GILOT

He is already getting PORTERS to take care of the luggage while he himself takes charge of the CHILDREN.

Although dry-eyed and rigid, FRANCOISE is evidently shattered by the news. She stumbles unseeingly against other PASSENGERS while following CHILDREN and GILOT along the platform.

100. INT. GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE. DAY. 100

FRANCOISE is looking into Grandmother's closet, at the clothes hanging there uselessly: a dead woman's clothes. FRANCOISE touches a dress, buries her face in it.

FRANCOISE opens a drawer and, among various items (like old photographs of long-dead people) she finds an address book. She leafs through it, then lifts telephone and dials a number from the book. An operator says the number has been disconnected. The same thing happens when she dials another number. At a third try she asks for "Mme. Berthier." An astonished voice answers: "Who is this?...Mme. Berthier died three years ago." FRANCOIS: apologies and puts down receiver.

GILOT enters, and FRANCOISE looks at him sadly:

FRANCOISE

All her friends are gone...I can't find
a soul.

GILOT

If you live to a ripe old age, that's what happens: there's no one left to come to your funeral...When all this is over, you and I have a lot of financial business to discuss. After all, there's only you and I now; and the children. (leafing through the book from which she has been telephoning) Anyone else you can think of? Any other friends?

FRANCOISE shakes her head - looks sad and thoughtful -

101. EXT. GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE. DAY. 101

Emerging from the house, FRANCOISE is astonished to meet GENEVIEVE about to enter it.

GENEVIEVE

...Pierre sent me a telegram: he said you might need me.

FRANCOISE falls into her arms. Closely entwined, they walk down the street together.

FRANCOISE

Picasso is in Paris...I ought at least to tell him about the funeral.

GENEVIEVE

Why? Was he your grandmother's friend?

FRANCOISE

No. But he's the father of my children; her great-grandchildren...Not that I expect him to come. He didn't even go to his mother's funeral, he so abhors any reminder of mortality; of his mortality.

102. EXT/INT. CAFÉ DE FLORE. DAY. 102.

FRANCOISE and GENEVIEVE are looking into the interior through the glass and see -

PICASSO having an uproariously good time, surrounded by his usual clique, including among others PAULO, SABARTÉS, and JACQUELINE.

Amid laughter, PICASSO is teaching his FRIENDS to sing some favorite song. He might also be relating the following:

PICASSO

...She wanted me to paint her portrait. She pursued me like a fury till out of self-defence I told her, "I only paint women I sleep with." She was not against the idea, but I was: she was horribly fat...

FRANCOISE and GENEVIEVE go away without announcing their presence.

103. INT. RUE DES GRANDS-AUGUSTINS: STUDIO. DAY. 103

CLAUDE and PALOMA have come running into the studio where PICASSO is with FRIENDS. They rush into his arms, and while embracing them, he looks in astonished inquiry at SABARTÉS who has come in behind them and now makes an indicative gesture toward the staircase leading to other rooms.

(CONTINUED)

104. INT. RUE DES GRANDS-AUGUSTINS: (ROOM WITH BIRD
CAGE). DAY. 104.

PICASSO comes bursting in on FRANCOISE:

PICASSO

What are you doing in Paris?

She does not respond.

My God, who is there to supervise Pierre
and everything else I told you to do?
There is no one, no single human being
I can rely on. You came here against my
express orders.

FRANCOISE

Yes against your orders - because my
grandmother died. Was that against
your orders too?

He at once becomes tender -

PICASSO

Ah...Oh...My poor Francoise. Why didn't
you tell me? You knew I was in Paris.
We could have been together. Come here.

He strokes her hair but she distances herself from him.
She goes over to the bird cage and he follows her. He
begins automatically cooing at the birds, in his usual
way. He opens the cage and lets them out to sit on his
shoulder. FRANCOISE watches him, then comes out with:

FRANCOISE

I want to stay in Paris for a time with
the children...Yes, without you. Just
for a time.

He pretends to be still engrossed in birds, but he has
become very tense.

PICASSO

There's someone else.

FRANCOISE

There's no one else! Is that all you
can think of?

PICASSO

If there is no one else, then you must
stay. I need you.

FRANCOISE

If that were true, I would stay. But I know it's not.

PICASSO has lost all pleasure in his birds and chases them back into their cage. He is very hurt but tries not to show it.

105. EXT. RUE DES GRANDS-AUGUSTINS. DAY. 105

SABARTÉS, about to enter the courtyard of the house, sees GENEVIEVE standing outside. He thinks he recognizes her but is not sure. Then he sees FRANCOISE coming out and joining GENEVIEVE. He looks after the two of them walking arm in arm, then goes into the house.

106. EXT. BOIS DE BOULOGNE. DAY. 106

FRANCOISE and GENEVIEVE are riding. FRANCOISE, riding with verve and spirit, looks more like her former self. They continue an argument that they appear to have been carrying on for some time, step by step:

FRANCOISE

I see him as a sort of duty. When you've stayed with someone so long and so intimately, he does become your duty.

They trot along in silence for a while, side by side.

FRANCOISE

...My grandmother always said, if there are two paths to follow, choose the more difficult...Only which is the more difficult: to leave him, or to stay?

GENEVIEVE

To stay? That's much too easy! It's just lying down and inviting him to keep on treading you into the ground.

FRANCOISE gallops ahead, GENEVIEVE following.

107. INT. RUE DES GRANDS-AUGUSTINS. DAY. 107.

PICASSO

...It's that friend of yours putting these ideas in your head. Why has she come? Who called her to make you even more hysterical?

FRANCOISE

How do you know she's here?

Just then SABARTÉS enters. She looks at him and realize who was Picasso's spy. PICASSO makes an impatient gesture to indicate he has no time to waste on argument. He goes, SABARTES stays.

FRANCOISE

It wouldn't make much difference to you if I left.

SABARTÉS

(shrugging) People come and people go.

FRANCOISE

You'll always stay, under all circumstances.

SABARTÉS

I stay! That's my life: I stay! And what a life for me and my wife. Most people don't even know I have a wife. Oh yes, and we even have a place of our own where he sometimes permits me to spend a few hours. Don't ask what sort of a place - what sort of a garret we can afford on the salary he pays me. And there are my other expenses - like when he summons me to Vallauris, paying my own fare of course, my own train ticket, third class...And his promises! His promises! In 1901 he painted my portrait - he says "This is yours, my present to you" - when I asked him for it, he gave it away to a cabaret in Barcelona! For 50 years he has been painting my picture - and always, "This is yours" - and always I have to beg and remind him, beg like a dog...But still I stay.

FRANCOISE

But why would you want to?

SABARTÉS

Why? I'll tell you why. Because if I left, every time I came here I'd have to ring the bell, and be admitted by some other idiot of a Sabartés and then I'd have to wait, like everyone else, for my crumb of friendship...Besides, if I'm not here, he has to look around - where the hell is Sabartés? With me by his side, he doesn't need to think about me...

108. INT. STUDIO. DAY.

108.

KAHNWEILER is with PICASSO. They are looking through a portfolio of drawings of his various women.

KAHNWEILER

Even Olga was lyrical and serene - when
 was this? (peering at date) 1917.
 (turning page) And a few years later
 she's a monster.

PICASSO

A monster Mouth - full of jagged teeth
 to bite and a tongue to nag nag nag...
 (continuing to turn pages) And here is
 Dora. What could I do about Dora? It
 wasn't sadism but the vision of her that
 imposed itself on me.

FRANCOISE comes in.

KAHNWEILER

Only Francoise the Flower Woman has remained
 herself without being distorted -

PICASSO

(losing his temper) It's she who has
 distorted me!

He directs their attention to the painting on his easel
 which is in its beginning stages -

PICASSO

It's a cock lying bound to a table with
 the knife that has just cut its throat -
 it's dripping blood into a bowl - I'm
 that cock with my throat cut, and she
 is the knife! And now, this is her latest,
 she wants to leave me. To abandon me.

As FRANCOISE glances toward KAHNWEILER -

I can speak out before Kahnweiler.
 He's my friend; he has feeling for me.
 (to KAHNWEILER) She's dreaming of
 some mythical "life of her own" - as
 if she could ever have one apart from
 me. (to FRANCOISE) And do you think
 anyone will care this much for your work?
 The day you leave, that day Kahnweiler
 will cancel his contract with you.

FRANCOISE

Because you will tell him to.

KAHNWEILER does not contradict. He lowers his eyes and
 is silent.

109. INT. CAFÉ DE FLORE. DAY.

109.

GENEVIEVE and FRANCOISE enter to join a group of their own FRIENDS, people their own age. On the way, FRANCOISE sees DORA MAAR sitting by herself. FRANCOISE greets her - at first DORA doesn't recognize her, and when she does -

DORA

...But you've changed.

GENEVIEVE, waving to FRIENDS, wants to walk on - but DORA holds on to FRANCOISE.

DORA

I knew you would. Picasso's an agent of change. A catalyst to blow everything inside you to bits.

GENEVIEVE

Yes if you let him.

DORA looks at her with strange, blank eyes, and FRANCOISE introduces her as her friend from Montpellier. DORA repeats "Montpellier" and tells GENEVIEVE:

DORA

You don't look like someone who lives in Paris. (to FRANCOISE) And you look like someone who's been breathing in the air of Picasso's studios. That peculiar air - sometimes it seems to be poison gas, but then you find you can't breathe in any other.

GENEVIEVE

That is not at all the case with Francoise.

DORA does not seem to have heard this.

DORA

I don't like cats but when my dog died he gave me a cat. I still have it; it's called Moumoune. He gave it that name. It's a very vicious cat - look.

She shows scratches on both her arms, then tells FRANCOISE:

He'll leave you when he's ready - and even then you won't be free of him.

GENEVIEVE

But devils can be exorcised.

FRANCOISE tries to silence GENEVIEVE, but anyway DORA continues to ignore her. And when she continues to speak, it seems to be as much to herself as to FRANCOISE:

DORA

And after him, without him, there's nothing. After Picasso, only God... And Moumoune. That beast just won't die.

FRANCOISE stares at her - until GENEVIEVE almost forces her to move on.

They join their group of FRIENDS, who gladly welcome them.

110. INT. RUE DES GRANDS-AUGUSTINS: BEDROOMS. DAY. 110.

FRANCOISE is packing a suitcase, undeterred by PICASSO dancing around her.

PICASSO

You think anyone will care this much for you? You have no existence apart from me, and without me you're nothing and everyone will see you as nothing and forget you - I'm having a heart attack. It's your fault. Call Paulo.

He gives a fairly good imitation of a heart attack. She calmly calls for Paulo.

PAULO, followed by SABARTÉS, comes rushing in. They solicitously help PICASSO on to the bed.

PICASSO

Why do you leave me alone with this woman? Look what she's done to me.

PAULO

(to SABARTÉS) Call Dr. Gutmann.

PICASSO

It's too late for a doctor. (to FRANCOISE) I never want to see you again. Go! Get out!

FRANCOISE carries her suitcase out. Then she goes into the children's bedroom and packs up there. CLAUDE and PALOMA are playing with their toys.

Meanwhile PICASSO has jumped up from the bed in agitation. PAULO and SABARTÉS try to persuade him to lie down.

PICASSO

(to PAULO) See what she's doing.
Tell her we're leaving for Vallauris
today. Tell her she can come with us.
Put Jacqueline on the train.

In spite of his bluster, he is getting quite desperate;
he does not want to lose Francoise.

In the children's bedroom, FRANCOISE is packing their
things. She assures the CHILDREN that they can leave
some toys behind because they're not going forever but
only for a time.

PAULO comes in, and after clearing his throat -

PAULO

Papa says we're going back to Vallauris
today.

FRANCOISE tells CLAUDE to go ask if the car has come.

PAULO

(after more clearing of throat, shuffling
of feet) He wants you and the children
to come with us...I'll drive very carefully
...Please come: he'd like it. (very shyly)
I'd like it, very much. It's not the same
without you.

FRANCOISE

Paulo, I only want some time to myself.
I'll bring the children during their
summer vacation, but till then I'll
stay here in Paris. Let's call it an
experiment.

PAULO

(wistfully) You're lucky you can make
such an experiment.

FRANCOISE

You could too, if you wanted.

PAULO makes a helpless gesture -

(CONTINUED)

PAULO

What can I do? You've heard Papa say often enough how useless I am.

FRANCOISE

I've heard him but I don't believe him - and you shouldn't believe him either.

There are calls that the car has come - FRANCOISE picks up bags and toys -

PAULO

I'd drive you if he'd let me have the car -

FRANCOISE

That's all right, my father has sent his car. You could help me with the bags, if you want.

PAULO picks up the other bag on the landing and relieves her of some toys. Together they go down -

PICASSO appears on the stairs:

PICASSO

You'll come running back in a week.

FRANCOISE, loaded with luggage and toys, stands still to look at him.

FRANCOISE

You really believe that?

PICASSO

Of course. No woman leaves a man like me.

FRANCOISE

(more in sorrow than anger) I don't think you know the first thing about me.

He turns from her with a dismissive gesture.

FRANCOISE

Won't you say goodbye to the children?

He doesn't turn back. He goes into a room from where he can look down to the front of the house -

From the window he looks down at FRANCOISE and CHILDREN, helped by PAULO, getting into Gilot's car.

Staring through the window, he looks like a prisoner, or like a disillusioned unhappy old man imprisoned within himself.

111. EXT. GILOT HOUSE. DAY.

111

REPORTERS with cameras have gathered at the entrance.
A MAN SERVANT is trying to deal with them -

MAN SERVANT
Mlle. Gilot is not available.

REPORTER 1
Is it true that she has left Picasso?

REPORTER 2
Is she staying in Paris permanently?

REPORTER 3
What about their children?

MAN SERVANT keeps repeating that she is not available for comment.

CLAUDE comes running out to see what is happening. They at once turn their attention on him:

REPORTER
(crouching down to his level) What's your name?

CLAUDE
Claude.

REPORTER
Claude: what a nice name. Claude what?

Another REPORTER is taking CLAUDE's photograph.

REPORTER
Claude Picasso?

CLAUDE
I'm 6 years old.

REPORTER
Or Claude Gilot?

GILOT comes storming out. He pushes CLAUDE back - then snatches the camera from the REPORTER and smashes it. He slams the door shut.

He tenderly picks up CLAUDE and carries him in to FRANCOISE.

112. INT. THEATRE. DAY.

112.

FRANCOISE has been commissioned to design the sets and costumes for a ballet ("Heracles" by Janine Charrat). There is a vibrant backstage atmosphere, with young DANCERS and STAGEHANDS, etc.

FRANCOISE, helped by GENEVIEVE, is putting last touches to her sets.

The STAGE MANAGER is dealing with REPORTERS wanting an interview with FRANCOISE.

REPORTER

Is it true that she left Picasso because she refuses to live with a historical monument?

STAGE MANAGER

Mlle. Gilot is the designer of our sets and costumes. Her private life is her own affair.

REPORTER

Ask her if it's true that she is leaving for the Midi to visit Picasso?

STAGE MANAGER

She is taking her children to visit their father.

REPORTER

What about Jacqueline Rocque?

They insist that, if they are not allowed in, at least this question should be put to her.

STAGE MANAGER finally agrees and goes to where FRANCOISE is painting sets with GENEVIEVE.

STAGE MANAGER

I'm sorry, Mademoiselle, I can't get rid of them. They insist on asking -

FRANCOISE looks up inquiringly -

(embarrassed) "What about Jacqueline Rocque?"

FRANCOISE

(unembarrassed) Tell them: "What about Jacqueline Rocque?"

She goes on painting.

STAGE MANAGER

That's all?

FRANCOISE

That's all.

When STAGE MANAGER has left to deliver this message -

GENEVIEVE

...What about Jacqueline Rocque?

FRANCOISE

If it weren't her, there would be others.
Very likely there are: several others.

GENEVIEVE

You think about it - about him - all the
time.

FRANCOISE

One can't expect to live ten years with
Picasso and then turn around and forget
all about him.

GENEVIEVE

Let someone else take the children.
I'll take them.

As FRANCOISE shakes her head -

You want to go.

FRANCOISE

What are you afraid of, Genevieve? That
I'll go back to him?

GENEVIEVE

Yes...Not because you really want to -
but out of habit, or as the easiest way out.
Or for the children...Or even out of vanity
- just to show Jacqueline Rocque who is who.

FRANCOISE laughs. Putting aside her paint brush, she gets
up. From here on, they might start moving some of the
painted boards of scenery.

FRANCOISE

You know something? I haven't felt so
light in years. (miming this feeling of
lightness) It's as if I've taken off a
suit of armor. That's exactly how it was
(MORE)

FRANCOISE (contd)
 living with him - I had to be Joan of
 Arc, permanently clad for battle.

They both laugh, carrying boards of scenery between them

113. EXT. LA GALLOISE. DAY.

11

JACQUELINE walks up the long flight of steps to the house. She sees PICASSO, CLAUDE and PALOMA. They are unaware of her watching them:

PICASSO, seated in a basket chair, is holding one end of a skipping-rope while PALOMA holds the other and CLAUDE exuberantly skips. They chant some skipping rhyme for him.

114. INT. LA GALLOISE. DAY.

11

FRANCOISE has taken her Polish coat out of her closet. She examines it, but sensing that she is being watched, she turns: she sees JACQUELINE standing in the open door.

FRANCOISE
 Someone has changed these hooks.

JACQUELINE
 Yes I did, to make it fit me...He told me to wear it. He said he had given it to you - that it was a present from him.

FRANCOISE
 So that it was perfectly all right for him to give it to you?...That sounds familiar.

JACQUELINE
 You left him.

FRANCOISE
 You stepped in fast enough.

JACQUELINE
 Yes now I'm here to look after him.
 (Her eyes flash) To serve him with the last breath in my body.

FRANCOISE
 Be careful, he might take you at your word. He loves to make his friends into his slaves.

JACQUELINE

I don't care this much for myself (snapping her fingers) - I'm here for him, and for him alone.

FRANCOISE

(giving her the Polish coat) This is yours then. Wear it. It may suit you much better than it ever suited me.

JACQUELINE takes the coat and holds it in front of herself with satisfaction.

115. INT. PERFUMERY. DAY.

11:

PICASSO is showing FRANCOISE his work in progress, a series of drawings. He is drawing as he speaks:

PICASSO

I'm making a whole series: all about a ludicrous little painter and his gloriously beautiful young model. He loves her and she despises him - and why shouldn't she? He's only an ugly old monster. I'm giving her a pet monkey to kiss and fondle and make the little old man sick with jealousy...Doesn't it make you laugh?

FRANCOISE

Yes it's funny - so funny that it makes me weep.

PICASSO

Why should you weep? It's I who should weep. What wouldn't I give to be like you - 30 years old. Even 40...I'd settle for 40. But in these matters there's no one to make a deal with... It's been no fun since you left. I suppose you're having all the fun in Paris.

This makes her laugh.

A door creaks.

FRANCOISE

Is someone listening?

PICASSO

What? No. The hinge needs oiling -
(MORE)

PICASSO (contd)

no one does anything around here since
you left. Why don't you come back?

Now the door opens and JACQUELINE stands there.

PICASSO

(sharply) I didn't call you.

JACQUELINE

I brought some more kindling for the stove.

PICASSO

Later. Leave it there. I'll call you
when I want you.

JACQUELINE

I'll wait, Monseigneur.

She withdraws.

FRANCOISE

"Monseigneur": no less.

PICASSO

Jacqueline treats me with proper respect -
not like you!

FRANCOISE

For you, respect means to be your slave.

PICASSO

You were glad enough to be that, when
you loved me.

FRANCOISE

Yes when I loved you! I was a slave to
love not to you - and now I don't care
a damn for love or for you!

PICASSO

...You think you can throw Life away,
just like that? All these years -
our cup full of memories... (in his
most seductive voice) Francoise.

He makes a tender gesture toward her - might even try
to kiss her - remember he can never let a woman go. And
maybe - maybe - maybe just for a moment she is tempted
to yield: but only to shake him off the more determined!

FRANCOISE

Leave me alone!

She turns to leave. He goes after her to catch hold of her. She gives him a push that sends him sprawling. She bends over him solicitously: they really look like the pathetic little old man and the beautiful young woman of his drawings. (She might ask "Are you all right?")

He gets up, ruefully shaking his head. He might even smile, conceding that he has met his match.

They look at each other. Then they both burst out laughing.

PICASSO

...Well, at least let's be friends...
I want you to do something for me.

(CONTINUED)

The door creaks again and they look toward it: this time JACQUELINE enters boldly.

JACQUELINE

If I don't stoke it now, the stove might give out.

She bends down humbly to this task (which used to be Francoise's). PICASSO carries on his conversation with FRANCOISE as though JACQUELINE were not there.

PICASSO

...They're having a bullfight in my honor at Vallauris on the 30th. I want you to be there. I want you to perform the opening ceremony on horseback.

CU JACQUELINE. She gives a start. She gets up and, leaving the stove, walks toward them, listening to their conversation:

FRANCOISE

I don't have a trained horse here.

PICASSO

We'll find one for you in Nice.

JACQUELINE

But that's impossible!

They had been so engrossed in each other that they had forgotten about her. Now they look at her in surprise.

JACQUELINE

Francoise mustn't ride into the arena to open the bullfight. She can't.

PICASSO

Why can't she?

JACQUELINE

It's...immoral.

He and FRANCOISE laugh at this ill-chosen word.

JACQUELINE

(more desperate) What will the newspapers say?

PICASSO

(laughing more) Let them say what they want and I'll do what I want!

JACQUELINE
(retracting and retreating) Of course.
You're right. I was stupid.

FRANCOISE
(as though finishing the sentence for
her, but sotto-voce, so that only PICASSO
can hear) Monseigneur.

JACQUELINE returns to her duty at the stove.

PICASSO
On the whole, I prefer a woman without
too much sense of humor.

Stolidly, stubbornly, immovably, JACQUELINE stokes the
stove.

116. EXT. VALLAURIS STREETS. DAY. 116

A Festival Scene - the streets are decked with banners
announcing the corrida, there are flags, flowers, and a
festive CROWD.

PAULO, one side of his head shaved, is riding through the
decorated streets in a gaily painted old car.

Preceded by a small jazz band, PICASSO follows him in
another open car, in which he sits playing his bugle.

117. EXT. VALLAURIS CORRIDA. DAY. 117.

An arena has been built in the main square. Among a
packed AUDIENCE, PICASSO sits enthroned in the place of
honor like a king. JACQUELINE is beside him on one side,
PAULO on the other. CLAUDE, PALOMA, MAÏA, and FRIENDS
surround him.

FRANCOISE enters the ring on horseback. She executes
a series of intricate movements and circles the arena
several times, making the horse dance.

FRANCOISE V.O.
It was my own personal homage to Picasso
for everything he had done for me...

PICASSO and his ENTOURAGE are watching her. He looks pleased, proud, and royal.

FRANCOISE V.O.

...He married Jacqueline and I too married and had another child and married a second time. But all that is in the future. For the present, this is my moment with and for Picasso...How grateful I felt to him! He had made me strong - strong enough to do anything! Even to survive ten years of living with him...

She ends her circling of the arena with a salute to PICASSO -

Then she rides out of the arena.

The usual fanfare follows - and the arrival of the MATADOR. PAULO too jumps into the arena and makes a few playful passes with a cape in homage to his father.

And the BULL: it charges around the arena, full of pride and power.