

PICASSO'S INSPIRATION

Written by

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EXT. COBBLED STREET, BARCELONA - NIGHT

A man hurries along a cobbled street. He pulls his cloak around him as if to ward off the cold.

INT. THE FOUR CATS CAFE.

The famous bar in Barcelona, second home to the artists, poets and writers of that city is buzzing.

A fire roars. Sitting at the table drinking dry sherry from a clearly identifiable bottle on a table for two is the artist PABLO PICASSO.

The front door of the bar opens and in hurries the man from the street (Antoni Gaudi).

Picasso greets him heartily.

PICASSO:

Senor Gaudi, you are here at last.

He gestures to an empty seat.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

Pull up a chair. Get yourself warm.

Gaudi nods a thank you, pulls the chair out, takes off his cloak, throws in on to the back of the chair.

GAUDI

Thank you, Pablo, as cold as a witch's tit out there.

PICASSO

Yes, unusual for this fair city of ours. Sherry? A glass of Rioja?

GAUDI

A carafe of Rioja please my friend, warm up my old bones.

Picasso waves to one of the waitresses. Like the other women standing around, she is busty, dressed provocatively and looks ready for action. He puts his hands in to the shape of a carafe.

PICASSO

Rioja, Bella, and more sherry.

The woman smiles at Picasso, revealing her bad teeth.

WAITRESS

At once Maestro Picasso.

From behind her the barman calls out.

BARMAN
The usual, Senor Gaudi?

Gaudi nods his approval.

The barman fills the carafe from a barrel under the counter.

BARMAN (CONT'D)
And to eat?

PICASSO
Whatever you have, Pepito, just
keep it coming. And remember our
dear friend here doesn't eat meat.

The barman laughs. He starts to 'attack' the dishes of food on the bar and shovel them on to various plates. Fish, meat, eggs, anchovies, olives green and black, aubergines, vegetables of all kinds, in fact everything you can imagine a selection of tapas to be.

Another waitress, very similar in looks and dress to Bella, carries the plates across to the pair.

As soon as she puts the plates down Picasso attacks the food with relish.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAME - NIGHT

Picasso and Gaudi are well in to their cups, empty plates fill the table.

Picasso waves to Pepito behind the bar.

PICASSO
Pepito where's the food, do you
think you're feeding those skinny
poets you like so much?

Pepito laughs and gets on with his work.

GAUDI
Seen any of your painter friends
lately?

PICASSO
A few of them since we last met.
Braques most recently.

GAUDI
And?

PICASSO

Well Bric is still trying to decide whether he's a fauve or a cubist.

GAUDI

Bric?

PICASSO

Bric-a-brac. I've always called him that. Don't think he likes it much.

He laughs heartily as he downs another glass.

GAUDI

Georges Brica Braques, yes I like that.

Gaudi goes back to fiddling with his food. He lays down a thin slice of ham and stands an asparagus spear on it.

INT. SAME - LATER.

Gaudi places another calamari on top of others which are already on his plate.

GAUDI (CONT'D)

Heard some people discussing Seurat the other night, very interesting. Said he had a big influence on cubism.

Picasso has been looking in to his wine glass.

PICASSO

Rubbish. Never could see much point to his work (laughs at his own joke).

GAUDI

Pablo, the more you drink, the worse your jokes get.

PICASSO

I'm being serious, his work is too pretty. If you want to paint an afternoon in a park, fine, but don't paint it like a chocolate box.

GAUDI

At least you can see what it is.

Picasso gives him a withering look.

PICASSO

If you want that use a photographer for God's sake. Shame he died so young though.

Gaudi nods his head in agreement. Picasso's comment has changed the mood.

Another waitress comes to the table, starts to take away the empty plates.

WAITRESS

Why the long face, chico?

Gaudi tries to lighten the atmosphere.

GAUDI

He's impersonating a horse.

PICASSO

Very droll.

Gaudi shakes his head and blows his lips as if a horse.

The waitress laughs at his antics, walks away. Picasso pinches her bum as she goes. She wiggles her bum at him.

The mood is back to what it was.

GAUDI

Makes a better horse than me.
Remind me to design a saddle for her.

PICASSO

You'll need a lot of leather.

Picasso gives the waitress a lavicious look.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

So what are you up to now?

GAUDI

Oh they want me to go to Chile to build a cathedral for them but I'm too old for all that travelling.

PICASSO

And?

GAUDI

There are a couple of ideas I'm working on, trying to build something spectacular without any straight lines and sharp corners.

Picasso is impressed and nods his head in silent appreciation.

The barman, who is drying glasses, calls out across the room.

BARMAN

More food, Pablo.

PICASSO

Antoni?

GAUDI

Mmm. Just another plate of calamari
and a few asparagus speers.

BARMAN

Coming right up.

PICASSO

But you don't eat fish, Antoni.

Gaudi is playing with his food again (we still can't see what he is doing) and seems preoccupied. He shakes his head.

GAUDI

No.

LATER.

Picasso is now well pissed. His eyes are closed.

Gaudi is still playing with his food.

The four waitresses are standing at the bar. The barman
Behind it.

GAUDI

Tell me Pablo, what makes you paint
things the way you do? What
inspires you?

Picasso opens his eyes, squinting.

PICASSO

I don't know, Antoni...

Still squinting drunkenly he looks across the room to the
four waitresses and the barman...they look exactly the same
as his famous painting 'Les Demoiselles d'Avignon'

PICASSO (CONT'D)

I really don't know.

Picasso turns back to his friend, clinks his glass.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

What about you?

Gaudi shrugs his shoulders, shakes his head, says nothing. He
goes back to appraise what he has been doing all through
dinner... building the model of his famous Sagrada Família.

ROLL CREDITS

