

BECOMING PICASSO

An original Feature Screenplay  
By  
Bonnie Maffei

Bonnie Maffei  
100 N. Rodeo Gulch Road, #161  
Soquel, CA 95073  
artistbonniemaffei@yahoo.com  
(831) 238-5754

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MALAGA, SPAIN - NIGHT

Multistory corner apartment house with shuttered windows, small balconies with ironwork railing.

SUPER: BIRTH OF PICASSO. MALAGA, SPAIN, OCTOBER 25, 1881

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - SAME

Picasso's Mother, MARIA, 30s, lies in bed SCREAMS as she gives birth to a stillborn. DON SALVADOR, 40s, blows cigar smoke into the infant's nostrils. Pablo GASPS and CRIES.

EXT. VAUVENARGUES CASTLE, PROVENCE, FRANCE - DAY

SUPER: PICASSO'S FUNERAL, PROVENCE, FRANCE, APRIL 16, 1973

Open horse-drawn carriage carries a silver handled mahogany casket along Rue Rene' Nicol to the minor strains of a DIRGE.

EXT. PICASSO'S SECRET STUDIO, NICE, FRANCE - NIGHT

SUPER: PICASSO'S SECRET STUDIO, NICE, FRANCE - 8 DAYS EARLIER

A small black-gloved hand breaks a window on the door, reaches in, unlocks it. A dark Hooded Figure slips inside.

INT. PICASSO'S SECRET STUDIO - SAME

The female figure removes the gloves, while passing several portraits of women. Her hands pull up a loose floorboard and remove a small folded sheet of tracing paper containing cigar tobacco, rolling paper, hair and nail clippings.

Hands empty contents into a mortar and grind them with a pestle, roll it into a smoke, light it. Female lips inhale, exhale. Smoke swirls, morphs into an apparition of PICASSO.

The woman opens an intricately carved paint box, inhales the misty form, exhales into the box. She shuts and latches the lid, wraps a chain around its length and breadth, like a birthday gift, locks it trapping the spirit inside.

The box RATTLES. A muffled angry voice sounds from within.

PICASSO

LAA-piz!

The woman carries the box past female portraits, lovers and a self-portrait of Picasso, hesitates, then steps out the door.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

SUPER: HAUNTED HOUSE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - PRESENT DAY

IZZY MOREAU, 33, pony-tailed real estate agent, clearly in the wrong profession, her Saddle Oxford clad feet shifting nervously left and right, gazes up at a creepy derelict two story Victorian looming grey against a dark threatening sky.

THUNDER CLAPS, lightning flashes as two scruffy BOYS, 10, explode from the driveway on skateboards, yelling excitedly.

BOY #1

She's a real ghost, man, the Woman  
in Blue! She came at me with an ax!

BOY #2

You wuss! I'm tellin' the guys  
you're a fat-ass chicken!

Izzy shrugs, breathes deeply, climbs the rickety porch steps, unlocks and opens the door, her real estate key dangling on a colorful artist palette keychain. She peers warily inside.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - SAME

Izzy leaves the door open, enters the darkness, moves along the wall feeling for a switch, finds one, clicks it back and forth, no power. A CREAKING noise sounds from upstairs.

She shudders as an icy chill sweeps over her, she turns to flee, sees the boys at the gate laughing at her and chanting.

BOY #1/BOY #2

Chick-en! Chick-en! CHICK-EN!

IZZY

Chicken? Really, guys? The Woman in  
Blue? She's an urban myth. There's  
no such thing as--

The wind SLAMS the door shut in her face. She shivers and buttons up her sweater, still explaining to the closed door.

IZZY (CONT'D)

... ghosts.

Steels herself, opens a small arty notebook with Matisse cover, scribbles a note as she heads towards the staircase.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Pull yourself together, Izzy. Sell  
this dump or you'll lose your flat.

At the top of the stairs, a photo of a freaky old crone in a pale blue dress circa 1800s, swings to and fro on the wall.

IZZY (CONT'D)

The Woman in Blue... Uuuuu, scary.

Izzy grips the banister, ascends the stairs one creaky step at a time, transfixed on the woman's mesmerizing gaze. The woman in the photo moves almost imperceptibly. Izzy freezes.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Nah.

Shakes her head, takes another step chanting to herself.

IZZY (CONT'D)

There's no such thing as ghosts.  
There's no such thing as...

The ax-wielding Woman in Blue WHOOSSES out of the frame, flies down the stairs, her long blue dress trailing behind like a comet towards Izzy, passing right through her.

Izzy jolts backwards, overcome with an icy cold chill, her lips blue. She turns, as if in a mindless trance, walks down the stairs to the front door, opens it mumbling to herself. Steps onto the porch, closing the door behind her.

EXT. IZZY'S OLD CAR - DAY

Izzy drives a rusty old heap in a wide-eyed daze, stops automatically at a red traffic light. Light turns green.

IZZY

That did not. Just. Happen.

Trembling, she accelerates slowly then faster, unblinkingly focused on the road ahead, sailing right through a stop sign.

Out of nowhere, the blur of a man on a bicycle texting on his cell phone rams into her, double flips and lands in a row of bushes next to his now scrunched up pretzel of a bike.

Izzy SCREECHES to a halt, backs up into a curb and hops out.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Oh my god, oh my god.

She approaches his groaning form buried in bloody foliage.

CRASH

Go where you're looking, chica!

CRASH RIVERA, late 20s, hunky gay Latino, peers up at her.

IZZY

I am soooo sorry!

She offers a hand, pulls him up. He brushes himself off, wipes his bloody nose with his sleeve, and grabs the piece of junk that was once his bike. Glances at the dented jalopy.

CRASH

Ironic, no?

IZZY

What?

CRASH

Your cucaracha got a fender bender.  
Crash Rivera, Rivera Body Shop.

He hands her his card with a grin.

IZZY

I don't care about that, can I give you a ride? Or a bike? You're not calling the police, are you?

Waves her off, limps down the sidewalk mumbling.

CRASH

No, no, no policia, mamacita.

EXT. CALIFORNIA SPANISH STYLE GARDEN APARTMENTS - DAY

Looking hot and frazzled, Izzy carries a stack of folders obscuring her view. As she fumbles in her bag, Crash, the biker she just hit squats in front of her, picking jalapeños. They collide, she drops her files, her name badge falls off.

CRASH

Ay, ay, ay!

Izzy bends down, they bump heads, topple over and burst into laughter. Crash helps her up, gathers her files, hands them to her. He takes the badge, pins it to her sweater, reads it.

CRASH (CONT'D)

*Isabela?* Nice to meet you. Name's Crash, your next door neighbor.

IZZY

(embarrassed)

It's Izzy. Oh, right, I thought you looked familiar.

He sees her artist palette keychain as she unlocks her flat.

CRASH  
(chuckles)  
Wake up and smell the jalapeños.

Crash nods indicating his wide open door to the left of hers.

CRASH (CONT'D)  
Join a neighbor for enchiladas?

INT. CRASH'S PLACE - NIGHT

Izzy checks out Crash's eclectic antique and contemporary decor. Bookshelves stock a selection of art and literature. She peruses *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*.

IZZY  
Wait. Let me guess. You're a writer  
or a poet or something. Am I hot?

CRASH  
Muy caliente, señorita!  
(grins)  
That Shakespeare dude, he my muse.

As Crash teeters precariously balancing a bottle of wine and a pan of steaming enchiladas, edging closer to the table one wobbly step at a time, Izzy tries anxiously to assist.

CRASH (CONT'D)  
I got this, chica.

He lays his cargo gently on the table. Heaves a sigh of relief. They sit. Crash serves enchiladas and pours wine, spilling a few drops, swipes it off with his sleeve.

IZZY  
Is Crash your nom de plume?

CRASH  
No, no, no, Crash my real name.  
Mamacita say I come crashin' out  
like I seen a ghost.

Izzy grins, takes a bite, her eyes tear, cheeks turn red. She fans herself, drinks wine.

CRASH (CONT'D)  
So, digame, you gotta dream? Okay,  
I tell you mine. Crash wanna be a  
great writer, but when you got a  
dream, you gotta watch your step.

IZZY

What? Why would you say that?

CRASH

When you chase your dream...  
(whispers)  
Your demons waiting to pounce.

IZZY

That's a scary thought.

Crash notices the art palette keychain dangling from her bag.

CRASH

Cool keychain. You a artist?

She gives him an unsure look, averts her gaze to the mantle.

INSERT PHOTO: An older woman in colorful Mexican dress stands on top of the Teotihuacan Pyramid of the Sun.

IZZY

Who's that beautiful lady?

CRASH

Mi abuela, my grandmother, my  
angel. She watch over me.

Izzy looks at him and smiles.

IZZY

You have her eyes.

CRASH

She was a Curandera... a healer. I  
visit her as a child in San Juan. A  
evil spirit from the nearby pyramid  
decide to move into her house.

Izzy's eyes widen, she fidgets uneasily.

CRASH (CONT'D)

Si, verdad. It scare the huaraches  
off me too, but mi abuela do her  
egg cleansing ritual and...

Crash takes a gulp of wine, shakes himself playfully like a  
wet dog.

CRASH (CONT'D)

Brrrr! A shit-load of sage and two  
dozen eggs later, the spirit he run  
like a dog with his tail between  
his cajones and never return.

She tries to get a word in, but it's no use.

CRASH (CONT'D)

Listen, mija. Crash sometime see you sketching in the garden, but you no look happy, but no worries. Soon, everything change.

IZZY

What do you mean?

CRASH

We both gonna make a big splash, be rich and famous. I write the next great Mexican-American novel and you paint masterpieces.

IZZY

You're sweet, Crash, and kind of perceptive, but you wouldn't say that if you'd seen my work.

CRASH

I no believe it. Escucha! I help you make a cool studio. You got three big-ass bedrooms like me, right? Crash fix cars, houses, everything... sometimes people.

IZZY

Whoa! Slow down, amigo, you hardly know me. I've lived next door three months now, and we barely --

CRASH

Artists need connections.

(pumped)

Come to my birthday fiesta. I hook you up with my artsy compadres.

IZZY

I don't know. When's your birthday?

CRASH

No, not MY birthday, mija, Picasso birthday! Twenty-five October. Mi amigos and me, we throw fiestas for our fave artists and shit, kinda like a *Dead Artists Society*.

(chuckles)

So! We gotta deal or no?



EXT. CALIFORNIA SPANISH STYLE COURTYARD PATIO - NIGHT

Spanish guitar sounds from a speaker on an elevated area by a illuminated swimming pool. Picasso decor everywhere. Artsy and literary types dressed as Picasso and his contemporaries.

Crash hands a frosty beer to French beret-clad Izzy in black and white striped T-shirt and paint splattered jeans, grabs her hand, leads her to...

GINA AMORETTO, 60s going on 30, gorgeous redhead in 1970s Italian haute couture, sips her glass of red wine, offers her hand to Izzy, wide-eyed in awe of her.

CRASH

Gina, love the seventies look!  
Izzy, my neighbor. Izzy, meet Gina Amoretto. She own a *gallery*.

Gina gazes into Izzy's eyes, gives her hand a little squeeze. Gina speaks with a deep sexy Italian accent throughout.

GINA

Piacere!

Izzy trembles, overwhelmed by Gina's charisma.

CRASH

Izzy. She my talented artist amiga.

Gina holds up her hand to stop him, but that's not happening.

CRASH (CONT'D)

I know. You no take new artists,  
but you gonna wanna see her work.

She smiles at Izzy.

GINA

Is that so? We'll see about that.

Crash's eyes twinkle, he winks at Izzy. Izzy and Gina exchange glances as Crash steps onto the stage, turns off the music and gives the mic a TAP. The crowd goes quiet.

CRASH

Ola, my friends. Tonight is very special night because we celebrate the birth of Pablo Picasso. Give it up for Pablo!

APPLAUSE and CHEERS.

CRASH (CONT'D)

Bravo! And now, mi amigos y amigas,  
I have very special surprise for  
you. My birthday gift to Pablo.

(grins)

Sneaky-peek scenes from a new play  
by Crash Rivera, *Homage to Picasso*.

Guests CHATTER excitedly amongst themselves. Crash picks up a large sign and holds it up for the audience to see.

SIGN READS:

Act one, scene one: *The Birth of  
Pablo Picasso*. Malaga, Spain.  
October 25th, 1881.

He exits stage, the lights dim, a woman's bloodcurdling SCREAM echoes from the distance, then a chorus of women's voices WAILING in grief... then silence.

A spotlight shines on a tall male figure in the center of the stage, his back to the audience. Picasso's uncle. He wears a white physician's coat, turns, his face now visible. A cigar hangs from DR. DON SALVADOR'S lips. In his arms he holds...

A stillborn infant. Spanish GUITAR MUSIC plays softly.

A hand appears out of nowhere, strikes a match, lights his cigar. He puffs then blows smoke into the infant's nostrils.

Dead silence.

He pulls a long steady draw and blows it again into the boy's nostrils. This time, Pablo GASPS his first breath and releases a loud CRY.

Tears well up in Don Salvador's eyes. He raises the infant with both arms high above his head in triumph.

DON SALVADOR

And now, sweet nephew, you must  
make this life extraordinary!

Guitar MUSIC swells, as Izzy and Gina APPLAUD along with the other guests.

EXT. PATIO - LATER

Bat in hand, Crash gestures for everyone to gather round a colorful ceramic Picasso-faced piñata dangling from a tree.

CRASH

Who's gonna have the first bash?

Many guests wave at him. Crash sees Gina's eyes light up.

GINA  
Bash Pablo? Oh, yes, I am in!

CRASH  
Gina! Venga, venga aqui!

He passes her the bat, blindfolds her. Guests CHEER her on as she wildly swings at the air, missing several times until...

One mighty blow and the ceramic EXPLODES a cascade of cigars, pencils, paintbrushes and tubes of paint onto the ground.

The crowd descends on the treasures like kids to candy.

Gina rips off her blindfold, turns to Izzy and sighs deeply.

GINA  
That felt good.

IZZY  
Someone needed to blow off steam.

INT. IZZY'S JUNK ROOM/STUDIO - LATER

Izzy opens one of many boxes, shakily removes two paintings, nervously propping them up against the wall. Gina is silent.

IZZY  
This was a bad idea. They're awful.

Izzy grabs one and starts to toss it back into the box.

GINA  
Aspetta un minuto... One moment.

She freezes while Gina digs out a few more from the box.

GINA (CONT'D)  
You do have a certain --

Gina's cell beeps, she reads the text, looks worried.

GINA (CONT'D)  
A painter from my Venice gallery  
has fallen ill and canceled.

She looks up at Izzy.

GINA (CONT'D)  
I seem to be in a bit of a pickle.

Izzy gives her a blank stare. A long uncomfortable moment.

GINA (CONT'D)

What are you doing for the next six months? We open April eighth.

IZZY

(panics)

Nothing. What? That's my birthday.

GINA

You were born on Picasso's death day? Perfect! How soon can you come up with some new pieces?

Gina flashes a curt smile and taps something into her cell.

IZZY

Oh, my god. I couldn't. I don't --

GINA

Then it's settled. You'll be one of three emerging artists in the show. Well? What are you waiting for?

(laughs)

You'd better get to work, darling.

EXT. ART GALLERY - VENICE, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

SUPER: VENICE, CALIFORNIA - SIX MONTHS LATER

Announcement on the gallery window shows: EMERGING ARTISTS

INT. ART GALLERY - SAME

Guests chat and drink champagne, ignoring Izzy's paintings.

Izzy sees two GAY MEN pointing to a nude painting of Crash. She slinks away into a corner and overhears...

GAY MAN #1 (O.S.)

Moreau? Never heard of her. Love to meet the hottie model, though.

GAY MAN #2

Sad. Gina is so losing her knack for spotting real talent.

Gay man #1 spots Crash.

GAY MAN #1

Hey, that's him!

Izzy watches them dash over to Crash.

She folds and turns away. Sees a WOMAN, 60s, examining her still life up close, goes up to her looking hopeful. Hopes dash when she turns and squints at Izzy through bifocals.

WOMAN

Such pretty colors. How much is it?

IZZY

Three fifty, but I could --

WOMAN

Oh, my! I wish I could afford it.  
It matches my sofa perfectly.

AX COCKBURN-VANDERSLICE, 40s, flamboyant snob art critic, pulls Izzy aside, raises an eyebrow above round red glasses.

AX

How did you ever get into this  
show, lovey? Sleeping with Gina?

Gina cuts between them, grins, hands Ax a glass of champagne.

GINA

Ax.

Izzy looks devastated, Gina whisks her away.

IZZY

I'm so sorry, Gina. You were  
gracious enough to give me a  
chance, and I blew it as usual.

GINA

Never mind all this, darling, it  
means nothing. Gina Amoretto always  
has a plan.

IZZY

At this point, I'd sell my soul,  
but apparently, nobody's buying.

GINA

(eyes twinkling)  
Come, I want to show you something.

INT. GALLERY STORAGE ROOM - SAME

They slip inside unnoticed. Gina locks the door behind her, and switches on a light revealing a tiny storage room with floor to ceiling office and cleaning supplies.

IZZY

Oh, I see what's going on here. You want me to hide to spare you embarrassment? Don't bother, that ship has sailed.

GINA

Darling Izzy, you have such little regard for your own potential.

Gina leans in close to Izzy's face, her arm brushes across her breast. Izzy braces herself, freezes. Gina reaches past her, grabs hold of one side of a tall cupboard. Izzy exhales.

GINA (CONT'D)

Mind helping me with this?

They shove it aside revealing... A HEAVY WOODEN DOOR. Gina reaches into her cleavage, pulls out a key, looks at Izzy.

GINA (CONT'D)

Nothing could ever prepare you for what you are about to witness.

Izzy takes a deep breath. Gina slides the key into the keyhole, CLICKS it to the left. Izzy turns the handle, opens the door and they step inside.

INT. SECRET ROOM - SAME

A motion sensor light springs to life revealing a fabulous treasure trove of priceless masterpieces. Izzy's jaw drops, her eyes sparkle with amazement.

IZZY

Oh. My. God.

Gina moves through the forest of paintings and sculptures, unlocks and opens a cupboard. Carefully removes a finely carved, paint-splattered antique paint box, wrapped in a chain and padlocked. She lays it ceremoniously on a table.

Izzy's eyes are riveted to the exquisite box.

IZZY (CONT'D)

It's beautiful, but why the lock?

GINA

It belonged to Picasso.

Izzy raises and eyebrow.

GINA (CONT'D)  
Trust me. I know. Go on, touch it.

IZZY  
Oh, no, it's far too precious.

Gina gives her a nod of encouragement.

Izzy trails her fingers along it, tracing the designs. The box SPARKS, she JOLTS backwards a few steps, rattled.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
(giggles nervously)  
Whoa! What just happened?

Gina caresses Izzy's cheek with the back of her hand.

GINA  
Magnificent, isn't it?

As Izzy leans in to examine it closer, there's a sudden POOF! She leaps back, Gina catches her, their eyes meet, Izzy falls momentarily under her spell, mesmerized as the box begins to emit a luminescent glow around them.

IZZY  
God, Gina, who are you? What kind of paint box does that?

GINA  
It is my birthday gift to you, Izzy. It will make your most secret wishes come true. Use it well and your talent will blossom.

Gina places the box firmly into Izzy's hands, removes a key on a chain from around her neck and puts it around Izzy's.

IZZY  
What? But how? No, I couldn't.

GINA  
You are the artist I have been searching for all these years. It is your destiny. You were born on April eighth, Pablo's death day. What just happened was a sign his box is meant for you and you alone.

The paint box pulsates with a magical light.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Izzy stares at the box nervously, unlocks it, removes the chain and opens the lid. She selects a brush, it ZINGS in her fingers like a living thing. A tube of blue paint pulsates, inviting her to pick it up, and as she does...

She breaks into a sweat and begins painting feverishly. Her dirty blonde Schnauzer, Matisse lays at her feet, cocks his head gazing at her curiously.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - DAWN

SUPER: **BLUE PERIOD**

Matisse sits up, WHINES at Izzy as he watches her painting.

IZZY

Just one... last. Blue. Blob...

First sun rays illuminate many Picasso-like blue paintings.

Izzy yawns, her eyelids begin to droop. She collapses on the sofa, curls up next to her dog, and falls asleep.

The spirit of PICASSO, 30s, flies out of the box, whirls around disoriented, surprised to see a strange woman asleep.

PICASSO

Who the hell are you? What is this?

Picasso looks around at the blue paintings, confused.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

What ever possessed me to rehash my  
Blue Period? Am I condemned to  
paint melancholy, ad infinitum?

He tries to pick up a brush, a tube of paint, but no...

PICASSO (CONT'D)

Wait. This is not my studio. What's  
going on? This was you, bitch,  
failing horribly to emulate me?

Matisse WHIMPERS, tail down, watching the strange apparition.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

How can I create my immortal  
masterpieces when my body won't  
obey me? Where is my pencil? I must  
find it! I need my...



He sees a jar of brushes on a table. One red pencil peeks out. He grabs at it, but the pencil passes through his hand.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

LAPIZ!

Matisse leaps about creating chaos everywhere. Paint and palette CRASH to the floor. He steps in blue paint, knocks over the easel and some wet canvasses, trampling them in his fear and excitement. He crouches down and snarls at Picasso.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

Shut up, you poor excuse for a dog!

The dog BARKS frantically, treading blue paw prints everywhere, chasing Picasso's spirit back into the box.

Izzy wakes up, splattered with blue paint. She sees the remains of her night's work, and her dog covered in blue.

IZZY

God, my paintings! They're ruined.  
What happened to you, Matisse?

She wipes his coat with a cloth, gazing at the catastrophe. Curtains flutter, she shuts the window with a shudder.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Damn Santa Ana winds. Come on, boy,  
let's go to bed. I screw up again  
tomorrow, we'll both be sleeping in  
a tent under the freeway.

EXT. SIDE STREET OFF VENICE CANALS, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Izzy and BITCHY CLIENT stand in front of a Craftsman style house. Client notices paint stains on Izzy's hands. Rolls her eyes, glances down to the end of the street at the canal.

BITCHY CLIENT

Are you sure this house is ON the  
canal, Miss Moreau? I specifically  
said I want waterfront property.

IZZY

You're going to love this place.

She fumbles nervously with her real estate key trying to open the door, but it doesn't work.

Her client, bored waiting, speed thumbs a text on her cell, looks up at Izzy impatiently.

BITCHY CLIENT

Seriously? You were twenty minutes late and now you can't open the damn door? What kind of real estate agent are you?

IZZY

Sorry, I...  
(mock cheerful)  
Okay, here we go!

The door springs open, Bitchy pushes past Izzy murmuring...

BITCHY CLIENT

God! They hand out real estate licenses to anyone these days.

INT. VENICE HOUSE - SAME

Izzy swoops through the darkness quickly switching on lights.

IZZY

(under her breath)  
What a dungeon...

BITCHY CLIENT

This is the *cheerful, sunny charmer* with views of the Venice canal?

Client sniffs the air, wrinkles up her nose in disgust

IZZY

Look on the bright side. You can't beat the price. It's two mil less than the waterfront home you called about, and not nearly as damp.

BITCHY CLIENT

The Projects are more inviting.

Izzy holds her tongue and her breath, throws open the windows and curtains, a faint light filters in.

IZZY

Voila! Sunshine!

BITCHY CLIENT

Wonderful. That should distract us from the smell of dry rot.

Izzy ignores her. Continues her spiel, leading her to...

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Izzy opens a kitchen cabinet, trails her hand along the cracked granite counter top, reciting a rehearsed pitch.

IZZY  
Curly maple cabinets, granite  
counter tops and top of the line  
stainless steel appliances.

BITCHY CLIENT  
Seriously, Kenmore? You've got to  
be shitting me.

The client checks out the huge stainless steel fridge.

BITCHY CLIENT (CONT'D)  
Minuscule, but I suppose it could  
work, as long as there's a separate  
freezer. There is a freezer?

Looks down her nose at Izzy.

BITCHY CLIENT (CONT'D)  
I'm guessing you don't know what  
the taxes are here?

Izzy desperately rifles through her folder, blurts out.

IZZY  
It's only a five minute walk to the  
beach... Freezer? Taxes? Uh, wait  
just a sec.

She drops a couple of flyers, scrambles to pick them up.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
I have the data on that right  
here... somewhere... let me see...

The client rolls her eyes, storms through the house without waiting for an answer.

INT. DINING ROOM - SAME

Izzy calls out into the darkness with her sweetest voice.

IZZY  
Found it! Mrs. Randall? Hold up!

Izzy moves to an open sliding glass door leading to the back yard, pauses in the doorway, a wall of bamboo encircles the patio. No view. Bitchy makes a call on her cell.

ON THE PHONE

BITCHY CLIENT

I need to see it yesterday!

(waits)

No, I don't have an agent yet. I'm just in town for the weekend -- Splendid! See you in ten. Ciao!

She brushes past Izzy on her way out.

BITCHY CLIENT (CONT'D)

We're done here.

The front door SLAMS. Izzy's jaw drops. At the breakfast bar, she lets her folder fall to the floor, releases an hysterical SCREAMING, STOMPING, POUNDING fit of frustration.

Her desperate cries ECHO off the walls. She composes herself, straightens her suit, fluffs her hair. She takes a deep breath, snatches an apple from a fruit bowl, takes a huge aggressive bite. Juice dribbles down, she wipes her chin.

IZZY

Face it. You're a lousy agent and a crap artist.

Izzy opens the fridge, sniffs a couple of containers of leftovers, sticks them in the microwave, opens a bottle of wine, pours herself a generous glass, sits down at the bar.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Surprising how easy it is to blow a five-digit commission.

Takes a long drink of wine, holds the glass up to the light.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Damn, that's a hell of a Bordeaux!

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Izzy props a fresh white canvas on her easel. She adjusts the lamp, and sits down on a stool in front of the paint box.

IZZY

(to dog)

I'm in a real dilemma, boy. What happens if I open Pandora's box and all Hell breaks loose?

She stares at the mysterious box. Matisse GROWLS.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 On the other hand, if I don't open  
 it, I'll never know if mother was  
 right about me or --

Her mother's voice echoes in her ears.

MOTHER (V.O.)  
 You'll never be an artist, Isabel!

IZZY  
 Oh, shut up, Mother.

Izzy glances down at Matisse. He looks at her with ears back.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 What do you say, boy? I know. I'll  
 probably pee myself, but Gina said  
 it's my destiny. Just a tiny peek?

She unlocks it, opens the latch, lifts the lid a crack and  
 peers in.

A loud KNOCK at the door startles her, the lid CRASHES shut.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Crash enters with two brown grocery bags filled to the brim.

CRASH  
 Party leftovers. You wanna picnic?

IZZY  
 Sure, come in. Watch out for the --

He trips over the threshold, Izzy catches one of the bags,  
 Crash saves the other before it hits the floor.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Izzy and Crash share a bottle of wine around a bonfire.

CRASH  
 Why they kick you outta art school?

IZZY  
 My professor was a jerk. It's  
 complicated. Anyway, mother was  
 furious, refused to talk to me.

He looks at her sympathetically.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Then one day out of the blue, she called to say she had moved to Los Angeles to pursue her art career.

CRASH

Ay, pobrecita.

Quickly changing the subject, he goes from sad to animated.

CRASH (CONT'D)

Hey, congrats on your little show.

IZZY

That sketch of you is the only piece I sold.

Crash looks guilty, fills their wine glasses, gulps.

CRASH

No give up, Izzy. I know you gonna make it big time.

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

Under the HUMMING overpass, the Homeless huddle in corners and stand around flaming trash cans warming themselves.

IZZY

You know, back home I worked at a homeless shelter.

Izzy opens the trunk of her car stuffed with bags of food.

CRASH

So, what happen with your mamacita?

IZZY

She convinced me this was an artist's paradise, and promised to help me get started. So, since I'd burned my artistic bridges in Chicago, I packed up and moved to sunny California.

They lean into the trunk and gather up the groceries.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Mom helped me settle in, and then she dropped the big bomb.

A dog BARKS at their feet. Crash SQUEALS and jumps back.

CRASH  
Bomb? What bomb?

IZZY  
She confessed she'd fallen for a  
Frenchman and was moving to Paris.

Izzy squats down and feeds a morsel of cheese to the mongrel.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
It's okay, boy... Anyway, there I  
was, new city, no job, no friends.  
I fell apart. Saw a psychiatrist,  
but she was more messed up than me.

Izzy doesn't notice, but Crash watches three Sleazy Vagrants  
edge toward them like wolves circling their prey.

CRASH  
Maybe this no such a good idea.

IZZY  
Chillax, Crash, he's harmless --

A TOOTHLESS guy whips his arm around Izzy, a knife to her  
throat. Crash drops his bag, makes the sign of the cross.

CRASH  
Stop! You no hurt Izzy.

TOOTHLESS  
Back offa my hound, lady!

IZZY  
We mean no harm. Look, we got food.

TOOTHLESS  
Who thent you?

Toothless releases Izzy, peers in the bag, nods to the  
others. They swoop up all the bags and dash away.

TOOTHLESS (CONT'D)  
Apolocheez, ma'am... much 'bliged

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - LATER

Izzy shuts windows tightly, secures the locks, shuts the  
curtains, sits on her stool, slowly opens the paint box.

A tiny spiral of mist escapes. Matisse BARKS. The mist swirls  
around the room, gradually forming into PICASSO'S SPIRIT.

In shock, Izzy slides off her stool and slowly backs away.

A dark, handsome youthful Picasso sports a French beret, striped tee shirt, white linen pants and leather sandals.

IZZY

Oh, my god, you're... Picasso.

PICASSO

(with a flourish)

In the flesh.

He glances down at his ethereal body.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

So to speak.

Izzy stands frozen against the wall, eyeing the door.

He flashes his famous *mirada fuerte*, his strong dark seductive gaze, captivating her. He glides closer.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

Be still, little bird, I won't hurt you. You think I'm the cruel monster the movies make me out to be? No one knows the real Picasso.

Izzy edges along the wall towards the door, trembling.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

(charismatic)

I simply need... a little favor.

Picasso SMACKS himself on the forehead.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

Oh, my god, did I just say I *need*?

IZZY

That was you... last night?

PICASSO

The master himself! How else could you have mimicked my Blue Period?

(scoffs)

Death caught me by surprise before I could complete my life's work.

A hint of sympathy mixed with terror dawns in her expression.

IZZY

I read you were in your nineties.



PICASSO

Yes, nipped in the bud. I was  
preparing my exhibition at the  
Palais des Papes in Avignon --

Picasso paces the floor, head down mourning his own death.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

I fell ill. I called for my pencil.  
You see, my first word was *lapiz*.  
(chokes up)  
And the last word on my deathbed.

He tries to pick up a pencil, his hand passes right through.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

(mock weeping)  
Pen-cil.

Izzy mesmerized by his pulsating form suspended in the air.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

Look at this travesty. I'm a mere  
shadow of a my former genius.

He lowers his head, his body droops, his aura turns blue.

IZZY

Is there... anything I can do?

PICASSO (V.O.)

I never thought I'd hear the words  
come out of my mouth, but...  
(towers over her)  
I need help! A body. YOUR body.

Izzy looks up at him, collapses onto her stool, dumbstruck.

IZZY

You've got to be joking. You want  
ME to help YOU? You want MY body?

He sidles up close and whispers seductively.

PICASSO

Work with me, pajarito, my little  
bird. You can BE me. It will be our  
special secret, n'est-ce pas?

Her jaw drops. A faint flicker of hope lights in her eyes.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - THE NEXT NIGHT

Izzy opens the paint box, carefully removes supplies, squeezes a blob of blue paint, dips her brush in, hesitates.

She paints an outline of Toothless, the homeless man who attacked her. She hears a CLATTERING noise, pauses. Peeks under the box, around the room. Nothing.

IZZY

Señor Picasso? You there?

PICASSO (O.S.)

A real artist dances before his easel. A stool is for lazy hacks!

Picasso materializes, tries to grab her stool, it topples over as she jumps up and backs away in awe of him.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

Clumsy imbecile!

He tries to slap her face, and although his hand shoots right through, she reacts and her tears well up.

IZZY

Sorry. You startled me. What you said before... I mean, if you were serious, I would be... honored.

In a cold sweat, she steps closer to him, to her easel.

PICASSO

As you should be. So let us stop wasting time and get to work.

His hand guides her hand as she dips a trembling brush into blue and strokes the canvas hesitantly.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

(passionate)

Deconstruct him! Find the subject's *leit motif*? FEEL his suffering!

Her brush slips leaving a messy trail of paint on the canvas.

Picasso throws up his hands in exasperation.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

You painting a house or a Picasso?

He looks away, goes to the window.

IZZY

Forgive me. I want to BE you. I do.

PICASSO

How do you expect to learn if you  
can't take criticism?

IZZY

Give me a chance! Please stop  
yelling at me...

PICASSO

No one tells Picasso what to do.

She dries her tears, picks up the brush, cleans it and waits.

IZZY

Right. You're Picasso. I'm nobody.

PICASSO

You made me lose my concentration.  
My inspiration is gone. Amateur!

He creeps back into the paint box, the lid CRASHES shut.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Izzy thrashes in her sleep, kicks the dog and it YELPS. She  
CHOKES and grabs her throat.

IZZY'S NIGHTMARE

Picasso leaps on top of her, squeezing her throat in a fury.

PICASSO

Amateur! You'll never be a real  
artist!

END OF IZZY'S NIGHTMARE

Izzy wakes up COUGHING and finds Matisse laying on her chest.

EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

In dull grey business suit, Izzy enters the small, soul-less  
boutique agency, looking like a fish out of water.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

Izzy makes a call, listens, loses her nerve, CLICKS off. Looks at an old wall clock TICKING loudly. She closes her laptop, slumps back in her chair. Her cell phone BUZZES.

ON THE PHONE

WOMAN'S COLD VOICE (V.O.)  
Did you get that listing, Moreau?

Izzy stammers unintelligibly.

WOMAN'S COLD VOICE (V.O.)  
You've got to get more aggressive.  
You will close a deal by Friday or  
kiss your real estate ass goodbye.

Listens and nods. She slides files and laptop into her bag.

WOMAN'S COLD VOICE (V.O.)  
Plenty of hungry agents would kill  
to have your office. Am I clear?

She ends the call, sticks out her tongue at the phone.

IZZY  
You want aggressive, bitch? I'll  
show you aggressive.

She rips the clock off the wall, STOMPS on it until it stops ticking and breaks into pieces, then throws it in the trash.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - DAY

Izzy squishes paint on her palette, muttering to herself.

PICASSO (O.S.)  
Idiot! What do you think you're  
doing? That's too thick. You must  
add a drop of linseed oil.

Izzy pours a lavish pool of oil into the paint. Picasso pops up and tries to tilt the bottle, but his hand flies through.

PICASSO (CONT'D)  
I said a drop, not a tsunami!

Tears of frustration well in her eyes as she mops up the oil.

PICASSO (CONT'D)  
This is never going to work! What  
was she thinking?

His regret shows on his face... for the slip of the tongue.

PICASSO (CONT'D)  
You want to BE a master painter?

IZZY  
What? Who? What was WHO thinking?

PICASSO  
Grab the bull by the horns, take charge and never let go!

IZZY  
Please, I want to but... I just can't take your cruelty.

She flicks away her tears.

He places his hand over hers, she takes a firm hold of her brush, and grits her teeth.

PICASSO  
Ole'!

EXT. CRASH'S PLACE - NIGHT

Paint box tucked under her arm, Izzy BANGS on the door. No answer. She hears FOOTSTEPS and a BANG. The door swings open. Crash rubs his shin, barefoot in pink and yellow cowboy patterned pajamas, slits for eyes.

CRASH  
I no do booty calls.

IZZY  
I think I've made a big mistake, Crash. I really need your help.

INT. CRASH'S KITCHEN - SAME

Izzy sets the box on the table and sits down.

IZZY  
Does every artistic genius have to be such a fucking bastard?

CRASH  
You wanna café Mexicano, chica?

Crash in sleepwalk mode, stubs his toe on the table leg, puts on a kettle, gathers coffee, chocolate, spices and Tequila.

CRASH (CONT'D)  
 You know Crash love a party, but...  
 (mock snores)  
 Honey, a girl need her zees.

IZZY  
 You mentioned your grandmother was  
 a healer?

CRASH  
 Why you ask?

IZZY  
 Did she ever show you how to  
 exorcise mean evil spirits?

Crash looks away dreamily.

CRASH  
 Abuela she die when I was seven.

CRASH'S FLASH MEMORY

CRASH, 7, cowers in the corner watching his grandmother chase  
 a ghost with a flaming sage torch.

END OF CRASH'S FLASH MEMORY

CRASH (CONT'D)  
 (shrugs)  
 She no show me nothing.

EXT. IZZY'S GARAGE - NIGHT

As the garage door rolls down, Izzy is visible inside holding  
 the paint box until the door closes completely.

INT. IZZY'S GARAGE - SAME

Izzy drops the box on a workbench and glares at it.

IZZY  
 Here goes any hope of becoming the  
 next Picasso.

In desperation, she raises an axe and CHOPS away at the box  
 as hard as she can, over and over, huffing and puffing, but  
 it doesn't break. One last swing... BAM! Nope, not a scratch.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 Seriously?

She drops the axe, throws the box on the floor, and drags over a sledge hammer.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Okay, you want to play hardball?

She strains to lift it, swings with all her might, lands a feeble WHACK! The box remains completely intact. Heaves the hammer again. WHAM! Striking it until her arms give out.

Nothing. Not a dent, crack or a scuff. She jumps up and down on the amazingly indestructible box, screaming hysterically.

Picasso's faint voice sounds from inside the box.

PICASSO (O.S.)

Keep it down out there.

She lifts the lid of a barbecue grill, tosses the box inside. Pours turps on it, tosses in a match, slams the lid shut.

IZZY

Sweet dreams, macho shithead?

BOOM! She walks away with a grin as it BURSTS into flames.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - LATER

She opens the studio door, and as if by magic...

The paint box stares at her mockingly from her work table, devoid of scorch or scratch, exactly as it was before.

INT. IZZY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

A KNOCK at the door. Izzy opens it, beaten and frazzled, automatically grabbing Crash's arm as he trips in.

CRASH

Ay, ay, ay! What's all the racket, chica? You remodeling?

Crash sniffs the air, wrinkles his nose.

CRASH (CONT'D)

Why you smell like burnt road kill?

IZZY

I'm at the end of my rope.

He looks at her sympathetically. She falls into his arms.

CRASH

Look, if you got a evil spirit in here, I think maybe someplace in back of my little brain, I know how Abuelita ghosted her ghost...

(wags his finger)

Mind you, I no promise nothing.

IZZY

I'd be eternally grateful, Crash. I've tried everything short of mailing the box to Siberia.

CRASH

Sy who? I no know him. So what kinda Caspar you got?

IZZY

Picasso.

Crash looks at her in shock.

CRASH

What? You mean... THEE Picasso?

IZZY

Pablo Picasso is haunting my paint box and he won't leave me alone.

CRASH

Bueno. Where's the box? We gotta do a *Limpia*, a spiritual cleansing. Gimme a egg, a candle and a jar.

IZZY

Seriously? An egg?

CRASH

Primal life force energy, mamacita!

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - LATER

Crash lights a white candle and begins the ritual. He pours water into a Mason jar mug and places it on the paint box. Izzy hands him an egg. He prays the *Hail Mary* while passing the egg over the candle several times.

CRASH

Dios te salve, María, llena eres...

Shakes his head, changes his mind and says an *Our Father*?



CRASH (CONT'D)

No, wait... Padre nuestro que  
estás en los ciel-ooohhss!

He accidentally squeezes the egg too tight, it bursts.

IZZY

You sure you know what you're  
doing, Crash?

CRASH

We're gonna need a bigger egg.

She hands him a larger egg. He repeats the ritual.

CRASH (CONT'D)

Maybe YOU gotta pray to Spirit to  
make the egg suck out the bad juju.

Izzy mimes a clueless "Who me?"

Crash flicks his eyebrows sternly. He means business.

IZZY

Oh, Spirit!

CRASH

Keep it real, mija. You gotta show  
reverence. Gratitude.

IZZY

Oh, great Spirit, I would  
appreciate it if you... I mean, if  
it's convenient for you... would  
you be so kind and...

Crash EXHALES in exasperation, shuffles impatiently.

CRASH

You gonna do the Mexican hat dance,  
too, chica? Close the deal.

IZZY

(deep breath)

Send Picasso's apparition back to  
France or Spain, or wherever the  
hell dead artists go when they die,  
and tell him to Fuh--

Crash shoots her a dirty look.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 Tell him I don't want to BE him  
 anymore and to go away and leave me  
 alone forever amen.

He gives her a curt nod of encouragement.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 Respectfully yours... It's me,  
 Isabela Anna Moreau.

Crash cracks a hint of a smile.

CRASH  
 Not bad for a white chick.

Izzy shrugs, "what now?"

CRASH (CONT'D)  
 Lie down.

IZZY  
 What?

CRASH  
 Crash wingin' it here. Just do it.

She reclines on the sofa. He puts the box on her stomach, and the jar on top of the box. Izzy squirms, stifling a giggle.

IZZY  
 Stop jiggling it, I'm ticklish.

CRASH  
 Be still or she no gonna work.

Crash rubs her body with the egg in a circular scrubbing motion, then in a spiral movement over the box. He breaks the egg into the jar of water and sits down next to her. They stare at the egg goo, holding their breaths for a long beat.

IZZY  
 Is it sucking?

CRASH  
 Shhh! Wait.

IZZY  
 Wha --

Shushes her.

CRASH  
 She gotta brew, like cafe Mexicano.

They stare wide-eyed at the egg without blinking.

CRASH (CONT'D)

If we see blue or black... or red stringy strands or bubbles, the egg she absorbing shit.

The egg squirms almost imperceptibly.

IZZY

Am I imagining things or did that goo just waggle its tail at us?

It begins to turn a bluish-black color.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Halleluyah! It's a sign!

They grin at each other hopefully. He picks up the jar, examines it closely, crosses himself, squints.

CRASH

She kinda blue.

Izzy rises and carefully places the box on the table.

IZZY

Does this mean...?

CRASH

Maybe.

IZZY

What do you mean, maybe? You just said if it sucks --

He sprinkles sea salt into the jar and hands it to her.

She looks confused.

CRASH

Flush it. Dump it. Every drop. But whatever you do, chica, no eat it.

INT. IZZY'S KITCHEN - LATER

Izzy turns on the kitchen faucet, pours the egg down the drain, and switches on the disposal. She shakes her head.

IZZY

Right, Crash. Like I was really going to make an omelette.

She SIGHS with relief, rinses the mug... but wait. Something's not right. There's still a pinkish-blue blob sticking to the side of the jar. Panic sets in.

Horrified, Izzy squirts soap inside, scrubs, rinses and dries it thoroughly, holds it up to the light. It sparkles.

She hangs it on a hook next to a row of identical glass mugs.

INT. IZZY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Half-asleep, Izzy in track shoes, sweats and head band, pours coffee drowsily into a glass mug, takes a swig. She inserts iPod ear buds, selects tunes and hums along to the music.

Matisse wags his tail, as Izzy gulps the last drop of coffee. Startled at the stringy pink strand of egg residue at the bottom of the mug, she immediately SPITS it in the sink.

IZZY

Blech! No, no, no. Shit.

Izzy's POV: She JOLTS backwards as Picasso's enraged face flashes before her and Crash's warning echoes in her ears.

CRASH (V.O.)

Dump it. Every drop. Whatever you do, chica, no eat it.

EXT. CRASH'S PLACE - DAY

Crash opens his door. Izzy holds the paint box, the mug, and an egg carton marked "Jumbo Free Range Organic Eggs".

IZZY

Maybe we should go organic?

FOOTSTEPS sound from behind them leading to Izzy's flat.

CRASH

Hey, who's the dude?

A beefy hand slaps a FORECLOSURE notice on her door.

INT. CRASH'S KITCHEN - SAME

Izzy on her back on the table, box on her stomach in total submission. He opens the carton, his face drops. One egg.

IZZY

It's not enough that Picasso is haunting me. Now the bank wants my flat. Can we get on with this?

CRASH

So you gotta sell a big ass house, chica, or eat Pablo's shit and get rich and famous. What she gonna be?

She nods for him to proceed.

He picks up the only egg very carefully with both hands, fumbles and nearly drops it. Cringes. Looks up at Izzy.

She tries not to make any sudden movements.

IZZY

Be careful, Crash, and for God's sake, don't squeeze it.

CRASH

Chillax, girl, Crash got this.

Crash lights a candle, passes the egg over the flame, rubs her body and the box with the egg. He breaks the egg into the mug of water, sets the mug on the box, and begins chanting.

CRASH (CONT'D)

AAA-UUU-MMM... AAA-UUU-MMM...

The two stare intently at the egg, waiting... waiting.

IZZY

I swear, if this mumbo-jumbo doesn't work...

They exchange hopeful glances as the egg turns rosy pink.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - DAY

With a shuddering sigh, Izzy grabs tape and twine, and wraps them around the box several times, firmly securing the lid.

She exits, holding the jar in her hand.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

She locks the studio and places the key above the door jamb.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Matisse watches Izzy open the toilet bowl lid, pour in the water and egg mixture, and peer at it with a vengeful grin.

IZZY  
Hasta la vista, Pablo.

She flushes down the egg, watches it swirl in a spiral and disappear. She flushes it again then dumps in toilet bowl cleaner, scrubs viciously with a brush. Flushes once more.

INT. IZZY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Soft music plays. Izzy lies in bed reading peacefully. She glances down at Matisse lying at her feet staring at her.

IZZY  
Guess we fixed his arrogant ass.

A loud THUD jolts them alert.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Izzy dashes down the hall to the studio, feels for the key on top of the door jamb, fumbles, unlocks and opens the door.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - SAME

Picasso stands tangled in a heap of shredded tape and twine, SPUTTERING and CHOKING. He SPITS out a slimy pink morsel of egg, it splatters and dribbles down a pristine white canvas.

Izzy glares at him. Matisse runs in behind her BARKING.

PICASSO  
Call off your annoying little  
sidekick. I'm not in the mood.

IZZY  
Are you ever?

PICASSO  
Don't you sass me, young lady. I am  
not quite myself today.

IZZY  
Oh, poor you, I was hoping you  
could actually teach me something.  
But, you know, it's okay. It must  
be exhausting being you.

Picasso looks at her suspiciously.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
Getting harder for an old dog to  
teach a young bitch new tricks? Why  
not take the day off to recuperate?

PICASSO  
How dare you speak to me like that!

He holds his forehead, reels backwards and loses his balance.

PICASSO (CONT'D)  
Actually, I am feeling a bit...

His form fades in and out, he staggers over to the paint box.

PICASSO (CONT'D)  
I'll deal with you later. I must  
replenish my creative juices.

He crawls inside the box. Izzy quickly closes and latches it, wraps tape around it several times, grins with satisfaction.

EXT. IZZY'S OLD CAR - DAY

Izzy opens the trunk and throws *Open House* signs on top of the paint box. Slams the trunk. Slides into driver's seat.

IZZY  
AAAAannnd... Another bullshit *Open House* bites the dust. Bitch. *Get aggressive...* nyah, nyah, nyah!

Loud RATTLES sound from the trunk. She BEATS on the wheel.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
Stop! Shut up. SHUT. THE. HELL. UP!

She FIRES up the engine and SCREECHES off down the street.

INT. ART GALLERY - VENICE - DAY

Izzy storms frantically into the gallery like a mad woman.

IZZY  
Gina! GINA! Where the hell are you?

Gina hears the commotion and emerges from behind her desk at the rear of the gallery, shocked to see Izzy so angry.

GINA

Izzy! What's wrong? You look --

Desperate and broken, Izzy shoves the box into her arms.

IZZY

Take it back, Gina. To hell with  
pretending I'll ever be an artist!  
I won't be humiliated like this!

Gina looks around at the gawking Gallery Visitors, smiles reassuringly, lays the box on her desk, speaking softly.

GINA

Lower your voice.

Izzy, a bundle of nerves on the verge of tears.

IZZY

Please! I don't want any part of  
it. Give it to somebody else!

Gina edges closer to Izzy, her tone firm, but gentle.

GINA

I'm afraid that is not possible.  
The genius is out of the bottle.

IZZY

You mean the *genie* --

Patiently, Gina puts her arm around her.

GINA

I meant precisely what I said. Now  
darling, you need to settle down.

Izzy's desperation escalates.

IZZY

He's a monster. I'd rather walk on  
hot coals, stick needles in my  
eyes, lie on a bed of nails...

She loses it as Gina leads her to a chair.

GINA

It's too late, my love. Get hold of  
yourself and do what you need to  
do. Accept your destiny.

Izzy falls into the seat. Gina lays the box in her lap.



GINA (CONT'D)  
Listen to me, Izzy. I don't usually  
go out on a limb like this.

Gina's eyes soften.

GINA (CONT'D)  
I'm highly selective when it comes  
to my Wilshire artists, but...

She draws Izzy in with her warm sincere tone.

GINA (CONT'D)  
I believe in you.

Izzy's POV: Her world stands still as Gina's voice falls like  
velvet to her ears. Tears flow. Did she hear right?

IZZY  
No one has ever said that to me.

GINA  
Keep the box. Use it. Use Pablo.

Gina gazes out hopefully as if envisioning the future.

GINA (CONT'D)  
You are destined to create such art  
as the world has never seen nor  
will ever see again.

She dries Izzy's tears, caresses her cheek, weaving her web.

GINA (CONT'D)  
Critics will compare you to the  
masters. Do this, my darling Izzy,  
and I will make you my featured  
artist at The Wilshire Gallery.

IZZY  
What? No. You're just trying to  
make me feel better.

GINA  
You will dazzle the world, darling.

Izzy melts under Gina's mesmerizing spell. She's a goner.

GINA (CONT'D)  
You have ten days before I need to  
send out invitations.

IZZY  
Oh, my god! I couldn't possibly --

GINA

You can do it. You can do anything.  
You want to be the new Picasso?

Izzy looks at her starry-eyed.

GINA (CONT'D)

Here's your chance. Believe me, a  
unique opportunity like this will  
never come your way again.

Gina looks at Izzy warmly, leans in and kisses her on the  
lips. Izzy, bewildered, beside herself, looks at her in awe.

IZZY

You actually believe... I can?  
(shuddering breath)  
All right, then. I'm in.

GINA

I'm so pleased, darling. You don't  
know how much this means to me.

Izzy tucks the box firmly under her arm, takes one last fond  
look at Gina, and strides confidently out the door.

GINA (CONT'D)

I have waited so long for this  
moment, and now, at last, my love,  
I shall have my portrait.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Izzy sets up a fresh white canvas and stands poised at her  
easel. She removes the bonds, opens the paint box and POOF!  
Picasso appears immediately launching into an angry tirade.

PICASSO

What the hell was that? Trying to  
get rid of me? I'm not some dried  
up tube of paint, or broken brush  
you can return to the shop.

IZZY

I apologize. I had a slight  
setback. It won't happen again. I  
am your humble servant, Maestro.

Izzy smiles calmly, confidently, gives a curt nod.

This is new. He's surprised, confused, taken aback.

PICASSO

Stifle me again and we are through.

He stretches and takes a deep breath.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

(energetically)

Ahhh, yes! At last! I feel the spirit of my youth surging up inside me!

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - DAY

SUPER: ROSE PERIOD

Izzy completes a painting in rose tones, and sets it up next to a few others resembling Picasso's Rose Period.

A disembodied, disenchanted GROAN sounds from behind her.

Picasso materializes pacing back and forth along the row of paintings. Shakes his head, points to a dull area of canvas.

IZZY

What's wrong now, oh wise one?

She daubs on rosy magenta, cracks a self-satisfied grin.

PICASSO

What are you playing at here? Where is your soul's desire, your longing? Has no one ever made passionate love to you? You have no idea how to capture my soul, my genius... This is mere imitation, it's not --

(exasperated sigh)

It's not... *Picasso* enough!

He crosses his arms and pouts. She stifles a giggle.

Picasso throws up his hands in a fury.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

What? You think this is funny?

IZZY

No, I... uh... I just think...

(hesitates)

It's not Izzy enough.

Picasso looks at her with fire in his eyes.

PICASSO

Kindle some passion in that boring little soul of yours or you might as well throw that work in the garbage with the coffee grounds.

He swoons, his voice trails off savoring the thought.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

Ahhh! For a steaming cup of café au lait on my taste buds once more!

IZZY

Is it true you died twice? On October twenty-fifth, 1881 and April 8th, 1973?

Picasso turns on his heels and waves her off.

PICASSO

(scoffs)

Destroy that abomination and start over. I want to see you paint with depth of emotion. Anything but this... this cold soup.

He turns away. Silence. Peeks back over his shoulder.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

Well, what are you waiting for?

IZZY

I had Gazpacho once. It was yummy.

Izzy puts the painting up on her easel, wipes it down with a cloth and slaps on a layer of white.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Is it so hard to admit that I might actually have talent?

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Izzy collapses on the sofa covered in various shades of magenta, rose and purple. Matisse jumps up on her lap.

She views her rose toned paintings lined up against the wall. Her cell phone RINGS and flashes the name *Gina*. She panics.

IZZY

No, no, no.

EXT. WILSHIRE GALLERY - WEST HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Gina is visible through the posh gallery showroom window sitting at a desk on a laptop wearing a headset.

SUPER: WILSHIRE GALLERY, WEST HOLLYWOOD

INT. WILSHIRE GALLERY - SAME

ON THE PHONE

Gina scrolls through her laptop while listening to Izzy.

GINA

I need to see your work soon, Izzy.  
Time is running out. I must hire a  
photographer, map out wall space.  
Then there are the press releases,  
invitations --  
(listens)  
I don't care if you don't feel  
ready. We don't have another week.

She tosses back her hair in frustration. Stands up.

GINA (CONT'D)

(sighs)  
Seventy two hours. Not a minute  
more. If you don't deliver, there  
are dozens of other artists who  
would jump at the chance.

Throws down her headset.

GINA (CONT'D)

Temperamental artist. She's  
becoming more and more like Pablo  
every day.  
(satisfied grin)  
Thank god! It's about time.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - DAY

At her easel, Izzy attempts desperately to focus, distracted by Picasso standing uncomfortably close behind her.

IZZY

Back off, you're making me nervous.

PICASSO

You are just a coward who will never find the courage to take a creative risk.

IZZY

Stop barking at me. You're going to make me mess up. I'm trying very hard to concentrate here.

Picasso kicks angrily at the easel, both surprised to see it teetering slightly back and forth. She steadies it warily.

PICASSO

Fuck thinking! I want passion!

IZZY

You're just scared I'm going to paint something better than you.

PICASSO

Ha! Once I take hold --  
(clears throat)  
No one can outdo Picasso!

IZZY

Dogs only bark when they're afraid.

He scoffs at the sight of the sleeping dog at her feet.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Wait. What did you say?

Picasso waves her off irately, setting her canvas wobbling. She saves it before it falls off the easel. It suddenly dawns what she just witnessed. He can manipulate the physical.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Picasso the greatest artist of the twentieth century is so terrified, so insecure, he must make everyone feel small so he can feel superior.

PICASSO

Get back to your easel!

A brush rolls off her table. She catches it mid-air with one hand, continues painting with the other, not missing a beat.

IZZY

That's right. MY easel, my brushes. You know, when I was a child --

PICASSO  
I'm not interested in your sad  
little anecdotes.

IZZY  
When I was a child, I dreamed of  
being a famous artist, like --

PICASSO  
Picasso?

IZZY  
My mother was a well known  
watercolorist, but I could never  
live up to her expectations.

Picasso peers over the top of her canvas with clownish grin.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
We actually had a dog named  
Picasso, but sadly I had to put him  
down after he viciously attacked  
the mail lady.

Paints the finishing touches, lays canvas aside to dry.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
I realize now what a perfect name  
it was for him.

PICASSO  
What do you think you're doing?

Their eyes meet, her eyes flash defiantly. Picasso is livid.

PICASSO (CONT'D)  
It's done when I say it's done.

INT. IZZY STUDIO - NIGHT

SUPER: Two days later

Izzy displays rose colored paintings for Gina to view.

Gina is unusually quiet, lights up a cigarillo.

Izzy fans away the smoke, paces nervously back and forth.

IZZY  
Honestly, Gina? Smell the turps.  
You want us to go up in flames?

GINA  
 At last, real fire. I love them.  
 (deep breath)  
 They're evocative and passionate.

IZZY  
 What?

Gina takes a drag on her cigarillo, slowly exhales.

GINA  
 You've captured the essence of  
 Picasso's Rose Period while  
 creating a new illusive style.

She grins, stubs out her smoke, kisses Izzy on both cheeks.

GINA (CONT'D)  
 We must celebrate.

Surprised at Gina's reaction, Izzy gives her a hug.

IZZY  
 Oh, my god, I thought you'd hate  
 them. Picasso said --

GINA  
 He's just a bundle of hot air.

Excited, Izzy grabs a bottle of wine from the cupboard.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - LATER

Izzy and Gina rosy-cheeked, gaze at each other from opposite ends of the sofa. A long sexually charged moment, tension builds. Gina edges closer, leans in, kisses her. Gina slowly unbuttons Izzy's blouse, kisses her neck.

IZZY  
 I don't know if... this is such a  
 good idea.

Izzy becoming more and more excited, falls on top of her. A flood of emotion washes over them, the world fades away for a few ecstatic moments as they merge into each other.

Suddenly, Izzy pulls back, looking scared and confused.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 Wait. No. What am I doing? I  
 can't... I got lost in the moment.

Gina looks surprised, but says nothing.



IZZY (CONT'D)

I've never been with a woman.  
Honestly, I've never slept with a  
man either. Look... I'm not...  
(convincing herself)  
I like men. In fact, I love men.  
This is not me. You have to go.

Izzy gets up, buttons her blouse, tries not to look at Gina.

GINA

It's all right, darling.

Gina gathers herself, stands, gives Izzy a long intense look.

GINA (CONT'D)

I've waited a lifetime for you. A  
little longer won't kill me.

INT. IZZY'S BEDROOM

Izzy tosses, turns and GROANS in bed. Matisse licks her face.

IZZY'S DREAM

Izzy dreams that Gina kisses her, seduces her. They undress  
each other, fall onto the bed and make passionate love.

INT. IZZY'S GALA OPENING - WILSHIRE GALLERY - NIGHT

An adoring Crowd gathers around Izzy, but it all melts away  
at the sound of Gina's voice coming from across the room.

GINA (O.S.)

I am absolutely thrilled with her  
talent! She brings fresh new blood  
to the world of art!

As Izzy's eyes meet Gina's, she recalls her erotic dream.

IZZY'S DREAM FLASH

Izzy MOANS in ecstasy as Gina makes love to her.

END OF IZZY'S DREAM FLASH

Izzy snaps out of it, composes herself, smiles and mingles  
with the crowd. Ax, the critic, snubs her as he passes then  
circles back around and takes her arm.

AX

I hate to admit it, but I was wrong about you, Miss Moreau. You're living every artist's dream.

(whispers)

If you keep this up you could become the twenty-first century Picasso. I am soooo envious.

Izzy amazed at the crowd of Buyers lined up at Gina's desk to buy her paintings. Gina glances up, her eyes meet Izzy's.

IZZY

The thing about a dream, Ax --

Ax gives her a puzzled look, her eyes still locked on Gina.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Is that when it finally does come true... It's bittersweet.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - DAY

Izzy reclines on the sofa with an umbrella drink and laptop.

IZZY

Look, it's that art snob!

ON LAPTOP

Ax, Art Aficionados and Artists APPLAUD enthusiastically.

AFICIONADO (V.O.)

She's a true genius! Where have you been hiding Miss Moreau?

IZZY (O.S.)

Isn't it divine? They adore me!

AX (V.O.)

Good afternoon art lovers! This is Axel's Art Speak. Today I'm featuring the overnight sensation everyone's calling "The Female Picasso", Isabela Anna Moreau!

PICASSO (O.S.)

Children playing in the sandbox.

BACK TO SCENE

PICASSO (CONT'D)

Love is the greatest teacher. Want to be a real painter? Show some passion! Change or you will die the ultimate disgrace as an amateur.

Izzy shuts the laptop, drunk with pride she shoots down her drink and SMASHES her glass against the wall.

IZZY

Are you blind? I'm taking the Twenty-First Century by storm.

She prances around the studio proudly.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Look at me. I *am* a real painter. You're just jealous.

PICASSO

A true artist has no inhibitions! Unless you go out and live life to the fullest like Picasso, you will never BE Picasso!

IZZY

I AM a true artist and I'll prove it. Don't wait up for me.

She struts out and SLAMS the door.

INT. CRASH'S PLACE - NIGHT

Crash watches TV in orange pajamas. Phone RINGS. He answers.

ON THE PHONE

CRASH

Got a bash? Better call Crash.

IZZY (V.O.)

How's my handsome hunk neighbor?

CRASH

Izzy! Wassup, chiquita?

IZZY (V.O.)

Let's go out. You know anyplace?

Crash stumbles over to his closet, rifles through costumes.

INT. LGBTQIA+ CLUB - NIGHT

SUPER: **AFRICAN PERIOD**

Izzy tugs uncomfortably at her skin-tight leopard-skin dress, and puts her hands over her ears. She and Crash squeeze through throngs of Dancers gyrating to loud Afro-Cuban music.

CRASH

All good, mamacita, you look hot!

IZZY

I feel naked!

Izzy pulls up the bodice trying to hide her breasts. She stops suddenly and looks around, shocked when...

She sees men kissing men and women dancing with women.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Oh, my god! This is a GAY bar? I can't be here.

CRASH

Whatever, mija, but Crash stayin'. You wanna walk out alone in that sexy number or be my *fag hag*?

He leads her to the crowded dance floor, music BLARES, she covers her ears. He shows her some outrageous dance moves, removes her hand from one of her ears and shouts.

CRASH (CONT'D)

Loosen up, chica!

IZZY

What?! I can't --

His clumsiness disappears as he demonstrates some cool moves.

She tries to follow, but looks awkward.

GAY GUY cuts in and dances with Crash. Crash shrugs at Izzy.

A feminine LESBIAN whips Izzy into a dance hold. Izzy shrugs at Crash, picks up some moves and begins to loosen up.

Lesbian pulls her in tight in a slow dance, over her shoulder Izzy spots...

GINA LOOK-ALIKE, 30s, redhead at the bar in Sappho tee-shirt.

A masculine LESBIAN with a buzz-cut, cuts in, dances off with the feminine Lesbian. Picasso's words echo in her ear.

PICASSO (V.O.)  
*A true artist has no inhibitions.*

IZZY  
 (sighs deeply)  
 Okay, Pablo, I'm going in.

She approaches Gina dead ringer hesitantly, boosts her boobs.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 Would you... uh, you wanna dance?

GINA LOOK-ALIKE  
 (Southern accent)  
 I'm with someone, darlin'.

Izzy turns to go.

GINA LOOK-ALIKE (CONT'D)  
 Sure, why the hell not.

They dance for half a second and Izzy pulls her into a corner kissing her passionately. Look-Alike comes up for air.

GINA LOOK-ALIKE (CONT'D)  
 Jeez, honeysuckle, slow the hell  
 down or I'll have to recruit you to  
 the softball team.

INT. LBBTQIA+ CLUB BATHROOM - SAME

Izzy BLASTS through the door pinning Look-Alike against the wall. Florescent lights flicker. The women are all over each other when a voice sounds from inside one of the stalls.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 That you, babe?

Look-Alike unlocks lips with Izzy, looks up in terror.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Cheat on your mama again and I  
 swear I'll kill you.

GINA LOOK-ALIKE  
 Georgie?

GEORGIE, 40s, BIKER DYKE, tats, nose ring, like a bull, also in Sappho tee-shirt, crashes through the door, grabs Izzy by the hair, throws her in the stall, punches her repeatedly.

GINA LOOK-ALIKE (CONT'D)  
 Wait! No, Georgie!

Izzy kicks her in the shin then the groin, Georgie YELPS, falls back and folds. Izzy SLAMS the door on her. BAM, twice.

Look-Alike grabs Georgie, pulls her away from Izzy.

GINA LOOK-ALIKE (CONT'D)  
It's okay, honey. She's no one.

IZZY  
Yup. That's me. No one.

Look-Alike wets a towel and wipes Georgie's bloody leg.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
Sorry, I spun out of control there.  
I've never even been in a fight  
before... So, uh, are we good?

Georgie chuckles and blows it off, chills and rolls a joint.

GEORGIE  
No biggie, you held your own, dude.

INT. LBBTQIA+ CLUB BATHROOM - LATER

They sit on the sink counter top, Izzy sandwiched in between them, clothes disheveled, giggling and smoking weed.

IZZY  
That feathery thing was amazing!

Georgie tucks a freshly rolled joint into Izzy's cleavage. Look-Alike and Georgie kiss Izzy's cheeks and hop down.

GEORGIE  
Welcome to Sappho's Goddesses.

IZZY  
Wait, aren't you going to teach me  
some more Lesbos moves?

GINA LOOK-ALIKE  
Ain't she adorable?

GEORGIE  
What's a homespun chick like you  
doin' in a joint like this anyway?

IZZY  
Artistic research.

GEORGIE  
Hah! That's a new one!

INT. LGBTQIA+ CLUB - LATER

Crash sits at a table having a drink with Gay Guy.

GAY GUY

You won a Pulitzer? I'm impressed,  
man. Wanna get out of here?

EXT. LGBTQIA+ CLUB - SAME

Izzy hangs out by the door, shivering and crashing down from her high. She sits down on the curb, hugs her knees, gazes up and down the street looking like a lost child.

IZZY

Livin' the dream here.

She shoots a longing look at the ocean of flashing signs beckoning from a string of bars and dance clubs.

INT. MIXED SINGLES BAR - NIGHT

Izzy and Crash dance to wild music on the diversely populated dance floor, while Crash checks out the male population.

CRASH

What a hunk smorgasbord! Take your  
pick, mamacita!

METRO MAX, 30s, lion mane slicked back in chic ponytail, the whole fashionista thing going on, stares at her from the bar.

Crash nudges her with his elbow. She checks out Metro.

IZZY

What? Just walk right up --?

CRASH

Eat'm up and spit'm out.

IZZY

That would be so irresponsible.

Crash slips a condom in her bag, aims her at the bar, gives her a shove. Out of sheer momentum Izzy arrives in front of Metro, slides onto the next stool, tugs at her mini-skirt.

Crash gives her a nod and a thumbs up.

IZZY (CONT'D)

(nervous giggle)

This seat taken?

METRO  
Totally not taken.

He checks her out. Izzy tries hard to flirt, bats her eyes.

IZZY  
Hi.

METRO  
Don't you just hate it?  
(scoffs)  
The chick perfume in this place  
does a number on my allergies, too.

Izzy checks out the bottle of Cognac in front of him.

IZZY  
No match for the cheap aftershave.

Bartender slides over another snifter. Metro pours her a Cognac, puts his hand on her knee.

She avoids eye contact, takes a sip of brandy and scrunches up her face. Awkward silence.

His hand slithers ever so slowly up her leg.

Metro's COUGAR hook-up, 50s, exuding a lawyer persona, sits down next to Izzy, they smile politely. She whispers to Izzy.

COUGAR  
Don't you think he's a little too  
effeminate for you? I imagine biker  
chics are more your style.

She caresses Izzy's other knee, exchanges glances with Metro.

COUGAR (CONT'D)  
What's your game, skank?

IZZY  
Care to dance?

Cougar SLAPS Izzy off her stool, turns to Metro.

METRO  
You said you wanted a threesome.

COUGAR  
With another guy, asshole!

Izzy recovers, taps Girlfriend's shoulder, she turns. Izzy tosses a drink in her face, she stumbles, lands on her back.



Metro suppresses the urge to laugh. Izzy fake apologizes.

IZZY

Oh, my god. I'm sooo sorry! I don't know where that came from.

Izzy helps her up. Cougar SLAPS Metro and storms off.

METRO

Grrahrr! Love the jungle look, tiger. Sooo... are you the hunter or the hunted in this scenario?

IZZY

Survival of the fittest.

She leads him to the dance floor. He lifts her, she mounts him, legs wrapped around his waist. They do a tongue Tango.

INT. IZZY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Loud rhythmic GRUNTS then silence. Izzy and Metro lie in an erotic tangle. He's out cold. She pushes his frizzy lion mane out of her face, frees herself and slips quietly away.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Izzy paints Metro as a colorful nude, half man, half lion.

METRO (O.S.)

I am lion, hear me roar!

Metro enters in crispy white boxer shorts, leaps onto the sofa surveying his new kingdom and admiring his portrait.

He pounces, licks her neck, she grimaces, thrusts him off.

IZZY

Get out. I need to work.

He slicks back his mane, tweaks his junk trying to save face.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Or did you expect me to pay for those three minutes? At two hundred an hour, that's ten bucks, right?

Pulls a ten from her bag, tucks it in his boxers.

IZZY (CONT'D)

We good? Better hurry if you want to catch that *menage a trois*.

INT. BAR - THE NEXT NIGHT

Izzy sits two stools from a BLACK AFRICAN MAN in a Kaftan.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - DAY

Izzy paints the black man wearing a terrifying African mask.

AFRICAN (O.S.)  
A Songye Mask. It is quite good.

IZZY  
Everyone has a dark side.

AFRICAN  
It is good when a woman has humor.

She eyes him fiercely, shifting her weight.

IZZY  
We had a moment, but... it's over.

AFRICAN  
Forgive me. I will take my leave.

He stares at her looking crushed, bows and exits.

Izzy looks down at her dog, SIGHS deeply.

IZZY  
When did I become such a bitch?

INT. ART GALLERY - THE NEXT DAY

Ax, in lime green suit, pink silk scarf, round orange and black glasses, holds a champagne flute between thumb and finger, looks askance at an abstract piece. His cell RINGS.

ON THE PHONE

AX  
Axel Cockburn-Vanderslice, Art  
Aficionado Extraordinaire.

IZZY (V.O.)  
Seriously, Ax?

AX  
Mademoiselle Moreau, how simply  
delightful! What's new and sexy?

INT. ART GALLERY - LATER

Izzy happily guzzles champagne.

AX

Dial it back a tad, Izzy.

She scrunches her nose inches from a minimalist painting.

AX (CONT'D)

Ever heard of *Minimalism*?

IZZY

Yeah, miminal *talent*.

(scoffs)

Bet this guy can't even draw a stick figure.

AX

May I use that in my column?

IZZY

Knock your shelf out.

Ax taps a note into his iPhone while Izzy scans the room.

IZZY (CONT'D)

(loudly)

Who do I have to shleep with to get something to eat around here?

Several People gawk giving her a wide berth.

Izzy gazes across the room, her eyes light up.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Bingo!

She stumbles towards a table of fancy hors d'oeuvres, stuffs her face then fills a plate to the brim.

AX

What's going on, Izzy? I've never seen you like this before.

IZZY

Living life to the foolisht.

(chuckles)

Foolisht. FOOLISHT!

People whisper and stare at her stuffing her face.

AX

Charming double entendre, darling,  
but you're the only one amused. I'm  
driving you home. You're uh --

IZZY

Hammered? Wasted? Shit-faced?  
Plastered? Ten sheets to the wind?

She waves him off, teeters flinging her food in the air.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Ooops! Have a poo-fawed?

Izzy HURLS into a potted plant. The room goes silent.

AX

You're regurgitating all over my  
reputation. Look, let's be clear.  
You will not defile my Mercedes.

IZZY

Take your hands off me. Help!

People take photos and videos as Izzy passes out in his arms.

AX

I simply cannot wait to see  
tomorrow's tabloids.

INT. IZZY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ax carries Izzy to bed. She gazes up at him, one eye open.

IZZY

You're not half bad looking.  
(opens other eye)  
Who are you, again?

AX

It's Ax, Izzy. Remember? The  
gallery? You're home. In bed.

She wraps his scarf around her hand, tugs him closer, licks  
his ear and whispers.

IZZY

Shhush! You'll wake the old grouch.

AX

Who? Wake who?

Izzy stares into his round glasses, mocks his owl-like look.

IZZY

Hoo! Whoooo? Pablo, of course.

She passes out then wakes seconds later wide eyed. Matisse GROWLS at him. Ax pats him on the head with two fingers.

AX

Nice doggie. Good boy, Pablo.

Izzy sits bolt upright stone sober, squinting at him as he wipes his fingers on the sheet. She traces his jaw line.

IZZY

Awww... such cute little...

She squeezes his earlobe and leans in for a nibble. Ax freezes, swallows dryly, clearly excited, pulls away.

AX

Uh, no, not going there. You should get some sleep. You've had a lot to drink. Where are your pajamas?

Izzy kicks off her shoes, whips the dress over her head. Throws off her bra and panties, kisses him wildly.

IZZY

I'm a nude sleeper.

She comes up for air. He tries to break away, but hesitates.

AX

Don't get me wrong. I don't normally have to get a gal drunk --

IZZY

Oh, no illusions here. I know exactly the kind of guy you are.

Ax slips off his clothes, folds them neatly, slides into bed.

IZZY (CONT'D)

F.Y.I. Mister Cock. Burn. Whatever.  
(rolls on top)  
I've never felt more sober in my entire life.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - DAY

Stark naked, Ax approaches his not-so-flattering portrait.

AX

Grotesque, but strangely appealing.

IZZY

Just what I need. Another critic.

AX

Is this your subtle way of getting me to write a glowing critique... by appealing to my well endowed --?

IZZY

Ego?

Izzy shrugs indifference.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Don't care.

AX

Of course you do, dear. The art world *hangs* on my every word.

She rolls her eyes, continues working while he snoops around.

IZZY

Run along now, Ax.

AX

Oh, boohoo! She's dumping me. Not until I see what you've been up to.

IZZY

You didn't know? I'm working on becoming the next Walter Keene.

AX

My job is to educate the ignorant masses. I sniff out great talent.

Izzy pulls out a couple of finished canvases from a cabinet, holds them up in front of him. Bored, strokes his chin.

AX (CONT'D)

Ho-hum. What else have you got?

She scatters more at his feet. He examines them one by one.

AX (CONT'D)

Cute. Derivative. Clever. Bordering on Neo-Dada. Insipid... BORR-ing.

(turns to her)

I rather expected more from you.

IZZY

Bullshit artsy-fucking-babble!

AX

Maybe you could take a night class,  
brush up on your drawing skills.

IZZY

Dilettante! Get out.

He heads for the door, sniffs himself, hesitates.

AX

Calling the kettle black are we?  
I'll just hop in the shower first  
to wash off the *l'eau de pute*.

IZZY

Do you have any inkling what a  
pompous, self-absorbed --?

AX

It's my job, sweetheart.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - LATER

Picasso watches Izzy lunging angrily at Ax's portrait with  
her brush, a matador thrusting her sword for the fatal blow.

PICASSO

People who make art their business  
are mostly imposters.

Izzy's leopard skin dress hangs over the mirror. Picasso  
positions himself so that it looks as if he's wearing it.

IZZY

What the hell are you doing?

PICASSO

Exploring my inner feminine.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Gina paces back and forth, she looks up, her eyes brighten.

Izzy makes a casual entrance donning an African outfit.

GINA

Look at you. You're absolutely  
stunning. I was aching to see you,  
darling. I've missed you terribly.

Gina circles Izzy, checking out her Afro-braids.

GINA (CONT'D)

And this hair-do. I adore it.

Izzy unveils her latest work, edges slowly closer to Gina.

IZZY

Voila! My masterpiece.

Gina cocks her head, impressed at Izzy's newfound confidence.

GINA

Izzy, I'm blown away. It's absolutely ground-breaking.

IZZY

I was so buzzed, I painted like a wild woman... ten hours flew by like nothing.

Izzy crackles with intense passion.

GINA

I thought I'd never see you...

They exchange long sensuous looks, slowly moving closer, faces inches apart. Izzy starts to kiss her then frowns.

IZZY

Gina, you're looking a little pale.

GINA

What?

Izzy dips a braid in orange paint, smears it on Gina's face. Gina sticks her fingers in yellow, paints Izzy's earlobes, trails the color slowly down her neck and along her breast.

They peel off each other's clothes, sexual tension mounts. Gina kisses Izzy's palm, her arm, her neck... her lips.

While Izzy lays out a large canvas cloth on the floor, Gina secretly picks up a pot of blue, hides it behind her back.

Izzy kisses Gina's breasts. Gina pulls out the blue, pours it over Izzy's head. They collapse in uncontrollable laughter.

A wild uninhibited paint fight ensues. Izzy chases her with a pot of red paint, hurls and misses. Izzy pushes Gina onto the canvas, rolls on top of her. Gina flips her over, grins.

GINA (CONT'D)

Who are you?

They roll across the canvas entwined in each other's arms.



INT. IZZY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Izzy and Gina lie in bed, naked bodies covered in rainbow colors. Izzy gets up quietly, gazing at Gina.

IZZY  
Holy crap, I've gone Lesbian.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - LATER

SUPER: CUBISM - EVERYTHING BREAKS APART

Izzy opens the box, Picasso leaps out with renewed energy.

PICASSO  
Ahhh! I feel like a boy again!

IZZY  
I've got a bone to pick with you.

Holds out his arms, looks down at his misty form.

PICASSO  
As you can see... no bones.

IZZY  
This isn't what I signed up for.

He circles around the paint smeared canvas on the floor.

PICASSO  
Not bad.  
(scoffs)  
For a woman.

Izzy shakes her head.

IZZY  
You're toying with my destiny.

Picasso goes through the motions of lighting an invisible cigar and casually blowing out ethereal smoke.

PICASSO  
You don't plan destiny.

IZZY  
I'm so messed up I don't even recognize myself anymore.

PICASSO  
One lifetime is not enough for a genius like Picasso.

He gestures with a flourish towards himself.

IZZY

Not everything is about Picasso.

Izzy, in his face.

IZZY (CONT'D)

What about me? Do you even know my name? I'm Isabela Anna Moreau.

Eerie red footprints appear as he traipses across the canvas.

PICASSO

Painting is a blind man's profession. Reach beyond my *Guernica*. Paint what you feel, not what you see.

IZZY

To hell with your quotable quotes! What I need to know right now is... Are you gay, straight or bisexual? Because you see, I think I'm --

Pablo answers calmly.

PICASSO

I loved my women well, the goddesses... the doormats. They worshipped the ground I walked on.

IZZY

Charming.

Picasso gazes out the window dreamily.

PICASSO

Once I met a beautiful gypsy man. He took my breath away. Obsession knows no gender.

IZZY

Let me guess. You had sex with him.

Picasso snaps out of his reverie.

PICASSO

My raptures always ran deep.

She falls onto the sofa.

IZZY

Oh my god, I'm becoming Picasso.

Gina enters in Izzy's green silk kimono, surprised to see...

GINA

Pablo!

Izzy even more surprised.

IZZY

You can see him?

Picasso and Gina exchange shocked glances.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Okay, this is beyond bizarre...  
will one of you please tell me  
what's going on here?

Picasso ogles Gina's incredibly youthful looking body.

PICASSO

Gina, you look...

Compliments don't roll easily off Picasso's tongue.

Gina explodes in anger.

GINA

Pig! I was only sixteen, and so in  
love with you. You took advantage  
of an innocent girl. You were...  
callous and cruel.

She takes a deep breath, holding back tears.

GINA (CONT'D)

I never got over you rejecting me.  
All I ever wanted was for you to  
love me as much as you loved all  
the others.

Picasso shrugs.

PICASSO

You were just a tasty dessert.  
Never the main course.

IZZY

You two were lovers? How is that  
even possible? Picasso died in...  
What? 1973?

Izzy looks wide eyed at Gina, as if for the first time.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
That would make you... holy shit.

GINA  
You didn't complain last night.

PICASSO  
(amused)  
Don't tell me you two...?

The women shoot each other a telling look.

PICASSO (CONT'D)  
Gina and I had a brief meaningless  
fling in the early seventies.

The final nail in Gina's...

GINA  
*Meaningless fling?*

Gina, momentarily speechless, is beside herself.

GINA (CONT'D)  
When you died, I was devastated,  
inconsolable. I needed to see your  
face just once more, but your wife  
wouldn't let me anywhere near the  
villa. In my grief, I retreated to  
my family home in Rome.

PICASSO  
(sighs)  
Oh, boo hoo! How dreary. This is  
all so fatiguing.

GINA  
You arrogant, self-centered  
bastard. I'd kill you if you  
weren't already --

Years of pent up rage come flooding out. Gina SLAPS him. Her  
hand flies through his cheek, he loses his balance...

Izzy's cheek turns red, she rubs it, looks at him puzzled.

GINA (CONT'D)  
You were my world! You painted  
every other wife and lover, but  
never me. Why, Pablo? Why did you  
never paint MY portrait?

He steps on the dog's paw, he YELPS, bites Picasso's ankle,  
Izzy feels it on her own ankle.

IZZY  
Ow! Down, boy!

Picasso kicks him, the dog HOWLS and limps away. Izzy scoops him up angrily, notices bloody teeth marks on her own ankle.

PICASSO  
I am the god of art. If you want to learn from the master, I expect to be treated like a god.

Izzy rolls her eyes.

IZZY  
Oh, I've learned a shit load from you, señor. You taught me how to be an arrogant, self-absorbed bitch, when the whole time it was really all about YOU. Death kicked you in the ass! Wah, wah, wah! Accept your own destiny and stop trying to control mine!

PICASSO  
You hormonal creatures stay, fight it out. I always win in the end.

IZZY  
I'm no artist, never was, never will be. I'm done being your pawn.

Picasso waves her off, slips into the box, BANGS it shut.

Gina wipes blood from Izzy's ankle, wraps heavy twine around the box, ties a tight knot. Their eyes meet.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
Gina.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Izzy and Gina lie in bed smoking pot.

GINA  
It's only a matter of time before he breaks out. You know...  
(takes a hit)  
You could still work with him, darling. Your career was just beginning to blossom.

IZZY  
Taking his side again?

Izzy grabs the joint, inhales, eyes wide as saucers.

Izzy's POV: Everything undulates in a cubist world.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Do you see what I see?

GINA

What?

Izzy gets up, puts on some music, and dances around in her cubist hallucination, like a sixties hippie on acid.

IZZY

I'm seeing through Pablo's eyes.

Izzy picks up her dog and giggles.

IZZY (CONT'D)

You look like an Origami doggie!

She glances at Gina with a silly grin. Gina looks concerned.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Look at your face! Awesome.

Gina's face breaks up into multicolored cubist facets.

GINA

Pablo believes women are machines  
for suffering, so he distooorts --  
(pot kicks in)  
-- their faayss-ezzz... Where did  
you get this wee-eed?

IZZY

Never mind. Get over here, Ginger.

Izzy swoops her up in a ballroom dance pose, they do the quick-step back and forth across the room to inaudible music, fall back on the bed giggling, and out of breath.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Too much for my *old lady*?

GINA

Where did you learn...?

IZZY

Gina baby, I got moves you would  
not believe.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The cubist environment gradually morphs back into a normal breakfast scene... Gina and Izzy gaze at each other over coffee and omelettes, try to focus as the weed wears off.

IZZY

Whew! My mouth burns from Crash's cubist jalapeños.

Gina looks way too serious.

IZZY (CONT'D)

I was crazy to think I could ever make it as an artist.

(scoffs)

Imagine believing I could become the next Picasso.

GINA

We need to make a plan, my darling.

EXT. ART SCHOOL, CHICAGO - DAY

SUPER: ART SCHOOL, CHICAGO - 2012

Several Art Students climb steps into a stone building.

Sign above entrance reads: CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ART

INT. ART COLLEGE STUDIO - SAME

Art students churn out impressive high quality paintings.

PROFESSOR DUDLEY, mid-50s, permanent scowl, strokes a stubbly beard, as he checks out young Izzy's watercolor. She dons paint spattered, raw muslin overalls and white tee-shirt.

A few Students gather around her to hear Dudley's critique.

DUDLEY

That was some stunt you pulled last semester, Miss Moreau. Passing off your mom's watercolors as your own.

(scoffs)

It only worked long enough for me to give you an A, but when I realized you were Ianna Moreau's kid, I began to smell a rat.

Students whisper and scoff.

DUDLEY (CONT'D)

So, I looked on the back of one of the paintings, and there it was, her famous signature, *I AM*. And you, Isabel have the same initials.

He gestures to her inept painting perched on an easel.

DUDLEY (CONT'D)

As you see, class, Isabela Anna Moreau will never be a master like her mother. She's mediocre at best.

The students' mocking laughter ECHOES off the walls. Izzy covers her ears, goes berserk with humiliation.

IZZY

Stop it! Shut up! Shut. UP!

In a fit of rage, she slashes a broad black X across her painting, throws down her brush and runs out in tears.

INT. IZZY'S KITCHEN - DAY

SUPER: PRESENT DAY

IZZY

I just wanted for once to make my mother proud, but after she found out why I was kicked out, she gave up on me, and I gave up on art.

Gina looks at her sympathetically.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Pablo should have given up on me too. I'm just his little clone, his painting puppet.

GINA

Don't talk like that. Your work shows amazing potential, Izzy.

IZZY

It's not me. It's all Picasso. I don't feel happy or fulfilled. I don't feel... anything.

Izzy stares into space, her voice turns monotone.



IZZY (CONT'D)  
Pablo's not stuck in that box. The truth is, I'm the one who's trapped and I can't find my way out.

Gina takes her hand.

GINA  
Izzy, you're wrong.

Tears roll down Izzy's face.

GINA (CONT'D)  
You simply can't give up now.

Gina COUGHS, turns away, spits in a napkin.

IZZY  
Are you okay?

GINA  
(deep breath)  
Listen, Izzy, Pablo has so much more to teach you.

Izzy pulls back looking at her suspiciously.

IZZY  
Wait, what's all this to you anyway? Were you even listening?

Gina searches for the right words.

GINA  
Darling, Izzy. Learn from the master before it's too late.

IZZY  
I can't, Gina. He's broken me.

GINA  
You're going to create life changing works of art.

IZZY  
You can't honestly believe that?

GINA  
Oh, yes.

Gina looks at her deeply, sincerely. Izzy, lost in her eyes.

GINA (CONT'D)  
 Release him, my love. I promise you  
 will not regret it.

IZZY  
 I don't know... Maybe you're right.  
 I've come this far... and for what?

Gina SIGHS with relief, sits back in her chair.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 Still, I think I'll let him  
 marinate in there until he learns  
 his lesson.

Izzy takes a gulp of coffee, gives Gina a questioning look.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 You and Pablo. I've been trying to  
 imagine how you kept it a secret.

Gina rises, leans against the counter, red hair flows down  
 over the silk kimono accentuating the curves of her body.

GINA  
 He had me with his *mirada fuerte*.

Izzy completely captivated, falls back under her spell.

EXT. BEACH, FRENCH RIVIERA - DAY

SUPER: NICE, FRANCE - 1972

PICASSO, 91, bare-chested in shorts and sandals, strolls  
 along the sand, arm-in-arm with his wife, Jacqueline.

GINA (V.O.)  
 Pablo spotted me on the beach in  
 the middle of a photo shoot.

He watches GINA, 16, model a wet silk blouse over a bikini.

GINA (V.O.)  
 It was my first modeling job on the  
 French Riviera.

Her eyes on Picasso, she strikes a seductive pose while a  
 Photographer SNAPS photos of her.

GINA (V.O.)  
 I recognized him immediately. Who  
 wouldn't? He was hard to miss.

Picasso moves in on Gina drawing her in with his charisma.

GINA (V.O.)  
 He undressed me with those intense  
 eyes right in front of his wife.

The photographer gestures for Gina to change her pose.

GINA (V.O.)  
 (scoffs)  
 I didn't care. I had captivated the  
 god of twentieth century art and  
 savored every delicious moment.

Picasso whispers in Gina's ear, she smiles innocently.

GINA (V.O.)  
 He insisted I meet him later that  
 day at a bar. Of course, I  
 accepted. Who refuses Picasso?

Looking victorious after capturing her in his net, Picasso  
 rejoins his not so thrilled wife.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Waiter brings Gina and Picasso champagne at an outdoor table.

GINA (V.O.)  
 That champagne fired our foreplay.

Picasso kisses her, takes her arm, leads her down the street.

EXT. PICASSO'S STUDIO ON A NICE BACKSTREET - LATER

SUPER: PICASSO'S SECRET STUDIO, NICE, FRANCE

Gina looks up and down the street waiting nervously, while  
 Picasso unlocks the door of his studio.

INT. PICASSO'S STUDIO - SAME

Picasso escorts her into a room crowded with paintings,  
 ceramics, tables and a sofa.

GINA (V.O.)  
 He took me to his secret studio.

Slowly removes her dress, lays her gently onto the sofa.

GINA (V.O.)

It was his private hideaway where he went when he didn't want to be disturbed. We would meet there once a week. Each time, I swore to myself I would never go back, but I always did. Pablo was my obsession.

He kisses her gently caresses her body, has sex with her.

GINA (V.O.)

He'd make love to me as if I were a porcelain doll.

She stares at his paint box on a table in the corner, glistening in the moonlight.

GINA (V.O.)

The funny thing was, I couldn't take my eyes off that paint box.

Picasso rolls off her, lights a cigar and sets up a canvas.

GINA (V.O.)

When the sex was over...  
(voice trembles)  
I wanted to pose for him and asked him to paint my portrait.

Ignoring her, he begins painting a still life.

GINA (V.O.)

He made me feel invisible... like I never existed.

Absorbed in his work, he doesn't notice Gina getting dressed, taking a last look at the paintbox and slipping out the door.

INT. IZZY'S KITCHEN - DAY

SUPER: PRESENT DAY

GINA

The box seemed to shine with a kind of magical light. It was the most wonderful thing I'd ever seen.

Izzy snaps out of her reverie, putting two and two together.

IZZY

He gave you the paint box?

GINA

Oh, no, no, no. He wouldn't let me near his precious box. Pablo never gave anyone *anything*.

(scoffs)

I even paid for that champagne.

IZZY

Bastard.

EXT. OPEN HOUSE - POSH NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

An OPEN HOUSE sign in the front yard points to the entrance of a luxurious multimillion-dollar home.

INT. OPEN HOUSE - DAY

Izzy's Afro braids and elegant Kaftan blend with contemporary African decor and choir singing softly from a high tech sound system. She leads dumpy HUSBAND and WIFE into the kitchen.

She watches as the husband stuffs hors d'oeuvres, and the wife pour herself wine, ogling a black nude sculpture. Izzy sees a knickknack hanging from her bag. Their eyes meet.

IZZY

So if you're serious buyers, and not just here to pick up a few snacks and curios...

Izzy lays out contract and pens on the counter, while the wife surreptitiously returns the knickknack to its shelf.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Make an offer or get the hell out.

The couple stands motionless in shock. Izzy leans in close, grins like a hungry used car salesman and whispers.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Press hard, there are seven copies.

The woman **CHOKES** on a cracker. Izzy stares them down. Her cell **RINGS**. She turns away, answers, melting at the sound of the voice on the other end, her voice quivers nervously.

ON PHONE

IZZY (CONT'D)

Gina, I uh... I can't talk right now. I'm kind of in the middle -- Yes, all right. Tonight. My place.

Clicks off. Bitchy Client enters, hits the ground mocking.

BITCHY CLIENT  
Charming. You've gone native.

Izzy snatches the bitch's phone, taps a number, hits CALL.

IZZY  
That's the owner.

Turns on SPEAKER, plants the house keys firmly in her hand. Homeowner on other end picks up.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Hell--

IZZY  
Be a dear and lock up. The owner's a bitch. Knock yourself out.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Did you just call me a --? Is that you, Isabela? Hello? Hello?

Izzy SLAMS her badge to the floor, grinds it with her heel.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
I'll have your license, Moreau!

IZZY  
Don't bother. I'm out.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The late afternoon sun hangs low in the sky. As the wind picks up, Izzy and Gina swim out, catch a big wave and ride it until it breaks over them. Gina emerges looking for Izzy.

GINA  
Izzy! Izzy, where are you?

Gina dives, comes up and GASPS. No Izzy. Something pulls on her leg, dragging her under for an instant. She pops up again SPUTTERING. She whirls around. Sees Izzy swimming to shore.

Gina swims in to the beach, turns her back and breaks into a COUGHING spell. Izzy looks worried, wraps her in a towel.

GINA (CONT'D)  
Don't ever do that again.

IZZY  
God no, Gina, it was a stupid joke.

EXT. UCLA HEALTH CLINIC - DAY

Sign on multistory hospital building reads: UCLA HEALTH

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A Doctor shows Gina an x-ray, points to a dark mass, looks at clipboard, speaking inaudibly while slowly shaking her head. Gina's face falls. The doctor puts her hand on Gina's shoulder, looks into her eyes and nods. Gina turns and exits.

INT. IZZY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

At the dinner table, Izzy and Gina gaze at each other over their untouched plates of food and glasses of red wine.

IZZY

Is something wrong? You haven't said two words since you got back.

GINA

Sorry, I'm just a bit...

Izzy fills their glasses.

IZZY

Gina. The thing at the beach...

She waves it off and smiles.

GINA

A little salt water, that's all.

IZZY

I missed you earlier. How did your meeting with that new artist go?

GINA

Who? Oh, right, yes, fine...  
Oh, look, darling, you haven't touched your dinner.

Izzy totally enthralled with Gina...

IZZY

It's just that... well, I've never felt quite like this before.

Gina rises, smiles faintly and takes her hand.

INT. IZZY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Candles illuminate Izzy and Gina lying in each other's arms.

IZZY  
Never leave me.

GINA  
Sempre, il mio amore.

EXT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

SUPER: LACMA - LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM OF ART, WILSHIRE

Gina and Izzy stand between rows of tall street lights and palm trees at the entrance. Gina puffs on a cigarillo.

IZZY  
Come on, put that nasty thing out.  
Any longer and we'll miss the show.

Gina takes a drag, drops the cigarillo butt, grinds it out.

INT. LACMA - LATER

Izzy and Gina wander through the exhibits, arms around each other. They pause before the Picasso drawing of a bull and picador, *La Corrida*, showing the picador thrusting a lance.

IZZY  
You know, Gina. I need to find a  
way to shake myself free of him.

They exchange glances.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
I have to paint something that's  
the very best of me.

Gina flashes a weak smile.

GINA  
Darling, I've seen these all  
before. Let's go home.

IZZY  
But you love the Surrealists.

Gina turns away stifling a cough.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
I'm burying those cigarillos.



INT. IZZY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Izzy and Gina face each other in bed.

IZZY

I'm desperately in love with you.

Gina, distant, expressionless. Izzy rests her head on her breast, falls asleep. Gina gets up, quietly slips out.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - SAME

Gina unlocks the door and enters. She cuts the twine from the paint box and unlatches it.

Picasso flies out in a rage causing the curtains to flutter.

PICASSO

What's going on, Gina? I've been cooped up in here for days. Where is she? Time's running out!

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Half asleep Izzy stumbles along the hall searching for Gina.

IZZY

Gina?

At the studio door, she feels for the key above the doorjamb, it's gone. Puts her hand on the knob, hesitates and hears...

GINA (O.S.)

Shhh! Calm down, Pablo, she's asleep. You'll wake her.

Izzy puts her ear to the door and listens.

GINA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm handling this. I just need a little more time.

PICASSO (O.S.)

I will not wait any longer, Gina!  
(frantic)  
You don't seem to understand the urgency here. If I don't incarnate into her body in time, this whole scheme will have been a fiasco.

GINA (O.S.)  
I know, please, she'll hear you. I  
want this just as much as you do.

Eyes vacant, Izzy steps back taking a long quivering breath.

GINA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Leave it to me, darling.

Izzy's face drops, her hand moves toward the doorknob.

PICASSO (O.S.)  
I must finish my life's work. Now!

GINA (O.S.)  
Soon, love, you'll unite with her  
completely, just as we planned. But  
don't forget your promise. You will  
paint my portrait once and for all.

At this, Izzy's knees go weak, she leans against the door  
trying to compose herself then quietly slips away.

INT. IZZY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Izzy lies awake gazing at Gina. Gina opens her eyes, smiles.

GINA  
What is it?

IZZY  
Can't I just look at you for no  
reason? You are exquisite.

GINA  
You seem... I don't know. Strange.

No answer.

GINA (CONT'D)  
Izzy? You're scaring me. What's  
wrong? Are you sick?

IZZY  
I'm not sure.

Izzy climbs out of bed, throws on her kimono, looks at Gina.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
You're the most amazing woman I've  
ever met.

Gina looks worried. Izzy's tone says it all.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
I've cherished every moment --

GINA  
You cannot be serious?

Long uncomfortable pause. Gina looks dumbfounded.

GINA (CONT'D)  
What? No. Izzy, darling. I thought we had something here... something genuine I never thought I'd ever share with another human being.

IZZY  
I can't do this anymore.

GINA  
And by *this*, you mean --?

IZZY  
Picasso, painting, you...  
All of it! Everything!  
(deep breath)  
I'm feeling overwhelmed. I just need to be alone for awhile.

GINA  
Is there someone else? Tell me.

Izzy gathers herself.

IZZY  
Seriously, Gina? We're together nearly every waking moment.

GINA  
What about your show? I can give you a few more weeks, if you --

Izzy picks up Matisse and strokes his coat.

IZZY  
I can't talk to you right now. Go.

GINA  
Anche tu, mia cara?

Gina looks at Izzy deeply hurt, gathers her things and goes.

Izzy turns, catches her own reflection in a window.

IZZY  
I am so fucking lost.

INT. CRASH'S PLACE - DAY

Crash opens the door holding a glass of wine, wearing only black briefs and a red bow tie. Izzy's face a mess of tears.

CRASH

Chica! Who get your Victoria  
Secrets in a twist? I kill him.

She brushes past him and plants herself on his sofa, barely opens her mouth, when a male voice sounds from another room.

AX (O.S.)

Hey, babe, where'd you hide your  
moisturizer?

Ax walks in stark naked and dripping wet.

IZZY

Ax?

AX

Izzy.

CRASH

You guys know each other?

IZZY

Is everyone in L.A. bisexual?

INT. CRASH'S KITCHEN - LATER

Crash and Izzy at the table over coffee.

IZZY

I'm slipping away, Crash. I need to  
find myself again.

CRASH

Where you see Izzy last?

IZZY

That's supposed to cheer me up?

CRASH

You try so hard to be a lady  
Picasso you forget Izzy. Come on,  
we go stir up some trouble.

He grabs his car keys, she snatches them from his hand.

IZZY

Oh, no. I'm driving.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A dark forest. Heavy panting and the sound of someone running through thick brush. The legs of the runner slow and hesitate near a fallen tree. Thick red liquid drips down the bark.

Leaves rustle. The runner heaves deeply, catching her breath, takes off sprinting into the shadows.

A disembodied VOICE sounds from behind a huge boulder.

VOICE (O.S.)

Freeze!

The runner stops dead in her tracks. The barrel of a rifle jams into Izzy's temple. She dares not move a muscle.

IZZY

Don't shoot. I give up.

CRASH (O.S.)

No, no! If you give up, she no fun.  
You gotta fight if you wanna win!

Crash in paintball regalia hands Izzy a vest, mask and rifle.

CRASH (CONT'D)

Here, you forget your shit.

She gears up and slings her rifle over her shoulder.

IZZY

Okay then, what's my driving force?

He lowers his rifle with a sigh.

CRASH

You such a buzz kill.

IZZY

I know, but you love me. How about this? I'm lost in a labyrinth, and you're the Minotaur chasing the lost frightened virgin.

CRASH

I no see no virgin.

IZZY

(hand on hip)  
ME, Crash. I'm the virgin.

She takes off. He sprints after her.

CRASH  
 (sings badly)  
 Like a vir-gin! Lah, lah, lah!

Izzy SCREAMS like a kid and runs for the woods. Crash hot on her heels, trips on a branch, falls on his face.

She peeks out from behind a tree, pulls the trigger, it jams, she fiddles with it, steps out, scans the horizon.

IZZY  
 Wait! Time out! Crash?

CRASH (O.S.)  
 HuuuYah!

Crash pops up from behind a rock. POW! A yellow blob hits her shoulder, she shrieks.

CRASH (CONT'D)  
 El toro wait for nobody!

She whirls around, chases him.

IZZY  
*Corragio, bully-monster, corragio!*

He ducks, glances over his shoulder and runs for cover.

CRASH  
 Since when a virgin chase el toro?

Izzy aims, fires. BLAM! Misses.

He dashes for the nearest rock, waits, peeks his head out.

WHAM! She shoots him in the chest, he falls with a THUD.

Izzy dances a bad Flamenco, HUMS a triumphant bullfight tune.

Crash gets up, brushes himself off, shakes his head.

CRASH (CONT'D)  
 What is that? Did you learn nothing  
 I teach you about... *the dance?*

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - DAY

Izzy creeps in quietly, sees the twine has been cut from the paint box. She rebinds and double wraps it with tape.

She unpacks a box of her own art supplies, sets them up on her table and places a fresh white canvas on her easel.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - NIGHT

SUPER: **SOMBER CLASSICAL PERIOD**

The paint box RATTLES and shakes violently. Izzy binds it to the table, returns to her easel. The table WOBBLES noisily.

Picasso's voice sounds from inside the box.

PICASSO (O.S.)  
Where's my pencil? Open up, puta!  
You are nothing without me!

She ignores him, paints a small night scene in purple hues.

IZZY  
I don't need you.

Izzy picks up a painting of a lavender landscape, a seascape canvas in blue and violet, and props them against a wall. She stands back viewing them, lets out a deep frustrated GROAN.

Her phone RINGS. It displays *Gina*. She tosses her brush in a jar of turps, staring at the name until...

The room begins to TREMBLE, she loses her balance, scrambles frantically under the table for safety. Jars, brushes and paints TOPPLE... a small round table CRASHES and rolls across the floor. The world tumbles down around her.

She buries her face in her hands and weeps.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Izzy puts on a pot of coffee. Switches on her phone.

INSERT: Screen shows *Missed Calls* from *Crash* and *Gina* and *5 Messages from Gina*.

Crash KNOCKS at the door, she opens it, he enters dressed like a colorful French pastry, does not trip this time.

CRASH  
You no tweet you no text.

He inhales her steaming coffee, wafting it to his nostrils.

IZZY  
You feel an earthquake last night?

Crash shakes his head and shrugs.

CRASH

Hey, you wanna watch *Finding Dory*,  
or you too busy finding Izzy?

Izzy pours another cup of coffee, passes it to him.

CRASH (CONT'D)

Izzy? What gives with the gloom?

IZZY

Come on, cupcake, I'll show you.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - SAME

Crash peruses her somber paintings with pained expression.

Izzy frowns, waits impatiently for a response.

IZZY

The truth, Crash. I got a loaded  
paint gun, and I'm not afraid to  
use it.

Crash takes a closer look at her dark haunting seascape.

CRASH

It's... they're...

Izzy gets antsy, hands on hips, glares and crosses her arms.

He takes a long, slow... stalling drink of coffee. Hesitates.

CRASH (CONT'D)

You sad, chica? Crash feel sad.

IZZY

Damn it, Crash! Sad? I'm spiraling  
into a bottomless pit...

(groans)

I miss her so much it hurts.

CRASH

(sympathetically)

Love... she a bitch.

He sets down the cup, rubs his hands together, paces.

CRASH (CONT'D)

We gonna brainstorm here. You gotta  
paint from Izzy. Tell your story.  
Mix it up, chica. Comprende?



IZZY  
I *comprendo* you're talking loco.

PICASSO (O.S.)  
Laahh-peeazz...

He backs away startled seeing the box tethered to the table.

CRASH  
That shit right there... *muy* loco.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - NIGHT

SUPER: **SURREAL PERIOD**

Izzy paints surreal images juxtaposed on a large canvas.

-- Professor Dudley and art students in haunting landscapes.

-- Winged animals... her dog, Matisse floats over the ocean.

-- Flowers blooming from Gina's mouth.

Izzy throws her paint-laden brush at the canvas in disgust.

IZZY  
This is bullshit.

The phone RINGS. She ignores it, changes her mind, answers.

ON THE PHONE

IZZY (CONT'D)  
Salvador Dalí studio, Sal speaking.

GINA (V.O.)  
Thank god, Izzy. I've been frantic.

Izzy is silent.

GINA (V.O.)  
I needed to hear your voice.

IZZY  
I've been doing some new work. It's crap, but what do I know? Why not come and judge for yourself?

PICASSO (O.S.)  
Lah-peeazz...

GINA  
Izzy, darling? What was that?

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - LATER

Gina sees the paint box tied to the table, looks concerned.

GINA

You know he will eventually find a way to escape and --

IZZY

And take over my body? Isn't that what you two planned all along?

GINA

What? How did you --?

IZZY

I overheard you the night before you left. How could you, Gina? I trusted you.

Gina moves toward her, lowers her head. Izzy backs away.

GINA

Izzy, I never meant for this --

IZZY

I dreamed of becoming the female Picasso! And you, Gina, my sexy, charismatic patron of the arts pull the ultimate betrayal.

(scoffs)

I was a gullible fool.

GINA

Forgive me, Izzy. I was desperate. I lost my mind when Pablo died.

IZZY

I know. You've waited your whole life for the right artist... yadah, yadah, yadah.

GINA

Pablo tossed me aside, and you... You have torn my heart in two.

IZZY

(scoffs)

And you didn't rip out mine?

Gina is crushed, she backs down in defeat.

GINA

I'll stay out of your life, if  
that's what you want.

Izzy is silent. Gina starts to go, hesitates, the Surreal  
paintings catch her eye, her gaze settles on one.

GINA (CONT'D)

Wait, what's this, darling? Did  
you...? Are these...?

IZZY

Behold the new Izzy.

Gina looks puzzled, notices different palette and brushes.

GINA

Those aren't Pablo's.

PICASSO (O.S.)

Gina? Is that you?

Izzy gives Gina a pained disappointed look.

Gina glances at the paint box.

GINA

So, you did these without...?

IZZY

Is that so hard to believe? You  
must have a very low opinion of me.

GINA

You know that's not so. These are  
powerful, evocative. Amazing, Izzy.

IZZY

You're so full of it. What makes  
you think that crap's still going  
to work on me?

Gina continues in sincere heartfelt tone.

GINA

I am dead serious, darling.

IZZY

Stop patronizing me. I'm through  
playing this game. It has spiraled  
way out of control.

Gina moves along the row of paintings from left to right.

GINA

You've evolved from somber  
classical realism, organically  
metamorphosing into a kind of...  
(searching)  
Neo-Surrealism. And this without --

IZZY

The master? That's right. Your  
precious Pablo had nothing to do  
with it. At least, not this time.  
MY brushes, MY paints, MY talent.

Izzy views the paintings with disdain.

IZZY (CONT'D)

The truth is I hate them, and when  
I look at them, I despise myself  
and the person I've become.

Izzy starts to crumble.

PICASSO (O.S.)

Bitch. Stole. My. Pencil!

They gaze at the paint box, exchange glances.

IZZY

God, my whole life is like one big  
surreal movie.

Izzy grabs a large brush, dips it in black, and starts to  
paint over the painting on her easel. Gina stops her hand.

GINA

Wait. I've just realized --

She looks at Gina curiously, lowers her brush.

GINA (CONT'D)

You've come alive without him. You  
must continue... Expand, Izzy! Go  
bigger than life, monumental!

Izzy drops her brush, walks away in disgust.

GINA (CONT'D)

Think *Guernica!* The Sistine Chapel!  
Paint your masterpiece, Izzy!

IZZY

I don't have it in me. Picasso was  
right, I'm nothing without him.

GINA

No. You're wrong. He's nothing  
without you. Now you're free, you  
can do anything.

Gina moves towards her, slowly. Izzy sidesteps away.

GINA (CONT'D)

I believe in you. Always.

IZZY

That makes one of us.

GINA

Darling.

She steps closer. Izzy turns pale as fresh canvas.

GINA (CONT'D)

It's just that, my darling Izzy. I  
never counted on... falling in love  
with you.

Gina holds her, sits her on the sofa, Izzy goes limp, her  
head falls on Gina's shoulder, eyes expressionless.

GINA (CONT'D)

It's going to be okay, Izzy. I  
promised I'd never leave you.

Izzy curls up like a child in her arms, closes her eyes.  
Tears roll down her face.

GINA (CONT'D)

You're exhausted, Izzy. Rest.

IZZY

I need you.

GINA

I'm here, my darling.

Gina stares at the paint box. It RATTLES and squirms.

GINA (CONT'D)

We will get through this together.

Desperate muffled WEEPING sounds from inside the box.

Matisse trembles and jumps into Izzy's lap.

EXT. IZZY'S PLACE - DAY

**SUPER: EXPRESSIVE PERIOD**

Crash throws lumber off-cuts and debris into a dumpster. Izzy tosses in two full garbage bags and brushes herself off.

IZZY

I haven't had this much fun --

They giggle and skip inside arm-in-arm.

INT. BEDROOM/STUDIO - DAY

CRASH

In forever?

The furniture is draped with plastic. Izzy and Crash wear bandanas and dust masks, wield sledgehammers in remodel mode.

CRASH (CONT'D)

Uno... Dos...

They SMASH down the wall between the bedroom and studio.

Gina brings in beer and chips, marvels at the expanded space.

GINA

A real studio for a true artist!

She COUGHS and waves away the rising dust.

IZZY

I told you to wear your mask.

GINA

I can't breathe in that thing.

Izzy wipes the sweat and grit from her forehead.

Crash gives it one more WHACK, and the last pieces crumble and CRASH to the floor. Izzy and Gina APPLAUD. Crash bows.

CRASH

Gracias, amigas! She a shitty job,  
but somebody gotta do her.

They sit on the sofa, POP open the beers. Gina looks puzzled as she spots a pile of cinder blocks by the closet.

CRASH (CONT'D)

Oh, Izzy no tell you?

IZZY

We're going to wall him up forever.  
I figure if I can't destroy him,  
I'll slap his ass into lock-up.

GINA

I warn you, Izzy. He WILL become  
much more powerful.

IZZY

Then Isabela Anna Moreau will have  
to become even more powerful. The  
Maestro can't handle MY fire.

INT. IZZY'S NEW STUDIO - DAY

Crash lies on Izzy's bed overlooking the expanded studio, now  
furnished with large easels and gigantic canvases.

CRASH

Gina no here?

IZZY

She had some kind of boring meeting  
at the gallery. Said she'd be late.

Izzy tries to hide her concern.

CRASH

Gotta bounce. Hot date with Ax in  
Ashland to see my main man.

He gets up, kisses her on both cheeks.

IZZY

My regards to the Bard... *Good  
night, sweet prince!*

CRASH

*And flights of angels sing thee to  
thy rest!*

He blows a kiss, bows with Shakespearean flourish then cocks  
his head towards the closet.

CRASH (CONT'D)

Escuchame, mi amor! Forget the  
prick behind the curtain. You paint  
for Izzy!

EXT. ELIZABETHAN THEATER - DAY

SUPER: ELIZABETHAN THEATER, ASHLAND, OREGON

INT. THEATER - SAME

Crash and Ax sit in the audience watching *Hamlet*. Crash moves his lips to Polonius' lines, gesturing dramatically.

POLONIUS (O.S.)  
*To thine own self be true.*

AX  
*And it must follow... Thou canst  
not then be false to any man.*

INT. IZZY'S NEW STUDIO - DAY

Izzy spreads the last glob of cement over the wall, exhales. A faint KNOCKING from the closet. Cell RINGS, she picks up.

IZZY  
Studio Moreau.  
(listens)  
What? Yes! I'm on my way.

She dashes off in a panic. RATTLING sounds and Picasso's mournful CRIES follow her, echoing louder and louder.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAWN

Sign at entrance shows: UCLA HEALTH CENTER, MAR VISTA

INT. HOSPITAL - SAME

Gina hooked up to various tubes and BEEPING monitors, lies unconscious in a hospital bed.

Izzy asleep in a chair next to the bed holds Gina's hand. The sun breaks through the window waking Izzy.

A young female DOCTOR, 30s, enters, speaking quietly.

DOCTOR  
I hope her affairs are in order.

She looks at Izzy sympathetically.



IZZY  
 (whispers)  
 How long?

The doctor shakes her head.

DOCTOR  
 She's been smoking those cigarillos  
 all her life. I'm surprised she's  
 held out this long.

Gina opens her eyes.

GINA  
 No more surprised than I.

Izzy breaks into tears.

IZZY  
 Why didn't you tell me?

GINA  
 Listen to me, Izzy. There's  
 something I must tell you before...  
 I don't have much time...

Gina COUGHS uncontrollably. After a moment, sits to recover.

IZZY  
 Gina, please, save your energy.

The doctor glares at Gina.

DOCTOR  
 Five minutes, not a second more.

EXT. PICASSO'S FATHER'S STUDIO - DAY

SUPER: STUDIO OF JOSE' RUIZ Y BLASCO, MALAGA, SPAIN - 1893

PICASSO, 12, sneaks out of his father's painting studio.

GINA (V.O.)  
 Pablo has always been insecure.

He stashes a red pencil inside his pocket and slinks away.

PICASSO  
 (sing-song)  
 Lapiz, lapiz, LAH-pee!

GINA (V.O.)

As a boy, he would sneak into his father's studio and steal a brush or a pencil and take it to school.

Young Pablo glances over his shoulder nervously then scurries away down the street.

INT. PICASSO'S SECRET STUDIO - NIGHT

GINA 16, breaks the window on the door with gloved hand.

SUPER: PICASSO'S SECRET STUDIO, NICE - APRIL 8, 1973,

GINA (V.O.)

Stealing it was his way of making sure he would see his father again. I think he believed his father's talent would magically rub off.

IZZY (V.O.)

So, if he didn't give you the box --

She slips inside wearing a hooded cloak.

GINA (V.O.)

I had heard about his crazy paranoid superstition.

Gina grinds his hair, nails and cigar with mortar and pestle.

GINA (V.O.)

He only allowed one person, his wife to cut his hair and nails and she had to hide them away.

She rolls a smoke with the ground mixture and lights it.

GINA (V.O.)

He was afraid people would perform black magic to control him. And on that day, it's exactly what I did.

Young Gina INHALES. EXHALES. The smoke morphs into the misty apparition of PICASSO.

IZZY (V.O.)

What?

GINA (V.O.)

I only ever asked him for one thing. To paint my portrait as he did for his other wives and lovers.

She opens the paint box, INHALES Picasso's misty form.

IZZY (V.O.)  
And he never did... son of a bitch.

Gina EXHALES into the box, shuts the lid, latches it.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

SUPER: UCLA HEALTH CENTER - PRESENT DAY

Gina lies in bed looking very pale. Izzy sits beside her.

GINA  
I had been secretly snipping his hair and nails while he slept. That night, I performed an old Italian spell I learned from my Sicilian great grandmother.

IZZY  
What are you saying?

GINA  
I trapped his spirit inside the paint box and stole it away. Pablo would be mine forever.

Izzy takes her hand.

GINA (CONT'D)  
But listen to me carefully, Izzy, when Pablo breaks out...

IZZY  
What do you mean *when*?

Gina COUGHS. Izzy hands her a tissue, holds a glass of water with a straw to her lips. She takes a sip and pushes it away.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
He's behind a solid wall of cinder blocks and three layers of cement, Gina. Pablo is never getting out.

She SPITS blood into the tissue, her breathing labored.

GINA  
Look, magic. I paint roses.

Izzy hides her distress, lies next to her, enfolds her in her arms. Gina tries to speak. Izzy puts a finger to her lips.

EXT. ENGLISH TEA ROOM - ASHLAND, OREGON - DAY

SUPER: ENGLISH TEA ROOM, ASHLAND, OREGON

Crash sits across from Ax on the patio of a quaint tea shop, looks off into the distance, preoccupied.

AX

What ails thee, gentle sire?

CRASH

Izzy in trouble. We gotta go back.

AX

Izzy's a grown woman. You must allow her the freedom to discover the way of the world on her own. What's more, my dear man, you are not your sister's keeper.

CRASH

What if she possessed?

AX

*Methinks the lady doth protest too much.*

A hot young Waiter delivers tea and scones to their table and smiles at Crash. Ax checks out his ass as he walks away. Crash starts to pour tea, Ax stops his hand, he lets go.

AX (CONT'D)

Unhand that teapot! Every self respecting young wench knows... cream and sugar first.

Ax pours cream in both cups, pops in some sugar cubes, stirs.

Crash reaches for the teapot.

AX (CONT'D)

Careful, fine porcelain, my man.

Crash fumbles nervously, nearly dropping the lid, pours the tea carefully without spilling a drop, and grins proudly.

They sip tea. Ax gets a playful look on his face.

AX (CONT'D)

All right, now close your eyes.

CRASH

What? Crash no like surprises.

Crash reluctantly closes his eyes, cheating a little.

Ax unwraps an antique quill pen, handmade book and inkwell, and arranges them neatly on the table.

AX

You may open those bedroom eyes.

Ax looks on expectantly, as Crash peeks and eyes widen.

CRASH

Ay-yay-ay!

AX

I thought it would inspire you to start writing again. The dear old crone at the antiquarian told me a bizarre legend about Shakespeare.

Crash writes in the air with the quill pen, half listening.

AX (CONT'D)

She said this antique quill and inkwell have been passed down to a long line of famous writers dating back four hundred years... to the Bard himself!

(chuckles)

Can you believe it?

CRASH

I no think so. She pull your foot.

AX

Apparently, every one hundred years, old Will shows up to inspire the writer who possesses them.

CRASH

What?

Ax raises one finger, whips out a document and holds it up.

AX

Here's the provenance... you know, the certificate of authenticity.

CRASH

I know what provenance is.

AX

It's the genuine article, Crash.

Crash shakes his head, drops the quill, looking spooked. He slides the quill, book and inkwell across the table to Ax.

CRASH

Hell no. Take them back. Now!

Crash stands up in horror, forms a cross with his index fingers over the quill, book and inkwell to ward off evil.

CRASH (CONT'D)

I no want no part of this.

He spits on the ground and walks away.

EXT. IZZY'S NEW STUDIO - DAY

SUPER: **GUERNICA - ALL OUT WAR**

Bedside table resembles a pharmacy. Izzy sits on Gina's bed.

IZZY

Tomorrow is my birthday.

Ghostly pale Gina strokes Izzy's cheek with her thin hand.

GINA

Pablo's death day. My darling,  
there is only one way to defeat him  
now. Paint your *Guernica* before  
midnight or all will be lost.

Izzy ignores loud THUMPING, strides confidently to her easel.

IZZY

You want war, señor? Bring it on.

Gina watches as Izzy begins a gigantic energetic painting.

-- Izzy splashes red and grey on black.

-- She smears black on red with her bare hands.

-- Slashes red and white paint across the canvas.

Picasso's blood-curdling SCREAM fuels her creative frenzy.

INT. IZZY'S NEW STUDIO - NIGHT

Gina lies in bed barely able to open her eyes.

PICASSO (O.S.)

Give. Me. My. LAAHH-PEEEZZ!

Izzy loads a paint gun, shoots red paint balls at the canvas.

Picasso ROARS louder and louder from behind the wall.

She shoots a red paint ball towards his voice. It SPLATS against the closet wall, dribbling down like blood.

IZZY

Enough! You will NOT have me.

RATTLING and BANGING sounds from inside the closet. Paint peels off the wall, plaster CRACKS, chips and falls.

INT. CLOSET - SAME

The paint box EXPLODES blasting a hole in the cinder block wall. Pieces of paint box, brushes, tubes of paint shoot out.

INT. IZZY'S NEW STUDIO - SAME

Picasso flies out THUNDERING like a raging bull around the studio knocking things over with renewed strength.

PICASSO

Bitches. You have no idea --

In shock, Izzy drops the paint gun on the table, backs up toward the bed, shielding Gina. They glance at the clock.

INSERT: Clock shows three minutes to midnight.

IZZY

I've changed my mind.

He glances at Izzy then at Gina.

PICASSO

(to Gina)

Lovesick fools! You deserve everything you get!

GINA

You know all I ever wanted was...

Gina COUGHS uncontrollably.

IZZY

Gina, don't lower yourself.

He kicks aside the splintered paint box, heads for Izzy.

PICASSO

Ha! You'll never trap me again. I'm  
master of my own destiny.

He SNAPS a brush in half, glares fiercely at Izzy.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

And master of *yours*! I WILL have  
you, pajarito! Body and soul.

GINA

Stop, Pablo!  
(wheezing)  
Leave her alone.

He flies around Izzy twirling her in a dizzying whirlwind.

IZZY

Nooo! I don't want to be you! I  
just want to be... Izzz-eeeeee!

He laughs like a crazed demon.

PICASSO

Hah! You're nothing without me.

Izzy falls back on the bed, drained and disoriented.

Gina takes her in her arms. They huddle helplessly together.

GINA

Monster.

Hardly able to catch her breath, Gina glares at him.

PICASSO

Poor defenseless creatures. Nothing  
can save you now.

Izzy spots his precious red pencil on the floor.

Gina nods to Izzy.

INSERT: Clock shows two minutes to midnight.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

Prepare for oblivion!

Picasso releases a wild storm. Paint brushes, palette, table  
and lamp WHOOSH through the room in a spiraling vortex.

Izzy and Gina hold on to each other, summon all of their  
strength against the wind, making a dash toward the door.



Izzy opens it, pushes Gina to safety, SLAMS and locks it.

PICASSO (CONT'D)  
 How sweet. The loving protectress.  
 (smirks)  
 I have to admit, wearing a female  
 body could be quite fun, but it may  
 take some getting used to.

Izzy hurls his pencil like a dart, it sticks in his neck.

IZZY  
 Take your precious lapiz!

He rushes towards her and merges with her body, shakes himself, shivers with disgust, as Izzy wriggles to get free.

PICASSO  
 My balls are melting.

IZZY  
 Get off me!

Wind whirls around them. He leaps out of her body, brushes himself off, checks his parts, breathes a sigh of relief.

PICASSO  
 That was utterly disgusting.

Horrified, Izzy lies on the floor gazing up at him.

IZZY  
 You don't know the half of it.

He watches her crawl across the floor, struggling against the storm, shielding her eyes, edging away from him inch by inch.

PICASSO  
 Why don't you fly away, little  
 bird? Someone clip your wings?

Picasso springs toward her, but she slides under the table just in time to evade him. His voice turns demonic.

PICASSO (CONT'D)  
 Surrender, you bag of female fluff!

She reaches blindly up on the table, feels for her paint gun.

PICASSO (CONT'D)  
 Losing my cajones is going to take  
 some balls! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Enjoying his new power, Picasso lunges at her.

Izzy quickly grasps the paint gun, rolls out of his way, and fires off a paint ball. SPLAT!

Picasso dives sideways, but the blob of red paint hits his chest. He tries desperately to brush it off, but it sticks.

As the storm rages on, his anger escalates.

His feet turn into hooves, back to feet, hooves, feet again.

Minotaur horns sprout, he butts and BELLOWS like a bull.

The gun slips from Izzy's hand as she's blown backwards across the floor and smashes with a THUD against the wall.

His horns melt, he pounces on top of her, sucks the air out.

Repeated loud BANGING, a sledge hammer BASHES through the door, splintering it to pieces. Crash leaps through, drops the hammer, helping Gina inside.

Picasso taken by surprise, looks up at Crash's muscular form.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

There's a body I could live with.  
Not an artist by chance?

INSERT: Clock shows one minute to midnight.

IZZY

Gina! The paint gun!

Gina's eyes dart around the studio, she sees the gun on the floor behind Picasso. She HEAVES a deep breath.

Crash supports Gina as they struggle toward it against the raging whirlwind. Gina takes hold, passes it to Izzy.

GINA

Do it now!

Izzy raises the gun, shoots Picasso right between the eyes.

CRASH

Hasta la vista, Pablo.

Picasso's form EXPLODES onto her *Guernica* in a splatter of color, sucking him in like a black hole... Imprinting the image of Picasso's contorted face on the canvas.

Everyone freezes in breathless anticipation. An eery quiet descends, except for the sound of --

THE CLOCK CLICKING OVER TO MIDNIGHT.

All is still. They exchange glances, no one dares break the silence as their gaze turns towards the painting...

Picasso's image plastered to the canvas, his face fixed in a permanent silent scream, eyes on fire with eternal rage.

Izzy runs to Gina, takes her in her arms.

GINA

You've done it, darling. You have captured the Spirit of Picasso.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Like a swirling living painting, bodies swim in a cobalt blue sea, frolic on yellow sands, sit under colorful umbrellas.

Crash in a sexy speedo waves his hand in the air, as he fumbles to open a stubborn rainbow striped umbrella.

CRASH

Ola, chiquitas!

A Gay Couple walk by checking out Crash's buff body. Crash twirls around in a three-sixty proudly flexing his muscles.

CRASH (CONT'D)

What? You never seen a gorgeous body like this before?

Izzy in a soft yellow sundress, walks slowly arm in arm with the now fragile Gina in flowing white silk. They spot Crash.

GINA

How was Shakespeare, Crash?

Izzy helps Gina sit in a beach chair underneath the umbrella.

CRASH

No mention his name. He dead to me.

Crash lays a blanket on the sand.

Izzy kisses Gina, tries to hide her tears as she unpacks a picnic basket and passes food to Crash.

IZZY

Who's hungry?

Matisse chases some birds, scampers back to Gina and lays at her feet, ever watchful for the threat of intruders.

INT. LACMA ART MUSEUM - DAY

Izzy pushes Gina in a wheelchair stopping in front of a Picasso portrait of a woman.

GINA  
Pablo never kept his promise.

IZZY  
What?

GINA  
My portrait should be hanging here.

INT. IZZY'S NEW STUDIO - DAY

A glass of water and medications crowd the bedside table. Gina's complexion white as death, dark circles under closed eyes. Beads of sweat pearl up on her forehead.

Izzy fluffs up her pillow, swabs her forehead with a wet cloth. She places ear buds in her ears, selects tunes on her iPod, and kisses her. Gina's mouth curls into a faint smile.

Izzy goes to her easel and prepares a colorful palette, squeezing colors of the rainbow out of her tubes of paint. She brushes yellow and orange energetically onto her canvas.

A sudden twinkle of inspiration springs up in her eyes.

INT. IZZY'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Gina lies in bed reading, lays down her book and glances up at Izzy, surprised to see the easel facing away from her.

Izzy goes to her bedside. Gina takes her hand.

GINA  
I will miss these magical hands.

IZZY  
Teatime? You really should try to eat something. Maybe some broth?

GINA  
I don't think I could keep it down.

Gina looks at Izzy's easel, scrunches her face in a pout.

GINA (CONT'D)  
Why have you turned away your easel? Don't tell me he's back?

Izzy grins, goes to her easel, turns it slowly toward Gina, revealing a canvas covered with a cloth.

GINA (CONT'D)  
Stop teasing.

Izzy unveils a vibrant luminous portrait of Gina.

Gina's eyes light up with joy.

GINA (CONT'D)  
At last, my love...

Gina's radiant face morphs into her portrait.

INT. FUNERAL CHAPEL - DAY

The portrait of Gina and vases of roses surround her casket.

Her body in white silk dress lies peacefully on a bed of white rose petals. Izzy lays a red rose across Gina's breast, rearranges a strand of hair, and kisses her forehead.

IZZY  
Amore mio.

INT. WILSHIRE GALLERY - DAY

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

Izzy at Gina's desk surrounded by her own colorful paintings.

Ax writes a twenty thousand dollar check, hands it to Izzy.

IZZY  
(smiles)  
I'm sure the two of you will be very happy together.

AX  
How you captured the essence of Picasso without imitating Picasso I will never know. He will occupy a prominent place in my collection.  
(sighs)  
I'm highly jealous, my dear. I'd settle for half your talent.

IZZY  
Why, Ax, I didn't realize you were an aspiring painter.

Izzy's portrait of Picasso hangs on the wall behind her.

IZZY (CONT'D)

I'll have it delivered first thing.

Izzy slips the check into her bag, and places a red dot sold sticker above the title card on Picasso's portrait.

INSERT: Title reads, "HASTA LA VISTA, PABLO!"

EXT. WILSHIRE GALLERY - LATER

Izzy locks the door, strolls along the sidewalk, and buys a newspaper off a street vendor. Sits on a bench and opens it to the ARTS section. She smiles and reads the heading.

IZZY

*Isabela Anna Moreau, the New  
Picasso, takes the Twenty-First  
Century Art World by Storm!*

She folds the paper, tosses it in a trash bin and walks away.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Clever boy, Ax.

(grins)

Pablo's portrait just appreciated  
in value at least twenty grand.

EXT. AX'S STUDIO, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Aerial view of art studio behind an opulent Spanish villa.

INT. AX'S STUDIO - SAME

Lavishly appointed art studio with the artwork of a dilettante juxtaposed with paintings by famous artists.

Ax lights up a Cuban. Stares intensely at Picasso's portrait hanging between paintings by other contemporary artists.

AX

Ah, I died and went to heaven.

(exhales smoke)

I feel genius welling up inside.

You are mine, Señor. Let the  
inspiration begin!

Picasso's eyes flutter, shoot a crazed glare straight at Ax.

Ax does a double take, blinks, rubs his eyes, looks again.

AX (CONT'D)  
Extraordinary.

He takes down the portrait, examines it front and back, finds nothing unusual, and hangs it back on the wall.

His gaze fixed unblinkingly on the portrait, he strokes his sleeping dog, a dead ringer for Picasso's Dachshund, "Lump".

AX (CONT'D)  
Did you see that, Lump?

Ax shrugs, stubs out his cigar.

Crash enters wrapped in an orange sheet, flings a corner over his shoulder, reclines on a sofa striking a sexy pose.

CRASH  
Crash ready for his close up.

Ax grins, goes to his easel, takes a long serious look at Picasso's face, bows. He dips a brush into a pot of orange paint with a flourish, glances up at Crash then at Picasso. Picasso's eyes watch him. Ax shudders, tries to shake it off.

Crash's face looks with horror at the portrait.

CRASH (CONT'D)  
Oh, no, you bought *Izzy's* Picasso?

Ax sloshes paint on the canvas. Grabs a pot of blue, stirs it sloppily with orange brush, looks at the muddy mess. Glances at Picasso, steps left then right. The eyes follow him.

AX  
Señor Picasso?

CRASH  
Ax? I got a bad feeling about this.

Ax waves him off, turns to his easel, washes dirty brownish orange across the canvas. It dribbles down in muddy rivulets.

PICASSO (O.S.)  
Only put off until tomorrow what  
you are willing to die having left  
undone.

A tortured plaintive howl sounds from the portrait. Ax's hand trembles, he drops the brush, steps back in terror. Pablo pushes his hand through the canvas grasping at Ax.

PICASSO (CONT'D)  
LAAAHH-peeeyzzz!!!