

DAWN

(Gets her pen and pad ready.)

Take me through a day in the life of Salvador Dalí.

YOUNG DALÍ

(Quoting himself. He slowly makes a spiral around her, then when he reaches her, he spiral back out walking backwards.)

"Every morning when I awake, the greatest of joys is mine: that of being Salvador Dalí." I draw my bread for an hour every morning, while it is still as firm as Priapus. I eat cold codfish and hot porridge. Then I sit and paint like an animal. I make love to my wife and a prostitute until morning. Then I sleep.

DAWN

It's said that you have never actually made love to your wife.

YOUNG DALÍ

...by whom?

DAWN

Her, your wife...reportedly.

YOUNG DALÍ

Next question!

DAWN

Allegedly.

YOUNG DALÍ

Next. Question.

(The music changes to a quick jazz piece, preferably by Charlie Parker or Dizzy Gillespie.)

DAWN

Ahem. Why do you wear a mustache?

YOUNG DALÍ

In order to pass unobserved.

DAWN

I don't follow you. What do you mean?

YOUNG DALÍ

(Twists his mustache and bends the ends upward. Begins dancing a sort of Charleston/box step sort of thing. They speak in the rhythm of the dancing.)

Like two erect sentries, my mustache defends the entrance to my real self.

DAWN

Are two sentries enough?

YOUNG DALÍ

(Flips them back down.)

Let's not split hairs.

Why do you paint?
 DAWN

Because I love cash.
 YOUNG DALÍ

What is ugliness?
 DAWN

Disorder.
 YOUNG DALÍ

Beauty?
 DAWN

Harmony.
 YOUNG DALÍ

What is Surrealism?
 DAWN

Surrealism is myself.
 YOUNG DALÍ

Are you always so sure of yourself?
 DAWN

Well, I have a few minor inner-conflicts.
 YOUNG DALÍ

Confidentially, aren't you nothing more than an extroverted exhibitionist?
 DAWN

No no no. I'm an ingrown introvert.
 YOUNG DALÍ

Mr. Dalí, what would you say is the secret to your success?
 DAWN

Providing the right honey for the right fly at the right time and place.
 YOUNG DALÍ

And what about children? Does the famous ingrown introvert have any family plans?
 DAWN

(Sudden, sober pause. The music stops. The heart monitor wail grows louder. We can still hear the waves.)

Next question.
 YOUNG DALÍ

Yes, well. What do you see when you look at the *Mona Lisa*?
 DAWN

YOUNG DALÍ

Cash.

DAWN

Ahem. Senor Dalí, after all has been said and done, what inspires you?

YOUNG DALÍ

Shit.

DAWN

I don't understand.

YOUNG DALÍ

Shit inspires me. And money. You do too! You admire and inspire. You admire me, you admire me, you love me. You inspire me.