Sex, Lies, & Videotape

CYNTHIA (voice over) So where's he from?

19 INT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Ann stands watching Cynthia get dressed for work.

ANN I don't know. He went to school here, then he was in New York for awhile, then Philadelphia, and then just kind of travelling around.

CYNTHIA Must be nice. So, what's he like, is he like John?

ANN No, not at all. Actually, I don't think John likes him much anymore. He said he thought Graham had gotten strange.

A pause.

CYNTHIA Is he? Strange, I mean?

ANN

Not really. Maybe if I just saw him on the street I'd have said that, but after talking to him...he's just kind of...I don't know, unusual.

CYNTHIA Uh-huh. So what's he look like?

ANN Why? CYNTHIA I just want to know what he looks like, is all.

ANN Why, so you can go after him?

CYNTHIA Jesus, Ann, get a life. I just asked what he looked like.

Ann says nothing.

CYNTHIA Besides, even if I decided to fuck his brains out, what business is that of yours?

ANN Do you have to say that?

CYNTHIA What?

ANN You know what. You say it just to irritate me.

CYNTHIA I say it because it's descriptive.

ANN Well, he doesn't strike me as the kind of person that would go in for that sort of thing, anyway.

CYNTHIA Ann, you always underestimate me.

ANN Well, I wonder why.

CYNTHIA

I think you're afraid to put the two of us in the same room together. I think you're afraid he'll be undeniably drawn to me.

ANN

Oh, for God's sake. Really, Cynthia, really, I don't think he's your type.

CYNTHIA "My type"? What is this bullshit? How would you know what "my type" is?

ANN I have a pretty good idea.

CYNTHIA Ann, you don't have a clue. Look, I don't even know why we're discussing this, I'll just call him myself.

ANN He doesn't have a phone.

CYNTHIA Well, I'll call him when he does.

ANN But he won't.

CYNTHIA What are you talking about?

ANN He's not getting a phone, he doesn't like talking on the phone.

CYNTHIA Oh, please. Okay,' so give me the Zen master's address, I'll think of a reason to stop by. ANN Let me talk to him first.

CYNTHIA Why? Just give me the address, you won't even have to be involved.

ANN I don't feel right just giving you the address so that you can go over there and...

CYNTHIA And what?

ANN And...do whatever it is you do.

Cynthia laughs loudly. Ann, not happy, watches her dig through the jewelry box.

ANN Lose something?

CYNTHIA That goddam diamond stud earring that cost me a fucking fortune.

ANN Are you getting Mom something for her birthday?

CYNTHIA I don't know, I'll get her a card or something.

ANN A card? For her fiftieth birthday?

CYNTHIA What's wrong with that?

ANN

Don't you think she deserves a little more than a card? I mean, the woman gave birth to you. It s her fiftieth birthday--

CYNTHIA Will you stop? Jesus.

ANN I just thought it might--

CYNTHIA Okay, Ann, okay. How about this: you buy her something nice, and I'll pay for half. All right?

ANN Fine.

CYNTHIA Good. Now, if you'll pardon me, I have to go to work.