

# AMERICA'S SWEETHEART

LEE: Good morning.

KIKI: Morning.

LEE: So here's the buffet. What's going on?

KIKI: Nothing I'm great. Just great. (The Waitress walks up to the table, drops off a cup of coffee) Oh Ma'am, can I get some more butter?

LEE: Word of advice. When you hit Formica, stop.

KIKI: You know the expression "falling off the wagon"? This is what it looks like.

LEE: But you got twenty or thirty pounds of food to break your fall. What the hell happened?

KIKI: Bad morning. Preceded by thirty-three bad years.

LEE: Does this have something to do with Gwen?

KIKI: Of course not. I love my sister. I love everything about her. "Kiki? Kiki-kins? Who's smoking? I smell smoke. Is someone smoking within a six-mile radius of where I'm standing? Stop them, Kiki.

Stop them." (The Waitress walks past the table again and gives another patron a plate of food .) Oh, ma'am, the butter? What are they out of butter? How can you run out of butter?

LEE: I have one theory.

KIKI: You know what, I need an assistant. Cause if I had an assistant

she would be outside right now milking a cow!! ...and I would never ever run out of butter. "Oh, Kiki, my butter has touched another food. I need new butter." Anything you want honey. That's the way it goes Lee. Right, you know. Anything they want, right? She's got a green dress. Looks like crap on her. Brings out the circles under her eyes. She knows it. I know it. She gave it to me—it actually looks pretty nice on me. And then she said, "well" maybe she "wanted it back." She doesn't want it. She just doesn't want me to have it.

That's the truth.

LEE: So what is it? You're in love with Eddie?

KIKI: N--Wouldn't that be stupid.

LEE: Kiki, I have done every one of their movies. I've never seen him

look at her the way he's been lookin' at you. And if you're in love, you should just go for it. {Joking} The way you went for this breakfast. {Oh fuck} And not the way you went for this breakfast. You know....

KIKI: I think I'm gonna be sick—oohh—{KIKI flees}  
(Waitress walks up to LEE and pour him more coffee.)

LEE: I'm gonna take all of this to go—you know twenty or thirty bags and a forklift...  
(Waitress doesn't laugh—just stares at him, nods and walks away.)

LEE: No laugh, no tip.