

## CLOSER

*Music plays as a man sits before a professional female photographer. She snaps a photo of him.*

WOMAN: Good. I'm just gonna change the memory stick. Are you ok for time?

MAN: Mmmhmm. Do you mind if I smoke?

WOMAN: If you must.

MAN: I don't have to.

WOMAN: Then don't.

*He reassumes model position. She sets up camera.*

WOMAN: I liked your book.

MAN: Thanks.

WOMAN: When's it published?

MAN: Next year. How come you've read it?

WOMAN: Your publisher sent me a manuscript. I read it last night. You kept me up til 4.

MAN: I'm flattered.

WOMAN: Is your heroine based on someone you know?

MAN: Yeah, she's someone called Alice.

WOMAN: How does she feel about you stealing her life?

MAN: Borrowing her life. I'm dedicating the book to her. She's pleased.

*There is a moment of silence. She changes camera battery. He gets up to look around.*

MAN: Do you exhibit?

WOMAN: Sometimes. I have a thing next year.

*He observes her portraits.*

MAN: Portraits. Of who?

WOMAN: Strangers.

*He reassumes model position. She gets behind the camera.*

MAN: How do your strangers feel about you stealing their lives?

WOMAN: Borrowing.

MAN: Am I a stranger?

WOMAN: No, you're a job. And you're a sloucher. Sit up.

*He does as instructed.*

MAN: I thought it was accurate.

WOMAN: About what?

MAN: About sex, about love.

WOMAN: You wrote it...

MAN: You read it, til 4.

WOMAN: Don't raise your eyebrows, it makes you look smug.

*She moves in to readjust his tie a bit.*

MAN: But you did like it.

WOMAN: Yes, but I could go off it.

*She gets back behind the camera.*

WOMAN: Stand up.

MAN: Any criticisms?

WOMAN: I'm not sure about the title.

MAN: Got a better one?

WOMAN: The aquarium?

MAN: So you like the filth, you like aquariums.

WOMAN: Fish are therapeutic.

MAN: Hang out in aquariums much, do you?

WOMAN: When I can...

MAN: Good for picking up strangers...

WOMAN: Photographing strangers.

*There is a tense moment of silence.*

MAN: Come here.

*She walks toward him slowly. He meets her half way.*

MAN: You're beautiful.

WOMAN: I don't kiss strange men.

MAN: Neither do I.

*They share a quiet, passionate embrace.*

WOMAN: Do you and this Alice live together?

MAN: Yes.

*She moves away, turns off the music.*

MAN: Are you married?

WOMAN: Yes, no, yes.

MAN: Which?

WOMAN: Separated.

MAN: Do you have any children?

WOMAN: No.

MAN: Would you like some?

WOMAN: Yes, but not today. Would Alice like children?

MAN: She's too young. She works in a café. She's coming to meet me quite soon.

WOMAN: Why are you wasting her time?

MAN: You're judgmental.

WOMAN: You're devious.

MAN: I'm not wasting her time. She's completely lovable and completely unleaveable.

WOMAN: And you don't want somebody else getting their dirty hands on her. Men are crap.

MAN: But all the same...

WOMAN: They're still crap.

*There's a knock on the door.*

WOMAN: Your muse.

MAN: You've ruined my life.

WOMAN: You'll get over it.

*He moves toward the door.*

WOMAN: Dan, your shirt.

*He tucks it in and exits.*