

52 INT./EXT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Margot smokes by the open door. She drinks a glass of white wine. Pauline eats from a left-over Chinese container.

**MARGOT**

If it were someone else I'd understand it, I'd feel sympathy even. But since it's me, I just feel bad. And horribly critical. I haven't been able to tell Claude what's happening. And I have to. I'm going to.

(frustrated)

How can I be all these people? How can I be married to Jim. And fuck Dick. And want them both and then neither of them...

**PAULINE**

I know. We're at the age where we're becoming invisible to men and if a guy wants to fuck us, it's very tempting.

**MARGOT**

What are you saying?

**PAULINE**

I'm saying, if you get your sense of self from being fuckable and that starts to wane -- it's very hard. I almost had an affair too. But you know, you don't have to do it. You can, I don't know, get a manicure or something.

Margot grows furious. She turns to hide her face.

**PAULINE**

You know I tell people you're my  
closest friend. I really miss you.

**MARGOT**

(barely)

Me too.

**PAULINE**

But I can't help feeling that you  
really came to my wedding because I  
live a mile away from the guy  
you're fucking.

**MARGOT**

Come on, Pauline. You make it  
sound like I'm using you.

**PAULINE**

Yeah.

There is a long silence between them. Finally,  
Pauline indicates to Margot that she has something  
in her nostril.

**PAULINE**

You have a...

Margot clears her nose quickly with her finger.

**MARGOT**

Did I get it?

**PAULINE**

Yeah, I think so.

**MARGOT**

(suddenly)

Paul, what are you doing getting  
married to this guy? He's not good  
enough for you. He's so coarse,

he's like guys we rejected when we were sixteen. You know...don't make a mistake like this.

(pause)

I'm sorry, maybe I have no right to say that, but you know I'm truthful so... Would you rather I lie?

**PAULINE**

Who should I be with then?

A smashing sound. Margot steps outside: Two hooded figures turn over a recycling can, glass smashes on the ground. Garbage is strewn across the driveway.

**MARGOT (O.S.)**

Hey! Hey, you! You pick that up. I will call the police. This is our property. Pick that up.

Pauline remains seated at the table, stunned. Margot comes back inside.

**MARGOT**

Creeps.