Sex, Lies, & Videotape

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

19  INT. CYNDIA 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.

CYNDIA
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.

CYNDIA
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.

CYNDIA
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.

CYNTTHIA
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...

CYNTTHIA
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?

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

ANN
Are you getting Mom something for her birthday?

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

ANN
A card? For her fiftieth birthday?

CYNTTHIA
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--

CYNTILIA
Will you stop? Jesus.

ANN
I just thought it might--

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

ANN
Fine.

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