

# Closer Transcript

Ta da! The Closer transcript is here for all you Patrick Marber fans. Every piece of dialogue, all the quotes, the whole shebang. If you have any corrections, feel free to [drop me a line](#). You won't hurt my feelings. Honest.

Swing back to [Drew's Script-O-Rama](#) afterwords for more free scripts!

A man and a girl approach, walking...

Girl is hit by a bus. She regains consciousness.

PORTMAN: Hello, Stranger.

They're in the ER. He notices her going through his things.

PORTMAN: Sorry. Looking for a cigarette.

DAN: I've given up.

PORTMAN: Thank you.

PORTMAN: Gotta be somewhere?

DAN: Work.

PORTMAN: Mmm.

DAN: Do you fancy my sandwiches?

PORTMAN: Don't eat fish.

DAN: Why not?

PORTMAN: Fish piss in the sea.

DAN: So do children.

PORTMAN: Don't eat children either.

PORTMAN: What's your work?

DAN: I'm sort of a journalist.

PORTMAN: What sort?

DAN: I write obituaries.

She moves over, offering him a seat.

PORTMAN: Are we in for a long wait?

He looks at an elderly lady.

DAN: She was 21 when she came in.

She laughs.

DAN: Does it hurt?

PORTMAN: I'll live.

DAN: Do you want me to put your leg up?

PORTMAN: Yes, please.

He puts her leg up. It's somewhat bloody, but there's no major wound.

PORTMAN: Who cut off your crust?

DAN: Me.

PORTMAN: Did your mother cut off your crust when you were a little boy?

DAN: Yes, I believe she did.

PORTMAN: You should eat your crust.

DAN: You should stop smoking.

PORTMAN: How long was I out?

DAN: About 10 seconds.

PORTMAN: Then what?

DAN: You came to. You focused on me. You said, "Hello, stranger."

PORTMAN: What a floozy!

DAN: The cabby crossed himself. He said, "Thank fuck! I though I'd killed her."

She laughs.

DAN: I said, "Let's get her to a hospital." He hesitated! I think he thought there'd be paperwork, that he'd be held responsible. So

I said with a slight sneer, "Please, just drop us at the hospital."

PORTMAN: Show me the sneer.

She laughs.

PORTMAN: Good, buster.

5:09

Outside

Girl gets a fag from someone.

PORTMAN: Thank you.

She lights it and offers it to him.

DAN: I told you, I've given up.

PORTMAN: Try harder.

DAN: You live here.

PORTMAN: Just arrived. From New York.

DAN: Taking a vacation?

PORTMAN: I'm on an expedition.

DAN: Where's your baggage? Where are you staying?

PORTMAN: I'm a waif.

She walks off.

He's pointing out things to her.

DAN: A red bus.

DAN: Policeman, or bobby, observe the distinctive helmet.

She laughs.

DAN: St. Paul's Cathedral. Please note the famous dome.

PORTMAN: This is a truly magnificent tour.

DAN: It's the London the tourists never get to see.

PORTMAN: What's this?

DAN: I've no idea.

They walk through a gate. It's a memorial wall.

PORTMAN: They're all people who died saving the lives of others.

DAN: I've been here before.

DAN: Twenty years ago. My mother's dead; my father and I came here the afternoon she died. She was a smoker. She died in the hospital, actually.

PORTMAN: Is your father still alive?

DAN: Hanging on. He's in a home.

PORTMAN: You're late for work.

DAN: Are you saying you want me to go?

PORTMAN: I'm saying you're late for work.

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On a bus

PORTMAN: How did you end up writing obituaries?

DAN: Well, I had dreams of being a writer, but I had no voice. What am I saying? I had no talent. So I ended up in obituaries, which is the Siberia of journalism.

PORTMAN: Tell me what you do. I want to imagine you in Siberia.

DAN: Really?

PORTMAN: Mmm.

DAN: Well, we call it the "obits" page. There's three of us: me, Graham, and Harry. When I get to work without fail...

DAN: Are you sure you want to know?

DAN: Well, if someone important died, we go to the deep breeze, which is a computer file with all the obituaries.

PORTMAN: So those obituaries are written while they're still alive?

DAN: Some peoples'. And Harry, he's the editor. He decides who we're going to lead with. Make calls, check facts. At six, we

stand 'round the computer, and look at the next day's page. Make final changes, add a few euphemisms for our own amusement.

PORTMAN: Such as?

DAN: "He was a convivial fellow," meaning he was an alcoholic.

DAN: "He valued his privacy," gay.

DAN: "He enjoyed his privacy," raging queer.

She laughs.

PORTMAN: What would my euphemism be?

DAN: "She was disarming."

PORTMAN: That's not a euphemism.

DAN: Yes, it is.

DAN: What were you doing in New York?

PORTMAN: You know.

DAN: Well, no I don't. What were you, studying?

PORTMAN: Stripping. Look at your little eyes.

DAN: I can't see my little eyes.

Approaching work...

DAN: Why'd you leave?

PORTMAN: Problems with a male.

DAN: Boyfriend?

PORTMAN: Kindof.

DAN: And you left him, just like that?

PORTMAN: It's the only way to leave. "I don't love you anymore. Goodbye."

DAN: Supposing you do still love them?

PORTMAN: You don't leave.

DAN: You've never left someone you still love?

PORTMAN: Nope.

He arrives at work.

DAN: This is me.

DAN: Enjoy your stay. Please remember our traffic tends to come from the right. Bye.

He starts to walk off, then executes a semi-circle and returns.

PORTMAN: You have a girlfriend?

DAN: Yeah. Ruth. She's called Ruth. She's a linguist. What's your name?

PORTMAN: Alice. My name is Alice Ayres.

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Time jump

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Shutter clicks.

ANNA: Good. I'm just going to change the film. Are you okay for time?

DAN: Mmm hmm.

DAN: Do you mind if I smoke?

ANNA: If you must.

DAN: I don't have to.

ANNA: Then don't.

He sits back on the stool.

ANNA: I liked your book.

DAN: Thanks.

ANNA: When's it published?

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

ANNA: Your publisher sent me a manuscript. I read it last night. It kept me up 'till 4.

DAN: I'm flattered.

ANNA: Is your heroine based on someone you know?

DAN: Yes, she's someone called Alice.

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

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

ANNA: Mmm.

DAN: Do you exhibit?

ANNA: Sometimes. I have a thing next year.

DAN: Portraits?

ANNA: Mmm hmm.

DAN: Of who?

ANNA: Strangers.

DAN: How do your strangers feel about you stealing their loves?

ANNA: Borrowing.

DAN: Am I a stranger?

ANNA: No. You're a job, and you're a sloucher. Sit up.

DAN: You didn't find it obscene?

ANNA: What?

DAN: The book?

ANNA: I thought it was... accurate.

DAN: About what?

ANNA: About sex. About love.

DAN: In what way?

ANNA: You wrote it.

DAN: You read it... 'till 4.

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

DAN: But you did like it?

ANNA: Yes, but I could go off it.

ANNA: Stand up.

DAN: Any criticisms?

ANNA: I'm not sure about the title.

DAN: Got a better one?

ANNA: The aquarium.

DAN: So you liked the filth. You like aquariums.

ANNA: Fish are theraputic.

DAN: Hang out in aquariums, do you?

ANNA: When I can.

DAN: Good for picking up strangers.

ANNA: Photographing strangers.

They stare at each other for a while

DAN: Come here.

They face off. Finally she walks toward him. He walks toward her.

DAN: You're beautiful.

ANNA: I don't kiss strange men.

DAN: Neither do I.

ANNA: Do you and this Alice live together?

DAN: Yes.

DAN: Are you married?

ANNA: Yes. No. Yes.

DAN: Which?

ANNA: Separated.

DAN: Do you have any children?



ANNA: No.

DAN: Would you like some?

ANNA: Yes, but not today.

ANNA: Would Alice like children?

DAN: She's too young. She works in a cafe near here. She's coming to meet me... quite soon.

ANNA: Why are you wasting her time?

DAN: You're judgemental.

ANNA: You're devious.

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

ANNA: And you don't want someone else getting their dirty hands on her.

ANNA: Men are crap.

DAN: But all the same.

ANNA: They're still crap.

The doorbell buzzes.

ANNA: (sarcastic) Your muse.

DAN: You've ruined my life.

ANNA: You'll get over it.

ANNA: Dan. Your shirt.

It's untucked. He tucks it in.

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Outside

ALICE: You all done?

DAN: Mmm.

ALICE: How's the photographer?

DAN: Good. Professional. Rigorous. Thievy. One of your lot.

ALICE: What, female?

DAN: Americano.

They start up the stairs.

DAN: Come on.

DAN: Anna, Alice.

ANNA: Hi.

ALICE: Sorry to interrupt.

ANNA: No, we've just finished. Would you like some tea?

ALICE: No, thanks. I've been serving it all day. Can I use your loo?

ANNA: Sure. Just through there.

Alice walks off.

ANNA: She is beautiful.

DAN: I've got to see you.

ANNA: No.

DAN: What is this, patriotism?

ANNA: I don't want trouble.

DAN: I'm not trouble.

ANNA: You're taken.

DAN: I've got to see you.

ANNA: Tough.

DAN: You kissed me!

ANNA: What are you, 12?

Alice comes back.

ALICE: I am a block of ice.

ALICE: Will you take my photo? I've never been photographed by a professional before. I'd really appreciate it.

ALICE: I can pay you.

ANNA: No. I'd like to.

ALICE: Only if you don't mind.

DAN: Why should I?

ALICE: Because you'll have to go away.

ALICE: We don't want him here while we're working, do we?

ANNA: No, we don't.

DAN: Right. I'll be in the pub on the corner. Have fun.

DAN: Thank you. Good luck with your exhibition.

ANNA: Good luck with your book.

He leaves.

ALICE: So you've got an exhibition?

ANNA: Yeah.

ANNA: I read Dan's book. You've had quite a life.

ALICE: Thanks.

ANNA: He said you work in a cafe?

ALICE: I am a waitress.

ANNA: That's a temporary thing?

ALICE: No.

ANNA: Why don't you come over here and sit.

ALICE: You live here?

ANNA: I do now.

ALICE: Because you're single?

ANNA: Mmm hmm.

ALICE: Who was your last boyfriend?

ANNA: My husband.

ALICE: Was he english?

ANNA: Very.

ALICE: What happened to him?

ANNA: Someone younger.

ANNA: You've got a great face.

ALICE: Doesn't everyone?

ANNA: I suppose so. I just... from the book somehow I thought you'd be less...

ALICE: What?

ANNA: I don't know what exactly, I...

Anna fixes Alice's hair.

ANNA: How do you feel about him using your life?

ALICE: That's really none of your business.

ALICE: When he let me in downstairs, he had this look. I just listened to your conversation.

ANNA: I don't know what to say.

ANNA: I'm not a thief, Alice.

ANNA: You want a drink? I have some vodka in the fridge; we could have a drink.

ALICE: Just take my picture.

She takes some pictures.

ANNA: Good.

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Time jump

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London Sex Anon (some web chat thing)

DDW: hello

DOC9: Hi

DDW: how RU?

DOC9: ok

DDW: cum here often?

DOC9: 1st time

DDW: a virgin! welcome wots yr name?

DOC9: larry. U?

DDW: anna

DOC9: nice 2 meet u

DDW: i love COCK

DOC9: youre v.forward

DDW: do u want sex?

DOC9: yes. describe u.

DDW: blonde. big mouth. epic tits.

DDW: I want 2 suck u senseless

DOC9: b my guest

DDW: sit on my face fuckboy

DOC9: I'm there

DDW: wear my wet knickers

DOC9: ok

DDW: RU well hung

DOC9: 9(pounds)

DOC9: 9"

DDW: GET IT OUT

DOC9: wait

Phone rings.

LARRY: Yep.

LARRY: What's the histology?

LARRY: Progressive?

LARRY: No, sounds like an atrophy.

LARRY: Okay.

Hangs up.

DOC9: hello?

DOC9: ANNA? WHERE RU?

DDW: hey big larry, what d'you wank about?

DOC9: exgirlfriends

DDW: not current?

DOC9: never

DDW: tell me your sex-ex fantasy

DOC9: hotel room. they tie me up, tease me, won't let me cum. they fight over me, 5 tongues on my cock, balls, perineum etc.

DDW: all hail the Sultan of Twat?

DOC9: anna, wot do u wank about?

DDW: strangers. they form a Q and I attend to them like a cum hungry bitch, 1 in each hole and both hands

DOC9: then?

DDW: they cum in my mouth arse tits cunt hair.

LARRY: Jesus.

Phone rings. He picks it up and hangs up, then takes it off the hook.

DOC9: then?

DDW: I lik it off like the dirty slut I am. wait have 2 type with 1 hand am cumming right

now....ohoooooo  
oooooooooo (more junk)

DOC9: was it good

DDW: no

DOC9: ru4 real?

DDW: MEET ME

DOC9: when

DDW: NOW

DOC9: can't. Dr. must do rounds.2moro 1pm where?

DDW: London Aquarium & then HOTEL.

DOC9: how u know me?

DDW: bring white coat

DOC9: ok! bye anna!

DDW: Bye Larry! xxxxx

DOC9: xxxxxxxxxxxx

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At the aquarium

LARRY: Anna.

She looks up.

LARRY: I got the coat. White coat.

ANNA: So I see.

LARRY: I'm Larry, the doctor.

LARRY: Feel free to call me The Sultan.

LARRY: I can't believe these things actually happened. I thought  
if you showed up you'd be an old trout, but you are bloody  
gorgeous.

ANNA: Well thank you.

LARRY: Fish. You've got to respect them.

ANNA: Have you?

LARRY: Of course. We were fish, long ago, before we were apes.

LARRY: You mentioned a hotel. No rush. Actually, there is. I've got to be in surgery by 3.

ANNA: Are you having an operation?

LARRY: No, I'm doing one.

ANNA: Are you really a doctor?

LARRY: I said I was. You are Anna?

ANNA: I'm sorry. Did I photograph you? Did we meet somewhere?

LARRY: Oh, come on. Don't play games, you nymph of the 'net.

ANNA: Excuse me?

LARRY: You were up for it yesterday.

ANNA: Was I?

LARRY: Yeah. "Wear my wet knickers. Sit on my face."

Anna's just a bit shocked.

LARRY: Cum-hungry bitch typing...

ANNA: Okay...

LARRY: Why do I feel like a pervert?

ANNA: I think you're the victim of a practical joke.

LARRY: I am so sorry.

ANNA: That's okay.

LARRY: No, we spoke on the 'net last night

ANNA: I wasn't on the 'net last night.

LARRY: Where were you between the hours of 6:45 and 7 PM?

ANNA: That's really none of your business. Where were you?

LARRY: On the 'net talking to you.



Anna shakes her head.

LARRY: Well I was talking to someone.

ANNA: Someone pretending to be me.

Anna figures it out.

ANNA: I think you were talking to Daniel Wolf.

ANNA: This guy I know. It's him.

LARRY: No, I was talking to a woman.

LARRY: Believe me, she was a woman. I got a huge... she was a wo...

LARRY: She wasn't, was she?

ANNA: No.

LARRY: What a bastard.

LARRY: How do you know him?

ANNA: I don't really know him. I took his photograph for a book he wrote.

LARRY: I hope it sank without a trace.

ANNA: It's on its way.

LARRY: There is justice in the world. What's it called?

Anna laughs.

ANNA: The aquarium.

LARRY: What a prick. He's advertising. Then why would he pretend to be you?

ANNA: I think he likes me.

LARRY: He has a funny way of showing it. Why can't he send you flowers?

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Later, outside...

ANNA: Extraordinary thing, the internet. Possibility of genuine global communication, the first great democratic medium.

LARRY: Absolutely. It's the future.

ANNA: Two guys wanking in cyberspace.

LARRY: He was the wanker. I'll say this for him, he can write.

LARRY: Is he in love with you?

ANNA: I don't know. No.

LARRY: Are you?

ANNA: I hardly know him.

LARRY: You're sort of interested.

ANNA: I think he's interesting.

She starts to take his photo.

LARRY: No, don't. I look like a criminal in photos.

ANNA: Please. It's my birthday.

LARRY: Really?

ANNA: Really.

He gets her a dolphin balloon.

She laughs.

LARRY: Happy birthday.

ANNA: Thank you.

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Time jump

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Room, Dan and Alice.

ALICE: So this man comes into the cafe today, and he says, "Hey waitress, what are you waiting for?"

DAN: Funny guy.

ALICE: So I go, "I'm waiting for a man to come in here and fuck me sideways with a beautiful line like that."

DAN: So what did he ask for?

ALICE: He asked for a cup of tea with two sugars.

DAN: Mmm.

ALICE: I'm waiting for you.

DAN: To do what?

ALICE: Leave me.

DAN: I'm not going to leave you! I totally love you, what is this?

ALICE: Please let me come. I want to be there for you. Are you ashamed of me?

DAN: Of course not. I told you, I want to be alone.

ALICE: Why?

DAN: To grieve. To think.

ALICE: I love you. Why won't you let me?

DAN: It's only a weekend.

ALICE: Why won't you let me love you?

DAN: Buster. Let's go to this thing, and I'll get my train, I'll be away one night. I'll be back before you know it, okay?

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Time jump

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Dan and Alice are dressed up and attending Alice's exhibition.

Alice leaves Dan and heads over to her picture. The doctor walks up.

LARRY: Like it?

ALICE: No.

LARRY: What were you so sad about?

ALICE: Life.

LARRY: What's that then?

Alice laughs.

LARRY: So what do you reckon, in general?

ALICE: You want to talk about art?

LARRY: I know it's vulgar to discuss the work at the opening of the work, but somebody's gotta do it.

LARRY: I'm serious. What do you think?

ALICE: It's a lie. It's a bunch of sad strangers photographed beautifully, and all the glittering assholes who appreciate art say it's beautiful 'cause that's what they want to see. But the people in the photos are sad, and alone, but the pictures make the world seem beautiful. So the exhibition's reassuring, which makes it a lie, and everyone loves a big fat lie.

LARRY: I'm the big fat lie's boyfriend.

ALICE: Bastard!

LARRY: Larry.

ALICE: Alice.

ALICE: So you're Anna's boyfriend.

LARRY: A princess can kiss a toad.

ALICE: Frog.

LARRY: Toad.

ALICE: Frog.

LARRY: Toad. Frog. Lobster. They're all the same.

ALICE: So how long have you been seeing her?

LARRY: Four months. We're in the first flush. It's paradise. All my nasty habits amuse her.

LARRY: You shouldn't smoke.

ALICE: Fuck off.

LARRY: I'm a doctor, I'm supposed to say things like that.

ALICE: You want one?

LARRY: No.

She hands him a pack.

LARRY: Yes.

LARRY: No.

LARRY: Fuck it. Yes.

He concentrates.

LARRY: No, I've given up.

ALICE: Ahh.

LARRY: So Anna tells me your bloke wrote a book. Any good?

ALICE: Of course.

LARRY: It's about you, isn't it?

ALICE: Some of me.

LARRY: Oh? What did he leave out?

ALICE: The truth.

LARRY: Is he here, your bloke?

ALICE: Yeah. He's over there, talking to your bird.

Cut to the other conversation

ANNA: My boyfriend's here.

DAN: He's here? Where?

ANNA: There.

DAN: With Alice.

ANNA: I believe you're acquainted.

DAN: I've never seen him before.

ANNA: No, but you've spoken. Well, conversed. Corresponded.

DAN: I wrote to him?

ANNA: On the 'net. You sent him to the aquarium. I happened to be there. Nice work, Cupid.

Dan figures it out. He's enraged. She's smug.

DAN: We need to talk about this.

ANNA: No, we don't.

Cut to the other conversation

LARRY: He's very pretty.

ALICE: She's very tall.

LARRY: So, you're a stripper.

ALICE: Yeah, and?

There's a moment of attraction, at least on his part.

LARRY: You take care now.

ALICE: I will. You too.

Alice attaches herself to Dan, and they leave.

DAN: You know yours is the best, even if ... (never?) bought it.

ALICE: Who were those awful people?

DAN: Where'd they all come from?

ALICE: Why should we care?

ALICE: You get this one. I'll catch a train.

DAN: I'll be fine. Come on, it's cold.

DAN: I'll see you on Sunday.

They kiss.

CABBY: Where to, love?

DAN: Taxi!

DAN: Um, Sorry.

CABBY: Why don't you make up your bleeding mind?

Dan goes back upstairs.

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Back in the gallery

ANNA: Thank you so much. I appreciate you coming. I'll call you tomorrow.

ANNA: I thought you'd gone.

DAN: I got this.

His cigarette.

DAN: So he's a dermatologist. Can you get more boring than that?

ANNA: An obituarist.

DAN: Failed novelist, please.

ANNA: I was sorry about your book.

DAN: Thanks. I blame the title.

Cut to DOCTOR looking at Anna and Dan talking.

Cut back.

ANNA: I haven't even seen you for a year.

DAN: Yes you have.

ANNA: (exasperated) Only because you stalk me outside of my studio.

[Possible reference to Conspiracy Theory... was it in the play?]

DAN: I don't stalk. I lurk, and when I'm not there you look for me.

ANNA: How do you know if you're not there?

DAN: Because I am there, lurking from a distance.

Background conversational chatter as Dan looks at the Doctor across the room.

DAN: Look at me. Tell me you're in love with me.

ANNA: I'm not in love with you.

DAN: You just lied.

He starts to leave.

DAN: I'm your stranger. Jump.

He leaves, goes out, and hails a cab.

LARRY: Hello, stranger.

ANNA: Hello.

LARRY: Intense conversation?

ANNA: His father died. Were you spying?

LARRY: Lovingly observing, with a telescope.

LARRY: He's taller than his photo.

ANNA: His photo's a headshot.

LARRY: Yeah, I know, but his head implied a short body, but in fact his head is deceptive.

ANNA: Deceptive.

LARRY: Yeah, he's actually got a long body. He's a stringy fucker. I could have him.

ANNA: What?

LARRY: If it came to it in a scrap, I could have him.

LARRY: Did you tell him we call him Cupid?

ANNA: No, that's our joke.

LARRY: I had a chat with young Alice.

ANNA: Fancy her?

LARRY: Of course. Not as much as you.

ANNA: Why not?

LARRY: You're a woman. She's a girl. She has the moronic beauty of youth, but she's sly.

ANNA: She seems open to me.

LARRY: Yeah, that's how she wants to seem. You forget you're dealing with a clinical observer of the human carnivore.



ANNA: Am I now?

LARRY: Oh, yes.

ANNA: Mmm. You seem more like the cat that got the cream. Stop licking yourself.

LARRY: That's the nastiest thing you've ever said to me.

ANNA: It's horrible. I'm sorry. Oh, I'm so sorry.

They kiss and hug.

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time jump

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Dan arrives home. Alice is sleeping on his couch.

ALICE: Where have you been?

DAN: Work thing. Had a drink with Harry. You never have one drink with Harry.

ALICE: You know he's in love with you.

DAN: No he's not. Is he?

ALICE: Did you eat? I'll make you something.

DAN: I'm not hungry.

ALICE: What?

DAN: This will hurt.

DAN: I've been with Anna. I'm in love with her. We've been seeing each other for a year. It began at her opening.

Alice gets up and walks past him.

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At Anna's...

LARRY: Don't move.

LARRY: I want to remember this moment forever. First time I walked through the door returning from a business trip to be greeted by my wife. I have at this moment become an adult.

LARRY: Thanks for waiting up you darling, you goddess.

They hug and kiss.

LARRY: I missed you.

ANNA: How 'bout some tea, mmm?

LARRY: Jesus, I'm knackered.

ANNA: Didn't you sleep on the plane?

LARRY: No, because the ??? German next to me was snoring like a Messerschmitt. What's the time?

ANNA: Uhh, about midnight.

LARRY: Time, what a tricky little fucker. My head's in two places. My brain actually hurts.

ANNA: Do you want some food?

LARRY: No, I need a bath.

ANNA: I'll run it for you.

LARRY: No, I... I'll have a shower.

ANNA: How was the thing?

LARRY: As dermatological conferences go, it was a riot.

ANNA: How was the hotel?

LARRY: Someone told me that the beautiful people of the paranoid hotel -- the concierge, the bellboys and girls, did you know this? -- they're all whores.

ANNA: Everybody knows that.

LARRY: I didn't.

LARRY: I don't suppose you fancy a friendly poke.

ANNA: I just had a bath.

LARRY: Well, I'll see to myself in the el-decoration bathroom.

ANNA: You chose that bathroom.

LARRY: And every time I wash in it I feel dirty. It's cleaner than I am. It's got attitude. The mirror says, "Who the fuck are you?"

ANNA: You chose it.

LARRY: Doesn't mean I like it. We shouldn't have this.

ANNA: I hear middle class guilt.

LARRY: Working class guilt. Why are you dressed if you just had a bath?

Pause. She's thinking of a lie.

ANNA: We needed some milk.

LARRY: You okay?

ANNA: Mmm hmm. You?

LARRY: Yeah.

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Back at Dan's

ALICE: I'm going.

DAN: I'm sorry.

ALICE: Irrelevant. What are you sorry for?

DAN: Everything.

ALICE: Why didn't you tell me before?

DAN: Cowardice.

ALICE: Is it because she's successful?

DAN: No, it's because she doesn't need me.

ALICE: Did you bring her here?

DAN: Yes.

ALICE: Didn't she get married?

DAN: She stopped seeing me.

ALICE: Was that when we went to the country to celebrate our third anniversary?

ALICE: Did you phone her, beg her to come back? when you went for lovely walks?

DAN: Yes.

ALICE: You're a piece of shit.

DAN: Deception is brutal. I'm not pretending otherwise.

ALICE: How? How does it work? How do you do this to someone?

Dan tries to think of an excuse.

ALICE: Not good enough.

DAN: I fell in love with her, Alice.

ALICE: Oh, as if you had no choice? There's a moment, there's always a moment, "I can do this, I can give in to this, or I can resist it." And I don't know when your moment was, but I bet you there was one. I'm gone.

Dan blocks her exit.

DAN: It's not safe out there.

ALICE: Oh, and it's safe in here?

DAN: What about your things?

ALICE: I don't need "things."

DAN: Where will you go?

ALICE: Disappear.

---

Anna's

LARRY: The Sultan has returned bearing gifts.

ANNA: Thank you.

They're shoes.

ANNA: They're beautiful.

LARRY: Here's a thing. Alice was at the hotel.

ANNA: What?

LARRY: I saw these arty postcards in the lobby. I bought one to boost your sales. Young woman London. And, I checked for your book in the Museum of Modern Art, and it was there! Someone bought one, this guy with a ridiculous little beard. He was drooling over your photo on the inside cover. He fancies you, the geek. I was so proud of you. You've broken New York.

ANNA: You're wonderful.

LARRY: Don't ever forget it.

---

Dan's

ALICE: Can I still see you?

ALICE: Dan, can I still see you? Answer me.

DAN: I can't see you. If I see you, I'll never leave you.

ALICE: What will you do if I find someone else?

DAN: Be jealous.

ALICE: You still fancy me?

DAN: Of course.

ALICE: You're lying. I've been you. Will you hold me?

He holds Alice, who's now crying.

ALICE: I amuse you but I bore you.

DAN: No. No.

ALICE: You did love me?

DAN: I'll always love you. I hate hurting you.

ALICE: Why are you?

DAN: Because I'm selfish. And I think I'll be happier with her.

ALICE: You won't. You'll miss me. No one will ever love you as much as I do. Why isn't love enough?

ALICE: I'm the one who leaves. I'm supposed to leave you. I'm the one who leaves.

She starts kissing him.

ALICE: Make some tea, buster.

He goes off to make tea, then looks back after a short while. She's not there; he runs after her, out to the street, but she's gone.

---

Anna's

ANNA: Why are you dressed?

LARRY: Because I think you might be about to leave me, and I didn't want to be wearing a dressing gown.

LARRY: I slept with someone in New York. A whore. I'm sorry.

ANNA: Why did you tell me?

LARRY: I couldn't lie to you.

ANNA: Why not?

LARRY: Because I love you.

ANNA: It's fine.

LARRY: Really? Why?

He's confused.

LARRY: Something's wrong. Tell me.

LARRY: Are you leaving me?

Anna nods.

LARRY: Because of this? Why?

ANNA: Dan.

LARRY: Cupid? He's our joke.

ANNA: I love him.

LARRY: You're seeing him now?

Anna nods.

LARRY: Since when?

ANNA: Since my opening last year.

Covering her mouth...

ANNA: I'm disgusting.

LARRY: You're phenomenal. You're so clever. Why did you marry me?

ANNA: I stopped seeing him. I wanted us to work.

LARRY: Why did you tell me you wanted children?

ANNA: Because I did.

LARRY: And now you want children with him?

ANNA: Yes... I don't know.

LARRY: But... we're happy. Aren't we.

She glares at him.

LARRY: You're going to go and live with him?

ANNA: You stay here if you want.

LARRY: Oh, look. I don't give a fuck about the spoils. You know, you did this to me the day we met. You let me hang myself for your amusement. Why didn't you just tell me the moment I walked through the door?

ANNA: I was scared.

LARRY: You're a coward, you spoiled bitch.

LARRY: Are you dressed 'cause you thought I might hit you?

LARRY: What do you think I am?

ANNA: I've been hit before.

LARRY: Not by me!

LARRY: Is he a good fuck?

ANNA: Don't do this.

LARRY: Just answer the question. Is he good?

ANNA: Yes.

LARRY: Better than me?

ANNA: Different.

LARRY: Better?

ANNA: Gentler.

LARRY: What does that mean?

ANNA: You know what it means.

LARRY: Tell me.

ANNA: No.

LARRY: I treat you like a whore.

ANNA: Sometimes.

LARRY: Why would that be?

ANNA: I'm sorry you're a...

LARRY: Don't say it. Don't you fucking say "You're too good for me." I am, but don't say it. You're making the mistake of your life. You're leaving me because you believe that you don't deserve happiness, but you do, Anna.

LARRY: Did you have a bath because you had sex with him? So you wouldn't smell of him. So you'd feel less guilty?

LARRY: How do you feel?

ANNA: Guilty.

LARRY: Did you ever love me?

ANNA: Yes.

He starts crying. She embraces him.

---

Cut to Dan's. He walks back into his apartment, alone and miserable, and shuts the door.

---



Cut back to Anna's...

LARRY: Did you do it here?

ANNA: No.

LARRY: Why not?

ANNA: Do you wish we did?

LARRY: Just tell me the truth.

ANNA: Yes, we did it here.

LARRY: Where?

Anna points.

ANNA: There.

LARRY: On this. We had our first fuck on this. Did you think of me?

LARRY: When? When did you do it here?

LARRY: Answer the question!

ANNA: This evening.

LARRY: Did you cum?

ANNA: Why are you doing this?

LARRY: 'cause I want to know.

ANNA: First he went down on me, and then we fucked.

LARRY: Who was where?

ANNA: I was on top, then he fucked me from behind.

LARRY: And that's when you came the second time.

ANNA: Why is the sex so important?

LARRY: Because I'm a fucking caveman!

LARRY: Did you touch yourself while he fucked you?

ANNA: Yes.

LARRY: You wank for him.

ANNA: Sometimes.

LARRY: And he does.

ANNA: We do everything that people who have sex do!

LARRY: You enjoy sucking him off.

ANNA: Yes!

LARRY: You like his cock.

ANNA: I love his cock!

LARRY: You like him cumming in your face.

ANNA: Yes!

LARRY: What does it taste like?

ANNA: It tastes like you but sweeter!

LARRY: That's the spirit. Thank you. Thank you for your honesty. Now fuck off and die, you fucked up slag.

1:00:37

---

The Doc goes to a strip club.

Alice is smoking at the bar, wearing a blonde wig. She turns and sees him.

Later, in a private booth, Alice finishes doing a nude dance...

LARRY: I love you.

ALICE: Thank you.

LARRY: What's this room called?

ALICE: The paradise suite.

LARRY: How many paradise suites are there?

ALICE: Eight.

LARRY: Do I have to pay you to talk to me?

ALICE: No, but if you want to tip me, you're welcome.

The doctor gives her some money.

ALICE: Thank you.

LARRY: I used to come here a million years ago. It was a punk club. The stage was... Everything was a version of something else. Twenty years ago, how old were you?

ALICE: Four.

LARRY: Christ. When I was in flairs you were in nappies.

ALICE: My nappies were flaired.

LARRY: You have the face of an angel.

ALICE: Thank you.

LARRY: What does your cum taste like?

ALICE: Heaven.

LARRY: How long've you been doing this?

ALICE: Three months.

LARRY: Straight after he left you.

ALICE: No one left me.

LARRY: Nice wig.

ALICE: Thank you.

LARRY: Does all this turn you on?

ALICE: Sometimes.

LARRY: Liar. You're telling me it turns you on because you think that's what I want to hear. You think I'm turned on by it turning you on.

ALICE: The thought of me creaming myself when I strip for strangers doesn't turn you on?

LARRY: Put like that, yes.

She bends over, giving him a nice view of her crotch.

LARRY: Ohh... Are you flirting with me?

ALICE: Maybe.

LARRY: Are you allowed to flirt with me?

ALICE: Sure.

LARRY: Really?

ALICE: No, I'm not. I'm breaking all the rules.

LARRY: You're mocking me.

ALICE: Yes, I'm allowed to flirt.

LARRY: To prize my money from me.

ALICE: To prize your money from you I'm allowed to do or say as I please.

LARRY: Except touch.

ALICE: We're not allowed to touch.

LARRY: Open your legs. Wider.

LARRY: Show me.

She moves her panties aside. (There's no frontal nudity in the movie; here, Larry blocks the view.)

LARRY: So what would happen if I touched you now?

ALICE: I'd call security.

LARRY: And what would they do?

ALICE: They would ask you to leave and ask you not to come back.

LARRY: And if I refused to leave?

ALICE: They would remove you. Those are security cameras in the ceiling.

He looks up.

LARRY: I think it's best I don't attempt to touch you. I'd like to touch you. Later.

ALICE: I'm not a whore.

LARRY: I wouldn't pay.

LARRY: Why the fuck did he leave you?

ALICE: What's your job?

LARRY: A question. You've asked me a question.

ALICE: So?

LARRY: It's a chink in your armour.

ALICE: I'm not wearing amour.

LARRY: Yes you are. You know why you do.

LARRY: Why are you calling yourself Jane?

ALICE: Because it's my name.

LARRY: We both know it isn't.

LARRY: You're all protecting your identities. There's a girl out there calls herself Venus. What's her real name?

ALICE: Pluto.

LARRY: You're cheeky.

ALICE: Would you like me to stop being cheeky?

LARRY: No.

ALICE: What's your name?

LARRY: Daniel.

ALICE: Daniel the dermatologist.

LARRY: I never told you my job.

ALICE: I guessed.

LARRY: You're strong.

LARRY: There's another one out there, judging by the scars. A recent patient of Dr. Tit, calls herself Cupid. Who's going to tell her that Cupid was a bloke?

ALICE: He wasn't a bloke, he was a little boy.

LARRY: I want you to tell me your name.

He gives her some more money.

LARRY: Please.

ALICE: Thank you. My name is Jane.

LARRY: Your real name.

He gives her some more money.

ALICE: Thank you. My real name is Jane.

LARRY: Careful.

He gives her more money.

ALICE: Thank you. Still Jane.

LARRY: I've got about another 500 quid here. Why don't I just give you all this money, and you tell me what your real name is. Alice.

ALICE: I promise.

He gives her the money.

ALICE: Thank you. My real name is plain... Jane Jones.

LARRY: I may be rich, but I'm not stupid.

ALICE: (sassy) What a shame, Doc. I love 'em rich and stupid.

LARRY: Don't you fuck around with me!

ALICE: I apologize.

LARRY: Accepted. All the girls in this hellhole, the pneumatic robots, the coked-up baby dolls, and you're no different. You all use stage names to con yourselves into someone else, so you don't feel the shame when you show your cunts and assholes to complete fucking strangers.

Alice starts to leave.

LARRY: I'm trying to have a conversation here!

ALICE: I need a cash box.

LARRY: I paid for this room!

ALICE: This is extra.

LARRY: We met last year.

ALICE: Wrong girl.

LARRY: Talk to me!

ALICE: I am.

LARRY: Talk to me in real life. I didn't know you'd be here. I know who you are. I love you. I love everything about you that hurts.

He breaks down and cries.

LARRY: She won't even see me. You feel the same, I know you feel the same.

ALICE: You can't cry in here.

LARRY: Hold me. Let me hold you.

She puts her palms out.

ALICE: We're not allowed to touch.

LARRY: Well come home with me. It's safe. Let me look after you.

ALICE: I don't need looking after.

LARRY: Everyone needs looking after.

ALICE: I'm not your revenge fuck.

LARRY: I'll pay you.

ALICE: I don't need your money.

LARRY: You have my money.

ALICE: Thank you.

LARRY: "Thank you." "Thank you." Is that some kind of rule?

ALICE: Just being polite.

LARRY: Get a lot of grown men crying their guts out here?

ALICE: Occupational hazard.

LARRY: Have you ever desired a customer?

ALICE: Yes.

LARRY: Well put me out of my misery. Do you desire me, because I'm being pretty fucking honest about my feelings for you?

ALICE: Your "feelings?"

LARRY: Whatever.

ALICE: No, I don't desire you.

LARRY: Thank you. Thank you sincerely for your honesty.

LARRY: You think you haven't given anything of yourselves. You think because you don't have lovers, or likers, or desirers, you think you've won.

ALICE: It's not a war.

He laughs.

LARRY: If I asked you to strip right now, would you?

ALICE: Of course. You want me to?

LARRY: No. Alice, tell me something true.

ALICE: Lying's the most fun a girl can have without taking her clothes off, but it's better if you do.

LARRY: You're cold. You're all cold at heart.

LARRY: What d'you have to do to get a bit of intimacy around here?!

ALICE: Maybe next time I'll have worked on my intimacy.

LARRY: No, I'll tell you what's going to work. You see, you're going to take your gear off right now, and you're going to turn around very slowly, and you're going to bend over, and you're going to touch the fucking floor for my viewing pleasure.

ALICE: Is that what you want?

LARRY: What else could I want?

She does.

---

Time jump.

---



At an opera, Dan's waiting... for Anna, who's late.

ANNA: I'm sorry.

DAN: What happened?

ANNA: Traffic.

ANNA: Do you want to go stand in the back?

DAN: No, let's have a drink.

DAN: You look flushed. There's no need to run.

DAN: Vodka tonic?

ANNA: Yes.

DAN: Vodka tonic, and a guinness, please.

TENDER: Sure.

DAN: How was it?

ANNA: Fine.

DAN: You had lunch.

ANNA: Mmm hmm.

DAN: Then what?

ANNA: And then we left.

DAN: And?

ANNA: There's no "and."

DAN: You haven't seen him in months. There must be an "and."

DAN: How is he?

ANNA: Terrible.

He kisses her on the cheek.

DAN: Keep the change.

TENDER: Thank you, sir.

They start walking.

DAN: How is his dermatology?

ANNA: He's in private practice now.

DAN: Is he?

ANNA: Mmm.

DAN: Was he weeping all over the place?

ANNA: Some of the time.

DAN: Poor bastard. Was he difficult?

ANNA: Are you angry that I saw him?

DAN: No... it's just, I haven't seen Alice.

ANNA: You can't see Alice, you don't know where she is.

DAN: I haven't tried to find her.

ANNA: You know why I saw him. He's been begging me for months. I saw him so he'd sign.

DAN: So has he signed?

ANNA: yep.

They both smile and half-laugh.

DAN: Congratulations. You're a divorcee.

DAN: Double-divorcee.

DAN: Sorry. How do you feel?

ANNA: Tired.

DAN: I love you, and I need a piss.

He gets up and leaves, but she holds him back. They kiss again, then he goes off.

---

Flashback to lunch

Anna and the Doc are sitting at a table.

LARRY: I hate this place.

ANNA: At least it's central.

LARRY: I hate central. Central London's a theme park. I hate retro. I hate the future. Where does that leave me?

LARRY: Come back.

ANNA: You promised you wouldn't.

LARRY: Come back.

ANNA: How's work?

LARRY: Oh, Jesus. Work's shit, okay?

LARRY: Do they have waiters here?

LARRY: I love you. Please, come back.

ANNA: I'm not coming back.

Anna gets the papers out.

ANNA: Sign.

LARRY: No pen.

Anna gets a pen out.

ANNA: Pen.

He grabs her hand.

ANNA: Give me back my hand.

ANNA: Sign.

LARRY: I'll sign on one condition. We skip this, we go to my sleek new surgery, and we christen the patients' new bed with our final fuck. I know you don't want to, and I know you think I'm sick for asking, but that's what I'm asking, for old times sake.

LARRY: Because I'm obsessed with you, because I can't get over you. Because I think on some small level you owe me something for deceiving me so exquisitely.

LARRY: For all these reasons, I am begging you to give me your body.

LARRY: You be my whore, and in return I will pay you with your liberty.

LARRY: You do this, I swear I will not contact you again.

LARRY: I'm going to the bar. I assume you still drink vodka tonic.

---

Jump to Dan in the bathroom. He goes back to the bar, and looks at Anna for a moment.

DAN: You slept with him, didn't you?

He goes back out of the bar.

DAN: What do you expect me to do?

ANNA: Understand.

DAN: Why didn't you lie to me?

ANNA: Because we said we'd always tell each other the truth.

DAN: What's so great about the truth? Try lying for a change. It's the currency of the world.

ANNA: I did what he wanted, and now he will leave us alone.

ANNA: I love you. I didn't give him anything.

DAN: Your body?

ANNA: If Alice came to you, desperate, with all that love still between you, and she said that she needed you to want her so she could get over you, you'd do it. I wouldn't like it either but I'd forgive you.

ANNA: It's kindness.

DAN: No, cowardice. You haven't got the guts to let him hate you.

---

Flashback again

Anna walks up to the bar.

ANNA: I'm doing this because I feel guilty, and because I pity you. You know that, don't you?

LARRY: Yes.

ANNA: Feel good about yourself?

LARRY: No.

She walks out. He follows.

---

Back to the opera

1:17:53

DAN: It's ???.

ANNA: Don't. Don't stop loving me. I can see it draining out of you. It's me, remember? It was a stupid thing to do, and it meant nothing. If you love me enough you'll forgive me.

DAN: Are you testing me?

ANNA: No. I do understand.

DAN: No. He understands. All I can see is him all over you.

DAN: He's clever, your ex-husband. I almost admire him.

---

Back to Anna and Doc dressing post-fuck

LARRY: You going to tell him?

ANNA: I don't know.

LARRY: Whether to be truthful about this kind of thing...

ANNA: Sign.

LARRY: I forgive you!

She laughs.

ANNA: Sign.

---

Opera

DAN: I think you enjoyed it.

DAN: He wheedles you into bed. The old jokes. The strange familiarity. I think you had a whale of a time. And the truth is I'll never know unless I ask him.

ANNA: Well why don't you?

The opera has ended. The audience pours past.

---

It's raining. Dan goes to Doc's office without an umbrella, soaked.

The receptionist picks up a phone.

RECEPTIONIST (to phone): Yes?

RECEPTIONIST: You can go in now.

Dan goes in.

DAN: I want Anna back.

LARRY: She's made her choice.

DAN: I owe you an apology. I fell in love with her. My intention was not to make you suffer.

LARRY: So where's the apology? You cunt.

DAN: I apologize. If you love her, you'll let her go, so she can be happy.

LARRY: She doesn't want to be happy.

DAN: Everybody wants to be happy.

LARRY: Depressives don't. They want to be unhappy to confirm their depression. If they were happy, they couldn't be depressed anymore. They'd have to go out into the world and live, which can be depressing.

DAN: Anna's not a depressive.

LARRY: Isn't she?

DAN: I love her.

LARRY: Boo hoo. So do I.

DAN: She's gone back to you because she can't bear your suffering. You don't know who she is! You love her like a dog loves the owner.

LARRY: And the owner loves the dog for so doing.

DAN: You'll hurt her. You'll never forgive her.

LARRY: Of course I'll forgive her. I have forgiven her. Without forgiveness, we're savages. You're drowning.

DAN: You only met her because of me.

LARRY: Yeah. Thanks.

DAN: It's a joke. Your marriage is a joke!

LARRY: There's a good one. She never sent the divorce papers to her lawyer. Now, to a towering romantic hero like you, I don't doubt I am somewhat common, but I am nevertheless what she has chosen, and we must respect what the woman wants.

LARRY: If you go near her again, I swear, I will kill you.

Phone buzzes.

DOCTOR (to phone): Mmm hmm? Okay.

LARRY: I have patients to see.

DAN: When she came here, do you think she enjoyed it?

LARRY: I didn't do it to give her a nice time. I fucked her to fuck you up. A good fight is never clean. And yeah, of course she enjoyed it. As you know, she loves a guilty fuck.

DAN: You're an animal.

LARRY: Yeah? What are you?

DAN: You think love is simple. You think the heart is like a diagram.

LARRY: Have you ever see a human heart? It looks like a fist wrapped in blood! Go fuck yourself. You writer! You liar!

LARRY: You go check a few facts while I get my hands dirty.

DAN: She hates your hands. She hates your simplicity.

LARRY: Listen. I spent the whole of the last week talking about you. I know all your little ways. Anna tells me you fucked her with your eyes closed. She tells me you awaked in the night crying for your mother, you mummies boy. I could go on. Shall we stop this?

LARRY: It's over. Accept it.

Dan starts crying.

LARRY: You don't know the first thing about love because you don't understand compromise.

LARRY: Oh, don't cry on me.

DAN: I'm sorry. I don't know what to do.

LARRY: You want my advice? You go back to Alice.

DAN: She'd never have me. She's vanished.

LARRY: No she hasn't. I found her, by accident. She's working in a club. Yes, I saw her naked. No, I did not fuck her.

DAN: You spoke to her?

DOCTOR (phone): Yes?

DOCTOR (phone): Yes, I know. One minute.

DAN: How is she?

LARRY: She loves you beyond comprehension. Your prescription is where she works. Go to her.

DAN: Thank you.

LARRY: You still pissing about on the 'net?

DAN: Not recently.

LARRY: I wanted to kill you.

DAN: You wanted to fuck me.

LARRY: Don't get lippy.

LARRY: I read your book, by the way.

DAN: Thanks.

DAN: You stand alone.

LARRY: With Anna. You still writing obituaries?

LARRY: Busy?

DAN: I was made editor.

LARRY: Yeah? How come?



DAN: Previous editor died. Alcohol poisoning. I sat with him for a week in the hospital.

LARRY: I really do have patients to see.

DAN: Thank you.

LARRY: For what?

DAN: Being kind.

LARRY: I am kind. Your invoice is in the post.

Dan starts to leave.

LARRY: Dan.

He stops.

LARRY: I lied to you. I did fuck Alice. Sorry for telling you. I'm just not big enough to forgive you, buster.

---

Time Jump

---

At the Renaissance Hotel

Dan's lying on the bed in a robe.

ALICE: Show me the sneer.

ALICE: Beautiful!

DAN: You'll wake up the hotel.

Alice jumps on him.

ALICE: Fuck me.

DAN: Again? We have to get up at six.

ALICE: How can one man be so endlessly disappointing?

DAN: That's my charm.

ALICE: Mmm.

DAN: So, where are we going?

ALICE: My treat.

DAN: Where are we going?

ALICE: My holiday surprise. My rules.

Dan starts tickling her, and she laughs hysterically

DAN: Where are we going?

ALICE: New York! New York!

DAN: Oh, you angel.

DAN: You did remember to pack my passport.

ALICE: Of course. It's with my passport.

DAN: And where's that?

ALICE: In a place where you can't look. No one sees my passport picture.

ALICE: Mmm.. when we get on the plane, we'll have been together four years.

DAN: What about the gap?

ALICE: You mean trial separation? It didn't work out. Happy anniversary.

DAN: I'm going to take my eyes out.

He gets up.

They start recalling their first time together at the hospital.

DAN: What was in my sandwiches?

ALICE: Tuna.

ALICE: How many stiches did I get?

DAN: Two, but you should have had three.

DAN: What was your euphemism?

ALICE: "Disarming." Too easy, buster! Next?

DAN: That park, who'd I go there with?

ALICE: Your father.

ALICE: Were the chairs in the hospital grey or blue?

DAN: No idea.

ALICE: Trick question. They were green.

DAN: You are a trick question.

ALICE: How come we never took a vacation?

DAN: We went to the country.

ALICE: Doesn't count. You were off making sneaky phone calls to that witch we do not mention.

ALICE: Come to bed.

DAN: I need a smoke. How'd you manage to give up?

ALICE: Deep inner strength.

He gets back on the bed.

DAN: Why me? You could have chosen anyone. Why me?

ALICE: Because you cut off your crust.

He laughs and starts hissing her stomach.

ALICE: And this. Mmm.

DAN: When are you going to stop stripping?

ALICE: Soon.

DAN: You're addicted to it.

ALICE: No I'm not. Paid for this.

DAN: Tell me what happened.

ALICE (playfully): Nothing happened.

DAN: He went to the club.

ALICE: Lots of men came to the club. You came to the club.

(Flashback to the club, with Alice dancing on a pole)

ALICE: The look on your face.

DAN: The look on your face.

DAN: What a face. What a wig.

DAN: I saw this face. This vision. When you stepped into the ???.  
It was the moment of my life.

ALICE: This is the moment of your life.

DAN: You were perfect.

ALICE: I still am.

DAN: On the way to the hospital, I kissed your forehead.

ALICE: You brute.

DAN: The cabby saw me kissing you, said, "Is she yours?"

DAN: I said, "Yes, she's mine." She's mine.

DAN: So, he came to the club, watched you strip. You had a little  
chat, and that was it.

ALICE: Yes.

DAN: You're not trusting me. I'm in love with you. You're safe.  
You had every right, I just want to know.

ALICE: Why?

DAN: Because I want to know everything. Because I'm a lunatic.  
Tell me.

ALICE: Nothing happened. You were living with someone else.

DAN: What are you justifying?

ALICE: I'm just justifying anything. I'm just saying.

DAN: What are you saying?

ALICE: I'm not saying anything.

DAN: I just want the truth.

ALICE: Where are you going?

DAN: Cigarettes.

ALICE: Everywhere is closed.

DAN: I'll go to the terminal. When I get back, please tell me the truth.

ALICE: Why?

DAN: Because I'm addicted to it. Because without it, we're animals. Trust me.

Dan leaves. Alice looks conflicted.

---

Dan comes back down the hall, steals a rose from outside another room. He walks in and offers her the rose.

ALICE: I don't love you anymore.

DAN: Since when?

ALICE: Now. Just now. I don't want to lie. Can't tell the truth, so it's over.

DAN: It doesn't matter. I love you. None of it matters.

ALICE: Too late. I don't love you anymore. Goodbye.

ALICE: Here's the truth, so now you can hate me. Larry fucked me all night. I enjoyed it. I came. I prefer you. Now go.

DAN: I knew that. He told me.

ALICE: You knew?!

DAN: I needed to hear it from you.

ALICE: Why?

DAN: Because he might have been lying. I had to hear it from you.

ALICE: I would never have told you, because I know you would have never forgiven me.

DAN: I would. I have.

ALICE: Why did he tell you?

DAN: Because he's a bastard.

ALICE: How could he?

DAN: Because he wanted this to happen.

ALICE (getting angry): But why test me?

DAN: Because I'm an idiot.

ALICE: Yes. I would have loved you... forever. Now, please go.

DAN: Don't do this, Alice. Please, talk to me.

ALICE: I am talking. Fuck off.

DAN: I'm sorry. You misunderstand! I didn't mean to.

ALICE: Yes you did.

DAN: I love you!

ALICE: Where?!

DAN: What?!

ALICE: Show me! Where is this love? I... I can't see it, I can't touch it. I can't feel it. I can hear it. I can hear some words, but I can't do anything with your easy words. Whatever you say is too late.

DAN: Please, don't do this!

ALICE: Done.

ALICE: Now, please go, or I'll call security.

DAN: No, you're not in a strip club, there is no security.

Alice picks up the phone. He goes over and grabs it from her.

DAN: Why did you fuck him?

ALICE: I wanted to.

DAN: Why?

ALICE: I desired him.

DAN: Why?

ALICE: You weren't there!

DAN (getting upset): Why him?

ALICE: He asked me nicely.

DAN: You're a liar.

ALICE: So?

DAN (screaming): Who are you?!

ALICE (crying): I'm no one!

Alice spits in his face. Dan thinks about hitting her, and it's obvious.

ALICE: Go on, hit me. It's what you want. Hit me, fucker.

Dan slaps her, hard.

---

Sound of a plane going by nearby

---

Cut to Anna and the Doc in bed at night. Anna turns out the light.

---

U.S. customs, and JFK International Airport.

Alice hands the Customs officer her passport. Her names is Jane Rachel Jones, born 1980-01-12 in New York

CUSTOMS: Welcome back, Ms. Jones.

JANE: Thank you.

---

Dan is at the memorial wall.

He notices a memorial stone with the name "Alice Ayres"

ALICE AYRES

DAUGHTER OF A BRICKLAYER'S LABOURER

WHO BY INTREPID CONDUCT

SAVED 3 CHILDREN

FROM A BURNING HOUSE

IN UNION STREET BOROUGH

AT THE COST OF HER OWN YOUNG LIFE

APRIL 24, 1885

He looks shocked.

---

Cut to JANE walking down the street in New York with a nice tan in a white tank top, turning heads.

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