

" s e x , l i e s , a n d v i d e o t a p e "

screenplay by steven soderbergh
second draft
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1 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

1

ANN BISHOP MOREAU, twenty-six, sits opposite her therapist. She is an extremely attractive woman, dressed in a mature preppy style. There is a wedding ring on her left hand.

ANN

Garbage, literally garbage, that's all I've thought about this week. I started thinking about what happens to all the garbage, I mean, where do we put all of it, we have to run out of places to put it eventually, don't we? This happened to me before when that barge with all the garbage was stranded and nobody would take it? Remember that? I don't know how it started this time.

2 EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

2

GRAHAM DALTON, twenty-nine, drives his '69 Cutlass while smoking a Gitane cigarette. One could describe his appearance as punk/arty, but neither would do him justice. He is a man of obvious intelligence, and his face is amiable. There is only one key on his keyring, and it is in the ignition.

DOCTOR

(voice over, to Ann)

What do you do when these moods overtake you?

ANN

(voice over)

Nothing. I mean, nothing. I try not to do anything that will produce garbage, so obviously we're talking about eating and basic stuff like that. Did you know that the average person produces three pounds of garbage a day?

DOCTOR

(voice over)

No, I didn't.

ANN

(voice over)

That's a lot of garbage. I'd really like to know where it's all going to go.

3 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

3

DOCTOR

If I recall correctly, the week before last you were obsessed with the families of airline fatalities, isn't that correct?

ANN

Yeah, so?

DOCTOR

Do you see a pattern here? The object of your obsession is invariably something negative that you couldn't possibly have any control over.

ANN

Well, do you think many people run around obsessing about how happy they feel and how great things are? I mean, maybe they do, but I doubt those people are in therapy. Besides, being happy isn't all that great. My figure is always at its best when I'm depressed. The last time I was really happy I put on twenty-five pounds. I thought John was going to have a stroke.

4 INT. LAW OFFICE -- DAY

4

JOHN MOREAU, twenty-nine, sits at his desk talking on the telephone. He is dressed very well, sporting real suspenders with his striped pinpoint oxford shirt and cotton suit. He fingers the wedding ring on his left hand.

JOHN

Buddy, being married is the way to go. Not only do you have it there every night if you want it, but goddam if women don't start coming on to you left, right and center when they see a ring on your finger. No stuff, I wish I had Super Bowl seats for every time I had a chick just come up and start talking to me without the slightest provocation.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

4 (CONTINUED)

4

JOHN (Cont'd)

That never happened before I got married. Shit, if I'd known that, I'd have gone out and bought me a ring when I was eighteen and saved myself a lot of time and money.

John looks at his watch.

JOHN

Shit, I gotta be someplace.
(quickly)
Look, racquetball Thursday? Great.
Seeyalaterbye.

John presses the intercom button while putting on his jacket.

JOHN

Uh, Janet, re-schedule Carlson.
Tell him to come in Friday at 1:30.

DOCTOR

(voice over, to Ann)
What does John think about these obsessions?

ANN

(voice over)
I don't know. I never tell him.

5 INT. LAW OFFICE BATHROOM -- DAY

5

John brushes his teeth and combs his hair very carefully.

DOCTOR

(voice over, to Ann)
Are you afraid of his reaction?

ANN

(voice over)
No. I don't know, I haven't told him about the garbage thing because I'm pissed off at him right now. He's letting some old college buddy stay at our house for a couple of days, and he didn't even ask me about it. I mean, I would've said yes, I just wish he would've asked.

6 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

6

DOCTOR

What upsets you about that?

ANN

I guess I'm upset because I can't really justify being upset, I mean, it's his house, really, he pays the mortgage.

DOCTOR

But he asked you to quit your job, and you do have housework.

ANN

Yeah, I know.

DOCTOR

This unexpected visit notwithstanding, how is your relationship with John?

ANN

(shrugs)

Fine, I guess.

7 INT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S APARTMENT -- DAY

7

CYNTHIA BISHOP, Ann's SISTER, opens her door to reveal the freshly coiffed John Moreau. They kiss passionately and begin to disrobe. Cynthia bears a slight resemblance to Ann, but is not as overtly attractive. She does, however, have a definite carnal appeal and air of confidence that Ann lacks.

DOCTOR

(voice over, to Ann)

Do you have much physical contact with him?

ANN

(voice over)

Well, that's kind of the thing.

(pause)

See, I've never really been into sex that much, I mean, I like it and everything, it just doesn't freak me out, I wouldn't miss it, you know? But anyway, lately we've hardly been doing anything at all physically.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

7 (CONTINUED)

7

ANN (Cont'd)
Like I said, it's not that I miss
it, but I'm curious the way things
have kind of slacked off.

John and Cynthia are now having sex.

ANN
(voice over)
I'm sure he wishes I would initiate
things once in awhile, and I would
except it never occurs to me, I'm
always thinking about something
else and then the few times that
I have thought about it I was by
myself.

DOCTOR
(voice over)
Did you do anything to relieve
yourself?

A pause.

ANN
(voice over)
What do you mean?

DOCTOR
(voice over)
Did you masturbate?

8 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

8

ANN
(taken aback)
God, no.

DOCTOR
I take it you've never masturbated?

ANN
(slightly uncomfortable)
Well, I tried once. It just seemed
stupid, I kept seeing myself lying
there and it seemed stupid. Like
seeing monkeys in the zoo, you
know?

(more)

(CONTINUED)

8 (CONTINUED)

8

ANN (Cont'd)

And then I was wondering if my dead grandfather could see me doing this, and it just seemed like a dumb thing to do when we don't know what to do with all that garbage, you know?

DOCTOR

So it was recently that you tried this.

ANN

(exhales, head down)

Yes.

There is a pause.

ANN

I'm really not up to having a guest in the house.

9 INT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S APARTMENT -- DAY

9

John and Cynthia are lying in bed, bathed in sweat.

JOHN

I've got to get back to the office.

CYNTHIA

I only get one today? Gee, how exciting.

John rolls over and begins to put his clothes on.

JOHN

I can't let my lunch hour go on too long. I've already skipped one meeting.

CYNTHIA

Don't give me this passive/aggressive bullshit. If you want to leave, leave. My life doesn't stop when you walk out the door, you know what I'm saying?

John continues to put on his clothes.

(CONTINUED)

9 (CONTINUED)

9

JOHN

I have a friend coming in from out of town, I'll probably be spending some time with him the next couple of days.

CYNTHIA

Meaning we'll have to cool it for awhile, right?

JOHN

Right.

A silent shrug from Cynthia. John is almost completely dressed.

JOHN

I wish you'd quit that bartending job.

CYNTHIA

Why? The money's great, and I meet lots of people.

JOHN

I hate the thought of guys hitting on you all the time.

CYNTHIA

I can handle it. Besides, some of them are cute. And you are in no position to be jealous.

JOHN

Who said I was jealous?

CYNTHIA

I did.

John says nothing.

CYNTHIA

You know, I'd like to do it at your house sometime. I have to admit the idea of doing it in my sister's bed gives me a perverse thrill.

John thinks about that.

(CONTINUED)

9 (CONTINUED) (2)

9

CYNTHIA

I wish everyone knew that the beautiful, gorgeous, popular Ann Bishop Moreau is a lousy lay.

JOHN

Could be risky, doing it at my house.

CYNTHIA

Are you afraid of her finding out about us?

JOHN

I guess.

CYNTHIA

You should be. Can I meet this friend of yours?

JOHN

Why?

CYNTHIA

Why not? He may be the man I'm looking for. Then I won't have to fuck worried husbands all the time.

John looks at her for a moment before heading for the door.

JOHN

Bye.

CYNTHIA

Don't be a stranger.

He leaves.

10 EXT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- DAY

10

Graham has parked in the Moreau's driveway. He opens the trunk, revealing a Sony 8mm Video rig and a single black duffle bag. He grabs the duffle bag and shuts the trunk.

Graham knocks at the door. He is stubbing out a cigarette with his beaten Converse Hi-top tennis shoe when Ann answers the door. She is unable to hide her surprise at his appearance.

(CONTINUED)

10 (CONTINUED)

10

GRAHAM
Ann?

ANN
Yes?

GRAHAM
(extends his hand)
Graham Dalton.

Ann shakes his hand.

GRAHAM
Can I use your bathroom?

Ann withdraws her hand.

ANN
Yes. Yes, come in, please.

Graham moves inside.

11 INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- DAY

11

Ann closes the door and motions Graham to the rear of the house.

ANN
Straight back, first door on the
left.

Graham heads for the bathroom. Ann heads for the phone. She
dials John's office.

VOICE ON PHONE
Davidson, Douglas and Moreau.

ANN
John Moreau, please. This is his
wife.

Graham exits the bathroom. Ann quickly hangs up the phone.

ANN
That was quick.

GRAHAM
False alarm.

ANN
Oh. Well, please sit down.

(CONTINUED)

11 (CONTINUED)

11

Graham sits, his manner pleasantly animated. He gets his Gitanes from inside his scuffed black leather jacket and looks around for an ashtray. Ann swallows uncomfortably.

ANN

We...don't usually let people smoke in the house. We have a patio if you--

GRAHAM

Oh, no problem. It can wait.

A moment of silence. Graham looks at Ann directly. It is not a challenging stare, he's just trying to ascertain what kind of person she is. Ann, to her credit, somehow meets his gaze. Something subtle passes between them.

ANN

(looks at duffle bag)
Do you have other things?

GRAHAM

Yes.

(pause)

Oh, you mean to bring in! No. Yes, I have some other things, no, I don't need to bring them in. This is all I need to stay here.

ANN

Oh.

Graham smiles. He has an unusual face, a face that fluctuates between remarkably handsome and just plain strange.

GRAHAM

Have you ever been on television?

ANN

Television?

GRAHAM

Yes.

ANN

No. Why?

GRAHAM

(shrugs)
Curious.

(CONTINUED)

11 (CONTINUED) (2)

11

ANN

Graham is an unusual name.

GRAHAM

Yeah, it is. My mother is a complete Anglophile, anything British makes her drool like a baby. She probably heard the name in some movie. She's a total prisoner of public television now.

ANN

Oh, uh-huh.

GRAHAM

I know you're uncomfortable with my appearance. But that's okay.

ANN

(downplaying)

No, I think you look...fine.

GRAHAM

(smiles)

I did go through a phase where I wanted to shock people and rub their noses in it. I was in a band once whose sole raison d'etre was to offend everybody and anybody. First we were Fetal Screaming, then Road Kill, then The Phlegm.

ANN

You play guitar?

GRAHAM

That depends on your definition of "play". I can make sounds come out of it. How do you like being married?

ANN

(caught slightly off guard)

Oh, I like it. I like it very much.

GRAHAM

What about it do you like? I'm not being critical, I'd really like to know.

(CONTINUED)

11 (CONTINUED) (3)

11

ANN

Well...

GRAHAM

You don't mind my asking?

ANN

No, no, I...well, the cliché about the security of it, that's really true. We own a house, and I really like that, you know? And I like that John was just made junior partner, so he has a steady job and he's not some...

Ann looks at Graham and stops. He smiles again.

GRAHAM

...penniless bum?

ANN

(embarrassed)

I think I meant...free-lance.
You know.

GRAHAM

Yes. So you feel security, stability. Like things are going to last awhile.

ANN

Oh, definitely. I mean, just this past year has gone by like phew!
I hardly even knew it passed.

Graham begins digging for his cigarettes again. Ann watches, hoping she won't have to tell him not to smoke again.

GRAHAM

Did you know that if you shut someone up in a room, and the only clock he has reference to runs two hours slow for every twenty-four, that his body will eventually adjust to that schedule? Simply because the mind honestly perceives that twenty-six hours are twenty-four, the body follows.

Graham puts a cigarette in his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

11 (CONTINUED) (4)

11

GRAHAM

I'm not going to light it. And then there are sections of time. Your life can be broken down into the sections of time that formed your personality (if you have one). For instance, when I was twelve, I had an eleven minute conversation with my father that to this day defines our relationship. Now, I'm not saying that everything happened in that specific section of time, but the events of my childhood involving my father led up to, and then were crystallized in, that eleven minutes.

Ann is fascinated, if a bit overwhelmed.

ANN

I've never thought about time like that.

GRAHAM

Me neither until this morning. I think our mind is very flexible as far as time is concerned. Our memory is subjective about whether or not we felt something passed quickly or slowly.

ANN

"Time flies"?

GRAHAM

Exactly. I would say the fact that you feel the first year of your marriage has gone by quickly means lots of things. Or could mean lots of things.

ANN

How long has it been since you've seen John?

GRAHAM

Nine years.

ANN

Nine years?

(CONTINUED)

11 (CONTINUED) (5)

11

GRAHAM

Yes. I was surprised that he accepted when I asked if I could stay here until I found a place.

ANN

Why? Didn't you know him well?

GRAHAM

I knew him very well. We were extremely close until I dropped out and he went on to finish with...well, running colors, anyway. We were very much alike. Frat buddies.

ANN

That's hard to believe. The two of you seem so different.

GRAHAM

I would imagine that we are, now. I think I'm ready to use the bathroom, finally.

Graham gets up and heads for the toilet. Ann watches him go, a bemused smile on her face. After she hears the door close,, she can't resist the impulse to take a closer look at Graham's bag.

IN THE BATHROOM, Graham pokes around, looking through the medicine cabinet and sniffing towels.

12 INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

12

John, Ann and Graham are eating dinner.

JOHN

Graham, I've gotta tell you, I almost called the cops when I saw you in my living room. I thought this couldn't possibly be the same guy that once urinated off the balcony of the Phi Mu house.

ANN

(to Graham)

You did that?

(CONTINUED)

12 (CONTINUED)

12

GRAHAM
Everybody has a past.

JOHN
(smiles at Graham)
What do you think the Greeks would
make of that outfit you're wearing?

GRAHAM
A bonfire, probably.

John takes a sip of Chivas.

GRAHAM
(to Ann)
The food is excellent.

ANN
Thank you.

JOHN
Yeah, it's not bad. Usually Ann
has way too much salt. I keep
telling her, you can always add
more if you want, but you can't
take it out.

GRAHAM
(to Ann)
John was always a big fan of
stating the obvious. You have
family here also?

ANN
(nods, chewing)
Mother, father, sister.

GRAHAM
Sister older or younger?

ANN
Younger.

John takes a large swig of Chivas.

GRAHAM
You get along?

Graham sees Ann and John exchange looks.

GRAHAM
I'm sorry. Am I prying again?

(CONTINUED)

12 (CONTINUED) (2)

12

JOHN

"Again"? You were prying before?

GRAHAM

Oh, I was grilling Ann about your marriage this afternoon.

JOHN

(smiles)

Really. How'd it go?

GRAHAM

She held up very well. She threw three wine glasses and broke down twice. I'm seeing real progress.

Ann laughs.

GRAHAM

(to Ann)

So I was asking about your sister.

Ann's smile fades. John resumes eating.

ANN

We get along okay.

GRAHAM

(smiles)

Just "okay"?

ANN

She's just very...she's an extrovert. I think she's loud. She probably wouldn't agree. Definitely wouldn't agree.

JOHN

(to Graham)

Are you going to see Elizabeth while you're here?

An almost imperceptible reaction by Graham.

GRAHAM

I don't know.

ANN

(interested)

Who's Elizabeth?

(CONTINUED)

12 (CONTINUED) (3)

12

JOHN

Girl Graham dated pretty seriously
in school. Still lives here, far
as I know.

Graham eats in silence.

ANN

Graham and I were talking about
apartments and I told him to check
the Garden District, there are
some nice little places there,
garage apartments and stuff.

JOHN

(to Graham)

Stay away from the Garden District.
The crime is out of control. I
don't know what kind of place
you're looking for, but University
Acres has a lot of studio-type
apartments available.

GRAHAM

I wish I didn't have to live
anywhere.

JOHN

(laughs)

What do you mean?

Graham thinks a moment, then puts his keyring with its single
key onto the table.

GRAHAM

Well, see, I have this one key.
And this one key is all the
responsibility I have. Everything
I own is in my car. If I get an
apartment, that's two keys. If
I get a job, maybe I have to open
and close once in awhile, that's
more keys. Or I buy some stuff
and I'm worried about getting
ripped off, so I get some locks.
Pretty soon I've got a dozen keys,
all indicative of responsibility.

ANN

You don't like responsibility?

(CONTINUED)

12 (CONTINUED) (4)

12

GRAHAM

I don't like being responsible
for other people.

Graham looks at the keyring before returning it to his pocket.

GRAHAM

I wish I could just have the one
key.

JOHN

Get rid of the car when you get
your apartment, then you'll still
have one key.

GRAHAM

I like having a car. There is
something very primal about the
need to have your own car, to be
mobile. The car is important.

Ann takes her plate into the kitchen.

JOHN

So, Graham,, do you pay taxes?

Graham also stands, empty plate in hand.

GRAHAM

Sure I pay taxes. Not to pay would
be lying, and a liar is the second
lowest form of human being.

ANN

(from the kitchen)

What's the first?

GRAHAM

Advertising executives.

John smiles, thinking. Graham follows Ann into the kitchen.
John shouts after them.

JOHN

Hey, Ann, why don't you go with
Graham to hunt for apartments?
Show him how the city has changed.

Ann looks at Graham.

ANN

Would you mind?

(CONTINUED)

12 (CONTINUED) (5)

12

GRAHAM

No.

ANN

(shouts back to John)

Okay, I will!!

John, sitting at the table and now toying with his keyring, nods.

13 INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

13

Everyone but Ann is asleep. She gets up from her bed and sneaks quietly into the guest bedroom where Graham is staying. She walks cautiously up to his bed to watch him as he sleeps. Moonlight caresses his face as he breathes peacefully. Exhaling, he turns over slowly. He now faces the window, his back to Ann. She picks up the leather jacket from beside the bed and feels the surface. She brings the jacket to her nose, smelling the beaten hide. She sets the jacket down.

Graham, his eyes open, watches her reflection in the window as she leaves.

14 INT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S APARTMENT -- DAY

14

The phone rings. Cynthia answers.

CYNTHIA

Air Force One.

JOHN

Cynthia. John. Meet me at my house in exactly one hour.

CYNTHIA

You are scum. I'll be there.

15 INT. SMALL, VACANT APARTMENT -- DAY

15

Graham and Ann walk around the room, their footfalls heavy on the hardwood floors. MR. MILLER, the landlord, stands nearby. He looks as though he'd prefer to rent to someone else.

MR. MILLER

Probably too small for two people.

(CONTINUED)

15 (CONTINUED)

15

GRAHAM
It'll just be me.

MR. MILLER
Student?

GRAHAM
No.
(pause)
What's the deposit?

Mr. Miller looks at Ann, then back at Graham.

MR. MILLER
Hundred and fifty.

GRAHAM
Lease?

MR. MILLER
Month to month.

GRAHAM
I'll take it.

16 INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- DAY

16

Cynthia lets herself in. She looks around.

CYNTHIA
John?

JOHN
(offscreen)
In here!!

Cynthia walks to the bedroom, where John lies naked on the bed. She smiles, kicking off her shoes.

CYNTHIA
Ain't you a picture.

Cynthia takes her clothes off and gets into bed. They begin to kiss.

CYNTHIA
Ow, wait.

Cynthia takes off a fresh-water pearl earring that she is wearing and sets it on the night table.

(CONTINUED)

16 (CONTINUED)

16

It rolls off and drops to the floor, but she doesn't hear it because John has already moved his mouth to her thighs.

ANN

(voice over)

Maybe you'll understand this, because you know John, but he confuses me sometimes.

GRAHAM

(voice over)

How do you mean?

17 INT. CAFE -- DAY

17

Graham and Ann are having lunch. Ann looks to have had a lot of wine. Graham drinks club soda with a twist.

ANN

It's hard to explain, but I'll try. It's like...John treats everybody the same, you know? I mean, he acts just as excited about seeing somebody he hardly knows as he does when he sees me. And so I feel like, what's different about me, if I'm treated exactly the same as some acquaintance? If I don't like somebody, I don't act like I do. I guess that's why a lot of people think I'm a bitch.

She takes a sip of wine.

GRAHAM

Yeah, I know. I mean, I'm not saying I know people think you're a bitch, I'm saying I know what you mean. And I don't even know that people think you're a bitch. Do they?

ANN

I feel like they do.

GRAHAM

Hmm. Well, I wouldn't pay attention.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

17 (CONTINUED)

17

GRAHAM (Cont'd)

I mean, case in point: three weeks ago some guy called me judgemental. Do you believe it? I call the guy a morally repugnant reactionary swillhead and he throws this "judgemental" thing at me, I don't know...

Ann smiles.

GRAHAM

No, really, I just don't feel a connection with very many people, so I don't waste time with people I don't feel one with.

ANN

Right, right. "Connection", that's the word I was trying to think of. I don't feel connected to many people, either. Other than John.

Graham nods.

ANN

Can I tell you something personal? I feel like I can. It's something I couldn't tell John. Or wouldn't, anyway.

GRAHAM

It's up to you. But I warn you, if you tell me something personal, I might do the same.

ANN

Fair enough. I think...I think sex is overrated. I think people place far too much importance on sex. And I think that stuff about women wanting it just as bad is crap. I'm not saying women don't want it, I just don't think they want it for the reason men think they do.

(smiles)

I'm getting confused.

Graham smiles.

(CONTINUED)

17 (CONTINUED) (2)

17

ANN

Do you understand what I'm trying to say?

GRAHAM

I think so. I remember reading somewhere that men learn to love what they're attracted to, whereas women become more and more attracted to the person they love.

ANN

Yes! I think that's exactly true. Exactly.

Graham watches Ann take a sip of wine.

ANN

So what's your personal thing? Are you really going to tell me something personal?

GRAHAM

Do you want me to?

ANN

As long as it's not...gross, you know? Like some scar or something or some disease you have. It has to be like mine, like something about you.

GRAHAM

Agreed.

Graham takes a sip of club soda.

GRAHAM

I'm impotent.

Ann looks at him closely.

ANN

You are?

GRAHAM

Let me be more specific. I am incapable of achieving erection while in the presence of another person. So for all practical purposes, I am impotent.

(CONTINUED)

17 (CONTINUED) (3)

17

Ann takes a large sip of wine. Graham lights a cigarette.

ANN

Does it bother you?

GRAHAM

(exhales)

No. I've come to the conclusion that Man is incapable of rational thought while in the throes of an erection, so I feel I'm way ahead of the game as far as being clear-headed goes. I don't know, I think sex can...cloud your perception at times, keep you from seeing things clearly. Please remember that whenever I say anything, there's a fifty-percent chance I'm completely wrong.

ANN

Are you very self-conscious?

GRAHAM

No, but you are. You are the most attractive self-conscious person I've ever seen.

ANN

How do you know I'm self-conscious?

GRAHAM

Any halfway observant person could see that. When you eat in public places you are convinced that others are looking at you. There are times when you walk down the street and you are concentrating so hard on walking in the proper fashion that you actually trip. You think that the first thing people notice about you are your striking, thick eyebrows. And you know what?

ANN

What?

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

You're absolutely right. America wants bigger, better and brighter everything, and you are a prized package. Women wish they looked like you. And those that don't or can't resent you. And the fact that you're a nice person just makes it worse.

ANN

My therapist said that--

GRAHAM

You're in therapy?

ANN

Aren't you?

GRAHAM

Hah! That's funny. No, I'm not. Actually, I used to be, but the therapist I had was really ineffectual in helping me deal with my problems. Of course, I lied to him constantly, so I guess I can't hold him totally responsible...

ANN

So you don't believe in therapy?

GRAHAM

I believe in it for some people. For me it was just "white plight", you know? Plus, I have my own theory that you should never take advice from someone of the opposite sex that doesn't know you intimately.

ANN

My therapist knows me intimately.

GRAHAM

(surprised)

You had sex with you therapist?

ANN

Of course not.

(CONTINUED)

17 (CONTINUED) (5)

17

GRAHAM

Oh, see, I meant someone you've had sex with. Another part of the theory (it's constantly changing, by the way) is that you can never really know another person truly, but you can get a real good idea through sex.

ANN

Excuse me for asking, but how would you know?

GRAHAM

(smiles)

Well, I wasn't always impotent.

Ann takes another sip of wine and thinks for a moment.

ANN

Now, you said never take advice from someone that you don't know intimately, right?

GRAHAM

You're paraphrasing, but I know what you mean. Yes.

ANN

And you say that you can't "know" somebody, or get a idea, until you have sex with them, right?

GRAHAM

Essentially, yes.

18 INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- DAY

18

Cynthia is leaving the house. She gives John a big kiss.

ANN

(voice over)

So since I've never had sex with you, and therefore don't "know" you, then by your own advice I shouldn't accept your advice.

(CONTINUED)

18 (CONTINUED)

18

GRAHAM
(voice over)
That's correct.
(pause)
Bit of a dilemma, isn't it?

Cynthia is not wearing her fresh-water pearl earring.

19 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

19

ANN
No, actually, it's been a pretty good week. I started thinking about radon leakage on Saturday, but then it kind of passed. So, yeah, it's been a pretty good week.

DOCTOR
Did you confront John about the visitor?

ANN
The visitor?

DOCTOR
The friend of John's that was staying at your house.

ANN
Oh, Graham. No, I didn't talk to him about that. Actually, that turned out to be pretty interesting. I expected Graham to be this...well, like John, you know? I mean, he said they had gone to school together, so I was expecting lots of stories about getting drunk and secret handshakes and stuff. But Graham turned out to be this...this kind of character, I mean, he's kind of arty but okay, you know?

DOCTOR
Is he still at your house?

ANN
No, he left last week.

(CONTINUED)

19 (CONTINUED)

19

DOCTOR
Did you find him attractive?

ANN
What do you mean, like physically?

DOCTOR
Let me rephrase. Were you attracted
to him?

ANN
(thinks)
I guess, but not because of the
way he looked or anything. He's
just so different, somebody new,
somebody that doesn't seem like
everybody else that I know. And
he's really on about truth a lot,
being honest, and I like that,
I feel comfortable around him.

20 INT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S APARTMENT -- DAY

20

Ann stands watching Cynthia get dressed for work.

CYNTHIA
Where's he from?

ANN
Here, originally. He'd been living
in Philadelphia the last nine
years.

CYNTHIA
What could possibly motivate
someone to move back here?

ANN
I don't know. John said he thinks
Graham is strange.

CYNTHIA
Is he?

ANN
Not exactly. I would've probably
said that if I just saw him on
the street. But after talking
to him, I'd say he's
just...unusual.

(CONTINUED)

20 (CONTINUED)

20

CYNTHIA

Big difference. What's he look like?

A pause.

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 consistently underestimate me. Is he straight?

ANN

I don't know. I guess. I don't think it matters.

(CONTINUED)

20 (CONTINUED) (2)

20

CYNTHIA

What does that mean?

ANN

Nothing.

CYNTHIA

Well, can you arrange for me to meet him? Invite the two of us over for dinner or something?

ANN

For God's sake, 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 real good idea.

CYNTHIA

Ann, you don't have a clue. All right, forget dinner, I'll just call him up. Give me his number.

ANN

He doesn't have a phone.

CYNTHIA

He doesn't have a telephone? Jesus. How does the man communicate?

ANN

He talks to you in person.

CYNTHIA

Oh, please. So give me his address, I'll think of a reason to stop by.

ANN

Let me talk to him first.

CYNTHIA

Why? Just give me the address, you won't even have to be involved.

(CONTINUED)

20 (CONTINUED) (3)

20

ANN

I don't feel right just giving
you the address so that you can
go over there and...

CYNTHIA

And what?

Ann doesn't answer. Cynthia fishes through her jewelry box.

ANN

What are you looking for?

CYNTHIA

I can't find my fucking pearl
earring.

21 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

21

ANN

I was thinking maybe I shouldn't
be in therapy anymore.

DOCTOR

What brought this on?

ANN

I've been thinking about it for
awhile, and then I was talking
to somebody who kind of put things
in perspective for me.

DOCTOR

(smiles)

I thought that's what I did. Who
was it that you talked to?

ANN

That guy Graham I told you about.
He said taking advice from someone
you don't know intimately
was...well, he said a lot of stuff.

The Doctor exhales, thinking for a moment.

DOCTOR

Ann, in life one has to be aware
of hidden agendas.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

21 (CONTINUED)

21

DOCTOR (Cont'd)

Did it occur to you that Graham may have his own reasons for not wanting you to be in therapy? He may have hidden motives for disliking therapy and/or therapists. Perhaps he has problems of his own that he is unwilling to deal with, and he would like to see someone else, you for instance, wallow in their situation just as he does. Do you think that's possible?

ANN

I guess.

DOCTOR

You understand that you are free to leave therapy at any time?

ANN

Yes.

DOCTOR

That you are under no obligation to me?

ANN

Yes.

DOCTOR

Do you want to leave therapy?

ANN

Not really.

DOCTOR

Do you feel there is more progress to be made?

ANN

Yes.

DOCTOR

I'm glad you feel that way, because I feel that way, too.

ANN

But you don't have hidden motives for feeling that way, right?

The Doctor laughs. Ann does not laugh with him.

22 INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DAY

22

On a television monitor we see images originating from an 8mm Video deck. Graham stands with his pants down in front of the screen. He watches the tape, which is footage of Graham interviewing a girl about her sexual preferences. The photography on the tape is handheld, relentless. As the questions get more detailed, Graham becomes more aroused.

There is a knock on Graham's door. He calmly shuts off the videotape player and pulls up his pants.

GRAHAM

It's open.

Ann opens the door and walks into the apartment. Graham smiles.

GRAHAM

Ann. I didn't expect you to drop by.

ANN

Are you in the middle of something?

GRAHAM

Nothing I can't finish later.

ANN

(looks)

I wanted to see how the place looked furnished.

Ann scans the furnishings: a few director's chairs and a table for Graham's video gear.

GRAHAM

Not much to see, I'm afraid. I'm sort of cultivating a Zen minimalist vibe.

ANN

Somehow I imagined books. I thought you would have lots of books and read a lot.

GRAHAM

I do read a lot. But I check everything out of the library.

Graham picks up an Anais Nin diary and opens it to show Ann the library sleeve inside.

(CONTINUED)

22 (CONTINUED)

22

GRAHAM

Cheaper that way. And cuts down
on the clutter.

Ann walks to the table where the video gear is set up. Graham
watches her closely. She looks into a large box of 8mm
videotapes. On the side of each tape is a label. The labels
look like this:

DONNA / 11 DEC 86 / 1:07:36

And so on. There are thirty or forty tapes, total.

ANN

What are these?

Graham exhales.

GRAHAM

Those.

Graham sits down.

GRAHAM

In a way, I'm sorry you asked about
those, Ann, because I know that,
as a person, you like me, and after
I tell you what those tapes are,
you may not.

ANN

(concerned)

Why do you say that? What's on
them?

GRAHAM

Interviews. Each of those tapes
contain interviews. Interviews
with women who are willing to
answer any question I ask, most
of which are very personal and
pertain directly to sex.

ANN

Sex?

(CONTINUED)

22 (CONTINUED) (2)

22

GRAHAM

What they've done, what they do,
what they don't do, what they want
to do but are afraid to ask for,
what they won't do even if asked.
Anything I can think of. Sometimes
they do things. Not to me, but for
me, for the camera.

Ann is completely stunned by this revelation.

ANN

I don't....why...why do you make
these tapes?

GRAHAM

These tapes are what excite me.
They are the only things that
excite me. Photographs or films
of people I don't know don't excite
me. There's so much...

(thinks)

I'm sorry this came up. I didn't
think you would be able to
reconcile this.

ANN

This is just....so...

GRAHAM

Look, I think you should go now,
don't you?

Ann nods and absently heads for the door. She gives Graham a
puzzled look before leaving.

GRAHAM

Goodbye, Ann.

23 INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- DAY

23

Ann is talking to Cynthia on the telephone.

CYNTHIA

What do you mean he doesn't want
me to come over? Did you mention
me?

(CONTINUED)

23 (CONTINUED)

23

ANN
(still shaken)

No.

CYNTHIA
Then how do you know?

ANN
Cynthia, you don't want to go over there, trust me.

CYNTHIA
Why not?

ANN
Because. John was right. He is strange. You don't want to get involved with him.

CYNTHIA
What the hell happened over there? Did he make a pass at you?

ANN
No!

CYNTHIA
Then what's the story, what's this "strange" bullshit all of a sudden? Is he drowning puppies in his bathtub, or what?

ANN
No, it's nothing like that.

CYNTHIA
Do you think he's physically dangerous?

ANN
No.

CYNTHIA
Well, what, then?

ANN
I don't want to talk about it.

CYNTHIA
Then why'd you call me?

(CONTINUED)

23 (CONTINUED) (2)

23

ANN
I don't know.

Ann hangs up.

24 INT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S APARTMENT -- DAY

24

Cynthia gets out of the shower. The phone rings. She wraps herself in a towel and lifts the receiver.

CYNTHIA
Beatle fan club.

JOHN
Cynthia. John.

CYNTHIA
Not today. I've got other plans.

JOHN
Oh.
(pause)
Well, when, then?

CYNTHIA
How about inviting me over to dinner?

JOHN
You know what I mean.

CYNTHIA
Yeah, I know what you mean.

Cynthia hangs up the phone.

25 INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DAY

25

Graham sits smoking a cigarette. There is a knock at his door.

GRAHAM
It's open.

Cynthia enters. Graham looks up at her.

GRAHAM
Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

25 (CONTINUED)

25

CYNTHIA
I'm Cynthia Bishop.

GRAHAM
I don't know you.

CYNTHIA
I'm Ann Moreau's sister.

GRAHAM
The extrovert.

CYNTHIA
(smiles)
She must have been in a good mood
when she said that.

GRAHAM
Why are you here?

CYNTHIA
You want me to leave?

GRAHAM
I just want to know why you're
here.

CYNTHIA
Well, like I said, Ann is my
sister. Sisters talk. You can
imagine the rest.

GRAHAM
No, I really can't. I find it
healthy never to characterize
people I don't know or
conversations I haven't heard.
I don't know what you and your
sister discussed about me or
anything else. When I saw her last,
she left here very...confused,
I would say. And upset.

CYNTHIA
She still is.

GRAHAM
And are you here to berate me for
making her that way?

(CONTINUED)

25 (CONTINUED) (2)

25

CYNTHIA
(laughs loudly)
Fuck, no.

GRAHAM
She didn't tell you why she was
upset?

CYNTHIA
Nope.

GRAHAM
She didn't give you my address?

CYNTHIA
Nope.

GRAHAM
How did you find me?

CYNTHIA
I know a guy at Gulf States
Utilities owes me a couple dozen
favors. I used one to find your
address.

GRAHAM
Why did you want to come here?
Weren't you afraid? I could be the
the Gorilla Mask Killer, for all
you know.

CYNTHIA
She didn't say you were dangerous.
She just said you were strange.

GRAHAM
Strange. Well. Words are funny
things. Still, you're taking a
big chance, don't you think?

CYNTHIA
I don't listen to her when it comes
to men. I mean, look at John, for
crissake. Oh, you went to school
with him didn't you? You're
probably friends or something.

GRAHAM
Nope. John is clever, but I don't
think he's very smart.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM (Cont'd)

I think he is a liar. I think
he lies to Ann.

CYNTHIA

(smiles)

I think you're right. So come on,
I came all the way over here to
find out what got Ann so spooked,
tell me what it is.

GRAHAM

(smiles)

Spooked.

He motions to the box of videotapes.

GRAHAM

Look at that box of tapes.

Cynthia goes over to the box and looks inside for a long moment,
studying the labels.

CYNTHIA

Oh, okay. I think I get it.

GRAHAM

What do you get?

CYNTHIA

Well, they must be something
sexual, because Ann gets freaked
out by that shit. Are these tapes
of you having sex with these girls
or something?

GRAHAM

Not exactly.

CYNTHIA

Well, either you are or you aren't.
Which is it?

GRAHAM

There is an easy way to explain
what they are.

CYNTHIA

How?

A pause.

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM
Let me tape you.

CYNTHIA
Doing what?

GRAHAM
Talking.

CYNTHIA
What about?

GRAHAM
Sex. Your sexual history, your
sexual preferences.

CYNTHIA
What makes you think I'd discuss
that with you?

GRAHAM
Nothing.

CYNTHIA
You just want to ask me questions?

GRAHAM
Yes. But understand: very personal,
detailed questions. I will never
touch you.

CYNTHIA
(a crooked smile)
Is this how you get off or
something? Taping women talking
about their sexual experiences?

GRAHAM
Yeah.

CYNTHIA
Would anybody else see the tape?

GRAHAM
Absolutely not. They are for my
private use only. I guarantee it.

CYNTHIA
How do we start?

(CONTINUED)

25 (CONTINUED) (5)

25

GRAHAM

I turn on the camera. You start talking.

CYNTHIA

And you ask questions, right?

GRAHAM

Yes.

CYNTHIA

How long will it take?

GRAHAM

That depends on you. One woman only used three minutes. Another filled up three two hour tapes.

CYNTHIA

Can I see some of the other tapes to get an idea of what--

GRAHAM

No.

CYNTHIA

(thinks)

Do I sit or stand?

GRAHAM

Whichever you prefer.

CYNTHIA

I'd rather sit. Are you ready?

GRAHAM

Just a moment.

Graham grabs his 8mm Video camera, puts in a new tape, and turns it on.

GRAHAM

I am now recording. Tell me your name.

CYNTHIA

Cynthia Patrice Bishop.

GRAHAM

Describe for me your first sexual experience.

(CONTINUED)

CYNTHIA

My first sexual experience or the first time I had intercourse?

GRAHAM

Your first sexual experience.

CYNTHIA

(thinks)

Eight years old. Michael Green, who was also eight, asked if he could watch me take a pee. I said he could if I could watch him take one, too. He said okay, and then we went into the woods behind our house. I got this feeling he was chickening out because he kept saying, "Ladies first!" So I pulled down my panties and urinated, and he ran away before I even finished.

GRAHAM

Was it ever a topic of conversation between the two of you afterward?

CYNTHIA

No. He kind of avoided me for the rest of the summer, and then his family moved away. To Philadelphia, actually.

GRAHAM

How symmetrical. How old were you when you first saw Mr. Happy?

CYNTHIA

(smiles)

Fourteen.

GRAHAM

Live, or in a photograph or film of some sort?

CYNTHIA

Very much live.

GRAHAM

What did you think? Did it look like you expected?

(CONTINUED)

25 (CONTINUED) (7)

25

CYNTHIA

Not really. I didn't picture it with any veins or ridges or anything, I thought it would be smooth, like a test tube.

GRAHAM

Were you disappointed?

CYNTHIA

No. If anything, after I looked at it awhile, it got more interesting. It had character, you know?

GRAHAM

What about when you touched it? What did you expect it to feel like, and then what did it really feel like?

CYNTHIA

It was warmer than I thought it would be, and the skin was softer than it looked. It's weird. Thinking about it now, the organ itself seemed like a separate thing, a separate entity to me. I mean, after he pulled it out and I could look at it and touch it, I completely forgot that there was a guy attached to it. I remember literally being startled when the guy spoke to me.

GRAHAM

What did he say?

CYNTHIA

He said that my hand felt good.

GRAHAM

Then what happened?

CYNTHIA

I put my mouth on it.

26 INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DAY

26

Cynthia, adjusting her clothes, opens the door to leave. She looks very aroused. She and Graham do not speak or touch.

27 INT. LAW OFFICES -- DAY

27

John Moreau picks up a telephone and presses a blinking button.

JOHN
John Moreau.

CYNTHIA
I want to see you.

JOHN
When?

CYNTHIA
Right now.

JOHN
Jesus, I don't know if I can get
away. I've got a client waiting.
I'd have to do some heavy duty
juggling.

CYNTHIA
Then get those balls in the air
and get your butt over here.

She hangs up. John thinks a moment, then hits his intercom
button.

JOHN
Janet, re-schedule Carlson, see
if he can come in Friday. Smooth
things out, tell him an emergency
came up. I'll slip out the back.

28 INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DAY

28

Graham watches Cynthia's tape, becoming excited.

CYNTHIA
(voice on tape)
Would you like me to take my pants
off?

GRAHAM
(voice on tape)
If you wish.
(pause)
You're not wearing any underwear.

(CONTINUED)

28 (CONTINUED)

28

CYNTHIA
(voice on tape)
Do you like the way I look?

GRAHAM
(voice on tape)
Yes.

CYNTHIA
(voice on tape)
I don't shave around the edges
at all because I never wear bathing
suits or anything. I kind of like
it bushy. Some guys have a problem
with that, though.

29 INT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S APARTMENT -- DAY

29

Cynthia and John are having sex.

CYNTHIA
(to Graham, voice on
tape)
What do you think, should I leave
it like it is?

GRAHAM
(voice on tape)
Yes.

Cynthia has an intense orgasm. She rolls off of John, sweating.

JOHN
Jesus Christ. You are on fire
today.

Cynthia smiles.

CYNTHIA
You can go now.

DOCTOR
(voice over)
If you won't talk to me, I can't
help you.

A moment of silence. John is starting to put his clothes on.
Cynthia lies in bed, her eyes closed, her face serene.

ANN
(voice over)
I hate my sister.

30 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

30

DOCTOR

Why?

ANN

(rambling)

Because all she thinks about are these guys she's after and I just hate her she's such a little slut I thought that in high school and I think that now. Why do people have to be so obsessed with sex all the time, what's the big damn deal? I mean, it's okay and everything, but I don't understand when people let it control them, control their lives, why do they do that?

31 INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

31

Ann lies awake in bed beside John, who is sound asleep.

DOCTOR

(voice over)

There are many things that can exert control over one's life, good and bad. Religion, greed, philanthropy, drugs.

ANN

(voice over)

I know, but this...I just feel like everybody I know right now is obsessed with sex.

Ann looks over at John. She slowly reaches under the covers and grasps his penis. Without waking, he rolls over and turns his back to her. She returns to looking at the ceiling.

ANN

(voice over)

Except John, I guess.

32 INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- DAY

32

Ann is talking to Cynthia on the phone. Ann looks very morose.

(CONTINUED)

32 (CONTINUED)

32

CYNTHIA

He just asked me all sorts of questions and I answered them.

ANN

What sorts of questions?

CYNTHIA

About sex. All of them were about sex.

ANN

(shocked, offended)

How could you do that?

CYNTHIA

It was easy.

ANN

What did he ask, exactly?

CYNTHIA

Just stuff. I don't want to say.

ANN

You'll let a total stranger record your sexual life on tape, but you won't tell your own sister?

CYNTHIA

I just don't feel like repeating it. I got it out of my system, and that's it.

ANN

Did he ask you to take your clothes off?

CYTNHIA

No.

A pause.

ANN

Did you take your clothes off?

CYNTHIA

Yes.

ANN

(floored)

Cynthia, why?

(CONTINUED)

32 (CONTINUED) (2)

32

CYNTHIA
Because I wanted to.

ANN
Why did you want to?

CYNTHIA
I wanted him to see me.

ANN
Cynthia, who knows where that tape
may end up? He could be...bouncing
it off some satellite or something.
Some horny old men in South America
or something could be watching
it.

CYNTHIA
I don't care. I trust him, anyway.
He wouldn't do that.

ANN
And he never touched you?

CYNTHIA
Never. I asked him to, and he
wouldn't. So I touched myself
instead.

ANN
Wait a minute. Do you mean...don't
tell me you...in front of him.

CYNTHIA
I masturbated in frcnt of him,
Ann, yes.

ANN
(serious)
You are in trouble.

CYNTHIA
(laughs)
Listen to you!! You sound like
mom. What are you talking about?

ANN
(outraged)
I can't believe you did that!!

CYNTHIA
Why?

(CONTINUED)

ANN

I mean, I couldn't do that in front of John, even.

CYNTHIA

You couldn't do it, period.

ANN

You know what I mean, you don't even know him!

CYNTHIA

I feel like I do.

ANN

That doesn't mean you do. You can't possibly trust him, he's...perverted.

CYNTHIA

I do trust him. He's harmless. He just sits around and looks at these tapes. What's the big deal?

ANN

You're going to regret doing it.

CYNTHIA

I asked him if I could see some of the other tapes of his and he said no, he'd promised each one that he wouldn't show them to anybody.

ANN

So he's got this catalogue of women touching themselves? That doesn't make you feel weird?

CYNTHIA

No. I don't think they all did what I did. Anyway, what I did is between me and him.

ANN

You are in serious trouble.

CYNTHIA

Ann, I don't understand why this wigs you out so much? What's the big deal, you didn't do it, I did.

32 (CONTINUED) (4)

32

ANN

I don't want to talk about it.

CYNTHIA

Then stop calling me and asking about it!!

Cynthia hangs up.

33 INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

33

A party. Lots of people. Music, drinking, drugs. John, Ann, Cynthia and Graham are present, though not necessarily together. John and Ann look a little out of place, while Cynthia looks perfectly at ease. Graham stands in a corner, smoking, while impassively watching the revelry. Cynthia is now talking to a girl named LINDA. She gestures toward Graham and speaks to Linda in a conspiratorial fashion. Eventually Linda walks over to Graham. They talk for a moment, then leave the party.

34 EXT. OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

34

Cynthia exits, looking around. She sees unusual light patterns emanating from a small, unused alley adjacent to the building. She moves closer and sees Graham shooting video footage of Linda, who has removed her shirt and dances to the loudly reverberating music. Cynthia hangs back, unseen, watching. The sun gun on Graham's camera makes Linda's ivory flesh glow.

Cynthia is suddenly aware that Ann is standing beside her, also watching.

ANN

(aghast)

Aren't you going to do something?

CYNTHIA

I already did. I introduced them.

ANN

Cynthia, they can't do this here!

CYNTHIA

Why not? They're not bothering anybody, except you.

ANN

This is really offensive.

(CONTINUED)

34 (CONTINUED)

34

CYNTHIA
So don't look.

Ann, unable to turn away, continues to watch Linda's heavily backlit figure.

35 INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DAY

35

Graham sits reading a book. There is a knock at his door.

GRAHAM
It's open.

Cynthia enters the room, looking very intent on something.

GRAHAM
I know you.

CYNTHIA
I want to do another tape.

Graham sets his book ddown. He looks at her for a moment, then drags on his cigarette.

GRAHAM
No. I never do more than one session.

CYNTHIA
But I've got to do another one.

GRAHAM
I'm sorry.

CYNTHIA
Graham, I was so fucking hot when I got out of here, you've got to let me do another one.

GRAHAM
I can't. You'll have to get somebody else.

CYNTHIA
Now who the hell is going to do that for me?

GRAHAM
I'm sure a substantial number of men in this town would volunteer.

(CONTINUED)

35 (CONTINUED)

35

CYNTHIA

But I want you to do it, I want somebody who will ask the right questions and everything, somebody I can play to and feel safe because you can't do anything.

GRAHAM

Ouch. Okay, I deserved that. Cynthia, don't you understand? After the first time it's no longer spontaneous. There's no edge anymore. Look at the tapes, there is only one date on each label. I have never taped anyone twice.

CYNTHIA

So make an exception.

GRAHAM

No.

CYNTHIA

How about if you record over the one we already made? You could have the same date and not use another tape. Who would know?

GRAHAM

I would.

CYNTHIA

Well, what the hell am I supposed to do?

GRAHAM

Cynthia, I don't know.

CYNTHIA

I can't believe you're doing this after I let you tape me. And sent that girl to you at the party.

GRAHAM

I didn't ask you to recruit for me.

CYNTHIA

Goddamit, give me my tape, then.

GRAHAM

No.

(CONTINUED)

35 (CONTINUED) (2)

35

Cynthia heads for the tape box. Graham leaps up to stop her.

CYNTHIA

(digging through the
box)

It's my fucking tape, you prick--

Graham grabs her wrists forcefully.

GRAHAM

(heated)

No!! I told you what the parameters
were and you agreed. It's my tape.
I look at it, I touch it, nobody
else. I can't keep you or your
sister from thinking what you want
about me, but when you start taking
physical action that's a different
ball game.

Cynthia and Graham look at each other for a long moment.
Cynthia, attracted, moves to kiss him. Graham hurriedly drops
her wrists and backs away.

GRAHAM

(quickly)

Please go, I'd like you to go now.

Cynthia looks at him.

CYNTHIA

Sure, okay.

She leaves. Graham lights another cigarette.

36 INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

36

John and Ann lie in bed. The lights are out, and John is on
the verge of sleep. Ann stares at the ceiling, wide awake.

ANN

I called you Tuesday at 3:30 and
they said you weren't in. Do you
remember where you were?

CUT TO:

37 INT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S APARTMENT -- DAY 37

John and Cynthia are in Cynthia's bed, kissing. On the floor, John's watch reads 3:11 pm.

CUT BACK TO:

38 INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- NIGHT 38

JOHN
I had a late lunch.

ANN
Did you see a message to call me
when you got back in?

CUT TO:

39 EXT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S HOUSE -- DAY 39

John leaves Cynthia's house and drives straight home, greeting Ann as he steps through the front door.

CUT BACK TO:

40 INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- NIGHT 40

JOHN
Yes. I just got busy.

ANN
That's interesting, because I
didn't leave a message.

John is waking up a little.

JOHN
Then maybe I saw an old message.
There are a lot of them on my desk,
you know.

ANN
Who'd you have lunch with?

JOHN
I ate by myself.

A pause.

(CONTINUED)

40 (CONTINUED)

40

JOHN
Something wrong?

ANN
Are you having an affair?

JOHN
Jesus Christ, where'd that come from? I have a late lunch by myself and now I'm fucking somebody?

ANN
Well, are you?

JOHN
No, I'm not. I'm offended at the accusation, frankly.

ANN
It's just a feeling. If I'm right, I want to know. I don't want you to lie. I'd be very upset, but not as upset as if I'd found out you'd been lying.

JOHN
There's nothing to know, Ann.

ANN
I can't tell you how upset I would be if you were lying.

JOHN
Ann, you are completely paranoid. Not ten minutes ago I wanted to make love, you weren't interested. I think there are a lot of women that would be glad to have a young, straight male making a pretty good living beside them in bed with a hard on.

ANN
My sister, for one. Is that who it is?

JOHN
For God's sake, Ann, I am not fucking your sister. I don't find her that attractive, for one.

(CONTINUED)

40 (CONTINUED) (2)

40

ANN

Is that supposed to comfort me?

JOHN

I was just saying, you know. I didn't get paranoid when you didn't want to make love. I could have easily assumed that you didn't want to because you were having an affair.

ANN

But I'm not.

JOHN

I'm not either!!

ANN

Why don't I believe you?

JOHN

Look, this conversation is loony tunes. Maybe when you have some evidence, we should talk, but don't give me conjecture and intuition.

ANN

Always the lawyer.

JOHN

Goddam right. I mean, can you imagine: "Your honor, I'm positive this man is guilty. I can't place him at the scene or establish a motiive, but I have this really strong feeling."

ANN

You've made your point.

JOHN

I'm sorry. It's just...I'm under a lot of pressure with this Carlson thing, it's my first big case as junior partner, and I work all day, I come home, I look forward to seeing you, and...it hurts that you accuse me like that.

A pause. Ann exhales.

(CONTINUED)

40 (CONTINUED) (3)

40

ANN

I'm sorry, too. I...I get these ideas in my head and I have nothing to do all day but sit around and concoct these scenarios. A couple of hours go by and I've got this intricate story all worked out and then I want it to be true so I don't think I've wasted the whole day. Last week I was convinced you were having an affair with Cynthia, I don't know why.

JOHN

I don't, either. I mean, Cynthia, of all people. She's so...

ANN

Loud.

JOHN

Yeah. Jeez, give me some credit.

ANN

I didn't say it was rational, I just said I was convinced.

JOHN

Isn't therapy helping at all?

ANN

I don't know. Sometimes I feel stupid babbling about my little problems while children are starving in the world.

JOHN

Quitting your therapy won't feed the children of Ethiopia.

ANN

I know.

A pause.

ANN

You never used to say "fucking".

41 INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DAY

41

Graham sits taping himself talking.

GRAHAM

I'm going to set these dreams down so that you'll understand that we are supposed to be together. The subconscious never lies, as Freud theorized. Of course, this is a man who dies of mouth cancer from smoking too many cigars. You figure it out. Anyway, in the dream, I'm hiding in the attic of your house. Your brother is helping me survive by sneaking food up to me. I keep the food in a small, black doctor's bag (now, personally, I think the bag represents my childhood, but I could be mistaken. It could just be the only thing that was around to put food in). Anyway, on this night, we're trying to stuff an entire barbequed chicken into the bag (see, now why would I want to stuff a chicken in my childhood?), when we suddenly hear your footsteps on the stairs. I hide in the closet. Then I remember to tell you brother to forget about the chicken, because the sauce will ruin the bag. I open the closet door just as you enter the room, but I wake up before I can see your face.

42 INT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S -- DAY

42

John sits on the edge of Cynthia's bed, slowly undressing.

JOHN

It's just so blatantly stupid, I have a hard time believing you did it.

CYNTHIA

What's so stupid about it?

JOHN

That you...you don't even know the guy.

(CONTINUED)

CYNTHIA

Well, you know him, he's a friend of yours, do you think he can be trusted?

JOHN

Shit, after what you've told me, I don't know what his story is. I should've known, when he showed up dressed all weird.

CYNTHIA

I like the way he dresses.

JOHN

What if this tape gets into the wrong hands?

CYNTHIA

"The wrong hands"? We're not talking about military secrets, John. They're just tapes that he makes so he can sit around and get his rocks off.

JOHN

Jesus Christ. And he doesn't have sex with any of them? He just tapes them talking about sex and stuff?

CYNTHIA

Right.

JOHN

That's sick. I could almost understand it if he was screwing these people, almost. Why doesn't he just buy some magazines or porno movies or something?

CYNTHIA

Doesn't work. He has to know the people, and the pictures have to be moving, he says.

JOHN

Did you have to masturbate in front of him, for God's sake? I mean, Jesus...

(CONTINUED)

42 (CONTINUED) (2)

42

CYNTHIA

I felt like it. So what? Goddam, you and Ann make such a big deal out of it.

A pause.

JOHN

You told Ann about this taping thing?

CYNTHIA

Of course. She is my sister. I tell her almost everything.

JOHN

Goddammit, I wish you hadn't done that.

CYNTHIA

Why not?

JOHN

It's just something I'd prefer she didn't know about.

CYNTHIA

She's a grown-up, she can handle it.

JOHN

I just...Ann is very...

CYNTHIA

Hung up.

JOHN

It just wasn't a smart thing to do. Did you sign any sort of paper, or did he have any contract with you saying he wouldn't broadcast these tapes?

CYNTHIA

No.

JOHN

You realize you have no recourse legally? This stuff could show up anywhere.

CYNTHIA

It won't. I trust him.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
(disbelieving)
You trust him.

CYNTHIA
Yeah, I do. You want to know why?
I went back the other day, figuring
he could tape me some more and
I could get hot all over again
and call you up and fuck your
brains out. But you know what?
He wouldn't do it. He said he only
tapes a person once, that's it.
He flat out refused to do it.

JOHN
You trust him because he turned
you down?

CYNTHIA
Yeah, I do. A helluva lot more
than I trust you.

JOHN
What do you mean?

CYNTHIA
Exactly what I said. I'd trust
him before I'd trust you. How much
clearer can I be?

JOHN
It hurts that would say that to
me.

CYNTHIA
(laughs)
Oh, please. Come on, John. You're
fucking your wife's sister and
you hardly been married a year.
You're a liar. But at least I know
you're a liar. It's the people
that don't know, like Ann, that
have to watch out.

JOHN
By definition you're lying to Ann,
too.

(CONTINUED)

CYNTHIA

That's right. But I never took a vow in front of God and everybody to be "faithful" to my sister.

JOHN

Look, are we going to do it or not?

CYNTHIA

Actually, no, I've changed my mind. I shouldn't have called.

JOHN

Why? What's wrong?

CYNTHIA

I don't know. Nothing. You just don't do it for me anymore, okay? So let's just stop. You should be happy, we've gone this far without Ann finding out, I'm making it real easy on you. Just walk out of here and I'll see you at your house for a family dinner sometime.

JOHN

Did he put you up to this?

CYNTHIA

Who?

JOHN

Graham.

CYNTHIA

No, he didn't put me up to this. Jesus, I don't need people to tell me what I should do. I've just been thinking about things, that's all.

JOHN

Like what things?

CYNTHIA

I don't want to talk about it.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

I can't believe I let him stay
in my house. Right under my nose.
That deviant fucker was right under
my nose and I didn't see him.

CYNTHIA

If he had been under your prick
you'd have spotted him for sure.

JOHN

(looks at her)
God, you're mean.

CYNTHIA

I know. Will you please leave now?

John moves on top of her.

JOHN

Maybe I don't want to leave. Maybe
I want to do it even if you don't.

CYNTHIA

Get off of me, John.

JOHN

You called me over here, I'm not
leaving without getting something.

CYNTHIA

Then take some silverware, because
we are not having sex.

John pins her down and starts to kiss her neck.

CYNTHIA

Goddammit, John, I'm not kidding!!
Now get the fuck out of here or
I'll get on the phone to Ann so
fast you won't know what hit you!!

John looks at her, angry.

Then he hits her across the face.

Cynthia is stunned for a moment. Then she flies into a rage,
swinging hard and furiously at John, forcing him out of the
bed, kicking him, hitting him, pushing him toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

42 (CONTINUED) (6)

42

CYNTHIA
GET OUT OF HERE, YOU PRICK!! HOW
DARE YOU HIT ME!! GET OUT OF MY
HOUSE!! GET OUT, YOU BASTARD!!!!
I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU EVEN LOOK
AT ME AGAIN!! GET OUT OF HERE!!

John grabs his clothing and runs for the door. After he has left, Cynthia falls to her knees, panting hysterically. She feels her left cheek, which is red and starting to swell. Now that she is alone, she allows herself to cry.

43 INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- DAY

43

Ann, dressed in some of John's work clothes (old cotton shirt, khaki pants) is cleaning the house. Not cleaning like a normal person, but like an obsessive/compulsive person. Scrubbing spots that are already clean, vacuuming the same area of rug over and over, etc. She is in the process of going over the hardwood floor in the bedroom inch by inch when she comes across Cynthia's fresh-water pearl earring.

Ann stares at Cynthia's earring for a long moment.

CUT TO:

Cynthia setting the earring on Ann's night table as John kisses her. As happened before, the earring slips onto the floor.

CUT BACK TO:

Ann as she sets the earring onto the floor and begins to pound it with the bottom of a water glass, trying to smash it to pieces. It is not until she gets a hammer that she is able to do the job to her satisfaction.

Ann looks down at herself. Suddenly realizing that she is dressed in John's clothing, she frantically rips the shirt and pants from her body as though the material were burning her skin. Popped buttons skid across the floor.

Clothed only in her bra and underwear, Ann sits in the middle of the bedroom floor, arms around herself.

44 EXT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- DAY

44

Ann, now in jeans and t-shirt, stumbles to her car. Once inside, she jams the key into the ignition and rests her head against the steering wheel.

45 EXT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DAY

45

Ann lifts her head from the steering wheel and looks up. She looks almost surprised to find that she has driven to Graham's. Slowly, she gets out of the car.

46 INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DAY

46

Graham sits taping himself talking.

GRAHAM

The dream continues. And you thought it was over. So I'm still in the closet. Your brother is gone, and I can hear you pacing outside the door. Then the pacing stops. I open the door to the closet, and I see you standing by the window with your back to me. I walk up behind you and put my hands--

There is a weak knock at Graham's door. He stops taping and listens, not sure he heard anything. There is a second weak knock.

GRAHAM

Goddamit. It's open!

Nothing happens. Graham gets up and opens the door himself. Ann stands against the wall of the hallway, her head down, her breathing deliberate. Concerned, Graham slowly begins to lead her inside. Impulsively, she hugs him tightly. Unaccustomed to physical contact, Graham's hands hang awkwardly at his side. He says nothing, having some sense of what happened. Ann slowly pulls back from the embrace and sits down. Graham goes to the kitchen area and gets her a glass of water. He gives it to her and sits in the chair opposite. Ann holds the glass in her hand, staring at it.

GRAHAM

It's bottled, not tap.

A weak smile from Ann. She drinks, swallowing with difficulty.

ANN

I'm not sure why I came here. I had kind of decided not to talk to you after...you know.

GRAHAM

I know.

(CONTINUED)

46 (CONTINUED)

46

A pause.

ANN
That son of a bitch.

Ann looks at Graham.

ANN
(sarcastic)
John and Cynthia have been...
"fucking".

GRAHAM
I know.

ANN
(stunned)
You know?

GRAHAM
Yes.

ANN
How did you know?

GRAHAM
She said it on her tape.

ANN
(angry)
Why didn't you tell me?

GRAHAM
Ann, when would I have told you?
We were not speaking, if you
recall.

Ann says nothing.

GRAHAM
But even if we had been speaking,
I wouldn't have told you.

ANN
Why not?

GRAHAM
It's not my place to tell you these
things, Ann. You have to find out
by yourself or from John directly.
You have to trust me on this.

(CONTINUED)

Ann shakes her head.

ANN

My life is...shit. It's all shit. It's like somebody saying, "Okay, chairs are not chairs, they're actually cars, we've been lying to you all along." I mean, nothing is what I thought it was. What happened to me? Have I been asleep? I vaguely remember the wedding, but a lot of it is just a blur... like I was watching from a distance. I can't believe him. Why didn't I trust my intuition?

Graham says nothing.

ANN

Maybe we could make a videotape.

A pause.

GRAHAM

Uh-oh. Do you think that's such a good idea?

ANN

Don't you want to make one?

GRAHAM

Yes. But I sense the element of revenge here.

ANN

What difference does it make why I do it?

GRAHAM

I want you to be aware of what you're doing and why, because I know that this is not the sort of thing you would do in a normal frame of mind.

ANN

What would you know about a normal frame of mind?

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

(impressed)

Wow.

(thinks)

That's a good question.

ANN

What do you have to do to get ready?

GRAHAM

Load a new tape, turn the camera on.

ANN

Then do it.

Graham opens a new box of videotapes.

ANN

Where do you get your money? I mean, for rent, and tapes and this equipment.

GRAHAM

I was badly injured in a car accident about three years ago, and I got a fairly large settlement. My overhead is low, so it should last awhile.

ANN

What will you do when the money runs out?

GRAHAM

I will get a job. What kind of fabric softener do you use?

ANN

Fabric softener? Downy, why?

GRAHAM

I was just thinking of the first day I was at your house, and your towels smelled so good. I knew I liked any woman whose towels smelled that good. Are you ready?

ANN

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

46 (CONTINUED) (4)

46

Graham turns the camera on.

GRAHAM
Tell me your name.

ANN
Ann Bishop Moreau.

CUT TO BLACK:

THEN CUT TO:

47 EXT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DUSK

47

Street lights are illuminated. Night is imminent.

48 INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DUSK

48

Graham stops the video recorder. The record meter is stopped at 46:02. .

Graham looks shaken as he sits down. Ann walks over to him and puts her hands on his shoulders.

GRAHAM
You should go now.

Ann kneels in front of him. She looks into his eyes, stroking his hair.

GRAHAM
Please.

Ann looks at Graham a moment longer, then gets up to leave.

49 INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

49

John is talking on the phone as Ann walks through the door. He mumbles an apology into the receiver and hangs up as Ann moves to the couch, her expression calm.

JOHN
(worried)
Jesus Christ! What the hell happened?
(more)

(CONTINUED)

49 (CONTINUED)

49

JOHN (Cont'd)

I came home and your car was gone, the door was open, I thought for sure you'd been abducted by some mad fucker, I was literally just calling the cops when you walked in. What happened?

ANN

I want out of this marriage.

JOHN

(genuinely shocked)
What?

ANN

(looks at him)
I want out of this marriage.

JOHN

Why?

ANN

We'll call it uncontested or whatever. I just want out.

John moves to sit beside her on the couch. Ann does not look at him.

JOHN

(conciliatory)
Ann, honey, please, tell me what's wrong. Don't just say you want out and leave me wondering. You can't just go without telling me why.

Ann turns to look at him for a moment, then turns away.

ANN

Fuck you. I can do what I want.

John's mouth literally hangs open in shock. He is dumbstruck.

ANN

I'll stay at my mother's.

John gets up from the couch and begins pacing.

JOHN

Where did you go when you left here?

(CONTINUED)

49 (CONTINUED) (2)

49

ANN

I drove around. Then I went to talk with Graham.

John smacks his hand on his leg.

JOHN

Goddammit, I knew it!! That son of a bitch, I knew he had something to do with this!!

John points at Ann, angry and accusing.

JOHN

Did you fuck him? You did, didn't you?

Ann remains calm.

ANN

No.

JOHN

I don't believe you.

ANN

(suddenly pissed)

You don't believe me? Well, let's go to my gynecologist and have him poke around with the flashlight and prove to you that I haven't had sexual intercourse with anyone. Would you like that? I'll be glad to do it, if it'll make you happy.

John says nothing.

ANN

But I'll tell you something that won't make you happy: I wanted to. I really wanted to, partially, just to piss you off. But I didn't.

John is seething.

JOHN

You're leaving me for him, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

49 (CONTINUED) (3)

49

ANN

I'm not going to discuss this with you anymore. You're making no sense.

Ann gets up to leave the room. John grabs her arm roughly.

JOHN

Did you make one of those goddam tapes?

Ann looks at him.

ANN

Let go of me.

He grips her tighter.

JOHN

Answer me, goddammit!!

ANN

Yes.

John now pushes her back against the wall, pinning both her arms to her side.

JOHN

Where does he live?

Ann doesn't answer. John slaps her across the face. Ann fights back tears.

JOHN

Tell me where he lives!!!

ANN

No!!!

John bangs her head against the wall.

JOHN

(menacing)

If you don't fucking tell me where he lives, I'm going to hurt you, do you understand?

John bangs her head against the wall again.

JOHN

(yelling)

Do you understand?

(CONTINUED)

49 (CONTINUED) (4)

49

Ann stills says nothing. Tears burn trails down her cheeks. John slaps her again and she collapses onto the floor. John pushes her flush to the ground with his foot.

JOHN

I'll put you in the fucking hospital if you don't tell me where he lives.

ANN

(choking, with difficulty)

3210. Ivanhoe. Apartment A.

John immediately dashes out of the house. Ann, her eyes wet, watches him go.

ANN

DON'T YOU TOUCH HIM, YOU SON OF A BITCH!! DON'T YOU TOUCH HIM!!!

50 INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

50

Graham stands in the middle of the room with a cigarette in his mouth, trying to teach himself to moonwalk.

51 EXT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

51

John screeches to a halt, parking haphazardly. He gets out of the car and runs to Graham's apartment.

52 INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

52

John bursts through the door without bothering to knock. Graham looks up, startled. Before he can even react, John has him by the lapels.

JOHN

What kind of weird fucking friend are you, Graham? Huh?

GRAHAM

I'm not your friend.

(CONTINUED)

52 (CONTINUED)

52

JOHN

No shit!! You're a fucking pervert,
and apparently you won't be
satisfied until you've completely
fucked up my life!!

GRAHAM

I don't want to fuck up your life.

JOHN

Well, you have!!

GRAHAM

How long did you think you could
lie to Ann about Cynthia?

JOHN

That's none of your goddam
business, Graham, that doesn't
concern you!! You do what you
want in the privacy of your own
home, but when you involve my wife,
you'd better fucking watch out!!

GRAHAM

I haven't done anything to her.

JOHN

You're a lying motherfucker. I
want to see those tapes, Graham!!

GRAHAM

You can't.

John punches Graham in the jaw, knocking him to the floor.
Graham feels his mouth for blood as John picks him up by the
shirt.

JOHN

Graham, I swear to Christ I'll
kill your scrawny ass. Now give
me those tapes.

GRAHAM

No.

John roughly pushes Graham into one of the director's chairs,
which topples over and throws Graham to the floor once again.

John looks around. He sees the boxes of tapes and begins to
go through the contents. Graham gets up and runs over to stop
him.

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

Get away from those!! They belong
to me!!

Graham and John struggle. John hits Graham in the stomach and
pushes him to the floor.

JOHN

Give me your keys.

GRAHAM

My keys?

John bends over and starts going through Graham's pockets.

JOHN

Your keys, asshole!! Your two
fucking keys!! Give them to me!!

GRAHAM

I'm not going to give you my keys.

John beats Graham until Graham can offer no resistance. He then
drags Graham into the hallway and leaves him there.

John then locks himself inside Graham's apartment.

John walks over to the boxes of videotapes and begins to search
through them spastically. He finds both Cynthia and Ann's tapes.
After a brief deliberation, he decides to watch Ann's. He turns
on the player and the monitor. After pulling a chair up to the
screen, John presses the button marked "play".

In the hallway, Graham drags himself to the door of his
apartment. Putting his ear to the inlet, he strains to hear
what is going on inside.

John watches the monitor come to life.

The image is Ann, sitting in a chair.

GRAHAM

(on tape)

Tell me your name.

ANN

(on tape)

Ann Bishop Moreau.

GRAHAM

(on tape)

You are married, correct?

(CONTINUED)

52 (CONTINUED) (3)

52

JOHN
Goddam right.

ANN
(on tape)
Yes.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Who initiates sex?

John's jaw tightens.

JOHN
Bastard...

ANN
(on tape)
He does.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Who is usually on top?

JOHN
Son of a bitch!!

ANN
(on tape)
He is.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Does he go down on you?

JOHN
(shouting at Graham)
You're gonna pay for this, you
are going to pay...

ANN
(on tape)
Not very often.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
I would.

John is literally so mad he can't speak. He watches the screen in mute anger, his hands wrapped tightly around the arms of the chair. Graham still listens from the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

52 (CONTINUED) (4)

52

GRAHAM

(on tape)

Do you like him being on top?

ANN

(on tape)

It's okay. I like being able to see the face of the person I'm making love to.

GRAHAM

(on tape)

I notice you say "making love". Do you make a distinction between "having sex" or "fucking" and "making love"?

ANN

(on tape)

I don't know what you mean, exactly.

GRAHAM

(on tape)

Do you always refer to sex as "making love"?

ANN

(on tape)

Yes. I don't like those other words. One of them, especially.

GRAHAM

(on tape)

Have you ever wanted to make love to someone other than your husband?

JOHN

Son of a bitch.

Ann hesitates.

JOHN

(to Ann's image)

Answer him, goddammit!!

GRAHAM

(on tape)

You're hesitating. I think that means you have.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
(to Graham on tape)
Shut up!!!

ANN
(on tape)
You don't know what I'm thinking.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
It's a simple question. Have you
ever thought of having--making
love with someone other than your
husband?

John leans forward.

ANN
(on tape)
Is he going to see this?

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Absolutely not.

A sarcastic chuckle from John. In the hallway, Graham furrows his brow.

ANN
(on tape)
I have thought about it, yes.

JOHN
(to Ann's image)
You bitch. I knew it.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Who did you think about?

ANN
(on tape)
I don't think that matters.

JOHN
(to Ann's image)
Bullshit.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Did you have sex before you were
married?

52 (CONTINUED) (6)

52

ANN
(on tape)
Yes.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Did the person you made love with
satisfy you more than your husband?

JOHN
(to Graham)
God damn you!!

ANN
(on tape)
Yes.

John stands and throws his chair against the door. Graham, still listening at the door, is startled.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
And you have thought about...making
love to that person again since
you've been married?

John watches the monitor, his eyes beginning to water.

ANN
(on tape)
I don't see what difference it
makes, I mean, I can think what
I want.
(pause)
I don't know if I want to do this
anymore, I'm afraid...I don't mind
answering the questions so much,
but if somebody were to see this...

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Nobody will see it. Do you want
me to stop?

John, absorbed in the image, absently shakes his head.

ANN
(on tape)
No.

(CONTINUED)

52 (CONTINUED) (7)

52

GRAHAM

(on tape)

Are there people other than your previous lover that you have fantasized about?

A pause.

ANN

(on tape)

Yes. Whenever...all right, look. Whenever I see a man that I think is attractive, I wonder what it would be like with him, I mean, I'm just curious, I don't act on it, but I hate that I think that!! I wish I could just forget about that stuff!!

GRAHAM

(on tape)

Why?

ANN

(on tape)

Because that's how Cynthia thinks!! All she does is think about that stuff, and I hate that, I don't want to be like her, I don't want to be like her!!

GRAHAM

(on tape)

You're not like your sister. Nobody is like your sister. You couldn't be like her if you wanted to.

ANN

(on tape)

I know. Deep down, I know that. It just bothers me, when I have feelings or impulses that she has. I mean, I'd like to be sexy, but I put on this act to everybody, my therapist, my self, like I don't think about it. But I'm just doing that so people don't think I'm like her.

John picks up the chair he threw and sets it upright. He sits down and watches the screen impassively. Graham still listens from outside.

(CONTINUED)

52 (CONTINUED) (8)

52

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Have you fantasized about me?

ANN
(on tape)
Yes.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
What did you think about? Did you
think about what I looked like
without my clothes on?

ANN
(on tape)
That and some other things.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
What do you think John's reaction
would be to knowing that?

ANN
(on tape)
He'd get upset.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Why, do you think?

ANN
(on tape)
Oh, Graham, come on. If you were
in a relationship with someone,
and they told you about fantasizing
about a person that you knew, you'd
get upset.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Except that I don't have
relationships.

ANN
(on tape)
Right. Or sex. With other people,
I mean.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Right.

(CONTINUED)

52 (CONTINUED) (9)

52

ANN

(on tape)

You're so weird. I've never met anyone so obsessed about sex, but you're....

GRAHAM

(on tape)

Impotent, you can say it. I know. I think about sex almost continually. I also fantasize about people I find attractive.

ANN

(on tape)

You've thought about me?

GRAHAM

(on tape)

I thought I made that clear before, when I said I would go down on you.

ANN

(on tape)

I remember. You could do that, couldn't you? Go down on me?

GRAHAM

(on tape)

Yes.

ANN

(on tape)

If I asked you to, would you? Not on tape, I mean?

GRAHAM

(on tape)

No.

ANN

(on tape)

On tape?

GRAHAM

(on tape)

No.

ANN

(on tape)

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

(on tape)

If I can't do it all, I don't want to do anything. And I can't do it all.

ANN

(on tape)

So you like...just play with yourself?

GRAHAM

(on tape)

Yes.

ANN

(on tape)

A lot?

GRAHAM

(on tape)

It varies. My record is five in one day. However, I once went nineteen days without touching myself. Of course, during the last few days of that streak I was unable to put a complete sentence together.

ANN

(on tape)

What does...what kind of...thing do you have?

GRAHAM

(on tape)

"Thing"?

ANN

(on tape)

You know. Is it short, long, thin, fat?

GRAHAM

(on tape)

I've never measured it.

ANN

(on tape)

John said every guy has measured it at least once.

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

(on tape)

And do you believe everything John tells you?

A pause. John is still watching the tape, his face betraying no emotion. Graham still listens from outside.

CUT TO:

The previous afternoon. We are no longer looking at Ann on the monitor, but watching her and Graham AS THEY MADE THE TAPE. For instance, we can now see Graham from Ann's point of view, or the two of them at the same time, etc.

ANN

You said you weren't always impotent.

GRAHAM

That's correct.

ANN

So you have had sex.

GRAHAM

Yes.

ANN

Who was the person you had sex with?

GRAHAM

Her name was Elizabeth.

ANN

So what happened? Was it so bad that it turned you off?

GRAHAM

No, it was wonderful. That wasn't the problem.

ANN

What was the problem?

GRAHAM

The problem was me. I was a pathological liar. Or am, I should say. Lying is like alcoholism, you are always "recovering".

(CONTINUED)

52 (CONTINUED) (12)

52

ANN

You lied to her?

GRAHAM

I did more than lie to her. I took one of the great women of the world and turned her into a complete mess.

ANN

Why?

GRAHAM

Because I loved her for how good she made me feel, and I hated her for how good she made me feel. I couldn't stand the thought of someone having that much control over how I felt. And understand: I didn't let this woman "slip through my fingers". I pushed her down the stairs.

ANN

That's sounds awful.

GRAHAM

It was awful, and very awful. After I really understood what I had done I became impotent.

ANN

Don't you get lonely?

GRAHAM

How could I, with all these nice people stopping by? Really, though, I think you have to be able to live alone, I mean, even if you love another person, people do die suddenly, and you have to move on. And anyway, I'm asking the questions. Are you happy?

ANN

I don't know anymore.

GRAHAM

Did you confront John with the fact that you knew about him?

(CONTINUED)

52 (CONTINUED) (13)

52

ANN

Not yet. I'm not sure I will. I just want out.

GRAHAM

If you do get out of your marriage, will you continue to be sexually inhibited?

ANN

I don't know. It all gets back to that Cynthia thing. I don't like her...eagerness. There's nothing left to imagine, there's no...

GRAHAM

Subtlety?

ANN

Subtlety, yes. No subtlety. Plus, I've never really felt able to open up with anyone physically. I mean, that other person I told you about, I enjoyed making love with him a lot, but I still wasn't able to really let go. I always feel like I'm being watched and I shouldn't embarrass myself.

GRAHAM

And you feel the same way with John?

ANN

Kind of. I mean, John's like this kind of...craftsman. Like he's a carpenter, and he makes really good tables. But that's all he can make, and I don't need anymore tables.

GRAHAM

Interesting analogy.

ANN

I'm babbling.

GRAHAM

No, you're not.

(CONTINUED)

52 (CONTINUED) (14)

52

ANN
(thinking)
God, I'm so mad at him!!

GRAHAM
You should be. He lied to you.
So did Cynthia.

ANN
Yeah, I know, but somehow I expect
that from her, I mean, she'll do
it with almost anybody, she gets
that from my father, she can't
even help herself, really, but him.
He lied so...deeply!! Ooo, I want
to strangle him and watch him die!!

GRAHAM
Goodness.

Ann sits quietly for a moment. Graham says nothing.

ANN
(looks up at Graham)
You're really never going to make
love again?

GRAHAM
I'm not planning on it.

A pause.

ANN
If you were in love with me, would
you?

GRAHAM
I'm not in love with you.

ANN
But if you were?

GRAHAM
I wouldn't allow myself to be in
love with you.

ANN
But I think maybe I could be open
with you. Even that first day,
I thought it was weird how somebody
that I thought looked so strange
would make me feel so comfortable.

(CONTINUED)

52 (CONTINUED) (15)

52

GRAHAM

That's very flattering.

ANN

So why won't you make love with me? Why wouldn't you, I mean?

GRAHAM

Ann. are you asking me hypothetically, or are you asking me for real, right now?

ANN

I'm asking for real. I want you to turn that camera off and make love with me. Will you?

A pause.

GRAHAM

No.

ANN

Why not?

GRAHAM

I've told you.

ANN

But I don't understand--

GRAHAM

Ann, it would happen to me all over again, don't you see? I would start to--

ANN

But how do you know for sure, you have to try to find a way to fig--

GRAHAM

I couldn't face her if I had slept with somebody else.

A pause.

ANN

Who? Elizabeth?

GRAHAM

(uncomfortable)

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

52 (CONTINUED) (16)

52

ANN

You mean you're still in contact
with her?

GRAHAM

No.

ANN

But you're planning to be?

GRAHAM

I don't know. Possibly.

ANN

Wait a minute, wait a minute.
Graham, what do you think her
reaction is going to be when you
contact her? Do you think she's
going to fall for you again?

GRAHAM

I don't know. I'm not even sure
I will contact her.

ANN

Is that why you came back here?

Graham says nothing.

ANN

Graham, this is....I mean, the
woman could be married, or--

GRAHAM

She's not married. I know for a
fact she's not married.

ANN

But look at you, look how you've
changed!! Don't you think she will
have changed?

GRAHAM

I don't know. I really would rather
not talk about it.

ANN

(has to laugh)
Whoa!! I'm so glad we got that
on tape!!

(more)

(CONTINUED)

ANN (Cont'd)

You won't answer a question about Elizabeth, but I have to answer all these intimate questions about my sex life!! Graham, what do you think she's going to make of all these videotapes? Are you going to tell her about them? I can't imagine her being too understanding about that. But since you don't lie anymore, you'll have to say something.

GRAHAM

As I said, I haven't thought this through yet. I may not contact her. I may just send her some tapes that I have of me talking about all the times I've dreamt about her.

ANN

Oh, God, Graham, that is so...pathetic.

GRAHAM

I may not contact her at all.

ANN

Oh, you just moved back here so you could think about it, right?

Graham doesn't answer.

ANN

I can't believe what I'm hearing. Nothing can change what you did, Graham, so why do you need this sad fantasy about her and you getting toge--

GRAHAM

Look how many tapes I've filled up with my dreams. Look.

Ann looks into the box beside her. There are fifteen or so tapes marked "Elizabeth".

ANN

So what? You think showing her those will do it?
(more)

(CONTINUED)

52 (CONTINUED) (18)

52

ANN (Cont'd)

You got overwhelmed by your first love affair, big deal. Like you said, we are alone. I'm sure she's over it. She's probably forgotten the whole thing. It's actually kind of conceited that you think she still cares. You're not even what you pretend to be, you're a lie, you're a bigger lie than you ever were.

Graham sets the camera down, thought it continues to record. He is visibly upset.

GRAHAM

Let's talk about lies, Ann. Let's talk about lying to yourself. You haven't been able to sleep with your husband because you're no longer in love with him, and maybe you never were. You haven't been honest with yourself in longer than you can remember.

ANN

(heated)

Yeah, you're right. But I never claimed to know everything like you, and have all these little theories. I'm still learning, I know that. But I don't feel like I've wasted time. If I had to go through my marriage to get to where I am right now, fine.

Ann moves in closer, burrowing, her eyes on fire.

ANN

But you. You have wasted nine years. I mean, that has to be some sort of weird record or something, nine years. How does that feel?

Graham says nothing. Ann picks up the camera and points it at him.

GRAHAM

Don't do that.

(CONTINUED)

52 (CONTINUED) (19)

52

ANN

Why not?

GRAHAM

Because.

ANN

"Because"? That's not good enough. I asked you a question, Graham. I asked you "how does it feel"? How does it feel, Mr. I Want To Go Down On You But I Can't? Do you know how many people you've sucked into your weird little world? Including me? Come on, how does it feel?

GRAHAM

I can't tell you like this.

ANN

I'm just going to keep asking until you answer. I'm sure there's plenty of tape.

GRAHAM

I don't find this "turning the tables" thing very interesting--

ANN

I don't care.

Graham reaches up for the camera. Ann knocks his hand away.

ANN

Not until I get some answers. Tell what you feel. Not what you think. I've heard plenty of that. What you feel.

Graham is on the verge of completely falling apart.

ANN

Come on!!

GRAHAM

All right!! All right!! You want to know? You want to know how I feel? I feel ashamed. Is that what you wanted to hear? You go it.

(CONTINUED)

52 (CONTINUED) (20)

52

A pause.

ANN

Why do you feel ashamed?

GRAHAM

Jesus Christ, Ann, Mike Wallace
has got nothing on you.

Graham thinks for a moment.

GRAHAM

You want to know why I mistreated
Elizabeth? Why I lied to her and
cheated on her and kept her on
a string?

ANN

Why?

GRAHAM

You'll love this. It was because of
John.

Ann sets the camera down.

ANN

John? What do you mean?

Graham swallows. He thinks hard for a moment.

GRAHAM

Ann, John was my hero in school.
I wanted to be him, I worshipped
him. And I thought...I thought
he would be impressed by my
behavior. I did it to impress
him, because that was the way he
treated women, and I wanted his
approval more than anything. So
I emulated him to get his approval.
And it turned out he really didn't
care one way or the other. I had
emotionally destroyed someone I
cared about just to get a pat on
the back. And I didn't even get
it. So, yeah, maybe I came back
for her, but I also came back for
him. I had to see if he was still
at it, and if he was, I had to
do something, anything. People
have to be held accountable.

(CONTINUED)

Graham and Ann look at each other. Graham suddenly kisses Ann, then quickly sits down.

Then Graham shuts off the camera.

CUT BACK TO:

John watching the tape. There is video snow on the monitor now. The tape timer reads 46:02. John gets up slowly, ejects the tape from the player, and heads for the door.

Graham, hearing the footsteps approach, backs away from the inlet. His eye is swollen, and he holds one of his hands in a curious position.

John opens the door. He looks at Graham for a moment before reaching into his pocket for Graham's keys. He dangles them in his hand as he stands over Graham.

JOHN

I never knew my approval was so important to you, Graham.

Graham says nothing.

JOHN

I never told you this, because I thought it would crush you, but now I could give a shit.

(pause)

I fucked Elizabeth. Shortly after you left town. She was really despondent over you, and lonely, so we did it. She was okay, nothing to write home about.

John drops Graham's keys to the floor and leaves. Graham stands, fighting back tears, and walks into his apartment.

He pulls Ann's tape from the videotape player.

He reaches inside the cassette cartridge and pulls the videotape itself out, ruining it forever. He does the same to every other tape in both the boxes. Calmly. Deliberately. Methodically.

He walks over to the camera/recorder, trailing a mound of videotape behind him. He breaks the lens off the camera body, and smashes the inner workings against the edge of the table. He then drops the damaged unit into the pile of destroyed tape, where it disappears.

CUT TO BLACK:

THEN CUT TO:

53 INT. LAW OFFICES -- DAY

53

John Moreau talks to his colleague.

JOHN

Man, not having to answer to anybody... I feel like this huge weight has been lifted from my shoulders. I mean, come on, if I decide that I'd rather live alone, what's so bad about that? It's not like I've decided to live a life of crime, right? It's just how I feel, you can't help the way you feel, you just have to be honest about it.

John dials a number on his telephone.

VOICE ON PHONE

IBM.

JOHN

(to phone)

Larry Carlson, please.

VOICE ON PHONE

May I ask who's calling?

JOHN

John Moreau.

VOICE ON PHONE

One moment.

JOHN

(to his paralegal)

Anyway, I've always said, the work is the thing. I can be happy without a marriage, but take away my work, that's different. And if Ann can't handle that, that's her problem, like we're all alone in this world, you know what I'm saying? I mean, fuck.

(looks at phone)

Jesus, what's takin' this guy?

The intercom clicks to life.

SECRETARY

(on speaker)

Mr. Moreau?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Yeah.

SECRETARY

(on speaker)

Mr. Davidson would like to see you in his office.

JOHN

Okay, in a minute, I'm on with a client.

SECRETARY

(on speaker)

He said immediately.

JOHN

All right, Jesus.

The intercom clicks off.

VOICE ON PHONE

Mr. Moreau?

JOHN

Yes?

VOICE ON PHONE

Mr. Carlson has asked me to inform you that he has obtained legal representation elsewhere, and that if you have a message for him to leave it with me.

John swallows.

JOHN

Thank you. I...there is no message.
Thank you.

John hangs up. He thinks for a moment, rubbing his forehead.

The intercom clicks to life.

SECRETARY

(on speaker)

Mr. Moreau, Mr. Davidson is waiting.

SOME DUDE

(voice over)

Come on, I'm not asking too much, am I? Just one little question.

54 INT. LOUNGE -- DAY

54

Cynthia is tending bar. SOME DUDE, whose voice we just heard, is a customer in his thirties. He is dressed not unlike John, and puffs on a big cigar.

SOME DUDE

Just tell me what time you get off. Work, I mean. What's the harm in that? Whaddaya say?

Cynthia stares him down.

CYNTHIA

Buddy, anyone smoking a cigar that big is compensating for something small, and I'm not so bored that I want to find out what it is.

55 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

55

Ann talks to her therapist. Her manner is more self-assured than before.

ANN

My mother has been very helpful. She went through a similar kind of thing when she and my father separated. I'm really glad this happened before any children were involved.

The therapist takes a moment.

DOCTOR

Ann, I must say, I'm impressed by your resilience. You seem to have put these events into perspective in a very short time.

ANN

To you it's been a short period of time. Not to me.

DOCTOR

The last month has gone slowly, you feel?

ANN

I just feel like for a two week period there I had more ups and downs than I had in ten years.

(CONTINUED)

55 (CONTINUED)

55

Ann looks away.

ANN

"Our minds are very flexible as far as time is concerned."

DOCTOR

Is that a quote?

ANN

Yes.

56 INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DAY

56

Graham sits reading. There is now some furniture in the apartment. Bookshelves, plants, etc. There are periodicals on the table where the video gear used to be. There are no cigarettes.

There is a knock at Graham's door, which now has a deadbolt lock.

GRAHAM

Who is it?

A knock again. Graham sets his book down and goes to the door. He unlocks the deadbolt and opens it.

Ann stands in the hallway.

Graham is obviously flushed with feeling at seeing her. She wordlessly moves into the room, her movements like a slow breeze; her expression calm.

Graham watches her go by.

She stops in the middle of the room, her back to him.

ANN

You're still here.

Graham moves toward her slowly. Sensing him behind her, Ann's breathing becomes deep.

Graham slowly enfolds her in his arms, his face against her hair.

She closes her eyes as their hands interlace.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END