

# Sex, Lies, & Videotape

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

19 INT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Ann stands watching Cynthia get dressed for work.

ANN  
I don't know. He went to school here, then he was in New York for awhile, then Philadelphia, and then just kind of travelling around.

CYNTHIA  
Must be nice. So, what's he like, is he like John?

ANN  
No, not at all. Actually, I don't think John likes him much anymore. He said he thought Graham had gotten strange.

A pause.

CYNTHIA  
Is he? Strange, I mean?

ANN  
Not really. Maybe if I just saw him on the street I'd have said that, but after talking to him...he's just kind of...I don't know, unusual.

CYNTHIA  
Uh-huh. So what's he look like?

ANN  
Why?

CYNTHIA

I just want to know what he looks like, is all.

ANN

Why, so you can go after him?

CYNTHIA

Jesus, Ann, get a life. I just asked what he looked like.

Ann says nothing.

CYNTHIA

Besides, even if I decided to fuck his brains out, what business is that of yours?

ANN

Do you have to say that?

CYNTHIA

What?

ANN

You know what. You say it just to irritate me.

CYNTHIA

I say it because it's descriptive.

ANN

Well, he doesn't strike me as the kind of person that would go in for that sort of thing, anyway.

CYNTHIA

Ann, you always underestimate me.

ANN

Well, I wonder why.

CYNTHIA

I think you're afraid to put the two of us in the same room together. I think you're afraid he'll be undeniably drawn to me.

ANN

Oh, for God's sake. Really, Cynthia, really, I don't think he's your type.

CYNTHIA

"My type"? What is this bullshit? How would you know what "my type" is?

ANN

I have a pretty good idea.

CYNTHIA

Ann, you don't have a clue. Look, I don't even know why we're discussing this, I'll just call him myself.

ANN

He doesn't have a phone.

CYNTHIA

Well, I'll call him when he does.

ANN

But he won't.

CYNTHIA

What are you talking about?

ANN

He's not getting a phone, he doesn't like talking on the phone.

CYNTHIA

Oh, please. Okay, 'so give me the Zen master's address, I'll think of a reason to stop by.

ANN

Let me talk to him first.

CYNTHIA

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

ANN

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

CYNTHIA

And what?

ANN

And...do whatever it is you do.

Cynthia laughs loudly. Ann, not happy, watches her dig through  
the jewelry box.

ANN

Lose something?

CYNTHIA

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

ANN

Are you getting Mom something for  
her birthday?

CYNTHIA

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

ANN

A card? For her fiftieth birthday?

CYNTHIA

What's wrong with that?

ANN

Don't you think she deserves a little more than a card? I mean, the woman gave birth to you. It's her fiftieth birthday--

CYNTHIA

Will you stop? Jesus.

ANN

I just thought it might--

CYNTHIA

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

ANN

Fine.

CYNTHIA

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