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Red Is the Color of

By Anne Norda

Hello?

Blue, I'm in the middle
of something.

I don't know. Did you--
Did you check under the sink?

I did ask you to
get some yesterday.

Okay. Uh, I'll--
I'll get some on the way back.

Later. I'm in the middle
of something.

Bye. Bye.

Wait. I just--
I just wanna talk to you.
I made this for you.

Don't you want it?

Angel, you make me glad #
Sometimes, you make me sad #
Don't be bad #
Make me happy #
Make me mad

Julie.

I'm sorry.

I'll be good. I promise.

- No. Forget it.

Let's call it a day.

- No. No, I'll be good.

I'll be so good.

- How good?

I'll, uh, hold my breath.

How long?

David! Oh, my God.

I've run into this woman.

She-- I didn't run into her.

She was waiting
outside my studio.

I don't know--

How do they know where-- where I work?

I-- I got really scared this time.

- Let's call the police.

Oh, I've called them so many times,
they think I'm the crazy one.

- Hi.

- Hi.

I'm interrupting your work.
- I was about to wrap up anyway.
Oh. Uh--
No. No.
Don't, uh-- Don't stop
because of me.
I'll, uh-- I'll just hang
out in the bedroom until, uh--
Uh--
Shit!
Oh, shit! Shit!
David!
It's your grandmother's vase.
I'm so sorry.
Don't walk in here barefeet, okay?
Got most of it.
Go ahead and get dressed.
I was just getting
some water.
Would anybody
like some water?
No? Okay. Um-- Hmm.
So that's your wife?
- Yes.
What an interesting woman.
- Oh, yeah, she is.
- And very pretty.
- Yes.
She is.
You don't wanna paint
anymore, do you?
No.
Tomorrow? Again?
Paint me? Yes?
Yes.
So I'll see you tomorrow,
freshly bathed and scented, waiting
for your singular observation.
Sir.
Julie?
- Yes, David?
Did I give you a check?
Yesterday-- I-I-- I gave it
to you yesterday, didn't I?

All right. Sorry.
So that's Julie?
Yep.
She seems nice.
- Mm-hmm.
And very pretty.
Mmm. Well, yeah.
- You're happy with how it's going?
- Oh, yeah.
Good. That's good.
I bought something for you.
Actually, it's for us.
It's a game.
It's a little silly,
but I just couldn't resist.
I read about this couple who--
No, actually, there was two couple--
No, three, and they had a competition--
- Cut to the chase.
I hate it
when you say that.
It makes me feel
superfluous.
You are anything
but superfluous.
Prove it.
Mm-hmm.
- Ooh.
So what's the game?
Oh.
Up on the shelf,
behind you.
This... green thing here?
His name is Pogi.
For the next month, we'll have
to feed him, educate him...
and take care of him
when he's sick.
He's sort of a...
rehearsal child.
You can't be serious.
He's from Japan.
Oh. I see.
And, uh,

what do I get
if I keep this thing alive?
I buy you dinner.
- Fair.
How many men would agree
to, uh, raise a Pogi?
Um, none.
Only you, Mr. Blue.
Ooh.
- Ooh.
Oh. You always win.
Open up.
Good-bye!
- Good-bye!
Hello.
David, hey, um--
You look good.
I got a friend
I wanna hook you up with.
His name is Carl Marx.
Really.
He owns Spew Gallery.
David, that's a great gallery.
You should show him your work.
I can set it up.
Mmm.
- I'll think about it.
Oh, you'll meet him.
He'll meet him.
I said I'd think
about it.
I gotta get going.
It was good to see you, Stephen.
You forgot something!
- Later.
Mary.
Bye, Blue.
Bye, Red.
Take care, Stephen.
I have this bizarre,
recurring fantasy.
I imagine David breaking
into a morgue and having sex.
Mm-hmm. With you?

With dead people--
Dead women.
And I see him pulling out
all of those tables--
you know, the ones that sink
into the wall like-like drawers...
where they keep
the cadavers.
And there's this woman.
She's always blonde and very thin,
very young,
and very dead.
Mmm. How young?
Very young.
Anyway, he's being
really careful,
you know, not to rip out
the sutures while he's,
you know,
humping her.
And--
How am I to compete
with a dead 15-year-old?
How often do you have
these fantasies?
Um, mostly when
we're having sex,
so not very often.
It kind of gets in the way
of my concentration, Stephen.
I can see how that could happen.
Got anything to eat?
All we have is cookies.
Macadamia-chocolate chip
and cranberry oatmeal, I believe.
Do you think I'm warped--
about the dead girls?
No! You would not believe what
I think about when I have sex.
Did David see that shrink
I recommended?
Stephen, I'm not supposed to look at that.
- Then don't look at it.
Well, this is definitely

not a corpse.

She is attractive, isn't she?

- Uh-huh.

What?

- Nothing.

What was that "uh-huh"? What?

- Uh-- Uh--

You're being paranoid.

- I'm being paranoid? Paranoid where?

No. David's not

having an affair.

What made you say that?

- I know how you think.

No, you don't.

- Yeah, I do.

No, you don't.

Yeah, I do. David is totally
and absurdly devoted to you.

You're right.

It's just, uh--

I found a pair of underwear under
my bed, and they're not mine.

Ouch. Well--

Don't make any assumptions.

There are women dressing and
undressing here all the time.

It's not outside the realm
of possibility that--

Why do you have a tissue
stuck up your nose?

I keep getting

these bloody nosebleeds.

I need to get cauterized
or something.

Oh, yeah. Yeah.

We can use these
for the invitations.

Stephen?

- Uh-huh?

Give me back

my tissue.

No. Wait. Am I gonna be able
to come to your studio tomorrow?

Not yet.

- Yeah? Are you gonna cancel the show?

Tell me n-- Ow!

- No.

Not going to cancel it.

I'm warning you.

If I don't get

a first painting by Friday,

I'm gonna dig a maxi pad

out of a Dumpster,

and I'll frame it

and I'll sign it Mary Shaw.

Are you listening to me?

- Oh, yeah. Yeah.

You're not having another prolonged
existential crisis, are you?

- I don't think so.

- Good. 'Cause I don't think I could handle that.

You're drinking.

Just a glass.

I thought you had an interview.

- I do.

Four ounces of alcohol

is just enough...

to make me forget

how much I hate interviews.

Hello. Uh, I'm Mary.

I wasn't expecting you

until 3:

but here I am and there

you are, so please.

Yes.

- Come in. Would you like something to drink?

Say you're born a tiger.

You're beautiful,

elegant,

regal, majestic, poetic.

Universal symbol

of strength and wisdom.

What happens?

People shoot you...

to capture your essence,

to participate in your drama.

That wonder, that...

"tigerness."

- Uh!

- I look at your work,
and I see death,
I see horror.

I see the fight against injustice,
against inertia.

The-The glorious scream
of hell.

I see agony, ecstasy,
the battle of opposing energies,
of destruction
and creation.

I-- I see the primal force
of female rage--

You do?

- Yes.

I--

I'm overwhelmed with emotions
I can't even express.

Uh, what--

What else do you see?

As I was walking
up the stair,
I met a man
who wasn't there.

He wasn't there
again today.

I wish to God
he'd go away.

Well, e-excuse me.

Hi. You must be Mary.

I'm Paula Krinsky
from Perspective.

Uh, you-- You're from Perspective?

But--

Who are you?

I'm Fran-- Fran Pinkerton.

- Yes?

I'm the president
of the Bloody Marys.

I wrote to you about appearing
at our annual conference.

Well, actually,

it's our first and only conference,
but we're planning on
doing it again next year,
so we thought it would be okay to
call it our annual conference...
as opposed to
just our "conference."

- Didn't you get my letter?

- Fran,

I think we need to stop
our little chat now.

- I can come back tomorrow.

- It was wonderful meeting you, Fran.

Thank you so much for sharing
your heart and soul with me.

I-I feel as if...

the Virgin Mary herself had
appeared to me in a dream...

and-and poured her blood
all over my body.

Hot, thick, red--

Well, uh-- Yes.

I'll save it for next time,
when we can talk some more then.

Yes, Fran. Uh, good-bye, Fran. Good-bye.

- Bye.

Take off your clothes.

I love it when
you get bossy.

Julie--

We don't have
much time today.

Make me.

Come on, Jules.

Catch me first.

If you take one step closer,
I'll scream.

Okay. Okay.

All right.

Tell me the story.

- The story?

The story of why David
is fixated on nude women...
wearing this particular...

not-so-spectacular

red hat.

I'm not a very good storyteller.

- I bet you are.

Okay. Uncle Davy

will tell you a story if--

you promise to take off all your clothes.

Well,

when you put it like that,

how can a girl resist?

Okay. Let's see.

Story.

Not on Uncle Dave's lap.

Something's alive down there.

Yeah, it's a-- it's a Pogi.

Uh, I gotta feed him.

A Pogi?

- Shit. What do you want?

You have to feed him?

What is it?

It's a... Pogi.

Something my wife gave me.

I'm supposed to keep him alive
for a month.

But I-- I'm thinking of hiring
a babysitter. Interested?

I don't think nude nannies
are legal in this country.

Don't answer it.

He--

Hello?

No. No, she's not here.

She should be back

by 6:

Great. Yeah, I'll tell her.

Bye-bye.

- So you were saying?

I was?

I was, uh--

The hat.

Why the ubiquitous hat?

Well, let's just say...

it's an inscrutable

projection...
of the cosmic
collective unconsciousness.
How about that?
And, uh, why
the color red, Professor Jung?
Red,
Miss Bell,
is the color of torment,
passion,
uh, flame,
birth, death, lust,
forbidden fruit,
passion--
- You already said passion.
Did I?
It's a bunch
of bullshit anyway.
I want the real story.
The story, then work.
Okay. Let's see.
Once upon a time,
when I was
an older woman--
our next-door neighbor Maggie--
used to come over and check in on
me when my parents were out of town.
Let me tell it.
No, let me tell it.
One day she-- Maggie--
comes over to check in
on little Davy,
who's been out playing soccer
with the neighborhood boys.
It's a hot, yellow day,
and he's brown
and dripping with sweat.
And Maggie comes over
wearing a big red hat...
and a flowery sun dress...
that clings
in the humid air...
to every crevice
of her voluptuous body.

Breasts bursting and "strappy"
high-heeled sandals clicking,
she comes up the back
steps, calling, "Davy!"
"Davy!"
It's Maggie.
Just comin' over to
check in on you."
Little Davy peeks
around the bathroom door,
his towel tied tightly around
his narrow, boyish hips.
And there's Maggie,
staring straight at him.
"Oh, Davy.
You are a dirty boy."
She reaches in a long,
cherry-red nail...
to his chest...
and wipes it across
his soft belly...
and licks the sweat
off her finger.
"Why, honey,"
Maggie purrs,
bending down
on her knees.
"We woke up Davy, Jr."
He stands, rigid, pink,
sweat-streaked,
as she brings
her bright red lips...
to the tip of
his pulsing young manhood.
Nailed by terror
and adrenaline,
all little Davy can see
is the top...
of the wide-brimmed
red hat,
bobbing up and down,
up and down,
up and down.
You have some

imagination.
Don't you wanna
fuck me now?
Do I want to,
or am I going to?
Move your hand
to the left.
Show me where you want it.
Oh, uh-- I'm so sorry.
I-- I thought you weren't
painting today.
Did I-- Did I screw up?
- No.
I'll just leave this right here.
- Stay. Stay, please.
Uh, I'll get this
for you.
Julie, you can relax.
It's been a long session.
I'll get us
something to drink.
Oh, thanks, love.
So, uh, your--
What do you do in your clothed life?
You--
Were you an actress, or--
I mean, most of his models...
have been actresses
or-or-or models or--
I'm a grad student.
What are you studying?
Writing.
- Really?
- I'm writing a novel.
Oh, uh, about what?
Maybe about you.
Oh, that will be a very short
and dull novel, I'm afraid.
Somehow, I doubt that.
You didn't happen to...
- lose a pair of underwear recently--
- Red, right?
Uh-huh.
- How embarrassing.

I-- I'm sorry.
Where'd you find them?
Uh, under my bed.
Oh! See, I--
I'm not shy at all
about posing,
but when I first
started--
There's something so intimate
about dressing and undressing.
I hope you don't mind
I used your bedroom.
Oh, no. No.
That must have been weird-- finding a
strange woman's skivvies in your space.
Um, I'm gonna
go get them.
Here you go.
- Wow.
This deserves some tequila.
I'm sorry.
You'll have to go virgin.
It's a nice shade of red.
Oh. Thanks.
Thanks.
I think we should
get back to work.
I'm sorry.
Um, I'm going.
So how did you two meet?
Um, oh, we actually met right here. It's funny--
- Mary.
I'm sorry. I'm going.
- No, no, no. Please stay.
I-- I've always been fascinated by the
chance encounters that lead to love.
It's the utterly hopeless
romantic in me.
I wanna hear how
Mary and David met.
Please?
It's really not that terribly romantic.
I mean, uh--
Please?

Okay, uh-- I lived here first.
And I was moving out,
David was moving in,
and we kept...
bumping into each other,
mixing up
each other's boxes...
until we decided to simplify
and consolidate under one roof.
That's not exactly
how it was.
Oh, it's not, huh?
No.
It was her voice.
- Oh!
She doesn't want to hear that.
- No, I do.
I wanna hear
all the gory details.
She was late moving out--
- I'd gotten the days mixed up.
Yeah, and, uh,
the door was open,
and I was about to walk in
when I heard this voice.
I was on the phone, right?
- Mmm.
It sounded like a--
a bubbling brook.
You know, soft water
over hard rocks.
I kept asking myself,
"Where have I heard that voice?"
I knew this voice--
the rhythm of it, the tone,
the bursts of laughter.
I wanted to step inside
that voice and never leave.
Yeah.
So I just-- I--
I just stood there,
speechless,
nailed to the floor.
And, uh,

I knew from the moment
I saw her...
that she was the one.
He just stood there
staring at me...
like some big old lug.
Wow. That's quite a--
- Oh, he actually...
asked me to move in
with him that first day, right?
That's crazy!
- No, I thought you asked me.
Oh, here we go
again.
Wow. That was
a great story.
Thanks for sharing.
Well, um, I promised
Stephen...
I'll come
by the gallery.
He wants to show some of my old work.
That's crazy.
I have to talk him
out of that.
I'd love to see some of your stuff.
Could I come by sometime?
Um-- Uh, yes.
Yes, sure.
Bye. Um-- It's the
Stephen Stevens Gallery.
David, you can tell her
how to get there.
So... you don't seem
like an unhappily married pair.
I never said we were.
Well, men give off
this vibe.
Women have special sensors
to read...
the "I'm looking to get out of
my miserable marriage" signal.
Why did you leave
your underwear here?

I forgot.
Women never forget
their underwear.
I did.
Uh-oh.
I've lost them again.
Oops.
Here they are.
Take them off.
It's... so realistic.
Yes. So I've heard.
That's not meant to be
derogatory in any way.
I didn't think it was.
I mean, the detail
is excruciating.
It's so like a--
- A photograph?
No, no. A Brueghel.
Rotten fruit
and insects?
Yes.
But the observation--
The humanity. The obsessive-compulsive
attention to detail.
Is this yours?
No.
- Oh.
Well, David, as I said,
I do like your work.
My art gallery deals
with cutting-edge work.
What's hot now, today.
Not yesterday.
Realism isn't now today,
but if it's now tomorrow,
I'll give you a call.
Not a good meeting?
- Mmm.
I'm just not...
now enough.
But you evidently are.
- What?
Carl's waiting

with open arms...
any time you're ready
to fly Stephen's coop.
No. Did he say that?
I can't believe
he said that.
Anyway, there are so many other
galleries out there, David.
You'll just
have to be patient.
It'll happen. It will.
- I'm sick of this fucking scene.
David--
- I'm sick of this fucking city!
It's gonna be all right.
- Don't take care of me.
I'm just trying to--
- Shut up!
Just let me think.
You said shut up to me.
I'm sorry.
- You said shut up to me.
I said I'm sorry, didn't I?
- Well, you never say shut up.
Mary, do--
Fuck.
You-- You want everything
to be nice and pretty.
Yes. I want--
What's wrong with that?
Let me tell you something.
Life's not always nice and pretty.
If you don't want sand in your eyes, then
goddamn it, don't step into a sandstorm.
Well, excuse me
for caring.
You're too big for Stephen.
- Oh--
I am not leaving Stephen.
Carl's a prick,
but he could double
your sales.
I'm not painting in blood anymore.
- What?

Mary.

Hold on a sec-- Mary.

I can't do it.

I just can't do it anymore.

David, don't look at me
like that.

I can't get a single goddamned
gallery interested in my work,
and you--

- And I walked.

Do you know

how much we owe?

Yeah, I'm finally breaking through,
I'm finally getting somewhere,
and you wanna
pull the plug.

It's not like

I'm giving up painting.

It's just that--

What's that?

Oh, shit. This shit is
driving me crazy.

What's wrong?

- Well,

it won't-- it won't sleep,
it won't eat.

I think I'm killing him.

- It's just a toy, okay?

Oh.

What's that?

- I think he vomited.

You're joking.

Real sweet.

He's barely out of the first grade,
and he's already got
some incurable disease.

David, don't press

all the buttons at once.

You'll-- You'll crush his circuits.

- Let me push!

Don't. You'll--

That's it.

Now where are you going?

My studio.

- Mm-hmm.
Isn't that what you want?
I'm going to paint a big bunch
of really big, bloody paintings,
and I'm going to sell them
for lots and lots of money,
and then we're going
to live happily ever after.
Since when
did you start drinking?
It's beer.
It's only beer.
Shut up!
Excuse me.
I was talking to him.
I was talking to our little... boy.
- Uh--
I was-- Not you.
Right.
- I was talking to-- I was talking to him.
Oh, man.
I'm drunk already.
Ms. Shaw?
Hi.
Fran... Pinkerton.
Oh. Um-- Oh.
I just wanted
to come by to apologize.
I didn't want you to think
that I was being deceitful or--
I totally thought
that you knew who I was.
It's all right.
No worries.
Um, I have someone
waiting for me, so, uh--
I read that article about
your suicide attempt,
and, well, when I was 14,
I tried it.
Same way, actually.
Well, I see it didn't work
for you either.
No. It didn't.

That's a good thing.

Yeah. I guess.

Mmm.

I-- I really have to go.

You could come by tomorrow
in the afternoon, if you like.

We could talk some more.

Oh, I would really
appreciate that. Yeah.

Okay. Bye-bye.

- Bye.

Hey, Mary, did I tell you that
I really, really loved your work?

About a dozen times
ever since we left the gallery.

Would you like
a glass of wine?

Ever since David stopped drinking,
we don't keep any hard stuff around.

Sober-- That's tedious.

No, actually,
it's much better like this.

Although he was what you
could call a happy drunk.

We had some fun times,
but, you know.

- What's he like in bed?

David?

I'm sorry.

Is that too personal?

Oh, well, you know, actually,
we are going through...

sort of a dry spell,
you know.

Well, you've been married--

What? Six years?

Desire ebbs and flows. It's natural.

- Right.

Unfortunately, mine is flowing
while his is ebbing.

In the beginning,
he couldn't keep his--

hands off of me.

I'm not surprised.

- Really? What do you mean?

You have a--

a compelling sexual aura.

That's a new one.

Compelling sexual aura.

Oh?

- Very compelling.

Hmm.

- To your compelling sexual aura.

Oh. Well, to my compelling
sexual aura.

All right, then.

Some munchies, huh?

Mmm.

- Mmm.

So you were saying about you
and David, how it's changed--

Oh, yes. I was

saying that, wasn't I?

Uh, in the beginning,

he practically devoured me.

It was almost obscene, the
way he'd look at me sometimes.

Like I was a piece
of raw meat.

Oh, I love that look.

Oh, no, no.

I didn't mean David.

No, I mean men. You know?

Like, my boyfriend Carlo--

He looks at me like that.

You should meet him.

We should get together,
all four of us.

That would be fun.

- Oh. Carlo.

What is he like?

- Oh, very Italian--

Mm-hmm.

- and very--

very passionate.

Absolutely adores me.

- Mm-hmm.

It's beginning to irritate the shit out of me.

- You're joking.

No, he's-- He's rich enough,
handsome enough,
intelligent, sexy,
generous, attentive--
All that.

- Sounds... perfect to me.

I like my men flawed, you know?
With an edge.

Women always say that,
but they--
they don't really mean it,
you know?

Nice and stable and devoted are not
such bad qualities in a man, after all.

I have to admit, it is gratifying to
be the center of someone's universe.

I am the sun. He is the moon.

Oh. David used to
make me feel like that.

He used to? What happened?

I think we stopped
trying to...

be what we thought
the other one wanted us to be.

And I stopped pretending
to like sex the way--

the way, uh,
he wanted me to.

Well, nobody should have to pretend.

- Mmm.

Is he a bore in bed,
or what?

Uh-- Ooh.

He wants me...

to hold still.

You know?

Not to move at all.

That's really fucked up.

I know.

You know, but actually--

I mean, he's really not a
necrophile or anything like that.

I-- I don't mean--

He's just got some issues.
I mean, he--
I've been trying to get
him to go to therapy, but--
You're so lucky to have
such a profoundly scarred man.
Mmm.
- Most men are so simple and boring.
Hmm.
I do have a confession.
Ooh. Tell, tell.
- Um--
I was extremely
jealous of you...
when we first met.
I, um--
I hated you.
God, I hated you.
Hated?
Oh, what a strong word.
Hated.
- This is really embarrassing.
No, no, no.
I love it.
I mean, it's so passionate.
"Hated."
Do you still hate me?
No. No.
Are you disappointed?
A little.
But, I mean, why would you
be jealous of me?
Granted, your husband looks
at my naked body all day long,
I might as well
be a-- an apple...
or a--
a pile of lumber.
Julie, you are definitely not
a pile of lumber, believe me.
I think that you
underestimate yourself.
I mean, you're a--
You're a beautiful,

complicated woman.

And you...

have finally managed

to make me blush.

So do you think that

I flirt with your husband?

Tell me the truth.

Because I do flirt.

I-- I flirt outrageously.

It's-- It's all due to a deep

insecurity, or so I've been told.

No. No, you haven't

done anything wrong.

It's all in

my little sick mind.

Okay.

I have a confession

to make.

What?

I'm a very bad girl.

Bad?

Nasty.

I'm a nasty girl.

I take things that

don't belong to me.

So, what, are you a kleptomaniac,

or what?

This... belongs to you,

I believe.

Did David give that to you?

- No. I stole it.

I'm a thief.

Well, you're giving it back,

so it's not really like you're--

- I'm not giving it back.

I'm just clearing

my conscience.

I'm a very bad girl.

Yes, of course you're giving it back.

- No.

He's mine now.

He's crying.

You have to give him back,

or he won't stop.

He's mine now. Say bye-bye.

Ju-- Julie!

Hey, crazy!

Um--

What happened?

- Nothing.

What was she doing here?

Oh, visiting.

You?

- Yes-- me.

What's so strange
about that?

Nothin'.

- Are you jealous?

Of Julie? Come on.

- Mmm.

She came to the gallery. Had a
really nice chat. We came over here.

And why are you
so upset, David?

Just curious.

- Hmm.

Does it bother you that I'm
getting to know one of your models?

That I might have access
to that part of your life?

No, I just didn't think Julie was
your kind of person, that's all.

Oh? Why?

'Cause she's fun and hip--
and I'm not?

I should be more playful,
shouldn't I?

You're perfect exactly
the way you are.

You like me depressed
and hostile?

I love you
depressed and hostile.

No, you don't.

Anyway, I like Julie.

She's-She's--

She's fun.

She's a little rough around the edges, but--

- Mmm.

But she's extremely attractive,
isn't she?

Do you want me to paint
someone ugly?

Yes. For once,
I would love it...

if you would just paint
somebody extremely unattractive.

Would you do that
for me?

Why don't I paint you
when you're drunk?

Oh, hey, David.

- You came back.

Do you want to, uh,
go to Al's Bar?

We could negotiate the return
of a certain little hostage.

Oh!

I'll be right back.

Mary, you're already drunk.

I'll make sure
she gets home safely.

She is so sexy.

I don't know why you don't wanna
make love to your wife anymore, David.

We all need affection.

- Ready!

David, have a good night.

- See you tomorrow.

We don't have a session tomorrow.

- Oh. Yeah.

Mary invited me and my boyfriend
over for a-- a couple's thing.

Oh.

- Yeah. We're gonna play Scrabble.

I thought
you hated Scrabble.

I hated losing.

Let's go.

I gotta go.

"In."

That's pretty good for an Italian, right?

Hey, hey, hey.
That's pretty good.
- That's great.
And to think he's never
played before.
That's two points for Carlo.
Isn't she beautiful?
Che bellissima! I fucking love you.
I'm crazy about you.
I'm the luckiest man in the world.
David, you're
pretty lucky too,
but, hey,
I am the luckiest one, okay?
Come on. Let's go.
I'll make the words.
Hey, let's play
Strip Scrabble.
You're changing the rules in
the middle of the game, okay?
It's like strip poker.
Let's just finish this one.
I'll strip for you.
It's no problem. Tell me what you
want. I'll do anything for you.
Should I strip?
I'll strip.
Would you be a good boy
and get me a new margarita?
Okay.
I'll get it.
No, David.
Please. You're the host,
and I love to take care of my lady.
Mary, what about you?
Your glass looks a little sad and empty.
I will go with you.
We're low on salsa.
No cheating, David.
I'll keep an eye on him.
"Bellissima."
If he says that one more time--
He has an enormous schlong.
I think, why can't

I fall in love with a beautiful,
sweet, wonderful lady
like you are?

Aw.

- Huh?

Aw. That's so sweet
of you to say.

Mary, I bet you've never even
fooled around, right?

Carlo, why do we have
this discussion?

Mary, have you ever
fooled around?

You don't really want me, Julie.

You just like the game.

Actually, you're wrong.

You pretend to be
the ocean, right?

Vast, free, available.

However,

like most women,

you're really a swamp.

You just want to suck men into your
world and drain the life out of them.

Nice imagery, David.

Oh! Right.

David, you are lucky.

Your wife is beautiful,
and she has the greatest sense of humor.

Bravo, Carlo.

You have excellent taste in women.

Let's continue the game.

- Okay. Who makes the word?

David, you haven't taken your turn.

What have you been doing?

S-E-X.

One, two, 10,
and a double word.

Oh. You're only

I can't believe it.

You must be carrying those letters
in your pocket or something.

What's wrong?

Not once have we played this game...

when he didn't end up
spelling "sex."
Mary, for Christ's sake,
it's only a word.
Mmm, and it's every time.
It's every time.
- Is-Is "sex" not a legitimate word?
- Everybody, okay.
Let's take our clothes off.
What?
Everybody, "takes" your
clothes off! Come on!
Go on.
Take your clothes off.
Oh, my God.
Mmm. Mmm. Mmm.
Go ahead and help yourself
to some cookies.
They're chocolate chip,
I think.
What about some coffee, actually?
Or tea or something. I--
I have such a hangover.
Or would you prefer
a sandwich, maybe?
I can make you one.
What are you doing?
Oh, don't worry.
It's insulin.
Did you eat all those cookies?
I'm so sorry.
I-- I'll replace them.
Fran-- Oh, my God!
Are-Are you all right?
You shouldn't be eating
any sweets at all, Fran.
I like the trip.
What trip?
The place I go
when I sugar up.
I eat sugar,
and just as it's about
to enter my heart,
I know...

if I can just hang on
one more minute,
I could see death.
I come so close.
I think I saw her once.
"Her"?
- She was a golden light.
She had glowing red hair,
like yours.
She almost reached out
and touched me.
And then my mother
pumped me with insulin.
It's like...
being suspended
by a string...
from a cloud
waiting to fall.
Fran, just--
Fran, don't eat
any more sweets, okay?
I know.
That's what my mom says.
She's always hiding
the cookie jar.
She really loves me.
My dad thinks it's funny.
He gives me Tootsie Rolls
when she's not looking.
I had a question about your
artist's statement. Um--
"Mary Shaw has tried
to absolve herself...
by bleeding onto the"--
No.
Fran,
whoever you think I am,
is not who I am.
I am not the one.
Some cosmic occurrence put you where
you were needed, and we found you.
Do you have any, um--
any other hobbies?
I used to draw

in high school.
Really? How-How did that go?
Did you enjoy it?
Well, they told my mother
I had mental problems.
They sent me to the school
counselor, and he said...
my drawings were
unhealthy and obsessive.
And my mother threw out
all my art supplies.
Actually, I've started drawing again.
My family doesn't know about it.
I do it mostly
in public restrooms...
because it's usually
very quiet there,
except for the flushing
and the bodily functions.
But--
Would you like to see them?
Oh. Uh, yes.
Sure.
All of my drawings
are here.
I keep them with me
all the time.
I'm petrified my mother
might find them.
She hates art.
You don't like them.
Uh--
No, it's just that--
Do you draw from
your imagination, or--
Oh, no.
I'm not that good.
A friend of mine works
at the mortuary.
She helps me set
these up after hours.
We just reattach the body
parts when we're done.
Once they're in the casket,

they don't move around.
You don't like them.
- Oh.
They're just, um,
a little, um,
violent.
Whoa! But you--
You've got talent, Fran.
I mean, you're
really quite good.
I have an idea.
Why don't you take your
work down to my gallery...
and show them to-to my
dealer, Stephen Stevens.
He loves to meet young
up-and-coming artists like yourself.
You mean me?
You would do that for me?
Well, yes, Fran.
Why not?
Oh, my God.
This is a dream.
Mary Shaw mentoring me--
Me, Fran Pinkerton.
I-I-- I'm so honored.
Fran, it's really not
a big deal, okay?
I-- I'll go see
Mr. Stevens today.
I mean, why wait, right? I'm trying
to be more proactive in my life.
I read Tony Robbins.
He's a misogynistic pig,
but he's got some good advice.
Well, um, good-bye, Fran.
Um--
You're an angel, Mary.
No. Tequila first.
Then ice cream.
Then chocolate.
Hot, cold, sweet.
Hot, cold, sweet.
It's based on an ancient

alchemical principle of pleasure.

This is absolutely,
really, seriously...

the last one, all right?

- Okay.

To corny, horny Italians.

I, um--

I hear that...

Italian men are
really good in bed.

Italian women
are better.

They understand the
ancient art of cunnilingus.

Julie.

You just love trying
to shock me, don't you?

I'm really not such a prude, you know.

- I didn't think you were.

So you also date women?

Isn't this a date?

- You know what I mean.

Are you? I mean--

You're bisexual?

I don't know if there's
a word for what I am.

Sensualist.

That's a good one.

Have you ever had a serious
relationship with a woman?

I had a fling
with a girl in college,
but it was an all-girl school,
so it was part of the curriculum.

I've never been
with a woman.

Never?

- No.

Ever been curious?

I suppose, as an intellectual
exercise, yes.

What do you think about
when you masturbate?

What? I don't--

That's a tiny, teeny little bit
too personal, okay?
Oh. Um--
You have some, um--
Julie!
Every woman
thinks about it.
We begin by falling in love
with our own bodies.
The softness, the curves,
the mysteries.
The feeling of
our delicate fingertips,
the-- the feeling...
of our tongue
against our skin.
And we wonder, what must it feel
like to do this to someone else?
To make her feel
the things I'm feeling.
Touch the tips of breasts--
succulent, but not our own.
To nibble, lick,
caress another pussy.
Julie, I am not interested
in having an affair with you.
Come on, before it melts.
I was just teasing you.
I didn't mean
to frighten you.
You did not frighten me.
I'm just--
I'm very clear--
I'm, um--
I'm a heterosexual.
Of course you are.
That's why we exist,
isn't it? To breed.
Hmm.
I think I'm done.
How about you?
For now.
Well, shit, Mary.
What do you want me to do?

Mm-mmm. You're either painting
or you're not painting.
There's no such thing
as kind of--
kind of painting.
I want you to admit that
you're going through a crisis.
Okay, you know what?
This conversation's over. Good-bye.
Where's my egg salad?
What?
- Aren't you the new intern?
I'm Fran Pinkerton.
- Who?
I'm a friend of Mary Shaw's.
Okay. And?
She wanted me to show you
some of my new paintings.
Oh. Yeah.
That's very sweet and cute and all,
but, um, I have a full slate
of clients right now,
and I'm-I'm really busy, so--
Maybe we could do this another
time, okay? Have a great day.
Look.
I've been very busy myself
creating the Bloody Marys.
The Bloody Marys? That's you?
- Yeah.
You've heard of us?
Uh-huh.
Okay. So I neglected
myself and my art,
and Mary helped me see that.
And I'd really appreciate it if you
would look at my paintings, okay?
Yeah.
A minute of your time.
Okay. Don't lose your temper.
I'd be delighted to.
You don't like them.
Huh? Uh--
No, no. Um--

No-- No, that's not it.
It's--
I am a little surprised.
- Oh.
Mr. Stellar,
come see what I've done.
Wow.
Wow.
It's just as if, uh,
I've seen them
somewhere before.
Oh, David, I think Fran meant
them to be similar to my work.
Oh, no, I didn't mean them to be similar.
I meant them to be exact.
If I may be so bold,
I think I've rendered
them perfectly.
I used your catalog.
Did you use blood?
- Of course.
I feel as if
we were one.
Cut from the same cloth.
Shouldered from the same arm.
Chiseled from a single piece--
Ultimately, Fran, we're all
one in some way, aren't we?
No, I meant us--
You and me.
I am your
spiritual sister.
Fran, go home.
Get some sleep.
Uh, you look terrible.
I thought we could do
a two-person show,
you know, after your
new series, of course.
Mr. Stevens said
it could be, like,
an out-of-body
phantasmagoria.
Do you know what

he meant by that?

Because he's very metaphysical,
that guy.

He's very bright
for a man.

I think that he just--

Fran--

Fran?

Fran's all right?

- Mmm.

They had her on intravenous,
but she'll be going home today.

Thanks for checking in on her.

Mmm.

Look, uh,

I know this is going to screw up
your schedule totally,

but I would like to

postpone the show for a while.

I have an idea.

- Mmm?

Would you show

David's paintings?

Actually, uh, this crisis you say
that you're not going through...

that you're going through

got me... worried.

And, um,

I booked a backup.

You did? Who?

- Mm-hmm.

Fran.

Your protg.

Uh-- Wait a minute.

We could call it, uh,

"Mary Revisited,"

or "Mary"-- "Bloody Mary Does Mary."

- You mean those clones?

Those miniature Xerox copies of my work?

- "Mary Cloned."

That's brilliant.

- You're serious? You're serious?

Oh, my God-- Stephen.

Oh. That must be, uh, Paula.

You should fold this.
Hey, Paula,
I'm out the door right now.
Okay, bye, Mary.
But she copied me!
Oh.
Hi.
- Good morning.
You know what I think you should do?
- What?
Take a vacation.
My friend has a house in the mountains.
You can go stay there.
I mean, it's minuscule, but
there's a great view of the trees.
And I can come up
and cook for you.
You cook?
- Yes, I cook.
I'm shocked.
You really think that...
I spend my days masturbating
and dousing myself in essential oils?
That's your own fault. That's what you
want people to think about you, isn't it?
How astute of you, Mary.
Well,
I'm turning over a new leaf.
I'm going to be very serious.
Just takes a little practice.
What's wrong?
Your head hurt?
Um, yeah.
I should get an aspirin
or something.
I know some headache
pressure points.
Uh--
Ouch!
It's supposed to hurt.
Everything good for you
hurts a little.
Is that so?
- Yes.

Oh. Oh.
Oh, yeah. Yeah.
That's great. Oh!
Yeah, just--
Do you know what?
Forget cooking for me.
Just massage me all day long.
I'd pay a fortune
for hands like yours.
Well, I'm not about
to part with them.
We could negotiate
a temporary release.
Mm-hmm.
Mary?
Oh, wait.
No, no. Uh--
Oh, no, no, no, no.
I wasn't, um--
I'm s-- I didn't mean
to make you think that--
I wasn't leading you on.
I--
I like you Julie,
but I--
I'm married, Julie.
He-- He doesn't love you.
You can't say that.
Don't-Don't say that.
You don't know that.
Mary, I love you.
I don't know how this happened,
but... I love you.
You hate me, don't you?
- No.
No, Julie--
I like you so much.
- I mean, you're not going to--
What if it was good
between us?
What if it was
really good?
Wouldn't you wanna...
find out?

Julie, I mean, love is so
much more complicated...
than just... sex.
I-- I wasn't talking
about sex.
Forget it.
Oh. Um--
Oh, man.
Where's it--
Pogi?
Where's it--
Where's it coming from?
Somewhere around here.
Where is he?
Here he is.
He's blinking a lot.
Never seen that before.
- Me either.
What does it mean?
- I don't know. Where's the manual?
Well, I don't know.
- Um--
Oh. Here it is.
Shit.
It's too late.
He's dead.
- Did you kill him?
Me?
- Well--
Come on. I thought we were
both responsible for him.
Look in the index, David. Look.
- Mary, come on.
Maybe we can start all over-- get a new
battery, or reprogram him or something.
Look, David. Hurry!
- What do I look under? Reincarnation?
He's gone-- Give it up. Come on.
- No, he's not.
I don't want to give it up. I do
not want to give-- I want it to work.
Please make it work, Dav--
Make it work, David.
Oh, sweet Lord.

- Please, just do something. Please.
It's a toy, for God's sake!
It's a piece of shit.
It's a toy.
You can't say that.
David, what are you doing?
You can't throw him away!
What--
Oh-- For God's sake!
Give it up!
You're driving yourself crazy
with this shit. It's a fucking toy!
You never wanted one, did you?
- What?
You say you do,
but you don't.
If I was really pregnant, you'd want
me to get rid of it, wouldn't you?
Oh, Jesus! You don't want
to go there right now.
Let's not do this, okay?
- You'll never be ready, will you?
We'll never have enough money and
we'll never have a real family, will we?
Why do you even
stay married to me?
What's the point?
Or is it because I'm the
only one paying the bills?
That's really convenient,
isn't it?
I mean, any guy
would be fucking crazy--
fucking crazy--
to give up this setup.
Oh, David, I'm-- I'm just so tired.
I'm gonna go lie down,
okay?
Thanks.
Don't paint her.
Who do you want me to paint?
You?
Do you know
what you want?

Uh--

I'll come back in
a few more minutes.

David.

Lemonade.

But only if
you squeeze it fresh.
And lots of sugar.

David?

Listen to this.

This is insane.

"...and awash in the Baroque
paintings of Mary Shaw,
"the work of Fran Pinkerton
has exploded into the art world...

"with much more fire,
more promise,

"and more content
in its message...

than the original seed
from which it was sprouted"--

"Original seed"?

What am I, a pod or s--

Oh, hi.

- Hey.

I was-- Where's David?

Um--

Listen to this.

It's about Fran, right?

Um--

"Pinkerton's art goes
far beyond replication,
beyond reinterpretation"--

I mean, try Kinko's.

"To call it a layer removed from
reality would be too obvious.

"Pinkerton's genius lies in
the distortion of the world...

"as the artist sees it into
a distinct and separate plane,

"a plane which exists
simultaneously...

in a Star Trek-ian

time-space continuum."

Wow.
Is David, um,
in the bathroom?
I need something to drink.
Would you like something?
David?
Mary?
Please-- Please don't--
- Shut up, Julie.
Mary, it's me.
I'm fucked up.
I don't want to hear it, okay?
Mary-- Mary, wait. Mary!
- No. I, um--
Let go of me, David!
Don't touch me!
Mary, please!
Don't you ever touch me again!
Mary!
Fuck!
Hide, hide by my side #
Cool wind in your hair #
Will you be as bright #
Or everybody's to share #
Or everybody's to share #
Hide with me #
Far out at sea #
Hide away #
Stay, please #
Stay #
Hi.
Um-- Hi.
Where have you been?
I've been walking.
I was here earlier,
and you weren't here and--
I-I just got in.
I've been... cleaning.
I was just really worried.
I went--
I went walking.
Kept thinking
about... color.
I was trying to replace all

of my thoughts with color.
But everywhere I looked,
everywhere I turned,
all I could see was red.
And all I could feel
was hatred and rage and--
I went to the park,
lay down in the grass.
Suddenly, I heard this voice
inside of my head going,
"Enough. That's--
That's enough."
Something shifted
inside of me,
and everything
looked different.
I want to feel the way
I felt in the park, David.
I want to feel that way
all the time.
I haven't done that
since I was a child.
I used to lay there...
and look up in the sky.
Dream that my prince
would come and rescue me.
Make me happy.
I'm not doing a very
good job of that, am I?
It's not your job.
I'm really sorry.
Would you come here?
What can I do
What can I say #
For you to come my way #
And make you stay until the
morning and throughout the day #
And when the night comes
you will see #
That we're meant to be #
Engraving our names in the
bark of the eucalyptus tree #
Calling out for love
in the universe #

Writing our names
in the stars #
So when the morning comes #
You'll know just who I am #
Sing and dance
and finding life #
Do what you will
with your soul #
You would pray for me
to stop and let you go #
And you will beg for me
to let you go #
And when the night comes
you will see #
That we're meant to be #
Calling out for love #
In the universe #
Writing our names
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