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# The Shape of Things

By Neil LaBute

We would like to remind  
our visitors today...  
that the documentary film  
on the works of Alex Katz...  
will begin in 10 minutes  
in the Brunnell Theater.  
You stepped over the line.  
Huh? You stepped over the line, miss.  
Uh, it's Ms.  
Sorry, Ms., but, um...  
I meant to.  
You're not supposed to  
do that. Or the photos.  
That's why I tried it. Why?  
To see what would happen.  
Well, uh,  
I mean,  
I'm what happens.  
I-I ha... I have to walk over, like I've  
done, and ask you to take a step back.  
And if someone doesn't,  
what then?  
I'm not sure.  
I've never had anyone  
not step back.  
I've only said it, like, four times,  
and every time they've done it.  
What if I'm your first?  
Non-stepper, I mean. Then what?  
Look, I'm off in 10 minutes. I'd probably just  
stand here, make sure you didn't touch anything.  
Really?  
Pretty much.  
Yeah... No, I'd let the next shift  
talk to you, kick you out, or whatever.  
You wouldn't grab me  
or anything?  
You're not gonna mess up  
my weekend with this, are you?  
I wasn't planning on it, but I'm  
not completely against it either.  
See, if you get all crazy, then I  
gotta write up a report and stuff.

**I'm here till 5:**

a second job to get to... the video store.

Oh, that's where I...

I've seen you in there.

You helped me once, I think.

Yeah? With what?

The Picture of Dorian Gray.

You found it in "Drama,"

not "Classics."

Right!

I remember that!

Somebody misplaced it.

Yes! Yeah, behind Cabaret.

Mmm.

That's funny.

Anyway, you helped me.

That was... nice.

Thanks.

But you're not gonna

return the favor, right?

You mean, step back over...

No, I-I'm... I'm sorry.

I can't. Why is that?

It's a pretty good-sized  
sculpture.

You could see it

just fine from here.

Truthfully?

I'm gonna deface the statue.

Oh.

Uh, is that paint?

Yes, it is.

Great.

Hey, uh, paint's not really a  
great thing to bring into a museum.

Why do you have that?

I'm gonna do something to the  
nude. What, like, color it?

I'm thinking more of  
painting a big dick on it. Oh.

And would "Why?" Be completely  
out of the question here?

- Because I don't like art that isn't true.

- True?

This sculpture,  
it's fake, it's not real.  
Therefore, false art.  
No, it's a Fornicelli.  
It definitely is. I read the  
little thingie there one time.  
Yes, but the leaf isnt.  
It's not?  
Well, what is it? A pastie  
or something, like strippers have?  
It's plaster...  
that was added by a committee who had  
complaints from local townspeople.  
Really?  
I didn't know that.  
They took issue with his thing...  
you know, the shape of it.  
Said it was too life like.  
It's supposed to be God. You know,  
that's what pisses them off.  
Look.  
See, it's right behind  
the leaf there.  
You can just see his...  
Twig.  
Yeah, but they didn't even cover it  
properly. It's shoddy craftsmanship.  
I mean, if you're gonna do it, at  
least do it... Exactly. Do it right.  
So, you're a student, then,  
or is this just basic anarchy?  
Student.  
Me too.  
What's your emphasis? Taking  
out school loans, mostly.  
But I do sit in on  
a few English classes.  
You're in art?  
Mm-hmm. MFA.  
Oh.  
Applied Theory and Crit.  
So, is this, like, a project,  
then, or...  
No, I am just getting started

on my thesis project now.  
It's a big sort of  
installation... thingie.  
That's a good word, huh?  
"Thingie."  
It is.  
Anyway, this is just...  
an idea I had.  
You're cute.  
I don't like your hair.  
Thanks... I think.  
No, you're definitely cute,  
but you should...  
you should do something  
with it, your hair.  
Okay.  
I-I'll try that.  
Your relies late.  
Yeah. Typical.  
Yeah, so do you have to stay at your  
station until they spell you, or...  
Oh, no, no. At punch-out time I'm  
supposed to get down there and do it.  
They can really be pricks  
about that.  
Oh, you should go, then.  
Yeah.  
Can I call you?  
What do you want to call me?  
Um... just up...  
for right now.  
I mean, talk.  
Maybe get crazy.  
Um, take you to dinner?  
Okay.  
Uh, sure.  
Do they... allow you  
to do that here?  
What, eat dinner?  
I meant, hit on the patrons.  
Uh, no.  
They've got a pretty strict policy  
about that too actually.  
But...

Ah. The great equalizer.

"But."

Exactly.

I'll take the risk.

Good answer, Grasshopper.

What?

Kung Fu. On TV?

Remember when he was a kid, there was an old guy with flakey contact lenses...

Right!

Grasshopper.

I don't really watch much television.

Yeah.

So, do you want a number?

Hmm? Oh, God.

Absolutely.

Oh, dang it.

I don't have a pen.

Me either.

Here.

What?

Give me the jacket.

Hmm? Oh.

Uh... Uh...

That's my own.

That's not part of the uniform. That's mine.

Good. Now you'll always have it on you.

Great.

Yeah.

- So, I'll call you?

- Yeah.

It was nice to meet you... again.

You too.

You can definitely tell.

You can.

- Really.

- I bet your friends say something.

Twenty bucks.

Okay.

- I mean, I can't tell, so I figured... - Thats because you see you every day, shower, getting dressed...

- So do you.

- I don't see you shower or getting dressed.

I meant every day.

So far, anyways.

I know. I'm kidding.

Oh.

I'd like that, though,

if... you would.

What?

Showering and...

getting dressed, you know...

Both, if you want.

Either. Anything.

Any moment I can get with you.

That's what I'd like.

Ask and you shall receive.

So I'm asking, then.

So you shall be

receiving, then.

PDA.

What?

Public display of affection.

Oh.

I'm not used to that.

No?

I don't mind.

Really?

Nah. Whose business is it? Ours, right?

Kiss if we want to. Make love

in a bathroom stall. Who cares?

I'd start with

the administration.

Why should they? We're two

adults. We know what we're doing.

I think this is a bigger discussion

than before Jenny and Philip get here.

Whatever.

Oh, no, I mean...

I'd love to have it with you...

uh, the discussion.

And I agree... somewhat.

I understand.

No, another time  
we'll definitely discuss it.  
"Another time."  
I'd rather do it.  
We'll, let me go  
check the men's room.  
You amaze me.  
And you amaze me.  
You do. Look at you.  
It's just a little jogging.  
I'm very proud of you.  
Thank you...  
Henry Higgins.  
What's that?  
That's from a book.  
Well, it's a play actually.  
Not the one we're seeing,  
though, is it?  
No, we're... seeing Medea.  
Oh, yeah, right.  
I read this as an undergrad.  
I like it.  
Should I be nervous?  
No, not too much.  
I mean, unless we have kids.  
Now, what about you?  
What about me?  
I don't know anything  
about you. Yes, you do.  
I don't. Not really.  
- Where am I from?  
- Illinois, near Chicago.  
- Sign.  
- Gemini, I think.  
- The twins, yes. - Does that mean  
that you have a split personality?  
No, it means I was  
born in June. Ah. Okay.  
Anything else you wanna know?  
Why do you like me?  
- What?  
- Why would you like me?  
I'm not anything. I mean...  
Don't do that, okay? That's the

only thing about you I don't like.  
What you see in yourself  
or don't see.  
Fuckin' insecurities.  
Sorry.  
Do you like me?  
of course.  
And do I appear to like you? Huh? Yeah.  
I mean, it seems like  
it, yes. I do like you.  
Do I seem to know my  
own mind? No question.  
So dont you trust me, then, to know  
how I feel? Yeah... No, you're right...  
I mean,  
don't worry about "why..."  
when... "what"  
is right in front of you.  
Those are very wise words...  
from someone  
with such a great ass.  
Kiss me...  
Grasshopper.  
Ah-ah-ah!  
PDA.  
I don't think anybody wants  
to watch you kiss, Adam.  
Hi, guys.  
Hey, Phil.  
Hello.  
Hi.  
Hey!  
Evelyn,  
this is Philip.  
Hello.  
Hi.  
And his fiance, Jenny.  
Hi.  
Hey.  
So, should we  
grab our tickets?  
Adam,  
what's up with you?  
Did you

lose weight?  
Um... a little,  
maybe.  
No, it's...  
He cut his hair or something.  
That's it, right?  
Right.  
Yeah, well, uh, both,  
sort of.  
Huh.  
Okay, so, let's, uh...  
Come on.  
Oh.  
So tell me this again. You  
guys are gonna... Underwater.  
We're gonna get married  
underwater.  
You gotta be kidding me. Like in those  
Life magazine photos you see, or whatever.  
Is that, like,  
a... California thing?  
No. We wanted  
to try something bold.  
That oughta do it.  
That is crazy. Really.  
So if we want to attend,  
we have to...  
Get in the tank with us.  
You bet.  
- No. Honey, I thought we said the guests...  
- Uh, we haven't...  
We haven't settled  
that part completely.  
That is nuts. No, I applaud  
you. I think it is very bold.  
Yeah, well, don't expect my buddy  
here to follow in our footsteps.  
He's the least adventurous  
person I know. Really?  
Absolutely.  
Oh, and the marriage thing?  
Uh-uh.  
It's not gonna happen. Sorry.  
I don't know how many nights

I listened to this guy say,  
"Not me, man. I'm never  
gettin' hooked. No way, man."  
Well, well!  
Listen, don't encourage him.  
My roomie doesn't need  
any more encouragement.  
Former roommate.  
You're gonna look stupid  
in one of those wet suits.  
Hey, let's not be  
a party pooper, my friend.  
This could have  
been yours.  
Oh, Phil, stop being...  
Adam and I had a class together, and  
he never got up the nerve to ask me out.  
I'm borrowing his pen, like,  
all the time... hint, hint...  
and he's this total monk  
the whole semester.  
Anyway, Phil picks him up  
from class one day, sees me,  
and we went to mini golf  
that same night.  
I cannot tell a lie. I  
got the moves, God help me.  
Whoo!  
God help all of us.  
Well, like I said,  
I think it's great.  
It's really amazing... it is...  
to find anybody willing  
to take a risk these days,  
to look a little silly  
or different or anything.  
Bravo.  
To people with balls.  
To balls.  
Long may they wave.  
I'll tell you  
what took some balls.  
That museum thing a few  
weeks back, with the balls.

Did you guys  
read about that?  
Oh, Adam, of course you did. You  
were supposed to be guarding it.  
But, uh... Evelyn, did you hear about it?  
- The penis.  
- Yes, I did.  
Why are we whispering?  
Because you don't say "penis"  
in Jennys house.  
But we're at my place now,  
so we sing it from the eaves.  
Bar's closed.  
Last call.  
Nice.  
Seriously, though,  
can you believe that shit?  
Somebody with the gall to pull that kind of  
bullshit on our campus? Fuckin' burns me up.  
Shh.  
I'm an artist, so...  
Maybe we should... I don't really  
have the same reaction as...  
I mean, this isn't Berkeley. What does  
that mean anyway... "I'm an artist"?  
Mmm, nothing.  
It means nothing really.  
Just that  
I understand the impulse.  
You what? Um, Evelyn,  
we should probably...  
No, no. Wait, Adam.  
I wanna hear.  
What impulse?  
It's called vandalism.  
Uh, does anybody want dessert? Hold on.  
This is rich. Go ahead.  
Just that, um, I don't think  
it was just kids playing.  
I think it was  
a sort of statement, a kind of...  
- Statement?  
- Yeah, I do.  
What kind of statement would

that be? It was pornography.

- Oh, no, it wasn't.

- Yes, it was.

No. Pornography is meant  
to titillate, to excite you.

Did you see a picture of what happened?

- We did, yeah.

And does a penis excite you?

I mean, just any old penis?

Uh, you're funny,

and that's not the point.

It's totally the point!

How about you, Jenn? Did you like  
what you saw? Did it get you hot?

This is, like,  
uncalled-for, okay?

- All she said was... - I know what she said.

Why don't you let her speak?

Did you wanna say  
anything else? Huh?

Okay.

Then, look, all I'm... I'm  
saying is that, in my opinion,  
it wasn't pornography,  
it was a statement.

Wow.

The postgraduate mind at work.  
You know, I still don't see  
how that makes it a statement.

- What do you mean?

- It's graffiti.

It would be a huge statement,  
especially for a town like this.  
Which "Take Back the Night" rally  
did you find her at, Adam?

You're really the obnoxious  
type. You know that?

I mean, how long did you have  
to stomach this guy? Evelyn...

Anyhow, who knows what the  
person was saying by it. We don't.

But I think it was a gesture,  
a kind of manifesto, if you will...

W-W-Wait. I don't think a person's

dick can be a manifesto. Uh-uh.  
You can write a manifesto  
on your thing,  
but your thing can't be one.  
I'm sure I read that somewhere. See,  
you're just trying to be really...  
Hey, I'm not trying to be anything.  
Who the hell do you think you are?  
A few double dates, and telling  
me anything about who I am.  
- Un-fucking-believable!  
- Okay, this is getting a little...  
Adam, you can really pick 'em.  
Let's just forget the whole...  
You are not gonna take his  
side in this, are you? No.  
Jesus! I'm just trying to get out  
of here with a touch of dignity.  
I've got a test tomorrow  
anyway. "Statement."  
Just shut the fuck up!  
Fuck right off.  
How would you know?  
I think she was making one.  
So, that's my opinion.  
Jenny,  
thanks for everything.  
Yeah, how'd you know  
it was a girl?  
I don't.  
I just said.  
It's a guess... what it  
was, where it was placed.  
An educated guess.  
Oh, you're not...  
She's not trying to take a poke  
at my being an undergrad, is she?  
Okay, can we just stop this now,  
please? Adam, tell me she didn't just...  
Hey, artiste, how did you know it  
was a woman who painted the cock?  
Very, very suspicious there.  
You're such a prick.  
Man, how do you go on

day after day?  
Let's go.  
Adam,  
are you coming?  
Yeah.  
I'll meet you out front?  
I just wanna... Okay.  
You're very sweet.  
Good luck.  
"Good luck"?  
Hey, fuck you!  
Oh, come on, m-man!  
Where in hell did you meet  
that bitch? At the museum.  
What, did she give you a haircut  
and a blow job, now youre her puppy?  
Phil!  
I'm not her puppy!  
The wedding sounds great.  
Really, it sounds... Yeah.  
You don't  
have to leave.  
Were you...  
always like this before?  
So...  
you know.  
Shy?  
Mm-hmm.  
Just about the fact that no one  
would ever sleep with me. That's all.  
Come on!  
No, seriously.  
I mean, you're, like,  
I don't know,  
only the third person  
I've ever...  
Really?  
Yeah.  
I mean it.  
And they were  
both young.  
I mean,  
I was too.  
I wasn't, like, hanging out

by a day care or anything.  
It was during  
high school, mostly.  
Hmm. So you're sort of  
in uncharted waters here.  
I don't wanna  
blow your cover, but...  
I could kinda tell.  
Yeah?  
Yeah.  
Well, that's okay.  
Nobody here at school?  
Well,  
nothing serious.  
Dates.  
Some close calls.  
But not anyone,  
you know...  
Like Jenny?  
No, no.  
Are you sorry  
you didn't ask her out?  
Hmm? I mean, if ...  
if I wasn't  
in the equation.  
Not really.  
Hmm.  
We just never  
got the right...  
What...  
I sort of blew that one.  
Anyway, it's kinda weird  
talking about it now that...  
That's okay.  
You know, it's nice to see,  
every so often, someone... gallant.  
So, did you enjoy  
tonight?  
Uh-huh.  
Dinner was great.  
The trip into the city...  
that was fun. I like your car.  
I meant the performance.  
Oh, right, that.

Um...

Not really.

Well...

that's all right.

That's fine. Oh, no, it's not that

I didn't enjoy it. It was okay.

You didn't think

it was amazing?

I thought it was amazing that the

cops didn't bust in and stop her.

Oh, come on!

How could you not find that

moving, what she was doing? Easy.

I mean, granted, I usually love it when a

woman removes her tampon in front of me.

- Very sexy.

- It's not supposed to be sexy.

I was joking.

You know that.

I mean, Jesus, it's an expression

of herself as an artist, as a woman,

a person.

I couldn't believe

what I was seeing.

Me either. You didn't

get it. That's all.

No, that's not true.

We just don't agree. That's all.

- I wanted to like it.

- Then why didn't you?

Maybe because she was finger painting

portraits of her daddy using menstrual blood.

She... is completely influential,

totally vanguard.

To me, it was nasty, it was private, and I felt

like it was something I wasn't supposed to be seeing.

She allowed you to though.

She allowed you into her world,

into her work,

but in a highly theatrical way.

Exactly my point.

It's called theater, not therapy.

No, it's called

performance art!

- It's called her period!  
- It's called your taste up your ass!  
Did we just have  
our first fight?  
I think so.  
Yeah, we did.  
Cool.  
Better mark it down  
in our diaries.  
Yeah.  
Hey.  
We can do that... fight.  
That's good.  
Why good?  
'Cause, um,  
now we get to make up.  
Were you nervous before?  
I mean, about us  
with the video.  
Oh, not really.  
A bit.  
Sure.  
Yeah. It's just, let's not watch  
it. Okay? Do we have to do that?  
Not if you don't want to.  
Good.  
'Cause I don't think I could get into  
that actually. See, I'm totally different.  
I think everyone should  
see themselves doing it,  
and their friends  
should see it too.  
That's why the tape's going back to my  
place. Don't be so frightened of everything.  
I'm not.  
I'm not frightened anyway.  
I just don't think that's a thing other  
people need to see, ever... my ass.  
People like who? Philip?  
No, that's fine.  
You can show him.  
Are you crazy?  
Why is he your friend? Oh, God,  
you don't wanna go over all that.

I just don't think you need  
that kind of person in your life e.  
I mean, no one does.  
It... It may be a touch early to  
start dictating who my friends are.  
Yeah... I suppose.  
Boy, he really got under  
your skin, didn't he?  
Under, over, around.  
I hate that kind of guy.  
What kind?  
That kind.  
Whatever he is, that's what  
I hate. I'll let him know.  
No! God, no.  
Don't give him the satisfaction.  
And he'd take it too.  
Believe me. I don't know.  
Maybe it would help him,  
you know, be better or something.  
The only thing that would help him  
is a fuckin' knife through his throat.  
Okay, I'm glad I don't have  
a pet rabbit or anything.  
You know what I mean.  
Um... no, not really.  
I've just been around his type,  
that's all, and I don't like him.  
Yeah, I got that part.  
No big deal.  
Right. No, it was the "knife through the  
throat" part that was the big deal, I thought.  
Oh, that's just an expression.  
From where?  
Transylvania?  
No.  
From the Scorned Girl's Handbook.  
Oh, yeah, page 666.  
You've been peeking.  
You know what happens  
to peekers, don't you?  
Well, if they're deejays, they usually get  
asked to play "Misty" on the radio all the time.  
Close.

No, I'll show you.  
But you have to do me  
a favor. What's that?  
Just... smile.  
Smile into the camera...  
for as...  
long as you can.  
Jenny!  
Adam! Hi!  
Hey.  
Hi.  
Oh!  
So...  
Thanks for coming.  
I appreciate it.  
of course.  
How's it going?  
You know... okay.  
Right.  
Lots to do for a wedding. I bet.  
Yeah. Invitations to get out,  
arrangements to make.  
Air tanks to fill.  
That too.  
So you guys are still going through with  
that, huh? That's what we're saying.  
- What do you mean, "saying"?  
- No, no, no. We are.  
It's what we're doing.  
I just...  
- Jenny, what?  
- I don't know.  
I'm just, you know, worried.  
Why?  
About what? What do you think? Philip.  
He's just, I don't know,  
being funny.  
- Funny how?  
- Just kinda funny odd.  
Like nice.  
Nice?  
Yeah. You know, sweet?  
Now, I love him and all.  
I do. You know that.

But that is not the way I would describe him to people... sweet. Would you? I wouldn't exactly use his name and "sweet" in the same... short story.

And that's what's bugging me.

I mean, he's only been like this once before, maybe twice.

But definitely once, when we were first going out and he was seeing somebody else. You remember that? Yeah.

I do. The other one.

The other Jenny. Exactly.

I'd call and I could hear him freeze up, you know, get all sort of... sweet, fish around slowly until he figured out if it was her or me.

God, I used to hate that.

Maybe Im just making it all up, you know?

I mean, my own insecurities and looking for a reason to not... Dive in?

- Take the plunge?

- Oh, God!

Jump off the deep end?

Stop me before I...

Cute, but yes.

That might be it, but I don't think so.

I mean, I wanna get married.

I do.

Even if it is underwater.

And I love the guy, whether he's sweet or not.

It's just, I don't believe him now that he is.

Well, you got me.

Really? I mean, you don't know anything? Haven't felt that?

I only see him, like, once a week in our survey course, so it's not like I'm in the inner circle anymore.

I know. I just thought that maybe youd  
tell me if you knew something.  
But I would tell you, Jenny.  
I would. Seriously.  
Really?  
I think so.  
I mean... Oh, look, that's a  
lousy thing to pass on to a person.  
And if I did, you know, know  
something and then told you,  
you'd more likely hate me  
forever than be grateful.  
Yeah,  
that's probably true.  
Um, you could lie.  
Feel free.  
No, you're probably right. So that doesn't  
exactly make me want to come clean here.  
Which I have nothing to come  
clean about, okay? Honestly.  
It's just...  
I-I just feel that  
I would. I-I do.  
Because I think  
you're pretty amazing...  
if the, uh, truth be known.  
And you're almost married,  
so why shouldn't it be?  
Uh, the truth, I mean.  
Thank you.  
Not a problem.  
Anyway,  
that's all I know.  
Which is nothing.  
Okay!  
Hwah!  
I'm just being stupid.  
Hey.  
if you feel it,  
it's not stupid.  
God!  
You're a lovely person.  
You know that?  
"Lovely"?

Jesus, why dont you just  
call me gay and get it over with?  
Hey!  
Lovely is nice.  
No, I wish there were a few  
more lovely people in the world.  
I mean it. You are.  
And getting cuter by the day.  
What is that girl doing to you?  
Lots.  
She's amazing. Really.  
What happened  
to your glasses?  
Are you wearing...  
No! Adam!  
Are those contacts?  
Yep.  
Contacts.  
Oh, my God.  
This from the former  
tape-around-the-nose-thingie champion.  
That was only for, like, a week!  
That one time!  
I know, but still,  
you gotta admit...  
I do. It's great.  
I feel better.  
"Better." I mean, you're,  
like, this totally hot guy now.  
No. No, I mean, I always thought  
you were handsome before, but...  
I didn't think youd go in  
for the makeover thingie.  
Me either.  
Who knew?  
Well, apparently she did.  
You are still seeing her,  
arent you?  
Oh, yeah. She's...  
You don't hold a grudge, do ya?  
All she said that night...  
Oh, God, I couldn't believe  
that! No, it was great.  
No, truthfully, it was. I mean,

Phil needed to hear every word of that.

He did, too.

Hear it, I mean.

You know, he even said something  
after you guys left.

I mean, not an admittance  
of guilt, exactly,  
but as close to one as we're  
likely to hear from the guy.

Really? What'd he say?

I'm amazed. As was I.

He put on quite the show.

I remember vaguely.

They both did.

Anyway, later on  
he said something like,

"He could do worse."

Not exactly  
a seal of approval.

No, but a lot for him.

And after what she said?

You're right.

Huh.

Hey, her middle name's  
not Jenny or anything, is it?

No such luck.

Whew!

No, it's Ann.

Evelyn Ann Thompson.

It's nice, right?

Eat?

What?

Eat.

Those are her initials.

The acronym of her name  
is E-A-T.

Hey, that's cute.

Oh, God, you're a goner.

I know.

It's pathetic, isn't it?

Somewhat.

But lovely.

No, not that again!

What the heck is this?

What is this?  
What?  
Did you stop biting your nails?  
Yeah, for, like, a month now.  
Don't tell me she...  
It's true.  
She gave me some kind of crap to put  
on 'em, and that was it. I just stopped.  
You have nails!  
This is crazy!  
It's no biggie.  
The whole time I've known you...  
three years now...  
your fingers have looked  
like raw meat.  
Anyway, awful.  
And now you just quit.  
This girl is the messiah.  
I've quit before.  
For, like, an hour.  
I love this woman.  
Me too.  
Yeah, I can see that.  
Wow.  
And you'd really tell me  
if you knew something?  
I would, yes.  
Okay.  
Geez, when did you  
get so cute?  
Whew.  
Shit.  
Yeah.  
What was that all about?  
I don't know.  
Uh, I'm not sure.  
Look, I'm sorry.  
No. Don't be.  
I am.  
Uh, I'm the one  
with the ring on.  
Yeah, it's...  
my friends ring.  
Good point.

Thanks for reminding me.  
You're welcome.  
Aw, dang it!  
Oh, no, listen,  
it wasn't because of,  
you know, my worries or whatever,  
how I'm feeling about Philip right now.  
It wasn't.  
Okay.  
It just...  
Happened.  
Right.  
I've wanted to do that  
for a long time.  
Three years.  
Me too.  
Now we take it down to  
the... the beach and bury it.  
Don't we?  
Yeah, we do.  
of course.  
Um...  
don't you want to?  
Bury it?  
Yes. Or...  
No. No, we can't  
talk about it.  
Don't even say the...  
God. Do you have  
a shovel in your car?  
Uh, I don't, no.  
But... I have my car.  
My bike's  
right over there.  
Then it... should be fine  
if we were to...  
go to the beach.  
I suppose so.  
Good.  
Oh, come on.  
We should go bury this.  
On the beach.

**It's 10:**

No big deal. You always  
wait at the doctor's office.  
I know. I just had to be

**at work by 12:**

Today?

Yeah, I told you that.

No, you didn't.

Yeah, I did.

I always work Wednesdays.

Really?

Yeah. Every Wednesday.

Hmm. It's okay. I can  
be late if I have to.

Are you sure?

Yeah.

I mean, they hate it,  
but I'll come up with something.

Or we can go.

No.

I wanna do this. I do.

I mean, w-who wouldn't want to pay a lot  
of money to get their nose chopped off?

Well, you're only talking to them  
anyway. That's all.

It's just weird to think...

People do it all the time.

Especially out here.

Right.

No, you're right. You're right.

- I just never imagined myself to be one  
of those people. - I'm one of those people.

What? You are not.

Take a look.

Where?

I don't see anything.

Exactly.

You got your nose done?

Honestly?

Sixteen.

My parents' birthday present.

Thoughtful. I asked for  
it. I had this terrible hook.

The Jewish slope, we

called it in Lake Forest.

The only ski run  
for miles around.

I can't believe it. I can't  
tell. That's the idea, isn't it?  
You could be lying to me. What  
would be the point of that?  
To get me in here. To watch  
chunks of my flesh get torn away.  
You could be a sadist for all I  
know. Hey, quit sweet-talking me.  
God, they did  
an amazing job.

Mmm.

Wait a minute. Your name's  
Thompson. That's not Jewish.  
On my mother's side, you dope.  
That's what makes me Jewish.  
Her maiden name is Tessman.  
Oh. We don't have to stay here, Adam.

No, it's okay.

It just makes me jumpy.

It's cosmetic,  
not corrective.

Lots of guys do it.

It's no big deal. I promise.

Well, if it's cosmetic, maybe I  
should just put some powder on it.

You know,

I think you'll look great.

You have a good face.

A nice shape to your nose,  
actually,

but it's just got  
that bit of...

What?

Bulb.

At the end. I mean... Well, not  
a bulb exactly, but more of a...

No, I get it.

Sort of a Rudolph effect.

PDA.

Indeed.

Shall I go

check the men's room?

- I dare you.

- Shut up.

I'm serious. Is this, like,  
my last meal or something?

A conjugal visit  
before I'm drawn and quartered?

Stop being so morbid.

It's just flesh.

Yeah, I see

what you mean.

It's just flesh.

That's not morbid at all.

It isn't.

You've bitten more skin off  
from around your fingernails...

than a doctor would ever  
trim off your nose.

It's true.

How'd you get that scar  
on your back?

Which? The...

Yes, the raised one.

A kid, um, threw a stick  
at me, first grade.

Stitches?

Yeah. Thirty-three.

And is that terrible? Are you  
disfigured because of it?

Well... I don't like  
to wear tank tops.

What's the matter with scars?

Not a thing.

Did you try to...

No. Not really.

I mean, I cut on myself a little, tried  
to get attention when I was a teenager,  
but I didn't wanna  
slit my veins open.

So, is my arm unattractive to you then  
because of those, or not?

No, not at all.

I love your arm.

It's beautiful.

They're like rings on a tree.  
They signify experience,  
make us unique.  
I can see that.  
And that's all this is.  
The idea of you  
having some surgery.  
It's an experience.  
I know.  
It just makes me...  
What? Nervous?  
"It's a far, far better thing I do  
than I have ever done."  
Something like that.  
Is that from a book?  
Yeah. Dickens.  
Ah! So...  
are you gonna go check?  
What?  
What, the restroom?  
Uh-huh.  
What if they call my name though?  
Seriously.  
What if they do?  
I smell trouble...  
Mmm.  
Which I may not be able  
to do after this.  
Just go.  
All right.  
Then I can show you something. What?  
Hmm? Oh, nothin'.  
No, uh,  
just a little something  
I had done... for you.  
Wait. No. Show me now.  
It's a big religious no-no.  
Nice, huh?  
"Eat."  
Let me guess.  
You couldn't afford the "me."  
No, you goof.  
It's your initials.  
Do you like it?

I do.  
I like it.  
I'm serious.  
It looks good.  
Just shut up. Don't get here late  
and then make fun of me.  
- No. You look distinguished.  
- Phil.  
I look like a hockey player.  
Yeah, but a distinguished one.  
What'd you do anyway?  
I fell.  
Come on.  
What?  
Seriously. I did.  
You sound like a battered wife.  
I fell.  
That's not funny.  
Yeah, it is. It's very funny.  
I mean, it's not that funny  
that wives get beat up,  
but the fact that you look like one...  
that I find hilarious.  
Well, that's what happened.  
I tripped, I fell. No big deal.  
You really fell?  
Yeah.  
I, uh, tripped going up the...  
You know?  
No. What?  
The... thingie.  
I hit the edge of the...  
You know. No. It's "the edge of the"  
that I'm a little hazy on here.  
The edge of the knob...  
my doorknob.  
You really tripped?  
Truthfully? Yes. God.  
Huh.  
Okay.  
Why do you say that... "Huh"?  
- What, you don't believe me?  
- No. I just...  
I saw your girlfriend

the other day,  
maybe what, last Thursday.  
You weren't in class.  
I asked her if you were okay. That's all.  
Yeah? So?  
And she said yes, but you were recovering  
from an operation or something.  
What?  
That's what I said.  
Then she said it wasn't really  
an operation, per se,  
just something you had done...  
a "procedure."  
That was it. So I just thought, No.  
I don't know, whatever.  
I -I hurt it. Really. I hit it... You know,  
I banged it up pretty bad at home.  
So I had the doctor take a look at  
it, but he didn't operate or anything.  
So where'd you see her?  
I don't know.  
Starbucks or somewhere...  
the mall maybe.  
She doesn't drink coffee.  
So it was downtown then.  
Record City, I think.  
Wh-What, you worried  
I'm gonna steal her? No.  
God. Don't be so...  
Believe me.  
- Ugh!  
- Anyway, it's gonna be fine.  
Well, that's good to hear.  
Yeah.  
And, uh,  
you'd tell me if there was  
anything seriously wrong.  
of course.  
Hey, what's up?  
I mean, we're friends,  
right?  
You'd come to me.  
About what?  
- Phil, what's...

- Jenny told me.  
Jenny told you what?  
She kissed you.  
- Oh.  
- She felt shitty, I guess.  
I could tell for, like, a week  
somethin' was goin' on.  
And then finally she  
told me about it. She did.  
I mean, she did do that,  
but it-it was nothing.  
No. I don't mean nothing, no.  
Uh, it meant nothing.  
It didn't hold any meaning for us.  
For "us"? Okay, so you can speak  
for her then? It just happened.  
For me. It didn't for me.  
It was just a...  
And that's all she said?  
- Don't tell me there's more.  
- No. God, no, not at all. No.  
It's all right.  
I'd been acting weird lately.  
This whole... marriage idea  
is just freaky, so...  
It's my fault, I guess.  
Sorry.  
It's better than me  
having to kiss you.  
- Good point.  
- No tongue, right?  
- Oh, Jesus!  
- I'm just asking.  
No. Please.

**Well, I got a 3:**

So long, Romeo.  
Where's your jacket?  
What?  
Okay, this is, uh...  
too much.  
The cord jacket?  
The lumberjacky-lookin' thing?  
I don't know.

Uh-huh.

And this, uh,

Tommy Hilfiger-ish job...

Where'd you come up with  
that? The mall. I bought it.

- What's the big deal?

- That's, like, a sailing slicker.

She likes it.

It's reversible.

Well, isn't that just neat?

What I want to know is,  
do you like it?

It's okay. Uh-huh. Let me ask you this.

Did you get to keep the cord job,  
or did she make you toss it?

- Who cares? God...

- Huh?

I threw it out, okay?

Goodwill, actually.

"Goodwill, actually."

It's no big thing.

Dude, don't just say

"no big thing."

I begged you to throw out the farm coat  
our freshman year.

I mean, you lost both of us  
a lot of dates with that thing on, okay?

You've had it since, like, birth.

All right? So do me a little favor.

Let's not pretend that the  
Jackie and the, uh, weight... Ow!

And the Jon Bon Jovi hair  
are no big thing. Ow! Don't!

'Cause when it comes to routine, you  
used to be, like, Mister goddamn Rogers.

It's a fuckin' jacket, Phil!

Just lay off.

Go to class.

Uh-huh, fine.

Fine.

I just hope the next time we pass each  
other, I recognize who the hell you are.

Oh, yeah? Well, if not, you and Evelyn can  
always head over to Record City and have a chat.

Hey! I wouldn't get too deep into the moral issues during this particular conversation.

Okay, Romeo?

I may have a big fucking mouth, but at least I keep it to myself.

Oh! My...

Oh, is it time to go?

Uh-huh?

Fine. So long, matey!

Ow!

You've got my fuckin' bag!

Dude!

Seriously, I've got class!

So, everything's good?

Yeah. You know, okay.

Hmm.

You?

Oh, pretty great, actually.

Just studying, working on my art.

Right. You've got that big thing that you're doing. Mm.

Thesis project for my degree.

And it's going well?

Yeah.

What was it again?

I never said.

Oh. Well, that's why.

Right. It's this sculpture... thingie.

Nice.

I think what you've done with Adam... it's really great.

What I've done? Well, just, you know, he's changed.

That's right. He's changed. of course. I didn't mean that you...

I know. I'm just saying, he did the work. Right.

Well, that's always what they say, though, isn't it?

What?

Who are "they"?

You know, like in Cosmo, when they have those tests asking you

what you'd like to change about your guy.  
Ah, now you're gonna get  
all scientific on me.  
It's true, though, isn't it? I mean,  
almost everyone I've ever gone out with,  
if you could alter just  
one thing about them or...  
even to get them to stop wearing  
sunglasses up on their head all the time,  
then they'd be perfect.  
- Well, it's that sort of deal, isn't it?  
- Something like that.  
Or it could just be  
that I care about him.  
Hmm. Well, Phil's got, like, six of those  
"one things," but it's the same idea.  
Right. And how is old Phil?  
Well, he's Phil... six things  
away from being amazing.  
Hey.  
- Hey, Evelyn.  
- Adam. Hi.  
Jenny. I didn't know that you...  
I invited her.  
Oh.  
Uh...  
I like your new jacket.  
Phil told me about it.  
Oh, yeah. It's, uh,  
new.  
And your nose...  
My God, are you okay?  
of course.  
It was nothin'.  
Falling down  
is not nothing.  
It looks okay though.  
- Anyway, uh...  
- Anyway, pull up some floor.  
We... got you a juice.  
You don't drink coffee.  
It's not. It's decaf.  
It's still coffee.  
Good point.

So I drink coffee. Then I  
just don't like the caffeine.  
Mm. Jenny was just saying  
that she thinks you're great.  
I mean, doing great things  
with yourself.  
Yeah?  
Thanks, Jenny. She thinks  
you're just about perfect now.  
Don't you, Jenn?  
I didn't say that.  
No. It's true. I'm exaggerating.  
She said... and I paraphrase...  
"He's changed,"  
but she implied for the better.  
Oh. Well, I agree.  
I have.  
And again, thank you.  
You're welcome.  
I think you've changed too, Adam.  
A lot.  
Yeah? How's that?  
Well, you've gotten cuter...  
and stronger, more confident  
and, um...  
craftier.  
Craftier, huh?  
Apparently so.  
Oh, that spill you took  
must have done it.  
I'm sorry. Am I missing  
something here?  
I'm not sure.  
Evelyn, what's up?  
Nothing. Not a thing.  
Well, sometimes it's hard to read me,  
you know, know when I'm joking.  
Very hard.  
It is, but I am... joking.  
I mean, Adam took a bad fall and  
smashed his nose, but he's okay now.  
See? It healed well,  
don't you think?  
Yes. Uh, do you guys want

a salad or something?

I'm hungry.

I'm fine. Jenny?

I'm okay.

Hungry?

Your nose looks...

How much weight have you lost?

Not that much really.

Twenty-one pounds.

I peeked. Is that all right?

- "Peeked"? - His journal... a record of his progress that he's keeping.

Really? Oh, that's so cool.

- Cosmo story in the making, huh?

- Yeah.

Okay, I'm, like, totally lost here.

You're mentioned in there too,

Jenny.

Where?

Adams journal.

I mean, it's a veiled entry,

but I think it's you.

Evelyn.

I peeked twice.

You're right next to someone known as "cute waitress." Why is that?

- I mean, Adam?

- You're not.

- Something about a meeting and a drive after in your cute little "V-dub." - What are you saying?

- It's getting pretty late. I really need to get go...

- Don't go. Why are you doing this?

I just want to talk

about the kiss.

Why cant we do that?

This is inappropriate, okay?

Did you tell her?

No. No, no. He didn't.

Philip did. We met,

and he told me all about it.

The rest I got from loverboy's diary. She's making that up.

Wait. Philip told you

about our talk? When?

What else did he tell  
you? Lots of things.  
He's a very chatty guy  
when you... wind him up.  
I can't believe it.  
Evelyn, let's just drop it, okay?  
- if you're angry with me, all right, but this is not...  
- We're just talking.  
Fine. You wanna...  
Go ahead.  
- I mean, Adam wrote something in his journal, obviously.  
- I didn't!  
What do you wanna hear?  
We kissed.  
No. No, no. I... I knew that.  
I'm sorry.  
I've confused you.  
I meant about my kiss...  
with Philip.  
What?  
That's bullshit.  
No. That's getting even.  
Unless you guys have something else you  
want to tell me about... meaning the drive.  
You didn't meet Phil.  
Ask him.  
- He would have told me.  
- Apparently not.  
I'm going.  
I'm going now, okay?  
I'll, uh, see you.  
You guys are still coming  
to my showing, right?  
Well... you said you would.  
Okay.  
That was horrible.  
Oh, I don't know.  
I could've told her about  
the blow job I gave him.  
Kidding.  
- You had no right to make her feel that way.  
- She's got a boyfriend who's shit.  
- Now she knows.  
- It was still wrong to treat her like that.

- And me.  
- Yeah, let's talk about you.  
She called me, okay?  
She wanted to get together and,  
you know, talk about Phil,  
and then...  
And then you made out.  
Most natural thing in the world.  
It was a mistake, okay?  
I know that.  
I just want the truth.  
I told you what I did.  
You think I wanted to kiss that guy?  
I only did it for the effect.  
I'm asking you, Adam.  
What else happened?  
I deserve to know.  
Nothing.  
You're sticking with that?  
Oh, and glad to hear  
about your trip.  
- See you next fall.  
- What was I supposed to tell him?  
- The truth!  
- Wh...  
Come on.  
Look, I took shit  
about my new jacket.  
That's all people say to me anymore.  
"What's up with you?" "What's goin' on?"  
I can't exactly spread it around  
what I've done. What? You fell.  
What are we doing here?  
Are you tired of me?  
Is that it?  
God, no!  
I don't get it.  
I don't want to sound  
old-fashioned here, but...  
you're a step away from fuckin'  
around on me. I would never do that.  
if it hadn't been her,  
if it'd have been...  
oh, say, that cute waitress

the other night.  
You didn't think  
I caught that, did you?  
The chatty chat and the extra  
three bucks on the tip.  
That was nothing.  
It's never anything...  
until it's something.  
Geez! Next you're gonna tell me that the  
handkerchief with the strawberries on it is missing.  
I don't know that reference.  
Evelyn, please.  
Evelyn.  
I'll do anything you want.  
I know what I did was wrong.  
I do. I messed up.  
So just tell me what to do,  
and I'll do it.  
I just... I don't...  
I don't wanna lose you.  
- You're sure?  
- I am so sure.  
I love you.  
Anything I say?  
Anything.  
Give them up... as friends,  
both of them.  
Huh?  
No explanation.  
Dont see them or speak  
to them again, not ever.  
That's what I want.  
That's to prove to me  
about how you feel.  
- And if I don't?  
- Well, um, I pretty much let these things end.  
Final answer?  
I choose you.  
You choose well...  
Grasshopper.  
Adam.  
- Ahoy.  
- Phil.  
How's it goin'?

So...  
what, you don't  
take my calls now?  
What? No, I...  
It's all right. I understand.  
The whole...  
thing.  
I've just been busy with work and all.  
Yeah, whatever.  
- Well, I should probably grab a seat.  
- Hold up. Hey.  
Where's the fire?  
What? No. I...  
No. I just want a... good spot and...  
So, wheres Jenny?  
Funny.  
What?  
Man, come on.  
We broke up, broke it off... whatever.  
You knew that.  
No. I... When?  
Like, two weeks ago,  
right after...  
You know. You and Jenny...  
I can't believe that.  
Believe it. She came over one day  
after seeing you guys, I guess.  
That was it... the ring off,  
took her CD's back...  
gone.  
I'm sorry.  
I mean, I was lookin to get out.  
You know that. But once you start  
makin' those plans, you know...  
like pickin' out napkins and shit...  
it's almost easier  
to just do the thing.  
- I don't know what to say.  
- Don't worry about it.  
You haven't seen her lately,  
have you?  
- No.  
- Okay.  
Well, this ought to be good, huh?

Jenny.

- Adam.

- Hey.

- Hi, Phil.

I'm sorry... about you guys.

Boy, you just can't keep  
anything to yourself, can you?

Well, every so often,

I guess. Right? What?

You never change.

That's what.

- Oh, and, Phil?

- Yeah?

You don't really need  
sunglasses indoors.

- What is she...

- It's not, like, totally official yet.

Fuck. What are you gonna do?

- Well, we should probably find a place too.

- Let's grab two close to the exit.

Oh, maybe we shouldn't...

You know, Jenny and...

Whatever.

Take care, man.

Could I...

Mm-hmm.

Good afternoon.

Thank you

for coming out today.

It's the middle of Stop Week,  
and I'm sure this is not...

how most of you studying for finals...

would choose to spend your time  
away from campus... on campus.

The accompanying visual portion  
of this graduate thesis project...

is currently available in  
the exhibition gallery across the way,  
so if you don't stay today for...

punch and cookies, um...

please stop by and take a look  
at your... convenience.

Okay, that's the boring stuff.

Oh, I almost forgot.

And this is fairly personal...  
probably shouldnt even do it...  
but it really is the capper  
to my time here at Mercy,  
so please indulge me.  
I was given an engagement ring...  
two days ago,  
and I haven't really  
answered the guy yet.  
So I wanted to do it today.  
Here goes.  
This is a beautiful stone...  
and an amazing gesture  
on your part...  
for many reasons.  
By the time I'm through here,  
I promise that you'll  
have your answer.  
My graduate advisor gave me  
this advice five months ago.  
"Strive to make art,  
but change the world."  
And so,  
being a good little student,  
that's what I set out to do.  
With that in mind,  
I present you with my newest work.  
It is a human sculpture...  
on which I've worked  
these past 18 weeks...  
and of whom I am very proud.  
The piece itself is untitled,  
since I think... I-I hope...  
it will mean something different  
to each of you...  
and, frankly,  
anyone who sees it.  
Can I get a spot...  
I did the MTV thing  
here on the face.  
This is a "before" picture that  
I had a classmate take of us...  
near the Pizza Hut  
out by the highway.

That was our first  
official encounter...  
after he asked me out  
at his place of work...  
a big no-no,  
or so I was told.  
And it was here that I coaxed hi m  
Into eating his first vegetarian meal.  
Well, as vegetarian...  
as a spinach-and-mushroom  
calzone can be.  
He also had a salad.  
Anyway, he told me that,  
for him, it was a huge deal...  
and it does mark the beginning  
of my systematic makeover...  
or sculpting, if you will...  
of my two very pliable  
materials of choice...  
the human flesh...  
and the human will.  
But this, I'm afraid, was not done  
out of love or caring...  
or concern.  
This was a simple matter of,  
"can I instill 'X' amount of change  
in this creature...  
using only manipulation  
as my palette knife?"  
I made sure that nothing  
was ever forced...  
during our sessions  
or sittings together...  
I-I can't really say they were  
dates, not on my part,  
although the illusion of dating  
was imperative...  
and that his free will was at  
the forefront of each decision.  
I made suggestions,  
presented the illusion  
of interest and...  
desire,  
but never said,

"You must do this."  
Not once.  
Any questions yet?  
I found that with the right coaxing...  
yes, coaxing,  
often of a sexual nature and often  
in very public arenas, I'll admit...  
I could hone the inside  
of my sculpture...  
as well as the surface.  
Now, I found myself...  
suddenly creating  
strong moral ambiguity...  
where I could detect only  
the slightest traces before,  
often in direct proportion  
to the amount of external change.  
This means, as my subject  
became handsomer...  
and firmer  
and more confident,  
his actions became  
more and more...  
um...  
questionable.  
Against medical advice,  
he had work done to his face...  
and insisted to those  
around him that he had... What?  
Merely fallen down.  
He also started to deceive  
his friends... and myself...  
with greater abandon  
during this period...  
while showing increased interest  
in other women.  
Indeed, he had relations  
with his best friends fiance...  
and continues to withhold details  
about the incident from us...  
to this day.  
Moreover,  
he was willing to give those friends up  
when asked...

walk away without  
any further contact...  
after said encounter...  
leading me to an assumption  
of further wrongdoing...  
with the young woman in question.  
This is fucked!  
I call this act  
morally questionable...  
because it seems to be motivated,  
in my mind at least,  
as much out of guilt  
as genuine feelings for me.  
He has then, as I see it,  
been completely...  
and totally refashioned  
as a person.  
And yet,  
open any fashion magazine,  
turn on any television program,  
and the world will tell you  
he's only gotten...  
more interesting,  
more desirable, more normal.  
In a word,  
better.  
He is a living,  
breathing example...  
of our obsession  
with the surface of things,  
the shape of them.  
Not bad, huh?  
This was a completely...  
startling and...  
unexpected turn of events, but...  
obviously, I can't accept.  
You can examine the stone  
and setting further...  
when it's placed  
in the exhibit.  
As for me,  
I have no regrets,  
no feelings of remorse  
for my actions,

the manufactured emotions...  
none of it.  
I have always stood by  
the single and simple conceit...  
that I am an artist, only that.  
There is... only art.  
Now, you may hold  
a different opinion,  
feel differently.  
I welcome that.  
Difference is good,  
great, vital even.  
Only indifference is suspect.  
Only to indifference do I say...  
fuck you.  
With that in mind,  
I offer you my untitled sculpture...  
and supporting materials today.  
Thank you.  
Not a big modern art crowd,  
I guess, huh?  
Hey.  
Glad you stopped by.  
I can't really show my face  
in the streets,  
so it seemed logical.  
Look, Adam, I know that...  
Please...  
just refer to me as "it"..  
Or, uh, "untitled."  
It'll help me keep  
some perspective here.  
I know that this a lot for you  
to take in and everything, but I...  
Uh-huh, yeah.  
I got a little Gregor Samsa thing  
goin' right now, so, uh...  
I know my work relied on not  
telling you what was going on.  
Sorry.  
You're sorry.  
That's great. I figured I was really gonna  
have to work to get that one out of you.  
Oh, I'm not sorry,

not for what I've done.  
I just feel bad  
that you're so upset.  
Screw you!  
You have screwed me, a lot.  
You wanna watch it?  
Just pull up a chair.  
Shit. You are seriously  
fucked up.  
I mean it. Listen to your mouth, Adam.  
You never used to talk like that.  
Oh, you're gonna take credit  
for that too, huh? No.  
You picked that up all on your own.  
Cute guys always have potty mouths.  
They think it makes them cuter.  
Oh, yeah?  
Tell me how cute  
this one is then.  
Fuck you!  
You heartless cunt.  
So tell me then.  
Go ahead.  
You feel that way about me.  
You can tell me what I did wrong.  
if I did something wrong.  
You don't see this as wrong?  
You honestly have  
no concept here.  
if you hadn't  
been here today,  
hadn't heard all this stuff,  
wouldnt you still be happy...  
waiting at home for me, hoping this  
went well, wanting to make love?  
- That's not the point.  
- Yes, it is. It's the total point.  
All that stuff we did was real for you.  
Therefore, it was real.  
It wasn't for me.  
Therefore, it wasn't.  
It's all subjective, Adam...  
everything.  
I'll tell you something real.

I should sue your ass.  
You could try.  
I did take that risk.  
Yeah.  
That's right, you did.  
What's this doin' here?  
It was only four bucks  
at the Goodwill.  
Why would you buy that?  
Just so I'd have it...  
all of you.  
Fine.  
What the hell?  
It can't get any worse.  
if you get off on showing people  
my old socks...  
and scuzzy sheets, go for it.  
I don't "get off" on it.  
This is my work, Adam.  
I'll give you back whatever you want  
as soon as I get my grade.  
The ring would be nice.  
It was my grandma's.  
I'll take care of it.  
Good.  
Hard feelings?  
Me?  
No. We had some fun, right?  
- Yeah.  
- Oh, but, hey, that's subjective.  
Exactly.  
But do me a favor?  
Don't fool yourself  
and think that this is art. Okay?  
It's a sick fuckin' joke,  
but it's not art.  
Is that right?  
Pretty much, yeah.  
And if I'm wrong about that...  
I mean, if I've completely  
missed the point here,  
and somehow puking up...  
all your own shitty little neuroses  
all over people's laps is actually art,

then you ought to at least realize  
there's a price to it all.

Wow. Okay, so...

you're saying...

I should be a better person?

I mean, is that it?

That's the nutshell, yeah.

Better like... you?

No.

Just better.

Oh.

Tell me, though,  
just one thing.

Yes?

Was any of it true?

The, uh, nose job...

or Lake Forest?

Your mother's maiden name?

One thing you ever said to me?

No.

And the scars are...

That was another project.

I got it.

Sorry.

I should, uh,  
probably get going.

Are you coming?

No, not yet. Don't worry.

I'm not gonna mess up your stuff.

No spray paint.

That one time...

in my bed one night

when you leaned over...

and whispered in my ear...

remember?

- And I whispered back to you. I said that I...

- I remember.

I meant that.

I did.

- Yeah?

- Yes.

Oh.