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Some Velvet Morning

By Neil LaBute

SOME VELVET MORNING

Hi.

I'm here.

It's me...

Fred.

Hey, hello there.

So, I'm here...

with all my stuff.

And I came here to...

Anyway, here I am with it.

- I brought it all to your place.

- I see that.

- You can tell me to go if you...

- No, that's not what I...

- Surprise!

- Yes, it's quite the...

So, is your plane not something? Is it delayed?

Or what? 'Cause I don't get the...

No, my plane's not... I mean,

I'm here to see you...

and to see if maybe...

we could figure something...

- Can I come in?

- Yeah.

You can't stand out on the landing

all day, so yeah, come in.

- I do have to go out soon, though.

- Yeah, no, great.

Look, I just didn't know how you were

gonna react, or, you know, what...

and I didn't wanna phone, but then I

though, yeah, I mean, should I phone...

how do you explain away fifty years

of a life over the phone, right?

I mean, I don't think I even have a

calling plan that'll support that.

It's a terrible joke. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Just a little nervous.

- Why?

- I don't know. I just am.

Well, there's no reason to... I mean, we know

each other, Fred, we have for a long time.

There's no reason for either of us

to feel bad about things at all.

No, I know. Yeah, I know that.

I don't, you know?

I mean, but I didn't say bad. I didn't say that.

I said nervous.

- Is that all right?

- Of course.

However you want to feel is fine. It's okay.

Thanks.

Are you going somewhere or what? 'Cause that is a lot of stuff you got there.

Oh, yeah, no, I...

On the plane you can only carry on two things, you know, two bags.

So those two, and then these two I checked.

And basically I had grabbed everything from the house...

that was mine and...

well, not everything, but you know what I mean.

Anyway, I did it all when Miriam was at the store.

How 'bout that? What a coward.

Twenty four years of being married to the woman and that's how I go about it.

Oh, well, I make myself sick.

Maybe you should call her.

Who?

Your wife.

Yeah, no, I will. I mean, at some point, definitely, I'll call her.

And Chris, what about him?

- I don't know, what about him?

- Well, he's your son, for one thing...

so he's probably gonna want to know what's up. I know I would.

Yeah, well, probably so.

- Can I get some water?

- Sure.

I don't think he'll like it.

True.

But maybe he doesn't need to

know.

Still.

I suppose, in some strange way, he's the one who introduced us, though.

- Fred.

- No, I'm just saying that you know, kinda...

I introduced us. It wasn't him.

No, I know that. I know, I know.

But all I'm saying is that...

It was me. I put the note in your pocket. So it wasn't him.

Yeah, I know, but if he had not been seeing you, then...

No, no, come on.

What?

No, look, I'm not saying that he should be, you know, all happy for me...

and he'll understand and everything, I'm not saying that.

- I'm just telling you...

- He still sees me, Chris, from time to time.

We go for lunch, and so I'm not sure he'll feel very...

You know what I'm saying. You know exactly.

Lunch? Really?

- With Wonderboy?

- Sometimes.

Sometimes other things.

Other things, huh?

I didn't...

He's married now, you know? Just in case he didn't mention it.

He did.

Yes, he is.

And he still... really?

And does Mandy know? Mandy is his wife.

Yeah, I know.

I guess not, but I'm not that deep a part of his life.

So I don't really know or care.

Great. I just bet she doesn't.

No, I guess the same. So go on.

Take it.

Thanks.

I have this terrible dryness in my mouth.

It's so dry, it's like...

This dryness is like hanging in the back of my throat. Can't get rid of it.

Do you feel sick or anything? Maybe you caught something recently and it's just starting to...

No, that's not it. No. Thank you, though.

I think I'm gonna go outside and get a little fresh air.

Sure. Go ahead. I do have to get ready in a minute, but...

Yeah. You said that.

So, you're going out?

- I am this morning.

- Where to?

You know, day off and... I don't know, shopping?

They're all really sort of days off for you, though, aren't they?

Right? I mean, 'cause you don't really have a proper, you know, whatever.

Not that I know about any of that.

No, I don't. No. Not a proper one like you.

We can't all be lawyers, right?

There would be nobody left to hate.

So you're going out. You're going shopping.

Yeah. Something like that. You know, seeing friends.

Good.

- But nothing specific or...?

- No, I didn't mean that.

Yeah, somewhat specific. Lunch.

Really?

Yes. Believe it or not, Fred, there are people who are expecting to hear from me soon.

I'm not calling you a liar. I

was simply asking a question.

What about you? What about this?

Yeah, I know, I know. I can't even wrap my head around it.

- It's wild.

- I know.

It is and I just...

Can you sit down?

- No, Fred, we are...

- Please, just sit.

- But I'm fine.

- Sit! Sit!

I'm sorry, but it's very uncomfortable you just standing there.

- It's like you're timing me or something.

- I'm not, I promise.

Sit down. I mean, I know, like, rationally you're not.

It just feels like you're, you know, like...

...just keeping me on edge.

That's all. Okay?

- I'm sorry.

- It's okay. It's fine.

It just felt like you we're trying to, you know...

Thank you.

I'm sitting. Now we can talk.

I'm sorry, I didn't mean...

No, its fine, it's fine, it's fine.

It just felt like you were just trying to push me out the door, at least in your mind.

I wasn't. I wouldn't do that.

I'm not that kind of person.

I know that. I know that. I know that. I

know that now, and I'm sorry. Sorry. Sorry.

You do keep checking you watch.

Yeah, I just have somewhere to be.

You've made that very clear. You were not expecting me.

You've made that very clear.

I wasn't. It was a surprise.

A good one, I would have hoped.

Yeah, a shock even, but a good one, yes.

Yeah, really? A good one?

Yes, a good one. It's nice to see you.

It's nice to see you, too. It's been a while.

- Yeah, years.

- I know.

And I did what I said I would do, didn't I?

I stayed away.

No matter how hard it was, and it was particularly hard at the beginning... when we had first broken it off, but...

I mean, I stayed away.

- I appreciate that.

- Yeah.

I kept my promise. I mean, there were those e-mails and those phone calls... and the birthday gift that I sent you, that little iPod thingy... with your name engraved on it... but really, for the most part... I did what I promised you I would do, I stayed away.

- Thank you.

- Sure.

For being a gentleman.

Well, I don't know about that... but I did what I said I would do.

- Thanks.

- For a long time.

So.

So, yeah.

That's an understatement, right?

Yeah, so, what the hell do I do now?

I mean, honestly, what?

You're not seriously asking my advice on this, are you?

Kinda, yeah.

I'm not really in a good position to answer that, Fred.

You just show up, your bags scattered at your feet.

I don't really have answers for a puzzle like that one.

I don't know what to say.

Okay.

- I'd like to help you, but I can't.

- Yeah, no, I know. I'm not expecting you to...

help me get out of this mess that I created for myself here.

I wouldn't expect that of you.

Good.

I was just hoping you might throw a few ideas my way, you know, but...

- I told you to call you wife.

- Gee, thanks.

- Well?

- Well what?

What good is that gonna do? Make me say the words, "I left you"? I think she got it. The empty closet should be a pretty strong indication... that it wasn't like the rapture or anything.

Then maybe you should just do what you want to do.

I am. I'm here.

I wanna be here.

I mean, is that what you're asking me?

What is it that I want to do exactly?

Like if you're saying, "What is it that exactly you want to do?"

Where exactly do you want to be?"

Then that would be here with you. Right now.

That's why I'm here.

I mean, and that's the first time I've ever done that, put my needs first.

Right? I've always done the right thing, the decent thing.

I've never...

- True?

- I'm not disagreeing.

Yeah, but you're not exactly waving a fucking flag in my direction either, are you?

I agree with you, Fred.

- There you go, is that better?

- Yes, thanks.

- Good.

- Don't say it if you don't mean it.

- I won't.

- Obviously not.

No, I mean, if you don't feel it, you know, don't say it.

Don't say it to me. Just say it.

What?

You're being a little bit pushy! You're not pushy.

No, that's the wrong word.

You're being a little bit, you know, charged up about things.

And it's a little bit unnerving.

Yeah, so just...

Just let it be.

I mean, come on.

I'm not like the Beatles or something.

That's funny.

All right, so anyway, what time do you have to go?

- No, I'm good on time.

- Take a shower, do what you gotta do.

I'm just gonna stay here. I'm fine, I'll be all right.

- No, Fred.

- What? No, go, go.

I mean, go ahead. I've seen you in a towel before, don't be bashful.

It's okay. It's all right. Go do what you have to do.

- I'm all right.

- No, really, I mean it.

Go douche or whatever that, you know, whatever.

Fred...

I'm fine, I said.

I might throw on some different clothes, but otherwise...

Okay, fine. Yeah, no, good. I mean, you ought to know, right? You ought to know your schedule much better than anyone. Particularly me.

- Yeah.

- Even Chris, right?

I should, yeah.

How is old Chris doing anyway?

How's Wonderboy doing?

He's good. The last time I saw him, which was...

- When?

- I was just about to say.

- Okay, sorry.

- Fred, come on.

Just relax. Everything is fine.

It's okay.

That feels good.

Your hand there.

Your touch.

Okay, I'm glad, but I wasn't trying to...

I know. You were just trying to comfort me, that's all.

I know you weren't trying to get all sexy or whatever, you know. I'm not stupid.

- I wasn't calling you anything.

- It's fine.

I knew it was what it was if it was not filled with personal history.

I just wanted to be clear.

I got it. Look, and I just reacted to it, okay?

When I feel a sensation, that's the way I just react, whether it's good or bad. I'm a reactive person. That's the way I am. I have no...

And I'm not gonna apologize for that.

Not to you, not to anybody. So...

Anyway, I don't want to talk about this anymore because my nerves are shot today... and I really want you to see me at my best.

I don't want you to, you know, see

me like some horrible, like...

It's fine. It's okay.

No, it's actually not okay. It's not.

If it were okay, I would be saying to you, "Hey, you know what? This is okay. "

But actually this is not an okay moment for me. Okay?

That was me being funny, okay?

Doesn't that feel good? It feels good, actually...

to get it all out in one big rush of laughter like that.

All right, I'm gonna go now.

You didn't mean any of that, did you?

- No, not a word.

- I could tell.

I don't know what I said to make you so angry, Fred, but...

- I'm not angry.

- You are, right now, aggressive.

Yeah, maybe a little aggressive.

Yeah, maybe a little.

However it feels, it's coming off of you in waves.

Big tsunami waves of anger...

and it's hitting me so hard in the chest, I feel...

I don't know, I feel...

I feel ready to start crying, just right now as I sit here.

Just in case that's what you're looking for.

I'm just being honest.

Sorry.

That's not what I...

That's not what I wanted. I'm sorry.

I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry.

I really am sorry, Velvet.

Don't do that.

What?

Velvet. Don't call me that.

Really?

Yeah. Why would I...?

Why would I want you calling me that now,
years later, when I'm not that girl anymore?

Please respect that.

- No.

- What's no?

Well, because I don't
necessarily believe that's true.

Excuse me?

- Excuse me, Fred?

- What?

How the fuck would you know what I'm
doing with my life unless you're here...

're me and

he day to day of what I'm doing?

How do you have an answer for
that?

- Because of what you said before.

- What was that? What did I say?

- About Chris.

- What?

About Chris, my son, whom you
used to go out with...

and who you now see privately.

That's what made me believe it.

That little fact.

- I said we go for lunch sometimes.

- And then, "And sometimes other stuff. "

- I didn't mean...

- But you said, "And sometimes other stuff. "

- I didn't mean "that. "

- You just said it two minutes ago, Velvet.

Stop calling me Velvet!

All right! Okay! You stop! Stop
yelling at me!

I'm yelling because you keep
calling me Velvet!

All right! All right! So stop!

Fine! Just stop it!

Stop it. I'm stopping because
this is ridiculous

This is fucking ridiculous.

That's not me, that's not who I am.

If you ask anyone in my life, it's not anyone I associate with. And if Chris were here, he really would tell you the same thing. Or anyone else that I'm seeing. Seeing? I love how you put it like that.

You make it sound so proper.

"Seeing. I'm seeing someone. "

- How many guys are you "seeing"?

- No!

Seeing as in go for a quick drink with or whatever!

I'm in a place in my life, Fred, believe it or not, where I actually have friends or boyfriends... not serious boyfriends, but that's cool with me.

That's cool because that's what I need right now, the space and the freedom and the plain old "me" time.

The thing to do what I do, which is my work and my school... and all the things I'm doing, much like finding myself.

And I know it sounds mystical and bullshit to you, but that's not the fucking point.

The point is that I'm not longer called Velvet in my life, and everyone that... -

- I'm going.

- Nobody's stopping you.

No, you are, actually, Fred. In a big way.

It may not feel like it, but you're putting a huge fucking block in my road, okay?

- Really.

- I don't want to be rude, but you are.

It's starting to make me, I don't know, a little bit worried...

I guess, having you here.

Worried?

Where'd you get that name anyway?

Velvet. Where'd it come from?

Oh, come on. Shit, I don't know.

- You know. Of course you do.

- No, I don't! I just started using it!

Bullshit. Come on. Was it some guy
gave it to you, like a nickname?

No.

Well, what is it then? Is it for
like, what...

the way that your, like...

snatch feels around a guy's
thing?

Your cunt? I mean, I'd believe
that if you told me that.

Or your mouth? How soft your
mouth is?

That's what I was wearing when a guy
first fucked me when I was nine.

I was raped in a dress I was wearing
to church that had velvet bows on it.

Do you still like it? Velvet?

No. Not as much.

Well, then.

Jesus, is that...?

Now you know.

I mean, is that... honestly?

No. God, no.

You really think I'd fucking tell you something
personal about myself? Fat fucking chance.

You bitch. That's horrible.

Which part, the story or the
fact that it didn't happen?

- All of it. Both.

- Well, don't worry...

I'm sure it's happened to
somebody else.

Just not me. Well, not like that
anyway.

All right, I have to go.

Wait, wait, wait. Whoever this
person is...

you can put him off for a while, all right?

Come on, you have a guest.

- Guest I knew nothing about.

- Yeah, but so what? I'm here now.

- I can't.
- Why? Come on, wait, wait, wait.
I can't, Fred. I gave my word.
Sorry, I didn't realize it was that serious.
You gave your word.
What are you, like some fucking
Indian chief?
Who the fuck talks like that
anymore? "I gave my word. "
I mean, who talks like that?
I can't. I said I can't, so I
won't.
All right, okay, yeah, great.
I'll just let you go.
Have your latte with your
married fella.
He's gonna tell his spouse that he has to run
back to the office really quickly "today, honey. "
Forgive me...
for being so pedestrian about my
affairs, my comings and goings.
See, I wished that you felt that
way...
but I don't believe it for a second
that you feel at all contrite.
Oh, shit. What now, huh?
What? What now?
You can't even let a person say
sorry anymore...
without jumping on it and
challenging every fucking word.
What's the problem now?
That. That. That. Exactly that.
That you do not feel one little bit sorry
for what you do or who you do it with.
- Not a bit.
- Just go. Just go before I get all...
- What?
- What?
What? Before you get all what?
Finish it.
What's the next line after that?
What is it?
I love when people do this, it

makes me laugh. Really.

They say these things, but then have nothing to back it up. What is it?

What are you talking about? I just said, go.

No. You made a threat. Let's call it what it was.

It was a threat. You threatened me.

You said "don't make me get all... " what?

- What's next?

- Fred, just go!

No. I want to know what would happen.

What would happen if I chose not to honor your request?

Gosh, I don't know, I mean...

Okay.

What would I do...

if you wouldn't leave and you stayed?

Okay, here's what I'd do.

I would go upstairs, I would lock the door...

I would count to 100, and I would pray...

that you're gone when I came down.

That's what I'd do, Fred. That's all I got.

- That's my plan.

- Well, that's good.

At least it's something.

Fred.

That's good. You have your little plan, and that's good to have that.

But just so you know, I mean, it wouldn't stop me.

- Please don't say things like that.

- What?

Please don't say things like that.

Why? I'm not going to attack

you.

Oh, come on. But I'm serious.

I mean, if you go up there and you close your bedroom door, it'll take me how long...

maybe five minutes to punch or kick my way through it.

Right? Tops.

So I don't want you feeling all secure when you go up there and you close it...

and you push that little button on the handle. There.

I mean, you're dreaming if you think that that's going to make you feel safe.

If I wanted to get at you.

Well, then I'd just leave the door open...

and hope that you snap out of this and go.

- Boy, you really want me gone, don't you?

- Yeah, I do.

And you really want me outta here.

You just want me to go. Can't wait.

You're about one minute away from being officially not welcome here.

Seriously, sixty seconds from it.

- That's a threat.

- Really?

How'd I do that? Big guy like you? How's I able to do that?

I don't know. Like that. You could do that. I don't know.

You could break something.

You could do that. You could do that.

You could call the cops.

That wouldn't be good for either of us.

Yeah, no, you're right.

Not with all that cash...

you no doubt have stashed around here someplace.

All that unearned income, right? Well, I guess it isn't really that unearned, is it? 'Cause you work pretty hard for it, don't you?

Now, how else would you get me outta here?

I'd ask nicely, Fred. And I will.

Fred...

it's been really good to see you.

Even if you don't believe it, it's true. I'm glad.

And maybe we can get a meal sometime.

Yeah, that'd be good, yeah. Lunch.

Yeah, that'd be great. Let's eat.

Fuck you!

I guess that is the point, really. It's why I came back here, 'cause I wanna fuck you.

Fuck you, Fred! I'm trying to be some sort of civil person here.

Yeah, okay. Yeah, all right. But I mean, lunch? Really?

Whatever.

Don't do that. Don't say that.

I can't stand the way you... young people say...

And you use it for everything. You make it fit for every little thing that you... But do you want to have lunch with me? Is that what you want? Do you want to sit down and eat a salad or something and talk? Because I would love nothing more than that.

That's what I would love. That's why I came.

Or is that gonna cost me like \$500?

Actually, I make up to \$800 these days, so yeah I do sometimes call that "lunch".

What about with Chris?

What do you call it with him, lunch or

do you call it something different?

- That is different 'cause he's special.

- Yeah, I bet.

He is. I don't know why it matters to you because it doesn't even matter what you think...

but Chris is very dear to my heart.

He's one of my great friends.

I can tell him anything. I can tell him my feelings.

I can tell him my actual dreams and all that shit.

You know he helped me get into art school?

I don't know if you know that.

No, I didn't. No. That's wonderful.

- Yeah. It's real wonderful.

- So, he and Mandy?

Or just him?

You can be such a fucking bastard, Fred, that sometimes it's actually breathtaking.

No. What I am is a fucking fool.

What a fucking idiot I was...

to think I could come back here and try to resurrect this fucking hopeless...

Let me ask you a question.

When you first saw me when I came back here today, did you feel that way?

- No. But now, yes.

- Now yes?

But you're telling me, when I first arrived and you saw me at the door... didn't your heart just drop a little bit?

You thought like, "Aw fuck. "

"What the fuck is Fred doing here?" Tell me the truth.

- It was a surprise.

- A nice surprise?

Yeah, it was surprising. That was my first...

You caught me off guard, Fred.

That's what happened.

So that was my first reaction, surprise.

Yeah, not anger, not feeling

sick.

It was nice to see your face. But it's surprising for you to be here with me like this, it is.

No, I know. I totally agree.

- Okay.

- I mean, I agree with that.

Thanks. Thank you.

But that's what I love about it.

That's why I'm here.

The honesty, the surprise, I mean...

- Do you?

- Yes! That's why I'm here.

You're seeing me! I wanted to show you me, for the first time, naked.

This is me.

This is the Fred that I always wanted to show you.

- I appreciate that.

- Yeah, but I don't think you understand.

I just don't think you get it.

I have not been this person for a long time.

I mean, maybe not ever.

Or maybe the first time I saw you, that's when.

Maybe not even then. I don't know.

Do you remember that? Do you remember the first time that I saw you?

When Chris brought you up to the lake house...

and I was standing there grilling at the barbecue like an asshole...

babbling away, talking to you, making small talk.

and Chris went into the house and he was talking to his mother?

Do you remember?

And I'm sitting there jabbering on and on and on...

and I was staring at you and you were staring at me...

and you had that cute little smile on your lips.

You just stared into my eyes, and

I don't think you blinked once.
And then you walked away...
and you went into the house...
to find my son.
And I knew then...
that we had to be together, that
I had to be with you.
And that there was nobody more
important, more beautiful...
or worth spending my time with.
I knew that I loved you.
And It's taken me a long time to
get there.
And that's why I've come here.
To get down on one knee and to
tell you how much I love you.
It's been four years, though.
I know. I know.
Do you? Okay, just so you do.
I do.
Well, people...
You know, people can do...
Things can be...
Yeah, people do funny things.
Yeah. I know.
Why are you doing this to me
today, Fred?
'Cause I don't feel the same way
for you.
Not in the same way that you're
saying.
I don't. Not anymore.
- You don't?
- No.
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
Really, Fred, though, how could
I, you know? It's been so long.
How is it possible? I mean, how
really...
I'm sorry.
You know, you said sorry before and
it didn't sound so great then.
And now it just sounds repetitive. So could

you come up with something else maybe?

Oh, God. Please don't be mean
right now.

Well, what do you want me to be?

I just left my other life for
you.

For you!

- I didn't ask you to.

- No, I know that.

Okay, you're right. I'm aware of that
little crack in my fucking armor...

or my plan, or whichever one of those
fucking things gets a crack in it.

But still, what I did was I left
it for you. Okay?

- And, Fred, it's very flattering.

- Oh, come on!

Don't fucking do that! Don't be
condescending to me!

I am not a fucking toddler!

All right? Things are not going
great for me right now, okay?

So all I'm saying is that I threw away,
I pissed away my other life for you.

I'm sorry I didn't call first.

- Stop.

- Stop? No, I can't stop. I can't.

So hang on to your hats, okay?

Hang on to them!

Who the fuck says that anyway?

Is it the cowboys?

Not like the football team or
the whatever. Not those.

Like the wild west guys that go... Is it them?

I don't know. Fuck them.

- I'm not sure.

- You what?

I really do have to go make a call because
I'm actually close to being late.

Are you really? That's okay, I'm sure that
he'll wait for you. He'll have an appetizer.

That's not the point. It's the
right thing to do.

The right thing. To call? Is that how you do it now?

It's done with a call?

- And I'd do the same for you.

- You would? Thank you so much.

God, that's so nice of you.

It's really true what they say about you girls.

You really do have hearts of gold.

Fuck, Fred! Fuck! What do you want me to do!

Seriously, what is it that you want me to do for you!

What is it? Just tell me what it is!

Ultimately, I want you to suck my cock.

But I'm willing to sweet talk you a little more first.

Gee, thanks.

It's all right. Thank you for being so good at your job and so goddamned understanding.

Fred, I gotta make a call upstairs.

So you do what you want to do.

- No, no, wait, wait.

- Whatever it is you want to do.

- Wait! Wait! Just...

- No, Fred, no.

- No, no, no!

- Don't stand in front of me like that!

Why not? Why shouldn't I make things hard for you?

- Stop it. Stop it!

- Why? Tell me why?

- Come here. Sit down.

- No, stop it!

Come on. Sit down. I want to talk to you.

Look, don't do it. Don't push me, okay? Don't.

Don't do it. I don't want to be pushed today, all right?

I want you to sit down and I want you to talk to me. Sit down.

- Or what?

- Or what?

Really? Don't push me. You don't

want to know "or what".

Sit down.

- Now, do you need to make a phone call?

- I'm sitting.

- Good.

- I'm sitting.

So go ahead, make your call.

I have to go upstairs and make
it from the land line...

'cause otherwise he won't recognize
the number and he won't answer.

Okay, so go up and get it.

- Can I go now?

- Yeah, go, yeah.

Go ahead. I'll wait here.

- I'm getting up, okay?

- Yeah, get up and go get it, yeah!

Don't be so fucking dramatic.

You find it?

Did you find your phone?

Use your sexy voice.

Hi, yeah, it's me.

I'm just calling because I'm
gonna be...

I'm running a little bit behind.

Is that okay?

Yeah, what time do they stop
serving lunch?

Do you know what time the
kitchen closes?

"Lunch".

No. No, that was the TV.

Hold on. Let me just turn it
down.

What was that?

That's so true.

We can do whatever we want.

I can't wait, either.

All right, Chris. Okay. Bye.

Bye.

No.

Chris?

No. My Chris?

Yeah.

No way. Seriously, who was that?
It was Chris. I'm meeting him later.
I'm supposed to be there any minute.
Well, you better get going then.
Fuck.

- You told me to call from here.
- You could've resisted, all right?
Put up a little fight, at least
for my sake.
That's bullshit. You bullied me into it.
Now you can't act all hurt when...
This is unbelievable.

Fuck! Oh, my God! The irony of
it. I leave his mother today...
to come and be with you, and you're
going out to meet him for lunch!
Oh, my God!

- Sorry.
- No, don't be.
- It's okay.
- Fred.

No. You've broken the spell.
Thank you.

When you're settled, maybe we
can talk about this...
and, you know, have a...

- There's another one.
- What?

Another half sentence that you
have no intention of finishing.

- No, it isn't.
- Really?

Okay, all right, all right,
let's finish it then. Okay?

So, maybe when I get to my hotel
room and I get settled...

I take my socks and I put them away
in the drawer and all that, what?
What do I do? I sit around and I
wait for you call?

For lunch?

- What?
- And then..

then maybe we can, you know...

talk about this thing between us
and...

I don't know. Just not now. Just
not now.

No, not when you're about to go
get my son's cock up your ass.

That is bad timing.

You're being so horrible today,
Fred.

Horrible. What have I done to
you?

- Do you really want the answer to that?

- Yeah.

I do, Fred, actually.

Even if it makes me late, I do
want an answer to that.

I don't know.

All I know is that...

I just hate you now. Because if I can't
have you, that's all I have left, hate.

Because if I can't have you,
that's all I have left.

Hate.

How is that fair? I mean, to
another person.

Who said anything about fair?

I mean...

have you at all been listening
to me?

- Yeah.

- You have?

Because...

we're talking about love here.

Okay?

Love.

When has love ever been fair?

I guess that's right.

It's completely right.

Fred, maybe we can talk about
this...

another time, you know, when...

I don't know.

- When?

- I don't know.

Sometime in the near future.

Okay. well, just give me a time.

I mean, if I have to make an appointment with you or something...

I'd rather do that and get it on the books.

- We don't have to do that right now.

- No, no. It's easier for me.

- So, what, Tuesday?

- Let me check.

All right, Tuesday.

I can't. I have class then.

- Wednesday. What about Wednesday?

- No, I can't do Wednesday. I'm booked.

Monday. I left out Monday.

No I can't. I can't do Monday.

All right, I don't know, you just tell me.

Tell me when. Tell me.

I can do... How's next weekend?

Really? You're gonna squeeze me in on the weekend?

Like squeeze me in on Saturday?

No, I can't do... How's Sunday?

Are you serious? Really?

"I can't do Saturday, but I can do Sunday"? Really?

Yeah.

Okay, yeah. No, that's fine. Yeah,

I mean, that's fine. Whatever.

I'm here for you, okay? And if you need that...

you know, whatever you need. You know, I'm here for you.

If you need to squeeze me in between your yoga class and your job and your dog...

whatever the... you know.

Maybe I should just take that shuttle right back to Maryland right now.

- Maybe that's what I should do.

- Maybe you should.

Excuse me?

- Nothing.

- No, go ahead, say it.

I said, maybe you should. Maybe you

should go home and think about it...
and then call me on the phone...
and we can talk about it and see,
you know, what's what and...
We don't have to have this big
scene here.

- You think this is big?

- I do, yeah.

- Then you have a lousy memory.

- Why, 'cause of how we ended?

- Exactly.

- No, I haven't forgotten that.

Really? That's good, great,
awesome.

What are you so angry about,
Fred?

So bitter. I haven't done
anything.

So what? Shit happens to people who
haven't done anything all the time.

What does it matter?

It just depends on how we deal
with it when it lands at our feet.

- Is that right?

- Yeah, that is right. That's the truth.

The lesson is in the struggle.

That's what makes us shine...

or roll over and die like little
bitches in the dirt...

with our guts exposed and flies
shitting in our open mouths.

I'm sorry.

I'm not mad. I'm just...

I'm just very, very
disappointed.

I understand.

No, you don't.

Because if you did, you would
crawl over here and blow me.

Just out of sympathy.

Is that what you'd like?

I wouldn't hate it.

Is that what you'd like?

Would that make you happy? Would

it?
Don't, don't. Don't touch.
Don't.
Would it make you happy?
Don't! Don't! Don't do that!
Don't play those games. Why do
you play those games? Why?
- I hate games!
- I don't know what you mean.
Is that what you do with Chris? Do you
play those little games with him?
Is that what you do? Little kissy-kissy,
lovey-lovey games with him?
Chris doesn't make me suck his
cock.
He doesn't make me do anything.
Well, isn't he a fucking pussy.
I know he's really good with
computers and everything, but...
Imagine what he thinks of you.
I don't give a fuck what he
thinks about me.
Not at all.
I only know how I feel about
you...
and he could never, ever feel
the same way that I do.
Is that true?
That's the truth.
Isn't that what you like? The
truth?
You are one of those people,
aren't you...
who only wants the cold hard
truth.
Aren't you one of those people?
Do you hate everyone, or is it
just me?
Now it's just you.
That's kind of shocking to hear.
You asked for it.
I know. I know I did. It's
just...
Where are you going?

I'm going downstairs.

You know, I didn't feel this way
an hour ago.

I didn't come here to hate
you...

nor to grind my ego into the carpet
in order for me to get to that place.

Don't say that, Fred.

I don't regret any of the feelings I've
had for you or seeing you. I never have.

- Yeah?

- No, not one day.

And if you didn't think I was in love with you
at some point, then you just weren't listening.

- Maybe not.

- No. Absolutely so.

That there was a moment there
where...

I would've run off to China with
you on a dog sled.

I mean, I know that sounds stupid,
but you know what I mean, anything.

I would've done anything with
you or for you, all of it.

I know. Fuck.

I had you there for a second,
didn't I?

Yeah. You did. Completely.

Broke it off with your son and,
you know.

All I wanted was just a little bit of
time, just to let the smoke clear.

And not even selfishly, not just
for me, but for everyone else...
just so they weren't all crushed
in the wreckage...

and that that didn't weigh on my
shoulders as well, you know.

It was weeks actually, it was just
weeks, and you couldn't do it.

- No, I know, but...

- No, I'm talking now, Fred. I am.

And I listened to all your shit,
all your bile...

and the mean-spirited crap that
you tossed my way.
And now it's your turn to hear me out.
To hear what I have to say. All right?
Okay? I did have to back off a
bit.
I had to turn it down a notch 'cause I
just needed some fucking space to breathe.
To sleep in my own bed. So I didn't
feel like I had blood on my hands.
And you wouldn't let me do it.
Your hand kept fucking
tightening around my neck...
and I would wake up in the morning and I
would feel your fucking fingers in my neck.
And the messages...
Hundreds of messages daily.
And if I was busy or out or I
was doing something here...
they just got so fucking mean
and so fucking dark.
Horrible, that I couldn't take
it anymore.
That was it.
That's what people do when they love each other.
That's what they do.
When you love somebody, you want to be
near them, you want to be with them.
That's just the way it is. But
you don't see it that way.
- No, I don't.
- Well, then fine.
Let's just leave it where it is
then. Dead.
- After all I did for you.
- Yeah, all you did for me.
- But none of it was ever real or genuine.
- Oh, come on.
Please, all the gifts and the fucking...
Oh, my God!
No, not gifts. Little tests and
traps...
to see if I'd react or if I
wouldn't react.

Little fucking prizes. I got

little fucking prizes.

If I loved you enough. Oh,

fucking Fred.

Right. That sounds just about

right. Yeah, that's right.

So unfucking grateful. I gave
you everything.

- Fred. Fuck, I was never ungrateful.

- Everything!

No, listen. Do you know what
everything is?

Everything is everything. Not
just lots of things.

Not just some things. Not just
what you wanted to give.

- Really?

- It's all of it.

It's all of it.

Great. This is great. I really love
your little revisionist history, okay?

But what really happened, what
really happened...

was one day you were all kisses
and whispers...

and that tiny little smile of yours, and
then the next day it was like that!

You changed. It was just like I was
fucking your sister or something.

I mean, what is that? Your phone
calls started tapering off...

you pulled back emotionally.

What was that?

That's the shit that I'm talking about.

You choking me! That's what I'm saying!

No, no, no, no. You changed.

Something was gone. The way you
looked at me was different.

I had to take the pressure off. I needed to
put the brakes on. I needed to slow us down.

It didn't slow us the fuck down. What you
did was you brought us to a dead stop.

Wham! Like that! That's what
happened!

- I had to.
- You didn't have to!
- You made a choice!
- No, I didn't. That's bullshit, and you know it.

And this right here is why you
hate games, do you know that?

Because you can't stand to lose. That's
right, isn't it? No, that's right.

And it's fucking eating you up inside because
you know I didn't pull my love away!

You know you pulled your fucking love away!
Minute by fucking minute!

And you lost me! You lost me and
that is the fucking truth!

And you don't want to acknowledge
that inside, the fucking truth!

You don't want to fucking acknowledge
the fucking truth, Fred!

- Fuck!

- Don't you fucking hit me.

Don't you fucking hit me!

That's the way these things go,
man.

Did you ever read "Lolita"?

It ends badly.

You are funny, Fred.

You are. You're funny.

Yeah, I'm a real card.

You're a funny person, Fred.

That's one of the things that
always attracted me towards you.

- Really?

- Absolutely.

Jeez.

And I thought it was my big
thick cock the whole time.

There, you see?

Even that's a little bit funny.

Thanks. And obviously not the
case.

No, no, no, that's not true. I
like it just fine, but you...

No. Jesus, don't finish that sentence
or I'll never take my pants off again.

I like it when you're like this.

I know.

My stomach is in knots, but I'm trying.

I know you are. I appreciate it.

I know that you like the funny me, the lighthearted me.

You know, the...

And I guess I thought that I'd come back here and I'd knock on your door...

and you'd let me in and I'd tell you a few jokes...

and I'd be back in your loving embrace.

But you see how that's, I mean, you see how that's impossible.

You see how that's about a hundred percent impossible, at least now, this morning.

No, I don't.

I don't think anything's impossible.

I don't. Nothing.

And that's the only thing that stops us from waking up in the morning and having our Wheaties...

and blowing our fucking brains out.

- That little bit of hope.

- I'm not going to argue with that.

- You what?

- I'm not going to argue with that.

Well, you don't have to. It's true.

All right, Fred. I gotta go.

You can make some eggs or have a bath in here before you leave, if you want.

And here's the...

the spare key here that you...

If you lock the door before you go.

Wait, let me ask you something before you go.

- Just... why?

- Why what?

Come here. Why? Why'd you do it

the first time?

- Do what?

- Put that note in my pocket.

- No. No.

- "Girl for sale. " Why?

No, Fred, I can't do this now.

I'm fried from this morning...

and I'm not doing this now. I

have to go now.

Yeah, okay, good. But you better call

the cops if you want me out of here.

I'm serious.

I will burn this fucking brothel of yours

to the ground if you walk out right now.

Do you understand that, Velvet?

Whatever you say, Fred.

You've always had the card on this thing

of ours from the beginning anyway, so.

It's held, not had.

What?

When you're talking about cards.

I know you're gonna say the exact same

thing to the next fucking idiot...

who walks in here with his pants

down around his ankles.

When you're talking about cards,

you say...

"held" not "had".

"You held all the cards. "

Okay, whatever the fuck it is, you've

always been the one holding or whatever.

No, that is complete and utter

crap.

Who was holding all the cards the day you

put that piece of stationary into my pocket?

"Let's meet in the city for a

chat. " A fucking chat.

You had the nerve to call it

that, a fucking "chat".

Unbelievable. Unbelievable. Let

me ask you a question.

How many dads of how many undergrads

were you working on at the time?

I wanna ask this question.

I've never asked it...

...because I wanted to maintain some sort of dignity.

A sense of dignity or a sense of self-esteem, but tell me, how many got notes?

- Just wanna know. Just curious.

- You don't want to know that. Not really.

- No, I do.

- No, you don't.

I mean, surprisingly, I actually do.

'Cause I feel like we're at the end here of this.

And, I don't know, there's like a moment of clarity for me.

So, how many were there? Just round it off. Come on.

Six. Five or six, maybe.

Wow... as you kids are prone to say.

Wow. That's a lot.

And how many takers?

Four... probably. About that.

Four? Jeez.

- What about the other two?

- Not a word.

I got a few hang-up calls, but, you know, what are they gonna say?

Yeah, true, yeah.

So, is that how you, you know, pay for tuition and books and everything like that?

- Is that how you did it?

- Pretty much.

And I got a trip to Europe one summer, and Morocco, too.

And Morocco, she says. And Morocco.

Wow. Bully for you.

It is what it is. I'm not exactly beaming with pride over here.

Yes, but you're not exactly on your knees begging for God's forgiveness are you?

- No, I guess not.

- No.

You're just comfortably right in the middle, aren't you?

I'm not a murderer, Fred, if that's what you're implying. It was just something that I did.

Yeah, no, that's fine. I mean, you know, it was a game, right? A game. And we're all adults and, you know, just, you know?

You just had all these daddies trying to get into your tight little pants. It's a good racket. I gotta hand it to you.

No, it wasn't a racket, Fred. It was a job, an after school job.

Yeah? It was a job and you just accidentally fell for me?

Out of all those other guys?

- Kind of, yeah.

- I don't believe that. Sorry.

- That's romance novel bullshit.

- It doesn't matter, it's true.

And what about them? What about the other guys?

Not that I care about second place, but what happened to them?

Some of them fell for me like you did, whether I felt that way or not.

We made a mess of things. That's how it goes, you know that. It's a risk.

And then a couple of them were great.

We'd go to a hotel or a spot uptown...

and I'd take the train up or whatever, and then I'd be back in class by nightfall...

\$500 richer than I was that morning.

It doesn't suck to only work two or three hours a week.

You know, when you're in school.

See, I would use a different choice of words.

And "suck", when you're describing the situation, could be confusing.

Make fun of me if you want, but

I see it as work.

That's how I see it.

I think that you need to see it
a little differently next time.

- Really?

- Yeah.

So I can what, know that I should
be working in an Applebees?

Or stripping? Or strutting my
stuff at Hooters?

Is that what you think?

You use what you have, Fred, and
that's what I did.

Chris is good with computers,
and so he gets paid for that...

and you're an attorney and
that's your gift, you know...

and I have tits, and I'm not sorry
that I let men use me once in a while.

You can try and make me feel
guilty...

and tell me what I did was a bad thing,
but it wasn't. It wasn't for me.

And you may not like it or
understand it...

but I did what I had to do at
the time.

I still do from time to time.

- Anyway, I have to go, Fred.

- No, wait, wait!

No! What do you want! You're
just mean all the time!

I'm just asking what happens
now! It's a serious question!

- I've already said! - That's right,
you could pencil me in on Sunday.

- Gosh, how could I forget?

- You don't have to.

No, it's fine! Something to look
forward to.

- You're being an ass now, aren't you?

- Sorta, yeah.

- Fuck it. Let's forget it then.

- And I thought it was all going so well.

- Fred, please...

- No, you're right. Okay, fuck!

This is crazy. We're going around
in circles. I'm exhausted.

Here's what we do. You're gonna
go for your lunch thing, okay?

- And then you're gonna call me.

- I will.

- Fine. If you give me a kiss first.

- What?

You heard me. Come on, it's just
a kiss.

- I'm not sure that's true.

- Come on, just a little peck.

- I'm not sure that's such a good idea.

- Pretty please?

- Okay, you can give me a kiss on the cheek.

- Fuck the cheek.

I want the whole... All right, look.

All right, we'll prorate it.

Okay, so \$500. That's probably
what, like...

A kiss would be \$75 all in?

- Don't say things like that.

- All right, I'm sorry.

But I'm serious. Just a
little...

I'll give you one for free if you
let me go straight afterwards.

Really? That's a deal. Okay,
great. Let's do it.

No, you come here and kiss me.

I'm the girl.

- Really?

- Yeah.

You ready? Okay.

You always could kiss.

- You, too.

- I forgot.

Me, too.

- No, I have to go.

- Wait, come here, come here.

Just one more. Come here. Come

here.

What? Please don't, don't.

Let me just stay here for a second. Don't ruin it.

Don't.

I'm really gonna be late. I'm gonna be late.

I'll see you Sunday anyway.

- I hope so.

- Yeah, me, too.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

You know, if it happens naturally or whatever.

What do you mean, "naturally"?

What does that mean?

- You know.

- Come here.

What does it mean exactly, "naturally"?

You mean with or without a condom?

No, I'm kidding. Really. Just tell me what it means just so I know.

Start again as friends or whatever.

- Us? Friends?

- If you don't get too pushy about things.

- Okay.

- If you take it easy.

I can do that.

And if we start at regular hours at first. Daytime hours.

- You mean like lunch?

- Yeah.

But not as in code, like real food.

Maybe then.

- Anything else?

- No, just like, things like that.

Are you sure there's nothing else, no other rules...

or guidelines that I have to follow in order to be in your presence?

- Fred!

- What?

I'm only kidding, really. When did

you stop being able to take a joke?

Right around the time they stop
being funny.

Gosh, you're getting quicker,
aren't you?

- I learned from the best.

- I hope that means me.

- I was referring to Chris, actually.

- You know what...

if you love Chris so much, go have fucking
lunch with him. I'll be right here.

- I don't need your permission, Fred.

- You know what, just go.

I can go? Oh, thank you. Thank
you so much.

- You know what? You're pushing it. Get out.

- You know what?

I actually don't feel
comfortable leaving you here.

This has been nice, or I've
tried to make it nice...

but now I think you should go. I
think it's time that you leave.

- More threats.

- It's not a threat.

It's a simple fucking fact that
you have to leave. Now.

All you had to do is ask nicely.

Do you want to help me with
these bags, please?

- Gimme a kiss. Just one kiss.

- No! No! No! No, Fred!

Stop jerking me and fucking...!

What's wrong with you!

- Come here! Just come here!

- Fred! Fuck!

Shut up! Just get over here!

You fucking...!

Come here! Come here!

Shut up! Shut up!

Shut up!

Say hi to Chris for me.

Hey, you all right?

- Yeah.

- You sure?

My gosh, wow. That was really...

Did I hurt you?

- No. I'm okay.

- Are you sure?

- Did I hurt your head?

- I think you pulled a few hairs out.

- I'm really sorry. I'm really sorry.

- Did I hurt your hand? I feel like...

You bit it, but you didn't break
the skin or anything.

Listen. About the no condoms
thing...

you can't tell anybody that,
okay? Nobody can know that.

Who am I gonna tell? I sit at a
computer all day, you know?

You have a vivid imagination for
a computer guy.

Yeah, I know. Anyway. So, okay.

- I really love that accent that you do.

- You do?

- Yeah. I love when you're, you know.

- It's my grandma's accent.

Really? Wow, it's really good.

Here, okay. Here you go. So
that's that, the usual.

And then, here's extra 'cause...
we went over.

- And then, and then just a little...

- That's cool.

Here, take a little extra 'cause I broke that
thing over there. I'm really sorry about that.

No, that's fine. That's just
something from Crate & Barrel.

The agency will take care of that.

Okay, all right, good. Okay,
great. I better get going.

- Gotta go?

- Yeah. I gotta go.

- Give me a hand.

- I know you got stuff to do.

- Okay, you all right?

- I'm fine, I'm fine.

I love how you always get to be like other professions and I'm always a hooker.

Yeah, I know. Well, next time you can be whatever you want to be.

- I wanna be a nurse.

- Great. I'll be the patient.

I gotta get all this stuff back to Goodwill.

No, I'm dropping it off at Goodwill, I am.

I'm not kidding, I am.

- All right, next time.

- Yeah, right, thanks.

No, next week I can't come. I have a family thing...

- but I'll call you.

- Promise?

Yeah. Of course I promise.

All right, okay.

Okay, bye.

Good-bye, Velvet.

- Yeah, bye, Fred.

- I know...

You're sure you're okay? All right. See you later.

- Bye.

- Bye.