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Two Girls and a Guy

By James Toback

You got a problem? Me?
No, I ain't got no problem.
Take a good look. Does it
look like I got a problem?
Yeah. It looks to me
like you got about 350 problems.
You better get your eyes checked,
'cause I ain't got no problems.
Matter of fact, around here, I'm
the one that makes the problems.
Oh, I'm scared. I'm just standing
here checkin' you babes out.
Why don't you go down to the
supermarket and checkyourselfout first?
You're a tough little
cookie. I like that.
But you know what? A little smack
will straighten you right out.
How about that? Who's gonna do
the smacking... you and what militia?
Listen, you stuck-up little
bitch... No, you listen, dick face.
My boyfriend's gonna
be here any second.
Ifyou're still here when he comes, you're
gonna want to run as fast as you can.
Only then it'll be too late.
You're such a tiger. I love that.
Fuckyou and your pink shirt and your
pathetic suit. Hey, asshole!
Carol! What are you doing here? I thought
you were going to the tanning salon.
I am. I am. I was. I wasjust.
You were. You are. You just.
I wasjust giving these tourists
directions. Come on, baby.
You know I love you.
Directions for tourists, my ass.
You think those girls mean anything
to me? Goddamn weasel. Fuckin' asshole.
Men. Am I right or wrong?
- They serve their purpose.
- I'm not complaining.
I've got the greatest

boyfriend in the whole world.

But the way I look at it, most guys are like thatjerk than they are like my boyfriend.

By the way, my name's Lou.

It's short for Louise.

My father wanted a boy, so he made everyone call me Lou. The namejust kind ofstuck.

What's yours?

Carla.

Are you kidding?

No.

My best friend in third grade was named Carla... Carla Naksenhoff.

What's your last name?

Bennett.

- Bennett... great name. Bennett.

- It's English.

I've been to London before.

Twice actually.

Once to dance and once with my boyfriend for two days. He was giving a concert.

That's why I'm here. My boyfriend lives in this building.

Do you got a boyfriend?

Sort of.

- What does he do?

- He's an actor.

- Get out! Like mine!

- I thought that yours was a musician.

- You said he gave a concert in London or something. - Not that kind ofconcert.

More like mixed-media. He sings, he dances, he acts, he does stand-up.

He's a real

entertainer... like Liza Minnelli.

- So what do you do?

- Design.

- Female Calvin Klein, huh?

- We're in the same field, but I'm not...

You're not nearly as famous. I'm going to be famous one day. I just know it.

My boyfriend promised me

that as soon as he makes it,

he's going to cast me as his costar

because we're so good together.
But you never know.
I may make it first.
Then I'll have to cast him
as my costar... if I'm in the mood.
Just kidding.
He's actually really talented.
I'm not just saying that.
He has a way with words.
He could talk you into buying
a house without a roof.
Sounds irresistible. That's
what he is. He's irresistible.
People cannot resist him.
I bet you've seen him on TV.
He's had guest spots
on NYPD Blue and Homicide.
And he did The Garry Shandling Show
twice. He was totally hilarious.
He's read personally for
Barry Levinson and Don Simpson.
Simpson was gonna give him
a lead in this romantic comedy...
that his new production
company was gonna do,
but then he died and...
Are you okay?
Blake Allen.
Yeah. Th-That's...
That's his name.
- Who are you?
- His girlfriend.
I'm his girlfriend.
American Airlines, Flight 11.
Right.
So, you mean that you came here
to surprise him too?
Oh, my God.
Looks like he's gonna get
a lot bigger surprise...
than either one of us
was planning on giving him.
Just one minute.
I'll buzz you in!

You give your hand to me #
And then you say hello #
And I can hardly speak #
My heart is beating so #
And anyone can tell #
You think
you know me well #
Mmm, you don't know me #
No, you don't
know the one #
Who dreams ofyou
at night #
And longs
to kiss your lips #
And longs
to hold you tight #
To you I'm just a
friend # Welcome home.
That's all
I've ever been #
Mmm, you don't know me #
"You Don't Know Me" No
wonder it's his favorite song.
It should be his anthem.
Notice anything different?
That's where my picture
used to be. It still is.
It is? When?
When you're here.
Did he ever tell you
this was the first time...
he put anyone's picture on
his piano besides his mother?
Yes. He said it made him feel
that I was physically with him.
In front of him and inside
him at the same time.
Maybe we should just wreck his
whole fucking apartment right now.
I'd ratherwreck him.
That's a really good idea.
But how?
Should we... Should
we stab him? Too quick.

Asshole.
Creep.
Scumbag. Did you really love him?
Yeah, I did.
Did you?
I told him I did,
and I thought I meant it.
Who knows? I felt something. Emotional?
More.
More?
More than I felt for
anyone else. Different.
Which is what he said.
That you were different.
That he never experienced real love
before he met me. Before me, love was...
Just another four-letterword...
Beginning with "L."
No more significant
than "like" or "lust".
Then he would shake
his head like this.
Show how helpless he was in the
grips of his overwhelming passion.
And when he would go
inside you, it was like...
Returning home to
his sanity, his refuge.
Perfect rhythm.
Perfect rhythmic harmony.
Atomic union or something.
The union of atomic matter.
Matter returning
to its purest state of unison...
after a temporary separation
in time and space.
How do you remember all that?
Easily. He said it about a hundred
times, as if it were a mantra.
Did he
ever ask you to marry him?
No. Why, did he ask you?
No.
Why do you ask?

Just curious.
Just trying to understand
his twisted mind.
I think his thing for me
was more sexual.
Although he did say he felt
romantic towards me.
He told you he loved you? Yeah.
He would say, "I love
you, and you love me"...
because he couldn't stand it if he said
"I love you" and I didn't say it back.
It's crazy. Even now, when I
shouldn't care what he said or did, it still
It still hurts.
I know. It hurts me too.
I feel like this is some weird
dream I'm gonna wake up from.
So do I. How long
have you known him?
Ten months. What about you? February 15.
I don't remember the date,
but it was definitely snowing,
so it must have been February.
And everything
started off real slow.
Then he got really intense
all of a sudden, and he told me...
That he was yours
and you were his,
and neither one of you was
ever gonna be with anyone else.
That was in March.
Yeah. March, right.
Because he said it to me at
halftime at the NCAA semifinals.
Un-fucking-believable. He
knew it from the beginning.
Knew what? Knew what he wanted?
He knew what he was up to.
It's not like he knew one
of us for years or months,
then met the other one, and his
life became more complicated.

He decided consciously to take a shot with two girls at the same time. He wanted a girlfriend. He wanted to fill the void. So he figured if one of us didn't work out, then the other might. What he didn't count on was that both of us would work out. But we did. Until now. When it's gonna be neither. But you don't think he was looking to have two permanently, do you, like those-those what-do-you-call-its? Bigamists? No, no, no. Those ones in Utah. Mormons? Yes. Mormons. Do you think he's a Mormon? He's no Mormon. Well, he sure is a cocksucker. No, I think that was our function. Oh, you did that with him? What? You gave him head? Why? Does that shock you? No. It's just that... You know what he used to tell me? What do I mean, "used to"? He said it on the phone last night. He said he couldn't even get a hard-on for any other girl besides me... no matter how good she was or what she did. And you believed him. I believed him. Isn't that pathetic? I'm as pathetic as that asshole on the street. Would you have believed him? Not "would have". Did. He said the same things

to you? Word for word.
And that that was why he
was being faithful to you.
It wasn't that it was a matter
of choice... It was phallic incapacity.
He knew he would be impotent
with anybody except you.
Because I owned his dick.
It didn't belong to him.
It was attached to him...
But it belonged to me.
Huge and hard and thick and long
and perpendicular to the earth.
Not to the floor, but to the earth,
and filled with oceans of come.
Oceans of come. Oh, my God, I
am gonna fucking cut it off.
I am gonna slice it off, sliver by
sliver, with an electric meat slicer.
That's what
I'm gonna do.
That motherfucker.
You said it.
What? That's what he
is... a motherfucker.
You think he did it with
his mother? Not literally.
I just think his relationship with his
mother is more complicated than he admits to.
Definitely. Who else has framed photographs
of their mother all over their apartment?
The way that he used her.
The stories he would tell.
Like when he was
little. No father around.
"Mother and I went to Florida"
"Mother and I went to Atlantic City"
"Mom and I had this argument
over me having a ponytail"
Right. And the way
that he used her with us.
No, not with me. I never met
her. I never met her either.
The way that he used her... saying he

was spending the night at her house...
because she was sick.
You don't think she was sick? Who knows?
All we knew was not to call because
the ringing sound would frighten her.
Exactly. Just leave a message on the
voice mail if anything urgent came up.
Four nights a week. Those are the
nights he must've been with you.
No. I was always three. Never
four. You must've been four.
No, I was three also.
Well, do you think
there's a third?
Or one night of cruising...
recruitment for the future.
Can you believe
we fell for this?
You only suspect it when
you're doing it yourself.
Interesting.
But you weren't fucking
around on him, were you? No.
No, neither was I, but...
but I could have.
I had plenty of chances. Like that
guy in the street in the white suit?
Oh, much better than him.
I know that. I was just...
I was being facetious. Right.
But you must've had
a million chances.
I mean, you're beautiful,
Carla. No, I'm not.
Yes, you are. Let me ask you something.
Oh, wait. He's here. Okay.
Cum Sancto Spiritu #
In gloria Dei Patris #
Dei Patris
Amen #
Cum Sancto Spiritu #
In gloria Dei... #
Ooh.
Cum Sancto Spiritu

In gloria Dei Patri

Dei Patri

Amen #

Cum Sancto Spiritu

Cum Sancto Spiritu

Cum Sancto Spiritu

In gloria Dei Patri

Dei Patri

Amen #

Mommy, it's me.

I'm back.

A little trouble getting back from the
airport, but the plane got in on time.

And I love you.

Hope you're doing well.

Call me soon as you
get this. Bye.

Cum Sancto
Spiritu #

In gloria Dei Patris

Dei Patris

Amen #

Cum Sancto

Carla. It's Blake.

I just got back in town,
and I am prepared...

to perforate your every orifice
with my tongue.

I've missed you wildly.

I am, uh...

I am... I'm hot

and I gotta see you. Bye.

Sancto Spiritu

Hi. Is Lou there?

All right, well,

just tell her that, uh,
Blake... is back.

Thank you.

Cum Sancto
Spiritu #

In gloria Dei Patris

Dei Patris, Amen

Mark

It's Blake.

What is it, like,

4:

Cum Sancto Spiritu

So what happened with
thisjob? Did I get it?

No? Why, too talented,
as usual?

What are you...

What-What's going on?

There's all these blowhards
working. I can't get a job.

So what else?

You, uh... What about,
like, anything?

What else? Tell...

Really? Wow.

That's in the Catskills, huh?

God, you know, I know a lot of-

No, actually, I don't know anyone
who's made it in the Catskills.

What's...

What are they paying me?

Wow. Yeah, that'll cover
the dry cleaning.

What about, like,
a TV spot or something...

I can't even believe
we're discussing thisjob.

This is ridiculous. It's like you
don't know who you're dealing with here.

And... Have you been drinking
quite a bit again?

I'm sor... I'm just kidding.

I'm just a little...

Hold on. Let me think
about it for a second.

Call

me Daddy Call me Daddy #

Bend over and then squeal
like the pig that you are #

For offering me
thisjob ##

Uh, no, I'll take it.

When do I start?
Okay.
Okay. Thanks, man.
Okay. Bye.
Nobody recognizes
talent in this town... anymore.
Hi. Yes.
Live from La Paz,
it is Blanco Alegre.
You give your hand
to me #
And then you say hello #
And I can hardly speak #
My heart is beating so #
And anyone can tell #
You
think you know me well #
No, you don't know #
Me #
No, you don't
know the one #
Who dreams of you
at night #
Afraid and shy #
Honey
I let my chance go by #
And the chance
you might have loved me #
Too #
Ooh #
You give your hand to me #
And then you say good-bye #
Mmm-bop!
I watch you walk away #
Beside that lucky prick #
To never, never know #
One who loves you so #
No, you don't know #
Me ##
Uh, I... Huh.
What a surprising way
to see you.
I was just... 'Cause...
My God, I was just thinking,

"When am I gonna see her?"
And, uh, here you are.
How did you get in?
Magic.
Huh.
What did you, uh...
Super let you in?
You look great.
That's, uh...
Fuck. Okay.
You know what's so great? I mean, I could
not have orchestrated this any better.
This is a rare opportunity. You get to
see how I'm behaving when you're not here.
What did I do? I came in.
I call you.
First thing I do is I tell you
I love you, I miss you,
I wanna lick you,
I can't wait to see you.
I get up. I'm inspired. I'm
thinking I know I'm gonna see you.
I sit down, I...
I play, I sing.
How the fuck
did you get in here?
Wow. You've never looked
this phenomenal.
Did I give you a key?
I did, right? Okay.
I'm just so happy to see you.
I really am.
I mean, these two weeks,
I'd forgotten...
I'd forgotten how beautiful
you are. And I missed you.
Did you miss me as much as I missed
you? How much did you miss me?
I missed you pretty madly,
like a psychotic.
Why do you think I was calling you?
I was calling you 40 times a day.
I don't know.
To check up on me?

What? What kind of
crazy statement is that?
Why do I need to check up on
you? To see what I was up to.
What would you have been up
to? What are you talking about?
What would you suspect
that I would be up to?
Ho. Whoa. This conversation's
getting real strange, okay?
What's going on? What's
going on? Nothing.
Nothing? Then why are you using
a word like "suspect" with me?
Like I would suspect you
of something. And you don't?
No. Suspect you of what?
Anything. No. Nothing.
Why? Why would I? That would imply
that you'd done something wrong.
I don't think you've done anything
wrong. You don't think that?
No. Why would I? I don't think
you've done anything wrong.
What you might think
is wrong for me,
I might think is right,
and vice versa.
- What are you trying to tell me?
- About what?
- About you.
- Nothing.
Did you fuck anybody?
- When?
- When?
- Ever.
- Ever?
Well, yes. I mean, I seem to recall you
and I having shared a little fucking.
Making love. Come on.
"Making love" Is that
what you wanna call it?
That's what I call it. That's
what it is to me when I'm with you.

That's what we've called it together. As opposed to what? As opposed to nothing. What are you driving at? Come on. How many girls did you fuck while you were in L. A? When I was in L.A. That's the last 2 weeks. None. None, 'cause I haven't been with any other women since I was with you. That's the last 10 months. You don't have to say that. I know I don't have to. I'm saying that because it's true. We're not married. You're a free man. You can do whatever you want. It's okay if you have. I don't want to. Do you? No. Well... With anyone, you don't want to? With anyone but you. Okay, whatever you say. Whatever. Whatever. This has got to be the most bizarre exchange... I've ever experienced in my life. Did you take acid? Did you? Are you... I mean, are you... This is... I... I'm sorry. I'm just trying to figure out some explanation... for this Jekyll and Hyde behavior that you're exhibiting. I'm scared. I don't... My. What's this? This here. Look. What's this? It looks like a broken window and a plant. Yeah, I know. It is a

plant and a broken window.
The question is, how did
the window get broken?
It looks like the plant
might have done it.
Yeah, but I don't think the plant just
came through the window on its own.
Did... Did you throw the
plant through the window?
Did you throw this
through the window?
Maybe.
Maybe?
Maybe? Maybe.
Have you gone completely
and utterly out of your mind?
I just... Are you glad I
came by to surprise you?
Yeah. I'd have been gladder if you met me
at the airport or outside on the street.
I can't believe that you just
threw this plant through the window.
I can't believe you're getting
so upset about this window!
You're more upset about this window
than you are... Than I am about what?
Than about your
protestations of fidelity!
They are not protestations.
They are outright denials.
It's beyond desire. It's beyond choice.
It's phallic incapacity.
It's an inoperative shaft.
If you were to put a gun to
my head and say, "Fuck her.
She's gorgeous. She needs you.
It's easy. No one will know. "
I'd say, "Pull it. Pull the trigger.
Empty the chamber into my head".
Because that's where it's at with
me. It's not even my dick anymore.
It's attached to me, yeah,
but it belongs to you.
I'll take it a step further. Not only at

this point... because I'm so attached to you...
is every other girl on earth not
exciting to me in the slightest,
every other girl on earth,
to me... It's like a salaman...
It's like something that came
from under a fucking rock!
It's disgusting to me.
It's like smelling cheese.
It's like...
It makes me fucking sick.
It disgusts me!
It's like smelling vomit.
Including me?
Wow. Whoa.
This is a shock.
This is a surprise.
Surprise.
Okay, this is a massive,
shattering shock.
But as difficult as it's going to
be for either of you to believe me,
there's an absolutely legitimate
explanation. What is it?
He doesn't have an explanation.
Just answer me one question.
In what way am I physically
disgusting to you? In no way.
You just said I was.
When?
When? Thirty seconds ago! You said
every single person except for Carla...
was physically disgusting
to you!
- It was a figure of speech. Hyperbole.
- Stop lying, you asshole.
I'm not lying.
You're not lying?
- I'm not lying.
- Everything you've said to both of us...
- for the past 10 months has been a total,
utter fucking lie! - Can I say one thing?
This is not self-serving jargon or an
attempt to give myself an out for the moment.

I may have been hiding parts of my life from both of you to avoid causing pain.

- Fuck you! - I've never said anything to either one of you...

- Fuck you!

- That I did not wholeheartedly mean.

- Fuck you.

- If you actually believe what you just said,

- it's worse than if you don't.

- I don't follow that at all.

Oh, big surprise.

Huge, huge surprise.

- You know what she just meant by that?

- Yeah, yeah, yeah.

- I understood perfectly what she meant.

- Go ahead. Explain it to me.

I don't have to tell you anything.

You're just lucky...

you don't have a kitchen knife sticking through your Adam's apple right now!

- Carla. Carla, she's-

- I prefer you not use my name.

- You want me to call you Timmy? - I don't want to hear your voice at all right now.

Oh, absolutely. Excuse me.

I gotta get that.

Hi, Mom.

Mom.

Hi. Uh...

Yeah, it was pretty-

It was good.

I didn't get it,

but I got this other...

this thing in the Catskills

that's gonna be real...

Can I call you back

in 10 minutes? Thanks.

Ten minutes. Okay.

Okay, bye. Bye, Ma.

So there is a third. Third what?

Third girlfriend.

That's absurd.

You used your mother with me

to get free with Carla.

You used your mother with Carla
to get free with me.
Now you're using your mother
with both of us to get free...
- with whoever it is you plan on going out with
tonight. - What? No, you don't understand.
No, no, no. Actually,
we didn't understand.
Now we do understand.
We understand everything.
Everything except why. It would
be better if you stopped lying.
You were caught. Wait.
- Stop. And try to explain.
- He can't.
- Let him try. - Go
ahead. - My mom is...
Your mother is your excuse,
if she even exists. Who knows?
You know what this is?
Um, this is really, um...
- This is horrendous. This is... I'm... I'm
devastated by this. - No, you're not.
- You're just exposed.
- What do you have to be devastated about?
You didn't find out that someone
you trusted had betrayed you.
I know, but... I'm just saying...
No, you know what?
Nothing you say means
fucking shit anyways.
Because you're a lying, cheating,
manipulating motherfucker!
You know what I think?
That's really abusive.
I don't think you understand how it causes
me pain to hurt people that I care about.
Care about?
Yes, care about.
I'd like to cause pain
to people I hate, but...
Care about?
What happened to love?
I thought you loved me.

I really did.
And Carla thought
you loved her.
I did. L... And I do.
I really...
I do.
Me or her?
Both ofyou. Both.
"Both" is very convenient.
"Both" is really convenient.
What about only?
You said only.
Look, I... I...
I fucked up here.
Horrendously, okay?
I was...
- You were greedy, and you were selfish.
- I was, well, wrong.
- A coward.
- A greedy, selfish coward.
You know what?
Um, I'm gonna...
And don't - Please stop, like, pursuing
me and follow... 'Cause I can't... I can't...
'Cause I think that I understand
where you're coming from.
And I was there, and I have
been straight with you the whole...
This whole entire...
If this was the forum that would've
been appropriate foryou to, you know...
If you have to confront
me... And yet, at this...
I don't think that there's
anything for me now to...
I can't. I just- I can't.
Because ifthis was, uh...
No, this isn't, you know? And
both ofyou at the same time.
And the word... What you just
- That wasn't nice.
That wasn't right.
I was, uh...
No way.

No, 'cause I know
if I... if I...
I know what
I... I think it's abusive.
I don't think-
Yeah.
I know... I know what I...
It's just...
I gotta... I gotta...
I gotta do it, uh, for-for me.
For me, you know?
It's not like if there
was, uh, another...
'Cause this wasn't, uh...
It's not supposed
to have been...
This is affecting me.
It's mis-misery.
This, to me, is misery.
Oh, my God!
Oh, my...
Oh! Oh, my...
Oh!
Okay. Okay, fine. He's
about as dead as we are.
Listen, I'm trying to teach
a little something here.
You fucking...
Oh, my God!
You fucking asshole!
How could you do that?
You know what that feels like, you
fucker? Pretending like you're dead!
That's sadistic! I had a point
to make. I had a valid point.
I'm not interested in
your fucking stupid point!
I'm interested in why you are
such a sick, compulsive liar!
You are caught in a sewer
of lies and deception,
and your response
is to lie and deceive!
You're right.

This is kinda fucked up.

But I am an actor,
and actors lie.

It just gets worse
and worse.

I'm not trying to excuse it.

I think I learned something.

It's not even a valid point.

A lot of actors don't lie.

Just as a lot of actors

who play killers...

do not kill people

when they are not acting.

Not good actors. Name one

good actor who doesn't lie.

This is beyond belief,

even for you.

Okay. Denzel Washington.

He doesn't lie.

- How do you know that?

- Because I just do.

- He oozes honesty and integrity.

- See? Denzel Washington is a good actor,

and a good actor persuades you

of one reality and lives out another.

Blake, are you gonna tell me that Denzel

Washington isn't the most coolest person around?

- I don't know. Do you know Denzel

Washington personally? - No. Do you?

Yeah. I've seen him around.

I've seen him at parties, auditions.

Really? You and Denzel Washington.

Did you guys audition together?

- Yeah.

- Like the two of you for a big director?

I mean, I don't think Denzel

fucking Washington auditions, do you?

He's a huge, fucking movie star,

unlike yourself.

I saw him at Gray's Papaya,

like, two weeks ago, okay?

I think I got a pretty fair

indication of what he's like.

I'm not even talking about

Denzel Washington as an individual.
I'm talking generically.
I'm talking about the art of acting.
The nature, the life,
the experience for me as an actor, okay?
Your point is it's okay for you to lie and
lead a double life because you're an actor.
I'm saying that the two
are connected, okay?
If I was a Supreme Court justice,
you would expect a literal, on-the-nose,
literal-minded answer,
a straight-ahead answer like that.
But as an actor, I think that
I'm granted a little leeway.
So this makes it our fault. We should
know you're a liar and double-dealer-
Clarence Thompson.
Who the fuck
is Clarence Thompson?
The Supreme Court justice
who lied about Anita Hill. Duh!
- Thomas.
- Thomas who?
Thomas. Clarence Thomas.
Clarence Thomas is...
And there's no proof that he lied
about anything. Oh, really?
You think that Anita Hill made up
the whole coke can-pubic hair thing?
Are you intentionally missing my point?
That's the feeling I'm getting.
No, I am not. You said you're
not a Supreme Court justice.
And I said that Clarence Thompson
is exactly the same lying, cheating,
pathetic fucking fool
as you are!
Okay, stop it, both of you. You
are letting him sidetrack us...
from finding out why he is such a liar,
which is the only reason I am still here.
That's a very,
very good point, Carla.

Why am I still here?
I'm fuckin' outta here.
Why would you treat two people that
you claim to love with such contempt?
It wasn't contempt.
That's the last thing it was.
It was love.
It was love.
Fuck you, Blake.
I mean fuckyou
up and down,
in and out,
front and rear.
Fuck you till you bleed
and pus pours out ofyour asshole.
You're a lying,
mugging,
misogynistic,
unemployable, short,
loft-inheriting,
piece-of-shit fraud.
And love? You have the audacity
to use the word "love"?
You don't even know
the meaning ofthe word "love".
Fuckyou.
I'm short now too, huh?
I'm, like, 5'10".
I'm short...
and a fraud.
Loft-inheriting.
I mean, what, did you want me
to sell it when he died?
It was supposed to go to me.
It's mine.
You enjoy it.
You lived...
What is wrong with you?
Why-Why are you doing this?
Is this what you want? Is this howyou
wanna live the rest ofyour life...
just damaging people around you,
damaging yourself? Just...
Is it?

Really? Is it?
'Cause if it is,
why don't you just really
fucking blow your brains out?
Really. Right now.
That's not what you wanna do. You should
make a commitment to really shape your ass up.
Stop bullshitting everyone.
Stop deceiving everyone.
Stop doing this...
And yourself too.
You should promise me this
right now.
Like, the real promise.
The real deal now, or...
All right, I'm gonna...
See, I can't even fucking believe you.
I can't believe shit that you say.
Your word is worth shit.
But I'm going to give you a chance,
and I think this is really-
This is your last,
your last chance...
to fucking just
get your shit together.
You've gotta
get it together.
Gotta get it together.
You've got
to get it together.
Got to get it together.
Got to get it...
And you give
your hand to me #
And then you say #
And I can hardly speak #
My heart is beating so ##
Mmm.
I come in,
and-and the second I walk in the door...
The-The ground floor,
the door's open.
And I look in there, and there's
- There's a body in there.

I don't know. No, it's not them.
It's, like, the artist guy, Rex.
I don't know if it's him. I don't
know if it's... I don't know who it is.
I call the police.
They come over.
And within 25 seconds offinding this body
- They call the coroner or whatever.
They come upstairs and they're
grilling me, these two detectives.
That's- Yeah,
when you called me.
They were, like, relentless,
like I did it or something.
And then maybe 'cause, like, the
time ofdeath ofthe body or something,
it was obvious that I couldn't
have 'cause I just got back.
So they- So then...
Stop. You're smoking right now.
I can hear it.
You want some more?
I've had too much
already.
Pour me a little ofyours.
Good.
Yeah, I know you're smoking.
You don't have to tell...
You can't.
Yeah, but I know. It's not even like,
"I can sometimes" or whatever.
Because you have no idea.
I'm the one. I tookyou to hospital.
That's enough.
One more.
We'll finish
the bottle.
Mom?
In
gloria Dei Patris Dei Patris #
Amen ##
Mmm!
Did you throw away
the cigarettes?

Know what you
should do with your hair?
Mom, you are destroying
your voice.
No, I'm serious. What... Why
are you talking so loud?
That'd be
good. Mom, you are... You...
You're wrecking your circulation.
It's a very elegant look.
I'm serious. You're
strangling your circulation.
Mom, each cigarette
is like a nail in your...
You just gotta stop. Do you want me to
come over there? I'll come over there.
What about, um... Do you think
that I could ever braid your hair?
If you want to, you can. Because
I used to like to braid my hair,
but now I have short hair.
Okay. Okay, well, call
me if you need me, okay?
Okay. I love you. Bye.
Wow.
Hey, Blake, you wanna braid
Carla's hair with me?
It could be fun.
We could braid her hair.
- You want the truth?
- No. We want another lie.
No, seriously. The truth.
The truth, um... The truth is...
Look at him. I mean, the very words
"the truth is" make him draw a blank.
The truth is that I meant everything
that I said to each of you...
...at the time I was saying it.
- Bullshit.
- No, it was new to me.
- Oh, it was new to you.
The first time I'd ever felt love
was simultaneously with both of you...
for the first time ever in my life...

and I was... I was baffled.
It was very unnerving to me.
It was very unsettling.
Pooryou.
Poor fucking you.
I'm not suggesting sympathy.
I think that would be grotesque.
I'm just trying to do what
I think we all want done here,
which is to make sense
of this fiasco that I've created.
So you've made your point. It was confusing
and unsettling when you discovered,
as you put it, that you were in
love with two women at the same time.
Yes.
And?
And it was... it was exciting,
if you wanna know the truth.
It never occurred to me at any
point to give up either one of you.
Because both of you made me feel
phenomenal when I was with you,
and I was under the impression that I
was not totally uninspiring to both of you.
So as long as we didn't know
about each other, then it was okay?
No, I'm not saying it was
okay. I knew that it was wrong.
But the rightness of it that I felt
gave me a way of justifying it,
a way of seeing it the way that I wanted
to see it so that I could continue.
- You are such a manipulator.
- Manipulation? No, it's not manipulation.
'Cause manipulation implies
concealment. I'm concealing nothing.
- Since when?
- Since now.
I absolutely think you're lying.
You're definitely concealing something.
It's too easy.
Yeah, it's too fucking easy.
- It's too fast.

- What am I concealing?

You may not even
be aware of it.

Lying comes like
breathing to you.

Mom, hi. It's me. Listen, I'm sorry I'm
calling back, but your voice sounds weird.

It's- It's really low.

See, why are you talking like that,
Mom? 'Cause I'm getting scared.

I need to call you right back. If
it's the connection, then I can...

I'm calling you right back.

Hold on.

Why is this funny to you?

I'm concerned.

Hi. Are you sure
you're okay?

Look, I'm sorry. I just... I just... I just
- I don't understand why you're...

I know, but just let me...

Okay, well, I'm here, and I am worried
about you. And I'm gonna... If I don't-
Okay. Okay. Sorry.

She gets upset

if I'm too solicitous.

There's something wrong with her though.

Her voice... she sounds really strange.

Blake, hasn't your mother

been sick for, like, 10 months?

- I mean...

- Mm-hmm.

That's what you have
been saying, right?

Yeah.

If there's a real change in her
voice, you should call a doctor.

I know. I am going to
call the doctor.

All right. Sorry.

Hi. Dr. Cutler,
please.

Can you tell him Blake Allen called and
it's very important he calls me at home?

He has the number.

Thankyou.

What?

So will you ever believe
anything I say again?

I would be pretty stupid to,
wouldn't I?

Haven't you ever lied to
anyone and-and... and known...

what it'd done and felt
horrible about it...

and-and... and known you
could never do it again?

Known and then not done it or known
and then gone ahead and done it anyway?

I guess what I'm asking
is-is- is can you forgive me?

So explain
something to me.

Did it excite you to know that you
were always in danger of being caught?

It must have.

It excited you.

It had to. No.

Oh, yes, it did. You were
exciting yourself by leading a double life.

You were risking disaster.

Ofcourse it excited you.

If it did, I wasn't aware
of it. You were aware.

Mmm.

Mmm.

Yeah.

Oh, God.

Oh, fuck.

Where the fuck
are you going? Huh?

Ohh! Ohh!

Mmm.

I have to make a call. What?

I have a phone right here.

It's private.

Why don't you run after
her? She doesn't want me to.

But you would if she did.
It's okay. You can admit it.
I understand perfectly
why you're attracted to her.
She's great. She's beautiful.
She's clever. She's a good person.
And she knows how
to take care of herself.
I mean, what more
could somebody want?
Nothing. But you have
all those qualities too.
No, I don't, and you know it. I'm
not... I'm not beautiful. I'm cute.
And I'm...
No.
I'm not clever. I'm streetwise.
And I'm not a very good person.
I mean, the only thing I am
is self-sufficient.
I do know how to take care of
myself. And you are a good person.
Don't say that about
yourself. No, I'm not.
How can you say that? How do
you know? You don't even know me.
I thought I knew you better than
anyone who had ever known you.
I thought I knew you better than you
knew yourself. That's what you said.
No, that's what you said.
Maybe I did. Maybe I said it because I
knew that was what you wanted to hear.
The way everything you said to me
was what you thought I wanted to hear.
Right up until just now
when you did it again.
Speaking of which, I noticed
that you didn't correct me...
when I said that I was cute
instead of beautiful...
and streetwise
instead of clever.
You're thinking about Carla.

See? If you had been honest
from the beginning,
things might have worked out a
lot better for all three of us...
and much more
interestingly, hmm.
How so?
Sometimes you
underestimate people.
What? Meaning
I underestimated you?
No. Meaning that I might have
been ready for certain things.
- Such as?
- Such as... a lot of things.
Such as?
Different things. And Carla
might have been ready too.
For what?
You know what I'm talking about.
Yeah, I know. I just want
to hear you say it.
- Yeah, I'm sure you do.
- So?
- Use your imagination.
- So what you're saying is...
What I'm saying is that you blew it.
You didn't have the confidence
in yourself to believe...
that you could get what
you wanted with the truth.
What did I want
that I didn't get?
Half of what you just got in there.
- You mean double?
- Yeah, right. Double.
Like what? Like I've... To have
been with both of you together?
That that was my secret desire,
and I was too timid to admit it?
Well, no. I mean,
I'm not saying just sex,
and I'm not saying sex once.
What do you mean?

I am referring to...

Mormonism.

- Mormonism?

- Mormonism.

- I think you mean bigamy.

- Yes, bigamy, right.

But not about the whole
"getting married" thing.

Just more about us all
hanging out together,
you know, and doing things
together...

and just being together
all the time, you know?

More like a triple
instead of a couple.

So that's how you
would have wanted it?

No. That's how you
would've wanted it.

You didn't have the...
whatever to admit it.

You think that's what
Carla would want?

Maybe. I think- I think
she would be open to it.

I think that we...

we could convince her.

Uh... Excuse me.

Hello. Hi, Dr.

Cutler. Thanks for calling me back.

Listen, I've talked to my mom, like,
three, four... a bunch of times today,
and there's something in the level of
her voice that has got me, like, frightened.

And I just want to know if you...

Will you just call her...

and-and then call me back

and tell me what I should do?

No, I'm telling you that

I know something is wrong.

I just want you to call her, call me
back and tell me what is to be done.

This is turning out

to be a very strange day.
After starting out
rather innocently. Okay.
Everything is
changing so fast. Thanks.
Everything seems to be going from
one extreme to another and back again.
Almost as if love and hate
were interchangeable.
No, I don't mean
interchangeable. I mean inverted.
You know, especially now
for us with him.
I mean, there's a part of me that feels
like we could just tell him to fuck off...
and never see him again.
But I was also thinking that
we could try something else.
You know, something new and
modern and kind of strange.
Like this famous poet. Do you
know what I'm talking about?
Excuse me. Am I right in assuming
that I'm not wanted for the moment?
Yes. Or for longer than a moment.
Then I'll vanish.
Which famous poet? Um, well,
I can't remember his name,
but there was a biography on him the
other night that I watched on cable.
And he had a wife
and a mistress,
and they did
everything together.
And the women really got along.
They were attracted to each other.
They respected each other, and there
was no jealousy or possessiveness.
I mean, it was
really very cool.
And I just can't remember his
fucking name. D.H. Lawrence?
No. Wasn't he the Lawrence
of Arabia guy? Wasn't he gay?

No. That was T.E. Lawrence. T.E.
Lawrence. No. This guy had a weird name.
It was like... It sounded
like a "Zzz," like Ezard or...
Ezra Pound.
Pound.
Yes! Ezra Pound. That's it!
I thought you vanished.
I don't think
- What... What are you doing?
I mean, really.
What are you doing?
Are you trying to figure out
how to make us forget?
Are you searching for a new role to slip
into because this old one doesn't work?
Are you lost? Are you
nervous? You look nervous.
Are you practicing
your act?
I'm a practicing actor.
You're trying hard.
I'm a good actor.
Right.
I'm not a hack.
Oh, really?
Obviously, you've never seen my Hamlet,
or you wouldn't be berating me in this fashion.
You'd have respect for me.
You would.
See, that's me in that picture over
there. I am the Melancholy Dane.
Did Hamlet lead a double life? I have
to lay you on to a little of it, I think.
So you want center stage?
Yep.
Always trying to be loved.
Okay. Hamlet is upset with his
mother for... amongst many things...
co-conspiring to kill his father
and also for owning his dick.
Oh, well, you can relate
to that one, right?
No, but I can relate

to how angry he is.
And to how she controls
his dick. Okay. Shh.
It's coming. It's coming.
Ecstasy.
My pulse, as yours,
doth temperately keep time,
and makes
as healthful music.
It is not madness that I have
uttered. Bring me to the test.
And I the matter will re-word
which madness would gambol from.
Mother!
For love of grace, lay not that
flattering unction to your soul,
that not your trespass,
but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film
the ulcerous place,
whilst rank and corruption,
mining all within, infects...
unseen.
Confess yourself to heaven; repent
what's past; avoid what is to come;
and do not spread
the compost on the weeds...
to make them ranker.
Forgive me this my virtue;
for in the fatness
of these porsy times...
virtue itself of vice
must pardon beg.
Yeah, curb and woo...
for leave to do him good.
O Hamlet, thou hast
cleft my heart in two.
Oh, throw away the worser part of it
and live the purer with the other half.
Good night, but do not go to my uncle's
bed; assume a virtue, if you have it not.
You're gonna tell me that
I'm not a great actor?
I like your singing better.

You do?

Where did you grab that line? I didn't know that you knew Shakespeare.

There's a lot you don't know about me.

Yeah, I know, like who did you just go outside to call?

- My mother.

- Really?

See, by the way that you're looking when you say that...

No, you didn't call your mom.

Who did you call?

My mother. Why is it so hard for you to believe that I'm calling my mother?

Aren't you calling your mother all the time?

Yeah, but my mom is not well.

My mom hasn't been well.

I would never lie about whether or not my mom was well.

Well, who knows? You've lied about everything else.

I have lied about nothing except sexual fidelity.

That's really nothing, isn't it?

It's hardly worth mentioning.

It's one tiny, little, infinitesimal glitch on the radar screen.

Yeah, and what do you mean about sexual fidelity?

Do you mean that it was just the two of us for the last year?

- That I was lying to, yeah.

- Oh, that you were lying to.

But what about casual acquaintances that you didn't have to lie to...

because they didn't care what you did or who you did it with?

- There was a few. Very few.

- How few is very few?

I thought that

we were beyond...

this-this stage... What made

you think we were beyond it?

Because it's unpleasant for you to be put on the spot 'cause you'd like to be beyond it?

Because we had a little moment? Moment?

Yes, a little moment, which changed nothing.

Just as when I went outside, you and Lou had a little moment, which changed nothing either.

- We didn't touch each other.

- He's actually telling the truth this time.

- It didn't even come up.

- Why not?

Why not? Well, I wouldn't have let him.

Just the thought never crossed my mind. Nice. Thankyou very much.

Well, no. You said you wouldn't have anyway. Well...

How few is few?

Five.

Seven. I'm sorry.

It was seven. It was sev...

- It was less than 10.

- Less than 10?

Less than 10?

Do I hear- Do I hear 20?

Hey!

Thirty? Fifty?

Hey, come on. Who do you think I am? Nero? I'm not Wilt Chamberlain.

No, but you're desperate and you're obsessed and you're totally out ofcontrol.

Don't deny it, Blake, you are.

Well, all right, maybe I am out ofcontrol often, usually.

Do you really want to do this? 'Cause we're at the door of utter, uninhibited disclosure.

Do you really want to hear names, dates, places?

Who wanted to be licked where?

Who wanted to be fucked how?

Who had to be told what? Or in my estimation, what I think your personal defects are?

Or what you're ready to hear? Or

what you don't want to hear secretly?
Or what if I told you what I thought
about you but would devastate you to hear?
Oh, so you're saying that the reason
that we're in this situation...
is because of
our personal defects?
What kind of girl gets involved with a
guy like me knowing... But we didn't know.
You never even let us get
to knowyou. That's the thing.
Because why? I don't know. You thought
that ifwe would get to know you,
then we would see who you really are
and we wouldn't want to be with you.
Why weren't you honest from
the beginning? I never told you...
You could've said, "Look, I just cannot
be faithful. Let's get to know each other".
Why did you have to make it into some
fucking romance that you didn't believe in?
I thinkyou've been avoiding us this
whole time by calling your mother.
It's like you're obsessed with your mother.
We can't even talk to you for two seconds.
But you're on the phone
talking to your mother.
You're substituting her for having
a real relationship in your life.
Stop talking about my mom. This
is not right. This is about us.
Everything is from your point ofview,
and you're not fucking interested in us,
because you're so fucking into your own
head and how fucking charming and funny-
And you're an actor, and everything.
You just fucking avoid it.
And you don't care about us
and our problems at all.
All you care about is convincing
yourself that you're so desirable...
by getting lots ofwomen
to fuckyou, right?
You don't even know how to be,

like, just a person,
just a clear, simple person.
And this is probably the most truthful
moment of your life right now. Am I right?
I cannot believe that you are just
dumping all this shit on me right now.
This is really toxic.
This is really fucked up.
I would never get off on just sitting
down and just railing into someone...
and telling them all their
character defects. This is twisted.

- You think you really know me?

- Yeah.

And you think you just have me down
and you know all my faults and all that.

- Pretty well. - Okay, well, how
many guys do you think I fucked?

None.

You've always said none.

Well, that's right, but you've
said none, too, haven't you?

Not only is that what you've told me, but I
just know that you're probably incapable of it,
because you're so...

you're so...

You think I don't even know
what sexual temptation is,
like I couldn't understand on your
higher plane of sexual aliveness.

I could never understand that? How many guys do
you think I've fucked since I've been with you?

None.

More.

- One.

- More.

- Two. You're lying, so...

- More.

Three. I know what you're doing.

You're just trying to be... I don't know.

More. Four? Fuck you. Four?

Yes, four, but maybe it was three because
one was Victorio, and he was a repeat.

Now do you want to hear

what these guys liked?
How they liked to be
degraded or deified...
or how they liked to be licked
or touched or fucked?
Or do you want a comparative description
of dick size, including your own?
I don't like this.
Do you still love me?
Am I still your one,
your one and only one that you love?
Are you incapable of getting
excited by anyone except me?
I can't...
I can't even look at you.
I mean, do you?
Do you still love me?
Okay, I know what
you're trying to do.
I kind of understand it even though it's twisted
and really, like, psychotic of you to do it,
but I will forgive you.
Just-Just stop,
'cause it's not working.
You can call him at the Soho Grand.
He's staying there at Penthouse 5.
He threatened to tell you if I didn't go see
him tonight when I talked to him on the phone.
I know that you would never do it, because
you would never have reacted with such anger...
to what I did if you had
been doing it yourself.
Because if you have, then you are
so much more fucked up than I am.
At least I'm fucking finally telling you the
truth. You don't need to pull it out of me.
When I did this to you,
I wasn't trying to hurt you.
Now you're doing it to me, like,
with the intention of being hurtful.
I'm not trying to hurt you. I'm only
trying to get on some honest ground...
where I feel like the rug isn't
going to be pulled out from under me.

You fucked Victorio? Victorio? That
Chippendale's jerk? Speaking of honest ground.

I want to be on
honest ground too.

I understand completely
what Carla's saying.

Right.

Three girls.

Three girls.

I'm so glad I said it.

This is... You know what? This
isn't even, like, going well,
this little thing that you guys
set up to fuck with me.

No. We have not discussed this. I had
no idea that she was gonna say this,
- and I'm sure she had no idea
that I was gonna say... - Jesus Christ!

And this just proves
to both of us...

that we were both sort of
unsatisfied with you. Girls? Girls?

- So you are essentially a carpet-muncher
then? - No. I find that term offensive.

I'm sorry.

I find that term offensive.

- Clam-bumper.

- No. I am an evolved woman...

that realizes that you can get a lot
out of a relationship from a woman...

like sensitivity, trust,
nurturing...

that you cannot
get out of a man.

There's, like, a gray area... I can't
fucking believe that you came here...

and have driven my ass into
the ground for 45 minutes,
holding on to this information
of what you two have been up to.

- This is fucking nuts! - Because you are
not open with us. You're not who you are.
You have fucked four other guys,
and you've been with three women?

Yeah.

This is pathetic.

Oh, you're so shocked. You said we should know... Shut up! Just fucking lash out! You guys have been railing into me about this bullshit! You're eating pussy! You're fucking three other guys and Victorio! Fuck both of you! You should have known that we were doing this if you're telling us...

We didn't love those people. What does it matter if you loved them or not?

This is fucking ridiculous. Oh, yeah? Well, have you loved anyone?

You think you really love me?

Did you really love Lou?

How do you love two people? Have you ever really loved anyone?

Can you spare it in between all the times you're fucking all these different people?

Do you have time to, like, have a feeling?

And it doesn't feel very good, does it?

Do you ever have any real feelings?

Or do you just, like, uh, play Hamlet all the time and pretend to have real feelings?

Look, I made my suggestion, and I thought it was a good one...

Two girls and a guy.

But it seems like you guys are a little too conventional for that.

And that's okay.

Hello. Hi, Dr. Cutler.

Thanks for calling me back.

So you talked to her?

Yeah.

No. I think there was a very significant drop in her voice.

Fifty percent at least.

Well, no offense,

but maybe you don't know.
I talk to her three times a day, and I
know that there is something different.
Do you think that
it's possible that-that...
Yes, she's still smoking.
I don't know what she told
you, but that's the truth.
Well, when you tell me not to
worry... Don't worry? I am worried.
Your professional opinion?
L... Listen, I know my mother.
I'm telling you there's
something wrong with her,
and I think that she should
probably be admitted today.
Well, I don't think
that's acceptable.
All right, so if you're not going to
be in the office, then-then give me...
What good is having
your service number?
When I call you, they're gonna
track you down to the ninth hole?
I'm telling you I need your help, and you're
telling me not to worry, and I am worried.
Well, then refer me
to someone else.
I'm telling you that something's
wrong. I've got to bring her in. No...
I am relaxed.
I am relaxed.
But I don't understand
why you're-you're...
Well,
what do you suggest?
Is that all
you have to say?
You're a fucking quack.
I'll just do it myself.
This fucking helps a lot
with this bullshit.
I'm gonna go
upstairs and make a phone call.

Okay.

Okay.

I apologize if I was derogatory
about your bisexuality.

It's okay.

I'm gonna have to go see my mom in a couple
of minutes, 'cause there's something, uh...

This guy's inept. He's a quack, and
I just... For five minutes, I gotta...

I feel bad

about everything.

I do. I'm sorry that I
reacted the way I did in there.

And-And I just... Words are,
uh, not serving me at all.

I think that language
is always lies, no matter...

That's why I like playing the piano,
because then there's no words, and-and...

What's your point?

What do you want to do?

I don't know. I'm very
reluctant to just say good-bye.

I think that there's something
exceptional that could come of us,
not just ditching our
relationship right now, don't you?

Even if I think that, I think it would...

The cycle would just still continue.

Finally, it would just come
down to chemistry. Hormones.

Yeah, or the only thing to do when you're
just overcome with overwhelming desire...

Is just submit to it. I mean,
even if it's only rarely or once.

Right. It's still... I
don't know. A violation.

Yeah. Well, even if it was
admitted to, if it was owned up to...

Bragged about?

What?

Don't you think that's
what it would feel like?

"Hi, how was your day?" "It was great."

I fucked this guy. How was yours?"
What are you saying? That after
everything, it's better to lie?
I'm just saying that maybe
we're just not capable of monogamy.
I mean, maybe to some people
it's second nature.
Maybe we're just...
Fucked up?
Maybe monogamy violates some essential part
of our being and desire makes us feel alive.
We need to feel desired and to
say no is like a self-mutilation.
Some people, maybe they're so desperate
they need to feel they're not alone...
so they just pretend that they
can love one person exclusively.
"They" being you and I? Well,
would you argue with that?
I'd like to, but I don't think I
could make a valid argument for it.
But I think that regardless of whether
or not you can trust me 100% of the time,
or I can trust you when I'm not
with you, or we trust ourselves,
that doesn't mean that we
should just can it right now.
I think we should continue
and see what happens.
Stick it out.
I gotta go see my mom.
I'll be right back, okay?
Don't leave, okay?
I'm gonna go.
But here's my number.
If you ever have the beer,
I'll always have the time.
And I don't mean
just sexually.
Not just sexually anyway.
Hi. Manhattan on, uh, Madison
Avenue. It's Frank E. Campbell.
It's a business.
Uh, Cam... uh, "E,"

the letter "E."
And then Campbell.
C A M P B E L L.
Uh, it's a funeral home.
Hi. I'm call... uh...
I'm sorry.
Hi. Hello...
Hello? Hi. My-
Hello? Hi, yeah, um,
I'm calling to make
funeral arrangements...
for my friend's mother.
Dorothy Allen.
Okay. Yeah, we'll
be there then. Okay.
Oh, shit.
Oh, shit.
I'm really sorry.
Oh, goddamn.
I'm sorry.
We should go.
Okay.
Let me get my coat.
You give your hand to me #
And then you say hello #
And I can hardly speak #
My heart is beating so #
And anyone can tell #
You think you know me well #
No, you don't know me #
No, you don't know the one #
Who dreams ofyou at night #
And longs to kiss your lips #
And longs to hold you tight #
To you, I'mjust a friend #
That's all I've ever been #
No, you don't know me #
Well, I never knew #
The art of making love #
Though my heart #
Aches with love foryou #
Afraid and shy #
Honey, I let my chance go by #
The chance that

you might have loved me too #
You give your hand to me #
And then you say hello #
And I can hardly speak #
My heart is beating so #
And anyone can tell #
You think you know me well #
No, you don't know me #
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The art of making love #
Though my heart #
Aches with love foryou #
Afraid and shy #
Honey, I let my chance go by #
The chance that you
might have loved me too #
You give your hand to me #
And then you say good-bye #
I watch you walk away #
Beside that lucky guy #
Oh, you'll never know #
The one who loves you so #
No, you don't know me #
You don't know me #
You don't know me