



Scripts.com

Closer

By Patrick Marber

Hello, stranger.
Sorry. Looking for a cigarette.
I've given up.
Thank you.
-Got to be somewhere?
-Work.
You didn't fancy my sandwiches?
-Don't eat fish.
-Why not?
Fish piss in the sea.
-So do children.
-Don't eat children, either.
What's your work?
I'm sort of a journalist.
-What sort?
-I write obituaries.
Are we in for a long wait?
She was 21 when she came in.
Does it hurt?
I'll live.
Do you want me to put your leg up?
Yes, please.
Who cut off your crusts?
Me.
Did your mother cut off your crusts
when you were a little boy?
-Yes, I believe she did.
-You should eat your crusts.
You should stop smoking.
How long was I out?
-About 10 seconds.
-Then what?
You came to. You focused on me.
You said, "Hello, stranger."
What a floozy.
The cabbie crossed himself, he went,
"Thank fuck. I thought I'd killed her."
I said, "Let's get her to a hospital."
He hesitated.
I think he thought there'd be paperwork
and he'd be held responsible.
So I said with a slight sneer,
"Please just drop us at the hospital."
Show me the sneer.

Very good, buster.
Thank you.
-I told you, I've given up.
-Try harder.
You live here?
Just arrived from New York.
Taking a vacation?
I'm on an expedition.
Where's your baggage?
-Where are you staying?
-I'm a waif.
A red bus.
Policeman or "bobby."
Observe the distinctive helmet.
Saint Paul's Cathedral.
Please note the famous dome.
-This is a truly magnificent tour.
-It's the London tourists never get to see.
-What's this?
-I've no idea.
They're all people
who died saving the lives of others.
I've been here before.
Twenty years ago, we came here.
My mother's dead. My father and I came here
the afternoon she died.
She was a smoker.
She died in the hospital, actually.
-Is your father still alive?
-Hanging on.
He's in a home.
-You're late for work.
-You saying you want me to go?
I'm saying you're late for work.
How did you end up writing obituaries?
Well, I had dreams of being a writer,
but I had no voice.
What am I saying? I had no talent.
So I ended up in obituaries,
which is the Siberia of journalism.
Tell me what you do.
I want to imagine you in Siberia.
Really?
We call it "the obits page."

There's three of us: me, Graham, and Harry.
When I get to work, without fail....
Are you sure you want to know?
Well, if someone important died,
we go to the "deep freeze"...
which is a computer file...
with all the obituaries,
and we find the dead person's life.
People's obituaries are written
while they're still alive?
Some people's.
Then Harry, he's the editor,
decides who we'll lead with.
Then we make calls, check facts.

At 6:

and look at the next day's page...
and make final changes.
Add a few euphemisms
for our own amusement.
Such as?
"He was a convivial fellow."
Meaning he was an alcoholic.
"He valued his privacy." Gay.
"He enjoyed his privacy." Raging queen.
What would my euphemism be?
-"She was disarming."
-That's not a euphemism.
Yes, it is.
-What were you doing in New York?
-You know.
Well, no, I don't. What, were you studying?
Stripping.
Look at your little eyes.
I can't see my little eyes.
Why did you leave?
Problems with a male.
-Boyfriend?
-Kind of.
And you left him, just like that?
It's the only way to leave.
"I don't love you anymore. Goodbye."
-Supposing you do still love them?
-You don't leave.

-You've never left somebody you still love?

-No.

This is me.

Enjoy your stay.

Please remember

our traffic tends to come from the right.

Bye.

Do you have a girlfriend?

Yeah. Ruth.

She's called Ruth. She's a linguist.

-What's your name?

-Alice.

My name is Alice Ayres.

Good.

I'm just gonna change the film.

Are you okay for time?

-Do you mind if I smoke?

-If you must.

-I don't have to.

-Then don't.

I liked your book.

Thanks.

-When's it published?

-Next year. How come you've read it?

Your publisher sent me a manuscript.

I read it last night.

You kept me up till 4:.00.

I'm flattered.

Is your heroine

based on someone you know?

Yes. She's someone called Alice.

How does she feel

about you stealing her life?

Borrowing her life.

I'm dedicating the book to her.

She's pleased.

Do you exhibit?

Sometimes. I have a thing next year.

Portraits?

-Of who?

-Strangers.

How do your strangers feel

about you stealing their lives?

Borrowing.

Am I a stranger?
No. You're a job.
And you're a sloucher. Sit up.
You didn't find it obscene?
-What?
-The book.
I thought it was accurate.
About what?
About sex. About love.
In what way?
-You wrote it.
-You read it till 4:00.
Don't raise your eyebrows.
It makes you look smug.
-But you did like it?
-Yes, but I could go off it.
Stand up.
Any criticisms?
I'm not sure about the title.
Got a better one?
The Aquarium.
So you liked the filth.
-You like aquariums.
-Fish are therapeutic.
-Hang out in aquariums, do you?
-When I can.
Good for picking up strangers?
Photographing strangers.
Come here.
You're beautiful.
I don't kiss strange men.
Neither do I.
Do you and this Alice live together?
Yes.
Are you married?
Yes.
-No. Yes.
-Which?
Separated.
-Do you have any children?
-No.
-Would you like some?
-Yes, but not today.
Would Alice like children?

She's too young.
She works in a caf near here.
She's coming to meet me.
Quite soon.
Why are you wasting her time?
-You're judgmental.
-You're devious.
I'm not wasting her time.
She's completely lovable.
And completely unleaveable.
And you don't want someone else
getting their dirty hands on her.
-Men are crap.
-But all the same - -
They're still crap.
Your muse.
-You've ruined my life.
-You'll get over it.
Dan.
Your shirt.
You all done?
-How's the photographer?
-Good. Professional.
Rigorous. Beady. One of your lot.
-What, female?
-Americano.
Come on.
Anna?
-Alice.
-Hi.
-Sorry to interrupt.
-No, we've just finished.
-Would you like some tea?
-No, thanks.
I've been serving it all day.
Can I use your loo?
Sure. Just through there.
She is beautiful.
-I've got to see you.
-No.
What's this? Patriotism?
-I don't want trouble.
-I'm not trouble.
You're taken.

-I've got to see you.
-Tough.
-You kissed me.
-What are you, 1 2?
I'm a block of ice.
Will you take my photo?
I've never been photographed
by a professional before.
I'd really appreciate it. I can pay you.
No, I'd like to.
Only if you don't mind.
Why should I?
Because you'll have to go away.
We don't want him here
while we're working, do we?
No, we don't.
Right. I'll be in the pub on the corner.
Have fun.
Thank you.
-Good luck with your exhibition.
-Good luck with your book.
So you've got an exhibition?
Yeah.
I read Dan's book.
You've had quite a life.
Thanks.
He said you work in a caf?
I am a waitress.
That's a temporary thing?
No.
Why don't you come over here and sit?
-You live here?
-I do now.
Because you're single?
Who was your last boyfriend?
My husband.
Was he English?
-Very.
-What happened to him?
Someone younger.
You've got a great face.
Doesn't everyone?
I suppose so.
I just....

From the book,
somehow I thought you'd be less....
What?
I don't know what, exactly.
How do you feel about him using your life?
It's really none of your business.
When he let me in downstairs...
he had this look.
I just listened to your conversation.
I don't know what to say.
I'm not a thief, Alice.
Do you want a drink?
I have some vodka in the fridge.
We could have a drink.
Just take my picture.
Good.
Shit.
What's the histology?
Progressive?
No. Sounds like an atrophy.
Okay. Bye.
Bollocks.
Jesus.
Anna?
I got the coat.
The white coat.
So I see.
I'm Larry. The doctor.
Hello, Dr. Larry.
Feel free to call me "The Sultan."
I can't believe these things actually happen.
I thought if you showed up,
you'd be an old trout.
But you are bloody gorgeous.
Well, thank you.
Fish. You gotta respect them.
-Have you?
-Of course.
We were fish. Long ago.
Before we were apes.
You mentioned a hotel.
No rush.
Actually, there is.
I've got to be in surgery by 3:.00.

-Are you having an operation?

-No, I'm doing one.

-Are you really a doctor?

-I said I was.

You are Anna?

I'm sorry. Did I photograph you?

Did we meet somewhere?

Come on. Don't play games,
you nymph of the Net.

-Excuse me?

-You were up for it yesterday.

-Was I?

-Yeah. "Wear my wet knickers.

"Sit on my face.

-"Cum -hungry bitch."

-Okay.

Why do I feel like a pervert?

I think you're the victim of a practical joke.

-I am so sorry.

-It's okay.

No.

We spoke on the Net last night.

Now you've seen me - -

I wasn't on the Net last night.

Where were you

between 6:

That's really none of your business.

-Where were you?

-On the Net, talking to you.

-Well, I was talking to someone.

-Someone pretending to be me.

I think you were talking to Daniel Woolf.

-Who?

-This guy I know. It's him.

-No, I was talking to a woman.

-How do you know?

Believe me, she was a woman.

I got a huge....

She was a.... She wasn't, was she?

No.

What a bastard.

How do you know him?

I don't really know him.

I took his photograph for a book he wrote.
-I hope it sank without a trace.
-It's on its way.
There is justice in the world.
What's it called?
The Aquarium.
What a prick! He's advertising.
But why would he pretend to be you?
I think he likes me.
Funny way of showing it.
Can't he send you flowers?
Extraordinary thing, the Internet.
Possibility of genuine
global communication.
The first great democratic medium.
Absolutely. It's the future.
Two guys wanking in cyberspace.
He was the wanker.
I'll say this for him, he can write.
Is he in love with you?
I don't know. No.
-Are you in love with him?
-I hardly know him.
But you're sort of interested.
I think he's interesting.
No, don't. I look like a criminal in photos.
Please. It's my birthday.
Really?
Really.
Happy birthday.
Thank you.
This man comes into the caf today

and he says:

"Hey, waitress, what are you waiting for?"
Funny guy.
So I go,
"I'm waiting for a man to come in here...
"and fuck me sideways
with a beautiful line like that."
What did he do?
Asked for a cup of tea with two sugars.
-I'm waiting for you.
-To do what?

Leave me.

I'm not going to leave you.

I totally love you. Why is this?

Please let me come.

I want to be there for you.

-Are you ashamed of me?

-Of course not. I told you...

-I want to be alone.

-Why?

To grieve.

To think.

-I love you. Why won't you let me?

-It's only a weekend.

Why won't you let me love you?

Buster.

Let's go to this thing...

then I'll get my train. I'll be away one night.

I'll be back before you know it, okay?

Do these people pay you?

Or do you pay them?

Like it?

No.

What were you so sad about?

-Life.

-What's that, then?

So what do you reckon, in general?

You want to talk about art?

I know it's vulgar to discuss The Work

at an opening of The Work...

but someone's got to do it.

I'm serious. What do you think?

It's a lie.

It's a bunch of sad strangers

photographed beautifully...

and all the glittering assholes

who appreciate art...

say it's beautiful

because that's what they want to see.

But the people in the photos are sad...

and alone.

But the pictures

make the world seem beautiful...

so the exhibition's reassuring,

which makes it a lie.

And everyone loves a big, fat lie.
-I'm the big, fat liar's boyfriend.
-Bastard.
-Larry.
-Alice.
So you're Anna's boyfriend.
A princess can kiss a toad.
-Frog.
-Toad.
-Frog.
-Toad, frog, lobster. They're all the same.
So how long have you been seeing her?
Four months. We're in the first flush.
It's paradise. All my nasty habits amuse her.
-You shouldn't smoke.
-Fuck off.
I'm a doctor.
I'm supposed to say things like that.
-You want one?
-No.
Yes. No.
Fuck it, yes.
No.
I've given up.
Anna tells me your bloke wrote a book.
-Any good?
-Of course.
It's about you, isn't it?
-Some of me.
-Oh? What did he leave out?
The truth.
Is he here, your bloke?
Yeah, he's over there talking to your bird.
My boyfriend's here.
He's here? Where?
There.
With Alice?
I believe you're acquainted.
-I've never seen him before.
-No.
But you've spoken.
Well, conversed.
-Corresponded.
-I wrote to him?

On the Net. You sent him to the aquarium.
I happened to be there.
Nice work, Cupid.
-We need to talk about this.
-No, we don't.
He's very pretty.
She is very tall.
So you're a stripper?
Yeah.
And?
You take care, now.
I will.
You, too.
That's the way it should be.
He's very funny.
Excuse me. Nice to meet you.
-Pleased with the success?
-Yes, absolutely.
Yours was the best.
You were the belle of the bullshit.
Who were those awful people?
-Where do they come from?
-Why should we care?
-You get this one. You'll miss your train.
-I'll be fine.
Come on, it's cold.
I'll see you on Sunday.
Where to, love?
Taxi!
Sorry.
Why don't you make up
your bleeding mind?
Thank you so much.
I appreciate your coming.
I'll call you tomorrow. See you next week.
-Thanks.
-Thanks very much.
-I thought you'd gone.
-I forgot this.
So he's a dermatologist.
Can you get more boring than that?
-Obituarist?
-Failed novelist, please.
I was sorry about your book.

Thanks. I blame the title.
So we pull out our Christmas crackers
with those appalling jokes.
My guy says,
"Hang on. These are second -rate jokes.
"I've got a first -rate joke.
Sit back and take notice."
So we go, "Okay, what's the joke?"

And he says:

"It's based on A Christmas Carol...
"which is why it seems
so relevant on Christmas Day."
I haven't even seen you for a year.
Yes, you have.
Only because you stalk me
outside my studio.
I don't stalk. I lurk.
And when I'm not there you look for me.
-How do you know if you're not there?
-Because I am there...
Lurking from a distance.
Look at me.
Tell me you're not in love with me.
I'm not in love with you.
You just lied.
I'm your stranger. Jump.
-Hello, stranger.
-Hello.
Intense conversation?
His father died.
Were you spying?
Lovingly observing...
with a telescope.
He's taller than in his photo.
His photo's a headshot.
Yeah, I know.
But his head implied a short body,
when, in fact, his head is deceptive.
Deceptive?
He's actually got a long body.
He's a stringy fucker.
I could have him.
-What?

-If it came to it, in a scrap, I could have him.

Did you tell him we call him Cupid?

No, that's our joke.

I had a chat with young Alice.

-Fancy her?

-Of course.

-Not as much as you.

-Why not?

You're a woman. She's a girl.

She has the moronic beauty of youth,
but she's sly.

-She seems open to me.

-That's how she wants to seem.

You forget you're dealing with
a clinical observer of the human carnival.

-Am I, now?

-Yes.

You seem more like the cat
that got the cream. Stop licking yourself.
That's the nastiest thing
you've ever said to me.

That's horrible.

I'm sorry.

I'm so sorry.

-Where have you been?

-Work thing.

Had a drink with Harry.

You never have one drink with Harry.

-You know he's in love with you.

-No, he's not.

Is he?

Did you eat?

I'll make you something.

I'm not hungry.

What?

This will hurt.

I've been with Anna.

I'm in love with her.

We've been seeing each other for a year.

It began at her opening.

-Have a nice one.

-Cheers, guvnor.

Don't move.

I want to remember this moment forever.

First time I walked through the door,
returning from a business trip...
to be greeted by my wife.
I have, in this moment, become an adult.
Thanks for waiting up, you darling.
You goddess.
I missed you.
How about some tea?
Jesus, I'm knackered!
-Didn't you sleep on the plane?
-No...
because the permed German next to me
was snoring like a Messerschmitt.
-What's the time?
-About midnight.
Time. What a tricky little fucker.
My head's in two places.
My brain actually hurts.
-Do you want some food?
-No, I need a bath.
-I'll run it for you.
-No, I'll have a shower.
You okay?
How was the thing?
As dermatological conferences go,
it was a riot.
How was the hotel?
Someone told me that
the beautiful people of the Paranoid Hotel...
the concierge, the bellboys and girls....
Did you know this?
-They're all whores.
-Everybody knows that.
I didn't.
I don't suppose you'd fancy a friendly poke.
I just had a bath.
Right.
I'll see to myself, then,
in the Elle Decoration bathroom.
-You chose that bathroom.
-And every time I wash in it I feel dirty.
It's cleaner than I am. It's got attitude.
The mirror says, "Who the fuck are you?"
-You chose it.

-Doesn't mean I like it.
We shouldn't have this.
I hear middle -class guilt.
Working -class guilt.
Why are you dressed if you just had a bath?
We needed some milk.
You okay?
-You?
-Yeah.
I'm going.
-I'm sorry.
-Irrelevant.
What are you sorry for?
Everything.
-Why didn't you tell me before?
-Cowardice.
Is it because she's successful?
No, it's because she doesn't need me.
Did you bring her here?
Yes.
-Didn't she get married?
-She stopped seeing me.
Is that when we went to the country?
To celebrate our third anniversary?
Did you phone her? Beg her to come back?
-When you went for your long, lonely walks?
-Yes.
You're a piece of shit.
Deception is brutal.
I'm not pretending otherwise.
How?
How does it work?
How do you do this to someone?
Not good enough.
-I fell in love with her, Alice.
-As if you had no choice?
There's a moment. There's always a moment.
"I can do this, I can give in to this,
or I can resist it."
And I don't know when your moment was,
but I bet you there was one.
I'm going.
-It's not safe out there.
-And it's safe in here?

What about your things?

-I don't need things.

-Where will you go?

Disappear.

The Sultan has returned bearing gifts.

Thank you.

They're beautiful.

Here's a thing. Alice was at the hotel.

What?

They sell these arty postcards in the lobby.

I bought one to boost your sales.

"Young Woman, London."

And I checked for your book

in The Museum of Modern Art. It was there.

Someone bought one.

This guy with a ridiculous little beard.

He was drooling over your photo on

the inside cover. He fancied you, the geek.

I was so proud of you.

You've broken New York.

You're wonderful.

Don't ever forget it.

Can I still see you?

Dan, can I still see you? Answer me.

I can't see you.

If I see you, I'll never leave you.

-What will you do if I find someone else?

-Be jealous.

You still fancy me?

Of course.

You're lying.

I've been you.

Will you hold me?

-I amuse you, but I bore you.

-No.

You did love me?

I'll always love you. I hate hurting you.

Then why are you?

'Cause I'm selfish.

-And I think I'll be happier with her.

-You won't.

You'll miss me.

No one will ever love you as much as I do.

Why isn't love enough?

I'm the one who leaves.
I'm supposed to leave you.
Make some tea, buster.
Why are you dressed?
Because I think
you might be about to leave me...
and I didn't want to be wearing
a dressing gown.
I slept with someone in New York.
A whore.
I'm sorry.
Why did you tell me?
-I couldn't lie to you.
-Why not?
Because I love you.
It's fine.
Really? Why?
Something's wrong.
Tell me.
Are you leaving me?
Because of this?
Why?
Dan.
Cupid?
He's our joke.
I love him.
You're seeing him now?
Since when?
Since my opening last year.
I'm disgusting.
You're phenomenal.
You're so clever.
Why did you marry me?
I stopped seeing him. I wanted us to work.
-Why did you tell me you wanted children?
-Because I did.
-And now you want children with him?
-Yes.
I don't know.
But we're happy...
aren't we?
-You're gonna go live with him?
-You stay here if you want.
I don't give a fuck about the spoils.

You did this to me the day we met.
You let me hang myself for your amusement.
Why didn't you just tell me
when I walked in the door?
-I was scared.
-You're a coward, you spoilt bitch.
Are you dressed
because you thought I might hit you?
What do you think I am?
-I've been hit before.
-Not by me.
Is he a good fuck?
Don't do this.
Just answer the question.
Is he good?
Yes.
Better than me?
-Different.
-Better?
-Gentler.
-What does that mean?
-You know what it means.
-Tell me.
-No.
-I treat you like a whore?
-Sometimes.
-Why would that be?
-I'm sorry, you're - -
-Don't say it.
Don't you fucking say:.
"You're too good for me."
I am, but don't say it.
You're making the mistake of your life.
You're leaving me because you believe
that you don't deserve happiness...
but you do, Anna.
Did you have a bath
because you had sex with him?
So you wouldn't smell of him?
So you'd feel less guilty?
How do you feel?
Guilty.
Did you ever love me?
Yes.

Did you do it here?
No.
Why not?
Do you wish we did?
Just tell me the truth.
Yes, we did it here.
Where?
There.
On this?
We had our first fuck on this.
Did you think of me?
When?
When did you do it here?
-Answer the question!
-This evening.
Did you come?
-Why are you doing this?
-'Cause I want to know.
-Yes, I came.
-How many times?
-Twice.
-How?
-First he went down on me, then we fucked.
-Who was where?
I was on top,
then he fucked me from behind.
-That's when you came the second time?
-God.
-Why is the sex so important?
-Because I'm a fucking caveman!
Did you touch yourself
while he fucked you?
-You wank for him?
-Sometimes.
-And he does?
-We do everything...
-that people who have sex do.
-You enjoy sucking him off?
-You like his cock?
-I love it.
-Like him coming in your face?
-Yes!
-What does it taste like?
-Like you, but sweeter.

That's the spirit. Thank you.
Thank you for your honesty.
Now fuck off and die...
you fucked -up slag.
I love you.
Thank you.
-What's this room called?
-The Paradise Suite.
-How many Paradise Suites are there?
-Eight.
Do I have to pay you to talk to me?
No. But if you want to tip me,
you're welcome.
Thank you.
I used to come here a million years ago.
It was a punk club.
The stage was....
Everything is a version of something else.
Twenty years ago.
How old were you?
-Four.
-Christ.
-When I was in flares, you were in nappies.
-My nappies were flared.
-You have the face of an angel.
-Thank you.
What does your cunt taste like?
Heaven.
How long have you been doing this?
-Three months.
-Straight after he left you?
No one left me.
-Nice wig.
-Thank you.
Does all this turn you on?
-Sometimes.
-Liar.
You're telling me that
'cause you think it's what I want to hear.
You think I'm turned on
by it turning you on.
The thought of me creaming myself when
I strip for strangers doesn't turn you on?
Put like that, yes.

-Are you flirting with me?
-Maybe.
-Are you allowed to flirt with me?
-Sure.
-Really?
-No, I'm not. I'm breaking all the rules.
-You're mocking me.
-Yes, I'm allowed to flirt.
To prize my money from me.
To prize your money from you,
I may do or say as I please.
-Except touch.
-We're not allowed to touch.
Open your legs.
Wider.
Show me.
So what would happen
if I touched you now?
-I'd call security.
-What would they do?
They would ask you to leave
and not to come back.
-And if I refused to leave?
-They would remove you.
Those are security cameras in the ceiling.
I think it's best I don't attempt to touch you.
I'd like to touch you. Later.
-I'm not a whore.
-I wouldn't pay.
Why the fuck did he leave you?
-What's your job?
-A question. You asked me a question.
-So?
-It's a chink in your armor.
-I'm not wearing armor.
-Yes, you are.
-Why are you calling yourself Jane?
-Because it's my name.
We both know it isn't.
You're all protecting your identities.
There's a girl out there who calls
herself Venus. What's her real name?
-Pluto.
-You're cheeky.

-Would you like me to stop being cheeky?

-No.

What's your name?

Daniel.

Daniel the dermatologist.

-I never told you my job.

-I guessed.

You're strong.

There's another one out there.

Judging by the scars, a patient of Dr. Tit.

Calls herself Cupid.

Who's gonna tell her he was a bloke?

-He wasn't a bloke. He was a little boy.

-I want you to tell me your name.

Please.

Thank you. My name is Jane.

Your real name.

Thank you.

-My real name is Jane.

-Careful.

Thank you. Still Jane.

I've got about another 500 here.

Why don't I just give you all this money
and you tell me what your real name is...

Alice?

I promise.

Thank you.

My real name...

is plain Jane Jones.

I may be rich, but I'm not stupid.

What a shame, Doc.

I love them rich and stupid.

Don't you fuck around with me.

-I apologize.

-Accepted.

All the girls in this hellhole,

the pneumatic robots...

the coked -up baby dolls,

and you're no different.

You all use stage names

to con yourselves you're someone else...

so you don't feel ashamed showing

your cunts and assholes to strangers.

I'm trying to have a conversation.

-You're out of cash.
-I paid for this room.
This is extra.
-We met last year.
-Wrong girl.
Talk to me!
-I am.
-Talk to me in real life.
I didn't know you'd be here.
I know who you are.
I love you.
I love everything about you that hurts.
She won't even see me.
-You feel the same. I know it.
-You can't cry in here.
-Hold me. Let me hold you.
-We're not allowed to touch.
Come home with me. It's safe.
Let me look after you.
-I don't need looking after.
-Everyone needs looking after.
I'm not your revenge fuck.
-I'll pay you.
-I don't need your money.
-You have my money.
-Thank you.
-"Thank you." Is that some kind of rule?
-Just being polite.
Do you get a lot of grown men
crying their guts out here?
Occupational hazard.
Have you ever desired a customer?
Yes.
Then put me out of my misery.
Do you desire me?
Because I'm being pretty honest
about my feelings for you.
-Your feelings?
-Whatever.
No, I don't desire you.
Thank you.
Thank you sincerely for your honesty.
You think you haven't give us
anything of yourselves?

Do you think because you don't love us
or desire us...
or even like us, you think you've won?
It's not a war.
If I asked you to strip right now, would you?
-Of course. Do you want me to?
-No.
Alice, tell me something true.
Lying is the most fun a girl can have
without taking her clothes off...
but it's better if you do.
You're cold.
You're all cold at heart.
What do you have to do
to get a bit of intimacy around here?
Maybe next time
I'll have worked on my intimacy.
No, I'll tell you what's gonna work.
You're gonna take your gear off right now.
You're gonna turn around very slowly,
and you're gonna bend over...
and you're gonna touch the fucking floor
for my viewing pleasure.
Is that what you want?
What else could I want?
I'm sorry.
-What happened?
-Traffic.
-Do you want to go stand in the back?
-No, let's have a drink.
You look flushed.
You have no need to run.
-Vodka tonic?
-Yes.
-Vodka tonic and a Guinness, please.
-Sure.
How was it?
Fine.
You had lunch?
Then what?
-And then we left.
-And?
There's no "and."
You haven't seen him in four months.

There must be an "and."
-How is he?
-Terrible.
-Keep the change.
-Thank you, sir.
How is his dermatology?
-He's in private practice now.
-Is he?
Was he weeping all over the place?
-Some of the time.
-Poor bastard.
Was he difficult?
Are you angry that I saw him?
No. It's just...
I haven't seen Alice.
You can't see Alice.
You don't know where she is.
I haven't tried to find her.
You know why I saw him.
He's been begging me for months.
I saw him so he'd sign.
-So has he signed?
-Yes.
Congratulations.
You're a divorce.
Double divorce.
Sorry.
How do you feel?
Tired.
I love you.
And I need a piss.
I hate this place.
At least it's central.
I hate central.
Central London's a theme park.
I hate retro. I hate the future.
Where does that leave me?
Come back.
-You promised you wouldn't.
-Come back.
-How's work?
-Jesus. Work's shit, okay?
Do they have waiters here?
I love you. Please come back.

I'm not coming back.
Sign.
No pen.
Pen.
Give me back my hand.
Sign.
I'll sign on one condition.
We skip this.
We go to my sleek new surgery...
and we christen the patients' bed
with our final fuck.
I know you don't want to...
and I know you think I'm sick for asking,
but that's what I'm asking.
For old times' sake.
Because I'm obsessed with you.
Because I can't get over you unless....
Because I think, on some small level...
you owe me something
for deceiving me so exquisitely.
For all these reasons,
I am begging you to give me your body.
You'd be my whore.
And in return,
I will pay you with your liberty.
You do this,
I swear I will not contact you again.
I'm going to the bar.
I assume you still drink vodka tonic?
You slept with him, didn't you?
-What do you expect me to do?
-Understand.
Why didn't you lie to me?
Because we said
we'd always tell each other the truth.
What's so great about the truth?
Try lying for a change.
It's the currency of the world.
I did what he wanted,
and now he will leave us alone.
I love you.
-I didn't give him anything.
-Your body?
If Alice came to you, desperate...

with all that love still between you...
and she said she needed you to want her...
so she could get over you, you'd do it.
I wouldn't like it either, but I'd forgive you.
-It's kindness.
-No, cowardice.
You haven't got the guts to let him hate you.
I'm doing this because I feel guilty,
and because I pity you.
-You know that, don't you?
-Yes.
-Feel good about yourself?
-No.
It's gone.
-We're not innocent anymore.
-Don't stop loving me.
I can see it draining out of you.
It's me, remember?
It was a stupid thing to do,
and it meant nothing.
If you love me enough, you'll forgive me.
-Are you testing me?
-No.
-I do understand.
-No. He understands.
All I can see is him all over you.
He's clever, your ex -husband.
I almost admire him.
You going to tell him?
I don't know.
Better to be truthful about this kind of thing.
Sign.
I forgive you.
Sign.
I think you enjoyed it.
He wheedles you into bed. The old jokes...
the strange familiarity.
I think you had a whale of a time.
And the truth is I'll never know
unless I ask him.
Why don't you?
Yes?
You can go in now.
-I want Anna back.

-She's made her choice.
I owe you an apology. I fell in love with her.
My intention was not to make you suffer.
So where's the apology? You cunt.
I apologize.
If you love her, you'll let her go...
so she can be happy.
-She doesn't want to be happy.
-Everybody wants to be happy.
Depressives don't. They want to be unhappy
to confirm they're depressed.
If they were happy,
they couldn't be depressed.
They'd have to go out into the world
and live, which can be depressing.
-Anna's not a depressive.
-Isn't she?
-I love her.
-Boo -hoo. So do I.
She's gone back to you
because she can't bear your suffering.
You don't know who she is.
-You love her like a dog loves its owner.
-And the owner loves the dog for so doing.
You'll hurt her. You'll never forgive her.
Of course I forgive her. I have forgiven her.
Without forgiveness we're savages.
You're drowning.
-You only met her because of me.
-Yeah. Thanks.
It's a joke. Your marriage is a joke.
Here's a good one. She never sent
the divorce papers to her lawyer.
Now, to a towering romantic hero like you,
I don't doubt I am somewhat common.
But I am, nevertheless,
what she has chosen...
and we must respect what the woman wants.
If you go near her again, I swear...
I will kill you.
Okay. I have patients to see.
When she came here,
do you think she enjoyed it?
I didn't do it to give her a nice time.

I fucked her to fuck you up.
A good fight is never clean.
And of course she enjoyed it.
As you know, she loves a guilty fuck.
-You're an animal.
-Yeah? What are you?
You think love is simple.
You think the heart is like a diagram.
Have you ever seen a human heart?
It looks like a fist wrapped in blood!
Go fuck yourself. You writer!
You liar!
You go check a few facts
while I get my hands dirty.
She hates your hands.
She hates your simplicity.
I spent the whole of last week
talking about you.
I know all your ways. Anna says
you fucked her with your eyes closed.
She tells me you wake in the night
crying for your mother, you mommy's boy.
I could go on.
Shall we stop this?
It's over. Accept it.
You don't know the first thing about love...
because you don't understand compromise.
-Don't cry on me.
-I'm sorry.
I don't know what to do.
You want my advice? You go back to Alice.
She'd never have me.
-She's vanished.
-No, she hasn't.
I found her, by accident.
She's working in a club.
Yes, I saw her naked.
No, I did not fuck her.
You spoke to her?
Yes, I know. One minute.
How is she?
She loves you...
beyond comprehension.
Your prescription.

It's where she works.
Go to her.
Thank you.
You still pissing about on the Net?
Not recently.
-I wanted to kill you.
-I thought you wanted to fuck me.
Don't get lippy.
I liked your book, by the way.
Thanks. You stand alone.
With Anna.
-You still writing obituaries? Busy?
-I was made editor.
-Yeah? How come?
-Previous editor died.
Alcohol poisoning.
I sat with him for a week in the hospital.
I really do have patients to see.
-Thank you.
-For what?
-Being kind.
-I am kind.
Your invoice is in the post.
I lied to you.
I did fuck Alice.
Sorry for telling you.
I'm just not big enough to forgive you.
Buster.
Show me the sneer.
Beautiful.
You'll wake up the hotel.
Fuck me.
Again? We have to get up at 6::00.
How can one man
be so endlessly disappointing?
That's my charm.
So where are we going?
-My treat.
-Where are we going?
My holiday surprise. My rules.
Where are we going?
New York.
You angel.
-You did remember to pack my passport?

-Of course. It's with my passport.
And where's that?
In a place where you can't look.
No one sees my passport picture.
When we get on the plane,
we'll have been together four years.
What about the gap?
You mean trial separation? Didn't work out.
Happy anniversary.
I'm going to take my eyes out.
-What was in my sandwiches?
-Tuna.
-How many stitches did I get?
-Two.
But you should have had three.
-What was your euphemism?
-Disarming.
Too easy, buster. Next?
That park. Who'd I go there with?
Your father.
Were the chairs in the hospital gray or blue?
-No idea.
-Trick question. They were green.
You are a trick question.
How come we never took a vacation?
We went to the country.
Doesn't count. You were off
making sneaky phone calls...
to that witch we do not mention.
Come to bed.
I need a smoke.
-How'd you manage to give up?
-Deep inner strength.
Why me?
You could have chosen anyone. Why me?
Because you cut off your crusts.
And this.
-When are you going to stop stripping?
-Soon.
-You're addicted to it.
-No, I'm not.
It paid for this.
Tell me what happened.
-Nothing happened.

-But he came to the club.
Lots of men come to the club.
You came to the club.
-The look on your face.
-The look on your face.
What a face. What a wig.
I saw this face...
this vision...
when you stepped into the road.
It was the moment of my life.
-This is the moment of your life.
-You were perfect.
I still am.
On the way to the hospital...
I kissed your forehead.
You brute.
The cabbie saw me kissing you.
He said, "Is she yours?"
I said, "Yes, she's mine. "
She's mine.
So he came to the club, watched you strip,
you had a little chat, and that was it?
Yes.
You're not trusting me.
I'm in love with you. You're safe.
You had every right. I just want to know.
-Why?
-Because I want to know everything.
Because I'm a lunatic.
Tell me.
Nothing happened.
-You were living with someone else.
-What are you justifying?
I'm not justifying anything. Just saying.
-What are you saying?
-I'm not saying anything.
I just want the truth.
-Where are you going?
-Cigarettes.
Everywhere's closed.
I'll go to the terminal.
When I get back...
please tell me the truth.
-Why?

-Because I'm addicted to it.
Because without it we're animals.
Trust me.
I don't love you anymore.
Since when?
Now.
Just now.
I don't want to lie...
and I can't tell the truth...
so it's over.
It doesn't matter.
-I love you. None of it matters.
-Too late.
I don't love you anymore.
Goodbye.
Here's the truth...
so now you can hate me.
Larry fucked me all night.
I enjoyed it.
I came.
I prefer you.
Now go.
I knew that.
He told me.
-You knew?
-I needed to hear it from you.
-Why?
-Because he might have been lying.
I had to hear it from you.
I would never have told you,
because I know you'd never forgive me.
I would. I have.
-Why did he tell you?
-Because he's a bastard.
-How could he?
-Because he wanted this to happen.
-But why test me?
-Because I'm an idiot.
Yes.
I would have loved you...
forever.
-Now please go.
-Don't do this. Talk to me.
I am talking. Fuck off.

No, I'm sorry. You misunderstand.

I didn't mean to - -

Yes, you did.

-I love you.

-Where?

-What?

-Show me.

Where is this love?

I can't see it. I can't touch it. I can't feel it.

I can hear it. I can hear some words...

but I can't do anything

with your easy words.

Whatever you say, it's too late.

-Please don't do this.

-It's done.

Now please go, or I'll call security.

You're not in a strip club.

There is no security.

-Why did you fuck him?

-I wanted to.

-Why?

-I desired him.

-Why?

-You weren't there.

-Why him?

-He asked me nicely.

-You're a liar.

-So?

-Who are you?

-I'm no one.

Go on, hit me. That's what you want.

Hit me, fucker.

-Welcome back, Miss Jones.

-Thank you.