

**SEX, LIES AND VIDEOTAPE**

19 INT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S APARTMENT - DAY

ANN stands watching CYNTHIA get dressed for work.

CYNTHIA

So where's he from?

ANN

I don't know. He went to school here, then he was in New York for a while, then Philadelphia, and then just kind of travelling around.

CYNTHIA

Must be nice. So what's he like, is he like John?

ANN

No, not at all. Actually, I don't think John likes him much anymore. He said he thought Graham had gotten strange.

CYNTHIA

Is he? Strange, I mean?

ANN

Not really. Maybe if I just saw him on the street I'd have said that, but after talking to him ... he's just kind of ... I don't know, unusual.

CYNTHIA

Uh-huh. So what's he look like?

A pause.

ANN

Why?

CYNTHIA

I just want to know what he looks like, is all.

ANN

Why, so you can go after him?

CYNTHIA

Jesus, Ann, get a life. I just asked what he looked like.

ANN says nothing

CYNTHIA

Besides, even if I decided to fuck his brains out, what business is that of yours?

ANN

Do you have to say that?

CYNTHIA

What?

ANN

You know what. You say it just to irritate me.

CYNTHIA

I say it because it's descriptive.

ANN

Well, he doesn't strike me as the kind of person that would go in for that kind of thing, anyway.

CYNTHIA

Ann, you always underestimate me.

ANN

Well, I wonder why.

CYNTHIA

I think you're afraid to put the two of us in the same room together. I think you're afraid he'll be undeniably drawn to me.

ANN

Oh, for God's sake. Really, Cynthia, really, I don't think he's your type.

CYNTHIA

"My type"? What is this bullshit? How would you know what "my type" is?

ANN

I have a pretty good idea.

CYNTHIA

Ann, you don't have a clue. Look, I don't even know why we're discussing this, I'll just call him myself.

ANN

He doesn't have a phone.

CYNTHIA

Well, I'll call him when he does.

ANN

But he won't.

CYNTHIA

What are you talking about?

ANN

He's not getting a phone, he doesn't like talking on the phone.

CYNTHIA

Oh, *please*. Okay, so give me the Zen master's address, I'll think of a reason to stop by.

ANN

Let me talk to him first.

CYNTHIA

Why? Just give me the address, you won't even have to be involved.

ANN

I don't feel right just *giving* you the address so that you can go over there and ...

CYNTHIA

And what?

ANN

And ... do whatever it is you do.

CYNTHIA laughs loudly. ANN, not happy, watches her dig through the jewelry box.

ANN

Lost something?

CYNTHIA

That goddam diamond stud earring that cost me a fucking fortune.

ANN

Are you getting Mom something for her birthday?

CYNTHIA

I don't know, I'll get her a card or something.

ANN

A *card*? For her fiftieth birthday?

CYNTHIA

What's wrong with that?

ANN

Don't you think she deserves a little more than a card? I mean, the woman gave birth to you. It's her fiftieth birthday-

CYNTHIA

Will you stop? Jesus

ANN

I just thought it might-

CYNTHIA

Okay, Ann, okay. How about this: you buy her something nice, and I'll pay for half. Alright?

ANN

Fine.

CYNTHIA

Good. Now, if you'll pardon me, I have to go to work.