"sex, lies, and videotape"

screenplay by steven soderbergh
second draft
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1 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

ANN BISHOP MOREAU, twenty-six, sits opposite her therapist. She is an extremely attractive woman, dressed in a mature preppy style. There is a wedding ring on her left hand.

ANN
Garbage, literally garbage, that's all I've thought about this week. I started thinking about what happens to all the garbage, I mean, where do we put all of it, we have to run out of places to put it eventually, don't we? This happened to me before when that barge with all the garbage was stranded and nobody would take it? Remember that? I don't know how it started this time.

2 EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

GRAHAM DALTON, twenty-nine, drives his '69 Cutlass while smoking a Gitane cigarette. One could describe his appearance as punk/arty, but neither would do him justice. He is a man of obvious intelligence, and his face is amiable. There is only one key on his keyring, and it is in the ignition.

DOCTOR
(voice over, to Ann)
What do you do when these moods overtake you?

ANN
(voice over)
Nothing, I mean, nothing. I try not to do anything that will produce garbage, so obviously we're talking about eating and basic stuff like that. Did you know that the average person produces three pounds of garbage a day?

DOCTOR
(voice over)
No, I didn't.

ANN
(voice over)
That's a lot of garbage. I'd really like to know where it's all going to go.
INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

DOCTOR
If I recall correctly, the week before last you were obsessed with the families of airline fatalities, isn't that correct?

ANN
Yeah, so?

DOCTOR
Do you see a pattern here? The object of your obsession is invariably something negative that you couldn't possibly have any control over.

ANN
Well, do you think many people run around obsessing about how happy they feel and how great things are? I mean, maybe they do, but I doubt those people are in therapy. Besides, being happy isn't all that great. My figure is always at its best when I'm depressed. The last time I was really happy I put on twenty-five pounds. I thought John was going to have a stroke.

INT. LAW OFFICE -- DAY

JOHN MOREAU, twenty-nine, sits at his desk talking on the telephone. He is dressed very well, sporting real suspenders with his striped pinpoint oxford shirt and cotton suit. He fingers the wedding ring on his left hand.

JOHN
Buddy, being married is the way to go. Not only do you have it there every night if you want it, but goddam if women don't start coming on to you left, right and center when they see a ring on your finger. No stuff, I wish I had Super Bowl seats for every time I had a chick just come up and start talking to me without the slightest provocation.

(more)
JOHN (Cont'd)
That never happened before I got married. Shit, if I'd known that, I'd have gone out and bought me a ring when I was eighteen and saved myself a lot of time and money.

John looks at his watch.

JOHN
Shit, I gotta be someplace.
(quickly)
Look, racquetball Thursday? Great. Seeya laterbye.

John presses the intercom button while putting on his jacket.

JOHN
Uh, Janet, re-schedule Carlson. Tell him to come in Friday at 1:30.

DOCTOR
(voice over, to Ann)
What does John think about these obsessions?

ANN
(voice over)
I don't know. I never tell him.

INT. LAW OFFICE BATHROOM -- DAY

John brushes his teeth and combs his hair very carefully.

DOCTOR
(voice over, to Ann)
Are you afraid of his reaction?

ANN
(voice over)
No. I don't know, I haven't told him about the garbage thing because I'm pissed off at him right now. He's letting some old college buddy stay at our house for a couple of days, and he didn't even ask me about it. I mean, I would've said yes, I just wish he would've asked.
"sex, lies, and videotape"

6  INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

   DOCTOR
   What upsets you about that?

   ANN
   I guess I'm upset because I can't justify being upset, I mean, it's his house, really, he pays the mortgage.

   DOCTOR
   But he asked you to quit your job, and you do have housework.

   ANN
   Yeah, I know.

   DOCTOR
   This unexpected visit notwithstanding, how is your relationship with John?

   ANN
   (shrugs)
   Fine, I guess.

7  INT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S APARTMENT -- DAY

   CYNTHIA BISHOP, Ann's SISTER, opens her door to reveal the freshly coiffed John Moreau. They kiss passionately and begin to disrobe. Cynthia bears a slight resemblance to Ann, but is not as overtly attractive. She does, however, have a definite carnal appeal and air of confidence that Ann lacks.

   DOCTOR
   (voice over, to Ann)
   Do you have much physical contact with him?

   ANN
   (voice over)
   Well, that's kind of the thing.
   (pause)
   See, I've never really been into sex that much, I mean, I like it and everything, it just doesn't freak me out, I wouldn't miss it, you know? But anyway, lately we've hardly been doing anything at all physically.
   (more)

   (CONTINUED)
ANN (Cont'd)
Like I said, it's not that I miss it, but I'm curious the way things have kind of slacked off.

John and Cynthia are now having sex.

ANN
(voice over)
I'm sure he wishes I would initiate things once in awhile, and I would except it never occurs to me, I'm always thinking about something else and then the few times that I have thought about it I was by myself.

DOCTOR
(voice over)
Did you do anything to relieve yourself?

A pause.

ANN
(voice over)
What do you mean?

DOCTOR
(voice over)
Did you masturbate?

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

ANN
(taken aback)
God, no.

DOCTOR
I take it you've never masturbated?

ANN
(slightly uncomfortable)
Well, I tried once. It just seemed stupid, I kept seeing myself lying there and it seemed stupid. Like seeing monkeys in the zoo, you know?

(more)

(continues)
ANN (Cont'd)
And then I was wondering if my
dead grandfather could see me doing
this, and it just seemed like a
dumb thing to do when we don't
know what to do with all that
garbage, you know?

DOCTOR
So it was recently that you tried
this.

ANN
(exhales, head down)
Yes.

There is a pause.

ANN
I'm really not up to having a guest
in the house.

INT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S APARTMENT -- DAY

John and Cynthia are lying in bed, bathed in sweat.

JOHN
I've got to get back to the office.

CYNTHIA
I only get one today? Gee, how
exciting.

John rolls over and begins to put his clothes on.

JOHN
I can't let my lunch hour go on
too long. I've already skipped
one meeting.

CYNTHIA
Don't give me this
passive/aggressive bullshit. If
you want to leave, leave. My life
doesn't stop when you walk out
the door, you know what I'm saying?

John continues to put on his clothes.

(CONTINUED)
JOHN
I have a friend coming in from out of town, I'll probably be spending some time with him the next couple of days.

CYNTHIA
Meaning we'll have to cool it for awhile, right?

JOHN
Right.

A silent shrug from Cynthia. John is almost completely dressed.

JOHN
I wish you'd quit that bartending job.

CYNTHIA
Why? The money's great, and I meet lots of people.

JOHN
I hate the thought of guys hitting on you all the time.

CYNTHIA
I can handle it. Besides, some of them are cute. And you are in no position to be jealous.

JOHN
Who said I was jealous?

CYNTHIA
I did.

John says nothing.

CYNTHIA
You know, I'd like to do it at your house sometime. I have to admit the idea of doing it in my sister's bed gives me a perverse thrill.

John thinks about that.

(CONTINUED)
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9 (CONTINUED) (2)

CYNTHIA
I wish everyone knew that the beautiful, gorgeous, popular Ann Bishop Moreau is a lousy lay.

JOHN
Could be risky, doing it at my house.

CYNTHIA
Are you afraid of her finding out about us?

JOHN
I guess.

CYNTHIA
You should be. Can I meet this friend of yours?

JOHN
Why?

CYNTHIA
Why not? He may be the man I'm looking for. Then I won't have to fuck worried husbands all the time.

John looks at her for a moment before heading for the door.

JOHN
Bye.

CYNTHIA
Don't be a stranger.

He leaves.

10 EXT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- DAY

Graham has parked in the Moreau's driveway. He opens the trunk, revealing a Sony 8mm Video rig and a single black duffle bag. He grabs the duffle bag and shuts the trunk.

Graham knocks at the door. He is stubbing out a cigarette with his beaten Converse Hi-top tennis shoe when Ann answers the door. She is unable to hide her surprise at his appearance.

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM
Ann?

ANN
Yes?

GRAHAM
(extends his hand)
Graham Dalton.

Ann shakes his hand.

GRAHAM
Can I use your bathroom?

Ann withdraws her hand.

ANN
Yes. Yes, come in, please.

Graham moves inside.

INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- DAY
Ann closes the door and motions Graham to the rear of the house.

ANN
Straight back, first door on the left.

Graham heads for the bathroom. Ann heads for the phone. She dials John's office.

VOICE ON PHONE
Davidson, Douglas and Moreau.

ANN
John Moreau, please. This is his wife.

Graham exits the bathroom. Ann quickly hangs up the phone.

ANN
That was quick.

GRAHAM
False alarm.

ANN
Oh. Well, please sit down.

(CONTINUED)
Graham sits, his manner pleasantly animated. He gets his Gitanes from inside his scuffed black leather jacket and looks around for an ashtray. Ann swallows uncomfortably.

ANN
We...don't usually let people smoke in the house. We have a patio if you--

GRAHAM
Oh, no problem. It can wait.

A moment of silence. Graham looks at Ann directly. It is not a challenging stare, he's just trying to ascertain what kind of person she is. Ann, to her credit, somehow meets his gaze. Something subtle passes between them.

ANN
(looks at duffle bag)
Do you have other things?

GRAHAM
Yes.

(pause)
Oh, you mean to bring in! No. Yes, I have some other things, no, I don't need to bring them in. This is all I need to stay here.

ANN
Oh.

Graham smiles. He has an unusual face, a face that fluctuates between remarkably handsome and just plain strange.

GRAHAM
Have you ever been on television?

ANN
Television?

GRAHAM
Yes.

ANN
No. Why?

GRAHAM
(shrugs)
Curious.

(continues)
ANN
Graham is an unusual name.

GRAHAM
Yeah, it is. My mother is a complete Anglophile, anything British makes her drool like a baby. She probably heard the name in some movie. She's a total prisoner of public television now.

ANN
Oh, uh-huh.

GRAHAM
I know you're uncomfortable with my appearance. But that's okay.

ANN
(downplaying)
No, I think you look...fine.

GRAHAM
(smiles)
I did go through a phase where I wanted to shock people and rub their noses in it. I was in a band once whose sole raison d'être was to offend everybody and anybody. First we were Fetal Screaming, then Road Kill, then The Phlegm.

ANN
You play guitar?

GRAHAM
That depends on your definition of "play". I can make sounds come out of it. How do you like being married?

ANN
(caught slightly off guard)
Oh, I like it. I like it very much.

GRAHAM
What about it do you like? I'm not being critical, I'd really like to know.

(CONTINUED)
ANN

Well...

GRAHAM

You don't mind my asking?

ANN

No, no, I...well, the cliche about the security of it, that's really true. We own a house, and I really like that, you know? And I like that John was just made junior partner, so he has a steady job and he's not some...

Ann looks at Graham and stops. He smiles again.

GRAHAM

...penniless bum?

ANN

(embarrassed)

I think I meant...free-lance. You know.

GRAHAM

Yes. So you feel security, stability. Like things are going to last awhile.

ANN

Oh, definitely. I mean, just this past year has gone by like phew! I hardly even knew it passed.

Graham begins digging for his cigarettes again. Ann watches, hoping she won't have to tell him not to smoke again.

GRAHAM

Did you know that if you shut someone up in a room, and the only clock he has reference to runs two hours slow for every twenty-four, that his body will eventually adjust to that schedule? Simply because the mind honestly perceives that twenty-six hours are twenty-four, the body follows.

Graham puts a cigarette in his mouth.
GRAHAM
I'm not going to light it. And then there are sections of time. Your life can be broken down into the sections of time that formed your personality (if you have one). For instance, when I was twelve, I had an eleven minute conversation with my father that to this day defines our relationship. Now, I'm not saying that everything happened in that specific section of time, but the events of my childhood involving my father led up to, and then were crystallized in, that eleven minutes.

Ann is fascinated, if a bit overwhelmed.

ANN
I've never thought about time like that.

GRAHAM
Me neither until this morning. I think our mind is very flexible as far as time is concerned. Our memory is subjective about whether or not we felt something passed quickly or slowly.

ANN
"Time flies"?

GRAHAM
Exactly. I would say the fact that you feel the first year of your marriage has gone by quickly means lots of things. Or could mean lots of things.

ANN
How long has it been since you've seen John?

GRAHAM
Nine years.

ANN
Nine years?

(CONTINUED)
Graham

Yes. I was surprised that he accepted when I asked if I could stay here until I found a place.

Ann

Why? Didn't you know him well?

Graham

I knew him very well. We were extremely close until I dropped out and he went on to finish with...well, running colors, anyway. We were very much alike. Frat buddies.

Ann

That's hard to believe. The two of you seem so different.

Graham

I would imagine that we are, now. I think I'm ready to use the bathroom, finally.

Graham gets up and heads for the toilet. Ann watches him go, a bemused smile on her face. After she hears the door close, she can't resist the impulse to take a closer look at Graham's bag.

In the bathroom, Graham pokes around, looking through the medicine cabinet and sniffing towels.

INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

John, Ann and Graham are eating dinner.

John

Graham, I've gotta tell you, I almost called the cops when I saw you in my living room. I thought this couldn't possibly be the same guy that once urinated off the balcony of the Phi Mu house.

Ann

(to Graham)

You did that?

(Continued)
GRAHAM
Everybody has a past.

JOHN
(smiles at Graham)
What do you think the Greeks would make of that outfit you're wearing?

GRAHAM
A bonfire, probably.

John takes a sip of Chivas.

GRAHAM
(to Ann)
The food is excellent.

ANN
Thank you.

JOHN
Yeah, it's not bad. Usually Ann has way too much salt. I keep telling her, you can always add more if you want, but you can't take it out.

GRAHAM
(to Ann)
John was always a big fan of stating the obvious. You have family here also?

ANN
(nods, chewing)
Mother, father, sister.

GRAHAM
Sister older or younger?

ANN
Younger.

John takes a large swig of Chivas.

GRAHAM
You get along?

Graham sees Ann and John exchange looks.

GRAHAM
I'm sorry. Am I prying again?

(continued)
JOHN
"Again"? You were prying before?

GRAHAM
Oh, I was grilling Ann about your marriage this afternoon.

JOHN
(smiles)
Really. How'd it go?

GRAHAM
She held up very well. She threw three wine glasses and broke down twice. I'm seeing real progress.

Ann laughs.

GRAHAM
(to Ann)
So I was asking about your sister.

Ann's smile fades. John resumes eating.

ANN
We get along okay.

GRAHAM
(smiles)
Just "okay"?

ANN
She's just very... she's an extrovert. I think she's loud. She probably wouldn't agree. Definitely wouldn't agree.

JOHN
(to Graham)
Are you going to see Elizabeth while you're here?

An almost imperceptible reaction by Graham.

GRAHAM
I don't know.

ANN
(interested)
Who's Elizabeth?

(continued)
JOHN
Girl Graham dated pretty seriously
in school. Still lives here, far
as I know.

Graham eats in silence.

ANN
Graham and I were talking about
apartments and I told him to check
the Garden District, there are
some nice little places there,
garage apartments and stuff.

JOHN
(to Graham)
Stay away from the Garden District.
The crime is out of control. I
don't know what kind of place
you're looking for, but University
Acres has a lot of studio-type
apartments available.

GRAHAM
I wish I didn't have to live
anywhere.

JOHN
(laughs)
What do you mean?

Graham thinks a moment, then puts his keyring with its single
key onto the table.

GRAHAM
Well, see, I have this one key.
And this one key is all the
responsibility I have. Everything
I own is in my car. If I get an
apartment, that's two keys. If
I get a job, maybe I have to open
and close once in awhile, that's
more keys. Or I buy some stuff
and I'm worried about getting
ripped off, so I'll get some locks.
Pretty soon I've got a dozen keys,
all indicative of responsibility.

ANN
You don't like responsibility?

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM
I don't like being responsible for other people.

Graham looks at the keyring before returning it to his pocket.

GRAHAM
I wish I could just have the one key.

JOHN
Get rid of the car when you get your apartment, then you'll still have one key.

GRAHAM
I like having a car. There is something very primal about the need to have your own car, to be mobile. The car is important.

Ann takes her plate into the kitchen.

JOHN
So, Graham, do you pay taxes?

Graham also stands, empty plate in hand.

GRAHAM
Sure I pay taxes. Not to pay would be lying, and a liar is the second lowest form of human being.

ANN
(from the kitchen)
What's the first?

GRAHAM
Advertising executives.

John smiles, thinking. Graham follows Ann into the kitchen. John shouts after them.

JOHN
Hey, Ann, why don't you go with Graham to hunt for apartments? Show him how the city has changed.

Ann looks at Graham.

ANN
Would you mind?
"sex, lies, and videotape"

12 (CONTINUED) (5)

GRAHAM
No.

ANN
(shouts back to John)
Okay, I will!!

John, sitting at the table and now toying with his keyring, nods.

13 INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Everyone but Ann is asleep. She gets up from her bed and sneaks quietly into the guest bedroom where Graham is staying. She walks cautiously up to his bed to watch him as he sleeps. Moonlight caresses his face as he breathes peacefully. Exhaling, he turns over slowly. He now faces the window, his back to Ann. She picks up the leather jacket from beside the bed and feels the surface. She brings the jacket to her nose, smelling the beaten hide. She sets the jacket down.

Graham, his eyes open, watches her reflection in the window as she leaves.

14 INT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S APARTMENT -- DAY

The phone rings. Cynthia answers.

CYNTHIA
Air Force One.

JOHN
Cynthia. John. Meet me at my house in exactly one hour.

CYNTHIA
You are scum. I'll be there.

15 INT. SMALL, VACANT APARTMENT -- DAY

Graham and Ann walk around the room, their footfalls heavy on the hardwood floors. MR. MILLER, the landlord, stands nearby. He looks as though he'd prefer to rent to someone else.

MR. MILLER
Probably too small for two people.

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM
It'll just be me.

MR. MILLER
Student?

GRAHAM
No.
(pause)
What's the deposit?

Mr. Miller looks at Ann, then back at Graham.

MR. MILLER
Hundred and fifty.

GRAHAM
Lease?

MR. MILLER
Month to month.

GRAHAM
I'll take it.

INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- DAY

Cynthia lets herself in. She looks around.

CYNTHERIA
John?

JOHN
(offscreen)
In here!!

Cynthia walks to the bedroom, where John lies naked on the bed. She smiles, kicking off her shoes.

CYNTHERIA
Ain't you a picture.

Cynthia takes her clothes off and gets into bed. They begin to kiss.

CYNTHERIA
Ow, wait.

Cynthia takes off a fresh-water pearl earring that she is wearing and sets it on the night table.

(CONTINUED)
It rolls off and drops to the floor, but she doesn't hear it because John has already moved his mouth to her thighs.

ANN
(voice over)
Maybe you'll understand this, because you know John, but he confuses me sometimes.

GRAHAM
(voice over)
How do you mean?

INT. CAFE -- DAY

Graham and Ann are having lunch. Ann looks to have had a lot of wine. Graham drinks club soda with a twist.

ANN
It's hard to explain, but I'll try. It's like...John treats everybody the same, you know? I mean, he acts just as excited about seeing somebody he hardly knows as he does when he sees me. And so I feel like, what's different about me, if I'm treated exactly the same as some acquaintance? If I don't like somebody, I don't act like I do. I guess that's why a lot of people think I'm a bitch.

She takes a sip of wine.

GRAHAM
Yeah, I know. I mean, I'm not saying I know people think you're a bitch, I'm saying I know what you mean. And I don't even know that people think you're a bitch. Do they?

ANN
I feel like they do.

GRAHAM
Hmm. Well, I wouldn't pay attention.

(more)

(continued)
GRAHAM (Cont'd)
I mean, case in point: three weeks ago some guy called me judgemental. Do you believe it? I call the guy a morally repugnant reactionary swillhead and he throws this "judgemental" thing at me, I don't know...

Ann smiles.

GRAHAM
No, really, I just don't feel a connection with very many people, so I don't waste time with people I don't feel one with.

ANN
Right, right. "Connection", that's the word I was trying to think of. I don't feel connected to many people, either. Other than John.

Graham nods.

ANN
Can I tell you something personal? I feel like I can. It's something I couldn't tell John. Or wouldn't, anyway.

GRAHAM
It's up to you. But I warn you, if you tell me something personal, I might do the same.

ANN
Fair enough. I think...I think sex is overrated. I think people place far too much importance on sex. And I think that stuff about women wanting it just as bad is crap. I'm not saying women don't want it, I just don't think they want it for the reason men think they do.

(smiles)
I'm getting confused.

Graham smiles.
ANN
Do you understand what I'm trying to say?

GRAHAM
I think so. I remember reading somewhere that men learn to love what they're attracted to, whereas women become more and more attracted to the person they love.

ANN
Yes! I think that's exactly true. Exactly.

Graham watches Ann take a sip of wine.

ANN
So what's your personal thing? Are you really going to tell me something personal?

GRAHAM
Do you want me to?

ANN
As long as it's not... gross, you know? Like some scar or something or some disease you have. It has to be like mine, like something about you.

GRAHAM
Agreed.

Graham takes a sip of club soda.

GRAHAM
I'm impotent.

Ann looks at him closely.

ANN
You are?

GRAHAM
Let me be more specific. I am incapable of achieving erection while in the presence of another person. So for all practical purposes, I am impotent.

(CONTINUED)
Ann takes a large sip of wine. Graham lights a cigarette.

ANN
Does it bother you?

GRAHAM
(exhales)
No. I've come to the conclusion that Man is incapable of rational thought while in the throes of an erection, so I feel I'm way ahead of the game as far as being clear-headed goes. I don't know, I think sex can... cloud your perception at times, keep you from seeing things clearly. Please remember that whenever I say anything, there's a fifty-percent chance I'm completely wrong.

ANN
Are you very self-conscious?

GRAHAM
No, but you are. You are the most attractive self-conscious person I've ever seen.

ANN
How do you know I'm self-conscious?

GRAHAM
Any halfway observant person could see that. When you eat in public places you are convinced that others are looking at you. There are times when you walk down the street and you are concentrating so hard on walking in the proper fashion that you actually trip. You think that the first thing people notice about you are your striking, thick eyebrows. And you know what?

ANN
What?

(continues)
GRAHAM
You're absolutely right. America wants bigger, better and brighter everything, and you are a prized package. Women wish they looked like you. And those that don't or can't resent you. And the fact that you're a nice person just makes it worse.

ANN
My therapist said that—

GRAHAM
You're in therapy?

ANN
Aren't you?

GRAHAM
Hah! That's funny. No, I'm not. Actually, I used to be, but the therapist I had was really ineffectual in helping me deal with my problems. Of course, I lied to him constantly, so I guess I can't hold him totally responsible...

ANN
So you don't believe in therapy?

GRAHAM
I believe in it for some people. For me it was just "white plight", you know? Plus, I have my own theory that you should never take advice from someone of the opposite sex that doesn't know you intimately.

ANN
My therapist knows me intimately.

GRAHAM
(surprised)
You had sex with you therapist?

ANN
Of course not.
GRAHAM
Oh, see, I meant someone you've had sex with. Another part of the theory (it's constantly changing, by the way) is that you can never really know another person truly, but you can get a real good idea through sex.

ANN
Excuse me for asking, but how would you know?

GRAHAM
(smiles)
Well, I wasn't always impotent.

Ann takes another sip of wine and thinks for a moment.

ANN
Now, you said never take advice from someone that you don't know intimately, right?

GRAHAM
You're paraphrasing, but I know what you mean. Yes.

ANN
And you say that you can't "know" somebody, or get a idea, until you have sex with them, right?

GRAHAM
Essentially, yes.

18 INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- DAY
Cynthia is leaving the house. She gives John a big kiss.

ANN
(voice over)
So since I've never had sex with you, and therefore don't "know" you, then by your own advice I shouldn't accept your advice.

(continues)
GRAHAM
(voice over)
That's correct.
(pause)
Bit of a dilemma, isn't it?

Cynthia is not wearing her fresh-water pearl earring.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

ANN
No, actually, it's been a pretty good week. I started thinking about radon leakage on Saturday, but then it kind of passed. So, yeah, it's been a pretty good week.

DOCTOR
Did you confront John about the visitor?

ANN
The visitor?

DOCTOR
The friend of John's that was staying at your house.

ANN
Oh, Graham. No, I didn't talk to him about that. Actually, that turned out to be pretty interesting. I expected Graham to be this...well, like John, you know? I mean, he said they had gone to school together, so I was expecting lots of stories about getting drunk and secret handshakes and stuff. But Graham turned out to be this...this kind of character, I mean, he's kind of arty but okay, you know?

DOCTOR
Is he still at your house?

ANN
No, he left last week.
DOCTOR
Did you find him attractive?

ANN
What do you mean, like physically?

DOCTOR
Let me rephrase. Were you attracted to him?

ANN
(thinks)
I guess, but not because of the way he looked or anything. He's just so different, somebody new, somebody that doesn't seem like everybody else that I know. And he's really on about truth a lot, being honest, and I like that, I feel comfortable around him.

INT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S APARTMENT -- DAY
Ann stands watching Cynthia get dressed for work.

CYNTHIA
Where's he from?

ANN
Here, originally. He'd been living in Philadelphia the last nine years.

CYNTHIA
What could possibly motivate someone to move back here?

ANN
I don't know. John said he thinks Graham is strange.

CYNTHIA
Is he?

ANN
Not exactly. I would've probably said that if I just saw him on the street. But after talking to him, I'd say he's just... unusual.

(CONTINUED)
CYNTHIA
Big difference. 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 sort of thing, anyway.

CYNTHIA
Ann, you consistently underestimate me. Is he straight?

ANN
I don't know. I guess. I don't think it matters.

(CONTINUED)
CYTHIA
What does that mean?

ANN
Nothing.

CYTHIA
Well, can you arrange for me to meet him? Invite the two of us over for dinner or something?

ANN
For God's sake, Cynthia, really, I don't think he's your type.

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

ANN
I have a real good idea.

CYTHIA
Ann, you don't have a clue. All right, forget dinner, I'll just call him up. Give me his number.

ANN
He doesn't have a phone.

CYTHIA
He doesn't have a telephone? Jesus. How does the man communicate?

ANN
He talks to you in person.

CYTHIA
Oh, please. So give me his address, I'll think of a reason to stop by.

ANN
Let me talk to him first.

CYTHIA
Why? Just give me the address, you won't even have to be involved.
"sex, lies, and videotape"

20 (CONTINUED) (3)

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

CYNTHIA
And what?

Ann doesn't answer. Cynthia fishes through her jewelry box.

ANN
What are you looking for?

CYNTHIA
I can't find my fucking pearl earring.

21 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

ANN
I was thinking maybe I shouldn't be in therapy anymore.

DOCTOR
What brought this on?

ANN
I've been thinking about it for awhile, and then I was talking to somebody who kind of put things in perspective for me.

DOCTOR
(smiles)
I thought that's what I did. Who was it that you talked to?

ANN
That guy Graham I told you about. He said taking advice from someone you don't know intimately was...well, he said a lot of stuff.

The Doctor exhales, thinking for a moment.

DOCTOR
Ann, in life one has to be aware of hidden agendas.

(more)

(CONTINUED)
DOCTOR (Cont'd)
Did it occur to you that Graham may have his own reasons for not wanting you to be in therapy? He may have hidden motives for disliking therapy and/or therapists. Perhaps he has problems of his own that he is unwilling to deal with, and he would like to see someone else, you for instance, wallow in their situation just as he does. Do you think that's possible?

ANN
I guess.

DOCTOR
You understand that you are free to leave therapy at any time?

ANN
Yes.

DOCTOR
That you are under no obligation to me?

ANN
Yes.

DOCTOR
Do you want to leave therapy?

ANN
Not really.

DOCTOR
Do you feel there is more progress to be made?

ANN
Yes.

DOCTOR
I'm glad you feel that way, because I feel that way, too.

ANN
But you don't have hidden motives for feeling that way, right?

The Doctor laughs. Ann does not laugh with him.
"sex, lies, and videotape"

22 INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DAY

On a television monitor we see images originating from an 8mm Video deck. Graham stands with his pants down in front of the screen. He watches the tape, which is footage of Graham interviewing a girl about her sexual preferences. The photography on the tape is handheld, relentless. As the questions get more detailed, Graham becomes more aroused.

There is a knock on Graham's door. He calmly shuts off the videotape player and pulls up his pants.

GRAHAM
It's open.

Ann opens the door and walks into the apartment. Graham smiles.

GRAHAM
Ann. I didn't expect you to drop by.

ANN
Are you in the middle of something?

GRAHAM
Nothing I can't finish later.

ANN
(looks)
I wanted to see how the place looked furnished.

Ann scans the furnishings: a few director's chairs and a table for Graham's video gear.

GRAHAM
Not much to see, I'm afraid. I'm sort of cultivating a Zen minimalist vibe.

ANN
Somehow I imagined books. I thought you would have lots of books and read a lot.

GRAHAM
I do read a lot. But I check everything out of the library.

Graham picks up an Anais Nin diary and opens it to show Ann the library sleeve inside.

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM
Cheaper that way. And cuts down on the clutter.

Ann walks to the table where the video gear is set up. Graham watches her closely. She looks into a large box of 8mm videotapes. On the side of each tape is a label. The labels look like this:

DONNA / 11 DEC 86 / 1:07:36

And so on. There are thirty or forty tapes, total.

ANN
What are these?

Graham exhales.

GRAHAM
Those.

Graham sits down.

GRAHAM
In a way, I'm sorry you asked about those, Ann, because I know that, as a person, you like me, and after I tell you what those tapes are, you may not.

ANN
(concerned)
Why do you say that? What's on them?

GRAHAM
Interviews. Each of those tapes contain interviews. Interviews with women who are willing to answer any question I ask, most of which are very personal and pertain directly to sex.

ANN
Sex?
GRAHAM

What they've done, what they do, what they don't do, what they want to do but are afraid to ask for, what they won't do even if asked. Anything I can think of. Sometimes they do things. Not to me, but for me, for the camera.

Ann is completely stunned by this revelation.

ANN

I don't....why....why do you make these tapes?

GRAHAM

These tapes are what excite me. They are the only things that excite me. Photographs or films of people I don't know don't excite me. There's so much...

(thinks)

I'm sorry this came up. I didn't think you would be able to reconcile this.

ANN

This is just....so...

GRAHAM

Look, I think you should go now, don't you?

Ann nods and absently heads for the door. She gives Graham a puzzled look before leaving.

GRAHAM

Goodbye, Ann.

23 INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- DAY

Ann is talking to Cynthia on the telephone.

CYNTHIA

* What do you mean he doesn't want me to come over? Did you mention me?

(CONTINUED)
ANN
(still shaken)
No.

CYNTHERIA
Then how do you know?

ANN
Cynthia, you don't want to go over there, trust me.

CYNTHERIA
Why not?

ANN
Because John was right. He is strange. You don't want to get involved with him.

CYNTHERIA
What the hell happened over there? Did he make a pass at you?

ANN
No!

CYNTHERIA
Then what's the story, what's this "strange" bullshit all of a sudden? Is he drowning puppies in his bathtub, or what?

ANN
No, it's nothing like that.

CYNTHERIA
Do you think he's physically dangerous?

ANN
No.

CYNTHERIA
Well, what, then?

ANN
I don't want to talk about it.

CYNTHERIA
Then why'd you call me?

(CONTINUED)
"sex, lies, and videotape"

23 (CONTINUED) (2)

ANN
I don't know.

Ann hangs up.

24 INT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Cynthia gets out of the shower. The phone rings. She wraps herself in a towel and lifts the receiver.

CYNTHIA
Beatle fan club.

JOHN
Cynthia. John.

CYNTHIA
Not today. I've got other plans.

JOHN
Oh. (pause)
Well, when, then?

CYNTHIA
How about inviting me over to dinner?

JOHN
You know what I mean.

CYNTHIA
Yeah, I know what you mean.

Cynthia hangs up the phone.

25 INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Graham sits smoking a cigarette. There is a knock at his door.

GRAHAM
It's open.

Cynthia enters. Graham looks up at her.

GRAHAM
Who are you?
CYNTHIA
I'm Cynthia Bishop.

GRAHAM
I don't know you.

CYNTHIA
I'm Ann Moreau's sister.

GRAHAM
The extrovert.

CYNTHIA
(smiles)
She must have been in a good mood when she said that.

GRAHAM
Why are you here?

CYNTHIA
You want me to leave?

GRAHAM
I just want to know why you're here.

CYNTHIA
Well, like I said, Ann is my sister. Sisters talk. You can imagine the rest.

GRAHAM
No, I really can't. I find it healthy never to characterize people I don't know or conversations I haven't heard. I don't know what you and your sister discussed about me or anything else. When I saw her last, she left here very...confused, I would say. And upset.

CYNTHIA
She still is.

GRAHAM
And are you here to berate me for making her that way?

(CONTINUED)
CYNDIA
(laughs loudly)
Fuck, no.

GRAHAM
She didn't tell you why she was upset?

CYNDIA
Nope.

GRAHAM
She didn't give you my address?

CYNDIA
Nope.

GRAHAM
How did you find me?

CYNDIA
I know a guy at Gulf States Utilities owes me a couple dozen favors. I used one to find your address.

GRAHAM
Why did you want to come here? Weren't you afraid? I could be the Gorilla Mask Killer, for all you know.

CYNDIA
She didn't say you were dangerous. She just said you were strange.

GRAHAM
Strange. Well. Words are funny things. Still, you're taking a big chance, don't you think?

CYNDIA
I don't listen to her when it comes to men. I mean, look at John, for crissake. Oh, you went to school with him didn't you? You're probably friends or something.

GRAHAM
Nope. John is clever, but I don't think he's very smart.

(more)
GRAHAM (Cont'd)
I think he is a liar. I think
he lies to Ann.

CYNTHERIA
(smiles)
I think you're right. So come on,
I came all the way over here to
find out what got Ann so spooked,
tell me what it is.

GRAHAM
(smiles)
Spooked.

He motions to the box of videotapes.

GRAHAM
Look at that box of tapes.

Cynthia goes over to the box and looks inside for a long moment, studying the labels.

CYNTHERIA
Oh, okay. I think I get it.

GRAHAM
What do you get?

CYNTHERIA
Well, they must be something
sexual, because Ann gets freaked
out by that shit. Are these tapes
of you having sex with these girls
or something?

GRAHAM
Not exactly.

CYNTHERIA
Well, either you are or you aren't.
Which is it?

GRAHAM
There is an easy way to explain
what they are.

CYNTHERIA
How?

A pause.

(Continued)
GRAHAM
Let me tape you.

CYNTHIA
Doing what?

GRAHAM
Talking.

CYNTHIA
What about?

GRAHAM
Sex. Your sexual history, your sexual preferences.

CYNTHIA
What makes you think I'd discuss that with you?

GRAHAM
Nothing.

CYNTHIA
You just want to ask me questions?

GRAHAM
Yes. But understand: very personal, detailed questions. I will never touch you.

CYNTHIA
(a crooked smile)
Is this how you get off or something? Taping women talking about their sexual experiences?

GRAHAM
Yeah.

CYNTHIA
Would anybody else see the tape?

GRAHAM
Absolutely not. They are for my private use only. I guarantee it.

CYNTHIA
How do we start?
GRAHAM
I turn on the camera. You start talking.

CYNTIAH
And you ask questions, right?

GRAHAM
Yes.

CYNTIAH
How long will it take?

GRAHAM
That depends on you. One woman only used three minutes. Another filled up three two hour tapes.

CYNTIAH
Can I see some of the other tapes to get an idea of what--

GRAHAM
No.

CYNTIAH
(thinks)
Do I sit or stand?

GRAHAM
Whichever you prefer.

CYNTIAH
I'd rather sit. Are you ready?

GRAHAM
Just a moment.

Graham grabs his 8mm Video camera, puts in a new tape, and turns it on.

GRAHAM
I am now recording. Tell me your name.

CYNTIAH
Cynthia Patrice Bishop.

GRAHAM
Describe for me your first sexual experience.

(Continued)
CYNTHIA
My first sexual experience or the first time I had intercourse?

GRAHAM
Your first sexual experience.

CYNTHIA
(thinks)
Eight years old. Michael Green, who was also eight, asked if he could watch me take a pee. I said he could if I could watch him take one, too. He said okay, and then we went into the woods behind our house. I got this feeling he was chickening out because he kept saying, "Ladies first!" So I pulled down my panties and urinated, and he ran away before I even finished.

GRAHAM
Was it ever a topic of conversation between the two of you afterward?

CYNTHIA
No. He kind of avoided me for the rest of the summer, and then his family moved away. To Philadelphia, actually.

GRAHAM
How symmetrical. How old were you when you first saw Mr. Happy?

CYNTHIA
(smiles)
Fourteen.

GRAHAM
Live, or in a photograph or film of some sort?

CYNTHIA
Very much live.

GRAHAM
What did you think? Did it look like you expected?

(CONTINUED)
CYTHIA
Not really. I didn't picture it with any veins or ridges or anything, I thought it would be smooth, like a test tube.

GRAHAM
Were you disappointed?

CYTHIA
No. If anything, after I looked at it awhile, it got more interesting. It had character, you know?

GRAHAM
What about when you touched it? What did you expect it to feel like, and then what did it really feel like?

CYTHIA
It was warmer than I thought it would be, and the skin was softer than it looked. It's weird. Thinking about it now, the organ itself seemed like a separate thing, a separate entity to me. I mean, after he pulled it out and I could look at it and touch it, I completely forgot that there was a guy attached to it. I remember literally being startled when the guy spoke to me.

GRAHAM
What did he say?

CYTHIA
He said that my hand felt good.

GRAHAM
Then what happened?

CYTHIA
I put my mouth on it.

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DAY
Cynthia, adjusting her clothes, opens the door to leave. She looks very aroused. She and Graham do not speak or touch.
"sex, lies, and videotape" 

27 INT. LAW OFFICES -- DAY

John Moreau picks up a telephone and presses a blinking button.

    JOHN
    John Moreau.

    CYNTHIA
    I want to see you.

    JOHN
    When?

    CYNTHIA
    Right now.

    JOHN
    Jesus, I don't know if I can get away. I've got a client waiting. I'd have to do some heavy duty juggling.

    CYNTHIA
    Then get those balls in the air and get your butt over here.

She hangs up. John thinks a moment, then hits his intercom button.

    JOHN
    Janet, re-schedule Carlson, see if he can come in Friday. Smooth things out, tell him an emergency came up. I'll slip out the back.

28 INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Graham watches Cynthia's tape, becoming excited.

    CYNTHIA
    (voice on tape)
    Would you like me to take my pants off?

    GRAHAM
    (voice on tape)
    If you wish.
    (pause)
    You're not wearing any underwear.

    (CONTINUED)
28 (CONTINUED)

CYNTIA
(voice on tape)
Do you like the way I look?

GRAHAM
(voice on tape)
Yes.

CYNTIA
(voice on tape)
I don't shave around the edges at all because I never wear bathing suits or anything. I kind of like it bushy. Some guys have a problem with that, though.

29 INT. CYNTIA BISHOP'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Cynthia and John are having sex.

CYNTIA
(to Graham, voice on tape)
What do you think, should I leave it like it is?

GRAHAM
(voice on tape)
Yes.

Cynthia has an intense orgasm. She rolls off of John, sweating.

JOHN
Jesus Christ. You are on fire today.

Cynthia smiles.

CYNTIA
You can go now.

DOCTOR
(voice over)
If you won't talk to me, I can't help you.

A moment of silence. John is starting to put his clothes on. Cynthia lies in bed, her eyes closed, her face serene.

ANN
(voice over)
I hate my sister.
"sex, lies, and videotape"  pg. 47

30  INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY  30

DOCTOR

Why?

ANN

(rambling)
Because all she thinks about are these guys she's after and I just hate her she's such a little slut I thought that in high school and I think that now. Why do people have to be so obsessed with sex all the time, what's the big damn deal? I mean, it's okay and everything, but I don't understand when people let it control them, control their lives, why do they do that?

31  INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- NIGHT  31

Ann lies awake in bed beside John, who is sound asleep.

DOCTOR

(voice over)
There are many things that can exert control over one's life, good and bad. Religion, greed, philanthropy, drugs.

ANN

(voice over)
I know, but this...I just feel like everybody I know right now is obsessed with sex.

Ann looks over at John. She slowly reaches under the covers and grasps his penis. Without waking, he rolls over and turns his back to her. She returns to looking at the ceiling.

ANN

(voice over)
Except John, I guess.

32  INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- DAY  32

Ann is talking to Cynthia on the phone. Ann looks very morose.

(CONTINUED)
"sex, lies, and videotape"

32  (CONTINUED)

CYNTHIA
He just asked me all sorts of questions and I answered them.

ANN
What sorts of questions?

CYNTHIA
About sex. All of them were about sex.

ANN
(shocked, offended)
How could you do that?

CYNTHIA
It was easy.

ANN
What did he ask, exactly?

CYNTHIA
Just stuff. I don't want to say.

ANN
You'll let a total stranger record your sexual life on tape, but you won't tell your own sister?

CYNTHIA
I just don't feel like repeating it. I got it out of my system, and that's it.

ANN
Did he ask you to take your clothes off?

CYNTHIA
No.

A pause.

ANN
Did you take your clothes off?

CYNTHIA
Yes.

ANN
(floored)
Cynthia, why?

(continues)
CYNTHIA
Because I wanted to.

ANN
Why did you want to?

CYNTHIA
I wanted him to see me.

ANN
Cynthia, who knows where that tape may end up? He could be...bouncing it off some satellite or something. Some horny old men in South America or something could be watching it.

CYNTHIA
I don't care. I trust him, anyway. He wouldn't do that.

ANN
And he never touched you?

CYNTHIA
Never. I asked him to, and he wouldn't. So I touched myself instead.

ANN
Wait a minute. Do you mean...don't tell me you...in front of him.

CYNTHIA
I masturbated in front of him, Ann, yes.

ANN
(seriouss)
You are in trouble.

CYNTHIA
(laughs)
Listen to you!! You sound like mom. What are you talking about?

ANN
(outraged)
I can't believe you did that!!

CYNTHIA
Why?

(CONTINUED)
ANN
I mean, I couldn't do that in front of John, even.

CYNTHIA
You couldn't do it, period.

ANN
You know what I mean, you don't even know him!

CYNTHIA
I feel like I do.

ANN
That doesn't mean you do. You can't possibly trust him, he's...perverted.

CYNTHIA
I do trust him. He's harmless. He just sits around and looks at these tapes. What's the big deal?

ANN
You're going to regret doing it.

CYNTHIA
I asked him if I could see some of the other tapes of his and he said no, he'd promised each one that he wouldn't show them to anybody.

ANN
So he's got this catalogue of women touching themselves? That doesn't make you feel weird?

CYNTHIA
No. I don't think they all did what I did. Anyway, what I did is between me and him.

ANN
You are in serious trouble.

CYNTHIA
Ann, I don't understand why this wigs you out so much? What's the big deal, you didn't do it, I did.
"sex, lies, and videotape" pg.51

32 (CONTINUED) (4)

ANN
I don't want to talk about it.

CYNTHIA
Then stop calling me and asking about it!!

Cynthia hangs up.

33 INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

A party. Lots of people. Music, drinking, drugs. John, Ann, Cynthia and Graham are present, though not necessarily together. John and Ann look a little out of place, while Cynthia looks perfectly at ease. Graham stands in a corner, smoking, while impassively watching the revelry. Cynthia is now talking to a girl named LINDA. She gestures toward Graham and speaks to Linda in a conspiratorial fashion. Eventually Linda walks over to Graham. They talk for a moment, then leave the party.

34 EXT. OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Cynthia exits, looking around. She sees unusual light patterns emanating from a small, unused alley adjacent to the building. She moves closer and sees Graham shooting video footage of Linda, who has removed her shirt and dances to the loudly reverberating music. Cynthia hangs back, unseen, watching. The sun gun on Graham's camera makes Linda's ivory flesh glow.

Cynthia is suddenly aware that Ann is standing beside her, also watching.

ANN
(aghast)
Aren't you going to do something?

CYNTHIA
I already did. I introduced them.

ANN
Cynthia, they can't do this here!

CYNTHIA
Why not? They're not bothering anybody, except you.

ANN
This is really offensive.

(CONTINUED)
"sex, lies, and videotape" pg.52

34 (CONTINUED)

CYNTHIA
So don't look.

Ann, unable to turn away, continues to watch Linda's heavily backlit figure.

35 INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Graham sits reading a book. There is a knock at his door.

GRAHAM
It's open.

Cynthia enters the room, looking very intent on something.

GRAHAM
I know you.

CYNTHIA
I want to do another tape.

Graham sets his book down. He looks at her for a moment, then drags on his cigarette.

GRAHAM
No. I never do more than one session.

CYNTHIA
But I've got to do another one.

GRAHAM
I'm sorry.

CYNTHIA
Graham, I was so fucking hot when I got out of here, you've got to let me do another one.

GRAHAM
I can't. You'll have to get somebody else.

CYNTHIA
Now who the hell is going to do that for me?

GRAHAM
I'm sure a substantial number of men in this town would volunteer.

(CONTINUED)
CYNTHIA
But I want you to do it, I want somebody who will ask the right questions and everything, somebody I can play to and feel safe because you can't do anything.

GRAHAM
Ouch. Okay, I deserved that. Cynthia, don't you understand? After the first time it's no longer spontaneous. There's no edge anymore. Look at the tapes, there is only one date on each label. I have never taped anyone twice.

CYNTHIA
So make an exception.

GRAHAM
No.

CYNTHIA
How about if you record over the one we already made? You could have the same date and not use another tape. Who would know?

GRAHAM
I would.

CYNTHIA
Well, what the hell am I supposed to do?

GRAHAM
Cynthia, I don't know.

CYNTHIA
I can't believe you're doing this after I let you tape me. And sent that girl to you at the party.

GRAHAM
I didn't ask you to recruit for me.

CYNTHIA
Goddamit, give me my tape, then.

GRAHAM
No.
Cynthia heads for the tape box. Graham leaps up to stop her.

CYNTHIA  
(digging through the box)  
It's my fucking tape, you prick--

Graham grabs her wrists forcefully.

GRAHAM  
(heated)  
No!! I told you what the parameters were and you agreed. It's my tape. I look at it, I touch it, nobody else. I can't keep you or your sister from thinking what you want about me, but when you start taking physical action that's a different ball game.

Cynthia and Graham look at each other for a long moment. Cynthia, attracted, moves to kiss him. Graham hurriedly drops her wrists and backs away.

GRAHAM  
(quickly)  
Please go, I'd like you to go now.

Cynthia looks at him.

CYNTHIA  
Sure, okay.

She leaves. Graham lights another cigarette.

INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- NIGHT  

John and Ann lie in bed. The lights are out, and John is on the verge of sleep. Ann stares at the ceiling, wide awake.

ANN  
I called you Tuesday at 3:30 and they said you weren't in. Do you remember where you were?

CUT TO:
"sex, lies, and videotape"

37 INT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S APARTMENT -- DAY

John and Cynthia are in Cynthia's bed, kissing. On the floor, John's watch reads 3:11 pm.

CUT BACK TO:

38 INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

JOHN
I had a late lunch.

ANN
Did you see a message to call me when you got back in?

CUT TO:

39 EXT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S HOUSE -- DAY

John leaves Cynthia's house and drives straight home, greeting Ann as he steps through the front door.

CUT BACK TO:

40 INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

JOHN
Yes. I just got busy.

ANN
That's interesting, because I didn't leave a message.

John is waking up a little.

JOHN
Then maybe I saw an old message. There are a lot of them on my desk, you know.

ANN
Who'd you have lunch with?

JOHN
I ate by myself.

A pause.

(CONTINUED)
JOHN
Something wrong?

ANN
Are you having an affair?

JOHN
Jesus Christ, where'd that come from? I have a late lunch by myself and now I'm fucking somebody?

ANN
Well, are you?

JOHN
No, I'm not. I'm offended at the accusation, frankly.

ANN
It's just a feeling. If I'm right, I want to know. I don't want you to lie. I'd be very upset, but not as upset as if I'd found out you'd been lying.

JOHN
There's nothing to know, Ann.

ANN
I can't tell you how upset I would be if you were lying.

JOHN
Ann, you are completely paranoid. Not ten minutes ago I wanted to make love, you weren't interested. I think there are a lot of women that would be glad to have a young, straight male making a pretty good living beside them in bed with a hard on.

ANN
My sister, for one. Is that who it is?

JOHN
For God's sake, Ann, I am not fucking your sister. I don't find her that attractive, for one.
ANN
Is that supposed to comfort me?

JOHN
I was just saying, you know. I didn't get paranoid when you didn't want to make love. I could have easily assumed that you didn't want to because you were having an affair.

ANN
But I'm not.

JOHN
I'm not either!!

ANN
Why don't I believe you?

JOHN
Look, this conversation is loony tunes. Maybe when you have some evidence, we should talk, but don't give me conjecture and intuition.

ANN
Always the lawyer.

JOHN
Goddam right. I mean, can you imagine: "Your honor, I'm positive this man is guilty. I can't place him at the scene or establish a motive, but I have this really strong feeling."

ANN
You've made your point.

JOHN
I'm sorry. It's just...I'm under a lot of pressure with this Carlson thing, it's my first big case as junior partner, and I work all day, I come home, I look forward to seeing you, and...it hurts that you accuse me like that.

ANN
I'm sorry, too. I...I get these ideas in my head and I have nothing to do all day but sit around and concoct these scenarios. A couple of hours go by and I've got this intricate story all worked out and then I want it to be true so I don't think I've wasted the whole day. Last week I was convinced you were having an affair with Cynthia, I don't know why.

JOHN
I don't, either. I mean, Cynthia, of all people. She's so...

ANN
Loud.

JOHN
Yeah. Jeez, give me some credit.

ANN
I didn't say it was rational, I just said I was convinced.

JOHN
Isn't therapy helping at all?

ANN
I don't know. Sometimes I feel stupid babbling about my little problems while children are starving in the world.

JOHN
Quitting your therapy won't feed the children of Ethiopia.

ANN
I know.

A pause.

ANN
You never used to say "fucking".
41 INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Graham sits taping himself talking.

GRAHAM
I'm going to set these dreams down so that you'll understand that we are supposed to be together. The subconscious never lies, as Freud theorized. Of course, this is a man who dies of mouth cancer from smoking too many cigars. You figure it out. Anyway, in the dream, I'm hiding in the attic of your house. Your brother is helping me survive by sneaking food up to me. I keep the food in a small, black doctor's bag (now, personally, I think the bag represents my childhood, but I could be mistaken. It could just be the only thing that was around to put food in). Anyway, on this night, we're trying to stuff an entire barbequed chicken into the bag (see, now why would I want to stuff a chicken in my childhood?), when we suddenly hear your footsteps on the stairs. I hide in the closet. Then I remember to tell your brother to forget about the chicken, because the sauce will ruin the bag. I open the closet door just as you enter the room, but I wake up before I can see your face.

42 INT. CYNTHIA BISHOP'S -- DAY

John sits on the edge of Cynthia's bed, slowly undressing.

JOHN
It's just so blatantly stupid, I have a hard time believing you did it.

CYNTHIA
What's so stupid about it?

JOHN
That you...you don't even know the guy.

(CONTINUED)
CYNTHIA
Well, you know him, he's a friend of yours, do you think he can be trusted?

JOHN
Shit, after what you've told me, I don't know what his story is. I should've known, when he showed up dressed all weird.

CYNTHIA
I like the way he dresses.

JOHN
What if this tape gets into the wrong hands?

CYNTHIA
"The wrong hands"? We're not talking about military secrets, John. They're just tapes that he makes so he can sit around and get his rocks off.

JOHN
Jesus Christ. And he doesn't have sex with any of them? He just tapes them talking about sex and stuff?

CYNTHIA
Right.

JOHN
That's sick. I could almost understand it if he was screwing these people, almost. Why doesn't he just buy some magazines or porno movies or something?

CYNTHIA
Doesn't work. He has to know the people, and the pictures have to be moving, he says.

JOHN
Did you have to masturbate in front of him, for God's sake? I mean, Jesus...

(Continued)
CYNTHIA
I felt like it. So what? Goddam, you and Ann make such a big deal out of it.

A pause.

JOHN
You told Ann about this taping thing?

CYNTHIA
Of course. She is my sister. I tell her almost everything.

JOHN
Goddammit, I wish you hadn't done that.

CYNTHIA
Why not?

JOHN
It's just something I'd prefer she didn't know about.

CYNTHIA
She's a grown-up, she can handle it.

JOHN
I just... Ann is very...

CYNTHIA
Hung up.

JOHN
It just wasn't a smart thing to do. Did you sign any sort of paper, or did he have any contract with you saying he wouldn't broadcast these tapes?

CYNTHIA
No.

JOHN
You realize you have no recourse legally? This stuff could show up anywhere.

CYNTHIA
It won't. I trust him.
JOHN
(disbelieving)
You trust him.

CYNTHIA
Yeah, I do. You want to know why?
I went back the other day, figuring
he could tape me some more and
I could get hot all over again
and call you up and fuck your
brains out. But you know what?
He wouldn't do it. He said he only
tapes a person once, that's it.
He flat out refused to do it.

JOHN
You trust him because he turned
you down?

CYNTHIA
Yeah, I do. A helluva lot more
than I trust you.

JOHN
What do you mean?

CYNTHIA
Exactly what I said. I'd trust
him before I'd trust you. How much
clearer can I be?

JOHN
It hurts that would say that to
me.

CYNTHIA
(laughs)
Oh, please. Come on, John. You're
fucking your wife's sister and
you hardly been married a year.
You're a liar. But at least I know
you're a liar. It's the people
that don't know, like Ann, that
have to watch out.

JOHN
By definition you're lying to Ann,
too.

(continued)
CYNDIA
That's right. But I never took
a vow in front of God and everybody
to be "faithful" to my sister.

JOHN
Look, are we going to do it or
not?

CYNDIA
Actually, no, I've changed my mind.
I shouldn't have called.

JOHN
Why? What's wrong?

CYNDIA
I don't know. Nothing. You just
don't do it for me anymore, okay?
So let's just stop. You should
be happy, we've gone this far
without Ann finding out, I'm making
it real easy on you. Just walk
out of here and I'll see you at
your house for a family dinner
sometime.

JOHN
Did he put you up to this?

CYNDIA
Who?

JOHN
Graham.

CYNDIA
No, he didn't put me up to this.
Jesus, I don't need people to tell
me what I should do. I've just
been thinking about things, that's
all.

JOHN
Like what things?

CYNDIA
I don't want to talk about it.

(CONTINUED)
JOHN
I can't believe I let him stay in my house. Right under my nose. That deviant fucker was right under my nose and I didn't see him.

CYNTHIA
If he had been under your prick you'd have spotted him for sure.

JOHN
(looks at her)
God, you're mean.

CYNTHIA
I know. Will you please leave now?

John moves on top of her.

JOHN
Maybe I don't want to leave. Maybe I want to do it even if you don't.

CYNTHIA
Get off of me, John.

JOHN
You called me over here, I'm not leaving without getting something.

CYNTHIA
Then take some silverware, because we are not having sex.

John pins her down and starts to kiss her neck.

CYNTHIA
Goddammit, John, I'm not kidding!!
Now get the fuck out of here or I'll get on the phone to Ann so fast you won't know what hit you!!

John looks at her, angry.

Then he hits her across the face.

Cynthia is stunned for a moment. Then she flies into a rage, swinging hard and furiously at John, forcing him out of the bed, kicking him, hitting him, pushing him toward the door.

(CONTINUED)
"sex, lies, and videotape"

42 (CONTINUED) (6)

CYNTHIA
GET OUT OF HERE, YOU PRICK!! HOW
DARE YOU HIT ME!! GET OUT OF MY
HOUSE!! GET OUT, YOU BASTARD!!!
I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU EVEN LOOK
AT ME AGAIN!! GET OUT OF HERE!!

John grabs his clothing and runs for the door. After he has
left, Cynthia falls to her knees, panting hysterically. She
feels her left cheek, which is red and starting to swell. Now
that she is alone, she allows herself to cry.

43 INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- DAY

Ann, dressed in some of John's work clothes (old cotton shirt,
khaki pants) is cleaning the house. Not cleaning like a normal
person, but like an obsessive/compulsive person. Scrubbing spots
that are already clean, vacuuming the same area of rug over
and over, etc. She is in the process of going over the hardwood
floor in the bedroom inch by inch when she comes across
Cynthia's fresh-water pearl earring.

Ann stares at Cynthia's earring for a long moment.

CUT TO:

Cynthia setting the earring on Ann's night table as John kisses
her. As happened before, the earring slips onto the floor.

CUT BACK TO:

Ann as she sets the earring onto the floor and begins to pound
it with the bottom of a water glass, trying to smash it to
pieces. It is not until she gets a hammer that she is able
to do the job to her satisfaction.

Ann looks down at herself. Suddenly realizing that she is
dressed in John's clothing, she frantically rips the shirt and
pants from her body as though the material were burning her
skin. Popped buttons skid across the floor.

Clothed only in her bra and underwear, Ann sits in the middle
of the bedroom floor, arms around herself.

44 EXT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- DAY

Ann, now in jeans and t-shirt, stumbles to her car. Once inside,
she jams the key into the ignition and rests her head against
the steering wheel.
EXT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Ann lifts her head from the steering wheel and looks up. She looks almost surprised to find that she has driven to Graham's. Slowly, she gets out of the car.

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Graham sits taping himself talking.

GRAHAM
The dream continues. And you thought it was over. So I'm still in the closet. Your brother is gone, and I can hear you pacing outside the door. Then the pacing stops. I open the door to the closet, and I see you standing by the window with your back to me. I walk up behind you and put my hands--

There is a weak knock at Graham's door. He stops taping and listens, not sure he heard anything. There is a second weak knock.

GRAHAM
Goddamit. It's open!

Nothing happens. Graham gets up and opens the door himself. Ann stands against the wall of the hallway, her head down, her breathing deliberate. Concerned, Graham slowly begins to lead her inside. Impulsively, she hugs him tightly. Unaccustomed to physical contact, Graham's hands hang awkwardly at his side. He says nothing, having some sense of what happened. Ann slowly pulls back from the embrace and sits down. Graham goes to the kitchen area and gets her a glass of water. He gives it to her and sits in the chair opposite. Ann holds the glass in her hand, staring at it.

GRAHAM
It's bottled, not tap.

A weak smile from Ann. She drinks, swallowing with difficulty.

ANN
I'm not sure why I came here. I had kind of decided not to talk to you after...you know.

GRAHAM
I know.

(CONTINUED)
A pause.

ANN
That son of a bitch.

Ann looks at Graham.

ANN
(sarcastic)
John and Cynthia have been...
"fucking".

GRAHAM
I know.

ANN
(stunned)
You know?

GRAHAM
Yes.

ANN
How did you know?

GRAHAM
She said it on her tape.

ANN
(angry)
Why didn't you tell me?

GRAHAM
Ann, when would I have told you?
We were not speaking, if you recall.

Ann says nothing.

GRAHAM
But even if we had been speaking,
I wouldn't have told you.

ANN
Why not?

GRAHAM
It's not my place to tell you these
things, Ann. You have to find out
by yourself or from John directly.
You have to trust me on this.
Ann shakes her head.

ANN
My life is...shit. It's all shit. It's like somebody saying, "Okay, chairs are not chairs, they're actually cars, we've been lying to you all along." I mean, nothing is what I thought it was. What happened to me? Have I been asleep? I vaguely remember the wedding, but a lot of it is just a blur... like I was watching from a distance. I can't believe him. Why didn't I trust my intuition?

Graham says nothing.

ANN
Maybe we could make a videotape.

A pause.

GRAHAM
Uh-oh. Do you think that's such a good idea?

ANN
Don't you want to make one?

GRAHAM
Yes. But I sense the element of revenge here.

ANN
What difference does it make why I do it?

GRAHAM
I want you to be aware of what you're doing and why, because I know that this is not the sort of thing you would do in a normal frame of mind.

ANN
What would you know about a normal frame of mind?

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM
(impressed)
Wow.
(thinks)
That's a good question.

ANN
What do you have to do to get ready?

GRAHAM
Load a new tape, turn the camera on.

ANN
Then do it.

Graham opens a new box of videotapes.

ANN
Where do you get your money? I mean, for rent, and tapes and this equipment.

GRAHAM
I was badly injured in a car accident about three years ago, and I got a fairly large settlement. My overhead is low, so it should last awhile.

ANN
What will you do when the money runs out?

GRAHAM
I will get a job. What kind of fabric softener do you use?

ANN
Fabric softener? Downy, why?

GRAHAM
I was just thinking of the first day I was at your house, and your towels smelled so good. I knew I liked any woman whose towels smelled that good. Are you ready?

ANN
Yes.
"sex, lies, and videotape"

(continues) (4)

Graham turns the camera on.

GRAHAM
Tell me your name.

ANN
Ann Bishop Moreau.

CUT TO BLACK:
THEN CUT TO:

EXT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DUSK

Street lights are illuminated. Night is imminent.

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DUSK

Graham stops the video recorder. The record meter is stopped at 46:02.

Graham looks shaken as he sits down. Ann walks over to him and puts her hands on his shoulders.

GRAHAM
You should go now.

Ann kneels in front of him. She looks into his eyes, stroking his hair.

GRAHAM
Please.

Ann looks at Graham a moment longer, then gets up to leave.

INT. JOHN AND ANN MOREAU'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

John is talking on the phone as Ann walks through the door. He mumbles an apology into the receiver and hangs up as Ann moves to the couch, her expression calm.

JOHN
(worried)
Jesus Christ! What the hell happened?
(more)

(continues)
JOHN (Cont'd)
I came home and your car was gone,
the door was open, I thought for
sure you'd been abducted by some
mad fucker, I was literally just
calling the cops when you walked
in. What happened?

ANN
I want out of this marriage.

JOHN
(genuinely shocked)
What?

ANN
(looks at him)
I want out of this marriage.

JOHN
Why?

ANN
We'll call it uncontested or
whatever. I just want out.

John moves to sit beside her on the couch. Ann does not look
at him.

JOHN
(conciliatory)
Ann, honey, please, tell me what's
wrong. Don't just say you want
out and leave me wondering. You
can't just go without telling me
why.

Ann turns to look at him for a moment, then turns away.

ANN
Fuck you. I can do what I want.

John's mouth literally hangs open in shock. He is dumbstruck.

ANN
I'll stay at my mother's.

John gets up from the couch and begins pacing.

JOHN
Where did you go when you left
here?
"sex, lies, and videotape"

49 (CONTINUED) (2) 49

ANN
I drove around. Then I went to talk with Graham.

John smacks his hand on his leg.

JOHN
Goddammit, I knew it!! That son of a bitch, I knew he had something to do with this!!

John points at Ann, angry and accusing.

JOHN
Did you fuck him? You did, didn't you?

Ann remains calm.

ANN
No.

JOHN
I don't believe you.

ANN
(suddenly pissed)
You don't believe me? Well, let's go to my gynecologist and have him poke around with the flashlight and prove to you that I haven't had sexual intercourse with anyone. Would you like that? I'll be glad to do it, if it'll make you happy.

John says nothing.

ANN
But I'll tell you something that won't make you happy: I wanted to. I really wanted to, partially just to piss you off. But I didn't.

John is seething.

JOHN
You're leaving me for him, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)
ANN
I'm not going to discuss this with you anymore. You're making no sense.

Ann gets up to leave the room. John grabs her arm roughly.

JOHN
Did you make one of those goddam tapes?

Ann looks at him.

ANN
Let go of me.

He grips her tighter.

JOHN
Answer me, godammit!!

Yes.

John now pushes her back against the wall, pinning both her arms to her side.

JOHN
Where does he live?

Ann doesn't answer. John slaps her across the face. Ann fights back tears.

JOHN
Tell me where he lives!!

ANN
No!!!

John bangs her head against the wall.

JOHN
(menacing)
If you don't fucking tell me where he lives, I'm going to hurt you, do you understand?

John bangs her head against the wall again.

JOHN
(yelling)
Do you understand?

(CONTINUED)
49 (CONTINUED) (4)

Ann stills says nothing. Tears burn trails down her cheeks. John slaps her again and she collapses onto the floor. John pushes her flush to the ground with his foot.

   JOHN
   I'll put you in the fucking hospital if you don't tell me where he lives.

   ANN
   (choking, with difficulty)
   3210. Ivanhoe. Apartment A.

John immediately dashes out of the house. Ann, her eyes wet, watches him go.

   ANN
   DON'T YOU TOUCH HIM, YOU SON OF A BITCH!! DON'T YOU TOUCH HIM!!

50 INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Graham stands in the middle of the room with a cigarette in his mouth, trying to teach himself to moonwalk.

51 EXT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

John screeches to a halt, parking haphazardly. He gets out of the car and runs to Graham's apartment.

52 INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

John bursts through the door without bothering to knock. Graham looks up, startled. Before he can even react, John has him by the lapels.

   JOHN
   What kind of weird fucking friend are you, Graham? Huh?

   GRAHAM
   I'm not your friend.

   (CONTINUED)
JOHN
No shit!! You're a fucking pervert, and apparently you won't be satisfied until you've completely fucked up my life!!

GRAHAM
I don't want to fuck up your life.

JOHN
Well, you have!!

GRAHAM
How long did you think you could lie to Ann about Cynthia?

JOHN
That's none of your goddam business, Graham, that doesn't concern you!! You do what you want in the privacy of your own home, but when you involve my wife, you'd better fucking watch out!!

GRAHAM
I haven't done anything to her.

JOHN
You're a lying motherfucker. I want to see those tapes, Graham!!

GRAHAM
You can't.

John punches Graham in the jaw, knocking him to the floor. Graham feels his mouth for blood as John picks him up by the shirt.

JOHN
Graham, I swear to Christ I'll kill your scrawny ass. Now give me those tapes.

GRAHAM
No.

John roughly pushes Graham into one of the director's chairs, which topples over and throws Graham to the floor once again.

John looks around. He sees the boxes of tapes and begins to go through the contents. Graham gets up and runs over to stop him.

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM
Get away from those!! They belong to me!!

Graham and John struggle. John hits Graham in the stomach and pushes him to the floor.

JOHN
Give me your keys.

GRAHAM
My keys?

John bends over and starts going through Graham's pockets.

JOHN
Your keys, asshole!! Your two fucking keys!! Give them to me!!

GRAHAM
I'm not going to give you my keys.

John beats Graham until Graham can offer no resistance. He then drags Graham into the hallway and leaves him there.

John then locks himself inside Graham's apartment.

John walks over to the boxes of videotapes and begins to search through them spastically. He finds both Cynthia and Ann's tapes. After a brief deliberation, he decides to watch Ann's. He turns on the player and the monitor. After pulling a chair up to the screen, John presses the button marked "play".

In the hallway, Graham drags himself to the door of his apartment. Putting his ear to the inlet, he strains to hear what is going on inside.

John watches the monitor come to life.

The image is Ann, sitting in a chair.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Tell me your name.

ANN
(on tape)
Ann Bishop Moreau.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
You are married, correct?

(CONTINUED)
JOHN
Goddam right.

ANN
(on tape)
Yes.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Who initiates sex?

John's jaw tightens.

JOHN
Bastard...

ANN
(on tape)
He does.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Who is usually on top?

JOHN
Son of a bitch!!

ANN
(on tape)
He is.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Does he go down on you?

JOHN
(shouting at Graham)
You're gonna pay for this, you are going to pay...

ANN
(on tape)
Not very often.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
I would.

John is literally so mad he can't speak. He watches the screen in mute anger, his hands wrapped tightly around the arms of the chair. Graham still listens from the hallway.

(Continued)
GRAHAM
(on tape)
Do you like him being on top?

ANN
(on tape)
It's okay. I like being able to see the face of the person I'm making love to.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
I notice you say "making love". Do you make a distinction between "having sex" or "fucking" and "making love"?

ANN
(on tape)
I don't know what you mean, exactly.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Do you always refer to sex as "making love"?

ANN
(on tape)
Yes. I don't like those other words. One of them, especially.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Have you ever wanted to make love to someone other than your husband?

JOHN
Son of a bitch.

Ann hesitates.

JOHN
(to Ann's image)
Answer him, goddammit!!

GRAHAM
(on tape)
You're hesitating. I think that means you have.
JOHN
(to Graham on tape)
Shut up!!!

ANN
(on tape)
You don't know what I'm thinking.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
It's a simple question. Have you ever thought of having—making love with someone other than your husband?

John leans forward.

ANN
(on tape)
Is he going to see this?

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Absolutely not.

A sarcastic chuckle from John. In the hallway, Graham furrows his brow.

ANN
(on tape)
I have thought about it, yes.

JOHN
(to Ann's image)
You bitch. I knew it.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Who did you think about?

ANN
(on tape)
I don't think that matters.

JOHN
(to Ann's image)
Bullshit.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Did you have sex before you were married?

(Continued)
ANN
(on tape)
Yes.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Did the person you made love with satisfy you more than your husband?

JOHN
(to Graham)
God damn you!!

ANN
(on tape)
Yes.

John stands and throws his chair against the door. Graham, still listening at the door, is startled.

GRAHAM
(on tape)
And you have thought about...making love to that person again since you've been married?

John watches the monitor, his eyes beginning to water.

ANN
(on tape)
I don't see what difference it makes, I mean, I can think what I want.
　(pause)
I don't know if I want to do this anymore, I'm afraid...I don't mind answering the questions so much, but if somebody were to see this...

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Nobody will see it. Do you want me to stop?

John, absorbed in the image, absently shakes his head.

ANN
(on tape)
No.
GRAHAM
don tape
Are there people other than your
previous lover that you have
fantasized about?

A pause.

ANN
don tape
Yes. Whenever...all right, look.
Whenever I see a man that I think
is attractive, I wonder what it
would be like with him, I mean,
I'm just curious, I don't act on
it, but I hate that I think that!!
I wish I could just forget about
that stuff!!

GRAHAM
don tape
Why?

ANN
don tape
Because that's how Cynthia thinks!!
All she does is think about that
stuff, and I hate that, I don't
want to be like her, I don't want
to be like her!!

GRAHAM
don tape
You're not like your sister. Nobody
is like your sister. You couldn't
be like her if you wanted to.

ANN
don tape
I know. Deep down, I know that.
It just bothers me, when I have
feelings or impulses that she has.
I mean, I'd like to be sexy, but
I put on this act to everybody,
my therapist, my self, like I don't
think about it. But I'm just doing
that so people don't think I'm
like her.

John picks up the chair he threw and sets it upright. He sits
down and watches the screen impassively. Graham still listens
from outside.
GRAHAM (on tape)
Have you fantasized about me?

ANN (on tape)
Yes.

GRAHAM (on tape)
What did you think about? Did you think about what I looked like without my clothes on?

ANN (on tape)
That and some other things.

GRAHAM (on tape)
What do you think John's reaction would be to knowing that?

ANN (on tape)
He'd get upset.

GRAHAM (on tape)
Why, do you think?

ANN (on tape)
Oh, Graham, come on. If you were in a relationship with someone, and they told you about fantasizing about a person that you knew, you'd get upset.

GRAHAM (on tape)
Except that I don't have relationships.

ANN (on tape)
Right. Or sex. With other people, I mean.

GRAHAM (on tape)
Right.

(continued)
ANN
(on tape)
You're so weird. I've never met anyone so obsessed about sex, but you're....

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Impotent, you can say it. I know. I think about sex almost continually. I also fantasize about people I find attractive.

ANN
(on tape)
You've thought about me?

GRAHAM
(on tape)
I thought I made that clear before, when I said I would go down on you.

ANN
(on tape)
I remember. You could do that, couldn't you? Go down on me?

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Yes.

ANN
(on tape)
If I asked you to, would you? Not on tape, I mean?

GRAHAM
(on tape)
No.

ANN
(on tape)
On tape?

GRAHAM
(on tape)
No.

ANN
(on tape)
Why not?

(CONTINUED)
GRAHAM
(on tape)
If I can't do it all, I don't want
to do anything. And I can't do it
to.

ANN
(on tape)
So you like...just play with
yourself?

GRAHAM
(on tape)
Yes.

ANN
(on tape)
A lot?

GRAHAM
(on tape)
It varies. My record is five in
one day. However, I once went
nineteen days without touching
myself. Of course, during the last
couple of those streaks I was
unable to put a complete sentence
together.

ANN
(on tape)
What does...what kind of...thing
do you have?

GRAHAM
(on tape)
"Thing"?

ANN
(on tape)
You know. Is it short, long, thin,
fat?

GRAHAM
(on tape)
I've never measured it.

ANN
(on tape)
John said every guy has measured
it at least once.

(continued)
GRAHAM
(on tape)
And do you believe everything John tells you?

A pause. John is still watching the tape, his face betraying no emotion. Graham still listens from outside.

CUT TO:

The previous afternoon. We are no longer looking at Ann on the monitor, but watching her and Graham AS THEY MADE THE TAPE. For instance, we can now see Graham from Ann's point of view, or the two of them at the same time, etc.

ANN
You said you weren't always impotent.

GRAHAM
That's correct.

ANN
So you have had sex.

GRAHAM
Yes.

ANN
Who was the person you had sex with?

GRAHAM
Her name was Elizabeth.

ANN
So what happened? Was it so bad that it turned you off?

GRAHAM
No, it was wonderful. That wasn't the problem.

ANN
What was the problem?

GRAHAM
The problem was me. I was a pathological liar. Or am, I should say. Lying is like alcoholism, you are always "recovering".

(CONTINUED)
ANN
You lied to her?

GRAHAM
I did more than lie to her. I took one of the great women of the world and turned her into a complete mess.

Why?

GRAHAM
Because I loved her for how good she made me feel, and I hated her for how good she made me feel. I couldn't stand the thought of someone having that much control over how I felt. And understand: I didn't let this woman "slip through my fingers". I pushed her down the stairs.

ANN
That's sounds awful.

GRAHAM
It was awful, and very awful. After I really understood what I had done I became impotent.

ANN
Don't you get lonely?

GRAHAM
How could I, with all these nice people stopping by? Really, though, I think you have to be able to live alone, I mean, even if you love another person, people do die suddenly, and you have to move on. And anyway, I'm asking the questions. Are you happy?

ANN
I don't know anymore.

GRAHAM
Did you confront John with the fact that you knew about him?

(CONTINUED)
ANN
Not yet. I'm not sure I will. I just want out.

GRAHAM
If you do get out of your marriage, will you continue to be sexually inhibited?

ANN
I don't know. It all gets back to that Cynthia thing. I don't like her...eagerness. There's nothing left to imagine, there's no...

GRAHAM
Subtlety?

ANN
Subtlety, yes. No subtlety. Plus, I've never really felt able to open up with anyone physically. I mean, that other person I told you about, I enjoyed making love with him a lot, but I still wasn't able to really let go. I always feel like I'm being watched and I shouldn't embarrass myself.

GRAHAM
And you feel the same way with John?

ANN
Kind of. I mean, John's like this kind of...craftsman. Like he's a carpenter, and he makes really good tables. But that's all he can make, and I don't need anymore tables.

GRAHAM
Interesting analogy.

ANN
I'm babbling.

GRAHAM
No, you're not.
ANN
(thinking)
God, I'm so mad at him!!

GRAHAM
You should be. He lied to you.
So did Cynthia.

ANN
Yeah, I know, but somehow I expect
that from her, I mean, she'll do
it with almost anybody, she gets
that from my father, she can't
even help herself, really, but him.
He lied so... deeply!! Ooo, I want
to strangle him and watch him die!!

GRAHAM
Goodness.

Ann sits quietly for a moment. Graham says nothing.

ANN
(looks up at Graham)
You're really never going to make
love again?

GRAHAM
I'm not planning on it.

A pause.

ANN
If you were in love with me, would
you?

GRAHAM
I'm not in love with you.

ANN
But if you were?

GRAHAM
I wouldn't allow myself to be in
love with you.

ANN
But I think maybe I could be open
with you. Even that first day,
I thought it was weird how somebody
that I thought looked so strange
would make me feel so comfortable.
GRAHAM
That's very flattering.

ANN
So why won't you make love with me? Why wouldn't you, I mean?

GRAHAM
Ann, are you asking me hypothetically, or are you asking me for real, right now?

ANN
I'm asking for real. I want you to turn that camera off and make love with me. Will you?

A pause.

GRAHAM
No.

ANN
Why not?

GRAHAM
I've told you.

ANN
But I don't understand--

GRAHAM
Ann, it would happen to me all over again, don't you see? I would start to--

ANN
But how do you know for sure, you have to try to find a way to fig--

GRAHAM
I couldn't face her if I had slept with somebody else.

A pause.

ANN
Who? Elizabeth?

GRAHAM
(uncomfortable)
Yes.

(CONTINUED)
ANN
You mean you're still in contact with her?

GRAHAM
No.

ANN
But you're planning to be?

GRAHAM
I don't know. Possibly.

ANN
Wait a minute, wait a minute. Graham, what do you think her reaction is going to be when you contact her? Do you think she's going to fall for you again?

GRAHAM
I don't know. I'm not even sure I will contact her.

ANN
Is that why you came back here?

Graham says nothing.

ANN
Graham, this is....I mean, the woman could be married, or--

GRAHAM
She's not married. I know for a fact she's not married.

ANN
But look at you, look how you've changed!! Don't you think she will have changed?

GRAHAM
I don't know. I really would rather not talk about it.

ANN
(has to laugh)
Whoa!! I'm so glad we got that on tape!!

(more)
ANN (Cont'd)
You won't answer a question about
Elizabeth, but I have to answer
all these intimate questions about
my sex life!! Graham, what do
you think she's going to make of
all these videotapes? Are you going
to tell her about them? I can't
imagine her being too understanding
about that. But since you don't
lie anymore, you'll have to say
something.

GRAHAM
As I said, I haven't thought this
through yet. I may not contact
her. I may just send her some
tapes that I have of me talking
about all the times I've dreamt
about her.

ANN
Oh, God, Graham, that is
so...pathetic.

GRAHAM
I may not contact her at all.

ANN
Oh, you just moved back here so
you could think about it, right?

Graham doesn't answer.

ANN
I can't believe what I'm hearing.
Nothing can change what you did,
Graham, so why do you need this
sad fantasy about her and you
getting toge--

GRAHAM
Look how many tapes I've filled
up with my dreams. Look.

Ann looks into the box beside her. There are fifteen or so tapes
marked "Elizabeth".

ANN
So what? You think showing her
those will do it?

(more)

(CONTINUED)
ANN (Cont'd)
You got overwhelmed by your first love affair, big deal. Like you said, we are alone. I'm sure she's over it. She's probably forgotten the whole thing. It's actually kind of conceited that you think she still cares. You're not even what you pretend to be, you're a lie, you're a bigger lie than you ever were.

Graham sets the camera down, thought it continues to record. He is visibly upset.

GRAHAM
Let's talk about lies, Ann. Let's talk about lying to yourself. You haven't been able to sleep with your husband because you're no longer in love with him, and maybe you never were. You haven't been honest with yourself in longer than you can remember.

ANN
(heated)
Yeah, you're right. But I never claimed to know everything like you, and have all these little theories. I'm still learning, I know that. But I don't feel like I've wasted time. If I had to go through my marriage to get to where I am right now, fine.

Ann moves in closer, burrowing, her eyes on fire.

ANN
But you. You have wasted nine years. I mean, that has to be some sort of weird record or something, nine years. How does that feel?

Graham says nothing. Ann picks up the camera and points it at him.

GRAHAM
Don't do that.

(CONTINUED)
ANN
Why not?

GRAHAM
Because.

ANN
"Because"? That's not good enough. I asked you a question, Graham. I asked you "how does it feel"? How does it feel, Mr. I Want To Go Down On You But I Can't? Do you know how many people you've sucked into your weird little world? Including me? Come on, how does it feel?

GRAHAM
I can't tell you like this.

ANN
I'm just going to keep asking until you answer. I'm sure there's plenty of tape.

GRAHAM
I don't find this "turning the tables" thing very interesting—

ANN
I don't care.

Graham reaches up for the camera. Ann knocks his hand away.

ANN

Graham is on the verge of completely falling apart.

ANN
Come on!!

GRAHAM
All right!! All right!! You want to know? You want to know how I feel? I feel ashamed. Is that what you wanted to hear? You go it.
"sex, lies, and videotape"

A pause.

ANN
Why do you feel ashamed?

GRAHAM
Jesus Christ, Ann, Mike Wallace has got nothing on you.

Graham thinks for a moment.

GRAHAM
You want to know why I mistreated Elizabeth? Why I lied to her and cheated on her and kept her on a string?

ANN
Why?

GRAHAM
You'll love this. It was because of John.

Ann sets the camera down.

ANN
John? What do you mean?

Graham swallows. He thinks hard for a moment.

GRAHAM
Ann, John was my hero in school. I wanted to be him, I worshipped him. And I thought...I thought he would be impressed by my behavior. I did it to impress him, because that was the way he treated women, and I wanted his approval more than anything. So I emulated him to get his approval. And it turned out he really didn't care one way or the other. I had emotionally destroyed someone I cared about just to get a pat on the back. And I didn't even get it. So, yeah, maybe I came back for her, but I also came back for him. I had to see if he was still at it, and if he was, I had to do something, anything. People have to be held accountable.

(continues)
Graham and Ann look at each other. Graham suddenly kisses Ann, then quickly sits down.

Then Graham shuts off the camera.

CUT BACK TO:

John watching the tape. There is video snow on the monitor now. The tape timer reads 46:02. John gets up slowly, ejects the tape from the player, and heads for the door.

Graham, hearing the footsteps approach, backs away from the inlet. His eye is swollen, and he holds one of his hands in a curious position.

John opens the door. He looks at Graham for a moment before reaching into his pocket for Graham's keys. He dangles them in his hand as he stands over Graham.

JOHN
I never knew my approval was so important to you, Graham.

Graham says nothing.

JOHN
I never told you this, because I thought it would crush you, but now I could give a shit.
(pause)
I fucked Elizabeth. Shortly after you left town. She was really despondent over you, and lonely, so we did it. She was okay, nothing to write home about.

John drops Graham's keys to the floor and leaves. Graham stands, fighting back tears, and walks into his apartment.

He pulls Ann's tape from the videotape player.

He reaches inside the cassette cartridge and pulls the videotape itself out, ruining it forever. He does the same to every other tape in both the boxes. Calmly. Deliberately. Methodically.

He walks over to the camera/recorder, trailing a mound of videotape behind him. He breaks the lens off the camera body, and smashes the inner workings against the edge of the table. He then drops the damaged unit into the pile of destroyed tape, where it disappears.

CUT TO BLACK:

THEN CUT TO:
"sex, lies, and videotape"

53 INT. LAW OFFICES -- DAY

John Moreau talks to his colleague.

JOHN
Man, not having to answer to anybody... I feel like this huge weight has been lifted from my shoulders. I mean, come on, if I decide that I'd rather live alone, what's so bad about that? It's not like I've decided to live a life of crime, right? It's just how I feel, you can't help the way you feel, you just have to be honest about it.

John dials a number on his telephone.

VOICE ON PHONE
IBM.

JOHN
(to phone)
Larry Carlson, please.

VOICE ON PHONE
May I ask who's calling?

JOHN
John Moreau.

VOICE ON PHONE
One moment.

JOHN
(to his paralegal)
Anyway, I've always said, the work is the thing. I can be happy without a marriage, but take away my work, that's different. And if Ann can't handle that, that's her problem, like we're all alone in this world, you know what I'm saying? I mean, fuck.

(looks at phone)
Jesus, what's takin' this guy?

The intercom clicks to life.

SECRETARY
(on speaker)
Mr. Moreau?

(CONTINUED)
JOHN

Yeah.

SECRETARY
(on speaker)
Mr. Davidson would like to see you in his office.

JOHN
Okay, in a minute, I'm on with a client.

SECRETARY
(on speaker)
He said immediately.

JOHN
All right, Jesus.

The intercom clicks off.

VOICE ON PHONE
Mr. Moreau?

JOHN
Yes?

VOICE ON PHONE
Mr. Carlson has asked me to inform you that he has obtained legal representation elsewhere, and that if you have a message for him to leave it with me.

John swallows.

JOHN
Thank you. I...there is no message. Thank you.

John hangs up. He thinks for a moment, rubbing his forehead.

The intercom clicks to life.

SECRETARY
(on speaker)
Mr. Moreau, Mr. Davidson is waiting.

SOME DUDE
(voice over)
Come on, I'm not asking too much, am I? Just one little question.
"sex, lies, and videotape"

54 INT. LOUNGE -- DAY

Cynthia is tending bar. SOME DUDE, whose voice we just heard, is a customer in his thirties. He is dressed not unlike John, and puffs on a big cigar.

SOME DUDE
Just tell me what time you get off. Work, I mean. What's the harm in that? Whaddaya say?

Cynthia stares him down.

CYNTHIA
Buddy, anyone smoking a cigar that big is compensating for something small, and I'm not so bored that I want to find out what it is.

55 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Ann talks to her therapist. Her manner is more self-assured than before.

ANN
My mother has been very helpful. She went through a similar kind of thing when she and my father separated. I'm really glad this happened before any children were involved.

The therapist takes a moment.

DOCTOR
Ann, I must say, I'm impressed by your resilience. You seem to have put these events into perspective in a very short time.

ANN
To you it's been a short period of time. Not to me.

DOCTOR
The last month has gone slowly, you feel?

ANN
I just feel like for a two week period there I had more ups and downs than I had in ten years.

(CONTINUED)
55 (CONTINUED)

Ann looks away.

ANN
"Our minds are very flexible as far as time is concerned."

DOCTOR
Is that a quote?

ANN
Yes.

56 INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Graham sits reading. There is now some furniture in the apartment. Bookshelves, plants, etc. There are periodicals on the table where the video gear used to be. There are no cigarettes.

There is a knock at Graham's door, which now has a deadbolt lock.

GRAHAM
Who is it?

A knock again. Graham sets his book down and goes to the door. He unlocks the deadbolt and opens it.

Ann stands in the hallway.

Graham is obviously flushed with feeling at seeing her. She wordlessly moves into the room, her movements like a slow breeze, her expression calm.

Graham watches her go by.

She stops in the middle of the room, her back to him.

ANN
You're still here.

Graham moves toward her slowly. Sensing him behind her, Ann's breathing becomes deep.

Graham slowly enfolds her in his arms, his face against her hair.

She closes her eyes as their hands interlace.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END