

GENE

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Susan KNOCKS on a door.

START →

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Open.

Susan enters. GENE is wrapped in his blanket, lit by the glow of his TV. Susan studies him for several moments.

GENE

(without looking away from TV)

Toilet is still to your left.

SUSAN

I'm not here to go to the bathroom.

Gene turns and looks at Susan.

GENE

Well you strike me as a person who's about to expel something.

SUSAN

I have some feelings I'd like to discuss.

GENE

(exactly)

There we go.

SUSAN

I walked in here several days ago, peed in your toilet, then had sexual intercourse with you, then ate your gluten free mac & cheese and left.

GENE

Yes. I remember thinking it was a good haul for a woman just in transit from one floor to another.

SUSAN

Thank--

(then)

What were your feelings about what happened?

GENE

So the "feelings" you want to discuss... are *my* feelings...

WRIT. SARAH SILVERMAN

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SUSAN
(rattled)
Um... I mean... yeah.

GENE
My feelings are pity. I pity you.

Off Susan's look of dismay, Gene shrugs: what's the problem?

SUSAN
That's... that's not nice!

GENE
Why not? It's compassion. If you barged into apartment 119 or 121 you'd probably get even less.

SUSAN
Why do you pity me?

GENE
You have a fatal need to be loved, and it rules your life. You want to know how I feel about you, but you but you seem not to have explored how you feel about me. With that total disregard for yourself, you'll be back with another version of whoever you just broke up with before you know it. I mean, I'm just some guy who watches Law and Order reruns on a weekday and sexually propositions strange women who wander into his apartment to take a leak. I'm barely worth the space I take up on the planet, and you actually *care* what I think. I can't even *imagine* what it must have been like when you were with that last guy. Yeah - I know who you are - you were with some big music producer, right? A guy who actually earns his keep in the universe? You probably spent your *life* obsessing about his feelings while never once asking yourself "Why do I stay in a relationship that makes me feel insecure?" Never once asking yourself "What would it be like to be with someone who treats me well and makes me feel good about myself?" Or even just, "Is my boyfriend a raging asshole?"

Susan takes a moment to process this. Then:

SUSAN

Okay... Well, I think I've just become more clear on my feelings about you.

GENE

And they are?

SUSAN

That you're an extremely damaged person with, just, no hope of ever being happy with yourself.

A beat. Gene absorbs this.

GENE

Good. Instant personal growth for you. I congratulate myself.

SUSAN

I also feel very sexual. I'm not proud of that particularly, but there it is. The way you think and talk and behave - makes me want to kind of... eat you whole.

(then)

That's just me being in touch with myself. Which you encouraged.

GENE

(as he immediately removes his robe for sex)
And you call me damaged.

SUSAN

(as she removes her clothing)
It's better than "Gene."

END

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