

DAVID

Yeah?

FARRAH

MmmmmHmmmmm. I can be a bitch  
sometimes. Nobody's perfect. So we  
all deserve each other. Everybody  
deserves everybody. That's my  
philosophy.

DAVID

You remind me...

FARRAH

I do?

DAVID

...of someone too.

FARRAH

Your wife.

DAVID

Yep.

FARRAH

Not your sister?

DAVID

I don't have a sister.

FARRAH

Your brother?

DAVID

No brothers.

FARRAH

Is she dead?

DAVID

No.

FARRAH

Gone?

DAVID

No.

FARRAH

So you're a cheat.

DAVID

Yep.

START HERE

FARRAH  
I like that.

DAVID  
You do?

FARRAH  
Yep. I like cheats. Shady fuckers.  
Criminals.

DAVID  
I'm not a criminal.

FARRAH  
That's a mistake.

DAVID  
What?

FARRAH  
Saying that. Say you are a  
criminal. Make believe. It gets me  
hot.

DAVID  
I'm a criminal. I'm a cheat. I  
steal, I murder. I have zero regard  
for anything or anyone other than  
myself.

FARRAH  
That's better. Now I like you  
again. I may even be inclined to  
fall in love with you. Have your  
fucking baby.

DAVID  
I already have a baby. A little  
girl.

FARRAH  
You do?

DAVID  
I do.

FARRAH  
Even better. More tragedy. More  
broken hearts. I fucking love it.

DAVID  
You do?

FARRAH  
MmmmmHmmmm. Destruction is my  
wardrobe.

DAVID  
I see.

FARRAH  
That other guy...

DAVID  
My dad.

FARRAH  
Yeah. He's a cocksucker too. A real  
fucking prick. I can tell. A real  
oozer. Oozes it.

DAVID  
Yeah.

FARRAH  
I love it.

DAVID  
Yeah?

FARRAH  
MmmmmHmmmm. But I could never love  
him. Real love.

DAVID  
No?

FARRAH  
Nope. He's all prick. No torture. I  
need tortured. I cannot love you  
without the torture. The guilt. It  
has to hang on you. Cripple you to  
the floor. Otherwise, you can fuck  
off as far as I'm concerned. I'll  
never love a person without it.  
Requirement, that shit is. You? You  
have it. Tortured. It's all over  
your face. I can feel it blasting  
out of your chest. It's everything  
you are. Where's the blow?

DAVID  
The blow?

FARRAH  
Yeah.

DAVID

Right there.

FARRAH

Make a line. And booze. I want more booze.

DAVID

Right there. It hasn't gone anywhere.

FARRAH

What a fucking cocksucker! What a smartass! I fucking love you!

She kisses him.

INT. A LAS VEGAS HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM-EARLY EVENING

David sits at a grand piano, a fluffy hotel bathrobe draped around him. He lightly plunks on the keys, pulling whiskey straight from the bottle. He obviously cannot play the instrument, just goofing with the keys to pass the time.

The double doors leading to one of the bedrooms in the suite open and Farrah exits. She is dressed in a knockout dress. She walks up to David.

FARRAH

I'm gonna take a break for a bit.  
Get some food. I'm so starving.  
Maybe take a swim. Is that cool  
with you?

David stands up.

DAVID

Okay.

Farrah walks up to him. She reaches between the folds of his robe and rubs his crotch for a second.

FARRAH

Till later stud.

Dave walks out of the bedroom Farrah just exited, also wearing a robe and carrying a bottle of wine. He takes a drink from the bottle. Farrah chuckles.

FARRAH (CONT'D)

You're twins. How adorable.