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TAYLOR. You're just gonna leave that? Your plate. On the table?

FLIP. Cheryl'll get it.

TAYLOR. I got it.

(TAYLOR clears the table, rinses the plates.)

TAYLOR. *(pause)* Why didn't you ever call me?

FLIP. I'm sorry?

TAYLOR. You never called.

FLIP. No. That was three years ago...let it go. Damn. 'Sides you're supposed to be in love with my brother.

TAYLOR. I just thought you would say something.

FLIP. So, you wanted me, say, at dinner, over the mashed potatoes to say, Dad, Fork, Knife, oh yeah, Spoon...I fucked the brains out of our girl here in Atlanta three years ago.

TAYLOR. Just an explanation. To me. I thought you liked me. I didn't know you fucked my brains out, I thought we made love.

(Long moment of silence. TAYLOR pours a cup of coffee.)

Junior year, right after the Solitaire episode, I rented this beater and drove to the Art Fair in Atlanta. I was supposed to find myself there or something. Mostly I just walked around feeling sorry for myself. Then I met you. And you were nice to me. Really nice. And you bought me dinner, and we talked and laughed, for hours. And you made me feel really comfortable. Like I had never felt comfortable with anyone before. Actually, not since. *(beat)* Except for when I met Spoon, of course. You did things that no one had ever done, to me. Like you wanted to, for me. And it's the first time I didn't feel like someone's thing. 'Cause I could tell you didn't need me. Like you could have anyone, and you wanted me. And you looked into my eyes while I...

FLIP. Don't embarrass yourself.

TAYLOR. The truth embarrasses you?

FLIP. Why do you women do that? Like some damn *The Way We Were* Sunday flick fantasy. You, you're a beautiful, smart woman, and you'll lay down with just anyone who's a little bit nice to you for gumbo and a cheap glass of wine?

TAYLOR. You misunderstand.

FLIP. Oh, I think I understand perfectly. On this day, this beautiful day, I see this woman who is so young and firm and beautiful, and not in need of alteration. And she doesn't know that I'm a plastic surgeon. And, after talking to her for a few minutes, I see that she wouldn't care anyway. This girl likes to play with bugs. And that's amusing to me. And she's witty and charming and hasn't even asked me what I do. So, I ask her out. And I take her to a dive, good food, but a dive. And she's so happy just to be there with me. And I ask her back to my place, really just to talk. 'Cause I'm thinkin' she's, special. But I find that she's no different. Just so willing to lay down and give herself over, to someone as undeserving as I. I didn't have to work for it. So yes, I fuck her brains out...and forget all about her. Until this bitter bitter girl comes home with my brother

TAYLOR. You'll never be happy.

FLIP. Are you? Now?

TAYLOR. Yes.

(**FLIP** pulls **TAYLOR** toward him.)

FLIP. Does he look into your eyes? Does he know where, how to touch your soul? Can he make you want things? Unspeakable things...

TAYLOR. He touches my heart.

FLIP. Can he make you beg...will you touch yourself for him...will you...

TAYLOR. He makes me safe.

END---- **FLIP.** Keep saying that to yourself.