

Mitchell
 DIANE
 MITCHELL
 Diane

DIANE
 Darling. Dear heart. Angel mine. Is there -- are we having some kind of communication problem? Is there something in the way that I speak that is unclear -- in any way?

MITCHELL
 I don't -- what are you --

DIANE
 Do you hate me? Is that it? The way I suppose all gay men hate women unless they're in a black and white movie and suffering majestically. I was on the phone this afternoon, speaking with he meaning him and I said, "Oh, have you seen much of Mitchell?" He meaning him responds with a bright and cheery, and, let's say it -- swishy -- "Oh, yes. My lover --" God I hate that word. Is there another word in the English language, please? "My lover and I had drinks with Mitchie." Mitchie? "Mitchie ... and his sweet young "friend", Alex." "Friend". "Friend". I could sense the quotation marks trans-continentially. "Friend."

MITCHELL
 Now, Diane listen to me.

DIANE
 You listen to me. We are investing money into a property that will fill the common woman with lust and fill the common man with envy. My problem is that if you start walking around with your "friend" over there. You will not inspire lust in common women and every common man will feel superior to you.

MITCHELL
 So what if I have a "friend"? Maybe I'll be a famous actor with a "friend"?

DIANE
 Are you British? Are you knighted? If not, shut up.

MITCHELL
 Goddamn it, Diane, I'm happy. I'm content when I'm with this guy, I'm -- is it so fucking horrible if --

DIANE
 If a perceived straight actor portrays a gay role in a feature film, it's noble. It's a stretch. It's the pretty lady putting on the fake nose and winning an Oscar. If an actor with a "friend" plays a gay role it's not acting, it's bragging.

MITCHELL
 Oh, so this picture won't get made --

DIANE

About homos? Not at the studio. Not for the money they've just spent. They might send it down to their art house division.

MITCHELL

And that's so bad?

DIANE

I will not stand in the way of this picture being made, but that said --

(not in African American Slave dialect)

Oh, massa, don't sends me down to boutique division, I starves there!

MITCHELL

I'm just -- I can't take all this out of -- I'm just trying to carve out a little life here for myself and -- I need to go.

DIANE

Mitch, don't hang up on me.

MITCHELL

I'm sorry -- I'm -- don't pick on me. I'm fighting for my life.

DIANE

And who isn't, Angel mine? Let me tell you a story. Don't hang up on me. When I was first an agent, a junior agent, I packaged my first film -- all of it, source material, writer, actors, cinematographer, producers, everything. And I had a meeting with this director. As a last minute precaution I brought along a lawyer, a nobody flunky from legal to help us through the finer points. And.

(SHE almost cries at the memory, but sucks it up)

And all through this meeting with said director, said director never looked at me, never spoke to me, never acknowledged my existence. I was, by his estimation a bimbo. A ... piece of ass. And he spoke only to the lawyer. I did not exist. Yesterday, in this office. Said director is here, in this office. To get the job of our movie. And I exist. And he looks me in the eye. And I am not a piece of ass. And he begs me for the job to direct this film, not in so many words -- but the eyes, they're begging. And he says to me, "C'mon. Diane. We have history." History. He is asking me to believe in the reinvention of our past. History. This is where we are in our lives. Now. There were eight thousand times in that story I just told when I could have shouted out, "HELLO, I AM A PERSON AND YOU ARE IGNORING ME!!" but I didn't. Even at the end when I was on top. And that's how one wins. By shutting up. You can win. And all you have to do is shut up. Don't say anything.

MITCHELL

Then I won't say anything.

DIANE

Thank you.

MITCHELL

And we'll do the picture the way you want, the big way.

DIANE

Thank you, my love, thank you.

MITCHELL

But I'll have a "friend". And it's nobody's business.

DIANE

You're — we're splitting hairs here.

MITCHELL

Diane?

DIANE

Don't --

MITCHELL

I have to think of myself this once.

DIANE

You're a movie star, you think of yourself constantly. This friend, this thing with this Alex, this is a nothing, this is. Hardly worth talking about.

MITCHELL

I think I'm headed towards a relationship with this guy and --

DIANE

You're in a relationship with him right now, you just don't know it. You also don't know that it will be over soon. I'm your friend, I can tell you these things.

MITCHELL

Maybe I don't know what I've got, but with this guy, Alex, we seem to have something maybe, and -- don't you ever want more than what you have?

DIANE

Professionally? Constantly. Personally? Who's got the time?

MITCHELL

Maybe I want a little of both.

DIANE

I strongly advise against this.

MITCHELL

I think – and I can't believe this as I'm saying this – I think I want to be with him.

DIANE

You do so against my advisement.

MITCHELL

Then maybe --

DIANE

Please don't "Then maybe".

MITCHELL

Well, maybe –

DIANE

No "wells", no "thens". I love you, I've given my life to you, think what you're doing.

MITCHELL

Don't make this harder – and this is hard, OK? I think I just need time to sort all this out.

DIANE

I am begging you. And I am not a beggar, you know that.

MITCHELL

I think maybe we should --

DIANE

Don't do this!

MITCHELL

Explore the possibility of exploring separate interests.

DIANE screams in anguish.
MITCHELL and DIANE are gone.
ELLEN opens the door, it is ALEX.

ELLEN

Oh hi. Come in. To your own house. Make yourself at home. Oh right you are. Never mind.

ALEX

Hey.