

L Thanks for coming.

J It was quite inconvenient. I had to move around some meetings.

L Can I get you a drink? I'm buying.

J Not today.

It's my new meds. Throwing my whole system off. Gin tastes like mouthwash.

Takes the fun out of it.

L I guess you cut a deal? Ratting on me worked out?

J Three years probation.

L At least you're out and about.

J So are you.

L No, I'm at an AA meeting on 10th street.

J Criminals at large! I couldn't imagine what was so important that Lee Israel

swallowed her pride and asked me to meet her. Spit it out.

L I've been thinking about writing a new book. About what happened, and what I did.

And about you if you'll let me.

J Like hell I will! What would my boyfriend think if he knew about my shadier dealings?

L I doubt our crimes even rank in your top ten of shady dealings.

J Fair enough, but I don't want a book out there about me.
I'm a very private person.

L I need to do something. I need to write again.

J What about Fanny Price?

L Goddammit, Brice? No. As terrifying as it sounds,
I think I'm supposed to be writing about us.

J I'm still mad at you, you know. You treated me like shit.
I don't think you're a very nice person.

L I would agree with you.

J But I suppose you may be mad at me as well.

L If you didn't look quite so decrepit, I would be.

J Yes, well, it was going to catch up to me eventually.

L You did fuck your way through Manhattan.

J I would like that on my tombstone. Will you make me 29? And with perfect skin? And don't make me sound stupid.

L Thank you.

J I'm late for a board meeting. My driver is waiting. The life of a millionaire.

L (Laugh)

J What?

L I had such an urge to trip you just now.

J Wow, you're...a horrid cunt Lee.

L You too Jack.