

Can You Forgive Me?

{Lee is sitting in a bar. Jack enters. At beginning of movie}

Jack: Good afternoon darling?

Bartender: Hey Jack Handsome.

Jack: Can I have a beer please?

Bartender: I don't know. Can you?

Jack: Lee Israel. Jack Hock. Last time I saw you, I think we were both pleasantly pissed at some horrible book party. Am I right?

Lee: Slowly it's flooding back to me. You're friends with Julia something.

Jack: Steinberg.

Lee: Yeah.

Jack: She's not an agent anymore. She died.

Lee: She did? Jesus. Isn't she young?

Jack: Maybe she didn't die. Maybe she just moved back to the suburbs. I was confused then too. That's right. She got married and had twins.

Lee: That is sure dying.

Jack: Indeed. I just came from having my teeth bleached. How do they look?

Lee: Why would you do that?

Jack: Oh teeth are a dead giveaway.

Lee: Ok.

Jack: Can I buy you a drink? You know you're a posh writer.

Lee: Thank you. You know, I keep trying to remember that party that you mentioned. Something keeps flashing in my head. I know something happened but I can't seem to put my finger on it.

Jack: Bad shrimp?

Bartender: There you go.

Lee: Jack Hock, you said, huh?

Jack: That's me. A renegade...a rebel. Jack Hock.

Lee: I'm sure it will come back to me.

Jack: How's old life been treating you?

Lee: I can honestly boast I'm banned from Crosby Street booksellers.

Jack: I'm banned from Duane Reade. Horrible. I have this shoplifting problem. It'll soon pass but for some reason I have a very memorable mug. And now I have to take a bus just to buy shampoo and aspirin stuff. Duane Reade's not the only _____ here in town.

Lee: You pissed in a closet.

Jack: I did what?

Lee: You pissed in a closet. Now I remember. Nobody could stop talking about some handsome English gentleman...

Jack: Why thank you.

Lee: ...who was so shitfaced, he mistook the coat closet for the can. You ruined thousands of dollars worth of furs. Those old biddies didn't know what hit them. All their disgusting furs, covered in piss, dogs followed them home.

Jack: I found it rather amusing. They stopped talking to me after that night.

Lee: Fuck em.

Jack: Cheers.

Lee: Did you work Jack Hock?

Jack: Well, this and that. Mostly that. I have some very nice cocaine, if you're interested.

Lee: No, I'm not.

Jack: Oh Jesus, it's not like I have it all the time. A boy's gotta do what a boy's gotta do. Anyways, who are you to judge? It's four in the afternoon and you're drunk.

Lee: I'm hardly drunk. It's not anyways...it's anyway.

Jack: Anyways, let's keep drinking, the day is young.