

Can You Forgive Me?

Lee is drinking in a bar. Jack walks in looking like hell...sick and dying.

Lee: Thanks for coming.

Jack: It was quite inconvenient. I'm in some meetings around.

Lee: Can I get you a drink? I'm buying.

Guy: Not today. My new meds make gin taste like mouthwash. Takes the fun out of it.

Lee: I guess you cut a deal? Ratting on me worked out.

Guy: Three years probation.

Lee: At least you're out and about.

Guy: So are you.

Lee: No...I'm in an AA meeting on 10th Street right now.

Guy: Criminals at large. I can't imagine what was so important that Lee Israel swallowed her pride and asked to meet me so spit it out.

Lee: I'm thinking about writing a new book about what happened and what I did and about you...if you'll let me.

Guy: Like hell I will. What will my boyfriend say about my shady dealings?

Lee: I doubt our crimes even rank on your top ten of shady dealings.

Guy: Fair enough. I don't want a book out there about me. I'm a very private person.

Lee: I need to do something and I need to write again.

Jack: What about Fanny Price?

Lee: Goddammit...it's Brice.

Lee: As terrifying as it sounds, I think I'm supposed to be writing about us.

Guy: I'm still mad at you, you know. You treated me like shit. I didn't think you were a very nice person, Lee.

Lee: I would agree with you.

Guy: I suppose you might be mad at me as well.

Lee: Well, if you didn't look so decrepit, I might be.

Guy: Yeah well, it was going to catch up to me eventually.

Lee: You did fuck your way through Manhattan.

Guy: I'd like that for my tombstone. Will you make me 29 with perfect skin? Anyway, sounds stupid.

Lee: Thank you.

Guy: Late for a Board meeting. Driver's waiting. Life of a millionaire.

{Lee laughs}

Guy: What?

Lee: I had such an urge to trip you just then.

Guy: What?? You're a horrid cunt, Lee.

Lee: You too Jack.

