

Larry:
Do you like it?

Alice:
No

Larry:
What were you so sad about?

Alice:
Life

Larry:
What's that like?
What do you reckon, in general?

Alice:
You wanna talk about art?

Larry:
I know it's vulgar to discuss the work at an opening of someone
but someone's gotta do it.

What do you think?

Alice:
It's a lie.
It's a bunch of sad strangers photographed beautifully
and all the glittering assholes who appreciate art say it's beautiful
because that's what they want to see.

But the people in the photos are sad and alone,

but the pictures make the world seem beautiful.
So the exhibition is reassuring, which makes it a lie.
And everyone loves a big fat lie.

Larry:
I'm the big fat liar's boyfriend.

Alice:
Bastard.

Larry:
Larry.

Alice:
Alice.

Larry:
A princess can kiss a toad.

Alice:
Frog.

Larry:
Toad.

Alice:
Frog.

Larry:
Toad, frog, lobster, they're all the same.

Alice:

So how long have you been seeing her?

Larry:

Four months. We're in the first flush.
It's paradise. All my nasty habits amuse her.
You shouldn't smoke.

Alice:

Fuck off.

Larry:

I'm a doctor, I'm supposed to say things like that.

Alice:

You want one?

Larry:

No. Yes. No. Fuck it, yes. No. I've given up.
Anna tells me your bloke wrote a book. Any good?

Alice:

Of course.

Larry:

It's about you isn't it?

Alice:

Some of me.

Larry:

Oh? What did he leave out?

Alice:

The truth.

Larry:

Is he here? Your bloke?

Alice:

Yeah, he's over there talking to your bird.

Larry:

He's very pretty.

Alice:

She's very tall.

Larry:

So, you're a stripper?

Alice:

Yeah, and?

Larry:

You take care, now.

Alice:

I will. You too.