

RUSSIAN DOLL

Bar Scene Nadia/Alan

Episode 6

Address  
Phone Number

INT. BAR - NIGHT

NADIA AND ALAN

NADIA

So, is this about as drunk as you were?

ALAN

I was way more drunk. I don't even remember how drunk I was.

NADIA

Oh, I get it. Uh, hey, bartendress. Hello. Uh, more drunk, please.

BARTENDER

Here you go.

NADIA/ALAN

Thanks

ALAN

I knew she was unhappy. I don't know why I thought proposing would be a good idea.

NADIA

Sometimes Hail Marys are the best Marys we've got.

ALAN

You ever been married, engaged?

NADIA

You know, I've thought about it, I've thought about it, but then I realize that it's just a base instinct mostly for suckers and, you know, mediocres. And so, I move on. I get over it. I mean, I don't really think it's for me. I think I'm meant to be alone.

ALAN

Not many people could go through what we are going through.

(pause)

That's pretty.

NADIA

Ah, this. This was my mother's. It's a krugerrand. You know what that is?

ALAN

No, no I don't.

NADIA

It's a South African gold bullion.  
It goes for about \$1500 an ounce.

ALAN

Whoa, cool!

NADIA

I told you my grandparents are  
Holocaust survivors, right?

ALAN

No, we basically just met. I'm  
sorry about -

NADIA

It's not on you. Anyway, after the  
war, you know, most survivors wer  
ea little bit paranoid about  
putting their money in the banks.  
So, my grandparents acquired 150 of  
these babies. And then because my  
mother, 'cause she's a fucking  
piece of work, she spent them all  
except for this one.

ALAN

How much is 150-

NADIA

You know the price of gold  
fluctuates, but, uh... if I had to  
guess, \$152,780.86

ALAN

Whoa!

NADIA

I know this, because why? Because  
it was my fucking college fund. But  
hey, I got a pretty necklace,  
right? So...

ALAN

Your mom, she- sounds-

NADIA

Great. So, uh, what happened after  
this?

ALAN

Um, I'm trying... It's hazy.

NADIA

You know what, man? Don't work too hard. I mean, it's only eternity.

ALAN

Hey. Whoa, whoa, whoa. Whoa. Why am I the only one whose being interrogated? You're involved in this shit too, so it's whatever. Midnight? Where were you at this time?

NADIA

I was taking care of business.

(pause)

Look, you promise you're not going to flip out?

ALAN

Yeah.

NADIA

I was fucking Mike from the party.

ALAN

Beatrice Mike?

NADIA

Yeah. What are the odds, right? I mean, like, she's cheating on you, he's cheating on her. Ipso facto, it's like we all fucked Beatrice. I mean, you the most, of course, but you know, in a kind of fun gang-bang, it's like a mash-em-up.

ALAN

You fucked Mike from the party?

NADIA

Oh, here we go.

ALAN

You know what? This is not about my first death. This is probably because you were fucking that Irish, that Irish gingerbread fisherman - looking mother fucker.

NADIA

Alright man. First of all, I mean this guy's hands are so fucking soft, there's no way he's done a days worth of hard labor in his life let alone that, you know, hardcore fishing. And second of all, the sex was, I want to say, mediocre at best. Like medium, you know? And there's no way that it set off a whole world-bending multi-verse wonderland fucking splitting-level shit, all right?

(pause)

Let's slow down. Bukowski's not your greatest look.

ALAN

I can fuck you better than Mike.

NADIA

Wow. It looks like someone just threw a gauntlet right into my puss-puss.

(pause)

Let's have at it.