

ALMA:

How was your appointment with the princess?  
She's very beautiful, like a sculpture of some kind.

REYNOLDS:

Mmm-hmm

ALMA:

So will you make her a wedding gown?

REYNOLDS:

I have made her baptism, her first communion and confirmation dresses. I made the dress for her presentation at court, indeed the entire wardrobe for her coming out season. It's only right that I should make her wedding dress, wouldn't you think? (Whispers) Ahhh, Christ.

ALMA:

No, but this is not what I wanted to say.  
I'm... I'm sorry, I don't know what I said, I...  
This is meant to be nice evening.  
Let me serve you. Do you like it?

REYNOLDS:

I do.

ALMA:

No, you don't.  
You don't like it at all.  
Usually you always tell me what you think.

REYNOLDS:

What is this?

ALMA:

You're lying.

REYNOLDS:

As I think you know, Alma. I prefer my asparagus with oil and salt. And knowing this, you've prepared the asparagus with butter. Now, I can imagine in certain circumstances, being able to pretend that I like it made this way. Right now, I'm just admiring my own gallantry for eating it the way you've prepared it.

ALMA:

I don't know what I'm doing here.  
I, I don't know what I'm doing here.  
I'm just waiting around like an idiot for you.

REYNOLDS:

This was an ambush, Alma. To what purpose?

ALMA:

This is not... I know it's not going as I expected. I, I didn't mean these things to come out. I'm sorry, but it was meant to be nice.

REYNOLDS:

Well, what did you expect?

ALMA:

I wanted time with you. I wanted to have you to myself.

REYNOLDS:

You have me all the time.

What are you talking about?

ALMA:

No! I don't! There are always people around! And if not, then there's something between us.

REYNOLDS:

Something between us?

ALMA:

Yes.

REYNOLDS:

What?

ALMA:

Some...

REYNOLDS:

What?

ALMA:

Distance!

REYNOLDS:

When did this happen? What happened to make you behave like this? Is it because you think I don't need you?

ALMA:

Yes.

REYNOLDS:

I don't.

ALMA:

Well, that's very predictable of you. Don't act so tough. I know you are not.

REYNOLDS:

Yeah, that's right. That's right.

If I don't protect myself, somebody will come in the middle of the night and take over my corner of the room and ask me about the fucking asparagus!

ALMA:

Don't be a bully. You're being a bully.

REYNOLDS:

There are other things I'd like to do with my time. It's my time!

My time!

ALMA:

I have no idea what I'm doing here in your time! What am I doing here? I'm standing around like an idiot waiting for you!

REYNOLDS:

Waiting for what?

ALMA:

Waiting for you.

REYNOLDS:

Waiting for what?

ALMA:

Waiting for you to get rid of me.

To tell me to leave. So tell me. So I don't stand around like a fucking fool.

REYNOLDS:

Asparagus, is this all about your asparagus?

ALMA:

No, it's not about asparagus.

REYNOLDS:

Then what the hell is it about? Are you a special agent sent here to ruin my evening and possibly my entire life?

ALMA:

Why are you so rude to me? Why are you talking to me like this?

REYNOLDS:

Is this my house? This is my house, isn't it?

Is this my house?

ALMA:

Yes, this is your house. Of course it's your house.

REYNOLDS:

Or did somebody drop me on foreign soil behind enemy lines?  
I'm surrounded on all sides.

ALMA:

What a question! You brought me here.  
It's you who brought me here.

REYNOLDS:

When the hell did this happen? Who are you? Do you have a gun? You here to kill me? Hmm? Do you have a gun?

ALMA:

Stop it!

REYNOLDS:

Where's your gun?  
Where's your gun?

ALMA:

Stop being a child. Stop.

REYNOLDS:

Where's your gun?

ALMA:

Stop playing.  
Stop playing this game.  
Stop playing this game!

REYNOLDS:

I'm not playing a game. I am not.

ALMA:

Yes, mm-hmm, uh-huh.

REYNOLDS:

What game am I playing? What game? What precisely is the nature of my game? You tell me.

ALMA:

Oh, this whole...

REYNOLDS:

What?

ALMA:

All your rules, and your walls, and your doors, and your people, and your money, and all these clothes, and everything!

This, this, this game! Everything here!

This whole...

Nothing is normal or natural or... Everything is a game!

"Yes, mister! No, madam! Yes."

REYNOLDS:

Well, if it's my...

ALMA:

"I don't eat this. I don't drink that. I don't do..."

REYNOLDS:

If it's my life that you're describing, it's entirely up to you whether you choose to share it or not. If you don't wish to share that life, as apparently it's so disagreeable to you in every respect, why don't you just fuck off to back where you came from?

ALMA:

Yeah, mmm-hmm.