

THE FISHER KING

Lydia and Perry are walking home after their successful first date.

LYDIA: You don't have to say that.

PERRY: I never say anything I don't have to.

LYDIA: No, I mean you don't have to say nice things to me. It's a little old fashioned considering what we're about to do.

PERRY: What are we about to do?

LYDIA: You're walking me home.

PERRY: Mm-hm.

LYDIA: I think you're a little attracted to me.

PERRY: Yeah.

LYDIA: And... hmm.. you'll probably want to come upstairs for some coffee.

PERRY: I don't drink coffee.

LYDIA: And we'll probably have a drink and talk... and get to know each other a little bit better and get comfortable and then you'll... You'll sleep over and in the morning you'll awake and you'll be distant and you won't be able to stay for breakfast... maybe just a cup of coffee--

PERRY: --I don't drink coffee--

LYDIA: --And then we'll exchange phone numbers and then you'll leave and never call... And I'll go to work and I'll feel so good for the first hour, and then, ever so slowly I'll turn into a piece of dirt. I don't know why I'm putting myself through this. It was really nice to meet you. Night.

Lydia runs away to go into apartment building.

PERRY: Night--excuse me! Wait. Just—hey! Sorry. Wait one minute. Excuse me. Please wait. Wait.

LYDIA: Listen, I'm not feeling very well.

PERRY: Well, no wonder. We just met, made love and broke up, all in the space of three seconds. And I don't remember having the first kiss which I think is the best part.

LYDIA: Listen, it was real special to meet you--and I had a--

PERRY: --It was for me too. But I think it's time you should shut up now.

LYDIA: --and I would really like to just end it on that note, on a good note--

PERRY: --Shut up, please?

LYDIA: uhh--

PERRY: I'm not coming up to your apartment. That was never my intention.

LYDIA: Oh God. You don't want to.

PERRY: Oh, no, I want to! I have a hard on for you the size of Florida. But I don't just want one night. I have a confession I have to make to you.

LYDIA: You're married?

PERRY: No.

LYDIA: You're divorced?

PERRY: No.

LYDIA: You have a disease?

PERRY: No. Please stop. I'm in love with you. Shhh-- and not just from tonight. I've known you for a long time. I know that you come out from work at noon everyday and you fight your way out that door and you get pushed back in, and three seconds later, come back out again. And I walk with you to lunch and I know if it's a good day if you stop and get that romance novel at that bookstore. I know what you order. On Wednesdays you go to that dim sum parlor. And I know that you get a jawbreaker before you go back in to work. And I know you hate your job and you don't have many friends. And... I know sometimes you feel a little uncoordinated and you don't feel as wonderful as everybody else, and feeling as alone and separate as you feel you are and... I love you. I love you. And I think you're the greatest thing since spice racks. And I'd be knocked out several times if I could just have that first kiss. And I won't, I won't be distant. I'll come back in the morning and I'll call you if you let me. But I still don't drink coffee.

LYDIA: Shhhh. You're real. Aren't you? Good night. It's the wrong door. You can call me.

PERRY: She didn't give me her number.