

WASHED UP IN STUDIO CITY 1-1 (J.M.)

SHE

What's the rush? Why do we have to unpack the split second we move in?

HE

Edie, it's been three weeks.

SHE

But if we unpack that'll mean we really live here.

HE

How do I put this? (beat) We do.

SHE

Why did we throw away all our money, do all those drugs, and flush our careers down the toilet?

HE

I don't know. 'Cause it was fun? (pause) C'mon, Edie. Try to look at this as an adventure.

SHE

Sure. Like going to China. Only without the excitement or beauty... but with the smell. What is that?

HE

The Chinese restaurant on the corner. I'm sure after awhile, you won't even notice it.

SHE

Johnny, I'm so desperately unhappy.

HE

You're always desperately unhappy.

W.U.I.S.C. 1-2

SHE

I know. But being unhappy because your hair looks bad sure beats being unhappy because your whole life stinks. (pause) Know what's making me most unhappy? The fact that you're happy.

HE

I'm sorry.

SHE

An apology doesn't cut it. I want you to be miserable.

HE

I can't. I don't miss any of it--- performing the same idiotic songs, giving the same idiotic interviews, dodging the same idiotic groupies grabbing at my crotch... okay, them I miss. But finally I have a life without crowds and dry ice.

SHE

We don't even have wet ice.

HE

I can create bold, original music now that I've escaped from that top forty prison.

SHE

The old prison had much nicer cells.

HE

Who cares? With you and my guitar and the Mister Mandarin on the corner, I have everything I need.

W.U.I.S.C. 1-3

SHE

Fine, you're a happy, starving artist. You're taken care of. But what about me? My modeling career is over. What am I going to do?

HE

You can do anything.

SHE

I was a model. I did nothing... and got paid for it. Those careers don't just fall off a tree.

HE

You hated modeling. All you ever did was complain about it.

SHE

I know! Complaining is the one thing I'm good at.

HE

I can think of one or two other things you're good at.

SHE

Maybe I don't need a career... I can just be a muse to a musical genius who threw away everything to create brilliant, poetic songs... worth lots of cold hard cash.

HE

Well, you just never know... my over-the-edge songs might just be accepted someday.

SHE

Time. Suddenly it's all so clear. For three weeks, that clock has blinked nine forty-five a.m. It's... it's whispering to me. Do you know what it's whispering?

W.U.I.S.C. 1-4

HE

That we don't know how to set it?

SHE

That we're stuck here forever. This isn't an apartment.
It's purgatory.

HE

I think you're blowing it a little out of proportion.

SHE

Blowing it out of proportion? Living in the lap of
luxury, having everything and more... to going to this---
that's out of proportion... Way out of proportion!