

**DIGGER**

Well, he has a true friend in  
you.

He wants her to know he sees that.

**DIGGER**

Whenever George tells someone  
how steadfast I am, he always  
makes me sound boring.

**JULIANNE**

Solid and genuine is not boring.  
Michael can be completely insane...

A young waiter arrives. Sets a boat of black squid ink beside her  
plate.

**JULIANNE**

There was this one night in  
Tucson, like six years ago...  
we got amazingly drunk, I mean,  
Keith Richards time...

The kid tops off her glass of meursault. Looking at her.

**JULIANNE**

God, I haven't thought of this  
in so long...

The waiter hanging now. Openly listening.

**JULIANNE**

I can even believe we did  
this...

Digger sees the guy listening, gestures to her with his eyes. So  
she looks up.

**JULIANNE**

Could you give us a minute?

The kid stunned, speechless. People lose jobs for a lot less.

**JULIANNE**

You won't miss much, I promise  
there was no sex.

He reddens and disappears.

**DIGGER**

I've lost interest.

**JULIANNE**

He takes a razor from his dinky  
little dopp kit, cuts his fingertip,  
takes my hand, does the same to me...

She places the tips of her index fingers together.

**DIGGER**

Blood oath.

**JULIANNE**

He says, "Swear. When we're both  
28, if we've never been married...  
we marry each other!"

And laughs again. Can you believe that? But Digger isn't smiling.  
She wonders why. Begins to spoon black squid ink onto her risotto.

**JULIANNE**

See, he figured that would be a  
sign from God, or someone of  
comparable authority, that we'd  
misunderstood our destinies.

He still has this real serious look. She's still spooning ink.

**JULIANNE**

We never talked about it again. I  
don't know what made me think of...

**DIGGER (quietly)**

I do.

And everything. Stops. She lifts her spoon, mesmerized by the  
gravity of his tone.

**DIGGER**

You'll be 28 in three weeks.  
How old is he?

Holy. Fucking. Shit. It hits her like a ton of lead bricks. She  
shovels some swampy risotto into her mouth, without looking.

**JULIANNE**

You think...

**DIGGER**

Desperate. To talk.

She shovels in more drippy black goop. It is really disgusting.

**JULIANNE**

He's not proposing marriage,  
there's no way I'm buying one  
word of th...

**DIGGER**

Then why are you compulsively  
eating? If you're not hysterical?

More goes in. Her lips and mouth completely black. Like a circus  
clown.

**JULIANNE**

He can't do that to me!

**DIGGER**

We're about to find out.

Ink is now dribbling out of the black hole of her mouth and down her face. She absently dabs a napkin, keeping some of it from reaching her sweater.

**JULIANNE**

When I turn him down...

She realizes the full weight of the truth.

**JULIANNE**

We'll never be the same.

**DIGGER**

I have a suggestion...

**JULIANNE**

I'll have to kill myself before I call him.

Staring in each other's eyes.

**DIGGER (sadly)**

That was it.

**INT. JULIANNE'S BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT**

Julianne furiously scrubs her blackened tongue with a toothbrush. Gray foam pours from her mouth, splattering the oversized basketball jersey she wears as a nightshirt. In the mirror, her troubled eyes dwell on Michael, flick to the cordless phone standing ominously on the closed toilet lid.

She spits, sticks her tongue way out. Incredibly black. Great. Depressed, terrified, and disfigured for life. She snatches up the hated phone, and wanders aimlessly into...

... her bedroom. West Village view. Defiantly jumbled, aggres-