

91 INT. LILITH'S OFFICE - DUSK 91

The office is elegant, exquisite, sparsely decorated. Lilith is at a desk. Standing, her back to us, reading a newspaper.

LILITH

(without turning)

Mr. Carlisle, come in...

STAN

Slow day-?

LILITH

Have you not heard? We are at war...

Lilith shows him a newspaper: FDR TO ADDRESS THE NATION.

STAN

I heard... how did you know it was me?

LILITH

What brings you here?

STAN

You gave me your card- didn't you?

Lilith pours Stan a Whisky.

LILITH

So, here we are...

STAN

Not me. I never drink.

Lilith gently deposits the served glass on her desk. Stan looks around- sees small microphones attached under the desk.

STAN (CONT'D)

Microphones...

LILITH

That's right. Wire recorder.

STAN

Are you recording this?

LILITH

No.

He eyes the glass on the table.

Lilith pulls out a key, opens a wooden panel on the wall, revealing a recorder and rows of recorded sessions.

LILITH (CONT'D)

My office's wired to record all analysis sessions-

Stan admires the equipment-

STAN

See? You got a smoother line, but you run a racket- same as me-

LILITH

Is that what this is?

She removes the key.

LILITH (CONT'D)

How did you know I had a pistol?

STAN

I can read a mark quick. Find out what they want-

LILITH

And I am a mark, am I?

(beat)

What do I want?

STAN

To be found out- Same as everybody else.

LILITH

Is that it?

STAN

Think out things most people want, and hit them right where they live:
Health. Wealth. Love.

LILITH

Find out what they're afraid of, and sell it back to them.

STAN

As long as you don't oversell it.
Stan thinks- and then-

STAN (CONT'D)

You wanna know how I knew about the gun?

(beat)

I removed the blindfold... both for dramatic effect and to get a rise out of

the audience, but also to see the way you held your clutch: elbow bent forward clutch was heavy- you lifted it with your left- no wedding ring- no tanmark unmarried- so- you like to go out at night- You were at the Copa so you have the bees- but I'm sure you go to lower places too, don't you?

LILITH

If I want mud on my skirt, I can find it.

STAN

You live alone- no man in the house gotta have a gun at home- but you assume yourself to be a lady- so- not a big pipe portable, small- .22, .25- Four- six shot. Maybe. And since you like pretty things, nickel plated, ivory handle.

LILITH

But you talked about my mother- why?

STAN

Dames like you always have Mommy issues. Daddy issues too-

LILITH

I see- An Electra complex, is it?

STAN

I wouldn't know about that. But you're not as hard to read as you think, Lady.

LILITH

If I am so easy to read, why come to see me, then?

She heads for the fireplace.

STAN

That Judge- he's a pretty big deal in this town, is he?

LILITH

Judge Kimball? Doesn't get much bigger.

STAN

Is he a patient?

LILITH

Friend of my father's-

STAN

You all Jazzy together?

Lilith laughs, a beautiful, unaffected laugh-

LILITH

Now, why would you ask that?

STAN

You have a handle on him.

LILITH

His wife is a patient of mine. An interesting woman, Felicia.

Looks at him- up and down-

LILITH (CONT'D)

Have you ever been in analysis?

STAN

I wouldn't know what to talk about.

LILITH

Simple. What are you thinking about?

STAN

Now?

LILITH

Now.

STAN

You.

LILITH

Me? What about me?

STAN

Wishing you'd come a little closer, so I could get a better look at you.

LILITH

Is that why you are here- to look at me. Stan walks towards her.

STAN

I'm just thinkin'... that- if you help me- we might be able to make quite a big dent in this town.

LILITH

"We"?

STAN

You give me something on that Judgeor
any other higher ups- I can make it
worth your while.

LILITH

So, you think you have something big
enough, or interesting enough, for me?

STAN

Look- nothing matters in this goddamn
world but dough. You get that raw.

LILITH

Alright, I'll give you something-
(beat)
In exchange for the truth.

STAN

The truth about what?

LILITH

Yourself. I give you a little
information and you tell me the truth.
She extends her hand. He takes it. Then-

LILITH (CONT'D)

But do not lie. I will know if you
are lying.

STAN

Is that it, then? Shoot-

LILITH

Kimball lost a son- an only child:
Julian- 23 years old.
He writes on a pad. Lilith takes it.

LILITH (CONT'D)

Don't write anything down. This is not
a carnival trick. You are to leave no
trace.

STAN

No writing. Understood.

Lilith throws the paper in the fire.

LILITH

Julian enlisted against Felicia's wishes
and died- in No Man's Land-

STAN

I can work with that.