

Script # 198, Dumping Lisa

INT. LISA & MARTY'S APARTMENT

Marty barrels into the living room, breezes right past a startled Lisa carrying a tray of drinks and snacks.

MARTY
We have to talk.

LISA
Marty, you look so--

MARTY
WHAT?

LISA
Different.

MARTY
You got a problem with that?

Lisa sets down the tray, approaches him, rubs her hands on his chest.

LISA
Oh, no, no, I don't. In fact, I find your vulgar appearance extremely...stimulating.

MARTY
Really?

She moves in tighter.

LISA
Shakes things up. Makes me want to...do things.

Marty shoves her away.

MARTY
Okay, whoa, stop. That's not why I'm here.

LISA
But I can't help myself. Don't you see. I'm hopelessly...smitten.

Lisa kicks off one of her shoes. She kicks off the other shoes.

(CONTINUED)

MARTY

Huh?

LISA

Here. Now. Take me.

MARTY

Absolutely not. I won't.

LISA

I want you to...take me.

MARTY

Oh, no. Not that again. Huh-uh, no way.

Lisa advances on Marty, he begins to retreat.

LISA

You will. I'm giving myself to you.

MARTY

You're crazy.

LISA

Oh, yes. Madly, insanelly crazy for you!

As Lisa stalks him, they circle around the couch.

MARTY

I don't believe this.

LISA

It's real, my Mr. Macho Man. Believe it.

MARTY

This isn't right. We're not right. I'm not who you think I am.

Marty trips, falls over backwards to the floor, Lisa quickly stands over him.

LISA

I don't care.

MARTY

Please, I don't deserve you!

She pins him down with a bare foot locked on his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

LISA
I know what you need.

MARTY
But...I'm toe-dirt.

Lisa dangles her other foot over Marty's face.

LISA
I know what you want.

MARTY
A scumbag!

LISA
Say it. Tell me!

Marty twists his head back and forth, Lisa grabs it in a
Vise-like grip.

LISA (CONT'D)
I said TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT!

MARTY
(Meekly)
Cookies?