

DANNY: Tallulah.

TALLULAH: You do have booze in this dump, do you not?

DANNY: I don't think it's a good idea that you drink during our recording session.

TALLULAH: I was drinking during the shoot. You want this shit to sound *authentic*?!

DANNY: Steve? We got any liquor up there?

TALLULAH: Ah. Your invisible friend drinks too? I like him already.

STEVE: Hold on.

TALLULAH: (*Spooked*) What the fuck was that?

DANNY: I told you. That's Steve. He's our sound engineer.

TALLULAH: You mean he's a real person?

DANNY: Yes.

TALLULAH: Ah. Answer to prayer! (*Flirtatiously*) Steve, dahling. Can you hear me?

STEVE: Yeah.

TALLULAH: Can you see me as well?

STEVE: Yeah.

TALLULAH: And do you not think I'm beautiful?

STEVE: Yeah.

TALLULAH: And beautiful women should *always* get what they want, isn't that right, Steve?

STEVE: Yeah.

TALLULAH: Well, this beautiful woman would very much like some bourbon. I'll make it worth your while, sailor.

STEVE: I don't sail.

TALLULAH: Oh, I can teach you. *Lots* of things. Secret things. Unspeakable things. (*She lifts her dress to mid-thigh.*) You know, I don't believe in undergarments —

(DANNY *quickly intercedes by pulling TALLULAH's dress back down.*)

DANNY: Dammit! Steve! Will you help me out here?!

TALLULAH: So sorry. I might have known you'd be allergic to fur.

STEVE: All we got is scotch.

TALLULAH: (*Exploding*) Scotch?? SCOTCH?! I never touch that poison! It's the devil's drink! Everyone knows Tallulah doesn't drink Scotch. If I were on a desert island dying of thirst I wouldn't drink that shit. I once gave my dog a sip of Scotch. He had to lick his ass just to get the taste out of his mouth! I swore (and I do mean swore) on my granddaddy's grave that Scotch would never EVER touch these lips!

DANNY: Well Scotch is all we got.

(*Beat*)

TALLULAH: Give me the bottle. Granddaddy will get over it.

(STEVE *sticks his hand out of the projection booth.*)

TALLULAH: Oh, dahling please be careful...the bottle.

(STEVE *drops down a bottle of Scotch. DANNY catches it, gives the bottle to TALLULAH who carefully inspects the bottle's label.*)

TALLULAH: Well liquor. I might have known. Cheap sons-of-bitches. I give you people forty years of my sweat and blood and all you can muster up is a half bottle of McCormick.

DANNY: You don't have to drink it.