

## 2 Days in Paris

Marion: What?!

Jack: What the hell is wrong with you?!

Marion: OK, I'm sorry! I'm really sorry.

Jack: I mean honestly, you're acting like a crazy person.

Marion: Don't say that!

Jack: No you're crazy, you have crazy eyes. What are you Mike Tyson?

Marion: I'm not Mike Tyson, don't say that. Ugh, it was a guy I dated that did something so horrible. No, no, listen to me it's so horrible, it was not like a regular thing.

Jack: When, when, when?

Marion: Seven, seven, seven years ago.

Jack: Seven years ago? And you're still THIS pissed? Oh man...

Marion: He did something despicable, he represents everything I hate, he's part of this little bourgeoisie, and he did something that is so wrong...

Jack: Oooh, here we go, here we go...right, okay...

Marion: You know, lying and doing terrible things...

Jack: I don't care, I don't care, I don't care...

Marion: Like part of this post colonial bullshit...

Jack: I don't care, I don't care, don't care. It doesn't warrant that kind of behavior, ok? You have an impulse control disorder, and you need to be medicated! That's the problem here!

Marion: I was, I was in control. I was just...okay, I was angry. I was angry. But I'll never get angry again. I lost my temper because he did something so wrong. He had sex with children.

Jack: You know how to pick 'em honey.

Marion: I think it was wrong to throw us out like that.

Jack: You think it was wrong to throw us out? You're lucky we don't get shot, the two of us! I mean, honestly!

Marion: Well, they don't shoot people in France.

Jack: That's bullshit, that's another fallacy. But anyway, um, so, so that was another ex?

Marion: Yeah.

Jack: Alright, no big deal. I mean, right? Run into a couple of exes? That's not a big deal, right?

Marion: Yeah, why would it be a big deal?

Jack: Is an affair a big deal? Is that a big deal to you?

Marion: Yes, of course.

Jack: Yeah, okay.

Marion: What?

Jack: So, is the affair with this guy a big deal?

Marion: Who??

Jack: With Mattheiu.

Marion: What?

Jack: Hmmmm?

Marion: I left my phone in Paris, you know, that's why...I picked it up when we came from New York to drop the cat. Right? So, so, I left it, my mom gave it to my sister and she had an affair with him. So, he left it, he left it for my sister, the messages.

Jack: Right, right, okay. Not bad, not bad. Try this one though with slightly more feeling, I'm not quite sure I bought that one. I mean honestly, do you think I'm an idiot? You must think I'm like the stupidest person on the entire planet. You expect me to believe we're a victim of some sort of French farce here? Ya know? I mean, come on, and your poor little sister, you're gonna turn her into a scapegoat. I mean that girl's got enough problems, ya know, she's busy turning dozens of children into serial killers right now, ya know, she's very busy.

Marion: Okay, you're right, you're right. I did have a thing with Mattheiu, two years ago, but it was nothing serious, it was before I met you, so it doesn't count, ok? It doesn't mean anything.

Jack: You know what? You know I'm starting to believe there is a small world theory, but it just applies to your sex life, ok? And it wasn't two years ago, honey. I don't know what the fuck these things say but I know that they were in January, ok? And that they're horrible...(Goes up to a French guy and asks in French) "what does this say?"

French Guy: Tu a malled!

Jack: They were bad! They were bad!

Marion: Why are you doing this? I didn't lie. He kept on sending me messages even after, it was nothing and he kept sending messages. I mean, it's actually funny, some of them are really funny, let me translate the humor to you, it's really funny, it's not like serious sex messages...

Jack: You lied, you lied.

Marion: I don't lie, I was protecting you. I didn't wanna hurt your feelings. Alright! I lied. I lied just on that. But, please trust me, I didn't do anything bad, I didn't do anything bad, I didn't cheat on you!

Jack: How do I know? How can I even believe you anymore? How do I know what's bad anyway, I mean in France apparently maybe having a little anal sex on the side is like, you know, going fishing or playing a little scrabble.

Marion: Okay, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, trust me the messages mean nothing to me. It's just messages, I didn't do anything bad, please, we're in Paris.

Jack: No, no, no we're not in Paris, we're in HELL!

Marion: Say it.

Jack: Say whaaaat?

Marion: Say I'm a whore.

Jack: I'm a whore.

Marion: I'm a whore.

Jack: I'm a whore.

Marion: No, I'm a whore! Just say it.

Jack: I'm a whore.

Marion: Just say it, what you don't wanna say it, you wanna stay the friendly John Wayne guy right?

Jack: John Wayne, what the fuck?

Marion: You wanna be the good guy? Always? I'm the Indian! Yes, that's me. Well let me break the news to you, it's not your cock that's too big for French condoms. It's your ego that's too big for French condoms. And Italian condoms too.

Jack: Not bad.