

Lisa:
So, uh... so what other great actresses did you coach?

Sandy:
Nah. I don't like to talk about it. You know, it's like name-dropping.

Lisa:
Oh, come on!

Sandy:
Faye Dunaway... um, Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange.

Lisa:
Wow. That's some lineup. Did you, uh... sleep with any of them?

Sandy:
No. No, I never mix business with pleasure.

Lisa:
Oh, wow. You are a good actor.

Sandy:
What? I'm serious. I... I didn't! Don't look at me like that. I'm telling you the truth.

Lisa:
Come on. I swear I won't think less of you if you did.

Sandy:
No, this is a trap. This is a trap, right? Let's just talk about you. What made you want to study acting?

Lisa:
Uh, let's see. I was a theater minor in college and absolutely loved it. Probably the happiest time in my life. Honestly, I, uh... I don't know why I quit.

Sandy:
I do. Fear of failure.

Lisa:
Oh, about me, you tell the truth? Well, uh, anyway, long story short, when my husband of many years turned out to be balls deep in his dental hygienist... Ahem. Sorry, still a little bitter. I decided to spend some of my divorce settlement on acting classes. And a Porsche Cayenne.

Sandy:
It's a nice car. Sorry about the marriage.

Lisa:

Well, it all worked out. I mean, I got the house, and he got a Samoan mother-in-law.

Sandy:

Are you okay?

Lisa:

Uh... Yeah. Yeah, yeah. I'm fine. I'm just... Twenty-nine years. I just... I thought we'd grow old together. You know, uh... retire... drive around the country in an RV... babysit the grandkids. A whole fucking bullshit fantasy.

Sandy:

Lisa, Lisa, it's gonna be okay. You'll see. New doors are gonna open, new challenges, new people.

Lisa:

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Sandy:

No, there's nothing to be sorry about.

(Lisa smiles)

Sandy:

Oh, man!

Lisa:

I'm a good actor, too.

Sandy:

Seriously, why would you do that?