

HEAT - VINCENT AND JUSTINE

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Almost closing time. The restaurant is almost empty. Justine waits alone as Vince arrives and sits with her.

JUSTINE

I guess the earth shattered.

VINCE

So why didn't you let Bosko take you home?

JUSTINE

I didn't want to ruin their night too. What was it?

VINCE

You don't want to know.

JUSTINE

I'd like to know what's behind that grim look on your face.

VINCE

Well I don't do that, you know it. Let's go. Come on.

JUSTINE

You never told me I'd be excluded.

VINCE

I told you when we hooked up, baby, that you were gonna have to share me with all the bad people and all the ugly events on this planet.

JUSTINE

And I bought into that "sharing". Because I love you. I love you fat, bald, money, no money, driving a bus, I don't care. But you have got to be present like a normal guy some of the time - that's sharing. This is not sharing, this is leftovers.

VINCE

I see, what I should do is, uh, come home and say, "Hi, honey, guess what? I walked into this house today where this junkie asshole just fried his baby in a microwave because it was crying too loud, so let me share that with you. Come on, let's share that, and in sharing it, we'll somehow, uh, cathartically dispel all that heinous shit." Right? Wrong. You know why?

JUSTINE

Because you prefer the normal routine. We fuck, then you lose the power of speech.

VINCE

'Cause I gotta hold onto my angst. I preserve it, because I need it. It keeps me sharp. On the edge. Where I gotta be.

JUSTINE

You don't live with me. You live among the remains of dead people. You read the terrain... you search for signs of passing... for the scent of your prey... and then you hunt them down. That's the only thing you're committed to. The rest is the mess you leave as you pass through. What I don't understand is why I can't cut loose of you.