

CONSTANCE

Oh. Mr. Escandarian. How nice of you to agree to see me. You have such a lovely home. It, um... Is this real crystal?

JOE ESCANDARIAN

I don't know. How much do you want?

CONSTANCE

I beg your pardon?

JOE ESCANDARIAN

For your house. I get it. I'm riding in on my white horse to rescue those people from their shithole. Make me an offer. I'm into it. I can tear your house down and put up a car port.

CONSTANCE

You know, I would love a drink. Double vodka, no ice. You're not from California, are you?

JOE ESCANDARIAN

I'm from Armenia. My family moved to Beverly Hills when I was two.

CONSTANCE

Used to be no one was from here. People came here to escape their pasts, Find a plot of land that not even a red Indian had set foot on and make a new life for yourself.

JOE ESCANDARIAN

Give me a number. I want history, I'll go talk to Gene Autry.

CONSTANCE

But now there are no more virgin plots. We live on top of each other. That's California now... and that's the world. There is no more space, and yet it's human nature to want to claim your own turf. So build away, we do. Every time you put up one of these... monstrous temples to the gods of travertine, you're building on top of someone else's life.

JOE ESCANDARIAN

I'm a developer. I improved on the past. I build a new future.

CONSTANCE

You should show some respect. You're not an archeologist. You should stop unearthing while you're ahead. It only brings a haunting. We have a responsibility as caretakers to the old lands... to show some respect.

JOE ESCANDARIAN

Cemeteries are for the past. This is my time.

CONSTANCE

You can't tear down that house.

JOE ESCANDARIAN

If you want to keep it so bad, buy it.

CONSTANCE

Well, not all of us have been as fortunate as you.

JOE ESCANDARIAN

Then piss off! You come into my house and insult me, and give me a history lesson, and I'm supposed to back out of a deal that's going to make me millions? There are three reasons I deal with women: sex, money, or making me sandwiches. And unless you're planning on going into my kitchen and slapping some ham between two slices of bread... this conversation is over.

CONSTANCE

One day, your time's going to end. And they'll be building on top of you, too.