

INT. CAMERON AND CHRISTINE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Christine drops her purse and snatches up the phone.

CAMERON

Who are you calling?

CHRISTINE

I'm gonna report their asses. Sons
of bitches...

CAMERON

And you actually think they're going
to take you seriously?

CHRISTINE

(slams phone down)

Do you have any idea what that was
like to have that pig's hands all
over me? And you watch him do it and
then you apologize to him?? What the
fuck was that about?

CAMERON

What did you want me to do, get us
both shot?

CHRISTINE

--They were gonna shoot us on Ventura
Blvd??

CAMERON

So, you would have been satisfied
with just being arrested.

CHRISTINE

You're right, Cam, much better to
let him shove his hand up my crotch
than get your name in the paper.

CAMERON

Yeah, that's what I was worried about.

CHRISTINE

It wasn't? You weren't afraid all
your good friends at the studio were
gonna read about you in the morning
and realize you were actually black?

CAMERON

You need to calm down here.

CHRISTINE

No, what I need is a husband who
won't just stand there while I'm
being molested!

CAMERON

They were cops! They had guns! Where
do you think you're living, with
mommy and daddy in Greenwich?

CHRISTINE

--Go to hell.

CAMERON

Maybe I shoulda let them lock your
ass up. I guess sooner or later you
should learn what it's like to be
black.

CHRISTINE

Fuck you, like you know. Closest you
ever came to being black was watching
the Cosby Show.

CAMERON

At least I wasn't watching it with
the rest of the equestrian team.

CHRISTINE

You know, you're right, Cam, I got a
lot to learn. 'Cause I haven't quite
learned how to shuck and jive. Let
me hear it again: "Thank you, Mr.
Poh-liceman. You sure is kind to us
po' black folk. You be sure to let
(MORE)

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

me know next time you wanna finger-
fuck my wife."

CAMERON

You know what? Fuck you.

CHRISTINE

Oh that's good. A little anger. A
bit late, but nice to see.

He slams out of the room.