

ELLEN. Alex, save me from the remains of what was no doubt once a decent club. The publicist said I was on the list and now that I see who else is on the list I want my name taken off the list. I've been shopping all day, where did you even get to last night?

ALEX. Some of us have to work for a living.

ELLEN. Please don't get all baby Jesus in a manger about the nobility of work, you have sex with older men in hotel rooms who are in town on business.

ALEX. What can I say, I get to work with my hands.

ELLEN. If you're lucky.

ALEX. What is with these bags?

ELLEN. Ancient Lymie Arthur --

ALEX. Ewww.

ELLEN. Please don't make the model smelling cat poo on the runway face about Arthur. He is my boyfriend, and he admiahs my spirit, really he does, my glorious epemeral spihit - or he di - well he's busy OK, working on his thrilling new novel-

ALEX. Yawn.

ELLEN. I know, but he gave me one of his charge cards 'cause he swears when I am hanging out in his apartment he can hear me BREATHING --

ALEX. I don't like Arthur.

ELLEN. This might change things, he gave me one of his charge cards to go shopping.

ALEX. It doesn't.

ELLEN. And he just bought you this sweater. (*Hands him a sweater.*)

ALEX. Maybe a little.

ELLEN. So then, oh my God, why am I telling you my day chronologically and not in order of importance? So Arthur is meeting me for dinner, after my shopping spree day and who should but walk in but - her. Can't think of her name, oh you know she was so popular five years ago and was in all the magazines, but now she's not so famous and she's just real clingy and needy and desperate for attention.

ALEX. You just described everyone who was popular five years ago.

ELLEN. So this clingy, needy desperate whatshername is walking by our table, being escorted by the host, the maître d'. And when they get to her table for one, she looks all vulnerable and terribly alone and she hugs the maItre d' - I am swearing ro you and whispers in his ear, but loud enough for me to hear - to the maItre d' who has walked her to her table, she says, "Don't ever leave me."

ALEX. Wow.

ELLEN. Heavy shit. So I am here to tell I am more than a little rattled by this tragic figure, well, more tragic figurine...