

INT. CRAYONS - EARLY EVENING

An insanely expensive restaurant with a childhood motif: paper tablecloths and jars of crayons for drawing, lots of primary colors, and a goldfish bowl on each table.

Bateman is at a table with Evelyn. They are both drawing on the tablecloth. Bateman is drawing Christie with the chainsaw in her back.

EVELYN

I want a firm commitment.

BATEMAN

I think, Evelyn, that we've...lost touch.

Evelyn waves to a couple across the room.

EVELYN

(Distracted)

Why? What's wrong?

BATEMAN

(Speaking very carefully, measuring each word)

My need to engage in homicidal behavior on a massive scale cannot be, um, corrected, but I have no other way to fulfill my needs.

The woman across the room holds up her hand, displaying a new bracelet. Evelyn smiles and nods approvingly.

BATEMAN

We need to talk.

EVELYN

Talk about what, Patrick? What is there to talk about?

BATEMAN

It's over, Evelyn. It's all over

EVELYN

(Motioning to the waiter for water)

Touchy, touchy. I'm sorry I brought the wedding up. Let's just avoid the issue, alright? Now, are we having coffee?

BATEMAN

I'm fucking serious. It's fucking over. Us. This is no joke. I don't think we should see each other anymore.

EVELYN

But your friends are my friends. My friends are your friends. I don't think it would work.

(Reaching over to dab his face with a napkin)

You have a little something on your upper lip.

BATEMAN

(Brushing her hand away)

I know that your friends are my friends. I've thought about that. You can have them.

Evelyn stares at him, suspicious and bewildered, a realization dawning.

EVELYN

You're really serious, aren't you?

BATEMAN

Yes, I am.

EVELYN

But what about the past? Our past?

BATEMAN

We never really shared one.

EVELYN

You're inhuman.

BATEMAN

I'm...in touch with humanity. Evelyn, I'm sorry.
(He pauses, as if searching for the right words)
You're just not terribly important to me.

Evelyn begins to cry.

EVELYN

No, no, no.

BATEMAN

I know my behavior is...erratic sometimes.

She reaches desperately across the table and takes his hand. Bateman pulls his hand away.

EVELYN

(Sobbing)

What do you want me to do, what is it you want?

The occupants of nearby tables begin to stare. Bateman is becoming increasingly agitated and embarrassed.

BATEMAN

(Looking uncomfortably around the room)

If you really want to do something for me, you can stop making this scene right now.

EVELYN

Oh God, I can't believe this.

BATEMAN

I'm leaving now. I've assessed the situation and I'm going.

Evelyn makes an effort to compose herself. She blots the

tears so they will not affect her make-up.

EVELYN

(Surprisingly calm)
Where are you going?

BATEMAN

I'm just leaving.

EVELYN

But where?

BATEMAN

I have to return some videotapes.

He rushes out of the room.