

INT. KRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

THUMPING continues. Arthur and KRIS MADISON make love.

Well, he's making love; she's having sex.

Kris is thin and wiry, anal-retentive, and burdened with a fetish for adventure. She's an over-educated valley girl, and definitely wise enough to know the torment she causes herself.

Their sex is feral in all the best ways. Kris faux-struggles, pushing Arthur back. But his mind is in the clouds:

ARTHUR

You don't get the angle—*real* Indians.

KRIS (WHINING)

...no. Auugggh....

ARTHUR

But now... "their lifeblood flows through the urban wasteland of downtown LA."  
—The Lost Tribe of FrogTown.

Kris pushes Arthur away for real now, whipping around.

KRIS

What—"in Hell"—are you talking about?!

ARTHUR

That's what the homies call it. They've got frogs down there. And cranes and ducks. It's a recapitulation of the original conditions under which these Indians...

She pulls away, not hurt, but angry—at herself.

KRIS

Why don't I listen to myself?

ARTHUR (LOOKING DOWN)

Should I focus? You know, I had most of the wine.

He moves toward her, but she wards him off, pulling up her comforter and grabbing the TV remote.

KRIS

Get away.

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CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

Okay, you're the Indian river maiden and I'm a cop... no, a truant officer!

KRIS

Opportunity knocked. I'm done.

ARTHUR

What's done?

KRIS

Next time pay attention. You're blocking the TV.

She waves him away, channel surfing impatiently.

ARTHUR

You didn't just... come?

KRIS

Consider this research. On what it's like to be a woman.

Arthur doesn't like that one. He sits back, disgruntled. Kris is mad in a self-contained way, as if nothing Arthur does now could ever change her mind.

ARTHUR

Kris, when two people are in a relationship, it's important they both work toward an equality of, uh... emotional commitment.

KRIS

You can jerk off if you want. We'll find you a Bally Spa commercial. Use a napkin, I don't want that on my sheets.

ARTHUR

Usually I get a little more gratitude when I FORCE a woman into orgasm.

She ignores him, changing channels, landing on KRAMER'S KOMMANDOS, a sit-com set in a World War II prison camp.

KRIS

Ugh; it's Jack Kane! I hate that man.

ARTHUR

You don't have to. He's dead.

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KRIS

I wish his wife were. She left a storage room full of useless tax deductions and I had to catalog her entire collection of crap today.

A LAUGH TRACK rises from the TV. Kris raises her hand to dramatically change the channel and Arthur stops her.

ARTHUR

Like what?

KRIS

Like holiday pictures taken by a blind man. Let go.

ARTHUR

Anything good?

KRIS (ANNOYED)

Sure, if you want to see a Polaroid of Jack Kane and some vapid underaged girl, standing next to a gold dildo. Personally, I could do without.

ARTHUR

A dildo? You mean...?

KRIS

Like a man, but useful.

Arthur pauses, thinking. He snatches the remote.

INT. KRAMER'S KOMMANDOS - CONCENTRATION CAMP - DAY