

**A Star Is Born**  
Argument Scene

[*Ally is relaxing when Jackson enters*]

**Jackson:** You're nominated for three Grammys, and it's fucking great.

**Ally:** Thank you. How did you find that out?

**Jackson:** Bobby told me. He called. He said that...they wanna do some Roy Orbison tribute. They want me to sing and shit.

**Ally:** Great.

**Jackson:** Some, like, super group thing. But the point is, you got nominated, and it's great. I'm just trying to figure it out, that's all.

**Ally:** What are you trying to figure ou...

**Jackson:** “*Why do you come around me with an ass like that?*”

**Ally:** What are you... you're saying my lyrics?

**Jackson:** “*Why do you walk around in jeans? Why do you come around with an ass like that?*”

**Ally:** Yeah, that's my song. What about my song?

**Jackson:** I fucking listened to it over and over in the fucking...

**Ally:** You're not making any sense.

[*Jackson takes a sip of his drink*]

**Ally:** Yeah, just keep drinking. That'll give you the answer.

[*The conversation starts to overlap*]

**Jackson:** I dunno... maybe I fucking failed you.

**Ally:** You what?

**Jackson:** That kills me. I'm sorry

**Ally:** You failed me?

**Jackson:** Yeah, you're embarrassing, and it's just... you know I feel bad for you.-

**Ally:** I'm embarrassing?

**Jackson:** Yeah...

**Ally:** I'm not embarrassing!

**Jackson:** Yeah I just... you know...

**Ally:** You're embarrassing!

**Jackson:** ...I just have to tell you. I'm just trying to be honest with you...

**Ally:** You're so embarrassed of your fucking self...

**Jackson:** I'm just letting you know

**Ally:** ...that you gotta put me down.

**Jackson:** You're worried that you're ugly, and you're not. So you need to get approval by all these people.

**Ally:** I don't need approval.

**Jackson:** And it's like why can't I just be enough for you?

**Ally:** You know what I'd like is for my boyfriend to love me.

**Jackson:** You know...

**Ally:** [*Holding up her ring*] Actually for my husband to love me.

**Jackson:** Who's your fucking boyfriend? You have a boyfriend?

**Ally:** Yeah, I've got a boyfriend.

**Jackson:** That hurts.

**Ally:** Yeah I have a fucking boyfriend.

**Jackson:** Call me your fucking boyfriend.

**Ally:** You're my boyfriend. You're my boyfriend if you don't treat me like your wife.

**Jackson:** I don't even know what that fucking means.

**Ally:** It means clean your shit up. You're fucking messy. That's what it means.

**Jackson:** Well, that's not true.

**Ally:** Oh, it isn't? Uh-uh. Let's go. You wanna be my drinking buddy? Wanna practice?

**Jackson:** I don't think you could handle it.

**Ally:** You don't? Let me see. [*Takes a sip from his glass*] You don't think I can handle it. Here we go. Here we go.

**Jackson:** You know why? Cos you're too worried about what everybody else is thinking.

**Ally:** You want me to be your dad? Be your drinking buddy? Here we go.

**Jackson:** Yeah. Yeah, you couldn't be my dad if you fucking tried. He had more talent in his finger than you have in your whole body. So don't even fucking go there about that, all right? That's over the fucking line.

**Ally:** Why don't you have another drink and we can just get fucking drunk until we fucking disappear, OK? Hey do you got those fucking pills in your pocket?

**Jackson:** You're just fucking ugly, that's all.

**Ally:** I'm what?

**Jackson:** You're just fucking ugly.

**Ally:** Get the fuck out! Get out! I said, get out!

**Jackson:** Fine.

**END**