CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

by

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Directed by Mike Nichols

2nd draft screenplay
8/3/70
Throughout the credits we hear the off screen voices of Jonathan and Sandy, low and very close.

SOUND: In the background -- dance music of the 40's.

   JONATHAN
   If you had the choice --

   SANDY
   Yeah?

   JONATHAN
   Would you rather love a girl or have her love you?

   SANDY
   I'd want it mutual --

   JONATHAN
   I mean if you couldn't have it mutual.

   SANDY
   You mean, would I rather be the one who loves or is loved?

   JONATHAN
   Yeah.

   SANDY
   It's not that easy a question. I think I'd rather be in love.

   JONATHAN
   Me too. I wouldn't want to get hurt, though.

   SANDY
   No. But I wouldn't want to hurt anybody else either. Would you marry not in love? I mean if she had money?

   JONATHAN
   You think I'm a prostitute?

   SANDY
   I don't care about the money part of it. I'd rather make it on my own.
JONATHAN
Good luck.

SANDY
Why shouldn't I be able to be a doctor on my own?

JONATHAN
Your father's a doctor. Me, I'll take as much help as I can get.

SANDY
It's a matter of faith in yourself.

JONATHAN
You should also be realistic.

SANDY
When I'm realistic, I feel crappy. I'd rather have faith.

JONATHAN
Every time I start being in love the girl does something that turns me cold.

SANDY
You were in love with Gloria.

JONATHAN
I started to be in love. And then she let me feel her up on the first date. It turned me right off.

SANDY
You kept going with her.

JONATHAN
Well, she let me feel her up.

SANDY
Yeah? What about Gwen?

JONATHAN
Her, I could talk to.

SANDY
I've never been able to talk to any girl.
JONATHAN
I was really getting crazy about her, but she was stuck-up. She wouldn't let me lay a hand on her. So, I went back to Gloria.

SANDY
You want perfection.

JONATHAN
What do you want, wise guy?

SANDY
She just has to be nice. That's all.

JONATHAN
You don't want her beautiful?

SANDY
She doesn't have to be beautiful. I'd like her built, though.

JONATHAN
I'd want mine sexy-looking.

SANDY
I wouldn't want her to look like a tramp.

JONATHAN
Sexy doesn't mean she has to look like a tramp. There's a middle ground.

SANDY
I'd want that, yeah.

JONATHAN
Tall, very tall.

SANDY
(a nervous laugh)
That would scare me.

JONATHAN
She should be very understanding. We'd start the same sentences together.

SANDY
I'd like to do that.
JONATHAN
Big tits.

SANDY
Yeah. But still a virgin.

JONATHAN
I don't care about that.

SANDY
Come on!

JONATHAN
I wouldn't mind if she was just a little ahead of me -- with those big tits -- and knew hundreds of different ways --

SANDY
You want a pro!

JONATHAN
Not like a slut, but like it's beautiful. A very mutual thing, but also a little wild.

SANDY
I want more of a companion. That other stuff I can get on the outside.

JONATHAN
The first time I do it I want it beautiful. I don't want to waste it on some beast.

SANDY
I feel the same way about getting laid as I feel about going to college. I'm being pressured into it.

INT: COLLEGE DANCE - NIGHT
SMITH COLLEGE IN OCTOBER OF 1946

CLOSE-UP - SUSAN:

SOUND: The music continues as before.

JONATHAN
You like that?
SANDY

Yeah!

JONATHAN

I give her to you.

SANDY

What's wrong with her?

JONATHAN

I'm a generous guy.

SANDY

I'm grateful. How do I break the news to her?

JONATHAN

You go over there --

Yeah --

JONATHAN

There is a way to talk to girls. Tell her a joke.

SANDY

What joke?

JONATHAN

Tell her about your unhappy childhood.

SANDY

Hey, that's not bad.

JONATHAN

But don't make it like an act.

SANDY

No --

JONATHAN

Go ahead! Go ahead, schmuck!

Pause.

JONATHAN

If you don't, I will.

SANDY

You? You can't even stand up.
1B CONT'D (2)

A pause. Sandy walks into frame, stares dumbly at Susan.

SOUND: The music breaks. A moment of soft, unexcited party noise.

Susan stares back at Sandy, inquiringly.

SOUND: The music begins.

Sandy turns away from Susan. FOLLOW HIM as he walks over to Jonathan.

1C ANGLE ON SANDY AND JONATHAN

SANDY
I fucked up.

JONATHAN
It's my turn.

SANDY
Whadaya mean it's your turn? She's mine! You gave her to me!

JONATHAN
You struck out.

SANDY
I get two more times at bat.

Jonathan watches as Sandy turns his back on him and approaches Susan.

Sandy reaches Susan and stands there paralyzed.

2 ANGLE ON SANDY AND SUSAN

SUSAN
This is the first time I've ever been to a college mixer.

SANDY
(awakening hope)
Me too. I hate them.

SUSAN
I hate them too.

SANDY
It's such a phony way of meeting people.
SUSAN
Everybody puts on an act.

SANDY
So even if you meet somebody, you
don't know who you're meeting.

SUSAN
Because you're meeting the act.

SANDY
That's right. Not the person.

SUSAN
I'm not sure I agree.

SANDY
With what?

SUSAN
With what you said.

SANDY
No, I don't either.

SUSAN
You don't agree with what you
said?

SANDY
(cautious)
How do you feel about it?

SUSAN
I think people only like to think
they're putting on an act but it's
not an act, it's really them. If
they think it's an act they feel
better because they think they
can always change it.

SANDY
You mean they're kidding them-
selves because it's not really
an act.

SUSAN
Yes, it is an act. But they're
the act. The act is them.

SANDY
But if it's them, then how can it
be an act?
SUSAN
Because they're an act.

SANDY
But they're also real.

SUSAN
No.

SANDY
You mean I'm not real?

SUSAN
No.

SANDY
(hurt)
I'm an act.

SUSAN
It's all right. I'm an act too.
Don't you behave differently
with different people?

SANDY
No.

SUSAN
With your family?

SANDY
Oh, I thought you meant different
people. Well, sure, my family --

SUSAN
And with your friends, you're
another way.

SANDY
Well, sure, my friends --

SUSAN
And with your teachers, you're
still another way. So which one
is you?

SANDY
(laughs)
Well, when you put it that way.
(laughs)
You ought to be a lawyer.
Susan doesn’t answer. A pause.

SANDY
Um -- you're from Smith, right?

She nods.

SANDY
Do you like it?

SUSAN
I like it all right. Do you like Amherst?

SANDY
Sure, why shouldn't I? My parents worked very hard to send me.

(laughs)
I'd better like it.

(pause)
Do you have a name or something?

SUSAN
Susan.

SANDY
I'm Sandy.

Susan begins to sway in rhythm to the music.

SUSAN
The music is nice, isn't it?

CLOSE-UP - JONATHAN LOOKING ON

CUT TO:

INT: JONATHAN AND SANDY'S DORMITORY ROOM - NIGHT

Sandy and Jonathan are undressing.

SANDY
She's too much for me to handle.

JONATHAN
I think you can make out with her.

SANDY
You think so?

JONATHAN
She's stuff.
SANDY
You think so?

JONATHAN
I wouldn't kick her out of bed.

SANDY
I shouldn't try somebody else?

JONATHAN
Who?

SANDY
She was the best looking girl at the whole mixer, I'll say that for her.

(uncertainly)
Wasn't she?

JONATHAN
Her tits were too small.

SANDY
I was thinking of that. The hell with her.

JONATHAN
But her legs were great.

SANDY
You think so? Standing so close, I couldn't really tell about her legs.

5 SHOT - SUSAN'S DORMITORY ROOM - NIGHT
Susan is in bed doing the NEW YORK TIMES crossword puzzle.

6 INT: JONATHAN AND SANDY'S DORMITORY ROOM - NIGHT
Jonathan and Sandy finish undressing.

JONATHAN
I wouldn't kick her out of bed.

SANDY
She's got some funny ideas.

JONATHAN
I wouldn't kick her out of bed.

CUT TO:
EXT: SMITH CAMPUS - NIGHT

Susan and Sandy are standing together, almost hidden in the tree shadows. Behind them: Susan's sorority house, brightly lit. Girls, detaching themselves from their dates, enter through the front door. Lights in the various windows start to go out during the course of the scene. Susan is breaking out of Sandy's embrace.

SUSAN
Don't rush me.

SANDY
What's the matter? I like you very much, Susan.

He tries unsuccessfully to kiss her.

SANDY
It's our third date.

Susan takes his hand.

SUSAN
I like you too.

SANDY
You let me kiss you last week.

SUSAN
And this week.

SANDY
If I could kiss you once last week I should be able to kiss you at least twice tonight.

SUSAN
(smiles)
You're the only boy I know who I can talk to.

SANDY
I can't see you being quiet for any guy.

SUSAN
Not quiet, exactly. But if you know somebody's not going to approve of what you are --

SANDY
Whatever that is.
SUSAN
Whatever that is. If you know that, well, you just don't tell him. If I like a boy, if I want him to keep liking me and I'm brighter than he is, I have to not show it or I'll lose him. So it's hard.

SANDY
Well, I wouldn't want anyone overly bright.

SUSAN
But you wouldn't feel threatened --

SANDY
I might be bothered a little.

SUSAN
I don't think you would, nearly as much as some people. For example, someday I want to write novels. Not now, but when I have something to say. Now that doesn't threaten you, does it?

SANDY
No.
    (a pause)
A little.

He looks at her with great admiration. She smiles warmly. He quickly leans forward to kiss her.

8  INT:  JONATHAN AND SANDY'S DORMITORY ROOM - NIGHT
Jonathan sits at his desk typing furiously from notes.

9  EXT:  SMITH CAMPUS - NIGHT
Susan and Sandy under a tree, kissing.

    SUSAN
    Don't press so hard.

They kiss.

    SUSAN
    See, it's better when it's gentle.

They kiss.
CONT'D

SUSAN
See? What are you grinning at?

CUT TO:

INT: JONATHAN AND SANDY'S DORMITORY ROOM - NIGHT
CLOSE-UP - JONATHAN

JONATHAN
You feel her up yet?

FULL SHOT OF ROOM
Sandy is undressing. Jonathan is on his bed, screwing and unscrewing different lenses onto his camera.

SANDY
Come on, I like this girl. I don't want to ruin things.

JONATHAN
Was I right about kissing her?

SANDY
Listen, we had a big fight over it.

JONATHAN
And you won.

SANDY
Well, I don't know if I won or not --

INT: SUSAN'S ROOM - NIGHT
SHOT - SUSAN IN BED, DRINKING MILK, EATING A COOKIE

INT: JONATHAN AND SANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT
Jonathan is fooling with his camera lenses. Sandy is undressing.

JONATHAN
Why do you let yourself be pushed around?

SANDY
You're the one who's pushing me around! Well, I guess I won. Sure, I won. She kissed me five times.

JONATHAN
That's when you should've put your hand on her tit.
SANDY
Come on -- When this girl's nice enough to kiss me, I should do that to her?

JONATHAN
You act as if she's doing you a favor.

SANDY
Well, it is sort of a favor. Isn't it? I mean when a girl lets you kiss her and you know, go on from there -- feel her up and, you know, the rest of it, go all the way and the rest of it, I mean isn't it a favor? What's in it for her? I mean if she's not getting paid or anything?

Jonathan starts to laugh. Sandy is embarrassed.

SANDY
Fuck you!

Jonathan roars with laughter. Sandy is increasingly furious.

SANDY
Okay, okay, I'll feel her up!

CUT TO:

14 EXT: WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON
FULL SHOT OF TREES, FULL FOLIAGE

Susan and Sandy are camped out on the ground, almost hidden in the late afternoon shadows.

SUSAN
Sandy, please take your hand off my breast.

SANDY
Why?

SUSAN
Because I want you to.

He doesn't move.
SUSAN
How can it be any fun for you
when you know I don't want it?

SANDY
I didn't say it was fun.

SUSAN
Then why is your hand where it is?

SANDY
Because the way we're going, by
this time I should be feeling you
up.

INT: LUNCHEONETTE - DAY
SHOT - JONATHAN

sits on a stool, eating a hamburger.

EXT: WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON

Susan and Sandy huddle together on the ground.

SUSAN
I don't feel that way about you,
Sandy.

SANDY
I feel that way about you.

SUSAN
But you want me to feel something
for you too, don't you?

SANDY
I thought you liked me.

SUSAN
I do like you, but I like you for
other reasons.

SANDY
So?

SUSAN
If we went any further, there
wouldn't be those reasons any
more.

SANDY
Well, we might have something else
though.
SUSAN

What?

Sandy shrugs.

SANDY

Something else. You're the first girl I've ever done that to, Susan.

SUSAN

I didn't know that.

SANDY

It doesn't show?

SUSAN

No.

SANDY

Well, it's something we both have to go through.

Susan smiles. She puts his hand on her breast. He takes it away.

SANDY

Susan, are you a virgin?

She nods. He puts his hand back on her breast.

SANDY

What do I do with my other hand?

She puts it on her other breast.

SANDY

What are you gonna do with your hands?

JONATHAN’S VOICE

And then what?

CUT TO:

17 EXT: SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Jonathan and Sandy are walking down a tree-lined residential street. Fall leaves cover the ground.

SANDY

She told me to take my hand off her breast.
JONATHAN
And then what?

SANDY
I said I didn't want to.

JONATHAN
And then what?

SANDY
She said how could it be fun for me when she didn't like it.

JONATHAN
(disgusted)
Jesus!

SANDY
So I said I thought you liked me.

Yeah?

SANDY
And she said, I like you for other reasons.

JONATHAN
Other reasons?!

SANDY
So I told her how I really needed this.

JONATHAN
What did you tell her?

SANDY
You know -- that it was my first time.

JONATHAN
Your first time what? What did you say exactly?

SANDY
I don't remember exactly -- that she's the first girl I ever tried to feel up.

JONATHAN
You told her that?
SANDY
Was it a mistake?

Jonathan shrugs.

JONATHAN
I wouldn't.

SANDY
Then she got nicer to me.

JONATHAN
What do you mean, nicer?

SANDY
She put my hand on her breast.

JONATHAN
You mean you put it on and she left it.

SANDY
No, she picked it up and put it on.

JONATHAN
She picked up your hand like this --

Mimes motion with his own hand.

JONATHAN
-- and put it on like this?

Puts hand on his own breast.

SANDY
That's right.

JONATHAN
She didn't take your hand when it was halfway and just sort of guide it in?

Sandy shakes his head.

SANDY
So I didn't know what to think.

Jonathan leers.

JONATHAN
You didn't, huh?
SANDY
I mean from just wanting to be friends, she's suddenly getting pretty aggressive.

JONATHAN
And then what?

SANDY
I asked her if she was a virgin.

JONATHAN
(laughs)
You're kidding!

SANDY
Was that a mistake?

Jonathan shrugs.

SANDY
Anyhow, she is.

JONATHAN
She says. So now you got what? One hand, or two hands on her tits?

SANDY
By this time she's put the other hand on her other one.

JONATHAN
She put both hands on?

Sandy nods.

18 INT: SUSAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT
Susan, in bathrobe, a towel wrapped around her head, is brushing her teeth.

19 EXT: SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT
JONATHAN
Two hands?

Sandynods.

SANDY
So I said, what are you gonna do with your hands?
JONATHAN
(laughs)
You didn't say that.

SANDY
(pleased)
It just came out!

JONATHAN
Then what?

SANDY
She ... let me see if I got this right -- yeah -- she unzipped my fly.

JONATHAN
Bullshit artist!

He slaps his hands together.

JONATHAN
And then what?

A spreading grin from Sandy.

JONATHAN
Then what?!

SANDY
She did it.

JONATHAN
Did what?

Sandy makes a hand motion indicating masturbation.

JONATHAN
Bullshit artist!

Sandy shakes his head, grinning. He indicates masturbation.

JONATHAN
She really did that?

Sandy is virtually jumping up and down in excitement. He and Jonathan begin to giggle. The giggle explodes into a roar.

JONATHAN
She did that?!
CUT TO:

20 INT: TELEPHONE BOOTH - NIGHT
CLOSEUP - JONATHAN

JONATHAN
Hello, is this Susan? Well, you
don't know me, I'm a friend of
Sandy's, his roommate. Yeah,
Jonathan. He told you about me?
Yeah -- so I'm just here at Smith
for tonight -- practically on
campus. I was taking a drive,
you know -- and I found myself
practically on campus. And I got
some time. So, I was wondering,
Susan --

CUT TO:

21 EXT: SUSAN'S SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

MOVE BACK with Susan and Jonathan as they cross the
street away from the sorority house.

For a long moment, neither has anything to say.

JONATHAN
Do you like Smith?

SUSAN
What's your major?

22 INT: JONATHAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Jonathan is driving.

JONATHAN
Where'd you go to high school?

SUSAN
Where do you go in the summer?

JONATHAN
Do you always answer a question
with a question?

SUSAN
Do you always date your best
friends' girl friends?

JONATHAN
Sandy told me you were beautiful.
SUSAN
He told me you were sexy. I
guess he's just a poor judge.

JONATHAN
I guess what he meant is you've
got personality.

SUSAN
Good grief!

JONATHAN
You have a special quality. I
like girls who are special.

SUSAN
I'm hardly that special.

JONATHAN
You can't tell. That's another
thing, you're not stuck-up.

SUSAN
How do you know so much about me?

23 INT: COLLEGE TOWN BAR - NIGHT

The bar is jammed with students. Jonathan and Susan
are seated at a table, drinking beer.

JONATHAN
Some people you can tell about
right away. Most girls I talk to,
it's like we're both spies from
foreign countries and we're speak-
ing in code. Everything means
something else. Like I say, "Would
you like to take a walk?" and it
means something else. And she says,"I can't, I've got a French test
tomorrow," and it means something
else.

SUSAN
And you say, "I'll come over and
help you study," and it means
something else.

JONATHAN
You're very sharp. I like that.

SUSAN
And that means something else.
JONATHAN
You're too sharp.

SUSAN
Does that bother you?

JONATHAN
It interests me.

SUSAN
Is that more code?

JONATHAN
We'd be good together.

SUSAN
I'm dating your best friend.

JONATHAN
He won't mind.

SUSAN
How do you know?

JONATHAN
I won't tell him.

SUSAN
What if I mind?

JONATHAN
Do you wanna go out Friday?

SUSAN
I'm seeing Sandy.

Saturday?

SUSAN
I have a date.

Sunday?

SUSAN
I'm seeing my folks.

JONATHAN
Where do they live?

SUSAN
Newton.
Sandy sits on a stool, a book open in front of him on the counter. He eyes the waitress as she serves him a hamburger.

INT: COLLEGE TOWN BAR - NIGHT

JONATHAN
Sunday night.

SUSAN
I'll be too tired.

JONATHAN
I'll help you get over your folks.

Susan smiles.

JONATHAN
How about it, Susan? What are you so afraid of?

Susan laughs.

SUSAN
Not you.

CUT TO:

EXT: SMITH COLLEGE - PARADISE POND AREA - DAY
FALL LEAVES EVERYWHERE

Susan and Sandy, strolling, flirting.

SANDY
You're beautiful.

SUSAN
I'm not beautiful.

SANDY
I think you are.

SUSAN
I have a weight problem. When I'm nervous I empty the refrigerator, and I'm always nervous.

SANDY
You should weigh 200 pounds the way you talk.
SUSAN
I feel like it sometimes.
I'm flat chested.

SANDY
Here I thought you were beautiful --

SUSAN
Well, I'm not.

SANDY
-- and you turn out to be a dog.

SUSAN
Don't call me that.

SANDY
I was kidding.

SUSAN
I know, but I hate it when boys
use words like "dog."

SANDY
I won't use it if you don't want
me to -- What's wrong with calling
a dog a "dog?"

SUSAN
If you judge too quickly, then
people go through life being
called dogs when they're really
wonderful people. You're too
sensitive to think in terms
like that, Sandy.

SANDY
I'm not that sensitive.

SUSAN
But you are.

SANDY
Don't call me "sensitive."

SUSAN
Why not?

SANDY
You don't like "dog," I don't
like "sensitive."
SUSAN
But there's nothing wrong with being sensitive.

EXT: AMHERST STREET - DAY
Jonathan smiles at and snaps a picture of a beautiful Smith girl as she stands with an Amherst boy at a bus stop.

EXT: PARADISE POND AREA - DAY

SANDY
I don't see anything wrong with saying "dog". But I'm giving it up.

SUSAN
Well, then I won't say it anymore.

SANDY
Okay.

SUSAN
But I'll think it.

SANDY
I don't care what you think.

SUSAN
We can't do that, Sandy. If we start thinking things about each other that we're afraid to say -- well, if it's "dog" and "sensitive" today, it'll be other things tomorrow and more things the next day and soon we won't dare talk to each other because something might slip -- Oh, Sandy, that's too horrible!

SANDY
Then I say exactly what I feel. Okay?

SUSAN
And I say what I feel.

They kiss.

SANDY
Dog.
SUSAN
Sensitive.

He puts his hands around her throat. She laughs, he pulls her to him.

SANDY
Susan, why won't you go to bed with me?

SUSAN
Let's not talk about it.

CUT TO:

29 INT: JONATHAN AND SANDY'S DORMITORY ROOM - NIGHT

Sandy is undressing. Jonathan sits at his desk, in his shorts, barefoot, peeling and then eating an orange.

SANDY
I think I'm in love.

JONATHAN
Bullshit artist.

SANDY
I really think so.

JONATHAN
You get in yet?

SANDY
What's that got to do with it?

JONATHAN
How do you know if you don't know how you are in bed together?

SANDY
That's not everything.

JONATHAN
It's a lot.

SANDY
She tells me thoughts that I didn't even know I had, until she tells them to me. It's unbelievable! I can talk to her!

JONATHAN
You can talk to me too. Are you in love with me?
SANDY
I can say things to her I wouldn't
dare say to you.

JONATHAN
What, for instance?

SANDY
Things you'd laugh at.

JONATHAN
Listen, I'm laughing now.

SANDY
She thinks I'm sensitive.

INT: THE COMMON ROOM OF SUSAN'S SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT
Susan is playing the piano.

INT: JONATHAN AND SANDY'S DORMITORY ROOM - NIGHT

JONATHAN
Sensitive.
(laughs)
Oh boy! Sensitive!
(laughs)
What do you talk to her about?
Flowers?

SANDY
Books.

JONATHAN
Books? You phony. I read more
books than you do.

SANDY
I'm going to start. I'm reading
"The Fountainhead".

JONATHAN
"The Fountainhead"? What's that?

SANDY
It's her favorite book. You
ever heard of "Jean Christophe"?

JONATHAN
What's that?
SANDY
It's a classic, you moron. I'm going to read it right after "The Fountainhead".

JONATHAN
Yeah -- you ever read "Guadalcanal Diary" by Richard Tregaskis?

SANDY
No.

JONATHAN
That was a best-seller, and I read it. You ever read "Gentleman's Agreement" by Laura Z. Hobson?

SANDY
I'm going to read everything from now on.

JONATHAN
I read a lot more than you. So who's the one who's sensitive? You or me? Come on! Who's sensitive?!

Sandy stares at him, puzzled by the sudden outburst.

32 INT: JONATHAN'S CAR - NIGHT

CUT TO:

Jonathan is driving. Susan is seated away from him.

JONATHAN
I've had a very messed-up childhood.

SUSAN
(after a few moments, almost as if she hadn't heard)
What does your father do?

JONATHAN
He fails.

She laughs.

JONATHAN
It's not funny.
SUSAN
(sobers immediately)
Were you very poor?

JONATHAN
My father couldn't hold onto a
t job. He kept giving me advice.
The more he failed, the more
advice I got. He's a Communist,
my father.

SUSAN
We're Republicans.

JONATHAN
You're not isolationists, though?

SUSAN
Oh, no.

33 INT: LIBRARY - NIGHT
Students, seated at tables, books open in front of
them, writing notes. Sandy, his pen poised in the
air over his notebook, stares dreamily into space.

34 INT: JONATHAN'S CAR - NIGHT

SUSAN
Sometimes I think I'm a Communist.

JONATHAN
Me too. We have so much and other
people have, you know, so little.
After I get set up as a lawyer,
what I'd really like to do is get
into politics. Public service.
What really gets me is I was too
young to fight in the war because
what was that all about except to
show that if everybody pitches in,
the plain people have a chance;
so even though I'm the first in
my family to get an education, I
don't ever want to forget where I
came from.

Susan turns her head and stares at him.

SUSAN
You're a lot more serious than
I thought.
34  CONT'D

JONATHAN

I know.

CUT TO:

35  EXT:  LIBRARY - NIGHT

MOVE BACK with Jonathan and Sandy as they skip down library steps.

Sandy is carrying his books. Jonathan, without books, is dressed as he was for his date with Susan.

SANDY
Where'd you meet her?

JONATHAN
I'm another person with her. You wouldn't recognize me. The things that come out of my mouth --

SANDY
Hey, she really sounds like something. Is she built?

JONATHAN
She -- she's got a quality -- she doesn't talk much, but the things she has to say are so sharp.

36  INT:  JONATHAN AND SANDY'S DORMITORY ROOM - NIGHT

The boys are in bed. The lights are out. Jonathan smokes quietly. After a pause:

SANDY
We should double date sometime.

JONATHAN
Well, I want to know her a little better y'know before we double date.

SANDY
Gee isn't it great? A month ago neither of us even knew a girl.

JONATHAN
And now we know one.

SANDY
What's her name?
36 CONT'D

Pause.

JONATHAN

Myrtle.

CUT TO:

37. EXT: WOODS - NIGHT
CLOSE-UP

on Jonathan and Susan in mid-fuck.

SUSAN

Ohhhhhhhhhhh.

JONATHAN

(a series of grunts, followed by an enormous sigh)

Susan looks up warmly as Jonathan rolls off her.
He grins up at the sky.

JONATHAN

I used to wake up in the morning
and all I could think of was girls.
Not even getting laid -- it was
purer than that -- girls as machinery.
I'd follow them down the street,
wondering how they got their arms
to swing from their elbows that way
-- and why they liked to walk barefoot. It sends me up the wall, girls walking barefoot! And girls who
wrinkle their brows. And girls who
rub their noses. My hair stands on
end! And girls who touch your arm.
Right here on the arm! Jesus, girls
have great hands, like they're
squeezed out of a tube. And girl
skin. Nothing that ever lived feels
as good to touch as girl skin. To
be with a girl with great girl skin
and girl hands, wrinkling her brow,
rubbing her nose, touching my arm,
me with shoes on and her barefoot!
Oh, Susan -- girls were killing my
life! I couldn't work. I would've
flunked out. And you had to come
and save me. And now all I got in
my mind is you -- the girls are gone
-- and you're in their place and I
(MORE)
JONATHAN (Contd)
can study and be somebody and do things -- I can't shut up -- please, Susan, shut me up!

CUT TO:

INT: GYMNASIUM LOCKER ROOM - DAY
CLOSE-UP - SANDY

SANDY
Bullshit artist!

PULL BACK to frame Sandy and Jonathan. They are changing after gym. Jonathan is grinning.

SANDY
You're kidding me -- you're not kidding me -- you really did it?

He lets out a cowboy yell. He hugs Jonathan and slaps him on the back.

SANDY
You beat me to it, you bastard! You bastard!! Finding a girl who puts out! Next it's my turn!

JONATHAN
I don't think she'll do it, Sandy.

SANDY
She will! I've just been taking it easy with her.

JONATHAN
Sandy, believe me, find somebody else.

SANDY
Are you crazy, when I'm right on the verge?

INT: SUSAN'S ROOM - DAY

Susan sits on her bed, a glazed expression in her eyes; slowly brushing her hair.

INT: GYM LOCKER ROOM - DAY

SANDY
I see her tomorrow night!
They finish dressing. They start to walk out.

JONATHAN
Uh -- Sandy, do you ever talk to her about me?

SANDY
Yeah. Sure. Sometimes.

JONATHAN
Uh -- Sandy, will you do me a favor?

SANDY
What?

JONATHAN
Don't tell her I got laid.

CUT TO:

INT: JONATHAN AND SANDY'S DORMITORY ROOM - DAY

Susan, fully dressed, is smoking a cigarette. Sandy, staring intently at her, is removing his shirt.

SANDY
Please, Susan.

She doesn't answer. He finishes removing his shirt and starts to remove his undershirt.

SUSAN
Sometimes I want to do it and a second later I don't want to do it.

Sandy removes his undershirt.

SANDY
Let's do it.

He starts to unbutton her blouse.

SUSAN
I don't know why you put up with me.

He puts his hands on her brassiere. She sits on Jonathan's bed, escaping his hands.

SANDY
That's Jonathan's.
41 CONTD

He sits beside her.

SANDY
Mine's over there.

42 INT: TRAIN - DAY

Jonathan is looking out the window.

43 INT: JONATHAN AND SANDY'S DORMITORY ROOM - DAY

Sandy and Susan are seated on Jonathan's bed.

SUSAN
I don't think I can.

He unhooks her brassiere.

SANDY
It hurts, Susan.

SUSAN
Let me --

She puts her hand on his thigh.

SANDY
Not anymore.

He removes her hand.

SUSAN
Please, Sandy.

She places her hand on the back of his neck.

SANDY
Not anymore. Oh, Susan, let's do it.

She kisses him.

SANDY
I love you!

He lies her down on the bed.

SUSAN
Do you have something?

Sandy, never taking his eyes off her, pushes himself up off the bed. FOLLOW HIM ACROSS TO HIS OWN BED where, from under the pillow, he slips a condom.
SHOT - SUSAN, HER BARE SHOULDERS AND BREASTS

She is reclining on her elbows.

SUSAN
How long have you had that?

SANDY
Not too long.

SUSAN
Not a year or anything --

SANDY
I'm sure it's okay.

SUSAN
I don't want to take any chances.

SANDY
These things have to be okay.

She doesn't answer.

SANDY
It's OK.

She doesn't respond.

SANDY
I'm positive it's OK.

CUT TO:

45' NIGHT - JONATHAN AND SUSAN

SUSAN
Ow!

JONATHAN
Did I hurt you?

SUSAN
No. Ow!

Jonathan laughs.

SUSAN
You rat!

JONATHAN
Ow!

SUSAN
How do you like that? Ow!
CONT'D

JONATHAN

OWI

SUSAN

OWI

NIGHT - SANDY AND SUSAN

SANDY
Am I too heavy?

SUSAN
No. You're fine.

SANDY
(grunts)
Oh, Susan —

SUSAN
Can you wait?

Sandy's head and shoulders move slowly up and down. She does not respond.

SANDY
(grunts)
I can't wait!

SUSAN
Please wait.

Sandy freezes:

SUSAN
You're trembling.

SANDY
I love you, Susan.

NIGHT - JONATHAN AND SUSAN

SUSAN
I love you, Jonathan.

JONATHAN
What do you think of?

SUSAN
I don't know.

JONATHAN
The first time tonight I thought of hand grenades going off, the
(MORE)
CONT'D

JONATHAN (Cont'd)
second time I thought of movie music, the third time I thought of orange juice --

SUSAN
I don't get that.

JONATHAN
I'm just telling you. And the fourth time I thought of a fifth time, so what do you think of.

Pause.

SUSAN
I don't know.

NIGHT - SANDY AND SUSAN

SUSAN
What do you think of?

SANDY
When?

SUSAN
When we make love.

SANDY
How good you are to me.

CUT TO:

OMIT

EXT: STREET - DAY

Jonathan and Sandy are taking a walk.

JONATHAN
It's as if you're the first guy in history who ever got laid.

SANDY
I'm the first guy in my history who ever got laid.

JONATHAN
I like it too, but you don't hear me crowing about. There's such a thing as good taste.
SANDY
What's the matter with you?

JONATHAN
Jesus!

SANDY
After you started scoring what
did I get out of you? We did it
standing, sitting, in the car,
under the car -- Myrtle, Myrtle,
Myrtle -- maybe you forget, but
I knew Susan before you knew Myrtle,
and who scored first? You!! That
didn't make me feel very good, you
know. In fact, it made me feel
very jealous. But did I try to
shut you up? Did I say, "I'm
tired of hearing about it already?"
I didn't say it. Because I'm your
friend. So I sat through it.

JONATHAN
Okay. Okay.

SANDY
Jesus!

JONATHAN
You made your point.

SANDY
Sometimes I think I'm a better
friend to you than you are to me.

CUT TO:

50-55 OMIT

49B INT: COLLEGE BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP on Susan sitting at a table, drinking a beer.
Jonathan and Sandy are seated on either side of her,
but are not seen. Susan is in the middle of a laugh.

SANDY
Didn't you ever do that? Of
course, I knew what the word
"misled" meant, but I didn't
know what it looked like. So
when I finally saw it in print
I thought it was "myzild." "He

(MORE)
SANDY (Contd)
had been myzild." "She myzild the youth." I kept wondering: What could it mean? This word "myzild."

JONATHAN
Sexy! "Let's myzil."

Susan and Sandy laugh.

JONATHAN
Does anybody know who Round John Virgin is?

SANDY
One of the guys in Robin Hood.

SUSAN
(correcting him)
Little John.

SANDY
What'd you say? Round John?

JONATHAN
Round John Virgin.

SANDY
Is that in Falstaff?

SUSAN
(suddenly)
Round John Virgin mother and child!

She laughs, delighted with herself.

JONATHAN
Yeah!

SANDY
(not comprehending)
Round John Virgin mother --

SUSAN
(singing)
Holy infant so tender and mild
Sleep in heavenly peace --

SANDY
(finally getting it)
Oh!

All laugh.
SANDY.

Gunshee!

SUSAN

Gunshee?

SANDY

G - U - N - S - H - Y. Gunshee!

JONATHAN

(laughs)

Gun shy!

SANDY

I always read it "gunshee!" Say, Susan, do the one about the bear! You'll love this, Jonathan.

SUSAN

The hymn we used to sing in church about a bear with crossed eyes --

JONATHAN

What are you giving me?

SUSAN

-- whose name was Gladly.

JONATHAN

Gladly the bear?

SUSAN

You don't know it? "Gladly The Cross Eyed Bear."

SANDY

"Gladly The Cross Eyed Bear" --

Get it? Get it?

JONATHAN

(suddenly getting it)

Gladly The Cross I'd Bear!

All roar.

SANDY

All right. Pronounce this:

C - H - O

P - H - O

U - S - E

SUSAN

Chofoos?
CONT'D (3)

JONATHAN

Chofus?

SANDY
(beaming)
Chop house!

CUT TO:

INT: JONATHAN'S PARKED CAR - NIGHT

JONATHAN

This has to stop.

SUSAN

I don't know how to tell him.

JONATHAN

You don't have any trouble telling him lots of other things.

SUSAN

What does that mean?

JONATHAN

The way you talk to him. I don't hear you ever talking to me that way.

SUSAN

What way?

JONATHAN

I don't know.

SUSAN

He's very vulnerable. I don't want to hurt him.

JONATHAN

You're hurting me.

SUSAN

He loves me.

JONATHAN

That's no reason to go to bed with him.

She turns away.
JONATHAN
And you woulda just gone on, wouldn't you? If he hadn't of told me?

SUSAN
I don't know.

JONATHAN
I wouldn't of known a thing about it.

SUSAN
I don't know. Maybe.

JONATHAN
Boy, you're really something.

SUSAN
I don't feel like something. I feel like nothing.

She gets out of the car. After a moment he follows her.

JONATHAN
How much longer do you expect me to take this?

SUSAN
I'm trying to tell him.

JONATHAN
I see how you're trying!

SUSAN
It's not my fault. I don't enjoy these fights.

JONATHAN
Listen, it's me you're supposed to be in love with. I'm gonna tell him.

SUSAN
What?!

JONATHAN
I'm gonna tell him about you and me!

SUSAN
No, Jonathan!
JONATHAN
Why don't you give me some of the understanding you give him?

SUSAN
You're stronger.

JONATHAN
You tell him everything else -- you can tell him about us!

SUSAN
What do you mean I tell him everything? Who says so?

JONATHAN
He tells me! He's my best friend! Are you gonna tell him?

SUSAN
He's so helpless.

JONATHAN
Well, you're not gonna turn me helpless.

SUSAN
I'm the one who's helpless here.

JONATHAN
Nobody's stopping you. You're free.

SUSAN
I don't feel free.

JONATHAN
You feel free with Sandy.

She shrugs.

JONATHAN
Why can't you feel free with me?

She turns away.

JONATHAN
Susan, I love you! Why can't you be more with me like you are with Sandy?

She looks at him.
57-58 OMIT

60 OMIT

59 INT: JONATHAN AND SANDY'S DORMITORY ROOM - NIGHT
CLOSE-UP - SANDY

SANDY
She says she's no good for me.

JONATHAN
Maybe she's trying to let you
down easy.

Sandy laughs.

JONATHAN
Go on and laugh. It adds up.

Sandy laughs.

JONATHAN
Go on and laugh.

CUT TO:

61 INT: SUSAN'S SORORITY HOUSE COMMON ROOM - MORNING

Susan, her arms loaded with books, stands with
Jonathan. He needs a shave.

JONATHAN
You don't know every mood of mine
like you know every mood of his.

SUSAN
No.

JONATHAN
How come?

SUSAN
I don't know.

JONATHAN
You don't tell me thoughts I never
knew I had until you tell them to
me.

SUSAN
Does he say I do that?

He nods.
SUSAN
Then I guess I must.

JONATHAN
You do it all right. So do it with me.

SUSAN
I can't.

JONATHAN
You can do it with him, you can do it with me. Tell me my thoughts!

SUSAN
I can't.

JONATHAN
Why can't you?

SUSAN
I can't with you.

JONATHAN
This has gone far enough.

SUSAN
I can't stand any more ultimatums, Jonathan.

JONATHAN
This is my last one! Tonight you tell him about us or tomorrow I tell him! Look at me, Susan.

She looks at him.

JONATHAN
Now, tell me my goddamned thoughts!

CUT TO:

62 INT: TELEPHONE BOOTH - NIGHT
CLOSEUP - JONATHAN LISTENING INTO THE TELEPHONE

TELEPHONE SOUND: Distant footsteps; the phone being picked up.

SUSAN
Hello.

INTERCUT CLOSEUPS of Jonathan and Susan.
JONATHAN
You didn't do it, did you?

SUSAN
No.

JONATHAN
Why not?

SUSAN
He looks at me with such trust.

JONATHAN
How do I look at you?

SUSAN
With bitterness.

JONATHAN
It used to be trust. At least you know my thoughts.

SUSAN
Did you tell him?

JONATHAN
What do you think?

SUSAN
No.

JONATHAN
So what do we do now?

SUSAN
I don't know. I guess I get an ultimatum.

JONATHAN
Do you think there's any sense in this?

SUSAN
In what?

JONATHAN
In you and me?

SUSAN
That's up to you.
JONATHAN
No. It's up to you --
(pause)
I don't think there's any point --
I wish I were wrong --
(pause)
I don't feel anything any more.

SUSAN
Neither do I.

JONATHAN
The reason I didn't say anything
to Sandy -- I knew he wouldn't
believe me. And I'd go into
details so he'd have to believe
me. And I knew he'd come running
to you. And I knew you'd tell
him everything I said was true.
And I knew then you'd go to bed
with him.

SUSAN
Yes. That sounds like what would
happen.

They both give short laughs.

JONATHAN
So anyhow -- I never knew I could
feel this close to a girl.

SUSAN
You're very different from when
we met.

JONATHAN
I guess maybe I've matured. So.

SUSAN
So, Jonathan.

He listens.

SUSAN
I'll always be your friend.

JONATHAN
Jesus, Susan -- I hope not.

CUT TO:

63-66 OMIT
INT: JONATHAN AND SANDY'S DORMITORY ROOM - DAY
CLOSE-UP - JONATHAN

Sounds of packing as Susan and Sandy are heard bustling about.

SANDY
It's going to be buggy.

SUSAN
It won't be buggy.

SANDY
It's the country -- what do you mean? It's the woods!

SUSAN
You can't cover yourself from head to toe!

SANDY
I'll get eaten alive!

SUSAN
You don't know what it's like. You never camped out before. Isn't he being silly, Jonathan?

SANDY
I am not.

SUSAN
You are too.

SANDY
Am not.

SUSAN
Are too. You're a real city boy.

SANDY
How about the cot?

SUSAN
Come on, sweetie! We've got a sleeping bag.

SANDY
You're really serious about sleeping on the ground?

SUSAN
You are a baby.
SANDY
Christ! This knapsack's heavy.

SUSAN
I told you -- you overpacked.
What in the world do you plan
to do with a pillow case?

SANDY
Put it back!

SUSAN
(laughing)
You are a nut! Isn't he a nut,
Jonathan?

The sound fades as they continue to bicker. Jonathan
looks directly into the camera. A long pause.

JONATHAN
Wait a minute -- Can we please
just wait a minute?

CUT TO:

63A ANGLE ON ICE SKATER - DAY

Young, beautiful, incredibly built. She is costumed
in the fashion of the early sixties. She glides
heart-fetchingly towards us, away from us, back and
forth across the ice, executing a series of graceful
figures.

JONATHAN'S VOICE
Jesus! -- You want her?

SANDY'S VOICE
I wouldn't kick her out of bed.

JONATHAN'S VOICE
Will you look at the pair on her?

SANDY'S VOICE
Get a look at that schmuck trying
to keep up with her.

JONATHAN'S VOICE
They're always with guys like that.

SANDY'S VOICE
That guy must be sixty if he's a
day.
JONATHAN'S VOICE
Maybe he'll have a heart attack,
you can save his life, get her
number and fuck her.

INT: ROCKEFELLER CENTER SKATING RINK RESTAURANT

Jonathan and Sandy sit at a table by the window. They
are fifteen years older. Jonathan looks it. Sandy
does not. Both are well dressed in the style of the
early sixties.

SANDY
(grinning)
You bastard!

JONATHAN
(grinning)
You bastard! How's Susan?

SANDY
Couldn't be better.

JONATHAN
I always said it and I say it
now: you found yourself a jewel.

A pause.

SANDY
She is a jewel.

A pall. Sandy's eyes move sharply across the room.

JONATHAN
Not bad that one, is she?

SANDY
Listen, you must be getting more
than your share.

JONATHAN
I'd get married in a minute if I
found the right girl.

SANDY
Bullshit artist! You and your
actress friends.

JONATHAN
(grins)
One of the attractive fringe
(MORE)
JONATHAN (Contd) benefits of tax law is if a broad trusts you enough to handle her money she'll trust you enough to handle her. But it's the same with a doctor.

SANDY I just ogle.

JONATHAN Bullshit artist!

SANDY I really do. Susan's plenty enough woman for one man. Hey, will you look at that?

JONATHAN That's Sally Joyce.

SANDY Didn't I see her on Ed Sullivan?

JONATHAN I fucked her once.

SANDY Bullshit artist!

JONATHAN We used to do her taxes. She's with another firm now.

SANDY Why don't you say hello?

JONATHAN She wouldn't remember me. She's a real ball buster, that one. I been through the mill with her kind.

SANDY Yeah?

His eyes begin to wander.

65A ANGLE ON ICE SKATER

She floats angelically across the ice.
JONATHAN'S VOICE
You think a girl really goes for you and you find out she's out for your money or your balls or your money and your balls. The women today are better hung than the men.

SANDY'S VOICE
I should have your problems.

CUT TO:

66A EXT: CENTRAL PARK - DAY
CLOSE-UP - JONATHAN

talking to the camera.

JONATHAN
Listen, it's not as easy getting laid as it used to be. I don't think I fuck more than a dozen new girls a year now. Maybe I'm too much of a perfectionist. This last one came so close to being what I wanted. A good pair of tits on her but not a great pair; almost no ass at all and that bothered me; sensational legs -- I would've settled for the legs if she had two more inches here ... (indicates height)
and three more inches here. (indicates bust)
So anyhow that took two years out of my life.

SANDY
You don't want a family?

JONATHAN
I don't want to put it down, but who needs it?

SANDY
You can't make fucking your life's work.

JONATHAN
(annoyed)
Don't tell me what I can or can't do. You're so well-off?
69 INT: JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jonathan sits on the edge of the bed. He is barefooted and in T-shirt and trousers. A cigarette in his mouth, a drink in his left hand, the telephone in his right. The telephone has been ringing for some time. His face registers boredom and impatience. The TV runs silently behind him: The Jack Paar Show. The telephone clicks into life and a muffled woman's voice is heard.

JONATHAN

Miss Templeton, please. Is this Miss Templeton speaking? The Miss Templeton who's in the airlines commercial running out of the Atlantic Ocean in a dripping wet bikini? Miss Templeton, my name is Jonathan Fuerst. I'm a lawyer in the firm of Dennison, Meyerson, Handlesman, Anderson and Fuerst.

(he laughs)

No, I'm not about to sue you, Miss Templeton. What I'm calling about is we have a mutual friend, Fred Kohlman, at the Thompson Agency, and when I mentioned to Fred, whom my office does the tax work for, how much I admired this particular commercial and in particular you and if he knew you, well, Miss Templeton, I don't mind telling you Fred lauded you to the heavens: "Bobbie Templeton, Bobbie Templeton, Bobbie Templeton," and so on and so forth. Your ears certainly must have been burning. And I asked him if he thought you'd mind if I called you, and one of the reasons I have such strong respect for Fred is even if we are very good friends, he has a highly developed ethical sense, and he said he couldn't do that, give out your number, because he didn't think it was right for him to do things like that.

Yes, he is a sweet man. So on the off-chance, since I knew your name and everything, I called information and they had a B. Templeton on East (MORE)
JONATHAN (Contd)
76th Street listed, and I know a lot of you gals don't like to list their first names in the Directory, so I thought B. Templeton might very well be you, and believe it or not, here I am and here you are. So by now, Miss Templeton -- or may I call you Bobbie? You obviously have to know why I'm calling -- I'd very much like for you and I to have dinner sometime together. When are you free? Well, you name it. Sure, you get your date book. I'll wait.

He sits and waits. He lies back on the bed and waits.

JONATHAN

Say, Bobbie --

He waits some more, then checks his watch.

JONATHAN

Bobbie!

He sits up.

JONATHAN

Bobbie!

He strolls around the bed to the silent TV and switches channels. He turns off the TV and strolls back to the bed. He starts looking anxiously about, then mutters under his breath.

JONATHAN

What did I do with the fucking cigarette?

CUT TO:

69A INT: JONATHAN'S OFFICE - DAY
CLOSE-UP - SANDY

He is talking to the camera. Out the window behind him: a city scene.

SANDY

Susan's a very good home-maker.

Very efficient. I go home,
(MORE)
SANDY (Contd)
everything's in its place. Which
I like. Because it's tiring put-
ting in a full day at the office,
then Doctors Hospital for a couple
of hours -- So it's nice to have
everything in its place when I get
home; a martini, dinner, the kids
-- we don't watch much television
-- we like to read aloud to each
other. We used to have more friends
than we do but we don't have that
many anymore, so on weekends we
might entertain a little or go over
to a friend's, or come into town to
see a play or a good film. It's
not glamorous or anything.

SHOT - JONATHAN SITTING AT HIS DESK, LISTENING

CLOSE-UP - SANDY

SANDY
There are other things besides
glamour.

CLOSE-UP - JONATHAN

CUT TO:

INT: SARDI'S
SHOT - A DINNER TABLE

over which Bobbie's well-manicured hand holds
Jonathan's hand. The index finger of her other hand
traces a line down his open palm. Behind the table
we catch a low-cut view of Bobbie's massive bosom.

BOBBIE
You have a long life-line.

JONATHAN
I like that, the way you run
your nail across the inside of
my --

BOBBIE
You are difficult to get along
with.

Me?
BOBBIE
You always know your own mind.

JONATHAN
(leers)
Right this minute anyway.

SHOT - BOBBIE
She looks up from Jonathan's hand. Her eyes dance and she throws him a small smile.

ANGLE ON JONATHAN AND BOBBIE

BOBBIE
You won't stop going after what you want until you get it.

JONATHAN
(smiles)
Let's see your hand.

He stares at it.

BOBBIE:
Well?

JONATHAN
You are built.

BOBBIE
You see that in my hand?

JONATHAN
Even your hand is built.

BOBBIE
I think you're a dirty old man.

JONATHAN
A dirty young man. How old are you?

BOBBIE
How old do you think I am?

19?

JONATHAN
No.

BOBBIE
JONATHAN
20?
No.
21?
No.
22?
No.
24?

BOBBIE
You skipped 23.

JONATHAN
23?
No.
24?
No.
25?
No.
26?
No.
27?
BOBBIE
You're getting warm.

JONATHAN
28?

BOBBIE
No.

JONATHAN
29?

She nods,

JONATHAN
I like going out with older women.

INT: TAXI - NIGHT

Jonathan and Bobbie sit huddled together.

BOBBIE
Are you married?

JONATHAN
Are you kidding?

BOBBIE
You don't want to get married?

JONATHAN
I'd marry you in a minute. Can you cook?

BOBBIE
Spaghetti.

JONATHAN
I can cook spaghetti.

BOBBIE
Good. Then you'll do the cooking.

JONATHAN
What'll you do?

BOBBIE
What would you like me to do?

JONATHAN
What would you like to do?
BOBBIE
I asked you first.

JONATHAN
I'm not gonna answer first.

They both laugh.

BOBBIE
I can sew.

JONATHAN
Doesn't sound like much of a marriage. Me cooking spaghetti and you sewing.

BOBBIE
You want a divorce? I'll take you for every cent you've got.

JONATHAN
I didn't know I was marrying a gold digger.

BOBBIE
Mm-hmm!

She nods vigorously.

JONATHAN
You won't take pity on me?

BOBBIE
Only if you say you're sorry.

JONATHAN
I'm sorry.

BOBBIE
And you'll never do it again.

JONATHAN
I'll never do it again.

BOBBIE
And you'll always be a good boy.

JONATHAN
Yes, mama.

BOBBIE
Do you like to be mothered?
73   CONT'D (2)

JONATHAN
I'd like to be smothered --
by you.

BOBBIE
What else would you like me
to do to you?

74   INT: JONATHAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JONATHAN
How do you like it?

BOBBIE
How do I like what?

JONATHAN
My -- you know.

BOBBIE
What do I know?

JONATHAN
You know everything.

BOBBIE
I know you.

JONATHAN
And I know you.

He sinks to his knees, buries his head in her breasts,
and groans.

75   OMIT

CUT TO:

75A   INT: JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lights out. A little light spill from the bathroom.
Jonathan and Bobbie in bed.

BOBBIE
(a low moan)

JONATHAN
Jesus.

BOBBIE
Baby.
Jesus!

Oh -- Baby --

Oh -- God --

Oh -- Baby!

Oh -- God!

God! God!

Jesus!

Baby!!

Oh -- Jesus!

God! God!

Oh Baby!!

Christ! God!

Jesus! Jesus!

Baby!! Christ!!

Baby!! God!!

JONATHAN AND BOBBIE
Babeeegodjeeeesuuuuus --

A long pause. Heavy breathing.

Wow -- I almost came that time.
They scream with laughter.

INT: JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bobbie is lying on the bed, on her stomach, naked. She is reading the Sunday papers, which are scattered all about. She is eating lox and bagel.

SOUND: Beethoven's Ninth on the radio. The shower. It stops.

JONATHAN'S VOICE

Oh, nurse.

BOBBIE

What is it, Mr. Weisenborn?

JONATHAN'S VOICE

Will you come in here for just a minute?

BOBBIE

Certainly, Mr. Weisenborn.

She hops off the bed, still eating, and enters the bathroom.

BOBBIE'S VOICE

Why, Mr. Weisenborn!

INT: JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobbie and Jonathan lie in bed, looking very comfortable with each other.

BOBBIE

Most guys I know are pricks.

JONATHAN

I'll match your pricks against my cunts any day.

BOBBIE

I wouldn't want to take your money. I don't know anymore what they want.
He gets out of the bed, and goes into the bathroom.

JONATHAN
I'll be happy to tell you.

FOLLOW Bobbie as she leaves the bed and enters the bathroom.

BOBBIE
When I tried to be practical I wasn't romantic enough; when I was romantic they called me a whore.

He steps into the shower and closes the shower door.

BOBBIE
When I didn't come I was frigid; when I came too fast I was a nympho --

Bobbie opens the shower door and stands there, smoking, as Jonathan showers.

BOBBIE
When I talked back I was a ball-buster; when I felt sorry for myself I was a Jewish Mother. You know something, Sam?

JONATHAN
(ding Bogart)
Whad ish it, Shweedheart?

BOBBIE
You think it would be a fatal mistake in our lives if we shacked up?

Jonathan freezes. Bobbie takes one last drag on her cigarette and stares at him warmly. She tosses the butt into the toilet and steps into the shower. Jonathan turns the water off.

JONATHAN
It's very difficult, Bobbie. These last couple of weeks -- we get along so well -- the idea -- I like you very much, so much -- this idea. To be perfectly honest -- I mean this sounds good to me --
He steps out of the shower before she can lay a hand on him.

JONATHAN
Let's both give it a couple of days to think about it --

He disappears from view.

JONATHAN
It sounds like -- well, very good. Very, very -- well -- good.

FOLLOW Bobbie as she leaves the shower and returns to the bedroom.

Jonathan, still wet, has put a robe on.

JONATHAN
Only our eyes should be open.

He leaves the bedroom. She follows him.

JONATHAN
If we should go into this we should know exactly what we're getting into --

She follows him into the living room.

BOBBIE
This is just a shack-up! I'm not asking for your hand in marriage!

JONATHAN
Yeah. Well, as long as we both understand that.

She follows him into the kitchen. The kitchen has black curtains and a developing machine in one corner.

BOBBIE
Well, we both do.

JONATHAN
I just thought it's better to get it all out on the table so later on there's no possibility of a misunderstanding. I don't know how many business deals I've seen come to grief because --
He has circled the apartment. She follows him back into the bedroom.

BOBBIE
Okay!

JONATHAN
Okay.

He gets back into bed. She follows him.

BOBBIE
You're a real prick, you know that?

CUT TO:

OMIT

INT: BAR - DAY
CLOSE-UP - JONATHAN

JONATHAN
(into Camera)
I could easily get serious about this girl. She's a lot of fun to be with --
(pause)
This is just between the two of us but for a year or so now I've been having -- I don't know -- a little trouble -- I wasn't worried, but still and all -- a little trouble with, well, myself, you know, getting hard. It took a long time and you know girls today -- they judge you, they judge you very quickly. So I had some real rough times a couple of times. Some very nasty innuendoes. And as I say I wasn't too worried but I won't lie to you I was a little worried. And then this Bobbie comes along and I get one look at the size of the pair on her and I never had a doubt I wouldn't be all right again. And I was. I was. (MORE)
JONATHAN (Contd)
With all our kidding back and forth our first night together I don't mind telling you I had tears in my eyes.

SANDY
She's really the girl in the airline commercial.

He nods.

SANDY
You lucky son of a bitch!

JONATHAN
I don't know -- I don't want to get in over my head. I got in over my head three or four times already and you have to be a real bastard. I don't like being put in that position. What would you do?

SANDY
If she looks anything like she looks on television.

JONATHAN
Size 38 with a D cup.

SANDY
(takes a deep breath)
But looks aren't everything.

JONATHAN
Believe me, looks are everything.

SANDY
(very seriously)
Maybe.

CUT TO:

INT: JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - BLACK

SOUND: Love making. After a pause:

JONATHAN
I'm hungry.
BOBBIE
I'll get up.

JONATHAN
Why do we always have to eat so late?

BOBBIE:
Because I work late, Dumbc.

JONATHAN
Why do you have to work at all?

BOBBIE
It brings in extra money.

JONATHAN
I make enough.

BOBBIE:
You want me to quit working?

JONATHAN
I thought you were bored with it.

BOBBIE
I am.

JONATHAN
So quit.

BOBBIE
What'll I do?

JONATHAN
What do other women do?

BOBBIE
Have children.

SOUND: Jonathan leaving the bed and padding across the floor.

The light goes on in the bathroom.

BOBBIE
You asked me.

SOUND: The shower.

CUT TO:
AIRLINE TV COMMERCIAL

Intercut shots of a jet in flight over Miami and Bobbie, wild-haired, and wild-bodied in a bikini, playing in the sea.

No sound.

CUT TO:

OMIT

80A INT: JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jonathan is on the bed, sitting up against the pillow. He wears an open shirt, trousers, socks. He is watching TV: Astaire and Rogers dancing "Cheek to Cheek". Bobbie walks in wearing a bathrobe. She carries a TV dinner set up on a tray.

JONATHAN

What about my beer?

BOBBIE

I forgot.

She puts the tray down on the bed and leaves. After a moment she returns.

BOBBIE

We're out.

JONATHAN

I really wanted a beer.

BOBBIE

Want me to run out to the corner?

JONATHAN

You're too tired.

BOBBIE

I'm tired but I don't mind.

JONATHAN

I'll get it.

BOBBIE

No, I'll get it.

JONATHAN

It's my fault. I knew I should have reminded you when I called this afternoon.
BOBBIE
I usually remember.

JONATHAN
It's my fault.

BOBBIE
I'm sorry.

JONATHAN
I'll go.

BOBBIE
Do you mind? I'm really exhausted.

Jonathan rises from the bed and slips on his loafers. He shuts off the TV.

JONATHAN
You're more tired now than when you were working.

BOBBIE
I'm in the house all day.

JONATHAN
Didn't you get up at all today? What do you do? I mean, besides telephone.

BOBBIE
I'm not on the phone that much.

JONATHAN
It took me 45 minutes to get through this afternoon. I'll go get the beer.

BOBBIE
Let me go.

JONATHAN
I thought you were too tired.

BOBBIE
I haven't been out all day.

JONATHAN
A little fresh air will do you good.
A pause.

BOBBIE
Will you walk me?

JONATHAN
Then I may as well go myself.

A pause.

JONATHAN
You want to make love?

A pause.

JONATHAN
We haven't in a week.

BOBBIE
Is it a week?

CUT TO:

INT: JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
SHOT - BATHROOM DOOR

SOUND: The shower.

Shower stops. Jonathan comes out of the bathroom in a towel. He stares at Bobbie (off screen, in bed).

JONATHAN
Is anything bothering you?

BOBBIE
No.

JONATHAN
Well, something must be wrong --

BOBBIE
I feel okay, just sleepy.

JONATHAN
Jesus.

ANGLE ON BOBBIE

Sitting up in bed, stretching, yawning. She wears a low cut negligee.
BOBBIE

What?

JONATHAN

Those bazooms!

Bobbie sinks back under the covers.

JONATHAN

Don't cover them up.

He pulls the covers down just low enough to reveal her breasts.

BOBBIE

What are you going to do with me the day they begin to sag?

CUT TO:

82-83 OMIT

84 INT: JONATHAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
CLOSE-UP - SANDY

into the camera, a martini in his hand:

SANDY

It's funny. Susan and I do all the right things. We undress in front of each other. We spend fifteen minutes on foreplay. We experiment. Do it in different rooms. It's a seven room house. We don't believe in making a ritual of it. We do it when we feel like it. We don't worry about being passionate all the time. Sometimes it's even more fun necking. We're considerate of each other's feelings. I had a tendency -- men, I guess, have -- to be selfish. But I stopped -- I don't do that now. We try to be patient -- and we are patient, gentle with each other. Maybe it's just not meant to be enjoyable with women you love.

JONATHAN

Sandy, you want to get laid?
SANDY

Please.

CUT TO:

EXT: SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

Susan, with two bags of groceries filling her arms, stands still in the middle of the lot. She looks panicked.

CUT TO:

EXT: TENNIS COURT - DAY

Angle on Bobbie and Cindy sitting on a bench on the side of the court. Cindy, dark, sleek, very sexy, watches avidly. Bobbie reads the Ladies' Home Journal. Lying crumpled on the back of the bench next to Cindy is Sandy's sweater. Hanging on the back of the bench next to Bobbie is Jonathan's camera.

SOUND: The tennis game.

SANDY

I almost had it!

Cindy groans and shakes her head. Bobbie looks up.

SANDY

I almost had it, right Cindy?!

Cindy smiles at Sandy. Bobbie goes back to her reading.

SOUND: The tennis game.

Cindy follows the game, jumps up in excitement.

SANDY

You see that, Cindy?!

JONATHAN

He was lucky!

Cindy grins. Bobbie starts to look up, yawns, forgets and goes back to the Ladies' Home Journal.

SOUND: The tennis game.

Bobbie looks away --
CONT'D

JONATHAN

Bastard!

Cindy claps her hands together. Bobbie goes back to her reading.

JONATHAN

That was foul!

SANDY

Bullshit it was!

FOLLOW Bobbie as she rises and starts walking slowly away.

JONATHAN

Let Cindy be the judge!

SANDY

We'll do it over. All right?

JONATHAN

Fair's fair.

Bobbie stands smoking, looking outside the fence.

SOUND: The tennis game.

JONATHAN

Deuce! You see that shot, Cindy?

Bobbie yawns.

SOUND: The tennis game.

SANDY

Dammit!

JONATHAN

Ad in! You see that, Cindy?

SOUND: The tennis game.

Bobbie sits and watches for a moment. She stifles a yawn. Cindy doesn't seem to know she's there.

JONATHAN

Game!

SANDY

Luck!
JONATHAN

Lick, my ass! Cindy, want to take me on?

Cindy jumps up. Bobbie puts aside her magazine.

BOBBIE

It's my turn.

She rises.

JONATHAN

Oh, come on, Bobbie. You're so awful.

After a moment she sits. Sandy comes over to the bench, picks up his sweater, and stands near Bobbie, leaning against the bench.

SOUND: The tennis game.

86A

SHOT:

CLOSE-UP - BOBBIE

She is staring at the game but her eyes gradually lose their concentration.

JONATHAN

You serve -- Very nice! You play well -- Hey, Sandy, will you look at this girl?

SANDY

Terrific, Cindy!

JONATHAN

Hey, she's racking me up, will you look at this? -- I'm not kidding. She's racking me up.

SANDY

Beautiful!

JONATHAN

Hey, come on, is this something? 40-Love! And I'm not taking it easy on her either.

Bobbie's eyes have receded into her forehead. She appears to be in a trance.
SHOT:
CINDY PLAYING

Smashing, leaping, stretching, running. She is terribly sexy.

CUT TO:

INT: JONATHAN'S BATHROOM - EVENING

Jonathan stands under the shower. Through the partly open shower door he watches Bobbie enter the bathroom, naked, and wash her face. The sink water cuts into his shower water and he glowers with suppressed rage. Bobbie leaves the bathroom, re-enters in a robe, and proceeds to make up her face.

INT: JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Jonathan sits on the bed, dressing. Bobbie moves in and out of the bathroom, dressing. Jonathan rises from the bed and begins rummaging through the dresser drawers. Bobbie comes out of the bathroom.

BOBBIE
What are you looking for?

JONATHAN
I have it.

He takes a tie-pin out of the dresser. She shuts the bathroom door.

JONATHAN
It's not supposed to be in there.

(he continues to dress.

He picks a bill out of

the drawer and reads it)

You and Lord and Taylors are going

to have to work out a trial separation.

BOBBIE

(opens the bathroom door)

I had the water running, what
did you say?

JONATHAN
You and Lord and Taylors are

going to have to work out a

trial separation.

She reaches for the bill. He hands it to her. She examines it and hands it back.
BOBBIE
Look at the date.

JONATHAN
What do you mean?

BOBBIE
Five months ago.

They continue to dress in silence.

BOBBIE
I'm sorry I cost you so much money.

The Phone rings. Neither answers. The Phone stops. They continue dressing. Bobbie starts to zip up a very tight evening dress. Jonathan looks over at her, goes to her, fondles and kisses her breasts.

BOBBIE
I want to get married.

He enters bathroom and loudly slams the door. She continues to dress. After a moment, he exits from the bathroom, ripping off his tie. He leaves the room and re-enters with a handful of ties. He goes back into the bathroom, this time leaving the door open.

BOBBIE
Are you tired of me, Jonathan?

JONATHAN
(under his breath)
Am I ever.

BOBBIE
The answer is yes.

JONATHAN
I didn't say yes.

He returns to the bedroom, a new tie on.

BOBBIE
You said, "Am I ever." I need more in life than this.

JONATHAN
Who put you up to this? Your psychiatrist?

(MORE)
JONATHAN (Cont'd)
(he rips off his tie)
After a long exhaustive bed-hunt,
you've chosen me.

BOBBIE
Cindy's not a virgin either.

JONATHAN
What? Oh, I get it! Is that what
brought this on? Your mind is
unbelievable! You really have
to have a low opinion of me--
thinking I'd do that to Sandy.

BOBBIE
No, you wouldn't want to cheat
on Sandy.

JONATHAN
Oh-ho -- now it's Sandy.

BOBBIE
He spends half his life over here.

JONATHAN
Wait a minute -- a second ago you
had me screwing Cindy. Whom I
screwing now? Sandy?

BOBBIE
You're going too fast for me.

JONATHAN
I'm going too fast for you! That
little mind of yours operates
like an IBM -- like a pinball
machine. First Cindy -- oh, not
Cindy? How about Sandy? How
about Cindy and Sandy? Talk
about the pot calling the kettle.
The day I got an earful of your
checkered past I felt like a
celibate.

BOBBIE
You made me tell you.

JONATHAN
Sure -- I twisted your arm.
BOBBIE
It got you hot.

JONATHAN
Well, something has to!

He slams into the bathroom. She slumps onto the bed for a moment. She takes a pill out of a bottle on the bed-table and downs it with a glass of water. He stalks out of the bathroom.

BOBBIE
You have such contempt for me.

JONATHAN
Kid, you worked hard for it, it's yours.

BOBBIE
The way you paw me at parties.

JONATHAN
Now affection is contempt. Upside down. Everything upside down.

BOBBIE
Feeling me up in public is not affection.

JONATHAN
Will you come on!

BOBBIE
I know I sleep all day -- I know I'm doing a terrible job -- But you're not helping me any.

JONATHAN
And who helps me?

BOBBIE
I help you.

JONATHAN
Your kind of help I can do without.

BOBBIE
Oh, can you? Can you, really?
JONATHAN
How did a pair of such great size thirty-eights come to be attached to a mouth like yours? You and your fucking tits! Every morning I wake up and look over at you with new hope: maybe today they start to fall. But no -- not those babies. They're good troops. They stand up, alert, fatter, healthier every day -- those goddamned Commissar tits of yours. My wardens. My jail-keepers. O.K., you can hold onto me, you've proven that much. I don't own a prick anymore. It's your prick. Without you I got a sock dangling there. You're the one that gets hard, you're the one that comes inside you. Not me. You do it all by yourself. I'm just a handle to your pecker. That's all I am.

He enters the bathroom and loudly slams the door. She stares at the door, then takes more pills and downs them with water.

BOBBIE
Six --

He comes out of the bathroom. He has on a new tie.

JONATHAN
You'll do anything you can to ruin my day, won't you? I came home feeling so good --

(he takes off his tie and starts changing shirts)

You couldn't leave us alone. We were doing so well --

BOBBIE
What?!

JONATHAN
At one time! At one time it was great what we had. The kidding around. It can't have a natural time span? Affairs can't dissolve (MORE)
JONATHAN (Contd)
in a good way? There's always
got to be poison? I don't see
why. I really don't see why.
Especially from you. You were
so great! We had it so great
and you had to sneak up behind
my back with a knife in your
teeth. Christ, you are a dis-
appointment.

BOBBIE
Jonathan, you want it to be over
between us?

JONATHAN
Why does it have to be one way or
the other?

BOBBIE
You don't want me to leave.

JONATHAN
I want you right here, where
you belong.

BOBBIE
And what about you?

JONATHAN
When I'm here I'm here, when I'm
not here I'm there.

BOBBIE
Where?

JONATHAN
Wherever.

BOBBIE
No.
(she takes a pill,
drinks water)
Eight. I'm a man-eater, a ball-
buster and a castrater. I want
to get married.

JONATHAN
Where the fuck is my shoe-horn?!

No response. He looks for it.
JONATHAN
This place is a mess. There's never any food in the house, half the time you look like you fell out of bed -- You're in bed more than any other human being past the age of six months that I ever heard of --

BOBBIE
The reason I sleep all day is I can't stand my life.

JONATHAN
What life?

BOBBIE
Sleeping all day.

She laughs.

JONATHAN
(smiles)
You do that sort of thing I love you all over again.

BOBBIE
Marry me, Jonathan. Please marry me.

JONATHAN
You're trying to kill me!

BOBBIE
Marriage isn't death.

JONATHAN
To you, maybe, to women maybe. (in anguish)
Why now?!

BOBBIE
Because two years ago I slept eight hours, a year ago it was twelve, now it's up to fifteen, pretty soon it's gonna be twenty-four!

JONATHAN
What are you trying to do --

(MORE)
JONATHAN (Contd)
scare me? The Sleeping Beauty!
Except a kiss on the mouth isn't
even enough to wake her up anymore.
Fucking doesn't even do the job
anymore! A goddamn gang shag
wouldn't do the job on this
Sleeping Beauty! Oh no, the stakes
have gone way up. It's too steep
for me. Too steep. I'm not going
to take your place in that bed.
I'm a free man.

She takes a pill, drinks water.

BOBBIE

None.
(she turns to him)
I need a life.

JONATHAN

Get a job!

BOBBIE

I don't want a job, I want you!

JONATHAN

I'm taken. By me! Get out of
the house, goddamn it — do some-
thing useful.

BOBBIE

You wouldn't let me work when I
wanted to.

JONATHAN

That was a year ago.

BOBBIE

You throw a tantrum every time
you call and I'm not home.

JONATHAN

Look, sister, I'm out there in
the jungle-eight hours a day.

BOBBIE

You never call unless you're on
three other lines. "Hello, is
that you, Bobbie? Hold on."
And nothing for three minutes.
You wouldn't even let me canvas
for Kennedy!
JONATHAN
You want a job? I got a job for you -- fix up this goddamn pigsty. Listen, you get a pretty goddamn good salary for testing out that bed all day. You want another fifty a week? Try vacuuming. You want an extra hundred? Try making the bed. Try opening some windows! That's why you can hardly stand up. The goddamn place smells like a coffin!

She takes a pill, drinks water.

BOBBIE
Ten.

JONATHAN
Bobbie, you don't need me. Why do you take this kind of abuse? Walk out! Leave me! Please leave me, Bobbie. I'd almost marry you if you'd leave me.

He begins to sob. She takes him in her arms.

BOBBIE
You call that abuse? You don't know what I'm used to. With all your carrying on, to me, Jonathan, you're a gift.
(pause)
So what's it gonna be?

He pulls abruptly away.

JONATHAN
You really know how to screw things up.

BOBBIE
So where does that leave us?

JONATHAN
You giving me an ultimatum?

She doesn't answer.

JONATHAN
Is this an ultimatum?
She takes a pill, drinks water.

BOBBIE

Eleven.

JONATHAN

Answer me, you ball-busting, castrating, son-of-a-cunt bitch! Is this an ultimatum or not? Well, I'll tell you what you can do with your ultimatums! I'll tell you what you can do with it!

He starts ripping the bed apart. The doorbell rings.

JONATHAN

You can make the goddamn bed! That's what you can do with it! You can change these filthy sheets —

The doorbell rings. He turns panic-stricken toward the sound of the bell.

CUT TO:

INT: JONATHAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jonathan serves drinks to Sandy and Cindy. He is dressed exactly as in the last scene. They are dressed for a party.

JONATHAN

You look good, Cindy.

She smiles coolly.

SANDY

I do my best.

Jonathan and Sandy snicker. Cindy cuts into it.

CINDY

Will Bobbie be long?

JONATHAN

Hey, do we have to go to this party?
SANDY
How about it, Cindy?

Cindy rises with her handbag.

CINDY
Where's the powder room?

Jonathan points.

CINDY
I'm going. You do what you want.

She goes off.

JONATHAN
Man, she's really something.

SANDY
I'm so bored I'm going out of my mind.

JONATHAN
Bored? With that? You must be kidding. You have to go to this party? Stick around.

SANDY
No, it's better that I go.

Cindy comes back. Sandy reaches out to pull her to him. She evades him.

CINDY
I just did my hair.

She goes over to the phonograph and examines Jonathan's records.

CINDY
I got this at home. How's your tennis game, Jonathan?

JONATHAN
We'll have to have a re-match.

CINDY
Any-time.

She puts on a cha-cha record, turns it up loud, picks up a copy of Vogue and, swaying slightly in beat to the music, begins leafing through it.
(low)
Is she like that all the time?

He picks up his drink and Sandy follows him with his drink into the kitchen. He goes to the refrigerator and starts taking ice out of trays.

SANDY
You know women.

JONATHAN
Boy, is she competitive.

SANDY
She is very competitive. But I find that attractive.

JONATHAN
You know what her problem is? She wants balls.

SANDY
She's all right.

JONATHAN
I'm not criticizing.

SANDY
I wish she were more feminine.

JONATHAN
She's a little masculine.

SANDY
I just wish she wouldn't always demand her own way.

Jonathan picks up a camera lying on the counter and plays with the lens.

JONATHAN
She's got a great body on her.

SANDY
I have to treat her like a child, give her everything she wants.

JONATHAN
I wouldn't mind giving her something.

SANDY
You've got Bobbie. I should only have it that good.
JONATHAN
Oh, I don't know --

SANDY
Bobbie? Are you kidding? I've never seen a body like that.

JONATHAN
She could do with a little more of what Cindy's got. She's so goddamn passive.

SANDY
Yeah? I wouldn't mind Cindy just lying still once. She's so busy handing out instructions in bed it's like a close order drill.

JONATHAN
Yeah? I wouldn't mind a little of that. As long as she doesn't forget who's boss. Hey, you wouldn't want to swap sometime, would you?

Sandy chuckles. Jonathan chuckles.

SANDY
You serious?

JONATHAN
What do you say? It might liven things up a bit.

Sandy looks uncertain.

JONATHAN
She can miss one party. Leave her to me.

SANDY
What about Bobbie?

JONATHAN
She's so mad at me she'll jump all over you just to get revenge.

Sandy laughs nervously.

JONATHAN
You like that, huh?
SANDY

Seriously --

JONATHAN

She's in the bedroom. If you're quiet you can do it and she won't even know,

(he nudges him)

Get going.

Sandy is reluctant. Jonathan nudges him again. They laugh together. Sandy punches Jonathan's shoulder, slaps his hands in excitement and laughs.

SANDY

You bastard.

CUT TO:

INT: JONATHAN'S LIVING ROOM

Jonathan stares at Cindy, still swaying to the music and reading Vogue.

CINDY

Tell Sandy it's time to leave.

Her back is to Jonathan. He goes to her and puts his hands on her hips. She turns toward him and puts her arms on his shoulders.

CINDY

I hope you dance better than you play tennis.

They start to dance. He tries to kiss her. She shoves him away. They dance a bit and he tries again. She shoves him away again.

JONATHAN

Sandy won't mind.

CINDY

What's Sandy got to do with it?

JONATHAN

You're his girl.

She smiles.

JONATHAN

He said it would be O.K.

She stops dancing.

CINDY

What did Sandy say?

She turns off the phonograph.
CONTD

JONATHAN
That you and me -- you know?

CINDY
That was his idea. You had nothing to do with it.

He smiles.

JONATHAN
A little.

CINDY
A little or a lot?

He spreads his hands.

JONATHAN
This much.

She gives him a long, measuring stare.

CINDY
I'm surprised it took you this long to get around to it. Tell Sandy we have a party to go to.

JONATHAN
(grins)
Sandy's busy.

He moves in on her. She picks up her coat.

CINDY
You want to come around sometime by yourself, that's one thing. I've been expecting that. But you tell Sandy if he lays one hand on that tub of lard in there not to come home.

She opens the front door and turns to Jonathan.

CINDY
So you call me.

She leaves. Jonathan returns to the living room, lights a cigarette, starts to sit down. Suddenly:

JONATHAN
Jesus!
CONT'D (2)

FOLLOW HIM as he rushes to the bedroom.

WHAT HE SEES

Bobbie lies sprawled across the bed, unconscious. Sandy, still fully dressed, is speaking into the phone.

SANDY

-- East 85th Street. Apartment 3-I. This is an emergency.

He hangs up and stares coldly at Jonathan. He picks the empty pill container off the bed table and holds it up for him to see.

SANDY

Bastard.

He turns to work on Bobbie as Jonathan looks on, horrified. FOLLOW Jonathan as he turns and bolts out of the room, down the hall and back into the living room. He stands for a moment, frozen.

JONATHAN

Very slick -- very clever --
(he screams)

It's not gonna work, Bobbie!

SLIDE SCREEN

First slide: JONATHAN FUERST PRESENTS
Second slide: A JONATHAN FUERST PRODUCTION
Third slide: BALL BUSTERS ON PARADE!

JONATHAN

Playing in the background there's supposed to be Ezio Pinza singing "Some Enchanted Evening" but I haven't put it in yet.

The slides change in sync with Jonathan's commentary, beginning with crude black-and-white Brownie photos of children and concluding with stylish full-color pin-ups.
JONATHAN

That's Bonnie, my first love, she lived upstairs from us. We started exposing ourselves to each other at ten. We got caught on the roof one day by my mother. She washed my mouth out with soap. I could never get the connection. Here's Emily -- she was my first steady, until she moved off the block at eleven -- I never laid a hand on her. Mildred, I think this one's name is -- she followed me around in school. The fellows kidded me about her. I warned her I'd beat her up if she didn't stop. She picked up her skirt, dropped her pants and shoved her ass at me -- so my first sight of ass was at twelve. Here's Marcia, thirteen and a half or thereabouts -- I kissed her at a Spin-the-Bottle party -- you ever hear of Spin the Bottle, Daisy?

PAN off the screen to:

INT: JONATHAN'S LIVING ROOM - DARK

This is a new apartment, furnished mod, very cold. Jonathan, working the slide projector, is dressed Madison Avenue semi-mod. His hair is thinning; he wears long sideburns; he looks bloated in his forties. Sandy still looks boyish. He has let his hair grow very long, wears a buckskin jacket, bell bottoms, boots and love beads. Daisy, sitting next to him, looks not much more than 16, is quite beautiful, with long straight hair reaching to her waist. Her dress is floor length. Her feet are bare.

JONATHAN

What did I know from kissing at thirteen?' This one's Rosalie, I think this one was after you moved on the block, Sandy --

SANDY

I don't remember.

JONATHAN

Rosalie looked like Elizabeth Taylor in "National Velvet." You ever hear of "National Velvet," Daisy?

No response.

JONATHAN

But you have heard of Elizabeth Taylor?
No response.

JONATHAN
I had a crush on Rosalie from fourteen to fifteen. I never went near her.

SANDY
We thought she was too good for us.

JONATHAN
In those days we had illusions.

SLIDE SCREEN

JONATHAN
This is Charlotte, a real prick-tease. Not much on looks but great tits for fifteen. I could never get myself to kiss her -- too dirty. But a good feel.

SANDY
That's Lenny Hartman's sister, isn't it?

JONATHAN
She was my first French kiss. Sixteen years old.

SANDY
Soul-kissing we called it then.

JONATHAN
That's right. Soul-kissing. Here's Gloria, the best built girl in Evander-Childs -- I took her to the Bronx Zoo once and on the bus copped a cheap feel. A real prick-tease. Here's Gwen. I went with her almost a year trying to get her to put out. But she thought I was too nice and was saving me for marriage. Every guy in Evander must have gotten into her pants except me.
96 ANGLE ON JONATHAN, SANDY AND DAISY

JONATHAN
Here we have my very first fu --

He catches himself, looks out of the corner of his eyes at Sandy.

JONATHAN
No.

He takes the slide out of projector.

JONATHAN
That one's a mistake. Here's Eileen, my very first fuck.

96A SLIDE SCREEN

JONATHAN
She was a modern dancer at Swarthmore. Great body on her but wasted, she was frigid. Here's Nancy. A sweet kid -- went into biology -- very frigid. Oh, this one's a real ball-buster -- Sally, three weeks with her and I couldn't get it up for a month. This bitch is Ginny. A money-sucking prick-tease. She tried to get me to marry her by saying she was knocked up.

Bobbie flashes on the screen.

JONATHAN
Heeerrrres Bobbie! My wifey! The fastest tits in the West, but king of the ball-busters. She conned me into marrying her, now she's killing me with alimony. I don't know how this got mixed up in here, this is my little girl, Wendy -- Princess I call her -- isn't she a dreamboat? Here's a real cunt -- I forget her name -- a Nazi -- I banged her in Berlin. Here's something I went with for a couple of months -- I forget her name -- first time I banged her was in a yacht race to Nassau. This tramp I picked up in London. A real prick-tease. She took me for a lot of money -- I don't

(MORE)
JONATHAN (Contd)

remember her name. This slob I
lived with a year until I got so
sick of her ball-busting I couldn't
get it up. I don't remember her
name. This vulture -- she's my
Jap-in-the-sack. I heard that
Oriental girls were different.
Not in America, they're not.
Here's my one colored girl --
as great a body as I've ever seen,
but the last one I ever laid a
finger on. Too hostile. Here's
a sixteen year old I paid twenty
bucks to one night when I was
drunk in the Village -- maybe
you know her, Daisy -- she
gave me a dose.

The screen goes blank.

JONATHAN

Th -- th -- th -- that's all folks.

97

OMIT

97A ANGLE ON SANDY AND DAISY

Jonathan switches the lights on. Sandy is numb with
horror. Daisy takes his arm. They get up slowly.

97B ANGLE ON JONATHAN AND SANDY

An awkward exchange of stares.

JONATHAN

We're a little late so
goodnight, folks.

Sandy and Daisy back their way toward the door.

CUT TO:

97C INT: JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jonathan sits on the bed watching TV. The telephone
rings a number of times, then stops. Jonathan picks
up the phone and dials a number.

JONATHAN

This is Jonathan Fuerst. Who
was that?
CONT'D

He listens, then hangs up. He continues to watch TV. The phone rings. He waits for it to stop, then dials.

JONATHAN

Sorry. Who was that?

He listens, hangs up and dials.

JONATHAN

Sandy -- Yeah -- I guess we'd better.

CUT TO:

EXT: RIVERSIDE DRIVE - NIGHT

Jonathan and Sandy walking. It is cold, very dark. They walk in silence.

JONATHAN

Sorry about that.

(pause)

Or something.

SANDY

So what else is new?

JONATHAN

I'll tell you the truth I don't see anybody any more.

SANDY

Neither do we.

JONATHAN

(ironic)

Well, you have each other. I thought she was your daughter when you first came in.

SANDY

In a lot of ways she's older than I am.

JONATHAN

Yeah.

SANDY

She knows worlds I can't even begin to touch yet.

JONATHAN

Sandy, please.
He smiles.

SANDY
I found out who I am.

JONATHAN
You're in big trouble.

SANDY
Same old Jonathan.

JONATHAN
Indubitably.

SANDY
Let me talk to her about you, Jonathan.

JONATHAN
Talk to her about me? I'm forty and she's nine.

SANDY
You don't get it do you?

JONATHAN
Oh, I get it, all right! I've been getting it for years! What's the point?

(patiently)
Sandy, you found a good piece of ass. God bless you. You're my friend. I'm happy for you. As long as it lasts, I'm happy for you. You deserve happiness. I mean it. Why fight? OK?

SANDY
All those games.

JONATHAN
Jesus Christ.

SANDY
You don't need those games, Jonathan. I know! I played more games than anybody! The obedient son game, the bright student game, the coxswain game --

JONATHAN
Some coxswain.
SANDY
-- The respectable husband game, the good father game --
Jonathan lets out a bitter laugh.

JONATHAN
Good father?!

SANDY

JONATHAN
Yeah? Well, I don't want to argue Sandy. So let's agree not to agree. Don't make me mad. OK?

SANDY
Daisy knows more at twenty than Susan knows to this day.

JONATHAN
You found yourself a jewel. OK?

SANDY
She's my love teacher.

JONATHAN
Finally got it up, huh?

SANDY
You give off such bad vibrations, Let Daisy --

JONATHAN
"Bad vibrations". Sandy, I love you, I'm glad you're happy, but you're a schmuck. Well, you were always young, Sandy. Open. You were schmucky a lot of the time but maybe schmuckiness is what you need to stay young and open. Listen, don't listen to me. You're doing great and I'm making money.

SANDY
You can find what I found, Jonathan.
JONATHAN
Don't make me insult you.

CUT TO:

97E INT: ELEVATOR - NIGHT
SHOT: DAISY
stands quietly. The door opens. FOLLOW her out
of the elevator and down the hall. She rings
Jonathan's bell.

97F INT: JONATHAN'S FOYER - NIGHT
Jonathan opens the front door. Daisy walks in.
Jonathan looks blank.

JONATHAN
Where's Sandy?
She looks up at him with great sadness, then kisses him
long and tenderly. He pulls away.

JONATHAN
What's the matter with you?
He begins to talk as if to retarded child.

JONATHAN
Sandy -- Where? Where Sandy?
Big man -- Curly hair -- Come
with Daisy? Sandy?
  (he pulls his ear)
Sounds like --

Daisy starts to undress.

JONATHAN
Daisy want bath? Daisy want --

She is almost naked.

JONATHAN
What the fuck are you doing?
Oh, wait a minute -- wait a
minute! Oh, my Christ -- A
love offering!
  (a long laugh)
We're finally playing swap! But
I've got nobody to give to Sandy,
Daisy. It wouldn't be fair.
Fair? Sandy? Sandy?
She stands before him naked. He laughs.

JONATHAN
This is too perfect.

She follows him into the bedroom.

JONATHAN
Daisy, I appreciate the gesture --

He takes off his shirt and trousers.

JONATHAN
I can't stand it. I appreciate
the gesture, Daisy, but -- the
slides, remember? I got a real
problem when it comes to girls,
Daisy. I don't like them.

He puts on a dress shirt and different trousers. He
proceeds to dress to go out: puts on cuff links, a tie,
a tie pin, brushes his shoes, etc. All the while
Daisy stands there growing smaller and nakeder.

JONATHAN
You see, I'm a real boy. And
don't you remember when you were
a kid -- Real boys don't like girls.
Only sissies do. That's right,
Daisy, even when you offer them
love. Especially when you offer
them --

(he laughs)
What I'm trying to tell you, Daisy,
is that I don't want to hurt your
feelings. I mean you think boys
like me grow out of not liking
girls. But we don't grow out of
it, Daisy. We just grow horny.
You mix up liking pussy for liking
girls. Believe me, Daisy, one
couldn't have less to do with the
other. The minute I stop needing
pussy, Daisy, I go back to the
fellas: drinking all night, telling
dirty stories -- and you know
something, Daisy? Talking is better
than doing. It's nothing personal
-- this contempt I feel for you,
Daisy -- it's organic -- scientific
-- it's the nature of the beast.
He slips on his topcoat, puts on his hat and flashes Daisy a dazzling, terribly cold smile.

CLOSE-UP - DAISY - STANDING NAKED

SOUND: Front door closing.

CUT TO:

INT: APARTMENT HALLWAY

Jonathan, his back to us, stands at Louise's door as it swings open. Louise, fifteen years older than Daisy, stands in a bathrobe, nothing on underneath. Jonathan brushes past her into the apartment.

JONATHAN

Women!

LOUISE

All ball-busters, right?

JONATHAN

You know it. When you think what it's got to dip into, any cock with a conscience has a right to turn soft. Am I right, Louise?

LOUISE

You're always right, lover.

She hands him a drink, then kisses him.

LOUISE

I don't think we're going to have any trouble tonight.

JONATHAN

You don't?

LOUISE

No, I don't.

She begins to undress him.

JONATHAN

Are you sure?

LOUISE

Wanna bet?
99 CONT'D

JONATHAN

How much?

LOUISE

Sky's the limit.

JONATHAN

Goddammit!

He pulls away from her.

LOUISE

What did I do?

JONATHAN

You're doing it all wrong!

LOUISE

I'm doing it like always.

JONATHAN

You never said that before.

LOUISE

Said what?

JONATHAN

"Sky's the limit!"

LOUISE

Sure I did.

JONATHAN

Never!

LOUISE

What do I say?

JONATHAN

You forgot didn't you?

LOUISE (remembering)

-- "A hundred."

He begins to calm down.

LOUISE

I say "a hundred."

JONATHAN

Okay.
LOUISE
It just came out.

JONATHAN
I want it right, that's all.

She kisses him.

LOUISE
I don't think we're going to have any trouble tonight.

A pause.

JONATHAN
You don't?

LOUISE
No, I don't.

She continues to undress him.

JONATHAN
Are you sure?

LOUISE
Wanna bet?

JONATHAN
How much?

LOUISE
A hundred?

JONATHAN
You sound pretty sure.

He takes a couple of bills from his trouser pocket and hands them to her. She pockets them in her robe.

LOUISE
Your kind of man? Why shouldn't I be sure?

JONATHAN
What kind of man am I?

LOUISE
A real man. A kind man.

She embraces him.
JONATHAN

I'm not kind.

LOUISE

During the course of the speech she slowly sinks to her knees. We see her sinking, sinking, sinking, seemingly never to stop.

LOUISE

I don't mean weak-kind, the way so many men are. I mean the kindness that comes from enormous strength, from an inner power so strong that every act, no matter what, is more proof of that power. That's what all women resent. That's why they try to cut you down. Because your knowledge of yourself -- and them -- is so right, so true that it exposes the lies which they, every scheming one of them, live by -- It takes a true woman to understand that the purest form of love is to love a man who denies himself to her. A man who inspires worship because he has no need for any woman -- because he has himself! And who is better? More beautiful, more powerful, more perfect -- you're getting hard -- more strong, more masculine, more extraordinary, more robust -- it's rising, it's rising! -- more virile, more domineering, more irresistible -- it's up! It's in the air!

Her head goes down and out of the frame.

JONATHAN

He groans. His head is thrown back. He is once again handsome, self-confident and seventeen.

THE END