

CHERYL: Clint! Are you okay?

CLINT: (*Off.*) I'm Fine.

CHERYL: Are you being sick again?

CLINT: (*Off.*) No, that's stopped, I think.

CHERYL: Getting a little lonely out here!

CLINT: (*Off.*) In a second! I'm just getting more casual.

CHERYL: Okay.

CLINT: (*Clint Enters.*) Whew, there! Think I got it all. I feel a lot better now.

CHERYL: Good.

CLINT: I washed my face off.

CHERYL: So I see.

CLINT: Their little bar of soap here is really good. I think it's Palmolive.

CHERYL: Is it?

CLINT: Yeah, smells great. You want to smell it?

CHERYL: I'll smell it later.

CLINT: It's right in the bathroom. I could get it - only take a second.

CHERYL: Later, okay?

CLINT: Sure, later.

CHERYL: Are you expecting a storm?

CLINT: Oh yeah. Guess I won't be needing this.

CHERYL: Feel more casual now?

CLINT: Well, I decided these clothes were actually pretty casual already. These pants are incredibly casual.

CHERYL: Compared to tuxedo pants.

CLINT: Really! So, I thought I'd just wear them a little bit more while we talked, you know. But hey—you certainly don't have to wait for me. You go right ahead and get casual yourself.

CHERYL: I did. I am.

CLINT: You sure are. Oooops, better hang this towel up— it's dripping all over the floor.

CHERYL: Clint.

CLINT: What?

CHERYL: Let it drip.

CLINT: Well it's wood. The floor's wood.

CHERYL: I've paid for the floor.

CLINT: Force of habit, y'know? My mother always used to kill me if I left wet stuff lying around.

CHERYL: Do you see her here?

CLINT: You think I'm being ridiculous, don't you?

CHERYL: No, I don't, Clint. But there's no reason for you to be so nervous, is there?

CLINT: I'm not nervous!

CHERYL: Don't be afraid of me. I like you – I'm very attracted to you.

CLINT: I'm very attracted to you too.

CHERYL: Okay!

CLINT: Okay.

CHERYL: Maybe these muscles just need a little relaxing....

CLINT: How old do you think this place is? I'm fascinated by the structure.

CHERYL: Clint...

CLINT: No, I mean it! I'm not just saying this. I meant to say this when we first came in, because it'd be an interesting topic for conversation.

CHERYL: Clint – I don't understand this. Half an hour ago you were so forceful! You had me ride up here on your back – remember?

CLINT: Yeah, maybe I hurt it, I don't know. It was further up here than I thought, and it seems like somehow I got less forceful along the way.

CHERYL: How can I convince you it's okay to be shy with me. I like your shyness.

CLINT: Sure, your mouth says shy. Your head says jerk

CHERYL: We don't have to do anything for a while if that's what's making you feel like this. We could just talk.

CLINT: Aha! The classic thing to say to a jerk! Next you'll say we don't have to do it at all if I don't want to.

CHERYL: No. you do have to do it because I want to.

CLINT: So do I! What do you think?

CHERYL: Okay! Don't yell at me.

CLINT: Maybe I am a little nervous. I'll admit that. But try to put yourself in my shoes.

CHERYL: Yours are the only shoes I've been wearing for the last half an hour.

CLINT: You know, you didn't have to pick me.

CHERYL: Well excuse me, buster! I didn't have to pick anybody, for your information.

CLINT: I just mean you could've picked Ricky if you wanted somebody who was a big stud of something.

CHERYL: I don't like your friend Ricky very much. He's phoney.

CLINT: I was phoney too, out there.

CHERYL: You weren't as good at it!

CLINT: What do you mean by that?

CHERYL: You were trying so hard, and doing so badly, you – I don't know. I liked how silly you were, with all the grokking and everything.

CLINT: Thanks, that cheers me up. You have a lot of these charity activities, or what?

CHERYL: Oh stop it. You made me feel really good about myself, after I was feeling kind of lousy. I don't know how else to explain it. Also, I'm attracted to you. Is that so hard to understand?

CLINT: No. It's hard to believe, but it isn't hard to understand. Shouldn't we be a little worried about leaving Ronda out there with Ricky?

CHERYL: Why?

CLINT: Just seems a little rude for us to go off like this and leave –

CHERYL: It didn't seem so rude to you at the time goddammit! You want to march back there right now and comfort her, is that it? Fine, go! Goodbye!

CLINT: Okay, hey, I just –

CHERYL: Ronnie gets on my nerves ok!?! She's determined to have no fun at all and to make me feel guilty as hell whenever I want to have a little of my own, and I'm sick of it! Let her cool off down there for a while, let her just think about all those wonderful things she called me – it'll do her good! Now enough about her, because I don't want to hear it.

CLINT: I'm sorry I brought it up if you're so touchy about it.

CHERYL: I'm not t – You know, you're not making this much easier for me. You think I do this all the time, is that what you think?

CLINT: I don't think that.

CHERYL: Yes you do. You think I do this all the time – pick up children or something.

CLINT: I think once in a while you do maybe. Not all the time. I don't mean children.

CHERYL: You're not a child. You're a full-grown man.

CLINT: Absolutely, I'm in college.

CHERYL: All right.

CLINT: I'm practically a senior.

CHERYL: Then act like it. I swear, I never in my whole life had such an impossible time getting a man into bed!

CLINT: You don't know what effect you have on guys. Think about it! I never in my whole life even touched somebody that looks like you. Cheryl—I stood there in that bathroom trying to figure out how many ways I might screw this thing up, and I couldn't even keep score! It was fun on the beach. I don't want you to think I'm in any way denying the integrity of that experience just because I've turned into warm jello. You made me feel good out there... and you make me feel good now. I'm sorry if I spoiled your evening.

CHERYL: You know how you make me feel right now?

CLINT: How?

CHERYL: Like Mrs. Robinson or something. Like I have to beg you. Well, Clint, it seems to me you're involved in this too. Seems to me you could contribute just a little initiative of your own.

CLINT: You don't have to beg me Cheryl.

CHERYL: I don't?

CLINT: No you don't, I mean...you just don't.

(They kiss.)

CLINT: Jesus.

CHERYL: Yes.

CLINT: Is this really happening to me?

CHERYL: I would say to us.

CLINT: Cause if it isn't, I hope I never wake up.

CHERYL: Clint.

CLINT: What?

CHERYL: Do I have to talk you into taking off your clothes?

CLINT: No! No, I can do that. That I can do.