<Title>

an original screenplay by

<yournamethere>
RALPH
Why are they always naked? Why does naked make it art?

MARIAN
Did you make me a drink?

RALPH
It's in the blender

MARIAN
It smells strong. I'm gonna have some wine.

RALPH
Is that what you're wearing?

MARIAN
Yes.

RALPH
I thought we were cooking out.

MARIAN
Stuart's bringing fish. Remember?

RALPH
If it's just a barbecue why are you getting dressed up?

MARIAN
This isn't dressed up.

RALPH
I'm not changing.

MARIAN
You should probably dress up.

RALPH
Are you competing?

MARIAN
Competing with who?

RALPH
Claire honey. We're talking about Claire. Are you competing with Claire?

MARIAN
For what?
RALPH
What women compete for I guess. Do you think he's attractive?

MARIAN
Who?

RALPH
The husband.

MARIAN
Stuart is.

RALPH
He's the kind of guy women find attractive isn't he? The outdoorsman type.

MARIAN
I don't know a lot about them. I hope they like something other than chamber music.

RALPH
Isn't it wonderful Marian how we can skate around an issue? Always playing our little game.

MARIAN
That's a good idea. A game. Might help break the ice. Jeopardy maybe.

RALPH
I'm talking about us. I'm talking about now.

MARIAN
What about us?

You know.

RALPH
Know what?

MARIAN
Just forget it.

RALPH
Forget what? What are you talking about?

MARIAN
It's nothing. It's ancient history.
MARIAN
No. Something's on your mind.

RALPH
That party.

MARIAN
What party?

RALPH
You know what party I'm talking about Marian, the one with Mitchell Anderson.

MARIAN
Jesus, wow, that was three years ago.

RALPH
You kissed him didn't you.

MARIAN
No.

RALPH
Your lipstick was smeared when you came back.

MARIAN
How would you know you were drunk.

She spills wine on her dress.

MARIAN (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, look at this. God damn it look at this. Look what you made me do. God damn it. I wanted to wear this.

RALPH
That's the way you looked that night with Mitchell Anderson when you were out necking. He kissed you didn't he?

MARIAN
Oh c'mon Ralph I thought we were through with that.

RALPH
I want you to tell me about that night with Mitchell Anderson.

MARIAN
There's nothing to tell.
RALPH
Alright then tell me about nothingness. I'd like to hear a complete account of nothing. What you didn't do for two and a half hours.

MARIAN
Why Ralph? What's so important? It was three years ago.

RALPH
It's not important, it's water under the bridge. But what irritates me Marian if that's the right word for it is that you won't tell me the truth, you can't say the obvious. You can't admit that you lied. That's what I don't like Marian, having to play this charade.

MARIAN
God Ralph, how did this start? Do you know how this started? Because I really don't know-

RALPH
Marian look at me, you don't have any panties on-

MARIAN
I really don't know how this started-

RALPH
What do you think you are one of your God Damned paintings? (beat)
Marian I'm giving you a chance to come clean, clear the slate, on to a higher consciousness. And then, don't ever lie to me again Marian.

MARIAN
This is not like you Ralph.

RALPH
What? To demand? You're right Marian, but I want to know, I want to know the truth.

MARIAN
We're just talking right?

RALPH
Yes Marian we're just talking.
MARIAN
You want me to tell you the truth?

RALPH
That's all I've ever asked Marian.

MARIAN
OK. He kissed me. Does that satisfy you?

RALPH
Did it satisfy you?

MARIAN
Everybody was pretty far gone as you may or may not remember-

RALPH
Marian I really don't need all this perspective just the facts.

MARIAN
Alright. Alright Ralph. OK. Some how, somehow the two of us elected to go out and get liquor. We drove over to the Foremeost which was closed, then we went to Cappy's which was also closed. In fact everything was closed, I mean I was beginning to wonder if anything would be open and all I could think of was those all night supermarkets. I wondered whether anybody would be in the mood for a drink, we had to drive around half the night looking for an open market. He was really drunk, I didn't realize how drunk he was until we started driving, and he was driving terribly slow, and he was all hunched over the wheel and we were talking. We were talking about a lot of things. A lot of things that didn't make sense, I mean about these images, and about this painter named Larry Rivers and then he started talking about Norman Mailer and about how Norman Mailer stabbed his wife in the breast. And he said he hated if anybody did that to me, he said he's like to kiss my breast, and then he pulled the car over to the side of the road, and he kissed me.

RALPH
How long?
MARIAN
How long what?

RALPH
How long did he kiss you?
(beat)
Then what?

MARIAN
Then he said do you want to have a go at it?

RALPH
Jesus Marian. Do you want to have a go at it? Do you want to have a go at it? Do you want to have a go at it? What does that mean Maria? Do you want to have a go at it? Did he kiss your tits? Did you touch him?

MARIAN
Touch him? Touch him? OK Ralph. You want to know what happened? He kissed me and I kissed him back. And then we did it. We did it right there in the car. He fucked me right there in the car. I was drunk, it didn't mean anything to me, I wish it hadn't happened but it did. Is that all? Is that all you want to know? Is that all?

RALPH
Yes Marian. That's all.

MARIAN
Ralph he didn't cum in me. I swear to God he didn't cum in me.

RALPH
OK.

MARIAN
Where are you going Ralph?

RALPH
Well Marian we have guests coming and I'm going to go and light the barbecue.