

Carnal Knowledge

A S C R E E N P L A Y B Y

Jules Feiffer

FARRAR, STRAUS AND GIROUX
NEW YORK

CAST

JONATHAN: *Jack Nicholson*
SUSAN: *Candice Bergen*
SANDY: *Arthur Garfunkel*
BOBBIE: *Ann-Margret*
LOUISE: *Rita Moreno*
CINDY: *Cynthia O'Neal*
JENNIFER: *Carol Kane*

CREDITS

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY *Mike Nichols*
WRITTEN BY *Jules Feiffer*
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER *Joseph E. Levine*
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER *Clive Reed*
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY *Giuseppe Rotunno, A.S.C.*
FILM EDITOR *Sam O'Steen*
PRODUCTION DESIGNER *Richard Sylbert*
COSTUME DESIGNER *Anthea Sylbert*
SOUND *Lawrence O. Jost*
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR *Tim Zinnemann*
SET DECORATOR *George R. Nelson*
HAIR STYLES *Sydney Guilaroff*
ART DIRECTOR *Robert Luthardt*

Filmed in Panavision Color by Technicolor
An Avco Embassy release

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Credits

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 forties.

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. 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

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.

*Fade in on interior: college dance—night
Smith College in October of 1946*

SUSAN enters, walks past JONATHAN and SANDY, who *stare*
after her.

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—

SANDY

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.

A pause. SANDY walks over to SUSAN and stares dumbly at her.

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.

Angle on Sandy and Jonathan

SANDY

I fucked up.

JONATHAN

It's my turn.

SANDY

Whadayamean 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.

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 themselves 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

I'm going to be a lawyer.

SANDY

A lady 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.

Cut to:

Interior: Jonathan and Sandy's dormitory room—night

SANDY and JONATHAN are in bed.

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.

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:

Exterior: Smith campus—night

SUSAN and SANDY are standing together, almost hidden in the tree shadows. 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, some day 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.

SUSAN

Don't press so hard.

They kiss.

SUSAN

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

They kiss.

SUSAN

See? What are you grinning at?

Cut to:

*Interior: Jonathan and Sandy's dorm bathroom—
morning*

Close-up: Jonathan in the shower

JONATHAN

You feel her up yet?

Full shot of bathroom

SANDY is shaving.

SANDY

Come on, I like this girl.

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—

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

Fuck you!

JONATHAN roars with laughter.

SANDY

Okay, okay, I'll feel her up!

Cut to:

Exterior: woods—late afternoon

Bright sunlight through the trees. SUSAN and SANDY.

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.

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?

Cut to:

Exterior: Amherst campus—night

JONATHAN and SANDY are walking down the street that leads to their dorm. Fall leaves cover the ground.

JONATHAN

And then what?

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.

JONATHAN

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. 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.

JONATHAN

Two hands?

SANDY nods.

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.

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:

Interior: telephone booth—night

Close-up: 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 . . .

Cut to:

Exterior: 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?

Interior: 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.

Cut to:

Interior: 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 speaking 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.

JONATHAN
Saturday?

SUSAN
I have a date.

JONATHAN
Sunday?

SUSAN
I'm seeing my folks.

JONATHAN
Where do they live?

SUSAN
Newton.

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:

*Interior: Jonathan and Sandy's dormitory room—
morning*

JONATHAN is asleep. SANDY lies awake in bed, staring at the ceiling.

SANDY
I think I'm in love. (*No response. He tries again*) I think I'm in love.

JONATHAN
(*Slowly waking*) 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.

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 hear 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? You ever read *A Bell for Adano* by John Hersey?

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.

Cut to:

Interior: Jonathan's parked car—night

JONATHAN

(To SUSAN) I've had a very messed-up childhood.

SUSAN

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 on to a 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. 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 and stares at him.

SUSAN

You're a lot more serious than I thought.

JONATHAN

I know.

Cut to:

Exterior: library—night

Move back with JONATHAN and SANDY as they skip down library steps.

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.

Interior: 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. What's her name?

Pause.

JONATHAN

Myrtle.

Cut to:

Exterior: woods—night
Close-up

On JONATHAN and SUSAN in mid-fuck. SUSAN gasps, JONATHAN groans. Then they are still. JONATHAN rolls off her. SUSAN sits up quickly, then lies down again in JONATHAN's arms. JONATHAN looks over at her, then grins up at the sky.

Cut to:

Interior: gymnasium swimming pool—morning
Close-up: Sandy in the pool

SANDY

Bullshit artist!

Pull back to full shot of the pool. SANDY is grinning up at JONATHAN, who stands at the edge of the pool, still in the same clothes he wore during his night with SUSAN. JONATHAN lets out a cowboy yell and leaps into the pool. He hugs and ducks SANDY.

SANDY

You're kidding me—you're not kidding me—you really did it? You beat me to it, you bastard! You bastard! Finding a girl who puts out!

Interior: gym locker room

JONATHAN, still clothed and soaking wet, walks SANDY to his locker. SANDY starts to dress.

SANDY

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? I see her tomorrow night!

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:

Interior: Jonathan and Sandy's dormitory room—day

SUSAN, half dressed, lies on SANDY's bed. SANDY, in his shirt, his pants off, lies next to her.

SANDY

Please, Susan.

SUSAN

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

SANDY

Let's do it.

SUSAN

I don't know why you put up with me. I don't think I can do it.

SANDY

It really hurts, Susan.

SUSAN

Let me—

She puts her hand on his thigh.

SANDY

Not any more.

He removes her hand.

SUSAN

Please, Sandy.

SANDY

Not any more. Oh, Susan, let's do it.

A pause.

SANDY

I love you!

SUSAN stares at him.

SUSAN

Do you have anything?

SANDY, never taking his eyes off her, slips a condom out of the bed-table drawer. SUSAN cannot look.

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 okay.

She doesn't respond.

SANDY

I'm positive it's okay.

Cut to:

Exterior: Amherst street—day.

JONATHAN and SANDY are walking out of class. Snow is on the ground.

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 it. There's such a thing as good taste, you know.

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:

Interior: college bar—night

Sound: Juke-box music.

SANDY and SUSAN are doing the lindy. Other couples pass in front and behind them. SANDY dances with a certain precision, as if he's counting off the beats in his head. He and SUSAN smile at each other with affection.

A couple passes in front of them, blocking our vision. The couple moves off and now it is JONATHAN doing the lindy

with SUSAN. The carefree JONATHAN swings her in and out. SUSAN looks at him adoringly.

Again our view is blocked by another couple. When they move off, SUSAN is back with SANDY. They are having a good clean time.

Cut to:

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 "mised" meant, but I didn't know what it looked like. So when I finally saw it in print I thought it was "myzeld." "He had been myzeld." "She myzeld the youth." I kept wondering: What could it mean? This word "myzeld."

JONATHAN

Sexy! "Let's myzel."

SUSAN and SANDY laugh.

JONATHAN

Does anybody know who Round John Virgin is?

SANDY

One of the guys in Robin Hood.

SUSAN

(Correcting him) That's 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—

SANDY

(Finally getting it) Oh!

All laugh.

SANDY

Gunshee!

SUSAN

Gunshee?

SANDY

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

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?

JONATHAN

Chofus?

SANDY

(Beaming) Chop house!

Cut to:

Exterior: Smith campus—night

JONATHAN

(To SUSAN) 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 talk-
ing 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.

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.

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.

Cut to:

Interior: Jonathan and Sandy's dormitory room—night

JONATHAN and SANDY in bed.

SANDY

She says she's no good for me.

JONATHAN

Maybe she's trying to let you down easy.

SANDY laughs.

JONATHAN

Go ahead and laugh. It adds up.

SANDY laughs.

JONATHAN

Go ahead and laugh.

Cut to:

*Interior: Susan's sorority-house common room—
morning*

SUSAN, her arms loaded with books, stands with JONATHAN.
He needs a shave.

JONATHAN

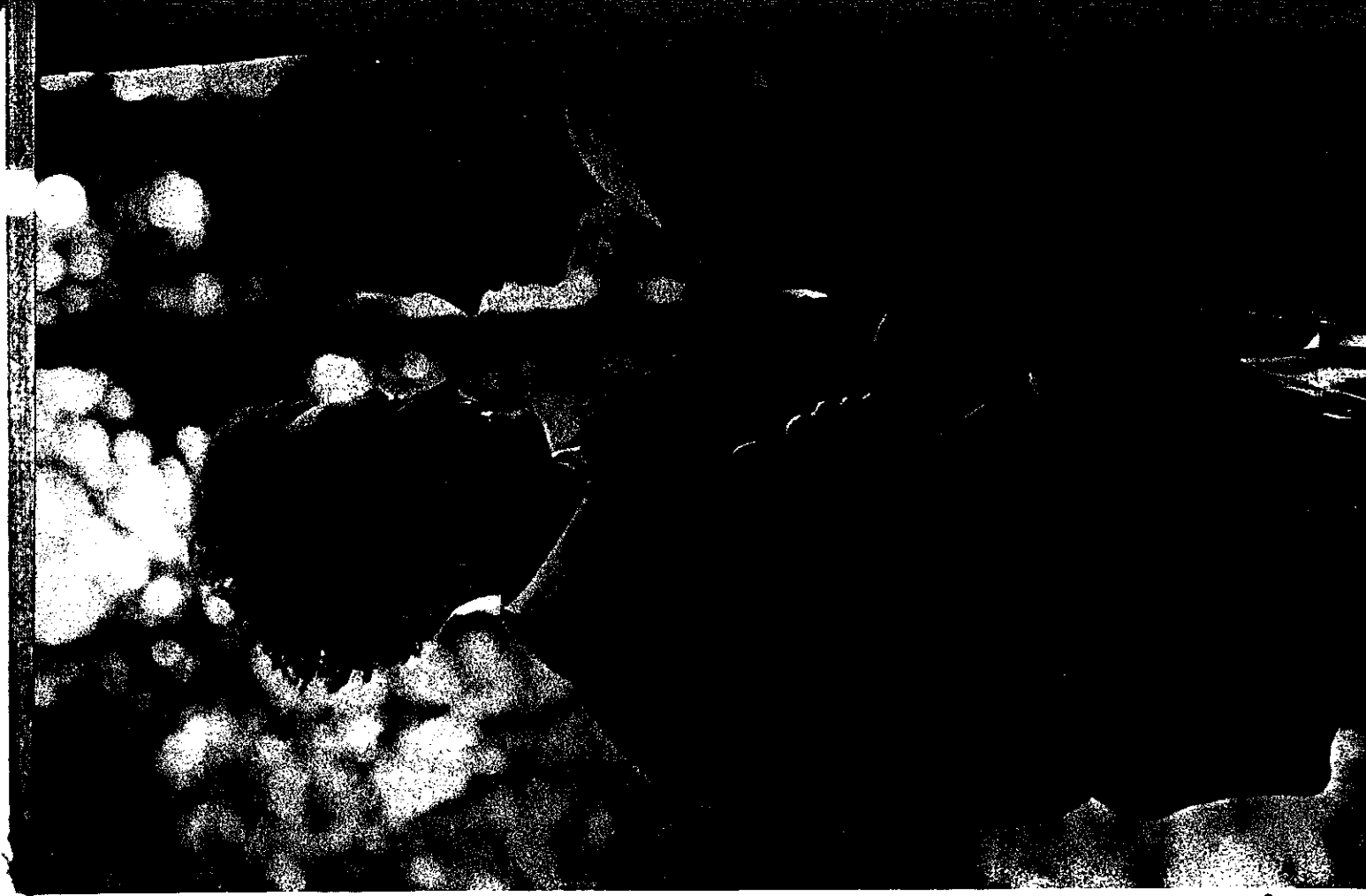
You don't know every mood of mine like you know
every mood of his.

SUSAN

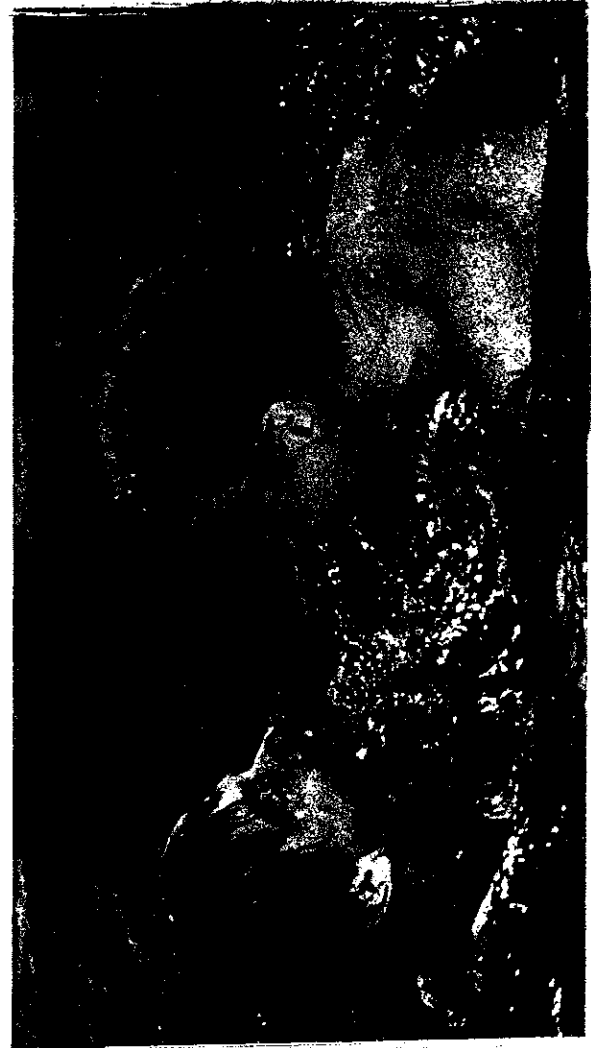
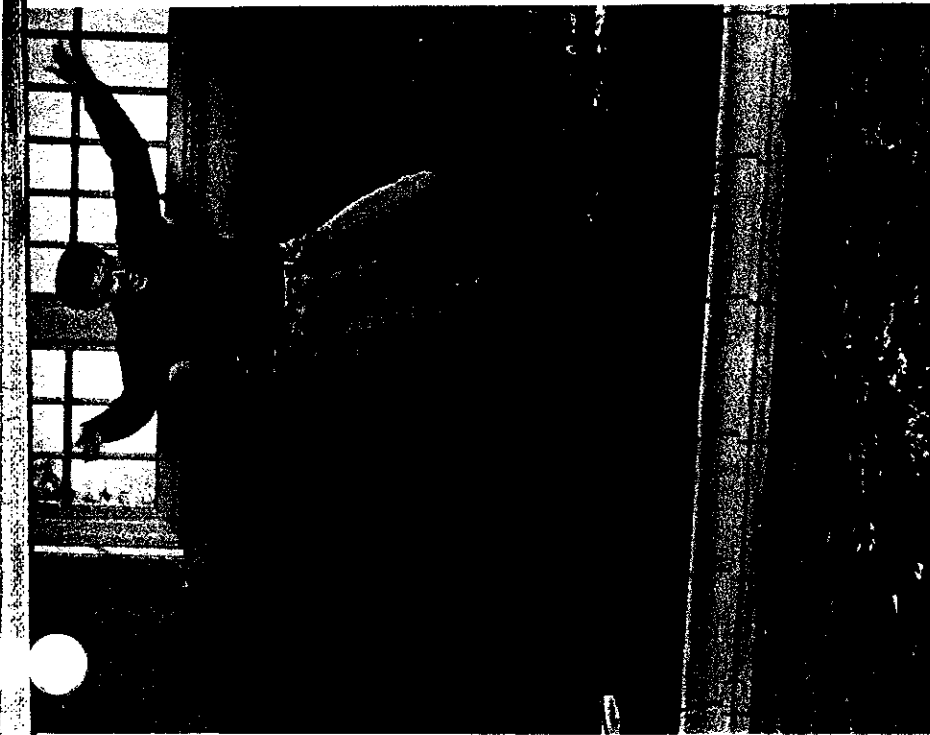
No.

JONATHAN

How come?











SUSAN

I don't know.

JONATHAN

You don't tell me thoughts I never knew I had.

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:

Interior: Susan's sorority house—night

SUSAN, in a bathrobe, walks down the hall to the telephone, which hangs off the hook. She picks it up.

SUSAN

Hello.

Intercut close-ups 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.

A long pause.

JONATHAN

So.

SUSAN

So, Jonathan.

He listens.

SUSAN

I'll always be your friend.

JONATHAN

Jesus, Susan—I hope not.

Cut to:

Interior: 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 tropics!—what do you mean! It's the jungle!

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 fades as the screen bleaches to white.

Sound: Skater music.

Fade in on ice skater—day

Young, beautiful, incredibly built. She is costumed in the fashion of the early sixties. She glides heart-fetchingly toward us, away from us, back and forth across the ice, executing a series of graceful figures. This goes on for a while. *Pull back* to show JONATHAN and SANDY looking down on the Wollman Skating Rink in Central Park. They are fifteen years older. JONATHAN looks it. SANDY does not. Both are well dressed in the style of the early sixties.

JONATHAN

Jesus!—You want her?

SANDY

I wouldn't kick her out of bed.

JONATHAN

Will you look at the pair on her?

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SANDY

Get a look at that schmuck trying to keep up with her.

JONATHAN

They're always with guys like that.

SANDY

That guy must be sixty if he's a day.

JONATHAN

Maybe he'll have a heart attack, you can save his life, get her number and fuck her.

SANDY

(*Grimacing*) You bastard!

JONATHAN

(*Grimacing*) 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 back to the ice skater.

JONATHAN

Not bad, that one, is she?

SANDY

Listen, you must be getting more than your share.

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JONATHAN

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

SANDY

Bullshit artist! You and your actress friends.

JONATHAN

Are you kidding, Doctor? You're the one with the deal. I mean, what can I say? Take off your clothes, baby, I'm gonna check out your capital gains?

SANDY

I just look.

JONATHAN

Sure you do.

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.

JONATHAN

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

I should have your problems.

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?

Cut to:

Interior: Jonathan's office--day
Close-up: Sandy

SANDY

Susan's a very good homemaker. Very efficient. I go home, everything's in its place. Which I like. Because it's tiring putting 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 any more, 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.

Cut to:

Interior: the Rainbow Room

Shot: A dinner table over which BOBBIE's 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 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.

JONATHAN

Me? Bobbie!

BOBBIE

You always know your own mind.

JONATHAN

(Leers) Right this minute anyway.

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?

JONATHAN

Nineteen?

BOBBIE

No.

JONATHAN

Twenty?

BOBBIE

No.

JONATHAN

Twenty-one?

BOBBIE

No.

JONATHAN

Twenty-two?

BOBBIE

No.

JONATHAN

Twenty-four?

BOBBIE

You skipped twenty-three.

JONATHAN

Twenty-three?

BOBBIE

No.

JONATHAN

Twenty-four?

BOBBIE

No.

JONATHAN

Twenty-five?

BOBBIE

No.

JONATHAN

Twenty-six?

BOBBIE

No.

JONATHAN

Twenty-seven?

BOBBIE

You're getting warm.

JONATHAN

Twenty-eight?

BOBBIE

No.

JONATHAN

Twenty-nine?

She nods.

JONATHAN

I like going out with older women.

Cut to:

Interior: 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-hmmm!

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?

JONATHAN

I'd like to be smothered—by you.

BOBBIE

What else would you like me to do to you?

Cut to:

Interior: 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.

Cut to:

Interior: Jonathan's bedroom—night

Lights out. A little light spills from the bathroom. JONATHAN and BOBBIE in bed.

BOBBIE

(*A low moan*)

JONATHAN

Jesus.

BOBBIE

Baby.

JONATHAN

Jesus!

BOBBIE

Oh—baby—

JONATHAN

Oh—God—

BOBBIE

Oh—baby!

JONATHAN

Oh—God!

BOBBIE

God! God!

JONATHAN

Jesus!

BOBBIE

Baby!!

JONATHAN

Oh—Jesus!

BOBBIE

God! God!

JONATHAN

Oh baby!!

BOBBIE

Christ! God!

JONATHAN

Jesus! Jesus!

BOBBIE

Baby!! Christ!!

JONATHAN

Baby!! God!!

JONATHAN AND BOBBIE

Babeeegodjeeesuuuus—

A long pause. Heavy breathing.

JONATHAN

Wow—I almost came that time.

They scream with laughter.

Cut to:

Interior: 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: Classical music 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!

Cut to:

Interior: Jonathan's bedroom—night

BOBBIE and JONATHAN lie in bed, looking very comfortable with each other.

BOBBIE

Most guys I know are pricks. I don't know any more what they want.

JONATHAN

I'll be happy to tell you. (*Playful*) They want the boodle.

He slaps her ass.

JONATHAN

But they aint gonna get the boodle.

BOBBIE

Goddamn right.

JONATHAN

Because this kid here has the boodle.

BOBBIE

Pretty sure of yourself, aren't you? (*A pause*) You're a nice man.

JONATHAN

And you're a very lucky girl.

He leaves the bed and goes to the bathroom.

Sound: The shower.

BOBBIE sits up, looks thoughtful. The shower stops. JONATHAN comes out of the bathroom.

BOBBIE

You know something, Sam?

JONATHAN

(*Doing Bogart*) Whad ish it, Shweedheart?

BOBBIE

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

JONATHAN freezes. After a moment:

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—Let's both give it a couple of days to think about it— It sounds like—well, very good. Very, very—well—good. Only our eyes should be open. If we should go into this we should know exactly what we're getting into—

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.

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—

BOBBIE

Okay!

JONATHAN

Okay.

BOBBIE

You're a real prick, you know that?

Cut to:

*Interior: bar—day
Close-up: Jonathan*

JONATHAN

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. 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:

Interior: Jonathan's bedroom—evening

JONATHAN and BOBBIE in bed.

JONATHAN

I'm hungry.

BOBBIE

I'll get up.

JONATHAN

Why do we always have to eat so late?

BOBBIE

Because I work late, dumbo.

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.

JONATHAN leaves the bed and goes into the bathroom.

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BOBBIE

You asked me.

Sound: The shower.

Cut to:

Interior: Jonathan's kitchen—night

Track with BOBBIE as she removes two TV dinners from the oven, sets them up on two trays, and carries them into the bedroom. She wears a bathrobe. JONATHAN is on the bed, sitting up against the pillow. He wears an open shirt, trousers, socks. He is watching TV: an old Dick Powell musical. BOBBIE hands JONATHAN his tray.

JONATHAN

What about my beer?

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.

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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'm sorry, honey.

JONATHAN starts to rise.

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 forty-five 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.

BOBBIE gets up.

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:

Interior: Jonathan's living room—night

Close-up: SANDY, a cigar 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:

Exterior: tennis court—day

Angle on BOBBIE and CINDY sitting on a bench on the side of the court. CINDY, dark, sleek, watches avidly. BOBBIE reads the Ladies' Home Journal. Lying crumpled on the back of the bench next to CINDY is SANDY's sweater.

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.

JONATHAN

Bastard! That was out!

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?

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

Luck, my ass! Want to take me on, Cindy?

CINDY jumps up. BOBBIE puts aside her magazine.

BOBBIE

It's my turn.

She rises.

JONATHAN

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

SANDY comes over to the bench, picks up his sweater, and sits near BOBBIE.

Sound: The tennis game.

Shot: Close-up—Bobbie

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

JONATHAN

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? Forty-love! And I'm not taking it easy on her either.

BOBBIE appears to be in a trance.

Cut to:

Interior: Jonathan's bathroom—evening

JONATHAN stands under the shower. Through the 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, reenters, and proceeds to make up her face.

JONATHAN enters the bedroom and begins rummaging through the dresser drawers. He picks a bill off the top of the dresser and reads it.

JONATHAN

You and Lord and Taylor's 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 Taylor's are going to have to work out a trial separation.

She reaches for the bill.

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.

She sips a drink. The phone rings. Neither answers. The phone stops. BOBBIE stops dressing and just sits. JONATHAN looks over at her, goes to her, fondles and kisses her.

BOBBIE

I want to get married.

He enters the bathroom and loudly slams the door. She sips her drink. After a moment, he exits from the bathroom, then quickly reenters, 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.

BOBBIE

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

JONATHAN

Who put you up to this? Your psychiatrist? 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. Who'm 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 her drink. 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?

He charges into and 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 got up feeling so good—(*He rips 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 in a good way? There's always got to be poison? I don't see why. I really don't see why.

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! I'm a man-eater, a ball-buster and a castrater. I want to get married.

JONATHAN

Where the fuck is my shoehorn?! 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

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—scare me?

She takes a pill and downs it with Scotch.

BOBBIE

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 something 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 wouldn't even let me canvass 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, downs it with Scotch.

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 goes to her. 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? 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 ultimatum! I'll tell you what you can do with it!

He starts ripping the bed apart.

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:

Interior: Jonathan's hallway

JONATHAN swings open the door and stares, wild-eyed, at SANDY and CINDY dressed for a party.

JONATHAN
She's not ready!

SANDY looks at him.

SANDY
Well, we're a little early.

They move into the living room.

JONATHAN
You look good, Cindy.

She smiles coolly.

I do my best.

JONATHAN and SANDY exchange smiles.

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
Hey! 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 rematch.

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.

JONATHAN 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.

JONATHAN
(Low) Is she always that way?

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
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)*

SANDY

You bastard.

JONATHAN

Give me a minute.

Cut to:

Interior: Jonathan's living room

JONATHAN stares at CINDY, still swaying to the music and reading *Vogue*.

CINDY

Tell Sandy it's time to leave.

He goes to her and puts his hands on her hips. She drops the magazine 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 pushes him away. They dance a bit and he tries again. She pushes 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 okay.

She stops dancing.

CINDY

What did Sandy say?

She turns off the phonograph.

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.

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!

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

She's semi-comatose. Better send a resuscitator and an airway. Who's on? Portis? Tell him to be ready to give her an I.V. on admission.

He stares coldly at JONATHAN. He picks up the empty pill container and holds it up for him to see.

SANDY

Bastard.

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!

Cut to:

Slide screen

First slide: *Jonathan Fuerst Presents*

Second slide: *A Jonathan Fuerst Production*

Third slide: *Ball-busters On Parade!*

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 never got 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—

Pan off the screen to:

Interior: 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. JENNIFER, sitting next to him, looks not much more than sixteen, is quite beautiful, with long hair reaching to her waist. Her dress is floor-length. Her feet are bare.

JONATHAN

This one's Rosalie. Rosalie looked like Elizabeth Taylor in *National Velvet*. I had a crush on Rosalie from fourteen to fifteen. I never went near her. In those days we had illusions.

Slide screen

JONATHAN

This is Charlotte. Not much on looks but great tits for fifteen. That's Lenny Hartman's sister. My first French kiss. Sixteen years old. 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. 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. Here we have my very first—

Slide screen: A split-second shot of SUSAN, on and off.

JONATHAN

No. That one's a mistake. Here's Eileen, my very first fuck.

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.

BOBBIE flashes on the screen.

JONATHAN

Heerrres Bobbiel My wifel 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 slob I lived with a year until I got so sick of her ball-busting I couldn't get it up. This was my Jap-in-the-sack. I heard that Oriental girls were different. Not in America, they're not. Here's a sixteen-year-old I paid twenty bucks to one night when I was drunk in the Village—maybe you know her, Jennifer—she gave me a dose.

The screen goes blank.

JONATHAN

Th—th—th—that's all folks.

Angle on Sandy and Jennifer

JONATHAN switches the lights on. SANDY is numb with horror. JENNIFER is in tears. They get up slowly.

JONATHAN

What are you crying for? It's not a Lassie movie.

Angle on Jonathan and Sandy

An awkward exchange of stares.

SANDY and JENNIFER back their way toward the door.

Cut to:

Exterior: the city at night

JONATHAN and SANDY walking. It is cold, very dark. They walk in silence.

Sound: Traffic.

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, 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? Okay?

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 cocksman game—

JONATHAN

Some cocksman.

SANDY

—The respectable-husband game, the good-father game—

JONATHAN lets out a bitter laugh.

JONATHAN

Good father?!

SANDY

—The specialist game. Games don't impress Jennifer. Just life. Just love.

JONATHAN

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

SANDY

Jennifer knows more at twenty than Susan knows to this day.

JONATHAN

You found yourself a jewel. Okay?

SANDY

She's my love teacher.

JONATHAN

Finally got it up, huh?

SANDY

You give off such bad vibrations.

JONATHAN

"Bad vibrations." Sandy, I love you, 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:

Interior: Louise's apartment—night

LOUISE's door swings open. LOUISE, about thirty-five, 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 of what he's got to dip into, any guy 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 to-night.

JONATHAN

You don't?

LOUISE

No, I don't.

JONATHAN

Are you sure?

LOUISE

Wanna bet?

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.

A pause.

LOUISE

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

JONATHAN

You don't?

LOUISE

No, I don't.

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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 puts them away.

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.

JONATHAN

I'm not kind.

Close-up: Louise

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

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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!*