

<Title>

an original screenplay by

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RALPH

Why are they always naked? Why does
naked make it art?

MARIAN

Did you make me a drink?

RALPH

Its 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?

RALPH

You know.

MARIAN

Know what?

RALPH

Just forget it.

MARIAN

Forget what? What are you talking about?

RALPH

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 imagaes, 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.