

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Jonathan: You and Lord & Taylor are gonna have to work out a trial separation.

Ann: I had the water running. What did you say?

Jonathan: You and Lord & Taylor are gonna have to work out a trial separation.

Ann: Look at the date.

Jonathan: What do you mean?

Ann: Five months ago. I'm sorry I cost you so much money.

(phone rings)

Ann: I wanna get married. Are you tired of me Jonathan?

Jonathan: Am I ever.

Ann: The answer's yes.

Jonathan: I didn't say "yes."

Ann: 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 finally chosen me.

Ann: Cindy's not a virgin either.

Jonathan: What? Oh, I get it. Is that what brought this on? Your mind is unbelievable. You have to have a low opinion of me, thinking that I would do that to Sandy.

Ann: Oh, no. you wouldn't want to cheat on Sandy.

Jonathan: Oh, now it's Sandy.

Ann: He spends half his life over here.

Jonathan: Wait a minute. A second ago you had me screwing Cindy. Who am I screwing now? Sandy?

Ann: You're going too fast for me.

Jonathan: I'm going too fast for you? Your little mind operates like an IBM, like a pinball machine. First Cindy. Oh, no, not Cindy? How 'bout Sandy? How 'bout 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.

Ann: You made me tell you.

Jonathan: Sure, I twisted your arm.

Ann: It got you hot.

Jonathan: Something has to.

Ann: You have such contempt for me.

Jonathan: Kid, you worked hard for it. It's yours.

Ann: The way you paw me at parties.

Jonathan: Now affection is contempt. Upside down. Everything upside down.

Ann: Feeling me up in public is not affection.

Jonathan: Will you come on?

Ann: 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?

Ann: I help you.

Jonathan: Your kind of help I can do without.

Ann: Can you? Can you really?

Jonathan: You'll do anything you can to ruin my day, won't you? I got up today feelin' so good. You couldn't leave us alone. We were doing so well.

Ann: What?

Jonathan: 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 really don't see why. I really don't see why.

Ann: Jonathan, do you want it over between us?

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

Ann: You don't want me to leave.

Jonathan: I want you here, where you belong.

Ann: What about you?

Jonathan: When I'm here, I'm here. When I'm not here, I'm there.

Ann: Where?

Jonathan: Wherever!

Ann: No. I'm a man-eater, a ballbuster and a castrator. I wanna get married.

Jonathan: All right. Where the fuck is my shoehorn? This place is a mess. There's not any food in the house. Half the time you look like you fell out of bed. You spend more time in bed than anyone I ever heard of over six months old.

Ann: The reason I sleep all day is 'cause I can't stand my life!

Jonathan: What life?

Ann: Sleeping all day!

Jonathan: You do that sort of thing, I fall in love with you all over again.

Ann: Marry me Jonathan. Please marry me.

Jonathan: You're trying to kill me.

Ann: Marriage isn't death.

Jonathan: Why now?

Ann: Because two years ago I slept eight hours. A year ago it was 12. it's up to 15 now. Pretty soon it's gonna be 24.

Jonathan: What are you trying to do? Scare me?

Ann: I need a life.

Jonathan: Get a job!

Ann: I don't want a job. I want you.

Jonathan: I'm taken—by me. Get out of the house! Do something useful, goddamn it!

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

Jonathan: That was a year ago.

Ann: 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.

Ann: You wouldn't even let me canvas for Kennedy.

Jonathan: You want a job? I got a job for you. Fix up this pigsty. You get a pretty goddamn good salary for testing out this bed all day. You want an extra \$50 a week? Try vacuuming. You want an extra \$100? Make this goddamn bed! Try opening some goddamn windows! That's why you can't stand up in here. The goddamn place smells like a coffin! You don't need me. Why do you let yourself in for this kind of abuse? Walk out. Please leave me. For God's sake, I'd almost marry you if you'd leave me.

Ann: You call that abuse? You don't know what I'm used to. With all your carrying on...to me you're a gift. So what's it gonna be.

Jonathan: You sure know how to screw things up.

Ann: So where does that leave us?

Jonathan: Are you giving me an ultimatum? Is this an ultimatum? Answer me, you ballbusting, castrating, son-of-a-cunt bitch. Is this an ultimatum or not? Because if it is...I'm gonna tell you what you can do with your ultimatum. I'm gonna tell you what you can do with it! You can make this goddamn bed! That's what you can do with it! Try cleaning these filthy sheets! That's what you can do with it!

(doorbell)