

LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR

RG: You liked that, huh?

DK: Yeah, uh huh. Man is a whole wonderful thing. God, it's still hard. Why'd you stop?

RG: What's the hurry?

DK: How did you hold back? What are you doing? Come on.

RG: Oh very nice books, here. Myself, I go for poems.

DK: Oh.

RG: Guys always make passes at girls with bare asses.

DK: More.

RG: You'll never have the knack until you make it with a black.

DK: Where did you read that?

RG: In a subway toilet.

Knife is revealed.

DK: Oh uh.

RG: Turn the light off.

RG dances around.

RG: Scare ya, huh. Turns you on, too, don't it? When you can't stop it. You can't run. Just waitin' for it to happen. Heart pumpin' a mile a minute, right? Damn, right.

DK: Ever kill anybody?

RG: Sure. Vietnam.

DK: Is that where you got these?

RG: Where do you think? Miami beach?

DK: It's a rotten fate.

RG: Nah. Got me out of the war. Can't get enough, huh? Whoa, what's that?

DK: Why does it bother you?

RG: No,no. Cheek to cheek. You like that?

DK: In case we fell asleep.

RG: So?

DK: So you'd leave before morning.

RG: And what's that? A house rule?

DK: The only one.

RG: So what happens in the morning?

DK: Work.

RG: Oh, yeah. Who is he? A Husband?

DK: Right.

RG: Cabbie? Milk man? Some guy pays the rent?

DK: When it comes daylight—work. I gotta be alone. Nothing personal.

RG: Who says I want to stay? You expect me to believe that alone crap?

Work. What kind of work?

DK: I'm a teacher.

RG: School?

DK: First grade.

RG: I don't believe it. I don't believe it. A teacher of little kids cruising crummy bars. Jesus Christ. No wonder this country's all screwed up. But you liked it, huh.

DK: You're the greatest.

RG: I'll keep in touch. Sunday night, six sharp.

DK: Suppose I'm busy?

RG: You just be here. OK, Sonya bologna.

DK: Hey, hey. Your fly's open.

RG: Course. I gotta go to work, too.

DK: I don't believe it.