

DAN: So tell me.

DEBORAH: What?

DAN: Everything. Tell me the truth about everything. Menstruation. I know you're holding out on me.

DEBORAH: It would be hard on me if it got out.

DAN: I swear.

DEBORAH: It's under our conscious control.

DAN: I knew it.

DEBORAH: We just do it to drive you crazy with the mess.

DAN: I just knew it.

DEBORAH: Now you tell me some.

DAN: Name it.

DEBORAH: What does it feel like to have a penis?

DAN: Strange. Very strange and wonderful.

DEBORAH: Do you miss having tits?

DAN: To be completely frank with you, that is the stupidest question I ever heard. What man in his right mind would want tits?

DEBORAH: You're right of course. Ask me if I like the taste of come.

DAN: Do you like the taste of come?

DEBORAH: Do I like the taste of come?

DAN: Yes.

DEBORAH: Dan, I love the taste of come. It tastes like everything good. Just, coming out of your cock. The Junior Prom. An Autumn afternoon.

DAN: It doesn't taste a little bit like Clorox?

DEBORAH: It Smells like Clorox. It tastes like the Jr. Prom. See what you cheat yourself of?

DAN: Yes.

DEBORAH: Faggot.

DAN: Do you ever fantasize about making love with other women?

DEBORAH: Do you fantasize when we make love? The last time we made love, I fantasized about other women.

DAN: The last time I masturbated I kept thinking about my left hand.

DEBORAH: Did you.

DAN: Yes.

DEBORAH: Did you?

DAN: Yes. I love making love with you.

DEBORAH: I love making love with you.

DAN: I love you.

DEBORAH: Does it frighten you to say that?

DAN: Yes.

DEBORAH: It's only words. I don't think you should be frightened by words.

ABOUT LAST NIGHT / SEXUAL PERVERSITY

DEBORAH: Dan?

DAN: In here. Deb? I'm sorry. It's just not working out, is it?

DEBORAH: Here we go. Just say it, Dan.

DAN: What?

DEBORAH: Just say what you are going to say.

DAN: I think one of us should move out. I'm sorry.

DEBORAH: What?

DAN: I said I'm sorry.

DEBORAH: For what? What are you sorry for?

DAN: I'm sorry it didn't work out. I need time.

DEBORAH: What? What the hell is that supposed to mean? You start out real strong, and then you finish like a weasel. You shoulda quit while you were ahead.

DAN: Yeah, well, that's what I'm trying to do.

DEBORAH: Good one! Let's see your face on that one. There. You want me to turn it off?

DAN: No.

DEBORAH: Good. We've been in the dark long enough. I know why I'm leaving. What's your story? What killed it for you? The radical change in lifestyle? You decided you wanted to travel light?

DAN: Aw, Deb, come on...

DEBORAH: Or were you afraid that someday someone better mikght come along and you'd be stuck with me?

DAN: Why can't you just see it for what it is?

DEBORAH: And what is it?

DAN: What it is. No more, no less.

DEBORAH: Two jerks committed to screwing until they get tired of each other? That's great. That's really something special.

DAN: I don't want marriage. I don't want kids... I don't want to be tied down. I'm not happy. I want you to move out.

DEBORAH: Hey. Done. I'm gone. You can go back to doing whatever you want, with whomever you want, in whatever orifice you want to do it in.

DAN: If you leave here, leave knowing one thing. I never screwed around. Not once. And there were plenty of opportunities.

DEBORAH: What do you want - a medal? Forgive me. I didn't know it was such a terrible sacrifice.

ABOUT LAST NIGHT (3)

DAN: Hi.

DEBORAH: Hello.

DAN: I saw you at the Art Institute.

DEBORAH: Uh huh.

DAN: I remembered your hair.

DEBORAH: Hair memory.

DAN: You were in the Impressionists room. Monet...i

DEBORAH: Uh huh.

DAN: You're very attractive. I like the way you look. You were drawing in charcoal. It was nice. Are you a student at the Art Institute?

DEBORAH: No, I work.

DAN: Work, huh? Work. I'll bet you're good at it. Is someone taking up a lot of your time these days?

DEBORAH: You mean a man?

DAN: Yes, a man.

DEBORAH: I'm a lesbian.

DAN: As a physical preference, or from political beliefs?

DAN: Well.

DEBORAH: Well.

DAN: Yeah, well. Hey. I feel great. You?

DEBORAH: Uh huh.

DAN: Yup. You, uh, you have to go to work? You have to work tomorrow?

DEBORAH: Yes. Well.

DAN: You're going home?

DEBORAH: Do you want me to?

DAN: Only if you want to. Do you want to?

DEBORAH: Do you want me to stay? I don't know if it's such a good idea that I stay here tonight.

DAN: Why? I'd like you to stay. If you'd like to. Well. Alright then. Huh?

DEBORAH: I like your apartment.

DAN: Yeah? I'm glad.

DEBORAH: I like it here.

DAN: So, look, tell me. How would you like to eat dinner with me tomorrow. If you're not doing anything. If you're not too busy. If you're busy it's not important.

DEBORAH: I'd love to eat dinner with you tomorrow.

DAN: You would, huh?

DEBORAH: Yes.

DAN: Well, okay, that's nice. That's very nice. I'm going to look forward to that.

DEBORAH: I could come over here and cook.

DAN: You could.

DEBORAH: Yes.

DAN: You could come over here and cook dinner, you'd like to do that?

DEBORAH: Yes.

DAN: We could do that.

DEBORAH: Sure.

DAN: Yeah, we could do that. Let's to that.

DEBORAH: Okay. I'm not really a lesbian.

DAN: No?

DEBORAH: But I have had some Lesbianic experiences.

DAN: What, like going to bed with other women?

DEBORAH: ...And I enjoyed them.

DAN: Well. Sure. You going to sleep?

DEBORAH: Yes.

DAN: You having a good time?

DEBORAH: Yes.

DAN: That's good. Goodnight.

DEBORAH: Goodnight.

DAN: See you in the morning.

ABOUT LAST NIGHT (4)

DEBORAH: Oh, shut up!

DAN: I should shut up? Who's talking for the last 12 hours straight, huh? Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah. Jesus. Some people go home with the Tribune. You go home with me. Everything's fine. Sex, talk, life, everything. Until you want to get closer, to get better. Do you know what the fuck you want? Push. You push me. Why can't you just see it for what it is?

DEBORAH: What?

DAN: Us.

DEBORAH: And what is it?

DAN: What it is. No more, no less.

DEBORAH: And what is that?

DAN: Don't give me this. Don't give me that look, missy.

DEBORAH: Or you're going to what?

DAN: I don't mind physical violence. I just can't stand emotional violence. I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Deb. I forget who I'm talking to. I'm sorry. You're very good for me. Come here. Come here.

DEBORAH: No. You come here for christ's fucking sake. You want comfort, come get comfort. What I am, your toaster?

DAN: Cunt.

DEBORAH: That's very good. "Cunt." Good. Get it out. Let it all out.

DAN: You cunt.

DEBORAH: We've established that.

DAN: I try.

DEBORAH: You try and try. You are misunderstood and depressed.

DAN: And you're no help.

DEBORAH: No, I'm a hindrance. You're trying to understand women and I'm confusing you with information. "Cunt" won't do it. "Fuck" won't do it. No more magic. What are you feeling. Tell me what you're feeling. Jerk.

DAN: ...And your friend Joan... that cunt was born in a carcrash. And your job is a lot of busywork, you know that?

DEBORAH: I know.

DAN: And I have no fucking idea what your drawings mean. And you're a lousy fuck.

DEBORAH: I know.

DAN: Your friend Joan is a better fuck than you are.

DEBORAH: I'm sure she is.

DAN: And she's a lousy fuck. Aren't you going to tell me I'm a lousy fuck?

DEBORAH: You are a lousy fuck.

DAN: You're full of shit!