

BODY HEAT (Warner Bros., 1981)

MATTY WALKER is married to a very wealthy man. They have a house in Pinehaven, an upper crust Coconut Grove-like seaside community. **MATTY** has targeted **NED RACINE** as a pawn in her plot to kill her husband. She wants her husband out of the way so she can enjoy his wealth alone. **NED** notices **MATTY** standing alone on the boardwalk in Miranda Beach, the middle class beach town nearby. **NED** is a small time ambulance-chasing lawyer.

EXTERIOR. THE BEACHFRONT WALKWAY – NIGHT

The woman, MATTY, has walked to the rail. She stands there now lighting a cigarette. RACINE enters, lights a new cigarette.

RACINE: You can stand here with me if you want, but you'll have to agree not to talk about the heat.

MATTY: I'm a married woman.

R: Meaning what?

M: Meaning I'm not looking for company.

R: Then you should have said – "I'm a *happily* married woman."

M: That's my business.

R: What?

M: How happy I am.

R: And how happy is that?

M: You're not too smart are you?

RACINE shakes his head "no."

M: I like that in a man.

R: What else you like? Ugly? Lazy? Horny? I got 'em all.

M: You don't look lazy.

RACINE smiles.

M: Tell me, does chat like that work with most women?

R: Some. If they haven't been around much.

M: I wondered. Thought maybe I was out of touch.

R: How 'bout I buy you a drink?

M: I told you. I've got a husband.

R: I'll buy him one too.

M: He's out of town.

R: My favorite kind. We'll drink to him.

M: He only comes up on the weekends.

R: I'm liking him better all the time. You better take me up on this quick. In another forty-five minutes I'm going to give up and walk away.

M: You want to buy me something? I'll take one of those.

They come upon a vendor selling snow cones.

R: What kind?

M: Cherry.

R: *(to vendor)* Make it two.

The vendor scoops and pours as RACINE lays some change on the cart.

R: *(to MATTY)* You're not staying in Miranda Beach. *(She shakes her head "no.")* I would have noticed you.

M: Is this town that small?

RACINE hands her a snow cone.

R: Pinehaven. You're staying up in Pinehaven, on the waterway. You have a house.

M: How'd you know?

R: You look like Pinehaven.

M: How does Pinehaven look?

R: Well tended.

M: Yes, I'm well tended, all right. Well tended. What about you?

R: Me? I need tending. I need someone to take care of me. Rub my tired muscles. Smooth out my sheets.

M: Get married.

R: I just need it for tonight.

MATTY spills the snow cone over the front of her dress.

M: Good. Nice move, Matty.

R: Matty. I like it. Right over your heart.

M: At least it's cool. I'm burning up.

R: I asked you not to talk about the heat.

M: Would you get me a paper towel or something? Dip it in some cold water.

RACINE starts toward the restroom nearby.

R: Right away. I'll even wipe it off for you.

M: You don't want to lick it?

RACINE pauses, then hurries off.

BODY HEAT (2)

NED has pulled up to the Pinehaven Lounge, looking for MATTY.

INTERIOR. COCKTAIL LOUNGE – PINEHAVEN – NIGHT

Dark. Almost classy. The place is half full. MATTY is drinking at the end of the bar. RACINE comes in, looks around, walks over and sits in the seat next to her.

MATTY: Look who's here. Isn't this a coincidence?

RACINE: I know you.

M: You're the one that doesn't want to talk about the heat. Too bad. I'd tell you about my chimes.

R: What about them?

M: The wind chimes on my porch. They keep ringing and I go out there expecting a cool breeze. That's what they've always meant. But not this summer. This summer it's just hot air.

R: Do I remind you of hot air?

The bartender has come up.

R: Bourbon, any kind, on the rocks. *(to MATTY)* Another?

M: What are you doing in Pinehaven?

R: I'm no yokel. Why, I was all the way to Miami once.

M: There are some men, once they get a whiff of it, they'll trail you like a hound.

The bartender brings their drinks and leaves.

R: I'm not that eager.

M: What's your name, anyway?

R: Ned Racine.

M: Matty Walker.

R: Are you all right?

M: Yes. My temperature runs a couple degrees high. Around 100 all the time. I don't mind it. It's the engine or something.

R: Maybe you need a tune-up.

M: Don't tell me – you have just the right tool.

R: I don't talk that way.

M: How'd you find me, Ned?

R: This is the only joint in Pinehaven.

M: How'd you know I drink?

R: You seem like a woman with all the vices.

M: You shouldn't have come. You're going to be disappointed.

RACINE looks out over his drink. Several of the men in the place are looking at them.

R: What'd I do?

M: *(indicating Racine's chair)* A lot of them have tried that seat. You're the first one I've let stay.

R: You must come here a lot.

M: Most men are little boys.

R: Maybe you should drink at home.

M: Too quiet.

R: Maybe you shouldn't dress like that.

M: This is a blouse and a skirt. I don't know what you're talking about.

R: Maybe you shouldn't wear that body.

M: Sometimes, I don't know. I get so sick of everything. I'm not sure I care anymore. Do you know what I mean, Ned?

R: I know that sometimes the shit comes down so heavy I feel like I should wear a hat.

M: Yeah, that's what I mean.

MATTY drains her glass and stubs out her cigarette.

M: I think I'll get out of here now. I'm going home.

R: I'll take you.

M: I have a car.

R: I'll follow you. I want to see the chimes.

M: You want to see the chimes.

R: I want to hear them.

M: That's all. If I let you, that's all.

R: I'm not looking for any trouble.

M: I mean it. I like you. But my life is complicated enough.

RACINE again accepts.

M: This is my community bar. I might have to come here with my husband sometime. Would you leave before me? Wait in your car? I know it seems silly...

R: I don't know who we're going to fool. You've been pretty friendly.

She gives him a look then slaps him hard. Everyone turns toward them.

M: Now leave me alone.

She stands up, takes her purse and her cigarettes, and walks to the other end of the bar, where she sits down. After a moment, RACINE stands up and throws some money on the bar. He stalks out of the bar.