

Shampoo

(Interior of a restaurant)

Jackie:

I think you're crazy! (Sees someone in the restaurant.) Don't look over. It's Lenny Silverman.

Jill:

Who's that?

Jackie:

A real swinger. He's been trying to fuck me for about two hundred years. (to Lenny) Hi Lenny! (back to Jill) Anyway, you're crazy!

Jill:

I am? I mean, why?

Jackie:

Oh, honey, don't be totally naïve.

Jill:

I'm not. Maybe I am.

Jackie:

No, listen; he's a very good hairdresser. Well, he is.

Jill:

So, what's your point?

Jackie:

Jill, I am just trying to be helpful.

Jill:

I know. I'm sorry.

Jackie:

I spent three years with him. I just couldn't take it not knowing who was gonna pay the rent, his unemployment or mine. George was adorable, but it drove me crackers. Now, at least I am comfortable. Lester does what he says he'll do. Maybe you're happy living like a gypsy. Are you?

Jill:

George is great, but you know what I mean.

Jackie:
Face it, you can go around with cute guys and get hung up on their sexy bodies and things like that, but sooner or later you've got to find somebody. Face it; time is not on your side.

Jill:
I guess not.

Jackie:
You know?

Jill:
Yeah.

Jackie:
What is it, honey?

Jill:
Nothing.

Jackie:
It must be something.

Jill:
Well, it's George.

Jackie:
I thought that you said things were great with George.

Jill:
Well, they are, but we have problems. You say things are great with Lester. Is he going to marry you?

Jackie:
We don't think marriage is important.

Jill:
But you have problems.

Jackie:
Yeah.

Jill:

I don't know. One minute he's up in the air and makes love to me five times a day and tells me everything's going to be great and he's getting his own shop. And, then suddenly, he disappears and he won't even talk to me. It's driving me crazy. I guess it's all got to do with this shop.

Jackie:

Really, Jill, aren't you exaggerating just a bit? Five times a day?

Jill:

Well, you know what I mean.

Jackie:

After four years? No, I don't and I don't know too many girls that do.

Jill:

I'm exaggerating.

Jackie:

How much?

Jill:

Jackie!

Jackie:

What?

Jill:

Well, it's not so much the number of times he does it. It's...he does it for a really long time.

Jackie:

He does?

Jill:

Well, yes, you know that about George.

Jackie:

No, it's been some time now. So, how long?

Jill:

Quite awhile...an hour, an hour and a half...sometimes forty-five minutes. That's quite a while, isn't it?

Jackie:

I'd say so, yes.

Jill:
Honey...

Jackie:
What?

Jill:
See, I just know that if I go to Egypt, well things happen. I just don't know what'll happen to us. He just never seems to think ahead, does he?

Jackie:
So, when you say forty-five minutes or an hour, do you mean continuous time?
Just continually without stopping?

Jill:
Well, not going in and out, I don't mean just that. Why are you asking me? You went with George longer than I have.

Jackie:
I guess I just blocked it out. That's all.

Jill:
C'mon.

Jackie:
Well, there was this one time.

Jill:
Yes.

Jackie:
I was in the kitchen doing the dishes and George was out in Long Beach doing a show.

Jill:
Uh-huh.

Jackie:
Well, it was very hot. So, I'd left the door open and the water was running. So, I didn't hear him coming down the stairs.

Jill:

Mm-hmmm.

Jackie:

He came up behind me and I was wiping a dish and he just lifted my skirt and you know...right there.

Jill:

Didn't you have any panties on?

Jackie:

He reached up and tore them off.

Jill:

What did you do?

Jackie:

Well...I just kept wiping the dish. Maybe it doesn't sound very sexy, but it was.

Jill:

No, it sounds very sexy. Did you just stay by the sink all that time?

Jackie:

No, he picked me up and carried me out to the sundeck. God, it was hot! The wood on the sundeck...everything!