

BODYHEAT (1981)

Matty is drinking at the end of the bar, her cigarettes next to her glass. Racine enters, sits next to her. She looks up surprised.

MATTY

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

Racine looks at her, almost as though he can't place her. But he doesn't push that effect hard. He lights a cigarette.

RACINE

I know you.

MATTY

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

RACINE

What about them?

MATTY

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.

RACINE

Do I remind you of hot air?

Bartender comes up.

RACINE

Bourbon, any kind, on the rocks. *(to Matty)* Another?

She thinks, then nods her agreement. The bartender moves away.

MATTY

What are you doing in Pinehaven?

RACINE

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

MATTY

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

Bartender brings the drinks and leaves.

RACINE

I'm not that eager.

MATTY

What's your name, anyway?

RACINE

(offers his hand) Ned Racine.

MATTY

Matty Walker.

She takes his hand and shakes it. Racine reacts strangely to her touch and doesn't let go right away. She gently frees it, then refers to his look as she picks up her drink –

RACINE

Are you all right?

MATTY

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

RACINE

Maybe you need a tune-up.

MATTY

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

RACINE

I don't talk that way.

MATTY

How'd you find me, Ned.

Racine gives her a look.

RACINE

This is the only joint in Pinehaven.

MATTY

How'd you know I drink?

RACINE

You seem like a woman with all the vices.

MATTY

(smiles) 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.

RACINE

(referring to the men) What'd I do?

MATTY

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

RACINE

(spotting a few more) You must come here a lot.

MATTY

Most men are little boys.

RACINE

Maybe you should drink at home.

MATTY

Too quiet.

RACINE

Maybe you shouldn't dress like that.

MATTY

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

RACINE

You shouldn't wear that body.

Matty leans back in her seat and glances down at herself. She watches him and then leans over her drink. Her tone is different.

MATTY

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.

RACINE

(He's not sure) I know that sometimes the shit comes down so heavy I feel like I should wear a hat.

Matty laughs, studies him.

MATTY

Yeah, that's what I mean.

Matty drains her glass and stubs out her cigarette.

MATTY

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

RACINE

I'll take you.

MATTY

I have a car.

RACINE

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

MATTY

You want to see the chimes.

RACINE

I want to hear them.

She looks at him a long time.

MATTY

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

RACINE

(gestures his innocence) I'm not looking for trouble.

MATTY

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 ...

RACINE

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

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

MATTY

Now leave me alone.

She stands up, takes her purse and cigarettes, and walks to the other end of the bar, where she sits down. Racine watches her with amazed eyes. He stands up, throws down some money, and stalks out of the bar.