

The Bridges of Madison County

F: Did you sleep well?

R: hmhm. Thanks.

F: Good. More coffee?

R: Sure

F: Robert, I hope you don't mind my asking, but I feel like I should...

R: What?

F: Well, these women friends of yours all over the world- How does it work? Do you see some of them again, or do you forget about others- or do you write to some of them, now and then. How do you manage it? Hmm?

R: What do you mean?

F: I just need to know the routine, the procedure so I don't upset your routine you know. Want some jam?

R: What are you talking about, routine? There's no routine. Is that what you think this is?

F: Well, what is this?

R: Well, is it up to me? You're the one who's married and you have no intention of leaving your husband.

F: To do what? Go off with someone who needs everyone, but no one in particular? I mean, uhh, what would be the point? Would you pass me the butter please?

R: I was honest with you.

F: Yes. Absolutely. You have, you have this habit of not needing, and that's very hard to break. But.....In that case, why sleep? You don't need rest! Why eat? You don't need food!

R: What are you doing?

F: Geeee. I don't know! Maybe I'm not cut out to be a world citizen who experiences everything and nothing at the same time.

R: How do you know what I experience?

F: I know you!

R: Oh?

F: And what can this possibly mean to someone who doesn't need meaning. Who just goes with the mystery. Who pretends that he's not scared to death.

R: Let's stop this right now!

F: You know after you leave here, I'm going to have to sit right here for the rest of my life.....And wonder what happened to me, if anything happened at all. I'm going to have to wonder if you're sitting in some housewife's kitchen in Romania or somewhere and telling her about your world of good friends, and you secretly include me in that group.

R: What do you want me to say?

F: I don't want you to say anything! I don't Need you to say anything!

R: I want you to stop this right now!

F: Fine! More eggs? Or shall we just fuck on the linoleum one last time?

R: Look. I'm not going to apologize for who I am.

F: Nobody's asking you to.

R: And I'm not going to be made to feel like I've done something wrong here.

F: No! You're not going to be made to "feel" anything. Period. Because you have carved out this little part for yourself where you get to be a voyeur, and a hermit, and a lover whenever you feel like it. And the rest of us are supposed to be incredibly grateful for this brief moment that you touched our.....GO TO HeLL! It isn't human not to be lonely, and it isn't human not to be afraid. You're a hypocrite and you're a phony!

R: I don't want to need you.

F: Why?

R: Because I can't have you.

F: What difference does it make? Don't you see? I just...Oh Robert, don't you see? I just have to know the truth. I just have to know the truth, because if I don't I'll go crazy. So just tell me either way because I can't act like this is enough because it has to be. And I can't pretend not to feel what I feel because it's over tomorrow.

R: If I have done anything to make you think that what we have between us is nothing new for me.....is just some routine.....then I do apologize.

F: What makes it different Robert?

R: It's just.....When I think of why I make pictures....The only reason I can come up with.....just seems that I've been making my way here. It seems right now that all I've ever done in my life has been making my way right here to you. And if I have to think about leaving here tomorrow without you.....

F: Don't let go! Oh my God! What are we going to do?