

# Body Of Evidence

DULANEY

I want you to know right now that the trial's going to be nasty. Your sex life is going to be dragged through the mud. They're going to say that you enticed Marsh -- led him down a dark path.

REBECCA

Andrew hardly needed leading. He was a very passionate man. He was eager to explore. I gave him what he wanted. We fulfilled each others needs.

DULANEY

This is a very small town -- people here have very straight views on sex.

REBECCA

I'm used to being on the outside looking in. The same men who will publicly profess their moral outrage for my sexual tastes are the same ones who privately rest their sweaty little hands on my legs and talk about weekend trips together.

DULANEY

Those same men will be sitting on the jury.

REBECCA

I am who I am. I can't deny it, anymore than you can deny who you are. I like sex different -- I like it wild. That's not a crime. I loved Andrew. We made love together. We made it differently, but we still made love. It was our way. It was private -- and now the whole world

wants to look in through the pretense of justice. If I was some middle-aged divorcee who screwed him once a week do you think this would be happening to me? Have you ever seen animals make love, Mr. Dulaney? They have such passion -- such savage emotion. They struggle, and snarl, and claw, but neither hurts the other. Not really.

DULANEY

No pain, no gain?

REBECCA

Something like that.

DULANEY

We're not animals.

REBECCA

Of course we are. Our primal urges are still there -- but we've taken sex and intellectualized it, refined it down to its most essential components. It's bland, easy, mechanical. There's great passion in the struggle -- such craving in denial. Do you know what it's like to yearn for something? I'm not talking about wanting, or needing. I'm talking about an urge so deep that your skin burns and every cell in your body pulses with desire?

DULANEY

I think we're getting a little off the subject here.

REBECCA

I thought the subject was sex?

DULANEY

As it pertains to you -- not me.

(BEAT)

Did you always know you had different... tastes?

REBECCA

Yes.

DULANEY

How?

REBECCA

I don't know if it's something I can explain to you.

DULANEY

Why not?

REBECCA

Because -- it's beyond intellect. It's emotion. It's passion. It has to be experienced -- it can't be imagined.

DULANEY

Try.

REBECCA

When I was growing up we had a strawberry patch in our backyard. So did this family down the road. I used to sneak in their yard and steal their strawberries. It wasn't easy. The stone walls were high and I'd scrape my knees as I climbed over. On the other side were wild rose bushes. The thorns would dig into my legs and cut my thighs as I lowered myself down.

DULANEY

If you had what you wanted at home why did you sneak into their yard?

REBECCA

Because -- somehow the fruit always tasted that much sweeter because of the pain it took to get to it.