

4 - BARNEY & JEANETTE

JEANETTE: Do you think death is so terrible, Barney?

BARNEY: Death? I do. I think death is terrible. I think violent death is the worst... Jeanette, I think we're getting a little morbid here...

JEANETTE: You don't think there are worse things than death?

BARNEY: Like suffering and pain? They're bad, but they're second and third after death. Death is first... Jeanette, I really think you should have some champagne.

JEANETTE: You mean you enjoy your life? You like living?

BARNEY: I love living. I have some problems with my life, but living is the best thing they've come up with so far... Look, Jeanette, I know you're going through analysis right now, but I don't think this is a good time to talk shop. (He reaches for her pocketbook) Why don't let me take your pocketbook and-

JEANETTE: (Pulls it aside away from him) Tell me what you like about living, Barney.

BARNEY: What I like? I like all of it.

JEANETTE: All of it?

BARNEY: A lot of it. A lot of it is very nice.

JEANETTE: For example.

BARNEY: For example? You mean like what are my favorite things? Is that what you mean? Your pocketbook is really getting me crazy. Put it on the floor, nothing'll happen to it.

JEANETTE: (She doesn't, of course) What makes life worth getting up for? Name emotions for me, feelings... What gives you the strength to go on, Barney?

BARNEY: Well, that takes in such a wide area, Jeanette. I don't think I could cover it in one statement. Do you mean single items like love or sex or family? (He has been staring at her pocketbook, and finally leaps at her) Let me have that goddamned pocketbook! (He grabs it from her) Nothing'll happen to it, I'll leave it right here! (He puts it on the desk and sinks into a chair) I'm sorry, Jeanette, I couldn't stand it any more. Oh, I feel so much better.

JEANETTE: How much of life do you actually enjoy, Barney?

BARNEY: You're still on that, Jeanette?

JEANETTE: Give me a number, a percentage.

BARNEY: A percentage? How much of a percentage of life do I enjoy? I couldn't answer that, Jeanette. It would be meaningless... Half! About half. Fifty-one, fifty-two percent, something like that. I'm just giving you a figure off the top of my head.

JEANETTE: Do you know what my percentage is? Do you know what Doctor Margolies estimated my percentage of happiness is?

BARNEY: (Thinks) Low. I would imagine it was low.

JEANETTE: Eight point two percent.

BARNEY: I estimated something like that.

JEANETTE: I'm thirty-nine years old, Barney. I've enjoyed eight point two percent of my life.

BARNEY: You actually sat down with a pencil and paper and figured that out? No wonder you're so depressed. I mean I depressed myself with the fifty-one percent I can understand how you feel with an eight point two.