

DARLENE. Eddie, you look like a man with a hammer in his hand.

EDDIE. So what? And I don't. Or are you a liar on top of everything else? You asked me a question!

DARLENE. All right!

EDDIE. Some sensitivity is the quality a person might have.

That's the quality a person might have if only they -

DARLENE. Liar on top of what else? WHAT ELSE, EDDIE?!

EDDIE. Whata you mean?

DARLENE. You said, "liar on top of everything else."

EDDIE. I did not.

DARLENE. Just a minute ago.

EDDIE. What was I talking about?

DARLENE. ME.

EDDIE. I did? No. What'd I say?

DARLENE. "LIAR ON TOP OF EVERYTHING ELSE!"

(The front door opens, and MICKEY comes in, carrying a bag of groceries, a six pack of beer.)

MICKEY. Hi.

DARLENE. Hi.

MICKEY. How you doing?

EDDIE. Great. You?

MICKEY. *(setting the bag on the counter)* Terrific. Anybody need a beer?

EDDIE. No.

DARLENE. Sure. I'd love one.

(She takes a beer from the offered six pack and gives MICKEY a hug, and he embraces her.)

STMT → MICKEY. You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to venture a thought that I might regret down the road. And anticipating that regret makes me, you know, hesitate. In the second of hesitation, I get a good look at the real feeling that it is, this regret - a kind of inner blackmail that shows me even further down the road

where I would end up having to live with myself as a smaller person, a man less generous to his friends than I would care to be.

(crossing to EDDIE.)

MICKEY. *(cont.)* So, you know, we'll have to put this through a multiprocessing here, but I was outside, I mean, for a while; and what I heard in here was - I mean, it really was passion. Sure, it was a squabble, and anybody could have heard that, but what I heard was more. We all know - everybody knows I'm basically on a goof right now. I'm going back to my wife and kids sooner or later - I don't hide that fact from anybody. And what I really think is that fact was crucial to the development of this whole thing because it made me WHAT? Safe. A viable diversion from what might have actually been a genuine, meaningful, and to that same extent and maybe even more so - threatening - connection between you two. I'm not going to pretend I wasn't up for it, too. But I was never anything but above board. You know - a couple jokes, nice dinner, that's my style. Good wine, we gotta spend the night - and I don't mean to be crass - because the point is maybe we have been made fools of here by our own sophistication, and what am I protecting by not saying something about it, my vanity? Ego? Who needs it?

(Beat)

So, I'm out in the yard and I'm thinking, "Here is this terrific guy, this dynamite lady, and they are obviously, definitely hooked up on some powerful, idiosyncratic channel, so what am I doing in the middle?"

(He looks at EDDIE.)

Am I totally off base here, Eddie, or what?

END EDDIE. You're - I mean, obviously you're not TOTALLY. You know that.

MICKEY. That's exactly what I'm saying.

EDDIE. I mean, from my end of it.