

THE LONG WEEKEND

by Norm Foster

Original final draft, May, 1993
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CHARACTERS

Max Trueman

Wynn Trueman

Roger Nash

Abby Nash

The characters are in their forties .

The Long Weekend was first produced at Festival Antigonish in Antigonish, Nova Scotia in August of 1994 with the following cast.

Max	--	John Dartt
Wynn	--	Carol Sinclair
Roger	--	Ross Manson
Abby	--	Emmy Alcorn

The production was directed by Michael Keating

ACT ONE SCENE 1

Time: Two years ago. A summer day.

Place: The weekend home of Max and Wynn Trueman.

The home is that of a well-to-do couple. It is a home in the country but it is certainly not 'roughing it'. There is a fireplace with a set of fireplace utensils. A set of stairs which lead to the second floor. We see the bottom of the stairs and perhaps a landing before the stairs disappear from view. There is a set of patio doors which lead out to the back yard and the tennis court. In the living area is a couch, a couple of chairs, and an antique coffee table. There is a cigarette case on the coffee table. Somewhere in the room there is also a small bar, a CD player, and a telephone. There is a swinging door which leads to the kitchen, and a door which leads out to the front yard. There is a window either next to the front door, or in the front door which looks out to the front yard.

(Lights come up and Max and Wynn Trueman enter from the kitchen. They are each carrying a tray of hors d'ouvres.)

Max: This weekend is going to make a colonoscopy seem like a lighthearted treasure hunt.

Wynn: Now, Max, it won't be that bad. *(Wynn sets her tray on the coffee table and takes the one Max is carrying and sets that down as well.)*

Max: The only reason I even put up with that man is because he's married to Abby. You know that.

Wynn: And I thank you.

Max: I've never liked him. He's a nebbish. And a whiner. I've never heard a man complain so much about nothing the way he does.

Wynn: Well, things get under his skin.

Max: You know what he's going to do?

Wynn: I know what he's going to do.

Max: I'll tell you what he's going to do.

Wynn: I know what he's going to do.

Max: Yes, but let me tell you.

Wynn: Why should you tell me when I already know?

Max: Because the pleasure isn't in knowing. It's in accurately predicting. So, let me predict.

Wynn: Fine, predict.

Max: He's going to criticize my opulent lifestyle.

Wynn: It's not just your opulent lifestyle, Max. It's mine too.

Max: Yes, but he'll direct his remarks at me. He'll make comments about how much this house must have cost us and about how it must be nice to be able to throw money away on a second home.

Wynn: Well, it is nice.

Max: Yes, but he won't mean it's nice. He'll mean "Who in the hell do you think you are, Mr. Big Shot Lawyer, profiting from the misery of others?" Am I right?

Wynn: Napkins. *(Wynn exits to the kitchen.)*

Max: You're damn right I'm right. And then he'll start to brag about that bloody screenplay of his. Big deal. So, he's writing a screenplay. I could write a screenplay too you know. He's not the only one who can write a screenplay. In fact, if he can do it, anybody can do it. I just don't have the time.

(Wynn enters from the kitchen with napkins.)

Wynn: I know, dear. You're too busy profiting from the misery of others. *(She sets the napkins down near the trays.)*

Max: That's not funny, Wynn.

Wynn: Oh, calm down. You know, it takes a lot more energy to be negative than it does to be positive.

Max: Well, why did you have to invite them to come out here in the first place? We see them at least once a month. We take vacations with them every year. Isn't that enough?

- Wynn: Max, you know that Abby would be insulted if I didn't invite her out to see the new house right away. And besides, I wanted her to get the very first copy of my book before it hits the stores on Monday.
- Max: But, I was looking forward to relaxing this weekend.
- Wynn: We'll relax next weekend. I promise. *(Wynn moves to the kitchen door and looks in.)*
- Max: No, I'll be too upset from this weekend to relax next weekend. I don't see any relaxing for at least three weekends.
- Wynn: Do you think we picked the right colour for the kitchen?
- Max: What?
- Wynn: The kitchen. Do you think the yellow is right?
- Max: It's fine. Who was talking about kitchens?
- Wynn: Well, you know how Abby is. Just because she owns a clothing store, she thinks she knows everything about colour co-ordination. She'll be looking this place up and down trying to find a decorating faux pas.
- Max: The yellow is fine. Besides, a decorating faux pas is nothing compared to a frontal attack on your moral fiber, which is what I'm going to get from that shmuck Roger.
- (Max goes to the bar to pour himself a drink.)*
- Wynn: And if it's not the house, it'll be my clothes. She is constantly dropping these subtle little put-downs. I think she must feel inferior somehow and it's her way of bringing me down a notch while raising herself up.
- Max: Sure I profit from people's misery. Happy people don't go to court. That doesn't make me a bad person.
- Wynn: Well, I'll just ignore it. I won't let it bother me. Abby and I have been friends for too long to let a little thing like that come between us.
- Max: That's it. I'm gonna punch his lights out.
- (Wynn takes the drink from Max's hand and drinks it herself.)*
- Wynn: You know, I think we'll eat outside today. What do you think? I mean,

it's a nice day. We'll barbecue. Come and help me set up the patio furniture.

Max: But, what if they come while we're outside.

Wynn: We can hear the doorbell out there. Come on.

(Max and Wynn exit to the patio. There is a knock on the front door. After a moment, the door opens and Abby Nash looks in. She is carrying an overnight bag.)

Abby: Hello? Wynn? Max? Anybody home? Yoo-hoo. *(She enters the house.)* Oh my, will you look at this? I had a feeling it might be gaudy.

(Roger Nash enters. He is carrying an overnight bag.)

Roger: I can't see my car anymore.

Abby: Roger, will you stop worrying about the stupid car?

Roger: Well, I don't get it, Abby. The man is a very successful lawyer. A brilliant legal mind. He makes what, three hundred, four hundred thousand a year maybe? And he can't afford a driveway?

Abby: He's a very private man, Roger, you know that. They built this weekend home for seclusion, so they could get away from things.

Roger: Get away from what things? Driveways?

Abby: From the city. From the pressure of their jobs. Everybody needs to get away from things once in a while. Maybe we should try it.

Roger: We are getting away from things. Our car.

Abby: The car's fine.

Roger: I don't like leaving it where I can't see it.

Abby: Oh, what can happen to it?

Roger: It can be stolen. Vandalized. Maybe I should've thrown some underbrush over it.

Abby: Roger, there aren't any vandals out here. This is the country.

Roger: Oh, what, so vandals don't go to the country? They don't need to get

away from the pressure of their jobs too?

Abby: The car will be fine.

Roger: I still say he should have a driveway.

Abby: He doesn't want a driveway.

Roger: Well, I want a driveway. We must've walked a half a mile. And some of those hills? We should've hired a Sherpa. And then we get here, and they're not even here to greet us.

Abby: Well, they can't be far. They've put food out. *(Looking at the tray.)* Look at that. Always throwing her cooking talents in my face.

Roger: It's cheese on a cracker.

(Roger takes one of his shoes off, puts his foot on the coffee table near the h'ors douvres and begins to rub it.)

Abby: Yes. Show off. *(Noticing one of the chairs.)* Oh, sweet merciful Moses. Where on God's green earth would she get a chair like this? That is hideous. Roger, please! The h'ors douvres.

Roger: *(He takes his foot off of the coffee table.)* You know, I don't even know why we came. I didn't want to come. You didn't want to come. Why did we come?

Abby: Well, I couldn't very well say no. Max and Wynn are very excited about this house. They want us to see it.

Roger: See it? No, Max doesn't just want me to see it. He wants to rub my nose in it, that's what he wants. Another chance to flaunt his money in my face. Capitalist swine.

Abby: Roger, don't start.

Roger: I've never liked him, Abby. We've known them for how long now? Since before we were married. Almost fifteen years. And the whole time, I've never even liked the guy. The only reason I put up with him is because he's married to your friend. Wynn, I love. You know I do. I love her. But, Max just rubs me the wrong way.

Abby: Well, now, Wynn can be trying sometimes too. It's not just Max. I mean, I know we've been friends since high school, but sometimes she does things that just get under my skin. Like the cooking thing. Oh,

and the way she always analyzes me. I get so sick of that after a while.

Roger: Analyzes you? I've never noticed that.

Abby: Oh, come on.

Roger: No.

Abby: She's a psychologist, Roger. She's always analyzing us.

Roger: Us? I thought you said you.

Abby: Both of us.

Roger: Well, I don't need to be analyzed. What does she analyze me for? Does she think I'm a nut?

Abby: No.

Roger: Why does she think I'm a nut?

Abby: She doesn't think you're a nut.

Roger: I'm from a dysfunctional family. It's not my fault.

Abby: You're not from a dysfunctional family.

Roger: My mother was a Mary Kay lady. You don't think that's dysfunctional? We had a pink car in the driveway. Because of that car I had an ulcer when I was fourteen. No wonder she thinks I'm a nut.

Abby: Roger, she doesn't analyze you. It's us. Our relationship.

Roger: What's wrong with our relationship?

Abby: Nothing.

Roger: Did she say something?

Abby: She says a lot of things.

Roger: Like what? Does she think I'm wrong for you?

Abby: No.

Roger: Well, what then? Am I no good in bed?

Abby: Now, how would she know that you're no good in bed?

Roger: Maybe you told her.

Abby: I wouldn't tell her that. That's between you and me.

Roger: You mean I am no good in bed? Oh, God.

Abby: No. You're fine in bed.

Roger: Fine? That's only marginally better than no good. That's barely adequate.

Abby: Roger, cut it out. You're more than adequate.

Roger: Oh, I'm more than adequate. Please, stop it, Abby. We don't want my head to swell.

Abby: Roger, you're a stallion, all right? In fact, you're too much man for one woman. You're so much man that I should be having friends over to help me every time we do it. Of course, that would mean having to clean the house every other Friday night. *(She looks into the kitchen.)* Ah, and this must be the Tweety Bird Suite.

Roger: You know what he's going to do? Huh? He's going to bring up my screenplay again. He does it every time. "So, Rog, how's the screenplay coming?" Oh, I can see it now.

Abby: So, he's interested.

Roger: Oh, he's not interested. He's an arrogant ass and he's ridiculing me. He knows I've never written anything before and he thinks it's a pipe dream.

Abby: Well, maybe it is.

Roger: Oh, what, et tu, Abby? My own wife?

Abby: No, Roger, I'm not saying it is a pipe dream. It's just that you've been working on it for almost a year now and it's barely half-finished.

Roger: I had a three month writer's block.

Abby: It wasn't writer's block.

Roger: It was too.

Abby: You were stuck on one word.

Roger: It was an important word.

Abby: It was one word.

Roger: Oh, all right. All right. So, how would you say pacify?

Abby: I'd say pacify.

Roger: You'd say pacify?

Abby: I'd say pacify.

Roger: Well, my love, that is exactly why I am the writer and you are the shopkeeper.

Abby: You're not a writer.

Roger: I am too.

Abby: You haven't written anything yet.

Roger: I've written half a screenplay.

Abby: That doesn't make you a writer.

Roger: What does it make me?

Abby: It makes you an ex-math teacher who thinks he's a writer! I'm sorry.

Roger: Well, writer or not, the character in the screenplay would never use the word pacify. She's a judge. Pacify is too obvious.

Abby: Well, she wouldn't use the word you picked either.

Roger: Why? What's wrong with assuage?

Abby: Nobody ever says assuage.

Roger: People say it all the time.

Abby: What people?

Roger: People. People who speak the King's English.

Abby: Well, I like pacify.

Roger: Abby, I ruminated over it for three months. Believe me, it's the right word.

Abby: Ruminated?

Roger: Pondered. Contemplated. Anyway, I'm over the hump now. From here on in it's going to be smooth sailing.

(Roger picks up an h'ors d'ouvre.)

Abby: Put it back.

Roger: What?

Abby: Put it back.

Roger: Why? They set it out for us.

Abby: Yes, but we can't just walk in and start chowing down before they've greeted us.

Roger: Why not?

Abby: Because we can't. Because Wynn will want us to see what a nice tray she's laid out for us.

Roger: I've seen it.

Abby: Yes, but she'll want to be here when we see it now put it back!!

(Roger puts the h'ors d'ouvre back.)

Thank you. Where the hell are they? *(Sweetly)* Wynn? *(Abby moves to the stairs and looks up.)*

Roger: You know, he still owes me that twenty-three dollars.

Abby: Oh, don't start with that again.

Roger: Well, don't you think he should have paid it back by now?

Abby: Yes.

- Roger: And being out of work for the past ten months, quite frankly, I could use the twenty-three dollars.
- Abby: Oh, it's not that bad yet.
- Roger: Six pina coladas, Abby. Six pina coladas at three-fifty apiece plus a two dollar tip. Twenty-three dollars.
- Abby: Roger, that was over a year ago.
- Roger: But, he's a rich man. Why should I have to pay his way? It's not fair. I mean, there we are on Martinique. You, me, Max, Wynn, and that couple from Berlin waiting to go scuba diving, and the boat doesn't show up. So, what does Max do?
- Abby: Roger, I know the story.
- Roger: "Come on", he says, "Let's go to the bar and I'll buy us all a round." The Germans don't want to go. They want to wait for das boat. "Ah, come on", he says. "The wall's down. Let's drink a toast," so off we go, Germans and all. But, Max forgets his money. So, he leans over to me and says can I cover it for him, and I say sure. Six pina coladas at three-fifty apiece plus a two dollar tip. Twenty-three dollars. The man never paid me back. Not a cent, the son of a bitch. He hasn't even mentioned it.
- Abby: He's probably forgotten about it.
- Roger: That's my whole point. He's so insensitive to the feelings of others. He doesn't give a damn, the heartless egomaniac. Well, that does it. That does it. I'm going to steal something.
- Abby: You're what?
- Roger: I'm going to steal something worth twenty-three dollars.
- Abby: Roger, don't you dare.
- Roger: Sorry. This is the only way I'm gonna get my money back. Let's see now. Ah! Fireplace utensils! *(Roger picks up one of the fireplace utensils.)*
- Abby: Roger, no!
- Roger: I'm taking his utensils, Abby, and that's that.

Abby: We don't even have a fireplace!

Roger: We'll build one!

Abby: Roger, stop it!

(Abby takes the fireplace utensil from Roger.)

Roger: All right then...*(He looks around the room and spots the cigarette case on the coffee table.)* The cigarette case!

Abby: Roger, don't you dare! That's worth much more than twenty-three dollars. That's pewter!

Roger: I don't care. I'm taking it.

Abby: Oh, no you're not.

Roger: Oh, yes, I am.

Abby: Roger, put it down.

Roger: Abby...

Abby: Put it down this minute.

(Roger sets the cigarette case down.)

Thank you. Steal something.

Roger: I just want my twenty-three dollars back from that contemptuous swindler.

Abby: Never mind. Just sit down and relax, will you please?

Roger: This is going to be the longest weekend of my life.

(Abby looks out the patio door onto the patio.)

Abby: Oh, there they are. They're out in the back yard.

Roger: Of course they are. God forbid they should wait in here for us. We could be dying from exhaustion on the front stoop. They wouldn't know.

Abby: You know what? I think we should go outside and arrive again.

Roger: What?

Abby: Well, I think Wynn would rather be here when we see her house for the first time.

Roger: Why?

Abby: To see the expressions on our faces.

Roger: But, it's too late for that. The expressions have already come and gone.

Abby: So, we'll make new ones.

Roger: I don't wanna make a new one.

Abby: So, make the old one again! Just come on, will you??

Roger: *(Getting up.)* I didn't know I was going have to keep coming up with expressions all weekend.

Abby: Oh, I'm sure you can do it. After all, you came up with assuage, didn't you?

(Roger and Abby exit out the front door. Wynn and Max enter from the back yard.)

Wynn: I wonder what's keeping them. They should have been here an hour ago.

Max: Maybe Roger is caught in one of those leg hold traps I set for him.

Wynn: What??

Max: I'm kidding. I'm just trying to raise my spirits.

Wynn: Well, I'll tell you what. As long as they're late anyway, why don't we go upstairs and I'll see if I can raise your spirits for you.

Max: I beg your pardon?

Wynn: Sure. We can have a little revival meeting up there.

Max: Now?

Wynn: Yes.

Max: Wynn, we can't. You said yourself they'll be here soon.

Wynn: That's all right. If they show up while we're raising things then we'll just stop.

Max: Oh, great. Revivalus interruptus. As if I'm not tense enough already.

Wynn: Come on. It'll be exciting. The danger of getting caught?

Max: No, Wynn, no.

Wynn: Oh, come on. It's been almost two months.

Max: Well, I've had other things on my mind.

Wynn: Like what?

Max: Work. This house.

Wynn: Well, this will help you take your mind off of all that.

Max: No, Wynn, please.

Wynn: Two months, Max. That's not healthy. I know. I'm a therapist. Now, come on. Five minutes.

Max: Five minutes? It'll take me that long to lay out my clothes.

Wynn: Forget your clothes. You can leave them on.

Max: Wynn, be serious. Does this look like permanent press to you?

Wynn: All right, fine. Forget it.

Max: Well, you don't expect me to entertain your friends in rumpled garments, do you?

Wynn: I said forget it. Honest to God, you are so anal sometimes.

Max: When I look good, I feel good. I don't see anything anal about that.

(He notices the cigarette case has been moved, and returns it to its original position. The doorbell rings.)

Ah! There, you see? We wouldn't have gotten around to it anyway.

Wynn: All right, I'll let you off the hook this time. Tonight though, I'm expecting big things from you.

Max: Big? How big?

Wynn: Feel the earth move big.

Max: But, they'll be here. We can't do it while they're here.

Wynn: Why not? They'll probably be doing it too.

Max: Oh, jeez, I don't want to hear that. On our linen? Why did you have to say that? Now I'm going to be listening for them doing it. I won't sleep a wink.

Wynn: Well, if it's any consolation, they won't be doing it for long. Abby tells me Roger's not that good.

Max: She told you that? My God, is nothing sacred?

Wynn: *(Moving to the door.)* All right, never mind. *(She notices Max is not coming to the door with her.)* Well, come on. Come over here.

Max: What for?

Wynn: To greet our guests.

Max: Why can't I greet them from here?

Wynn: Because it'll seem like you're not anxious to see them.

Max: I'm not.

Wynn: But, you're supposed to be, now come on.

Max: Oh, all right, all right. *(Max moves to the front door.)*

Wynn: Thank you.

Max: This is going to be the longest weekend of my life.

Wynn: Ready?

Max: Ready.

(Wynn opens the door and we see Roger and Abby standing there. They all burst into smiles.)

All: Hi!!!!

Abby: We made it!

Wynn: Oh, come here'. Come ere'

(Wynn and Abby Hug.)

Max: Hi, Rog.

Roger: Maxie!

(Max and Roger shake hands.)

Max: Good to see you.

Roger: You too, buddy.

Wynn: Well, come on in everybody. Come on in. This is it. This is our house.

(Max takes their luggage and exits up the stairs.)

Abby: Roger, will you look at this? Just look at it.

Roger: It's fabulous.

Abby: Look at it.

Roger: It's absolutely fabulous.

Wynn: You really think so?

Roger: Well, can't you tell from our expressions?

Abby: Wynn, it is gorgeous.

Wynn: You like it?

Abby: I love it. You, I hate because I'm so jealous, but this house--I want to die in this house. Roger, where's the gun? I want to die in this house right now.

(Max enters on the stairs.)

Roger: I think she likes it.

Wynn: Oh, I'm so glad you like it.

Roger: Oh, and what a magnificent-looking food tray. Abby, did you see this food tray?

Abby: Yes, dear, I did.

Roger: Stunning. *(To Wynn.)* May I?

Wynn: Certainly. That's what it's there for.

Roger: Of course it is. *(To Abby.)* Did you hear that, dear? *(He takes an h'ors d'oeuvre.)*

Abby: Wynn, this is so beautiful. How many bedrooms did you say it had?

Wynn: Four.

Abby: Just beautiful.

Roger: Four bedrooms, huh?

Wynn: Yes.

Roger: Wow.

Max: What's wrong?

Roger: Nothing. It's just..it's big. For the two of you, I mean. Isn't that kind of big?

Max: We don't think so.

Roger: You don't think so?

Max: We like space.

Wynn: And we wanted to make sure we had enough room in case friends came up for the weekend.

Roger: Oh, well, if you can do that then, great.

Abby: *(Looking out the patio doors.)* Roger, look at this.

Roger: What?

Abby: You are not going to believe this.

Roger: *(Moving to Abby.)* What is it?

Abby: They have a tennis court.

Roger: A tennis court? *(Roger looks out the door.)* Wow, look at all that concrete. There must be enough concrete out there to make two, maybe three driveways.

Wynn: Oh, I hope you didn't mind the walk from the road.

Abby: Mind?

Roger: Nooo!

Abby: We love walking.

Roger: We walk all the time.

Abby: Everywhere.

Roger: In fact, if we can't walk there, we don't go.

Max: I just find that the walk in from the road clears the mind. I smell the clean air and hear the sound of a whippoorwill off in the distance and it gets the last remaining thoughts of the city out of my head before I reach my safe haven here.

Roger: I know what you mean. By the time I got here I could barely remember my name.

Wynn: Abby, look at this. *(Wynn moves to her chair.)* What do you think?

Abby: Oh, sweet merciful Moses.

Wynn: Isn't this something?

Abby: It certainly is. Where on God's green earth would you get a chair like that, Wynn?

Wynn: I got it at a little shop about two miles from here. They were going out of business.

Abby: I'm not surprised.

Wynn: What?

Abby: That you snapped it up. Not surprised at all. I mean, that chair belongs in this room.

Wynn: I thought so too.

Max: So, what can I get you folks? The usual.

Abby: Yes, gin and tonic please.

Max: Gin and tonic. Rog? Vodka?

Roger: Pina colada.

Max: What?

Roger: Pina colada.

Abby: Roger?

Roger: What? I feel like a pina colada.

Abby: Maybe Max doesn't have the ingredients for a pina colada.

Roger: No? Max?

Max: Sorry.

Roger: Oh. All right then. Just a vodka.

Max: Vodka coming right up.

Roger: Danke schoen.

(Max moves to the bar and fixes the drinks.)

Wynn: Abby, before you sit, would you like to see the kitchen?

Abby: The kitchen? All right. Maybe just a quick look.

Wynn: It's right in here.

Abby: Oh, this is so exciting. *(Abby looks into the kitchen.)* Oooh, will you look at that. Wynn, darling, yellow. How very courageous.

Wynn: Courageous?

Abby: Yes, such a bold statement.

Wynn: You like it?

Abby: Do I like it? And the bedrooms would be up these stairs, would they? *(She moves to the stairs.)*

Wynn: Yes.

Abby: Wonderful. Well, this just leaves me speechless.
(Max moves to give Abby and Roger their drinks.)

Max: It's like a dream come true for us. We've always wanted to be able to get away from the city on the weekends, and now we can.

Abby: You're so lucky.
(Abby and Roger go to set their drinks on the coffee table.)

Max: Uh-uh-uh. *(He sets out coasters.)* It's an antique. We don't want rings now, do we?

Roger: Of course, I don't mind the city myself. In fact, I like to be there on weekends. To see it come alive. To feel it pulsate.

Abby: What are you talking about, feel it pulsate? We never go out.

Roger: I can feel it from the living room.

Wynn: What did you mean by courageous?

Abby: What's that?

Wynn: You said yellow was courageous.

Abby: Oh. Well, yes, I mean, not everybody would be brave enough to go with that shade of yellow in the kitchen...well, actually in any room, but

you went with your instincts. That took courage.

Wynn: You don't like it?

Abby: No, on the contrary, I think it works quite well..out here. It's country. It smells of country. Reeks of it.

Wynn: Oh. Well, thank you. Max, could I have a glass of wine please?

Max: You just finished a drink.

Wynn: Well, I'd like another one.

Max: All right. *(Max moves to the bar to get Wynn a glass of wine.)* So, Rog, how's it going?

Roger: How's what going?

Max: Well, you know? It. Anything.

Roger: You mean the screenplay.

Max: Well...

Roger: You mean, how's the screenplay going.

Max: Well, sure, okay, how is it going?

Roger: Fine. It's going just fine, thank you.

Max: Good. Good. Did you ever find a word for pacify?

Roger: Yes, yes, I did. Thank you.

Max: Good. So, what word did you use?

Roger: Oh, just a word.

Abby: Go ahead, Roger. Tell him what word you used.

Max: Yes. I'm curious.

Roger: Assuage.

Max: I'm sorry?

Roger: Assuage.

Max: Assuage?

Roger: Yes, it means to pacify or to calm.

Max: Yes, I know what it means. I just haven't heard it used that often.

Roger: Oh, well, it's quite common.

Max: Really? Have you heard it much, Wynn? *(He hands Wynn her glass of wine and then returns to the bar to pour himself a drink.)*

Wynn: Assuage? Gee, I...

Roger: It's used all the time. Constantly.

Max: Oh.

Roger: Every time I turn around I'm hearing it.

Abby: I told you it wasn't right.

Roger: It is right. It's used by a judge. Judges say it all the time.

Max: A judge? I've never heard a judge say it.

Roger: Well, maybe you should spend more time around judges.

Max: I'm a lawyer. I spend half my day around judges.

Roger: And you've never heard one say assuage?

Max: Never.

Abby: I told you it wasn't right.

Roger: Will you stop saying that?

Wynn: What was wrong with pacify?

Roger: It doesn't suit the character.

Max: How about placate?

Roger: No.

Max: Ameliorate?

Roger: Ameliorate? No. It's all wrong.

Abby: I suggested appease.

Roger: Too commonplace.

Max: I like appease.

Wynn: I like appease.

Abby: We like appease.

Roger: All right, fine! I'll make it appease. You like appease? It's appease. Will that satisfy you?

Wynn: Gee, I like satisfy too.

Max: Roger, look, use whatever word you like. You're the writer.

Roger: Thank you, Max. Did you hear that, Abby? I'm the writer. Did you hear that?

Abby: I heard it.

Max: So, no regrets about giving up your job, huh, Rog?

Roger: No, not yet.

Max: Good for you. It took a lot of nerve, I'll give you that. Going from a high school math teacher to writing screenplays.

Roger: Yes, but you know, Max, I've always felt that my true calling was in the artistic field.

Max: Have you?

Roger: Oh, yes. Well, I've always enjoyed a good movie, you know that.

Max: Of course.

Roger: And then when that student pulled that knife on me, well, I took that as a sign that it was time to move on.

Abby: Roger, you make it sound much worse than it was.

Roger: The girl pulled a knife on me, Abby. You don't think that was bad?

Abby: It was in the cafeteria. And it was plastic.

Roger: Oh, what, so you don't think that would hurt? If she kept jabbing that thing at me? If she kept poking me and poking me, you don't think that would hurt?

Abby: And it wasn't even a knife, it was a spoon. *(To Max and Wynn.)* They were standing in line and she poked him with the spoon and told him to hurry up. That's all it was.

Roger: *(Roger leaps to his feet.)* Wait, nobody move! My genitals just dropped off and I don't want them getting stepped on.

Max: Well, I hope the writing works out for you, Rog. I envy you a dream like that.

Roger: What do you mean dream?

Max: I mean it's nice to have a dream. To be chasing something you want very badly.

Roger: Oh. Well, thank you.

Max: Yes, you know when we were in Martinique, I got this crazy notion in my head to sell everything we owned and just move down there to live. Didn't I, Wynn?

Wynn: Yes, you did.

Abby: So, what stopped you?

Max: Wynn. Yes, she didn't think it was practical. I tried to tell her that that was exactly why I wanted to do it, because it wasn't practical--because it was reckless--but she dug her heels in and that was the end of that.

Wynn: Oh, Max, stop it. You make it sound vaguely like I shattered a dream or something.

Max: Sorry. I didn't mean to be so vague.

Roger: You know, speaking of Martinique...

Wynn: Well, I thought you would be the last one who would want to do something reckless. I mean, knowing how much you like order in your life.

Roger: Yeah, Martinique brings back a lot of memories, doesn't it?

Max: *(To Wynn.)* Living in the tropics does not mean one has to live without order. It's just a different kind of order. A more relaxed order.

Wynn: Oh, I see. So, we'd be living a bohemian lifestyle, but we'd be doing it with neatly pressed trousers.

Roger: It's funny, you know, when you mentioned Martinique, I thought you were going to bring up that..that thing again.

Max: What thing?

Roger: You know? The thing?

Max: No, what thing?

Roger: With the..uh..the drinks. The Germans?

Max: Germans? What Germans?

Roger: With the scuba gear. The snorkeling Germans.

Max: Sorry, Rog, I don't know what you're talking about.

Roger: There were these Germans and the six of us were going to go scuba diving.

Wynn: I don't remember going scuba diving.

Roger: We didn't because the boat didn't show up.

Max: So where do the Germans come in?

Roger: They were with us. They were going with us.

Wynn: What were their names?

Roger: I don't know. Adolph and Eva. Hansel and Gretel...

Max: Sorry, old buddy. I don't recall any Germans.

Wynn: I remember that couple from Budapest. Milos and Lillian.

Abby: I remember them. She wore pumps with stirrup pants. I guess there's no such thing as a fashion don't in Hungary.

Max: Is that who you're thinking about, Rog?

Roger: No.

Max: Because I don't remember snorkeling with them.

Roger: Never mind.

Wynn: Well, they were in their sixties.

Max: Maybe it was shuffleboard then.

Roger: It's all right. Never mind. Just....never mind!

Wynn: Listen, speaking of sports, I hope you two are ready for an active couple of days because I've got quite the itinerary planned for us this weekend.

Abby: Oh, like what?

Wynn: Well, first of all, we're going to have a friendly little tennis match. Abby I thought you and I could take on the boys here.

Abby: Oh, Wynn, I'd love to, but I'm afraid I've got a sore shoulder.

Wynn: Oh, no.

Abby: Yes. A bolt of cloth fell on me in the shop last week and I can barely lift my arm now.

Roger: You didn't tell me about that.

Abby: Well, I didn't think much of it at the time.

Wynn: Well, that's all right. That's okay. There's lots more to do. I thought we'd go horseback riding tomorrow. There's a stable just down the road and...

Abby: Oh, darn. I'm afraid we can't do that either, Wynn. Not with Roger's hemorrhoids.

Max: Roger? I didn't know you had hemorrhoids.

Roger: No, well I haven't put the announcement in the paper yet. I wanted to wait and get it in the more widely-read Sunday edition. But, actually, sweetheart, it's fine now, so I'm sure I could handle a little horseback riding.

Wynn: You're sure? We don't want to risk a flare-up.

Roger: Yes. Yes, I can handle it.

Abby: Well, I'm not so sure I can. I mean, I don't know if my shoulder will stand up to the strain of being pulled by a horse.

Roger: You're not going to be dragged behind the horse, Abby. We'll let you ride on top.

Wynn: That's all right. We can work something out. Maybe Roger and I could go riding and Max could show you the nature trail. We'll think of something. *(To Max.)* Now, I'm sorry, Love, I can't hold it in any longer. *(To Abby and Roger.)* I have a little announcement to make.

Abby: Announcement? About what?

Wynn: Well, it's a surprise. I didn't want to tell you about it until it actually happened.

Abby: Until what actually happened?

Wynn: Well, about two years ago I started writing a book.

Abby: A book??

Wynn: Yes, now I didn't tell you, Abby, because I thought, well what if I don't finish it? Then I'm going to feel silly. I mean, it would be so embarrassing to start writing something and not be able to finish it. Right, Roger?

Roger: Right.

Wynn: In fact, I didn't even tell Max until it was half finished. Isn't that right, Max?

Max: That's right.

Abby: So, is it finished?

Wynn: Well...yes, it is.

Abby: Oh, my God, Wynn, that's wonderful! I'm so proud of you. Can I read it? Are you going to get it published? What's it about?

Wynn: Well, it's about relationships, because of course that is my field, and yes it is going to be published.

Abby: It is??

Wynn: In fact..(*Wynn moves to the bookshelf and takes out her book.*) It hits the bookstores this Monday. Here, Abby. I wanted my best friend in the world to have the first copy.

Abby: Oh my god! Oh, Wynn. That is so precious. You sweetheart. (*Abby hugs Wynn.*) I'm going to cry.

Roger: Congratulations, Wynn.

Abby: Your own book. And the very first copy for me?

Wynn: I couldn't wait to give it to you!

Abby: (*She looks at the book and reads the cover.*) Choosing The Right Partner For Life. What's that supposed to mean?

Wynn: Well, that's what it's about. Choosing a mate that's right for you.

Abby: And you couldn't wait to give it to me?

Wynn: I couldn't get it to you fast enough.

Abby: Why?

Wynn: Because you're my dearest friend. Because I love you.

Abby: Oh.

Wynn: Is something wrong?

Roger: No, of course not, Wynn. She's just overcome with emotion. We're both very proud of you. Really. Aren't we, Abby?

Abby: Yes, yes.

Wynn: No, something's wrong. What is it, Abby?

Abby: Nothing.

Roger: It's nothing.

Wynn: You don't think I...Oh, Abby, you don't think I wrote this with you in mind, do you?

Abby: No.

Roger: Did you?

Wynn: No, of course not. In fact, I began writing this after Max's little fling with that court clerk.

Max: Aw, jeez.

Wynn: What?

Max: Do you mind?

Wynn: What? They know about it.

Max: I know they know about it, but do you have to keep exhuming it?

Wynn: I don't keep exhuming it.

Max: Yes, you do. You're always bringing it up. You even mentioned it to that waiter at the restaurant the other night.

Wynn: He suggested the spinach crepe. I merely told him I don't eat crepes anymore because they symbolize a low point in my life.

Roger: Crepes?

Wynn: That's what I was eating when she phoned that night.

Roger: You told the waiter this?

Max: She told him the whole story.

Wynn: I was brief.

Max: He pulled up a chair! Jeez! You talk about it in front of friends,

strangers, everybody.

Wynn: So, I'm proud of the way we've dealt with it. And by talking about it, maybe I can help others. I even dedicated the book to her.

Abby: To who?

Wynn: Lindsay. The other woman. I thanked her for bringing Max and I closer together.

Roger: Boy, that's open-minded of you.

Max: You didn't thank me.

Wynn: That's because she was a victim of your charm, dear. You, on the other hand, were just being a rutting pig.

Abby: Roger, where's the camera? I want to get a picture of Wynn and I with the book.

Roger: Didn't you bring it in with you?

Abby: No, I didn't bring it in. I thought you brought it in.

Roger: I asked you to bring it in. As we were getting out of the car I asked you to reach behind you and get the camera because it was on your side.

Abby: Well, I didn't hear you.

Roger: Well, I asked you.

Abby: Well, I didn't hear you.

Roger: So, the camera's in the car.

Abby: I guess it is.

Roger: A four hundred and fifty dollar Nikon camera with attachments, and it's in the bloody car a half a mile away.

Max: Oh, it's only a few hundred yards actually, Rog.

Roger: Isn't that what a half a mile is? A half a mile is a few hundred yards.

Max: Eight hundred and eighty.

Roger: That's right. I used to be a math teacher.

Abby: So, will you go and get it, please?

Roger: What?

Abby: The camera.

Roger: What, me? Alone? Aren't you coming?

Abby: Well, I would, but my feet are kind of sore.

Roger: Your feet?

Abby: Yes.

Roger: Your feet are sore?

Abby: My feet are sore.

Roger: What, were they pinned beneath that bolt of cloth too?

Abby: Roger??

Roger: Yes. Well, then, certainly. I'd be glad to go and get it. Her feet are sore. Must be from walking the few hundred yards from the car, so I'll just sprint back and get the camera myself. Won't be a minute. Excuse me.

(Roger exits out the front door.)

Wynn: Max?

Max: What?

Wynn: Well, aren't you going to go with him?

Max: Why?

Wynn: For company.

Max: It's a few hundred yards. He'll be right back.

Wynn: Well, I think you should go with him.

Max: Why?

Wynn: Because you're his host.

Max: So? That's not a host thing.

Wynn: I think it is.

Max: No, there's nothing in the host rules about going back to someone's car when they've forgotten their camera.

Wynn: It would fall under common courtesy, wouldn't it?

Max: I don't think so.

Abby: Wynn, he'll be fine.

Wynn: Maybe so, but it would still be nice if someone went with him to keep him company.

Max: He's gone. He's already gone. By the time I catch up with him, he'll be on his way back. Then what do I do? Do I go to the car anyway, just to be a good host?

Wynn: Oh, then I'll go.

Abby: Wynn, you don't have to go. He'll be fine.

Wynn: No, that's all right.

Max: Wynn, come on.

Wynn: It's all right. I need some air anyway. I'll be right back.

Abby: Wynn? *(She holds up the book.)* I am so proud of you.
(Wynn exits out the front door.)

Max: Well.

Abby: That's my Wynn. She always was the caring one.

Max: Yes, she is that. Always caring. Roger seems a little on edge today, or is it just me?

Abby: No, no, he's fine.

Max: You're sure?

Abby: Yes, yes, just fine.

Max: Good.

Abby: You know Roger. He just gets a little high strung sometimes.

Max: Right.

Abby: That's all it is.

Max: Good.....So.

Abby: So.

(Max and Abby rush into each other's arms.)

Max: Oh, Abby!

Abby: Oh, Max!

(Max and Abby kiss.)

Max: Oh, God I want you so badly.

Abby: I want you more badly.

Max: No, you don't.

Abby: Yes, I do.

Max: No, you can't want me badlier than I want you.

Abby: Then I want you as much.

Max: Then take me. Right here. Right now.

Abby: Max, no! We've been over this before.

Max: I know.

Abby: We can't do anything.

Max: I know.

Abby: Not as long as you're married to Wynn. I couldn't do that do her. She's my best friend.

Max: And don't forget about Roger.

Abby: Well, there's that too, yes.

Max: Damn, I'll go crazy wanting you the way I do. I don't know how much longer I can endure it.

Abby: Now, it hasn't been that long, Max. I mean, we only discovered how we felt about each other two months ago.

Max: No, that's not true.

Abby: Yes, it is. That afternoon when you and Wynn had us over for a pool party and I walked in on you while you were getting changed. That's when I saw it. Well, I don't mean that's when I saw it. I mean, I saw it, but that's not what I saw.

Max: Well, what did you see?

Abby: I saw a different side of you.

Max: When I turned around?

Abby: No, I mean, I saw someone who was vulnerable. You were no longer this high-powered lawyer. You were an embarrassed man struggling to hike up his boxer shorts. That's when I started to feel something special for you.

Max: Well, I never told you this, Abby, but I started to feel this way in Martinique.

Abby: What?

Max: Yes. I didn't tell you because of our situations, but that's when it started for me. I don't know why, after all these years, but, I mean, seeing you in those surroundings--running on the beach, being waited on by half-naked Rastafarians--you suddenly became this exciting woman to me.

Abby: Oh, Max. And you've been holding it inside all this time.

Max: Yes.

Abby: That must be unbearable.

Max: It is.

Abby: How can you stand it?

Max: I can't.

Abby: Well, you must.

Max: Damn.

Abby: Max, we're going to have to tell them, and I think we should do it this weekend.

Max: Tell them what?

Abby: About us.

Max: About us?

Abby: Yes.

Max: Tell Roger and Wynn?

Abby: Yes.

Max: Well, that's a little extreme, don't you think?

Abby: I thought you wanted me.

Max: I do.

Abby: Well, this is the only way it can happen. I just can't hurt Wynn that way.

Max: And Roger.

Abby: Yes, and Roger.

Max: Well, I don't know, Abby. I mean, tell them? Both of us and both of them, all at once, all together?

Abby: Yes.

Max: This weekend?

Abby: Why not?

Max: Well, it'll certainly put a damper on things. I mean, this was supposed to be a friendly kind of weekend. We were going to barbecue.

Abby: Max, come on. This is as good a time as any. We'll just sit them down and you'll say, "Wynn? Roger?"....

Max: I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Wait, wait. I'll say?

Abby: What, you don't want to do it?

Max: Why should I do it?

Abby: Well, you don't expect me to do it?

Max: Why don't I?

Abby: Because Wynn is my best friend.

Max: She's my wife.

Abby: She's too good a person.

Max: She's a saint.

Abby: That's why I can't hurt her.

Max: Neither can I. So, that leaves Roger. We'll tell him and he can pass it on.

Abby: Max, no. Now, let's be adult about this. We'll just sit them down, and one of us--could be you, could be me--one of us will say, "Wynn? Roger? Abby and I have something to tell you." And we'll feel so much better about ourselves. I mean, if we don't tell them, then what we have together becomes nothing more than a dirty little affair. Like what you had with whatshername.

Max: It wasn't a dirty little affair.

Abby: All right, I'm sorry. Like that meaningful twenty minutes you two had in your car out behind the karaoke bar. That's where it happened, right? That's what Wynn told me.

Max: I was celebrating a personal injury case I'd just won. Woman goes to a restaurant, burns her mouth on some hot Mexican. Anyway, I had a little too much to drink and the next thing I know, I'm up on stage with Lindsay and we're singing The Wreck Of The Edmund Fitzgerald. Half an hour later, the song ends, she says can I go out in the parking lot with her and give her a boost. I thought she had a car. I didn't know.

Abby: Well, I certainly hope this has a little more meaning than that.

Max: Of course it does.

Abby: Because I don't want to turn around one day and discover that it was just something cheap and physical.

Max: You won't. I promise.

Abby: Good.

Max: But, let's not lose sight of that physical notion altogether.

Abby: So, will you do it?

Max: All right, all right. I'll do it. But, I want you right there beside me when I do.

Abby: I will be.

Max: Right there.

Abby: Right behind you.

Max: Beside me.

Abby: Wherever.

Max: Oh, God, I hope we're doing the right thing.

Abby: We are, Max. Believe me.

Max: What if they don't take it well?

Abby: Well, I'm sure they won't.

Max: Yes, but there are varying degrees of not taking it well. I mean, are they not going to take it well by crying and yelling, or are they not going

to take it well by arming themselves?

Abby: Max, I don't think Roger's the kind to resort to violence.

Max: I'm not worried about Roger. I'm pretty sure I can take Roger.

(Max goes to the bar and pours himself a drink.)

Abby: Well, I don't think you have anything to worry about from Wynn. She's a psychologist. She understands that these things happen. Once she gets over the initial shock I'm sure everything will be fine. Now, I wonder what would be the best time to tell them. Probably in the evening over a bottle of red wine.

Max: We're not proposing to them, Abby. We're dumping them.

Abby: Well, there's no reason why it can't be civilized.

Max: Abby, please, I've handled many a divorce for the firm. It is never civilized. It's screaming, it's arguing, it's conniving, but it is never, ever civilized. In fact, here's what we'll do. We'll tell them with our coats on as we're backing out the door. "Abby and I are in love. Sorry." Slam! We're halfway to the car before it's even sunk in.

Abby: No, we'll tell them to their faces, honestly and directly. I think they deserve that much.

Max: Honestly and directly, huh? Well, it's nothing if not novel.

Abby: Oh, calm down. Why don't you put on some music? Something relaxing.

Max: All right, what would you like to hear?

Abby: Anything. Honestly, you're wound up tighter than a drum. You're even starting to make me nervous.

Max: How about some Coltrane?

Abby: No, I don't take sedatives.

Max: No. John Coltrane. The music?

Abby: Oh. Who's John Coltrane?

Max: The Train. John Coltrane. The greatest sax player who ever lived.

Abby: Jazz?

Max: Yes.

Abby: No, I don't like jazz.

Max: You don't like jazz?

Abby: No, it's just a bunch of pretentious noise listened to by intellectual jackasses. But, if you want to put it on, go ahead.

Max: I thought you liked jazz.

Abby: Well, I like Kenny G.

Max: Kenny G??

Abby: Yes.

Max: Kenny G??

Abby: What's wrong with Kenny G?

Max: Abby, dearest, comparing John Coltrane to Kenny G is like comparing Beef Wellington to Beef Jerky.

Abby: Well, that's rather elitist, isn't it?

Max: No, it's not elitist. It's just a matter of recognizing quality.

Abby: Well, fine, then put on whatever you like.

Max: I'm sorry. You're right. I was being a snob. Forgive me.

Abby: No, that's all right.

Max: No, I do it all the time. Trying to foist my likes and dislikes on others. No. You were right and I was wrong. I'm sorry.

Abby: Kiss and make up?

Max: Yes, Love.

(Max and Abby move in to kiss each other but the front door opens and Roger and Wynn enter. Max and Abby separate hastily.)

Roger: It's gone!

Abby: What?

Roger: It's gone! The bloody thing is gone!!

Abby: What, the car?

Roger: No, not the car! The camera. The camera's gone.

Abby: Oh, God.

Wynn: We saw them running away just as we were scaling the top of the last hill. There were two of them.

Max: What, vandals??

Roger: Oh, no, not vandals. No, there aren't any vandals out in the country, Max. No, it must've been someone who's out here for the peace and quiet. The Amish maybe.

Abby: Well, did you chase after them?

Roger: No, I didn't chase after them!

(He moves to the phone.)

Abby: Well, what did you do?

Wynn: We checked the car to see what they took and then we ran back here to call the police.

Max: Did they take anything out of our car?

Wynn: No. Nothing.

Max: Thank God.

Roger: Yeah, do you believe that? His brand new BMW is sitting right there, and they break into my seven year-old Toyota Corolla.

Abby: Well, maybe they don't know much about cars.

Roger: Oh, thank you. At least now we know it wasn't a roving band of garage mechanics....*(To the phone.)* Hello??....Yes, I want to report a

robbery.....A camera. A four hundred and fifty dollar Nikon with attachments!...Yes, I'll hold.

Wynn: *(Quietly to Max.)* I told you you should have gone with him.

Max: What? What difference would that have made?

Wynn: Well, you could've chased them down.

Max: Chased them down? I'm not going to chase anybody down. Why didn't Roger chase them down? Were they carrying plastic cutlery??

Roger: Yes, I'm still here.....Roger Nash. I'm a writer.....A screenplay..... Actually, half a screenplay.....Well, I had a three month writer's block.....Thank you. It was quite an ordeal but I'm over the hump now.....What camera? Oh, the camera, yes! Well, the car was parked just off the road about a half a mile from the new Trueman placeTrueman, right....That's right, the one with no driveway.....No, it doesn't make much sense to me either. Yes, I'll hold.

Max: *(To Wynn.)* So, did you get a good look at them?

Wynn: No, we were too far away, and we only saw them from behind as they were running away.

Max: Well, how do you know they were the ones who took the camera?

Wynn: Because they were running away.

Max: Circumstantial. How do you know they weren't joggers?

Wynn: They weren't jogging, they were fleeing. I know the difference between a jog and a flee.

Max: Oh? And what is the difference?

Wynn: Oh, never mind. Can you stop being a lawyer for two minutes?

Max: I'm not being a lawyer. I simply want to know what the difference is between a jog and a flee.

Wynn: You wanna know the difference?? All right, here's the difference! This is a jog. *(Standing in place, she does a quick pose of a jogger.)* And this is a flee! *(She does a quick pose of someone fleeing.)* Jog! Flee! Jog! Flee!

Roger: Hello!...Yes, sir....Yes....Well, if you could find the camera it would assuage me greatly.....Assuage....Yes, pacify. Thank you. They're going to come right over. They want someone to meet them at the car.

(Roger sits on the couch.)

Abby: Well?

Roger: Well, what?

Abby: Well, aren't you going out to meet them?

Roger: No, I'm not going anywhere. I've been in, and back out again, and back in again. I've been over those hills so many times I feel like a long-horned sheep.

Abby: Well, somebody's got to meet them.

Roger: Be my guest. I'm not moving.

Abby: Roger?

Roger: I'm not moving. I've had it.

Abby: Fine. I'll go then.

Roger: Fine.

Abby: Excuse me, Wynn, Max. I'll try not to be too long.

(Abby exits.)

Max: Yes, I'll go with her.

Wynn: What?

Max: Well, you know, that host thing you were talking about.

Wynn: I thought you said this wasn't a host thing.

Max: It wasn't, no. But, now that a crime has been committed and the police called in, now it's a host thing.

Wynn: It is?

Max: Definitely. Now it's within the host's jurisdiction. Besides, the police are going to be asking questions. I think I should be there to advise Abby, in case the questions become too...inquisitive.

Wynn: They're questions, Max. They're supposed to be inquisitive.

Max: Oh, sure, it may seem that way to the layperson, and that's precisely why I should be out there. I won't be long.

(Max exits.)

Wynn: Something's not right.

Roger: What was that?

Wynn: Uh....I don't know. Something just doesn't seem right to me.

Roger: Like what?

Wynn: Well, Max and Abby.

Roger: What about them?

Wynn: Well--and, I'm sure it's nothing--but, have you noticed anything odd?

Roger: Odd how?

Wynn: Well, there's something about the way they look at each other.

Roger: I didn't see them look at each other at all.

Wynn: Exactly. They're going out of their way not to look at each other.

Roger: I don't understand.

Wynn: Oh, maybe it's all in my head.

Roger: What is?

Wynn: Well...do you think they could be...No, no, it's ridiculous. Max and I have addressed his need to wander and that need has been nullified.

Roger: His need to wander? What, you think Max and Abby are...

Wynn: I know, I know. It's crazy, but, something just doesn't seem right.

Roger: Wynn, I don't think you have any reason at all to suspect that. Max worships you. And Abby's crazy for me. No way are they having an affair.

Wynn: You don't think so?

Roger: Absolutely not.

Wynn: Well, maybe you're right.

Roger: I'm sure of it.

Wynn: I'm just a little suspicious I guess. I mean, after his fling with the clerk, well, it's difficult to give someone all of your trust after something like that.

Roger: Of course it is.

Wynn: I'm seeing shadows that aren't there.

Roger: That's exactly what you're doing. You're imagining things.

Wynn: You're probably right.

Roger: Absolutely

(Roger kisses Wynn)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I don't know why I did that. I'm sorry, Wynn.

Wynn: Roger, you kissed me.

Roger: Yes I did, yes.

Wynn: Well?

Roger: Well, what?

Wynn: Well, I think we should talk about this.

Roger: My mother was a Mary Kay lady. That should explain everything.

Wynn: What?

Roger: Let's just forget it, okay? It was a stupid thing to do.

Wynn: Well, thank you.

Roger: No, that's not what I mean. It wasn't stupid that way. It was stupid in every other way.

Wynn: Well, why did you do it?

Roger: I don't know.

Wynn: Do you want to make love to me?

Roger: No, of course not.

Wynn: Why not? Don't you find me appealing?

Roger: Sure I do. It's just that I couldn't do that here.

Wynn: Oh, so it's the setting. It's the house.

Roger: No, I love your house. It's a little big for just the two of you, but...

Wynn: Maybe you don't want to do it inside. Maybe you enjoy doing it outside.

Roger: Outside?

Wynn: On the tennis court maybe.

Roger: Don't weird out on me here, Wynn, okay?

Wynn: It's not weird.

Roger: Not to you maybe. Not to a psychologist who's heard everything from doing it on wicker to doing it while your stuffed animals watch.

Wynn: What?

Roger: What?

Wynn: You said stuffed animals.

Roger: Did I?

Wynn: Roger?

Roger: What?

Wynn: Abby collects stuffed animals.

Roger: So? So what?

Wynn: You mean?

Roger: I don't mean anything. It's nothing.

Wynn: Abby likes to do it in front of her stuffed animals?

Roger: No! No. Well, just a couple of them. Just Bert and Ernie.

Wynn: Oh, my God.

Roger: Why? Does that mean something?

Wynn: It could mean a lot. Or it could mean nothing.

Roger: That's what I like about psychology. It's such an exact science.

Wynn: Why do you want to have an affair with me?

Roger: What?

Wynn: Why? You don't have feelings for me, do you?

Roger: Of course not.

Wynn: You don't?

Roger: Well, some feelings, yes.

Wynn: What kind of feelings?

Roger: Am I gonna have to pay you for this?

Wynn: No. Now, what kind of feelings?

Roger: I don't know. I mean, you're smart, so maybe the kind of feelings I would have for a smart person.

Wynn: Like Albert Einstein?

Roger: No, I wouldn't kiss Einstein.

Wynn: So, you like me for my brain.

Roger: Yes.

Wynn: But, nothing else?

Roger: No, a lot else. Everything. You're smart. You're sexy. You're like Einstein naked.

Wynn: Well, if you feel this way about me, then why was the pass you made so mechanical?

Roger: What? Mechanical?

Wynn: Yes. There was no passion. You didn't seem to mean it.

Roger: Well, I couldn't concentrate on passion. I was worried about Max and Abby coming back. I mean, if the conditions had been right-- you wanna talk about passion?--paramedics would be putting us on life support from the passion.

Wynn: Roger, come on. I'm a psychologist. I know the human mind.

Roger: Well, it looks like you don't know this one.

Wynn: I'm also a woman. I know when a man is desirous of me.

Roger: I'm desirous.

Wynn: No, you're not.

Roger: Yes. I'm very desirous. I'm emulous. I'm hankering.

Wynn: You're what?

Roger: Hankering.

Wynn: I thought you had to have a hankering. I didn't know you could just be hankering.

Roger: Oh, yeah, you can be hankering and you can have a hankering. Or you can just hanker.

Wynn: So, why did you do it?

Roger: I told you, Wynn, I....

Wynn: Roger, please? The truth. Why did you do it?

Roger:I want very badly to be a writer. A good writer. And a good writer writes what he lives. He jumps into life with both feet. I mean, look at Hemingway with the bullfights and the Spanish Civil War, and Jack London with the Klondike and the gold rush. I haven't lived, Wynn. I've taught math for seventeen years, lived on the same street for the last twelve, and I've been faithful to my wife forever. I haven't lived.

Wynn: So, you thought you might start living by having an affair?

Roger: It was either that or move.

Wynn: So, I was right. You don't find me desirous.

Roger: Oh, sure I do. Extremely.

Wynn: You just don't want to have an affair with me.

Roger: Well, to be honest with you, my heart's really not in it.

Wynn: Good. Now, doesn't it feel better to have gotten that out?

Roger: I suppose it does, yes.

Wynn: Of course it does. *(Wynn goes to the bar to pour herself a drink.)*

Roger: Now, let me ask you a question.

Wynn: Certainly. What is it?

Roger: Why did you kiss me back?

Wynn: Kiss you back? I didn't kiss you back.

Roger: Yes, you did.

Wynn: No, I didn't.

Roger: You opened your mouth.

Wynn: I'm a mouth-breather. You caught me breathing.

Roger: No, you kissed me back. You put your arms around me.

Wynn: I was steadying myself.

Roger: Wynn, please, I'm a man. I know when a woman is kissing me back. There's a little alarm that goes off in our pants that says "We have ignition." Now, why did you?

Wynn: I don't know.

Roger: Do you want to have an affair with me?

Wynn: No. Well, yes and no.

Roger: Yes and no?

Wynn: Yes, I want to have an affair. No, not with you.

Roger: I see.

Wynn: But, it's not because I don't find you attractive. It's because you're married to Abby. If you weren't married to my best friend, you'd be more than adequate.

Roger: Here we go again. So, you want to have an affair because it's a good way to get Max back for those flings of his.

Wynn: Childish, isn't it? I mean, here I am, a trained...flings?

Roger: What?

Wynn: You said flings. There's only been one fling, hasn't there?

Roger: I don't know.

Wynn: What do you mean you don't know?

Roger: I mean, I don't know if there've been others.

Wynn: Are you sure?

Roger: Positive. Hell, I didn't even know about that Lindsay person until you threw that dinner party to announce it.

Wynn: Did you think that was a little garish?

Roger: I think Max thought it was.

Wynn: Well, I just wanted our friends to know that I knew about it so that I wouldn't look like a fool.

Roger: The duck was good.

Wynn: Thank you. And I thought that was a more sensible way of handling it than screaming at him and throwing things.

Roger: Very sensible. But, you wanted to scream and throw things.

Wynn: Very much. So, when you kissed me, I saw my chance to get him back for his little indiscretion. I mean, I can say I'm over it. I can be grown up and mature about it, but the truth is, I want to pay him back. I want my pound of flesh.

Roger: So, the doctor is human.

Wynn: Yes, and you have no idea how that disturbs me.

Roger: So, you don't want to have an affair with me?

Wynn: No. With you? Don't be ridiculous.

Roger: A simple yes or no would have done the trick.

Wynn: Listen, are you hungry?

Roger: As a matter of fact, yes. I'm very hungry.

Wynn: Well, come into the kitchen. You can help me with the salad.

(Wynn exits to the kitchen.)

Roger: Salad? Hey, I make the best Caesar salad you've ever tasted. *(He looks into the kitchen.)* Woo! I've never seen a yellow quite like that. And me without my sunbloc.

(Roger exits to the kitchen. Lights down. End Act One Scene 1.)

ACT ONE SCENE 2

Time: The next afternoon.

Place: The same.

(Abby enters on the stairs followed by Max. She is straightening her hair and he is doing up his shirt.)

Abby: Max, I'm starting to feel guilty.

Max: But, Abby, we've had the whole day together. Just the two of us. It's been wonderful.

Abby: Yes, but I haven't spent any time at all with Wynn. I hope she doesn't think I'm being rude.

Max: Abby, you're having an affair with her husband. When she discovers this and is deciding on what names to call you, I don't think rude will even be in the running.

Abby: I guess it is official now, isn't it?

Max: What is?

Abby: Well, you know. It's officially an affair. Now that we've...

Max: Ohhhh. Yes, yes I guess it is. It's in the books.

Abby: We should have waited.

Max: Desire waits for no one, Abby. It is an evil master. Impatient to a fault.

Abby: She's going to hate me for this, isn't she?

Max: I expect so, yes.

Abby: Oh, I don't want Wynn to hate me. I really don't.

Max: Well, Roger will hate me too.

Abby: Roger already hates you.

Max: He does?

Abby: Of course he does.

Max: What do you mean, of course he does? Is it a given?

Abby: No, I thought you knew.

Max: No, I thought he liked me. He calls me Maxie.

Abby: Well, he's just putting up a front.

Max: Why that little bastard.

Abby: What do you care? You don't like him either.

Max: But I have a reason. He's an irritating little puissant.

Abby: *(She looks out the window.)* I wonder where they could be.

Max: So, why doesn't he like me?

Abby: What?

Max: Roger. Why doesn't he like me?

Abby: I don't know. A lot of reasons.

Max: A lot? What do you mean a lot? Like more than one?

Abby: Max, it's not important. Forget it.

Max: I can't forget it. I mean, the nerve of that guy. I invite him to my house for the weekend and he doesn't like me.

Abby: You didn't invite us. Wynn did.

Max: I went along with it. Now I feel like a fool knowing the guy doesn't even like me. Not even a bit?

Abby: I don't think so.

Max: That little bastard.

Abby: Now, we're going to tell them tonight, right?

Max: Well, I don't know now.

Abby: What do you mean you don't know?

Max: Well, I've got a good mind not to tell him at all.

Abby: Max...

Max: No, I mean it. The hell with him. Let him find out from strangers.

Abby: What's that smell? Oh, God. I forgot to check on dinner. I am just the worst cook. What was I thinking trying to make a stuffed pork? Wynn will have a field day with this one.

(Abby exits to the kitchen.)

Max: He's just jealous you know. That's why he doesn't like me. Because I've got it all. The summer home, the BMW, the tennis court. That superficial little bastard.

(Max exits to the kitchen. Wynn and Roger enter through the front door. Roger is looking disheveled and is walking very gingerly after his horseback ride.)

Wynn: Are you sure it's all right?

Roger: Oh, yeah. It's nothing really. I've got some ointment upstairs. I'll be fine.

Wynn: I asked them to give you a gentle horse.

Roger: Uh-huh. Well, Fury and I got along just fine. He sure could run, couldn't he? Hell, I was back at the stable a good half hour before the rest of the party.

Wynn: Oh, I'm sorry, Roger.

Roger: Oh, Wynn it wasn't your fault. And besides, it gave me a chance to pull the burrs out of my hair before the rest of you got back.

Wynn: I'm sorry about that too. I don't know why you even got back in the saddle after he threw you.

Roger: Well, my foot was caught in the stirrup, Wynn. It was either haul myself back up or be dragged the rest of the way home.

(Max and Abby enter from the kitchen.)

Abby: Oh, there you are. We were worried sick about you. Did you have a good day?

Wynn: Oh, it was wonderful yes. It's too bad you couldn't have joined us.

Abby: Yes, well, with this stupid shoulder of mine I didn't want to exert myself.

Wynn: Yes. Well, we had a lot of fun. Didn't we, Roger?

Roger: Yes, we did.

Wynn: It turns out he's quite the horseman.

Abby: Really?

Roger: Well, there's not much to it.

(Roger sits on the couch, yelps in pain and stands again.)

Abby: What's the matter with you?

Roger: Nothing.

Abby: I'll get the ointment.

Roger: Abby, I can get it.

Abby: No, that's all right. You stay there.

(Abby exits up the stairs.)

Wynn: So, what about you two?

Max: What about us?

Wynn: What were you up to?

Max: Nothing. I swear.

Wynn: Well, what did you do today?

Max: Do? Oh...uh...Not much. Just hung around.

Wynn: Did you stuff the pork?

Max: I'm sorry?

Wynn: The pork roast. Did you get dinner started?

Max: Oh! Yes, yes. Abby stuffed the uh..it's cooking right now. *(To Roger.)*
So, you had a good time, did you, Rog?

Roger: Yes, we did, yes. Wynn here is quite the social director. Along with the horseback riding, we walked down by the water for a while, bought some fish and chips for lunch at that little place on the pier, rented a paddleboat..

Wynn: Oh, that was fun.

Roger: Yeah, I've never done that before. It was nice.
(The phone rings.)

Wynn: I'll get it.

Roger: Oh, and we played pinball over at that convenience store down the road.

Max: Pinball?

Roger: Yeah.

Wynn: Hello?

Max: You played pinball?

Roger: Yeah. Wynn beat me too.

Max: Really? I didn't know she had a gift for pinball.

Roger: It's all in the hips.

Max: What is?

Roger: The pinball technique. People think it's in the hands but it's not. It's all in how you swing your hips.

Max: Do tell?

Wynn: Yes, he is yes. Just a minute please. Roger, it's for you. It's the police. They think they found your camera.

Roger: Oh, good. Thank God. I didn't think they had a hope in hell.
(Roger takes the phone from Wynn.)
Hello?....Yes, this is he.

Max: Pinball?

Wynn: What?

Max: You played pinball?

Wynn: Yes, why?

Max: No reason. It's just a little adolescent, isn't it?

Wynn: It was fun.

Max: Oh, well, if it was fun, then fine. By all means. Of course, I'm thankful none of your patients could see you. I mean, how would they feel if they came across the woman they're counting on to lift them out of the abyss, and saw her gyrating at the business end of a pinball machine? I can hear the relapses from here.

Wynn: You know, you must have been criticized often as a child, were you?

Max: Oh, here we go.

Wynn: Because when a person is criticized often as a child, they will very likely become critical themselves.

Max: Is that right?

Wynn: That's right.

Max: Well, thank you, but I don't think I need to be analyzed by Minnesota Fats.

Wynn: Minnesota Fats played pool, Max. We were playing pinball. And we were having fun. You should try it sometime.

Roger: Yes, thank you very much. Good-bye. *(He hangs up the phone.)* Well, they found the camera all right. They want me to come over to the station and identify it.

Wynn: I'll drive you, Roger. It's not far.

Roger: Oh, okay. Thanks, Wynn.

Max: But, what about supper? When will you be back?

Wynn: We won't be long. An hour at the most.

Roger: Tell Abby for me will you, Maxie?

(Wynn and Roger exit out the front door.)

Max: Yes, I'll do that, Rog. *(Max moves to the bar to pour himself a drink.)*

(Abby enters on the stairs carrying the ointment.)

Abby: Here you go, Roger. Honestly, I....Where'd they go?

Max: The police called. They found your camera. Wynn's driving Roger out to pick it up.

Abby: Oh. Well, they won't be long I hope.

Max: No, they shouldn't be.

Abby: Well, maybe it's good that they've gone. This will give us some time to go over exactly how we're going to tell them.

Max: I know how we're going to tell them. "Roger? Wynn? Abby and I have something to tell you." It's not that hard to remember, Abby. I can't believe that little bastard doesn't like me. What a nerve.

(Wynn and Roger enter through the front door.)

Max: What's the matter? Did you forget something?

Abby: Roger, what is it? You look pained. Did you come back for this?

Wynn: Max? Abby? Roger and I have something to tell you.

(Lights down. End Act I.)

ACT TWO

Time: Two years later.

Place: The same.

(Lights come up to reveal a messy room. There is an article of clothing on the couch, shoes on the floor, a scarf on the fireplace mantle, a magazine on the floor and a glass on the table not on a coaster. The old chair that Wynn was so fond of has been replaced. Max enters on the stairs.)

Max: They're going to be here soon, honey. Better hurry. *(He looks at the room.)* God, look at this place. Look at it! And I just picked up this morning. *(He picks up the magazine.)* What the hell? *(He notices the glass on the table.)* Oh, for God's sake. *(He picks up the glass and looks at the table.)* Would you look at that? Well, that's just wonderful, isn't it? Damn. *(He puts the glass on the bar and calls up to the stairs.)* Sweetheart? Sweetheart, would you please use a coaster on the coffee table? It's an antique don't forget.

Abby: *(Off.)* What?!

Max: The coffee table. It's an antique. Over a hundred years old.

Abby: *(Off.)* What??

Max: I said the coffee table is...!!! Nothing. Never mind. Not important. *(To himself.)* What's the point? What's the bloody point? *(He picks up the piece of clothing from the couch.)* Oh, this is nice. Yes. Why use the closet when the couch is right here? It's so much more convenient. *(He throws the clothing into the closet. He notices the shoes.)* Oh, and shoes too. Yes. Well, who cares that we have an entire forest of shoe trees at our disposal? *(He throws the shoes into the closet and notices the scarf.)* Ah, perfect. This completes the ensemble then, doesn't it? Marvelous. *(He picks up the scarf and throws it into the closet.)* My God, with clothes spread this far afield you'd think she'd stepped on a land mine

(Abby enters on the stairs.)

Abby: What did you say, dear? I couldn't hear you up there. *(She moves to the stereo and puts on a CD.)*

Max: The coffee table, love. I was just saying that it's over a hundred years

old.

Abby: Well, then let's get a new one. I've never liked that old thing anyway.

(We hear a Kenny G song coming from the stereo.)

Max: Please, Abby, let's not play that now, all right?

(Max moves to the stereo and turns it off.)

Abby: What's the matter?

Max: Nothing. They're going to be here soon, that's all. Maybe we should get the hors d'oeuvres out. *(He moves towards the kitchen door.)*

Abby: Did you make hors d'oeuvres?

Max: *(Stopping.)* No, I assumed you did.

Abby: Max, darling, you know I don't cook.

Max: Yes, my sweet, all too well. But, this being a special occasion, I thought you might gird your loins and throw something together.

Abby: Well, we've got chips.

Max: Chips?

Abby: And nachos. We've got some nachos I think.

Max: Chips and nachos. And I was worried. Well, bon appetite.

Abby: What's wrong with chips and nachos?

Max: Nothing, sweetcakes. I just don't know why you invited them to spend the weekend if you're not going to observe protocol.

Abby: What the hell does protocol have to do with anything? I didn't invite them here to show them how we entertain. I invited them here because Wynn used to be my best friend and I miss her. I want to patch things up. What kind of food we serve is irrelevant.

Max: Well, now don't underestimate the healing power of a carefully prepared hors d'oeuvre, love.

Abby: Oh, Wynn knows I don't cook. She'll understand. And if they get

hungry you can always put something on that hot metal thing out back.

Max: The barbecue.

Abby: Right. Shouldn't they be here by now? *(She moves to the window to look out.)*

Max: You know, patching things up might not be as easy as you think, Abby. I hope you're not getting your hopes up too high.

Abby: Well, it has been two years.

Max: Yes, but we parted on rather uneasy terms, didn't we? Two broken marriages in one weekend.

Abby: Well, they were the ones who dumped us. We didn't dump them.

Max: Only because they beat us to it.

Abby: Well, still, she seemed receptive to the invitation over the phone.

Max: Yes, but let's not get too optimistic, all right? I mean, Wynn can harbour a grudge with the best of them.

Abby: Well, I think it'll be just fine.

Max: And why did you have to invite him too? Why couldn't you just invite Wynn?

Abby: Because I think it would be best if the four of us worked this out.

Max: I don't want to work things out with him. I don't like the man. I never have.

Abby: Well, he doesn't like you either.

Max: The little bastard.

Abby: So, maybe this is a chance for you two to finally reconcile.

Max: Look, you and Wynn can reconcile if you want to, but, please leave Roger and me out of it.

Abby: Fine. Well, as long as they're late anyway, do you want to go upstairs and..you know?

Max: Ummm, I don't think so. You?

Abby: Not really.

(The doorbell rings.)

Abby: Oh, there they are. Oh, I'm nervous. My palms are sweating.

Max: Just answer the door. Let's get this over with.

(Abby moves to the door.)

Abby: Well?

Max: Well what?

Abby: Well, aren't you going to greet them with me?

Max: I can greet them from over here just fine.

Abby: Max.

Max: Oh, all right. *(Max moves to Abby.)* God, this is going to be the longest weekend of my life.

Abby: Ready?

Max: Ready

(Abby opens the door. Roger and Wynn are there. Roger is now dressed in a very trendy fashion. There is a slight hesitation and then..)

All: Hi!!!

Wynn: We made it!

Abby: Oh, Wynn.

Wynn: Oh, Abby.

(Abby and Wynn hug.)

Max: Hi, Rog.

Roger: Maxie!

(Roger and Max shake hands.)

Max: Good to see you.

Roger: You too, buddy.

Wynn: Oh, Abby, I'm sorry.

Abby: Oh, I've missed you so much!

Wynn: Me too!

Abby: I don't know why we let this silly business tear us apart the way we did.

Wynn: Oh, neither do I.

(Wynn looks at Max and all suddenly become very cold.)

Wynn: Max.

Max: Wynn.

Abby: Roger.

Roger: Abby.

Abby: *(Brightly again.)* Well, come in, come in.

(Abby leads the guests into the living area. As Wynn passes Max, she holds out her bag for him to take. Roger does the same. Max moves slowly to the stairs with the luggage.)

Wynn: I was so relieved when you called, Abby. I didn't know whether I should make the first move or not.

Abby: I didn't know either. Then I just thought, 'Oh, what the hell? Somebody's gotta do it.' So, I did it.

Wynn: And I'm so glad.

(Max throws the bags up the stairs.)

Abby: You see, Max? I told you it would be all right. *(To Wynn.)* Max tried to tell me that you might not be receptive to a reconciliation.

Wynn: Why would you think that, Max?

Abby: Well, he thinks you have a tendency to harbour grudges.

Wynn: Oh? Max, when did I ever harbour a grudge?

Abby: Oh, it's that karaoke woman again. That Lindsay. He thinks you still hold it against him.

Wynn: Oh, no, we dealt with that a long time ago. I've put that behind me, Max.

Abby: I told him that very same thing but he wouldn't listen.

Wynn: Just as inflexible as ever I see.

Abby: All right you two, enough of that.

Max: Sorry. Didn't mean to prattle on.

Abby: Now please everybody, sit. Sit.

(Roger sits on the couch. Wynn notices her old chair is gone.)

Wynn: My chair.

Abby: What?

Wynn: My chair. It's gone.

Abby: Oh, yes. Yes, it is.

Wynn: Well, where is it?

Abby: Um...Well..Max, what did we do with that chair?

Max: Hauled it off to the dump I believe, dear.

Wynn: What?!

Abby: Oh, that's right. No, it broke Wynn. We had to throw it out.

Wynn: Ohh.

Abby: Yes, I was sick about it.

Roger: So, Max, I see you put a driveway in.

Max: Yes, well, Abby didn't like the walk in from the road so...

Abby: Now, Max, it wasn't just me. You didn't like it either.

Max: Right. I didn't like it either. So, what can I get everybody? Wynn? Still drinking white wine like it's going out of style?

Wynn: Uh, no. I'll have a Perrier and lime please. *(She sits.)*

Max: Perrier and lime? That's new.

Wynn: Well, Max, a lot changes in two years.

Max: Really? Rog, how about you?

Roger: Vodka please.

Max: And speaking of change, don't you look different? Must be the fast life out there on the coast, huh?

Roger: No, no. I'm only out there for a few weeks a year anyway.

(Max moves to the bar to make the drinks.)

Max: Uh-huh. Oh, congratulations on the movie by the way. I hear it's doing very well.

Roger: Thanks. Beginner's luck I guess.

Max: Oh, nonsense. I hear there's even talk of an Oscar nomination.

Roger: Well, it's been mentioned.

Wynn: I always told Roger he could do it. I just had to get him to believe it. It's called projected implication. If you believe something will happen, eventually it will. Roger just never had the strength of will before, that's all. But, he's coming around. It just took someone to keep harping at him. Isn't that right, Roger?

Roger: That's right.

Max: You know, I'm working on a screenplay myself right now.

Roger: You are?

Max: Yes. In fact, it's almost finished.

Roger: Well, good for you, Max. What brought this on?

(Max brings the drinks to Wynn and Roger.)

Max: Oh, I don't know. I just figured, hell, if you could...*(He catches himself.)* uh...You know, if you could do so well with your first attempt at it, then maybe there's hope even for someone like me.

Wynn: So, he inspired you, is that it?

Max: ...Yes. Yes, he did. *(Max moves to the bar and pours himself a drink.)*

Wynn: You hear that, Roger? You're an inspiration.

Roger: Well, thank you, Max. I'll take a look at it for you later if you like. Maybe give you some pointers.

Max: Oh, wouldn't that be nice? Thank you.

Roger: What's it about?

Max: It's about us.

Wynn: Us? Us who?

Max: Us. The four of us. *(Max sits.)*

Abby: You didn't tell me the screenplay was about us, Max.

Max: You didn't ask.

Abby: Well, I'm sure I must have.

Max: No, I'm afraid not. You haven't asked me about it once. Not even in passing.

(Wynn is about set her drink down on the table.)

Wynn, use a damned coaster would you please?

(Wynn puts out a coaster and then sets her drink on it.)

Abby: Well, how about that? A screenplay about us.

Max: Well, you write about what you know, right, Roger?

Roger: That's right. That's what they say.

Wynn: But, what's so interesting about the four of us?
(The other three look at Wynn.)
Oh, that.

Roger: Well, good luck with it, Max. Now, does this mean you've quit the law business?

Max: No, no, I'm still doing the law thing. I did consider giving it up and buying a place down south somewhere, but...

Roger: The Martinique idea again.

Max: Right. But, well, Abby wasn't crazy about the idea.

Abby: Well, I've got my business here, Max. You didn't expect me to give up my business, did you?

Max: No, of course not.

Abby: And you didn't really want to move down there anyway.

Max: No, you're probably right. I don't know what I was thinking. I must have been deranged.

Roger: Boy, Martinique brings back a lot of memories though, doesn't it?

Abby: So, Wynn, you've got your own radio show now.

Wynn: Yes.

Abby: Oh, I'm so proud of you.

Wynn: Well, it was the next logical step. I mean, I can reach so many more people over the radio.

Abby: So, people call up who are having trouble in their relationships?

Wynn: And I try and help them straighten their lives out.

Max: *(To himself.)* Good luck.

Wynn: What?

Max: It's their good luck, I said. To have someone like you lighting the path for them.

Wynn: Oh, well, thank you. And what about you, Abby? Is the shop doing well?

Abby: All three shops.

Wynn: What? Three?

Abby: Yes, I've expanded. Abby Nash Casuals is now a chain.

Wynn: Oh, Abby, I'm so happy for you. You know, I'm wearing an Abby Nash right now.

Abby: Yes, I thought I recognized it. And you chose the peach. How interesting.

Wynn: Interesting?

Abby: Yes.

Wynn: Interesting how?

Abby: Oh, I'm so glad we're speaking to one another again. There's no one I can talk to the way I talk to you. Absolutely no one.

Wynn: Oh, I feel the same way. Interesting how?

Roger: Yeah, Martinique. Do you remember those Germans we ran into that day?

Max: Germans?

Roger: Yeah. We were going scuba diving one day and....

Max: I don't remember any Germans. I remember a couple from Austria.

Roger: Hungary. That was another couple.

Abby: Would anybody care for any nachos or chips?

Wynn: No thank you.

Abby: Roger?

Roger: No, I'm fine.

Abby: Nothing at all?

Wynn: No, thank you.

Abby: You see, Max, they're not even hungry.

Max: Well, I wouldn't count on them staying that way the entire weekend, dearest.

Roger: So, anyway the boat doesn't show up and there we are with nothing to do....

Wynn: Roger, wait. I'm afraid I can't hold it in any longer. Everybody? I've got a little announcement to make.

Abby: Announcement? What is it?

Wynn: Well, I've had another book published.

Abby: Another one?

Wynn: Yes.

Max: That's four in the past two years, isn't it?

Wynn: Five.

Max: So an announcement like this is hardly an occasion anymore, is it? It's rather like announcing you feel a belch coming on.

Abby: Max! Please. Wynn, that's wonderful. What's this one about?

Wynn: Well, it's called "Internalize and Die."

Max: Catchy title. *(Max moves to the bar to pour himself a drink.)*

Wynn: And it's about how harmful it is to suppress your feelings. To hold things in. For instance, if you have a mate that exasperates you, but you don't speak up, that's internalizing. And Abby, I wanted you to have the first copy.

(Wynn hands Abby a copy of her book.)

Abby: Why?

Wynn: Because. Because, I love you. And I want you to tell me we'll be friends for life. That's all I want to hear.

Abby: Oh, we will be. I promise you. Friends for life.

(Abby and Wynn hug.)

Roger: I guess that means you and I will be friends for life too, Max.

Max: Well, this is a banner day then, isn't it?

Wynn: Roger, where's the video cam? I want to get a picture of Abby and me with the book.

Roger: Didn't you bring it in?

Wynn: I thought you brought it in.

Roger: No, I asked you to bring it in. It was on the seat right behind you.

Wynn: Well, I didn't hear you.

Roger: Well, I asked you.

Wynn: Well, I didn't hear you.

Roger: So a twelve hundred dollar video camera with tripod is out in the car, is that right?

Wynn: Don't get excited. It's just out in the driveway for heaven's sakes.

Roger: I'm not getting excited.

Wynn: *(To Abby.)* We're working on Roger's excitability. Trying to get him to keep it in check.

Roger: I wasn't getting excited.

Wynn: Do your mantra.

Roger: What?

Wynn: Your mantra. You know?

Roger: I don't need to do my mantra. I'm not excited.

Max: You've got a mantra?

Roger: It's a short mantra. Very short.

Wynn: Well?

Roger: I don't need to do it.

Wynn: Well, I don't know what the point of having one is if you're not going to use it.

Roger: I don't need to use it.

Wynn: It just tells me that all of my work with you over the past two years has been a complete waste of time.

Roger: All right, all right. *(He takes a beat and gets into his mantra pose.)*
Ram-a-lamma ding dong, shing-a-ling. Ram-a-lamma ding dong,
shing-a-ling. Ram-a-lamma ding dong, shing-a-ling.

(Roger continues his mantra as Wynn speaks.)

Wynn: That's better. Now, I'll go and get the camera. Oh, Abby, come with me. I want you to show me your garden out there. It looks absolutely beautiful.

Abby: Oh, all right.

(Wynn and Abby exit out the front door.)

Roger:Shing-a-ling.

Max: So, is that an ancient Hindu mantra? Something handed down by the spiritual masters?

Roger: Dion and the Belmonts.

Max: Ah. Well, Dion's pretty spiritual. How's your drink?

Roger: I could use another one.

Max: Coming up.

(Max takes Roger's glass and fixes him another drink.)

Roger: So, how is everything, Max?

Max: Everything? You mean...

Roger: I mean everything. You know? Life. Work. The marriage.

Max: Oh, fine. Fine. I left the old firm this year.

Roger: Really?

Max: Yes. Took on a new partner and we hung out our own shingle. Trueman and Barsby.

Roger: Barsby?

Max: Jerome Barsby. He's one of the new young lions out there. Very bright fellow.

Roger: Uh-huh. And everything else?

Max: I'm sorry?

Roger: How's everything else going?

Max: Oh, great. Great.

Roger: Good.

(Max hands Roger his drink.)

Max: And you?

Roger: Can't complain.

Max: No, I should say you can't. No, sir.

Roger: No. Can't complain.

Max: No, sir.

(Max sits.)

Roger: Max, can I be honest with you?

Max: Certainly.

Roger: Brutally honest?

Max: Completely, Roger. What is it?

Roger: Well, the truth is I'm not very happy.

Max: You're not? What's wrong?

Roger: Max, that psychologist out there is going to drive me crazy. I mean, I feel like I'm living my life on a couch.

Max: It's that bad?

Roger: It's worse. She analyzes everything I do. Every emotion. Every mood. It's killing me, Max. I feel like I'm falling into a bottomless pit.

Max: Easy, Roger. Steady.

Roger: I need help, Max. That woman is giving me so much help, I need other help.

(Roger downs his drink. Max holds out his own glass to Roger.)

Max: Here.

(Roger takes Max's glass and downs that drink. Then he sets the glass on the table.)

Roger: I've got....

(Max stares at the glass. It is not on a coaster. Roger notices Max's discomfort and moves the glass onto a coaster.)

I've got problems now that I never had before. And you know why? Because she tells me about them. Yeah. I mean, if I didn't know about them, I wouldn't have them! I swear, nobody would come from a dysfunctional family, Max, if some psychologist hadn't coined the phrase. But, one day, some shrink blurts out "dysfunctional family" and all of a sudden everybody's Nick Nolte in the Prince of Tides!

Max: All right, Rog, take it easy.

Roger: I've got a mantra, Max. Do I look like the kind of guy who's got a

mantra? I don't think so. A Mazda maybe. Not a mantra. I don't know what happened. When we fell for each other two years ago, she was a different person.

Max: No, she was the same person, Roger. I think she just looked good to you compared to Abby.

Roger: Well, I've gotta do something. I mean, this is the only life I've got, and I am determined that at some point in it, I am going to be happy.

Max: Roger, why are you telling me this?

Roger: What do you mean?

Max: Why are you telling me this? You've never confided in me before. Why now?

Roger: Well...I was wondering if there was any chance of you and Wynn patching things up.

Max: Roger, I've remarried. All four of us have remarried.

Roger: I know.

Max: And quite frankly, that's not working out well either.

Roger: What? But you said it was...

Max: I know what I said. I was lying. My entire existence is a sham!

Roger: Well, what's the problem?

Max: The problem? Roger, your ex-wife is a complete slob. I'm sorry, but there's no other way to put it. I am constantly picking up after that woman. Constantly. And that's not all. I mean, that is small potatoes compared to some of the other things.

Roger: What other things?

Max: Oh, where do I start? Her demeanor, her tastes in things cultural. There's just so much we don't see eye to eye on. And bossy? I've never known a woman that bossy. Oh, and I don't even want to tell you about Bert and Ernie.

Roger: Well, then why did you marry her?

Max: Oh, who knows why we do the things we do? A lapse in judgment? An error? I don't know.

Roger: Well, have you told her how you feel?

Max: Up until this point I've been afraid to. I mean, quite honestly, Roger, she's mad about me. I can see it in her eyes. And to tell her how I really feel, well, she would be crushed.

Roger: Yeah, I know what you mean. I don't think Wynn would ever be the same again.

Max: However....

Roger: However?

Max: However, in this life, we have to learn from our mistakes and move on.

Roger: You're moving on?

Max: It's crossed my mind.

Roger: Take me with you.

Max: What?

Roger: Please, Max. I'm begging you. Get me out.

Max: You mean, you seriously want to end it with Wynn?

Roger: Yes. Very seriously.

Max: Well, then do it.

Roger: I can't. I'm a coward. I need to do it with a friend. Like the buddy system. Do it with me, Max. Let's do it today.

Max: What, tell them? Break up with them?

Roger: We can do it, Max. We can. We just sit them down and we say, "Abby, Wynn, Roger and me have something to tell you."

Max: Roger and me?

Roger: All right, Roger and I. Whatever.

Max: Roger, are you sure you're serious about this?.

Roger: I'm positive. Help me, Max. Please.

Max: Well, I don't know...

Roger: Please, Max. I'll be indebted to you for life.

Max: Well, as it happens, I have been working on a way to end it with Abby.

Roger: Good, good. That's good.

Max: And you know, it just might work for you too.

Roger: Brilliant! You're a genius, Max! I knew you'd think of something.

Max: You don't even know what the idea is yet.

Roger: It's brilliant. I can tell. Is it brilliant?

Max: Let's go outside.

Roger: Good idea! We'll run away!

(Roger starts for the door.)

Max: No, I mean let's go outside and discuss it. They'll be back soon and I don't want them interrupting us.

Roger: Oh. All right. But, that running away thing has got potential. Let's not rule that out.

(Roger and Max exit out through the patio doors. Abby and Wynn enter through the front door.)

Abby: Max? Roger?

Wynn: *(Calling upstairs.)* Roger, are you up there?

Abby: *(Looking out the patio door.)* Oh, there they are, out back. *(Moving to Wynn.)* Now, what do you mean you're not happy?

Wynn: Oh, God, Abby.

Abby: Go ahead, Wynn, tell me.

Wynn: Abby, he is so neurotic. It's like being on call twenty-four hours a day. I feel like a psychiatric drive-thru. I mean, he's got problems I've never heard of. From his Mary Kay mother to his plaque paranoia.

Abby: His what?

Wynn: His plaque paranoia. He gets up in the middle of the night to brush his teeth because he thinks that plaque is at work while he sleeps.

Abby: Oh my God. That's a new one.

Wynn: Oh, that's just the tip of the nutbar. Ever since his writing success, he's gotten superstitious. He won't wear brown socks because Ernest Hemingway died in brown socks. He won't wear navy pants because F. Scott Fitzgerald died in navy pants. Before long he'll be down to a jock strap and a hat. And cheap?? I'm telling you, Abby, if I hear about those damned pina colodas one more time I'm going to give him a pina colada colonic. And do you know what the real irony is? In my first book, the one I gave to you here that weekend?

Abby: Choosing The Right Partner For Life?

Wynn: Yes. I was trying to tell you that Roger was not the man for you.

Abby: You mean that book was meant for me?

Wynn: Yes. And what happens? I wind up with him.

Abby: Oh, Wynn, you poor dear.

Wynn: The only saving grace in this whole despicable mess is that it's worked out well for you. And if there's one thing I've always wanted throughout this entire ordeal, Abby, it was for you to be happy.

(Abby starts to cry.)

Abby? Abby, what's wrong? What is it?

Abby: I'm miserable!

Wynn: What??

Abby: I'm a wretch. My life is hell!

Wynn: Oh, no. Why, dear? What's wrong?

Abby: Max is wrong, that's what. He's a snob, and a nag. Nothing I do is good enough for him. The way I dress, the food I eat, my likes and dislikes. He's trying to change me into something I'm not, Wynn. Why would he do that?

Wynn: He's a cad, that's why.

Abby: I mean, I'm a successful businesswoman. I like who I am. Why should I change?

Wynn: You shouldn't change, Abby. To hell with Max. You just be who you are. That's got to be good enough for somebody out there.

Abby: You'd think so, wouldn't you?

Wynn: You need some kleenex, dear. Where are they?

Abby: In the kitchen.

(Wynn exits to the kitchen. A moment later she enters with the kleenex.)

Wynn: It's blue.

Abby: What?

Wynn: The kitchen is blue.

Abby: Oh, yes, I had it painted. Wynn, I don't know what I'm going to do.

Wynn: You didn't like the yellow?

Abby: No, it was fine. Just a little too bold.

Wynn: Too bold?

Abby: Yes. You know, Wynn, we deserve better, don't you think?

Wynn: Hmm? Better than what?

Abby: Than Max and Roger.

Wynn: Oh, we certainly do. And I'd leave Roger in an instant but how would that look to my public? And my patients? How would they react if the relationship expert here walked out on her second husband? You

know, I thought the yellow worked well.

Abby: *(Ignoring Wynn.)* My problem is, I don't like to admit failure. And to admit that I failed at marriage twice, well, that would be too much. So, we're stuck, is that it? Stuck with two husbands who do nothing for us at all.

Wynn: Well, I wouldn't say nothing. I mean, Roger is good in bed.

Abby: He is?

Wynn: Yes.

Abby: Roger?

Wynn: Yes, quite good.

Abby: My Roger?

Wynn: He's an animal.

Abby: That little bastard.

Wynn: You know what, Abby? I say to hell with my patients. And to hell with your fear of failure. We want to be happy, don't we?

Abby: Well, of course, but...

Wynn: Well, then let's do it. Let's take control of our destiny.

Abby: What??

Wynn: Today. Right now. Let's free ourselves.

Abby: This afternoon?

Wynn: Yes.

Abby: Gee, I would Wynn, but...

Wynn: But what??

Abby: Well, we were going to barbecue.

Wynn: Screw the barbecue! It's emancipation day! We'll get them in here right this minute and tell them that we never want to see them again. Right

to their faces. Trust me, Abby, we'll be much stronger people for it.

Abby: Couldn't we just sneak out now?

Wynn: Abby. Sneak out instead of facing our problems head on?....We'll take your car.

(Wynn grabs her purse and the camera. Abby goes to the closet and takes out a jacket and grabs her purse.)

Hurry, Abby, hurry.

Abby: What about my things? My clothes?

Wynn: There's no time. You'll have to leave them.

Abby: Leave them? Leave my clothes? You've got to be kidding. I mean, Max I can leave, but my clothes??

Wynn: Abby, now! *(Wynn exits.)*

Abby: God, I didn't know I was going to have to leave my clothes. I guess breaking up is hard to do.

(Abby exits out the front door. Max and Roger enter through the patio doors.)

Max: They're not here. I thought I saw Abby at the door a few minutes ago.

Roger: Are you sure this will work, Max?

Max: Trust me, if Wynn believes anything she'll believe this. It involves repressed feelings, emotional turmoil, finding oneself. Hell, this will probably spawn another bloody book. But, we have to be convincing. Really sell it, all right?

Roger: Right. Sell it.

Max: I was sure that was Abby at the door a while ago. Where could they be?

Roger: Maybe they're in the kitchen.

(Roger exits to the kitchen.)

Max: I'll check upstairs. Abby?

(Max exits up the stairs. Abby enters through the front door. She moves to the coffee table and picks up the book that Wynn gave her. Max enters on the stairs.)

Max: Oh, there you are.

Abby: What??

Max: What are you doing?

Abby: Nothing.

Max: Where's Wynn?

Abby: Outside.

(Roger enters from the kitchen.)

Roger: Oh, there you are.

Abby: What?

Roger: What are you doing?

Abby: Nothing.

Roger: Where's Wynn?

Abby: Outside. *(Abby moves to the door.)*

Max: Where are you going?

Abby: Uh...we were just going for a little walk.

(Off we hear a car horn honk.)

Or a drive. Walk, drive, we don't know.

Max: Are you going to be long?

Abby: Well, that depends on how you define long.

Roger: What's the book for?

Abby: What book? Oh! The book. Well, I was going to get Wynn to

autograph it for me. Make it more personal. Well, gotta run.

Max: Abby, wait.

(He takes Abby by the arm and leads her back into the room.)

Roger and I would like to have about ten minutes of your time.

Abby: What for?

Max: Well, we wanted to talk.

(Wynn enters through the front door.)

Wynn: Abby?? *(She sees Max and Roger.)* Oh.

Roger: Wynn. Good.

(Roger takes Wynn by the arm and leads her into the room.)

Come in, please.

Wynn: What for?

Roger: Oh, you'll see. Just come on in here.

Wynn: Why? Abby, what's going on?

Abby: I don't know. Max, wants to talk.

Wynn: Talk? What about?

Max: Well, it's like this. Roger? *(Giving the floor over to Roger.)*

Roger: *(Gives the floor back to Max.)* Max.

Max: Yes, well, the thing is that...uh...Roger and I have something to tell you.

Wynn: Oh? And what's that?

Max: Well, it might come as somewhat of a shock so maybe you'd better sit down.

Wynn: No, actually Max, maybe you and Roger should sit down, because Abby and I have some news for you.

Abby: Wynn, no...

Wynn: No, Abby, it'll be better this way. It'll be over and done with. Trust me. Max, Roger....

Max: Please, Wynn, just hear us out first, would you? This is very important.

Wynn: But, my news is more important.

Max: It is?

Wynn: Yes.

Max: And how do you know that when you don't even know what my news is? Oh, of course, of course. I forgot. Your news is always more important. Well, fine then, by all means, go ahead, Wynn. What is it that's so very important?

Wynn: Max, please, don't give me attitude now.

Max: I'm not giving you attitude.

Wynn: It sounds like attitude to me.

Roger: Wynn, just let the man speak, would you?

Abby: She wasn't talking to you, Roger. She was talking to Max.

Roger: I know who she was talking to, Abby. I just think it's time she stopped talking and let Max talk.

Abby: She'll stop talking the moment she's good and ready.

Roger: That moment will never see the light of day, believe me.

Wynn: All right, all right, never mind, Abby. If it's that important to them then let them go ahead. Go ahead, Max. What is it?

Max: Well, I'm not going to tell you if you're going to take that tone.

Wynn: What tone?

Max: That one. That one right there.

Wynn: Fine. I won't take a tone. No tone.

Max: I still hear a tone.

Wynn: There's no tone.

Max: Well, I hear a tone. Roger, do you hear a tone?

Roger: Big tone. Very big.

Max: You see?

Abby: Oh, good God, would you just tell us please?!

Max: Oh, now there's a tone.

Roger: I heard that one.

Wynn: Max, come on. What is it??

Max: All right. Uh...Let me put it this way. *(Giving the floor to Roger.)*
Roger?

Roger: *(Giving the floor back to Max.)* Max?

Max: Yes, well, I suppose there's no other way to say it, so uh..here goes.
Abby? Wynn? Roger and I...are lovers.

Abby: Oh, my God.

Wynn: What??!

Abby: Oh, my God.

Wynn: You're what??

Abby: Oh, my God.

Wynn: You're lovers?

Max: I'm afraid so.

Wynn: You're joking.

Max: I'm afraid not.

Abby: I knew it! *(To Roger.)* As soon as you went to Hollywood I knew this would happen!

Roger: Abby, please, it's got nothing to do with Hollywood.

Wynn: I can't believe this. You're lovers??

Max: Yes.

Abby: *(To Wynn.)* I thought you said Roger was good in bed.

Wynn: He is.

Roger: I am??

Wynn: His sexual preference has got nothing to do with his performance.

Roger: I'm good?? Did you say I'm good?

Wynn: Yes. I've told you that before.

Roger: I thought you were lying. I thought it was that projected implication thing again. You know, tell me I'm good and I'll start to believe it. Did you hear that, Max, I'm good.

Max: Yes, well, you don't have to tell me.

Abby: Oh, God. How long has this been going on?

Max: Well, that's hard to say.

Roger: Since Martinique.

Max: What?

Abby: Martinique?? That's over three years ago!

Wynn: I need a drink.

(Wynn moves to the bar to fix herself a drink.)

Roger: Well, nothing actually happened in Martinique, but I think that's where it began, wouldn't you say so, Max?

Max: Uh...Yes. There were, you know, furtive glances. Strange, inexplicable feelings. Uh....What else?

Roger: I sensed a little longing.

Max: He sensed a little longing.

Abby: *(To Max.)* But, you told me you fell in love with me in Martinique. Remember? The half-naked Rastafarians?

Max: Well, I was confused. It was a very confusing time. You see, I was still coming to grips with my sexuality and I think falling in love with you was my way of masking the truth.

Wynn: So, where the hell was I when all of this was going on??

Max: I'm not sure, Wynn. Probably at the pool bar.

Wynn: Are you saying I drank too much?

Max: No, Wynn. It's a very small island. I'm sure you weren't the first to drink it dry.

Abby:: So, when did this..this thing with you two blossom?

Roger: Blossom? Uh...Max? *(Giving the floor to Max.)*

Max: *(Giving the floor back to Roger.)* Roger?

Roger: Oh, I'd say about, uh, about two years ago.

Abby: Two years ago? *(To Max.)* But, you and I were involved two years ago.

Max: Yes, but I was still wrestling with my feelings. I was in denial.

Wynn: *(To Roger.)* And what about you? Two years ago is when you fell in love with me.

Roger: Well, I was trying to make Max jealous. *(To Max.)* Can you forgive me?

Max: Of course.

Abby: *(To Roger.)* But, what about those times when you said you hated him?

Roger: Hated him?

Abby: You couldn't stand him! You called him an arrogant ass.

Roger: I what?

Abby: And a heartless egomaniac.

Roger: I did nothing of the...

Abby: And a contemptuous swindler.

Roger: All right!! God, that was two years ago. You can't boil a hot dog but you can quote what I said two years ago!! What are you, Rainman?

Wynn: Well, this is absolutely unbelievable. So, what happens now?

Max: Well, to be honest with you, Roger and I would like to give this thing a chance. You know, to see if we can make it work.

Roger: Yes, in fact, I was going to move in here for a little while. Abby, how's the closet space?

Abby: What??!

Wynn: All right, what exactly are you saying here?

Max: Well...I'm afraid we're leaving you.

Abby: Leaving us?? After everything we've done for you?? Who the hell do you think you are??

Wynn: Abby, wait...

Abby: Do you honestly think we're just going to let you walk out?

Wynn: Abby, please. It appears they've made up their minds.

Abby: I don't give a damn what they've made up! You have got some nerve, mister!

Wynn: Abby, listen to me! They're leaving us.

Abby: Yes, well that's what they think! I.....Ohhh.

Wynn: Yes, and there's nothing we can do about it. *(To Max and Roger.)* Is there nothing we can do?

Max: Nothing.

Roger: Sorry.

Wynn: *(To Abby.)* You see? I guess we'll just have to take it like two mature adults and walk away.

Abby: Yes. Now?

Wynn: Right now.

Max: I knew you'd understand, Wynn. And we really are sorry. We tried to hold our feelings in abeyance, but, the attraction was just too strong.

Wynn: Please, Max, don't make any feeble excuses on our account, all right? I mean, I'll be okay. It may take a while, but I'll bounce back. I'll survive. But what you've done to Abby is unforgivable. Look at her.

(Roger and Max look at Abby. She is smiling. She quickly realizes this and turns her smile to a whimper.)

Abby: Wynn, can you take me out of here, please?

Wynn: Yes, dear.

Abby: I'm feeling faint.

Wynn: Of course you are. Who can blame you? *(Wynn picks up the camera and leads Abby to the door.)*

Roger: Wynn?

Wynn: *(Stopping.)* What?

Roger: The camera?

(Wynn holds the camera case out to Roger and then drops it on the floor. Wynn and Abby exit out the front door.)

Roger: Thank you.

Max: Wow.

Roger: Yeah, wow.

Max: They certainly took it hard, didn't they?

Roger: They sure did.

Abby: &
Wynn: (*Off.*) Woo-hoo!!

Roger: What was that?

Max: Must be those stupid whippoorwills. They're all over this place.

Roger: Well, I guess that's it, Max. I guess we've done it, haven't we?

Max: I guess we have.

Roger: Whew! New-found freedom, huh?

Max: That's right.

Roger: Yes, sir. Just breathe in that air. That's the air of liberation my friend. You betcha. So, what do we do now?

Max: We?

Roger: Well, you know, what are you gonna do?

Max: Well, you know what? I might just sell everything and find myself an island somewhere, Roger. A nice, quiet, lonely island. How about you?

Roger: Oh, I don't know. Keep writing I guess. Do some living. Maybe do something crazy like go to Spain and run with the bulls.

Max: That's pretty dangerous.

Roger: Well, then maybe go to Scotland and run with the sheep. I don't know.

Max: Well, I wish you all the best, Rog.

(Max shakes Roger's hand.)

Roger: Thanks. So, listen, Max, when you find that island of yours and you get settled, drop me a line and maybe I'll come for a visit.

Max: Visit?

Roger: Yeah, like for a weekend or something.

- Max: Absolutely. You'll be the first one I call.
- Roger: Great. God, I love it down in the tropics. Oh, did you like the way I threw that Martinique thing in there? Telling them that's where it started?
- Max: Yes, nice touch. Not hard to see why you're such a successful writer.
- Roger: Well, you said we had to be convincing. And it was very believable too because so much happened while we were down there, remember? I mean, the sunbathing, the Germans.
- Max: The what?
- Roger: The Germans. The ones we were going to go scuba diving with. Ilsa and Helmut or something.
- Max: Sorry, I don't remember any Germans.
- Roger: Sure, we bought them drinks. Pina Coladas. Great big things.
- Max: Sorry.
- Roger: You don't remember?
- Max: I'm afraid not.
- Roger: We sang Eidelweiss together.
- Max: Roger? I said I don't remember. I don't. What is it with you and these Germans?
- Roger: It's nothing.
- Max: Well, it must be something to have you going on like this.
- Roger: No, it's not important, really. I barely remember them myself. Well, I'd better shove off. I've got a life to start living out there.

(He moves to the door then stops.)

Tell me something, Max. Everything aside. Cards on the table. I mean, this is the last time you and I are ever going to see each other. You know that and I know that. And I mean, the four of us have probably lied so much over the years that it's hard to tell where the truth ends and the lies begin, so just this once, let's be honest with

each other, Max. What do you say?

Max: All right, Roger. Let's do that.

Roger: Good. Now, truthfully, now, all these years...did you like me?

Max: Roger....I've never felt that close to another man in my life.

Roger: Really?

Max: Not ever.

Roger: Well, how about that?

Max: And what about you?

Roger: Me?

Max: Yes. I'm curious too. How did you feel about me?

Roger: Max, I always thought you were an absolute...prince. Just a prince of a guy. Oh, and Max? I never told you this, but, I do love that tennis court out there.

(Max gets up and looks out the patio door to the tennis court. When his back is turned, Roger takes the cigarette case off of the table and puts it in his coat.)

Max: Oh, thank you. Yes, I'm quite fond of it myself.

Roger: Well, I'm off.

Max: Safe journey, Rog!

Roger: So long, Maxie!

(Roger exits.)

Max: *(To himself.)* It was Katrina and Heinrich you twit. *(Max goes to the phone and dials a number. Then he speaks to the phone.)* Jerome? Good news. It's done....That's right. And as it turns out, I didn't even have to bring your name into it. So, listen, why don't you drive out tonight? We'll open a bottle of wine, put on some Coltrane....*(His smile turns to sternness.)* Coltrane.

(Lights down. End.)

