



**MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT** by paddy Chayefsky

*The middle-aged manufacturer tries to explain his love for this young secretary to his sister.*

You know, I love her, Evelyn. What should I tell you, I don't love her? I love her. I'm trying very hard to be sensible about his business, but my head feels like it's going to explode like a bomb.. She tells me her husband is at her house. You don't think I'm not jealous? I'm jealous. You know what just flashed through my mind? Maybe, she went to bed with him. You know that makes me feel sick? I feel sick. Why would she call me one-thirty in the morning? Something must have happened there. I said to her: "It's half past one, for God's sakes." No, she wants to see me right away. Have you ever seen me in a state like this? Is there anything more pathetic than a middle-aged man who falls in love? I'll never be sure if she really loves me. I held her in my arms, and she told me she loved me, and even as she was saying the words, I was thinking: "She's caught up in the moment." She called me on the phone five minutes ago. I was very calm. Calm. My whole stomach fell out. What can she see in me, a man with a paunch, for God's sakes? A hundred good-looking young fellows will chase her around the block, what can she want from me? I mean, let's face the facts, for God's sakes! She doesn't love me! All right, she loves me. I'm a nice man, I've got a kind heart. But she doesn't love me like – I don't know what. It's sweet what we have, but it isn't in the fingers. It isn't in the muscles. It isn't love, you know what I mean? It isn't a man and a woman. Oh, I don't know what! All I know is I'm trembling and I'm nervous.