

JACK. In order to be funny.
LISA. Well. So you're the funny one.

JACK. Have we met before?

LISA. No. But we know who we are.

DON. You want me to call you a cab? Jack? (*Jack walks up to Lisa. He puts his arm around Don. He smiles.*)

JACK. Don tells me you're a very talented sculptress.
(*Blackout.*)

SCENE 6

The park. Jack and Phil sitting on a bench. Jack with a child's toy in his hand. Phil looking out front.

PHIL. I would have destroyed myself for this woman. Gladly. I would have eaten garbage. I would have sliced my wrists open. Under the right circumstances, I mean, if she said, "Hey, Phil, why don't you just cut your wrists open," well, come on, but if *seriously* . . . We clicked, we connected on so many things, right off the bat, we talked about God for *three hours* once, I don't know what good it did, but that *intensity* . . . and the first time we went to bed, I didn't even touch her. I didn't *want* to, understand what I'm saying? And you know, I played it very casually, because, all right, I've had some rough experiences, I'm the first to admit, but after a couple of weeks I could feel we were right there, so I laid it down, everything I wanted to tell her, and . . . and she says to me . . . she says . . . "Nobody should ever need another person that badly." Do you *believe* that? "Nobody should ever . . ."! What is that? Is that something you saw on TV? I dump my *heart* on the table, you give me Joyce Dr. Fucking Brothers? "Need, need," I'm saying I *love* you, is that wrong? Is that not allowed anymore? (*Pause. Jack looks at him.*) And so what if I did need her? Is that so bad? All right, crucify me, I needed her! So *what!* I don't want to be by myself, I'm by myself I feel like I'm going out of my mind, I do. I sit there, I'm thinking forget it, I'm not gonna make it through the next *ten seconds*, I just can't *stand* it. But I do, somehow, I get through the ten seconds, but then I

have to do it all over again, cause they just keep coming, all these . . . seconds, floating by, while I'm waiting for something to happen, I don't know what, a car wreck, a nuclear war or something, that sounds awful but at least there'd be this *instant* when I'd know I was alive. Just once. Cause I look in the mirror, and I can't believe I'm really there. I can't believe that's me. It's like my body, right, is the size of, what, the Statue of Liberty, and I'm inside it, I'm down in one of the legs, this gigantic hairy leg, I'm scraping around inside my own foot like some tiny fetus. And I don't know who I am, or where I'm going. And I wish I'd never been born. (*Pause.*) Not only that, my hair is falling out, and that really *sucks*. (*Pause.*)

JACK. You know, Phil, in Cambodia . . . they don't have *time* to worry about things like that.

PHIL. Maybe I'll move there.

JACK. Well, keep in touch.

PHIL. Or maybe I'll just kill myself.

JACK. Hmm. (*Pause.*) Hey, Phil.

PHIL. What.

JACK. Let's see that smile.

PHIL. Leave me alone.

JACK. Ah, come on.

PHIL. Get *away*.

JACK. Come on, Phil, I see it, I see that smile, come on, come *on*, ooo, here it comes—

PHIL. I'm not *gonna*.

JACK. Yes you are, come on, just a little, just a weensy, just an unsey bunsey, just a meensee neensee, just a—

PHIL. All right, God damn it! I'm smiling, okay? I'm happy, oh I'm so *happy*, ha ha ha! I hate when you do this.

JACK. One day you'll miss me, Phil.

PHIL. Probably. (*Pause. He looks out.*) Well, Jason seems to be enjoying himself.

JACK. Why wouldn't he be?

PHIL. I don't know. He just seems . . . glad to be back.

JACK. I don't see what you're getting at.

PHIL. I'm just saying it's . . . good that . . . you and Carla . . . worked it out.

JACK. Worked what out?

