

A man has two women, one who loves him who he doesn't love and another who he loves and who doesn't love him.

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I'm sorry, baby, I asked you please. When I ask you please, I really wish you would listen.

I pick up a pack of cigarettes. I look down to take off the wrapper and I already took out the wrapper, before I could look down.

Listen to what you're saying, listen to yourself speak.

I can hear what I'm saying. I'm listening to me speak. I'm listening to me speak.

Yeah. We all are, and it's a little too much.

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I wish you would shut up.

I wish you would tell me to shut up more often.

I wish I could be that open with you, but I can't. You've told me to shut up too many times.

I never tell you to shut up. I interrupt you a lot, it's a different story.

I'm not saying never tell me to shut up. I'm saying I know I talk too much and I know you don't like it. I'm saying I'm trying to do that more with other people. Fill that need.

Other people don't know what you're talking about. I mean, they don't know what you mean. They don't know what you mean when you are trying to be most meaningful.

It's the other way around.

How so?

You don't know what you're talking about half the time.

Thanks! The other half...—

You say nothing the rest of the time.

I like this. This makes me feel like we're having a conversation, really. I like talking to you when we talk like this.

I like talking to you, period.

Yeah.

Speaking of talking, have you talked to her?

Her, no. I'm not. She doesn't understand.

She can understand. Anyway.

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OK, in the morning, my sense of smell is always much more powerful in the morning. That's when I smell it strongest.

I don't smell anything still. You don't know where it's coming from?

I hear a fizzing.

OK. Not this buzzing?

A fizzing. Like air escaping.

OK. Try to not think too much about it. It's probably something funny you ate, you got some garlic stuck in your teeth. Think of something else, do something else, what do you want to do? Let's do something.

I need to write down this thing I just remembered.

OK. Is it about the smell?

Yes.

Don't write it down. It'll taunt you, uh, haunt you.

OK. I want to make love, it's the only thing that could get my mind off of this smell.

OK. Can we first talk about something first?

OK.

OK, so I had this feeling recently like you look at me sometimes like someone that's taking me for granted—

OK, stop right there: I appreciate you. I mean, I value you. How do you even know when I'm taking you for granted or not, I mean, is it the eyes that change?

OK. It's none of those things. It's the way you never talk about what we are and what we are together and what we do. Before you used to talk about us, like our love doing this, our love being that. Our love being like a ship—

OK.

—an albatross!

OK, I see what you mean, and I know it's deeper than just that, it's about me and N.P. and this thing.

This thing is an albatross. Yuck.

Yuck. OK.

OK? No, yuck the thing, not our thing. Maybe our thing. What do you expect me to do, not talk about it?

Oh, OK, the "it," my "it", my big "it". It's not such an "it," it's a... more of a... I don't know.

You're trying to mock it.

I'm being super serious. I swear. I want our thing to go back to the ship. The albatross was a good thing, it's this huge bird, and they form deeply loving relationships, I told you this.

Yuck. I just don't like the imagery, I don't like you bringing imagery into this thing: why can't this be about us!

I love you, crazy. I crazy love you, like crazy, crazybunny.

OK. That, I know. But can we just talk honestly for a second?

No, can we talk honestly tomorrow? Seriously, can you do that for me, can we leave the serious talk for tomorrow? Can I ask for you to do that?

You're joking.

No, I really want to do this tomorrow and not today. Can you do that for me?

I want to talk about it now, I feel this and I want to talk about this right now, why can't we talk about it now?

No, I don't think we can talk about it.

No, I don't think we can talk about it?

No.

Let me make this clear: your terms, your terms!

No, there's give and take, there's me loving you and you loving me back.

Bullshit.

No, think about it.

I don't want to think about it.

No, think about it. We want to be together, we are together now. Trust reality, reality is that we are together now and we should enjoy being together.

So what the fuck was the ship of love about, the destination, our big future, fucking albatrosses for life?!

A journey, and adventure of togetherness.

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Mardi Gras. What do you think?

I think it's a terrible idea. I think I'd rather go anywhere else other than to Mardi Gras. I wish you would've started with some place much more exotic, much more interesting.

I like you too much to push for the outlandish.

What do you mean?

I thought Mardi Gras was close and fun and it involved us getting drunk. You're kinder to me when you drink, there are things to see. I was 100% thinking of you.

Right. Well, where would you want to go?

Anywhere else. Anyway, why do we bother with these fantasies?

Because we're not going anywhere?

No.

Yes.

You think we're not going anywhere, why don't you go find someone else? I'll tell you why, it's because you love me and you want to be with me. I understand all your hesitations.

You understand me, I'll give you that. But I think you're way off, on your tangents. I mean, I know you think I don't give a shit. I give a shit. I give a huge shit.

Asshole.

What? You know how I feel about that word.

No, I don't.

Asshole. Asshole. Do you like hearing it as much as you like saying it? Asshole. Asshole.

Asshole! Asshole! Asshole! It's the chorus of my relationship with you. It's what I sing to myself.

Gibberish. Gibberish. Gibberish.

Can we stop with this?

Everything good is bad, everything bad is good. Asshole good, asshole bad.

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I can't wait anymore. I have to love you now!

Now, I think we love each other plenty. What makes you think things like this?

Things like this make me think. I think I think I love you. But then I ask questions, I ask you questions, I ask questions to everyone.

About how I feel about you.

About how I feel about you. I tell you why.

LOUD THUNDER SOUND

Change your mind. I think you are silly thinking this will resolve itself through speech. This will resolve itself through action. Are you the one to take the action, am I the one to make the action? I think your talking gets nowhere. What are you going to do? I know how I feel about you, you don't know, how do you expect me to clarify your feelings for you? You want me to ask you piercing questions? Piercing abstract questions?

No, I want to be clear. I mean, I want to clear things up. I want to be clear. I mean, I want to speak clearly to you.

I think you're overacting. Can we tone it down a serious amount?

You want to talk light?

Yes, light as in feather. Not as in lightbulb.

I love you for this kind of attitude. This is the reason you and I stay together, this is magnetism.

What did we just look each other in the eye and agree to do? Let's talk about... oh, elephant!

LOUD ELEPHANT SOUND

Is everything back to normal yet? No. No, not at all. Everything's way fucked up.

LOUD ELEPHANT SOUND AND LOUD THUNDER SOUND

Is everything back to reasonably believable now?

I want to eat, I don't want to talk. You want to cook?

No, I want to talk.

Pass.

What if I provoke her? What if I provoke her? (Repeat in accelerated and in increasingly higher pitch)

Come here, let's figure out what we want to eat. Come, be close to me while we do this.

Everything that happens, happens to you, happens to the two of us. Is this too complicated for me to be talking about.

I don't know about that. I mean, I don't know why you would want to bring that in to this, that's from somewhere completely different. Can we please protect our situation here a little bit better? I feel invaded. I feel like you did something there that I didn't like.

I don't even remember who's who. Who's talking. Is this still you?

Did we take something? I mean, everything feels pretty wrong now. We took something.

Who's talking? Who's talking. Is this still me?

Ugh. I don't like how you sounded all fucked up. Are you trying to make sense? Are you trying to frustrate my attempts to make sense of this situation? Did we take something?

Drugs? We did not take drugs.

Oh. What happened? Nothing happened, right?

Right. Very little happened. Not much is happening. To us, to...

You need drama? You want to end with a bang? Loud gesture, thing that references this being a play, bang, curtain?

Definitely would be comforting. Or we could go on.

Ugh, things that reference this being a play.

What if we got naked?

Still a play, brave actors.

What if we did something wrong... what wrong things could we find to do here?

Fire extinguisher?

I would like that. But this is enough. I will say no more on the subject. We are here and we are here to stay. Just wanted to say hello, I guess. I like showing you I can follow you on your adventures. I think I mean I like seeing that you can follow me on these adventures.

I would do anything for you, to be with you, you inspire me.

I like you. You remind me of my younger self.

I'm only fake-curious, you know. I cutesify myself to let you boss me around. I have this whole thing figured out. You really get to the heart of me. I'm never on cue with you, I'm always spontaneous, I'm always spontaneous. Right.

Stopping to think about something?

Yeah, is that OK? I will act as if yes.

When will I know you are done?

You won't.

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I have this radical need to write and smoke.

I doubt it will do me any good. It's the last time I sit here and hear that being said and not do anything about it.

Are you trying to encourage me to write or encourage me to have an argument?

I'm having trouble reading your facial expression. Light the cigarette. See where it gets you.

You always treat it as if I'm trying to quit. I'm trying to do two things at once.

I'm done.

Not so soon.

Again, again, again. What is being played out here? At what point does this become your therapy? Do you not appreciate it when I put it like this?

How long will this take?

Make it quick, smoke your cigarette, get it out of your system. Tell me how you feel about it. Who are you going to write about? You write about people when you write.

I write about situations. Right now I need to write about myself. That involves writing about you. Writing about all three of us.

I don't want to be here for this.

I didn't ask you to stay. Is there any coffee left? Ponderously.

Ponderously, elephants, you push everything through. What resistance can I put up to this track? You will take me where you want to go. In or out, I'm playing this according to you. I try to follow the things you say, the jumps you make. Let me assert something here.

I've been trying to let you speak all this time. I feel like you weren't speaking like yourself for much of our time together.

I reminded you of someone else?

Yes, of someone who also did something like that. Someone who spoke to me in a different voice from... Do I need to make everything more complicated. Lizzy was like that and that's why I ended it with her. I like it when you assert yourself.

You give me no space to breathe. I feel like I can't talk to you.

Even now, when I'm trying to step out of the way?

Good luck. Why don't you ask me something that shows me you care.

I'd rather we did that. Let's get back to this being about us.

For real. Don't say anything that means anything else. Starting now.

Do you love me?

Yes.

Do you think I don't love you enough?

Yes.

Do you think I love her more than I love you?

Yes.

Do you think I will leave you as soon as she gives me some signal that she wants to be with me?

Yes.

Do you stay with me because you think she won't?

No. I stay with you because I think you love me.

But you just said.

Yes.

I don't understand.

Can we change the subject then?

I don't see why not.

Have you ever done any theater?

What, are you kidding me?

Yes. I mean, no, have you?

This is how you do it? Just like that? I want a sandwich. A club sandwich.

I have all the ingredients. Do you want one with two layers, crusts cut?

Yep. Love ya hon.

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