

DAN

I want Anna back.

LARRY

She's made her choice.

DAN

I owe you an apology. I fell in love with her. My intention was not to make you suffer.

LARRY

Where's the apology? You cunt.

DAN

I apologize. If you love her, you'll let her go, so she can be happy.

LARRY

She doesn't want to be happy.

DAN

Everybody wants to be happy.

LARRY

Depressives don't. They want to be unhappy to confirm they're depressed. If they were happy, they couldn't be depressed anymore. They'd have to go out into the world and live, which can be depressing.

DAN

Anna's not a depressive.

LARRY

Isn't she?

DAN

I love her.

LARRY

Boo hoo. So do I.

DAN

She's gone back to you because she can't bear your suffering. You don't know who she is. You love her like a dog loves its owner.

LARRY

And the owner loves the dog for so doing.

DAN

You'll hurt her. You'll never forgive her.

LARRY

Of course I'll forgive her. I have forgiven her. Without forgiveness, we're savages. You're drowning.

DAN

You only met her because of me.

LARRY

Yeah. Thanks.

DAN

It's a joke. Your marriage is a joke.

LARRY

Here's a good one: she never sent the divorce papers to her lawyer. Now, to a towering romantic hero like you, I don't doubt I am somewhat common, but I am nevertheless what she has chosen, and we must respect what the woman wants. If you go near her again, I swear I will kill you. Mhm. Okay. I have patients to see.

DAN

When she came here, do you think she enjoyed it?

LARRY

I didn't do it to give her a nice time. I fucked her to fuck you up. A good fight is never clean. And yeah, of course she enjoyed it. As you know, she loves a guilty fuck.

DAN

You're an animal.

LARRY

Yeah? What are you?

DAN

You think love is simple. You think the heart is like a diagram.

LARRY

Have you ever seen a human heart? It looks like a fist wrapped in blood. Go fuck yourself. You writer. You liar. You go check a few facts while I get my hands dirty.

DAN

She hates your hands. She hates your simplicity.

LARRY

Listen, I spent the whole of the last week talking about you. I know all your little ways. Anna tells me you fucked her with your eyes closed. She tells me you wake in the night crying for your mother, you mommy's boy. I could go on. Should we stop this? It's over. Accept it. You don't know the first thing about love because you don't understand compromise. Don't cry on me.

DAN

I'm sorry. I don't know what to do.

LARRY

You want my advice? You go back to Alice.

DAN

She'd never have me. She's vanished.

LARRY

No, she hasn't. I've found her. By accident. She's working in a club. Yes, I saw her naked. No, I did not fuck her.

DAN

You spoke to her?

LARRY

Yes, yes, I know. One minute.

DAN
How is she?

LARRY
She loves you beyond comprehension.
Your prescription is where she
works. Go to her.

DAN
Thank you.

LARRY
You're still pissing about on the
'net?

DAN
Not recently.

LARRY
I wanted to kill you.

DAN
But you wanted to fuck me.

LARRY
Don't get lippy. I like your book,
by the way.

DAN
Thanks. You stand alone.

LARRY
With Anna. You still writing
obituaries? Busy?

DAN
I was made editor.

LARRY
Yeah? How come?

DAN
Previous editor died. Alcohol
poisoning. I sat with him for a
week in the hospital.

LARRY
I really do have patients to see.

DAN
Thank you.

LARRY
For what?

DAN

Being kind.

LARRY

I am kind. Your invoice is in the
post. Dan. I lied to you. I did
fuck Alice. Sorry for telling you.
I'm just not big enough to forgive
you, buster.