

HURLYBURLY

Eddie: You wanna go out and eat? Let's go out. What are you hungry for? How about Chinese?

Darlene: Sure.

Eddie: We could go to Mr. Chou's. Treat ourselves right.

Darlene: That's great. I love the seaweed.

Eddie: I mean, you want Chinese?

Darlene: I love Mr. Chou's.

Eddie: We could go to some other place. How about Ma Maison?

Darlene: Sure.

Eddie: You like that better than Mr. Chou's?

Darlene: I don't like it better, but it's great. Which one is your preference?

Eddie: Well, I want - you know - this should be - I'd like this to be your choice.

Darlene: It doesn't matter to me.

Eddie: Which one should I call?

Darlene: Just pick one. Either.

Eddie: I don't want to guess. I mean, what if I pick the wrong one?

Darlene: You can't pick the wrong one. Honestly, Eddie, I like them both the same. I like them both exactly the same.

Eddie: Exactly?

Darlene: Yes. I like them both.

Eddie: I mean, how can you possibly think you like them both the same? One is French and one is Chinese. They're different. They're as different as - I mean, what is the world, one big blur to you out there in which everything that bears some resemblance to something else is just automatically put at the same level in your hierarchy, for chrissake, Darlene, the only thing they have in common is that they're both restaurants!

Darlene: Are you aware that you're yelling?

Eddie: My voice is raised for emphasis, which is a perfectly legitimate use of volume. Particularly when, in addition, I evidently have to break through this goddamn cloud in which you are obviously enveloped in which everything is just this blur totally void of the most rudimentary sort of distinction.

Darlene: Just call the restaurant, why don't you?

Eddie: Why are you doing this?

Darlene: I'm hungry. I'm just trying to get something to eat before I faint.

Eddie: The fuck you are. You're up to something.

Darlene: What do you mean, what am I up to? You're telling me I don't know if I'm hungry or not? I'm hungry!

Eddie: Bullshit!

Darlene: 'Up to'? Paranoia, Eddie. Para-fucking-noia. Your tendencies are coming out all over the place.

Eddie: I'm fine.

Darlene: I mean, to stand there screeching at me about what-am-I-up-to is paranoid.

Eddie: Not if you're up to something, it's not.

Darlene: I'm not. Take my word for it, you're acting a little nuts.

Eddie: I'm supposed to trust your judgement of my mental stability? You can't even tell the difference between a French and a Chinese restaurant!

Darlene: I like them both. (Beat) Is that what this is all about? Those two guys. I happened to mention two guys!

Eddie: I just want to know if this is a pattern. Chinese restaurants and you can't tell the difference between people.

Darlene: Oh Eddie, Oh Eddie, Eddie.

Eddie: What?

Darlene: Oh Eddie, Eddie.

Eddie: What?

Darlene: I just feel really awful. This is really depressing. I really like you. I really do.

Eddie: Well, don't feel too bad, okay?

Darlene: I do. I feel bad.

Eddie: But, I mean, just - we have to talk about these things, right? That's all. This is okay.

Darlene: No, no.

Eddie: Just don't - you know, on the basis of this, make any sort of grand, kind of overwhelming, comprehensive, kind of, you know, totally conclusive assessment here. That would be absurd, you know. I mean, this is an isolated, individual thing here, no -

Darlene: No.

Eddie: Sure, I mean, sometimes what is it? It's stuff, other stuff, stuff under stuff, you're doing one thing you think it's something else. I mean, it's always there, the family thing, the childhood thing, it's - sometimes it comes up, I go off. I'm not even where I seem anymore. I'm not there.

Darlene: Eddie, I think I should go.

Eddie: I'm trying to explain.

Darlene: I know all about it.

Eddie: Whata you know all about?

Darlene: I know all I - what is it, a test? I mean, I know: your parents were these religious lunatics, these pious frauds, who periodically beat the shit out of you.

Eddie: They weren't just religious, and they didn't just -

Darlene: Your father was a minister, I know.

Eddie: What denomination?

Darlene: Fuck you.

Eddie: You said you knew.

Darlene: I don't think there's a lot more we ought to, with any, you know, honesty, allow ourselves in the way of bullshit about our backgrounds to exonerate what is our just plain mean behavior to one another.

Eddie: That's not what I'm doing.

Darlene: So, what are you doing?

Eddie: They took me in the woods, they prayed and then they beat the shit out of me; they prayed and beat me with sticks. He talked in tongues.

Darlene: She broke your nose and blacked your eyes, I know.

Eddie: Because I wanted to watch Range Rider on TV, and she considered it a violent program. (Phone rings) So she broke my nose. That's insane.

Darlene: But I don't care, Eddie. I don't care. (She's really ready to go now)

Eddie: Whata you mean?

Darlene: I mean, it doesn't matter.

Eddie: It doesn't matter? What are you talking about?

Darlene: It doesn't.

Eddie: No, no, no. (Yells into the phone) Hold on. (Turns to Darlene) No, no, it matters. And you care. What you mean is, it doesn't make any difference. (Into phone) Hello.

Darlene: I can't stand this goddamn semantic insanity anymore, Eddie - I can't be that specific about my feelings - I can't. Will you get off the phone!

Eddie: What? Oh, no. No, no. Oh, no.

Darlene: What?

Eddie: Wait there. There. I'll come over. (He hangs up and stands)

Darlene: Eddie, what? You look terrible. What? Eddie, who was that? What happened? Eddie!

Eddie: Phil's dead.

Darlene: What?

Eddie: Car. Car.

Darlene: Oh, Eddie, Eddie.

Eddie: I'm so sorry.

Eddie gives her a look and goes, and leaves her alone in the room.