START EDDIE: May, I'm tryin' to take care of you. All right?

> MAY: No, you're not. You're just guilty. Gutless and guilty.

EDDIE: Great.

(He moves down left to table, sticking close to wall.) (Pause)

MAY: (quietly, staying in corner) I'm gonna' kill her ya' know.

EDDIE: Who?

MAY: Who.

EDDIE: Don't talk like that.

(MAY slowly begins to move down stage right as EDDIE simultaneously moves up left. Both of them press the walls as they move)

MAY: I am. I'm gonna' kill her and then I'm gonna' kill you. Systematically. With sharp knives. Two separate knives. One for her and one for you. (She slams wall with her elbow. Wall resonates.) So the blood doesn't mix. I'm gonna' torture her first though. Not you. I'm just gonna' let you have it. Probably in the midst of a kiss. Right when you think everything's been healed up. Right in the moment when you're sure you've got me buffaloed. That's when you'll die.

(She arrives extreme down right at the very limits of the set. EDDIE in the extreme up left corner. Pause)

EDDIE: You know how many miles I went outa' my way just to come here and see you? You got any idea?

MAY: Nobody asked you to come.

EDDIE: Two thousand, four hundred and eighty.

MAY: Yeah? Where were you, Katmandu or something?

EDDIE: Two thousand, four hundred and eighty miles.

MAY: So what!

(He drops his head, stares at floor. Pause. She stares at him. He begins to move slowly down left, sticking close to wall as he speaks.)

EDDIE: I missed you. I did. I missed you more than anything I ever missed in my whole life. I kept thinkin' about you the whole time I was driving. Kept seeing you. Sometimes just a part of you.

MAY: Which part?

EDDIE: Your neck.

MAY: My neck?

EDDIE: Yeah.

MAY: You missed my neck?

EDDIE: I missed all of you but your neck kept coming up for some reason. I kept crying about your neck.

MAY: Crying?

EDDIE: (He stops by stage left door. She stays down right.) Yeah. Weeping. Like a little baby. Uncontrollable. It would just start up and stop and then start up all over again. For miles. I couldn't stop it. Cars would pass me on the road. People would stare at me. My face was all twisted up. I couldn't stop my face.

MAY: Was this before or after your little fling with the Countess?

EDDIE: (He bangs his head into wall. Wall booms.)
There wasn't any fling with any Countess!

MAY: You're a liar.

EDDIE: I took her out to dinner once, okay?

MAY: Ha!

(She moves upstage right wall.)

EDDIE: Twice.

MAY: You were bumping her on a regular basis! Don't gimme that shit.

EDDIE: You can believe whatever you want.

MAY: (she stops by bathroom door, opposite Eddie) I'll believe the truth! It's less confusing.

(Pause)

EDDIE: I'm takin' you back, May.

(She tosses pillow on bed and moves to upstage right corner.)

MAY: I'm not going back to that idiot trailer if that's what you think.

EDDIE: I'm movin' it. I got a piece of ground up in Wyoming.

MAY: Wyoming? Are you crazy? I'm not moving to Wyoming. What's up there? Marlboro Men?

EDDIE: You can't stay here.

MAY: Why not? I got a job. I'm a regular citizen here now.

EDDIE: You got a job?

MAY: (she moves back down to head of bed) Yeah. What'd you think, I was helpless?

EDDIE: No. I mean — it's been a long time since you had a job.

MAY: I'm a cook.

EDDIE: A cook? You can't even flip an egg, can you?

MAY: I'm not talkin' to you anymore!

(She turns away from him, runs into bathroom, slams door behind her. EDDIE goes after her, tries door but she's locked it.)

EDDIE: (at bathroom door) May, I got everything worked out. I been thinkin' about this for weeks. I'm gonna' move the trailer. Build a little pipe corral to keep the horses. Have a big vegetable garden. Some chickens maybe.

MAY'S VOICE: (unseen, behind bathroom door) I hate chickens! I hate horses! I hate all that shit! You know that. You got me confused with somebody else. You keep comin' up here with this lame country dream life with chickens and vegetables and I can't stand any of it. It makes me puke to even think about it.