

ALICE (V.O.) (cont.)  
Janet... No, it's okay, of  
course it's okay... You too.  
Talk to you soon.

There is a long silence.

MICHAEL  
(calling to her)  
That was a long one.

ALICE (V.O.)  
Yeah...

Alice comes into the living room. He tosses the ball to her.

MICHAEL  
So Gary's fucked up, huh.

Still holding the ball, Alice checks to see how much damage Michael's done to the wall.

MICHAEL  
I'm just offering an opinion here.

She tosses the ball back to him.

ALICE  
You don't know what Gary is  
going through.

And her voice indicates she's not going to tell him.

MICHAEL  
Aren't you going to ask me about  
the meeting?

The ball is back to Alice.

ALICE  
How was it?

Michael shrugs.

MICHAEL  
A lot of pissing and moaning.  
Not much, you know, getting on  
with life.

His voice is full of contempt. Alice tosses the ball to the other side of the room.

ALICE  
(quietly)  
Michael... This may come as a shock to you, but ... you haven't got a fucking clue as to what is going on here.

Michael considers that, with an edge of anger.

MICHAEL  
Oh.

ALICE  
I need these people who are going through the same hell I am.

MICHAEL  
And you don't need me, is that it?

She shakes her head in despair.

ALICE  
Listen to me---

MICHAEL  
I am. I am not the enemy here. I want you to make it.

ALICE  
But things were a lot more fun when I got drunk and came home and passed out in your arms of steel, huh?

MICHAEL  
No, they weren't. I don't miss cleaning up your puke---

ALICE  
Sure you do, clean it up, fix it up, little crazy glue, little sex, bunch of jokes, and the problem's all gone---

MICHAEL  
God forbid I should ever try to help you.

ALICE  
Sometimes I think--- I don't know--- One of the women, at the meeting. She's just coming out of a halfway-house...

She can't look at him...

ALICE

It's a place for people who aren't making it. In their home environment.

Silence. Then Michael laughs.

MICHAEL

You're kidding, right?

Alice doesn't answer.

MICHAEL

You're not.

Still no answer.

MICHAEL

Look at me. Look at me! You taking the girls? Gary gonna be there? How's his home environment?

ALICE

(surprised)

Gary?

MICHAEL

Yeah, I'm fucking sick of Gary---

ALICE

(truly puzzled)

He's got nothing to do with this.

She fiddles with the tie of her portfolio on the coffee table.

Michael suddenly grabs the portfolio and hurls it against the wall. Papers and drawings fly out.

ALICE

You shit...

MICHAEL

...oops, sorry, messed up part of your fucking home ENVIRONMENT!

She's really flinching...

MICHAEL

Is it...the couch? The area rug, maybe? Or could it be, I don't know...ME??

ALICE

Michael, this is not your problem...

MICHAEL

No, it's not my problem, it's just my fault! My poor diseased wife isn't making it in her home environment, because why, exactly...???

She opens her mouth, but...

MICHAEL

Just process of elimination here, do I beat you, not that it wouldn't tempt any sane husband in the state, do I cheat on you, not that I haven't had a couple of offers which...

ALICE

Asshole, I'm not your problem.

And that stops him.

ALICE

(strongly)

I'm not your problem to solve.

Silence.

ALICE

I am lost. And alone. There is a screaming in my head you can't hear.

That gets to him. He reaches to touch her, and she SLAPS his hand away.

ALICE

Fuck that, fuck making it better. It isn't getting better, I don't know how to make it better, and I swear to God, you don't either!!

MICHAEL

Babe...

ALICE

...everytime you say that, everytime you look at me, I want to come right out of my skin!

She shudders slightly. Her revulsion chills him.

ALICE

You are always... trying to help, trying to love, trying to work on it, solve it, fix it, and...

If she weren't so angry she'd be crying.

ALICE

...you make me feel like a stupid, worthless, weak...animal, or something, because i don't know how to try. God, maybe I could love you again...

He flinches at the terrible sound of that.

ALICE

...If you could just for once say, "I don't know".

MICHAEL

I don't know.

Staring at each other...

MICHAEL

Didn't work, did it.

He draws a breath and stands.

MICHAEL

I'm getting out of here.

ALICE

I didn't say I wanted you to go...

MICHAEL

No, you're clean. You just stay confused and helpless. You keep polishing those skills.

He's as angry as she's ever seen him.

MICHAEL

I don't really mind leaving. Because, I touch someone, I like it better when her skin doesn't crawl.

Barely murmurs...

MICHAEL

...so, fuck me.

He turns. And he's gone.