

MAY: Eddie—

EDDIE: You wanna' hear the rest of the story, don't ya', Martin?

MARTIN: *(pause. He looks at MAY, then back to EDDIE.)* Sure.

MAY: Martin, let's go. Please.

MARTIN: I—

*(Long pause. EDDIE and MARTIN stare at each other.)*

EDDIE: You what?

MARTIN: I don't mind hearing the rest of it if you want to tell the rest of it.

THE OLD MAN: *(to himself)* I'm dyin' to hear it myself.

*(EDDIE leans back in his chair. Grins.)*

MAY: *(to EDDIE)* What do you think this is going to do? Do you think this is going to change something?

EDDIE: No.

MAY: Then what's the point?

EDDIE: It's absolutely pointless.

MAY: Then why put everybody through this. Martin doesn't want to hear this bullshit. I don't want to hear it.

EDDIE: I know you don't wanna' hear it.

MAY: Don't try to pass it off on me! You got it all turned around, Eddie. You got it all turned around. You don't even know which end is up anymore. Okay. I don't need either of you. I don't need any of it because I already know the rest of the story.

I know the whole rest of the story, see. *(she speaks directly to EDDIE, who remains sitting)* I know it just exactly the way it happened. Without any little tricks added onto it.

*(THE OLD MAN leans over to EDDIE, confidentially.)*

THE OLD MAN: What does she know?

EDDIE: *(to THE OLD MAN)* She's lying.

*(Lights begin to shift down again in the course of MAY'S story. She moves very slowly downstage, then crosses toward THE OLD MAN as she tells it.)*

MAY: You want me to finish the story for you, Eddie? Huh? You want me to finish this story?

*(Pause as MARTIN sits again.)*

MAY: See, my mother—the pretty red-haired woman in the little white house with the red awning—was desperately in love with the old man. Wasn't she, Eddie? You could tell that right away.

You could see it in her eyes. She was obsessed with him to the point where she couldn't stand being without him for even a second. She kept hunting for him from town to town. Following little clues that he left behind, like a postcard maybe, or a motel on the back of a matchbook. *(to MARTIN)* He never left her a phone number or an address or anything as simple as that because my mother was his secret, see. She hounded him for years and he kept trying to keep her at a distance because the closer these two separate lives drew together, these two separate women, these two separate kids, the more nervous he got. The more filled with terror that the two lives would find out about each other and devour him whole. That his secret would take him by the throat. But finally she caught up with him. Just by a process of elimination she dogged him down. I remember the day we discovered the town. She was on fire. "This is it!" she kept saying; "this is the place!" Her whole body was trembling as we walked through the streets, looking for the house where he lived. She kept squeezing my hand to the point where I thought she'd crush the bones in my fingers. She was terrified she'd come across him by accident on the street because she knew she was trespassing. She knew she was crossing this forbidden zone but she couldn't help herself. We walked all day through that stupid hick town. All day long. We went through every neighborhood, peering through every open window, looking in at every dumb family, until finally we found him.

*(Rest.)*

It was just exactly suppertime and they were all sitting down at the table and they were having fried chicken. That's how close we were to the window. We could see what they were eating. We could hear their voices but we couldn't make out what they were saying. Eddie and his mother were talking but the old man never said a word. Did he, Eddie? Just sat there eating his chicken in silence.

THE OLD MAN: *(to EDDIE)* Boy, is she ever off the wall with this one. You gotta' do somethin' about this.

MAY: The funny thing was, that almost as soon as we'd found him—he disappeared. She was only with him about two weeks before he just vanished. Nobody saw him after that. Ever. And my mother—just turned herself inside out. I never could understand that. I kept watching her grieve, as though somebody'd died. She'd pull herself up into a ball and just stare at the floor.



And I couldn't understand that because I was feeling the exact opposite feeling. I was in love, see. I'd come home after school, after being with Eddie, and I was filled with this joy and there she'd be—standing in the middle of the kitchen staring at the sink. Her eyes looked like a funeral. And I didn't know what to say. I didn't even feel sorry for her. All I could think of was him.

THE OLD MAN: (to EDDIE) She's gettin' way outa' line, here.

MAY: And all he could think of was me. Isn't that right, Eddie. We couldn't take a breath without thinking of each other. We couldn't eat if we weren't together. We couldn't sleep. We got sick at night when we were apart. Violently sick. And my mother even took me to see a doctor. And Eddie's mother took him to see the same doctor but the doctor had no idea what was wrong with us. He thought it was the flu or something. And Eddie's mother had no idea what was wrong with him. But my mother—my mother knew exactly what was wrong. She knew it clear down to her bones. She recognized every symptom. And she begged me not to see him but I wouldn't listen. Then she begged Eddie not to see me but he wouldn't listen. Then she went to Eddie's mother and begged her. And Eddie's mother—(pause. She looks straight at EDDIE)—Eddie's mother blew her brains out. Didn't she, Eddie? Blew her brains right out.

THE OLD MAN: (standing. He moves from the platform onto the stage, between EDDIE and MAY) Now, wait a second! Wait a second. Just a goddamn second here. This story doesn't hold water. (To EDDIE, who stays seated) You're not gonna' let her off the hook with that one are ya'? That's the dumbest version I ever heard in my whole life. She never blew her brains out. Nobody ever told me that. Where the hell did that come from? (to EDDIE, who remains seated) Stand up! Get on yer feet now goddammit! I wanna' hear the male side a' this thing. You gotta' represent me now. Speak on my behalf. There's no one to speak for me now! Stand up!

(EDDIE stands slowly. Stares at THE OLD MAN.)

THE OLD MAN: Now tell her. Tell her the way it happened. We've got a pact. Don't forget that.

EDDIE: (calmly to THE OLD MAN) It was your shotgun. Same one we used to duck-hunt with. Browning. She never fired a gun before in her life. That was her first time.

THE OLD MAN: Nobody told me any a' that. I was left completely in the dark.

EDDIE: You were gone.

THE OLD MAN: Somebody could've found me! Somebody could've hunted me down. I wasn't that impossible to find.

EDDIE: You were gone.

THE OLD MAN: That's right, I was gone! I was gone. You're right.

THE OLD MAN: That's disconnected. There was nothing cut off in me.

But I wasn't disconnected. There was nothing cut off in me.

Everything went on just the same as though I'd never left. (to MAY) But your mother—your mother wouldn't give it up, would she?

(THE OLD MAN moves toward MAY and speaks directly to her. MAY keeps her eyes on EDDIE, who every slowly turns toward her in the course of the OLD MAN'S speech. Once their eyes meet they never leave each other's gaze.)

THE OLD MAN: (to MAY) She drew me to her. She went out of her way to draw me in. She was a force. I told her I'd never come across for her. She wouldn't listen. She kept opening up her heart to me. How could I turn her down when she loved me like that? How could I turn away from her? We were completely whole.

(EDDIE and MAY just stand there staring at each other. THE OLD MAN moves back to EDDIE. Speaks to him directly.)

THE OLD MAN: (to EDDIE) What're you doin'? Speak to her. Bring her around to our side. You gotta' make her see this thing in a clear light.

(Very slowly EDDIE and MAY move toward each other.)

THE OLD MAN: (to EDDIE) Stay away from her! What the hell are you doin'? Keep away from her! You two can't come together! You gotta' hold up my end a' this deal. I got nobody now! Nobody! You can't betray me! You gotta' represent me now! You're my son!

(EDDIE and MAY come together center stage. They kiss each other tenderly. Headlights suddenly arc across stage again from up right, cutting across the stage through window, then disappearing off left. Sound of loud collision, shattering glass, an explosion. Bright orange and blue light of a gasoline fire suddenly illuminates upstage window. Then sounds of horses screaming wildly, hooves galloping on pavement, fading, then total silence. Light of gas fire continues now to end of play.)