

12:30 - Mon

When a man loves a woman

M: Hi

A: Hey.

M: You Ok?

A: Neyer Better.

M: What happened? Something at AA?

A: I'll Be OK; it's just a really bad day.

M: You want to tell me what's wrong? Something I can do?

A: Thank you but...

M: Can't fix it unless we know it's broke.

A: How was your meeting?

M: ~~First time, I'll get used to it. There were a lot of people there feeling sorry for themselves. It's like an alcoholic has ruined their lives and they would rather be a victim than try to fix it.~~

A: Fix it huh?

M: What did I do now Alice?

A: Nothing Michel, nothing.

M: ~~I'm talking about some losers at my meeting; you're taking it personally.~~

A: ~~The trouble with all these losers at your meeting, is that they're not perfect like some people. They're married to alcoholics, who are bouncing off the walls, and they don't know what the fuck to do. So you might have to be a little tolerant, give them the benefit of your expertise, and problem solving.~~

~~M: Good meeting huh? You guys drop acid or something?~~

A: Like I said I'm having a really bad day, and I don't mean to take it out on you.

M: what is it? You want a drink real bad?

A: That wouldn't distinguish it from any other day Michel.

M: One of your friends fall off the wagon?

A: Nothing happened Michel. Nothing has to happen for me to have a bad day, That's the thrilling part of all this. It just comes, and hits, and runs me over like a goddamn freight train.

M: OK, when's the next freight train coming through? You got a printed schedule? Cause I could plan around these things, you know, and give you the space so you can, you know, smoke.

A: Maybe you shouldn't have to Michel. One of the women at my meetings is going to a halfway house, because she's not making it in her home environment, and I...

M: What? You're actually thinking about this?

A: I don't know, wait. Now don't start jumping to conclusions...

M: What? Excuse me for taking my life personally Alice. What is wrong with our home? Nothing. You said it was something, what is it huh? Is it the couch? Is it an area rug? Or is it possibly Alice, Alicia, Me? !! Is it me? !!!!

A: It's not your problem

M: NO! It's not my problem! It's just my fuking fault!! Everything is my fault! My sick wife is not making it in her home environment why exactly?

A: I am not your problem. I am not your problem to solve. It was so much more fun in the old days wasn't it Michele? I'd get drunk, I'd pass out, and you'd put me back together, that was the best huh? That made you feel good, and that's what hurts. (He moves in to touch her) Oh fuck that!, fuck making it better Michele! It's not getting better! I don't know how to make it better, and I swear to god you don't either!

M: Baby.

A: every time you say that, every time you look at me like that Michele, I want to come right out of my skin. You make me feel like a stupid worthless weak animal. I don't know how to try anymore.

M: you're not giving up. We're sticking together isn't that what we're supposed to be trying for?

A: No Michele, we're supposed to try to be real. And when you feel alone, you are not together, and that is real. And when you don't know, you just don't know. (I think I could love you again, if you could just for once say I don't know.

M: I don't know. Didn't work did it? I'll go pack some stuff.

A: Michele I didn't ask you to do that?

M: No Alice?

A: No

M: No?

A: No.)

ALLRIGHT

M: Come on let's be real. You're clean. You stay hopeless, and confused. (Something in Spanish?) and I'll take the heat, cause I got some needs of my own. When I touch some one, I like it better when their skin doesn't crawl.

A: That's not what I meant.

M: My wife hurts, I need to say, what's wrong honey? Something I can do? And I love you. So fuck me. (He exits)