

*(Eddie takes a huge toke on a joint)*

MICKEY: Do you realize, Eddie, that you are now toking in at eight fifty-eight in the morning on top of the shit you already put up your nose? You're going to show up at work looking like you got a radish for a nose. You're going to show up talking like a fish.

EDDIE: Don't worry about it, okay?

MICKEY: Is that supposed to fuck me up?

EDDIE: You don't have to worry about me, Mickey.

MICKEY: What kind of tone is that?

EDDIE: What do you mean, what kind of tone is that? That's my tone.

MICKEY: So what does it mean?

EDDIE: My tone? What does my tone mean? I don't have to interpret my fucking tone to you, Mickey. I don't know what it means. What do you think it means?

MICKEY: Just don't get clandestine on me, Eddie; that's all I'm saying.

EDDIE: But there are not a lot of dynamite ladies around anywhere you look, Mickey, as we both know, and I am the one who met Darlene first. I am the one who brought her by, and it was obvious from the get-go that Darlene was a dynamite lady, this was a very special lady.

MICKEY: We hit it off, Eddie, you know. I asked you.

EDDIE: Absolutely. Look, I'm not claiming any reprehensible behavior on anybody's part, but don't ask me not to have my feelings hurt, okay. I'm not saying anything went on behind my back or I was deceived or anything. Nevertheless, the situation has had an effect on me. I mean, we are all sophisticated people, and Darlene and I most certainly had no exclusive commitment of any kind whatsoever to each other, blah-blah-blah.

MICKEY: That's exactly what I'm saying. Rapateta.

EDDIE: There's no confusion here, Mickey, but have a little empathy for crissake. I bring this very special

lady to my house to meet my roommate, my best friend, and I haven't been interested in a woman for years, seriously, and I have this horror show of a marriage in my background, and everybody knows it, so blah-blah-blah, they have this attraction to each other. My roommate and my new girl—I'm just trying to tell the story here, Mickey; nobody's to blame. Certainly not you. I mean, you came to me, you had experienced these vibes between yourself and Darlene—isn't that what you said?—I mean, you correct me if I'm wrong—but would I mind, you wondered, if you and Darlene had dinner in order to, you know, determine the nature of these vibes, or would that bother me? That's a fair—I mean, reasonable representation of what you asked.

MICKEY: I just—I mean, from my point of view, the point is—the main point is, I asked.

EDDIE: I know this.

MICKEY: That—in my opinion—is the paramount issue, the crucial issue. And I don't want it forgotten.

EDDIE: Nothing from yesterday is forgotten, Mickey. You don't have to worry about that.

MICKEY: Why do we have to go through this? I just wanna have some breakfast. I mean, couldn't you have said, “no”? Couldn't you have categorically, definitively said “no” when I asked? But you said—“Everybody's free, Mickey.” That's what you said.

EDDIE: Everybody is free.

MICKEY: So what's this then?

EDDIE: This? You mean this? This conversation?

MICKEY: Yeah.

EDDIE: This is just my trying to maintain a, you know, viable relationship with reality. I'm just trying to make certain I haven't drifted off into some, you know, solitary paranoid fantasy system of my own, totally unfounded and idiosyncratic invention. I'm just trying to stay in reality, Mickey, that's all. Don't you want me to be in reality? I personally want us both to be in reality.

MICKEY: Absolutely. That's what I want. I mean, I want us both to be in reality. Absolutely.

EDDIE: So that's what's going on here, you know, blah-blah-blah. Don't take it personally.

MICKEY: Blah-blah-blah.

EDDIE: So I was just wondering: You came in this morning at something like six-oh-two, so your dinner must

have been quite successful. These vibes must have been serious. I mean, sustaining, right?

MICKEY: Right. Yeah. You know.

EDDIE: Or does it mean—and I'm just trying to get the facts straight here, Mickey—does it mean you fucked her?

MICKEY: Darlene?

EDDIE: Right.

MICKEY: Darlene? Did I fuck Darlene? Last Night? Eddie, hey, I asked you. I thought we were clear on this thing.

EDDIE: We're almost clear.

MICKEY: What I mean, Eddie is, things happen, but if this bothers you, I mean, if this bothers you, I don't have to see her again. This is not worth our friendship, Eddie; you know that.

EDDIE: Wait a minute. You're not saying that you took my new girl, my very special dynamite girl out and you fucked her on a whim, I mean, a fling and it meant nothing?!?

MICKEY: No, no, no.

EDDIE: I mean, these vibes were serious, right? These vibes were the beginning of something very serious, right? They were the first, faint, you know, things of a serious relationship, right?

MICKEY: Hey, whatever.

EDDIE: I mean, I don't want to interfere with any possibilities for happiness in your life, Mickey.

MICKEY: Believe me, this is not a possibility for happiness in my life.

EDDIE: Well, it was in mine. It was such a possibility in mine.

MICKEY: I think you just have it maybe all out of proportion here, Eddie.

EDDIE: Yeah? So do me a breakdown.

MICKEY: I just think maybe she's not as dynamite as you might think.

EDDIE: Fuck you!

MICKEY: You always go a little crazy about women, Eddie.

EDDIE: You wanna let it alone, Mickey.

MICKEY: It's not a totally, you know, eccentric thing to happen to a guy, so don't get fucking defensive.

EDDIE: I mean, there's nothing here that necessitates any sort of underground smear campaign against Darlene.

MICKEY: No, no, no. I just want you to think about the possibility that things have gotten a little distorted.

That's all.

EDDIE: No.

MICKEY: You won't think about it?

EDDIE: I mean, bad-mouthing her just to get yourself off the hook—don't think you can do that.

MICKEY: Never. No, no.

EDDIE: It's not that I don't understand—it's that I do understand. It's just that I'm not so fucking sophisticated as to be totally beyond this entire thing, you see what I'm saying, Mickey. Blah-blah-blah—my heart is broken—blah-blah-blah.

MICKEY: Blah-blah-blah. Absolutely. So you want me to toast you what's left of the muffin? We can put some raisins on it—be sort of Danish. Somebody's got to go shopping.