

HURLY BURLY

Eddie

Yeah, Agnes. Whata you want? I said, were you worried I might be having a pleasant evening, you didn't want to take any chances that I might not be miserable enough without hearing from you? No, I did not make an obscene call to you. What'd he say? It can't be too dirty to say, Agnes, HE said it. Every call you make to me is obscene. Everything you say to me is obscene. Of course I'm drunk. If you don't want to talk to me when I'm drunk, call me in the daytime. I'm sober in the daytime, but of course we both know you do want to talk to me when I'm drunk. You get off on it, don't you? Reminds you of the good old days. If you hurt my little girl, I'll kill you....

Bonnie

Eddie....!

Eddie

I said, "If you hurt my little girl, I'll kill you!"

Bonnie

Eddie....!

Eddie

I have to go. I'll call you tomorrow. Goodbye.....Where's Phil?

Bonnie

You know, Eddie, how come you gotta put me at the mercy of such a creep for? Can I ask you that?

Eddie

Where is he?

Bonnie

He threw me out of my own care, Eddie.

Eddie

What'd you do?

Bonnie

Whata you mean, what'd I do? He's a fucking guy; he should be in a ward somewhere! You could have at least warned me!

Eddie

Nobody listens to me.

Bonnie

I listen to you and you damn well know it.

Eddie

You're all right.

Bonnie

I'm alive, if that's what you mean, but I am haunted by the suspicion that it is strictly a matter of luck. I mean, you should reconsider your entire evaluation of this guy, Eddie. This guy, he is without redeeming social value!

Eddie

Where is he?

Bonnie

He's a debilitating experience, this guy. I mean, I came down here in good faith, Eddie. I hope you are not going to miss that point.

Eddie

Will you get off your high horse about Phil, all right? So he took your car, so what. He'll bring it back.

Bonnie

He didn't just take my car, Eddie; HE THREW ME OUT OF IT!

Eddie

So what?

Bonnie

Whata you mean, "so what?"

Eddie

So what?

Bonnie

Eddie, it was moving!

Eddie

He slowed it down, I bet.

Bonnie

Right, he slowed it down. But he didn't slow it down enough. He didn't stop the fucking car. He slowed it down. Whata you mean "he slowed it down?" As if that was enough to make a person feel appropriately handled. He threw me out of my own slowing moving car and nearly killed me.

Eddie

You scraped your knee!

Bonnie

I just missed cracking open my head on a boulder that was beside the road.

Eddie

What boulder?

Bonnie

Whata you mean, what boulder? This boulder beside the road. THAT boulder.

Eddie

Will you please get to the fucking point?

Bonnie

No.

Eddie

Then shut up!

Bonnie

No! Because what I wanna know about is you, and why you would put a friend, like me, in that kind of jeopardy? I hadn't even thought about it. But maybe it's having a goddamn friendship with you is the source of jeopardy for a person!?

Eddie

You want to take that position, go ahead.

Bonnie

I'm not saying I want to. I'm saying maybe I should want to, and if I think about it, maybe that's what I'll do and you ought to know I am going to think about it. I hurt my foot, too, and my hip and my elbow along with my knee.

Eddie

I'm sorry about that.

Bonnie

Maybe you might show something more along the lines of your feelings and how you might explain yourself. I mean, this guy, Eddie, is not just, you know, semi-weird; he is working on genuine berserk. Haven't you noticed some clue to this?

Eddie

You must have done SOMETHING.

Bonnie

I SAT THERE. He drove; I listened to the music on the tape deck like he wanted and I tol' him the sky was pretty, just trying to put some sort of fucking humanity into the night, some sort of spirit so we were not just these totally fuck-oriented things with clothes on.

Eddie

What are you getting at?

Bonnie

What I'm getting at is I did nothing. I mean, this guy is driving, so I tell him we can go to my house. Then I detect he's lookin' at me, so I smile, and he says, "Whata you smilin' about?" I say, "Whata you mean?" He says, like he's talkin' to the steering wheel, "Whata you thinkin'?" or some shit. I mean, but it's like to the steering wheel; he's all bent out of shape.

Eddie

See, you did something.

Bonnie

I smiled

Eddie

Then what?

Bonnie

I smiled for chrissake, I smiled is what I did. Then he screams he knew this venture was a one man operation and the next thing I know he's trying to push me out of the car. He's trying to drive it, and slow it down, and push me out all at once, so we're swervin' all over the road. So that's what happened. You get it now?

Eddie

He's been having a rough time.

Bonnie

Eddie, it's a rough century all around. So this is some sort of justification for us to start pushing each other out of cars?

Eddie

Aren't you paying any fucking attention to my point here? I'm talking about a form of desperation you are maybe not familiar with it.

Bonnie

Oh.

Eddie

I'm talking about a man here, a guy he's had his entire thing collapse. Phil has been driven to the brink.

Bonnie

Oh, Okay. You consider desperation you and your friend's own, private, so-called-thingamajig. In my opinion, you are totally, one hundred percent, with your head up you ass about me.

Eddie

Yeah.

Bonnie

I am a person whose entire life with a child to support depends on her tits and this balloon and the capabilities of her physical grace and imaginary inventiveness, which some other dumb bitch would be unable to imagine or would fall down in the process of attempting to perform in front of crowds.....I'm gonna level with you, Eddie. I came here for a ride home and an apology.

Eddie

Don't you fuck everybody you meet?

Bonnie

Whata you mean? WHAT?

Eddie

You know what I'm talking about.

Bonnie

I fuck who I want. What does one have to do with—I mean, what's the correlation, huh?

Eddie

You fuck everybody.

Bonnie

I fuck a lot of different guys: That's just what I do. It's interesting. You learn a lot about 'em. That's no reason to assume I can be thrown out of a car as random recreation. If I want to jump, I'll jump. Not that that's the point, I hope.

Eddie

It's not far from it.

Bonnie

I fuck different guys so I know the difference. There's a lot of little subtleties go right by, you don't have nothing to compare them to.

Eddie

But you're getting these airs is what I'm getting at. I mean you're assuming some sort of posture, like some attitude of I pushed you into some terrible, unfamiliar circumstances and normally you're very discreet about who you ball and who you don't, when normally you—

Bonnie

He coulda hurt me, Eddie.

Eddie

I don't care!

Bonnie

Don't tell me that.

Eddie

You're just some bitch who thinks it matters that you run around with balloons and your tits out. Nobody's going to take substantial losses over what are totally peripheral, totally transient elements. You know, we're all just background in one another's life. Cardboard cutouts bumping around in this vague, you know, hurlyburly, this spin-off of what was once prime time life; so don't hassle me about this interpersonal fuck-up on the highway, okay?

Bonnie

You oughta have some pity.

Eddie

I'm savin' it.

Bonnie

For your buddies?

Eddie

For myself.