MAY: Which part?
EDDIE: Your neck.
MAY: My neck?
EDDIE: Yeah.
MAY: You missed my neck?
EDDIE: I missed all of you but your neck kept coming up for some reason. I kept crying about your neck.
MAY: Crying?
EDDIE: (he stops by stage-left door. She stays down right) Yeah. Weeping. Like a little baby. Uncontrollable. It would just start up and stop and then start up all over again. For miles, I couldn't stop it. Cars would pass me on the road. People would stare at me. My face was all twisted up. I couldn't stop my face.
MAY: Was this before or after your little fling with the Countess?
EDDIE: (he bangs his head in wall. Wall looks) There wasn't any fling with any Countess!
MAY: You're a liar.
EDDIE: I took her out to dinner once, okay?
MAY: Ha!

(She moves upstage-right wall.)
EDDIE: Twice.
MAY: You were bumping her on a regular basis! Don't gimme that shit.
EDDIE: You can believe whatever you want.
MAY: (she stops by bathroom door, opposite Eddie) I'll believe the truth! It's less confusing.

(Pause.)
EDDIE: I'm takin' you back, May.

(She tosses pillow on bed and moves to upstage-right corner.)
MAY: I'm not going back to that idiot trailer if that's what you think.
EDDIE: I'm movin' it. I got a piece of ground up in Wyoming.
EDDIE: You can't stay here.
MAY: Why not? I got a job. I'm a regular citizen here now.
EDDIE: You got a job?
MAY: (she moves back down to head of bed) Yeah. What'd you think, I was helpless?

EDDIE: No. I mean—it's been a long time since you had a job.
MAY: I'm a cook.
EDDIE: A cook? You can't even flip an egg, can you?
MAY: I'm not talkin' to you anymore!

(She turns away from him, runs into bathroom, slams door behind her. EDDIE goes after her, tries door, but she's locked it.)
EDDIE: (at bathroom door) May, I got everything worked out. I been thinkin' about this for weeks. I'm gonna' move the trailer. Build a little pipe corral to keep the horses. Have a big vegetable garden. Some chickens maybe.
MAY'S VOICE: (unseen, behind bathroom door) I hate chickens! I hate horses! I hate all that shit! You know that. You got me confused with somebody else. You keep comin' up here with this lame country dream life with chickens and vegetables and I can't stand any of it. It makes me puke to even think about it.
EDDIE: (EDDIE has crossed stage left during this, stops at table)
You'll get used to it.
MAY: (enters from bathroom) You're unbelievable!

(She slams bathroom door, crosses upstage to window.)
EDDIE: I'm not lettin' go of you this time, May.

(He sits in chair upstage of table.)
MAY: You never had a hold of me to begin with. (pause) How many times have you done this to me?
EDDIE: What.
MAY: Suckered me into some dumb little fantasy and then dropped me like a hot rock. How many times has that happened?
EDDIE: It's no fantasy.
MAY: It's all a fantasy.
EDDIE: And I never dropped you either.
MAY: No, you just disappeared!
EDDIE: I'm here now aren't I?
MAY: Well, praise Jesus God!
EDDIE: I'm gonna' take care of you, May. I am. I'm gonna' stick with you no matter what. I promise.
MAY: Get outa' here.

(Pause.)
EDDIE: What'd you have to go and run off for anyway.
MAY: Run off? Me?
FOOL FOR LOVE

26 - FOOL FOR LOVE

THE OLD MAN: I thought you were supposed to be a fantasist, right? Isn't that basically the deal with you? You dream things up. Isn't that true?

EDDIE: (stays on floor) I don't know.

THE OLD MAN: You don't know. Well, if you don't know I don't know who the hell else does. I wanna show you somethin'. Somethin' real. Okay? Somethin' actual.

EDDIE: Sure.

THE OLD MAN: Ya' know what that is?

MAY: (crossing down to head of bed) What do you think it's like sittin' in a tin trailer for weeks on end with the wind ripping through it? Waitin' around for the butane to arrive. Hiking down to the Laundromat in the rain. Do you think that's thrilling or somethin'?

EDDIE: (stays on floor) I don't know who else does.

MAY: (crossing to foot of bed) Ya' see that? I took a good look at that. Ya' see it?

EDDIE: (staring at wall) Yeah.

THE OLD MAN: (to EDDIE) Ya' know who that is?

EDDIE: (nods) I'm not sure.

THE OLD MAN: Well, would you believe me if I told ya' I was married to her?

EDDIE: (pause) No.

THE OLD MAN: Well, see, now that's the difference right there. That's realism. I am actually married to Barbara Mandrell in my mind. Can you understand that?

EDDIE: Sure.

THE OLD MAN: Barbara Mandrell. That's who that is. Barbara Mandrell. You heard a' her?

EDDIE: (pause) Yeah, all right, what.

THE OLD MAN: Good. I'm glad we have an understanding.

(The OLD MAN drinks from his cup. Spot slowly fades to black as stage lights come back up full. Three light changes are called to the opening and closing of doors. MAY enters from bathroom, closes door quietly. She is carrying a sleek red dress, party hose, a pair of black high heels, a black shoulder purse and a hairbrush. She crosses to foot of bed and throws the clothes on it. Hangs the purse on a bedpost, sits on foot of bed. EDDIE remains on floor. The car door slams closed. MAY slams the door behind her. EDDIE remains on floor. She finishes brushing her hair, throws brush on bed, then starts taking off her clothes and changing into the clothes she brought onstage. As she speaks to EDDIE, and changes into the new clothes, she gradually transforms from her former tough drabness into a very sexy woman. This occurs almost unnoticed in the course of her speech.)

MAY: (very cold, quick, almost monotone voice like she's writing him a letter) I don't understand my feelings. I really don't. I don't understand how I could hate you so much after so much time. How, no matter how much I'd like to not hate you, I hate you
MAY: It's okay. This is my uh—cousin. Eddie.

MARTIN: (stares at EDDIE) Oh, I'm sorry.

EDDIE: (grins at MARTIN) She's lying.

MARTIN: (looks at MAY) Oh.

MAY: (moving to table) Everything's okay, Martin. You want a drink or something? Why don't you have a drink.

MARTIN: Yeah. Sure.

EDDIE: (stays on floor) She's lying through her teeth.

MAY: I gotta' get some glasses.

(MAY exits quickly into bathroom, stepping over EDDIE. MARTIN stares at EDDIE. EDDIE grins back. Pause.)

EDDIE: She keeps the glasses in the bathroom. Isn't that weird?

(MAY comes back on with two glasses. She goes to table, pours two drinks from bottle.)

MAY: I was starting to think you weren't going to show up, Martin.

MARTIN: Yeah, I'm sorry. I had to water the football field down at the high school. Forgot all about it.

EDDIE: Forgot all about what?

MARTIN: I mean I forgot all about watering. I was halfway here when I remembered. Had to go back.

EDDIE: Oh, I thought you meant you forgot all about her.

MARTIN: Oh, no.

EDDIE: How far was halfway?

MARTIN: Excuse me?

EDDIE: How far were you when it was halfway here?

MARTIN: Oh—uh—I don't know. I guess a couple miles or so.

EDDIE: Couple miles? That's all? Couple a' lousy little miles? You wanna' know how many miles I came? Huh?

MAY: We've been drinking a little bit, Martin.

EDDIE: She hasn't touched a drop.

(Pause.)

MAY: (offering drink to MARTIN) Here.

EDDIE: Yeah, that's my tequila, Martin.

MARTIN: Oh.

EDDIE: I don't care if you drink it. I just want you to know where it comes from.

MARTIN: Thanks.

EDDIE: You don't have to thank me. Thank the Mexicans. They made it.

MARTIN: Oh.

EDDIE: You should thank the entire Mexican nation in fact. We owe everything to Mexico down there. Do you realize that? You probably don't realize that, do ya'? We're sittin' on Mexican ground right now. It's only by chance that you and me aren't Mexican ourselves. What kinda' people do you hail from anyway, Martin?

MARTIN: Me? Uh—I don't know. I was adopted.

EDDIE: Oh. You must have a lotta' problems then, huh?

MARTIN: Well—not really, no.

EDDIE: No? You orphans are supposed to steal a lot aren't ya'?

Shoplifting, and stuff. You're also supposed to be the main group responsible for bumping off our President.

MARTIN: Really? I never heard that.

EDDIE: Well, you oughta' read the papers, Martin. 

(Pause.)

MARTIN: I'm really sorry I knocked you over. I mean, I thought she was in trouble or something.

EDDIE: She is in trouble.

MARTIN: (looks at MAY) Oh.

EDDIE: She's in big trouble.

MARTIN: What's the matter, May?

MAY: (moves to bed with drink, sits) Nothing.

MARTIN: How come you had the lights off?

MAY: We were uh—just about to go out.

MARTIN: You were?

MAY: Yeah—well, I mean, we were going to come back.

(MARTIN stands there between them. He looks at EDDIE, then back to MAY. Pause.)

EDDIE: (laughs) No, no, no. That's not what we were gonna' do. Your name's Martin, right?

MARTIN: Yeah, right.

EDDIE: That's not what we were gonna' do, Marty.

MARTIN: Oh.

EDDIE: Could you hand me that bottle, please?

MARTIN: (crossing to bottle at table) Sure.

EDDIE: Thanks.

(MARTIN moves back to EDDIE with bottle and hands it to him. EDDIE drinks.)
EDDIE: (after drink) We were actually having an argument about you. That's what we were doin'.

MARTIN: About me?

EDDIE: Yeah. We were actually in the middle of a big huge argument about you. It got so heated up we had to turn the lights off.

MARTIN: What was it about?

EDDIE: It was about whether or not you're actually a man or not. Ya' know? Whether you're a "man" or just a "guy."

(Pause. MARTIN looks at MAY. MAY smiles politely. MARTIN looks back to EDDIE.)

EDDIE: See, she says you're a man. That's what she calls you. A "man." Did you know that? That's what she calls you.

MARTIN: (looks back to MAY) No.

MAY: I never called you a man, Martin. Don't worry about it.

EDDIE: No, but see I uh—told her she was fulla' shit. I mean I told her that way before I even saw you. And now that I see you I can't exactly take it back. Ya' see what I mean, Martin?

(Pause, MAY stands.)

MAY: Martin, do you want to go to the movies?

MARTIN: Well, yeah—I mean, that's what I thought we were going to do.

MAY: So let's go to the movies.

(Shes crosses fast to bathroom, steps over EDDIE, goes into bathroom, slams door, door booms. Pause as MARTIN stares at bathroom door. EDDIE stays on floor, grins at MARTIN.)

MARTIN: She's not mad or anything is she?

EDDIE: You got me, buddy.

MARTIN: I didn't mean to make her mad.

(Pause.)

EDDIE: What're you gonna' go see, Martin?

MARTIN: I can't decide.

EDDIE: What d'ya mean you can't decide? You're supposed to have all that worked out ahead of time aren't ya'?

MARTIN: Yeah, but I'm not sure what she likes.

EDDIE: What's that got to do with it? You're takin' her out to the movies, right?

MARTIN: Yeah.

EDDIE: So you pick the movie, right? The guy picks the movie.

MARTIN: Well, but I don't want to take her to see something she doesn't want to see.

EDDIE: How do you know what she wants to see?

MARTIN: I don't. That's the reason I can't decide. I mean what if I take her to something she's already seen before?

EDDIE: You miss the whole point, Martin. The reason you're taking her out to the movies isn't to see something she hasn't seen before.

MARTIN: Oh.

EDDIE: The reason you're taking her out to the movies is because you just want to be with her. Right? You just wanna' be close to her. I mean you could take her just about anywhere.

MARTIN: I guess.

EDDIE: I mean after a while you probably wouldn't have to take her out at all. You could just hang around here.

MARTIN: What would we do here?

EDDIE: Well, you could uh—tell each other stories.

MARTIN: Stories?

EDDIE: Yeah.

MARTIN: I don't know any stories.

EDDIE: Make 'em up.

MARTIN: That'd be lying wouldn't it?

EDDIE: No, no. Lying's when you believe it's true. If you already know it's a lie, then it's not lying.

MARTIN: (after pause) Do you want some help getting up off the floor?

EDDIE: I like it down here. Less tension. You notice how when you're standing up, there's a lot more tension?

MARTIN: Yeah. I've noticed that. A lot of times when I'm working, you know, I'm down on my hands and knees.

EDDIE: What line a' work do you follow, Martin?

MARTIN: Yard work mostly. Maintenance.

EDDIE: Oh, lawns and stuff?

MARTIN: Yeah.

EDDIE: You do lawns on your hands and knees?

MARTIN: Well—edging. You know, trimming around the edges.

EDDIE: Oh.

MARTIN: And weeding around the sprinkler heads. Stuff like that.

EDDIE: I get ya'.
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.

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

EDDIE: You got it all turned around, Eddie. You got it all turned around.

MAY: Don't try to pass it on me. You got it all turned around.

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

MAY: What do you think this is going to do? Do you think this is going to change something?

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Ed
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 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 **MAY**, 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. 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 very slowly turns toward her in the course of THE OLD MAN’S speech. Since 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. I told her right from the very start. But she opened up to me. 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 embrace. 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.)