

~~LUCY:~~ It appears we are.

SCENE (3)

DAVID: I think about death more and more these days. You see, I'm at the age now where if I died, nobody would say, "Oh, but he was so young." No, they would just shrug as if to say, "Well, he lived a good, full life." When in fact, I haven't lived a good, full life at all. Not yet.

LUCY: I think you've lived a good, full life.

DAVID: No, I haven't.

LUCY: Yes, you have. I've watched most of it with my own eyes and it's been a fuller life than most.

DAVID: No it hasn't.

LUCY: Yes it has.

DAVID: Stop saying that.

LUCY: Why?

DAVID: Because if the powers that be heard you say that they might agree and they'd say, "Okay, let's yank him out of there."

LUCY: And you don't think they just heard you say that?

DAVID: Shhh. Let's just...

*He locks his mouth and throws away the key.*

LUCY: I assume the powers that be are blind too, are they?

DAVID: Never mind.

*He speaks so the powers that be can overhear clearly.*

My life has been far too short and unfulfilling so far!

*DAVID encourages LUCY to speak so the powers that be can hear.*

LUCY: Oh yes. I agree!

DAVID: Thank you. That's another odd phrase, isn't it?

LUCY: What is?

DAVID: Saw it with my own eyes. I mean, who else's eyes are you going to see it with?

LUCY: I think it's just used for emphasis.

DAVID: Perhaps. Now, let's get back to your story.

LUCY: Wait a minute. Wait just a second.

DAVID: What? What is it?

LUCY: I think I take offence at what you said.

DAVID: About what?

LUCY: About my walls being caked with the... the...

DAVID: Musty stench.

LUCY: With the musty stench of loneliness.

DAVID: You mean they're not?

LUCY: Well, maybe, but yours are too, aren't they? I mean, you're alone. You have nobody.

DAVID: I have people.

LUCY: No you don't.

DAVID: I do so.

LUCY: Who? Who do you have?

DAVID: I have my business manager. I have my literary agent. I have my attorney. I have my editor.

LUCY: Are these friends of yours?

DAVID: Of course they are.

LUCY: And if you weren't a successful writer would they be friends of yours?

DAVID: But I am a successful writer, so the point is moot.

LUCY: It is not moot. In fact, whether or not they would be friends if you weren't successful *is* the point. Because if they wouldn't be, then they aren't your real friends *now*; *ergo*, you are lonely.

DAVID: *Ergo?*

LUCY: What's wrong? I used it properly, didn't I?

DAVID: Yes, you used it properly, but *ergo?*

LUCY: Oh, I see. That word is too good for the likes of me, is that it? Too good for a modestly learned guttersnipe such as I?

DAVID: No. It's just that nobody says *ergo*. *Ergo* is... I mean, you write it in law books but you don't say it. You don't speak it.

LUCY: Well, what do you say?

DAVID: You say therefore. I have no friends, therefore I am lonely. That's how you say it.

LUCY: Maybe you have no friends because you correct their language all the time.

DAVID: I do have friends.

LUCY: You have hired hands.

DAVID: Who have become my friends.

LUCY: Not all of them.

DAVID: Fine. Not all of them. Now, back to your story. Man number two. Go.

LUCY: Will you stop saying that, please? And I have another question for you before we get back to my story.

DAVID: But this conversation was supposed to be about your story. It was supposed to be me learning about you. Not the other way around.

LUCY: Just this one question.

DAVID: One question?

LUCY: For now.