

DOC OR MEG SIDE

DOC. Well, it's been a long time.

MEG. It has been a long time.

DOC. Let's see—when was the last time we saw each other?

MEG. I can't quite recall.

DOC. Wasn't it in Biloxi?

MEG. Ah, Biloxi. I believe so.

DOC. And wasn't there a—a hurricane going on at the time?

MEG. Was there?

DOC. Yes, there was, one hell of a hurricane. Camille, I believe they called it. Hurricane Camille.

MEG. Yes, now I remember. It was a beautiful hurricane.

DOC. We had a time down there. We had quite a time. Drinking vodka, eating oysters on the half shell, dancing all night long. And the wind was blowing.

MEG. Oh, God, was it blowing.

DOC. Goddamn, was it blowing.

MEG. There never has been such a wind blowing.

DOC. Oh, God, Meggy. Oh, God.

MEG. I know, Doc. It was my fault to leave you. I was crazy. I thought I was choking. I felt choked!

DOC. I felt like a fool.

MEG. No.

DOC. I just kept on wondering why.

MEG. I don't know why ... 'Cause I didn't want to care. I don't know. I did care though. I did.

DOC. *(After a pause.)* Ah, hell — *(He pours them both another drink.)* Are you still singing those sad songs?

MEG. No.

DOC. Why not?

MEG. I don't know, Doc. Things got worse for me. After a while, I just couldn't sing anymore. I tell you, I had one hell of a time over Christmas.