

The End of a Joke

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MAYA: A woman in her early thirties.

DAN: Maya's husband, in his mid-thirties.

KAREN: A woman in her mid-thirties.

ERIC: Karen's husband, in his mid-thirties.

MICKEY: A man in his mid-thirties.

PAVEL: A paramedic, in his late twenties.

MISHA: A paramedic, in his early thirties.

The living-room of a flashy apartment. Two identical couches, facing each other, up right and up left. In between the couches, a long wooden table. On the table: plates with leftovers; a bottle of wine; fancy goblets, filled with wine; two burning candles in candlesticks. Behind the table, a sofa. On the walls, reproductions of well-known paintings, and two photos of MAYA and DAN, smiling joyously side by side. A window takes up a large portion of the wall behind them; it is dark outside, except for the numerous lit windows in the nearby buildings.

Final stages of dinner. ERIC and KAREN on one couch, up right. DAN and MAYA on the other couch, up left. MICKEY crouches on the sofa; droopy, staring at thin air.

MAYA: I don't get it.

ERIC: There's nothing to get. It's very simple.

MAYA: But it doesn't make any sense.

ERIC: That's the whole point.

MAYA: How can it be the whole point? It's pointless.

ERIC (*angrily*): Well, that's the catch.

MAYA: But if it's pointless... it's meaningless.

ERIC: No it isn't.

MAYA: Yes it is. If it doesn't hold water then...

DAN (*changes the subject*): Karen, Finish the joke.

KAREN: What?

DAN: The joke you were telling us... Finish it. You were just getting to the punch line.

KAREN: Never mind.

DAN: Go on, go on.

KAREN: It really doesn't matter. Anyway, it's getting late, and I think we really should get go...

ERIC: Of course it matters, I'm sorry, honey. Go on, tell us.

KAREN: I'm trying to tell you, but you keep...

ERIC (*interrupts her*): I don't even know how we got to paradoxes...

MAYA: I actually still don't get the paradox.

ERIC: But it's very simple...

KAREN: You've been discussing it for about an hour already.

MAYA: I'm sorry, I just don't get it.

DAN: No big deal. Tell the joke, Karen, you were at the punch line, the end of the punch line.

MAYA: I feel so stupid.

ERIC: You're not stupid.

KAREN: I keep trying to tell it...

DAN: Go on, go on. Well?

KAREN: Just for once, I'd like to be able to finish *one* single sentence without being...

ERIC (*interrupts her*): Well, go on. So a midget with a pipe...

KAREN: Briefcase.

DAN: Little person.

MAYA: What's the difference?

KAREN: Between a briefcase and a pipe?

ERIC: A dwarf...

DAN: They are called little...

ERIC: A person of short stature, holding a briefcase, comes up to a prostitute under a balcony.

KAREN: Under a streetlamp.

MAYA (*correcting Eric*): *She* was under the streetlamp. *He* was holding the briefcase...

ERIC: A midget... (*corrects himself*) a little person holding a briefcase comes up to a prostitute under a pipe... (*again*) uh, a streetlamp. He asks her... (*looks at Karen*) Why aren't you telling the joke?

KAREN (*unwillingly*): Er... so anyway... a prostitute is standing under a streetlamp waiting for clients. Suddenly, this little man with a briefcase shows up...

ERIC (*interrupts her*): Dwarf is funnier...

KAREN (*angrily*): Could you let me finish telling the joke without interrupting?

ERIC: Go on, go on. I'm not interrupting.

KAREN: So he asks her... (*imitates him*) "gotta light?" The prostitute looks down, smiles at him and says...

DAN (*as if he suddenly recalls something very important*): Oh, I forgot to tell you who I ran into the other day...

Everyone looks at DAN, surprised. Maya laughs, as if she's just heard the joke's punch line. She notices Karen's frozen face.

MAYA: Is that what she said?

DAN: Who?

MAYA: The prostitute.

DAN (*is reminded of the joke*): Oh... Sorry. Go on.

KAREN: Never mind.

DAN: No, really. Go on.

KAREN: I don't want to go on.

ERIC: Go on, Go on.

DAN: I just happen to know this joke.

ERIC: Me too.

MAYA: I don't know it.

KAREN: If you know it, why didn't you stop me?

DAN: Because...

ERIC: The way you would have told it - would make it different.

KAREN (*to Dan*): But you insisted I told it...

ERIC (*to Karen*): Look, you were at the punch line. Why don't you just wrap it up so we can move on?

KAREN: Now I'm definitely not gonna tell it.

MAYA: Just tell me what happens in the end.

ERIC (*lingers a bit, and then says*): So the prostitute says to the...

KAREN: Eric.

ERIC: What?

KAREN: Don't.

ERIC: Just tell the joke, so we can move on.

KAREN: I don't want to tell it. Let's just drop it. Dan, who did you run into?

DAN: Aviva.

Silence.

KAREN: That's nice.

MAYA: Did you talk to her?

DAN: No.

ERIC: Did she see you?

DAN: I don't know. I was driving, she was walking. I don't think she saw me.

Silence.

ERIC (*looks at his watch*): Karen, I think we should get going...

MAYA: Hold on, don't go! What about dessert? Don't you want some dessert?

ERIC: What's for dessert?

DAN: My Maya made...

MAYA: I didn't make it, Dan.

DAN: Well, she didn't actually make it. But she discovered this new bakery that...

Well, you tell them, tell them about that new bakery you discovered...

MAYA (*rises and heads for the kitchen*): Oh it's nothing special. I usually buy my cakes in a deli downtown, but yesterday morning I happened to pass by...

MAYA disappears in the kitchen, off stage. Her words are unintelligible to the rest of the group, yet she keeps on muttering them. They glance at each other. Shortly, she returns.

MAYA (*continues*): very cheap, very good, very simple and yet... elegant. Well, you tell me... (*She goes back to the kitchen, her words are unintelligible again. She returns*) ...I told him. I praised him to the skies. You should go see him, Karen.

MAYA sets down a stylish cake on the table. The guests help themselves.

KAREN: Wow, this looks...

ERIC: Impressive.

DAN: Delicious.

MAYA: Mickey, You're not eating.

MICKEY takes a short, lifeless glance at each one of them, and then lies down on the sofa.

KAREN: Mickey, is everything all right?

Pause.

MAYA: Don't you want a piece of cake?

DAN: Mickey, you were awfully quiet today – don't you have any witty remarks or something?

MAYA: You barely touched your food too. Wasn't it good?

DAN: The food was delicious.

MAYA: So what's wrong? Mickey?

ERIC (*using hand gestures; as if he's telling the others a secret*): I think Mickey's depressed.

MAYA: Depressed?! Why is he depressed?

ERIC: We don't know.

KAREN: Eric thinks it's all a fake.

ERIC: No, I don't.

KAREN: Yes, you do. You told me you think depression is just a facade.

MAYA: All depression?

ERIC: I didn't say that. (*He stares menacingly at Karen*). Karen do me a favor, eat your cake and be quiet.

KAREN: Eric thinks depression was invented by cry-babies. Anyway, that's not why Mickey isn't eating your cake, Maya.

MAYA: It's not my cake, Karen. I told you already, it's...

DAN (*to Eric*): Is Mickey depressed? (*to Mickey*) Mickey, are you depressed?

Mickey doesn't answer.

ERIC: I just said that depressed people suffer from the people-who-just-sit-on-their-ass-and-whine syndrome.

MAYA: It's a syndrome?

ERIC: That's why our parents were never depressed.

MAYA (*simultaneously with Karen*): Mickey sits on his ass and whines?

MAYA: What does this have to do with our parents?

KAREN: Is that what you're saying, Eric? That Mickey just sits on his ass and whines?

ERIC: What?

MAYA: I said what does this have to do with our pa...

KAREN (*again, simultaneously with Maya*): Is Mickey part of the people-who-just-sit-on-their-ass-and-whine syndrome? I asked you if Mickey sits on his ass and whines! Is that what you're saying, Eric?

Eric lingers a bit, and then looks at Mickey, who is staring at the wall. Mickey turns his glance to Eric, before resuming his former position.

KAREN: I can't hear you, Eric. Speak up, so we can all hear you. A minute ago, you couldn't stop jabbering and now you're all quiet all of a sudden? Go on... tell us. Does Mickey just sit on his ass and whine?

ERIC: You're being very aggressive, Karen.

KAREN: I just don't understand what you're saying. Make yourself clear, honey. Mickey is a whiner? Is that what you're saying?

ERIC (*mumbles*): No, that's not what I'm saying. I'm referring to Mickey as an example, as a part of something bigger, or to depression as something bigger that... that includes Mickey, but... Mickey is a part of... Mickey is depressed and...

MAYA: I read somewhere that depression is a disease.

DAN: Bullshit.

ERIC: I agree with Dan.

MAYA: Have you ever been depressed?

Pause.

DAN: I was sad.

MAYA: So what do *you* know?

DAN: I know more than enough, you haven't been depressed either...

MAYA: I haven't been depressed and I hope to god never to be depressed, because... because I think it's awful... just awful. When I think of being depressed, I mean really depressed... I think it's awful... just awful. When you're depressed you do...

DAN (*interrupts her*): When I was in the army...

KAREN (*to Mickey*): Mickey, are you depressed?

MAYA (*continues*): You *can* do... you can sometimes do...

ERIC: Karen, leave him alone.

DAN: When I was in the army, I knew this guy... Not a friend of mine, just someone I knew...

MAYA: ...when you're depressed you can do things that are...

DAN (*interrupts her again*): He took a gun to the bathroom, locked the door and shot himself...

KAREN (*to Eric*): He is not responsive... (*looks at Mickey and shouts*) Mickey?

MAYA: He locked the door? Why would he do that?

DAN: That's my point... that's the whole point I'm making. Take the army for example... the army is an organization that takes people and... molds them. It's an organization that molds people into men, real men... and if you are not a man you are a whiner, and you sit on your ass and develop all kinds of depressions and symptoms and neuroses and then...

MAYA: And in real life, people get depressed more often?

DAN: What do I know? I was a soldier. When you're at war, when you're fighting, you don't have the luxuries of real life.

ERIC: What are you talking about?

DAN: What do you mean?

ERIC: You didn't fight in any war... you had a desk job up town...

DAN: So?

ERIC: That's not exactly being a soldier at war. You *did* have the luxuries of real life.

DAN: No, I didn't.

ERIC: Yes, you did. The only thing you fought was the coffee machine.

KAREN: I once dated an officer... I think he was an officer.

MAYA: Did he have luxuries?

ERIC: You didn't even have a uniform.

DAN (*irritated*): I did too have a uniform. I just didn't wear it, so what?

KAREN: He **had** a uniform...

ERIC: So you had a regular desk job, and regular clothes, and all the regular luxuries.

(*To the others*) The only thing he fought was the coffee machine.

KAREN: He was so adorable. He wanted to marry me. (*To Maya*) Did I ever tell you that? I literally broke his heart, the poor thing.

DAN (*to Eric*): Why do you keep saying that?

KAREN (*to Dan*): Why do I keep saying what?

ERIC: Because you are misleading people.

KAREN: Who's misleading?

ERIC: You go around telling people you were a soldier... in a combat unit?

DAN: Look, I served in the army... with Mickey. (*to Mickey*) Tell them ...

MAYA: Why are we wasting our time on this?

ERIC: He had a desk job too.

DAN (*angry*): He was a soldier.

ERIC: You were accountants. Accidentally employed by the army because every other firm rejected you. The only thing you fought was...

DAN: Fuck you.

Eric: Settle down, Rambo.

MAYA: How is that relevant to what we... why are you talking about this?

DAN: What's your problem? We were talking about... what were we talking about?

MAYA: Mickey... we were talking about Mickey.

ERIC: Anyway, I agree with what Dan says.

DAN (*confused*): What did I say?

ERIC: Mental problems and all that crap are mostly just luxury: depression, anorexia, bulimia, obesity, alcoholism, drugs, they're all just an escape from reality... It's a façade... an excuse for people without goals.

KAREN: Mickey doesn't eat desserts, he never ate desserts.

MAYA: What do you mean *goals*? Are *we* goal driven people?

DAN: People with goals are people with...

ERIC: I mean people with a purpose...

DAN (*continues*): ...goals.

ERIC: ...that have a place in the world.

MAYA: I don't understand. I have a purpose, but I don't have any goals.

DAN (*to Eric*): What's the difference?

KAREN: So, maybe you don't really have a purpose.

MAYA: And what's your purpose in the world?

Silence. Karen seems cornered up. Everyone eyes her.

KAREN: I have a place in the world: I live in a nice house, with my loving husband, I have a job, a family, friends, hobbies.

MAYA: Okay, but what is your purpose?

KAREN: Anyway, Mickey doesn't like desserts.

ERIC: What?

KAREN: Mickey never ate desserts.

DAN: You're right. Mickey never eats desserts.

MAYA: Maybe that's a... you know... a symptom.

ERIC: A symptom?

MAYA: Yeah, a symptom of... what Mickey is.

ERIC: What do you mean?

MAYA: It's like... He never enjoys life's icing... I mean, the icing on the cake... the sweet things... whatever. A symptom for something much bigger, you know?

KAREN: He simply doesn't like cakes.

MAYA: That's impossible!

KAREN: It's impossible that he simply doesn't like cakes?

MAYA: There's gotta be a reason.

KAREN: No there isn't. I simply don't like... garlic.

DAN: I don't like fish.

ERIC: I like everything.

KAREN: And I don't think it proves anything about me. (*Amused*) It's not like I garlicked my life, or that I'm garlicking as a human being... I simply don't like garlic. That's all.

MAYA: Everything is symptomatic.

DAN (*thoughtful*): I don't like white wine.

ERIC: Symptomatic.

MAYA: What?

ERIC: Symptomatic, not symptomatical.

MAYA: You sure?

ERIC: Yes.

Silence.

KAREN: Anyway, It was lots of fun, and everything was really good. I like these get-togethers. You don't have to do anything, just go to a friend's house and chat. Just chat, no outdoor activities or anything, you know what I mean?

Again, silence for a few seconds.

ERIC: Well... Thanks for dinner.

DAN: It was great. The food... especially the pie...

ERIC: And the roast...

DAN (*to Maya*): The roast was astonishing, honey.

ERIC: Succulent.

KAREN: We have to do this more often.

MAYA: I just feel sorry for Mickey. (*Looks at Mickey*) I feel sorry for you, Mickey.

ERIC: Nah, nothing to worry about.

KAREN: Yeah, nothing to worry about.

MAYA: I just don't see why he doesn't speak. I thought dessert might help him get better.

KAREN: He doesn't eat desserts, he hardly ever eats cake.

MAYA: I wonder why.

Eric starts laughing out loud.

ERIC: This one time I was going with Mickey to see Shirley - from Bacharach's firm.

KAREN: You know her, Maya.

ERIC: A really important meeting, Sam's whole project was on the line, if we screwed up the entire year's profits would have gone down the drain.

MAYA: Shirley who?

ERIC: Mickey just ate before the meeting – remember, Mickey?

KAREN: She worked in your office two years ago.

Mickey doesn't move at all. Eric passionately tells his story; Maya and Karen talk to each other quietly, contemplatively. Most of the lines are spoken simultaneously.

MAYA: Shirley that married...

ERIC: You weren't hungry, Mickey. He wasn't hungry. I was hungry but I was still in control.

KAREN: They're already divorced.

ERIC: Anyway, Shirley offered us some cookies her sister had just got her. I took some, and they were great... so I told Mickey to eat the cookies.

MAYA: How long were they married?

ERIC: So Mickey stares at them like he's hypnotized, or something, trying to find some nuts. I look at Mickey and I see he's dying to eat them.

KAREN: Not even one year.

ERIC: They were, like, black and crispy – amazing. Anyway, Shirley looks at him, she can't figure out - what does he want from the cookies? Take'em or leave'em - but get on with it. But he just keeps staring at them like he's hypnotized or something.

MAYA: What a waste of a beautiful wedding.

ERIC: The meeting's already started, and we're talking some seriously strange behavior here. So I tell Mickey...

KAREN: At least they managed to cover the expe...

ERIC (*suddenly shouts*): Karen!

Everyone, including Mickey, turn to Eric, startled.

KAREN (*embarrassed*): sorry.

Eric stares angrily at his wife. But, soon enough, he's back in his story-telling mood.

ERIC: Anyway I tell Mickey, I say, Mickey, let's focus on the meeting. So I start talking, and while I'm telling her about the firm, the prospects, the contract, expectations, money and what not, Mickey opens the jar and takes a cookie. He puts this small crumb in his mouth and tries to suck on a nut with his tongue.

Mickey moves for the first time. He turns his head to them. They smile at him. He rises, his face frozen.

MAYA: Mickey?

ERIC (*goes on*): He checks them out, suspicious and all, and I see Shirley's eyes rolling from me to Mickey, again and again.

Mickey looks at his friends, and then at the window on the other side of the apartment.

MAYA: Mickey, are you alright?

ERIC: And then she decides to put an end to it, she gets up, looks at Mickey and tells him...

Everyone's attention shifts from Eric's story to Mickey, who walks calmly to the window.

MAYA: Mickey?

KAREN: Where are you going?

Mickey quickly climbs onto the window seal, and looks out; then, indifferently, he jumps.

MAYA & KAREN (*scream*): Mickey!!!

Everyone stares out the window, not yet grasping what had happened. Eric slowly rises to his feet, walks over to the window and looks down.

KAREN (*alarmed*): Is he moving?

ERIC (*stunned*): I don't know.

Karen and Dan join him by the window, and look down.

MAYA: I can't bear to look.

KAREN (*shouts down*): Mickey... Mickey. Are you alright? Is he moving?

ERIC: I told you I don't know. Why, did you see him moving?

KAREN: I don't know, I thought I... did you, Dan?

DAN: No.

KAREN: He's moving, I can see him moving. Don't you see his feet? There, he's moving. He's alive, Mickey's alive. (*Shouts down*) Mickey, say something, are you okay? (*to Eric*) Eric, do something!

Eric takes one last bite from the cake on his plate, and goes out with Dan.

MAYA: Should we call an ambulance?

KAREN: He's getting up. (*To herself*) How can he possibly get up? We're on the... what floor are we on?

MAYA: Third floor.

KAREN: Look at him, Maya, how he's getting up. And we're on the third floor. He's getting up... What a strong man. Look at him, Maya.

MAYA: I don't want to.

KAREN (*to Mickey*): Mickey, Eric's coming in a minute, he's coming, wait up, he'll be right there. How do you feel? Did you break anything? (*stronger*) Did you break anything, Mickey?

MAYA: Did he say something?

KAREN: Nothing.

MAYA: Nothing yet?

KAREN: He's not even looking at me.

MAYA: Should we call an ambulance? I think we should call an ambulance.

Maya goes to the phone, next to the sofa; she picks it up and starts dialing.

KAREN: There's Eric and Dan.

Maya stops dialing.

KAREN (*shouts down*): Eric, should we call an ambulance?

ERIC (*is heard faintly*): He seems okay, there's some blood, but he is breathing.
(*Shouts louder*) I don't think anything's broken.

MAYA (*to Karen*): What is he, a doctor?

KAREN: What?

MAYA: What is he a doctor? How could he tell if something's broken? I think we should call a...

KAREN (*shouts down*): Maya says we should call an ambulance. She says you're not a doctor.

ERIC: Not what?

KAREN: A doctor, you're not a doctor. (*To Maya*) Dan's carrying him, they're coming up.

MAYA: So should I call an ambulance or what?

KAREN (*ignores her*): We'd better clean up.

Karen starts clearing the table, taking the cake and some empty plates to the kitchen; she seems self-absorbed and anxious.

ERIC: Karen, we're coming up.

KAREN (*goes quickly to the window*): Eric?

MAYA (*the phone still in her hand*): Ask him about the ambulance.

KAREN: Did he say anything? Did Mickey say anything? (*no answer*) They're coming up (*She walks away from the window*).

MAYA: Why didn't you ask him about the ambulance?

Karen goes back to the center of the living-room, ignoring Maya's anxious look.

MAYA: I think we should call an ambulance. Don't you think?

Karen clears the table; she is very active, while Maya stands still with the phone in her hand.

MAYA: Karen, I think we should...

Karen ignores her. She exits the stage with some empty plates, and returns without them.

MAYA: Karen...

Karen looks around her.

MAYA (*shouts*): Karen!

KAREN (*freezes*): You know Mickey introduced us, me and Eric?

MAYA: What?

KAREN (*turning to Maya*): I was Mickey's girlfriend when I met Eric. Did you know that, Maya? I don't think we ever talked about it, you and I.

MAYA: You and Mickey?

KAREN: Yes, me and Mickey.

Karen seems upset. She looks around her restlessly.

MAYA: No, I didn't know, but I really think we should...

KAREN: Of course you didn't. How could you.

MAYA (*still with the phone in her hand*): I'm calling. Should I call?

KAREN: And we really didn't talk about it, did we? There are a lot of things you don't know about me, Maya. It's a little strange, because we've known each other... for ages... we're good friends.

MAYA: I think we should make the call. Are they coming up? Where are they?
(*shouts*) Karen!

KAREN (*looking at her hands*): I'm trembling. I'm trembling just talking about it.

MAYA: What should we do?

KAREN (*clearing the table again*): I think...

MAYA: What about Mickey?

KAREN: I wanna ask you a question, Maya. Because I think I might be creating a distorted picture of reality here.

MAYA: What picture? You didn't distort any picture.

KAREN (*ignores her*): And I think I know what you're thinking.

MAYA: I think we should call an...

KAREN: You think I was with Mickey when I... I can't even say it. But it's not true... no, Maya, no way. Mickey knew it, and I knew it too, or actually, I know it now... cause if you think he... you think he...?

MAYA (*unfocused*): I don't think we should...

KAREN: Do you think it's because Eric and I... is that what you think?

MAYA: I think we could...

KAREN (*interrupts her*): Why aren't you helping me? I'm trembling here and you're over there with your stupid phone.

Maya goes to the table and takes some plates.

KAREN: Is that what you think? That Eric and I...

MAYA (*with a plate in her hand*): I think we can keep the post-mortem for after the... what about the ambulance? I'm calling an ambulance, it doesn't make any sense not calling...

KAREN (*to the ceiling*): Oh Mickey, what a fool you are. (*To Maya*) I saw him looking at us, he kept staring... and Eric told me their relationship was going downhill... what a fool...

MAYA: Where are they?

Karen goes to the window and looks out.

KAREN (*passionately*): Love is so strong, Maya. It's the strongest thing in the world. And today, tonight, is the ultimate proof... what misery, what jealousy. Oh Mickey...

Dan helps Mickey into the apartment. Mickey's feet and face are bleeding.

KAREN (*crying*): Oh, Mickey...

MAYA: How are you, Mickey?

Dan carries Mickey to the couch.

KAREN: My poor Mickey. Why? Where were your senses? Why didn't you tell me?

MAYA: Well, how is he? Did he break anything? How do you feel, Mickey? Should we call an ambulance? Or maybe just take him to the hospital.

Mickey doesn't answer. Dan looks at Maya and Karen, surprised by their dramatic behavior.

MAYA: I think we should take him to the hospital.

DAN: Of course we should. I just... need my keys and my coat.

KAREN (*hysterical*): Where's Eric?

DAN: Don't know.

Dan hurries to the couch. He sits right beside Mickey.

ERIC (*enters the apartment*): I'm here.

Eric and Karen embrace and kiss.

DAN (*shouts in Mickey's ear*): Mickey... Are you all right? (*looks at his body*) Is everything all right?

KAREN: I think we should take him to the hospital. Maybe he'll be more talkative there.

DAN (*to himself*): I need my keys and my coat.

ERIC: I'm coming with you. *(To Karen)* Karen, I'm going with Dan. You stay here.

Eric follows Dan off stage.

KAREN: What?

Karen stays with Maya and Mickey. She looks at them, seems hopeless, speechless. Finally, after few seconds of silence, she gets up.

KAREN: Eric?

Karen follows her husband, off stage. Maya is left alone with Mickey. He stares straight ahead; he is bleeding. Maya seems uncomfortable in his presence.

MAYA: Mickey... do you want to tell me why... you jumped? *(He doesn't answer, doesn't move, she draws closer to him)* Mickey, I know we don't know each other very well. In fact I hardly know you at all, but you know that if you need a shoulder to cry on you can always use... mine. You know that, don't you? *(sits next to him)*... there's no reason for you to know that, come to think of it... but it's true... if you need a shoulder *(smiles empathically at him)* you can always use mine. *(Touches his face, as if to comfort him. Mickey suddenly flinches. Maya immediately gets up, frightened, and walks away from him)* Oh, I'm sorry, Mickey. Do you want me to get you some... paper towels, or... something? I'll get you some paper towels.

Maya exits left, to the kitchen. Mickey is left alone.

Silence.

Mickey becomes aware of his empty surroundings. He looks to the right, looks to the left, weighs the situation for moment longer, and then decisively gets up and limps to the window. He stands in front of the window, looks at the apartment for the last time and then casually throws himself, again, out the window. Immediately, Maya enters with some paper towels and a medicine bottle.

MAYA: Mickey, I brought some alcohol... we can use it to...

Maya looks at the empty apartment.

MAYA (*looks around her*): Mickey? Mickey...

Maya hears the faint sound of Karen, Eric and Dan, talking in the offstage bedroom. She looks to the window; her face freezes. She seems frightened. She walks slowly to the window and, finally, takes a look outside, below. Her face turns pale and terrified, she looks around her frantically and then, out the window again. Karen and Dan enter. Dan is wearing an elegant brown leather jacket. When Maya hears them approaching she immediately stands between them and the window, as if to prevent them from looking outside. Eric enters, wearing a black leather jacket. Dan and Eric's argument off stage goes on.

DAN (*resolutely*): Forget it, we're taking my car.

ERIC: Dan, your car might break down... let's take my Honda, it's faster and safer and...

They all look at the empty couch. They look around them, confused.

DAN: Maya?

Maya tries to smile, and look casual. She pretends not to be hysterical, frightened, or appear guilty. She keeps standing between them and the open window.

KAREN: What's wrong, Maya?

MAYA (*mumbles*): What?

DAN: Where's Mickey?

MAYA: Mickey? I don't know, maybe he went to the bathroom.

They all look off stage, confused. They look at Maya, each other, the bathroom off stage and eventually at the window behind Maya. Their faces turn white. Maya starts

to cry, Dan runs to the window, followed by Eric and Karen. They look down. Karen immediately starts shouting hysterically.

ERIC (*shouts*): No way, No way. How... how did he... What happened?

DAN: Did he jump?

KAREN: Is he dead?

Maya walks to the middle of the apartment, sobbing.

MAYA: It's my fault. It's all my... I should have...

DAN (*turns to her*): It's not your fault.

ERIC (*shouts down*): Mickey? Mickey? Can you hear me?

KAREN (*shouts as well*): Mickey?

DAN: Let's go down and take him to...

ERIC: I see blood, do you see it? It looks serious.

MAYA (*keeps crying*): I'm such a stupid idiot. I just can't believe how stupid I am.

DAN: You're not stupid.

Karen approaches Maya, they both stand in the middle of the apartment while Eric and Dan look out the window.

KAREN: Is he moving? Can you see him move?

DAN: No.

ERIC: I think I saw him move.

DAN: Hard to tell. (*Shouts*) Mickey?

ERIC (*shouts*): Mickey? (*to Dan*) I think he moved. Did you see that? He moved.

KAREN (*to Maya*): Mickey is moving.

DAN: It doesn't look good.

ERIC (*to Maya*): Why did you leave him alone?

MAYA: I didn't know he would... I went to get... I thought he... (*sobbing again*) I don't know why.

DAN (*looks outside, disgusted*): I see blood - there's blood.

Maya sobs, leaning on Karen's shoulder. Suddenly, she goes to the table and picks up the phone. She dials and waits.

MAYA (*wipes her tears*): Hello. A friend of ours, Mickey, Mickey Heller... he jumped out the window of my... my and Dan's apartment. Yeah, just now. We want you to send a... yes. Okay, how long... okay, but, *please* hurry. Good, good. Okay (*clears her throat*) Maya Green, Oak Street no. 3, apartment no. 9. Yes. Three times three equals the apartment number which is nine. Oak Street no. 3, apartment 9. Yes, exactly. What do you want us to do while you... to keep him... Okay, thank you and have a good evening. Good bye...(*hangs up and looks up*) they're sending an ambulance.

ERIC (*decisively to Dan*): Let's go.

KAREN: Do you want me to come with you?

ERIC: No.

Eric exits the apartment and deliberately ignores Maya. Dan follows him out. Karen and Maya are left alone in the apartment. Silence.

Karen looks around her and goes to the window. She looks at Mickey. A faint breeze blows through her hair. She looks up, at the sky.

KAREN: It's gonna rain. I'm sure of it.

Maya looks at her, thoughtful.

KAREN: We're right under a great dark cloud. I'm sure it's gonna rain.

MAYA (*slowly*): Under a great dark cloud?

KAREN: Yes, right under it.

MAYA (*dramatically*): Under a great dark cloud. (*To Karen*) What does it mean?

KAREN: What does what mean?

MAYA: What you just said, under a great dark cloud. Does it mean we're gonna have a great dark ending?

KAREN: What's gonna have a great dark ending?

MAYA: Everything under the cloud?

KAREN: It means it's going to rain. What are you talking about?

MAYA (*approaches Karen*): Why would someone choose to jump out like that? And right in the middle of dinner, before dessert... just like that... what does it mean? Why? And what for? Is there a reason? I don't know him that well... but maybe nobody knows anybody... not that well anyway. Maybe one day Dan will decide to jump out the window, or leave me or... I'll find out he's having an affair with another woman... or another man. Maybe one day I'll decide *I* want to jump. Yes, why not? I always imagine the most... the most... (*Maya looks at Karen, and sees her terrified face. She smiles, embarrassed, and immediately tries to change the subject*)... never mind. And why? See what I'm saying? To jump... and for what, to jump... twice... to jump twice...

KAREN: Quite a statement.

MAYA: Exactly. (*Thinks for a second, and then looks suspiciously at Karen*) Are you joking?

KAREN (*hurt*): Me? No, god no. Do I look like I'm joking?

MAYA: No, it's not that. It's just...

KAREN: How could anyone joke at a time like this?

MAYA (*continues*): It's just that sometimes I feel like I can't figure you guys out. You've been so close for so long, so I... you do understand me, don't you?

KAREN (*glances at her watch; shouts out the window*): Eric?

ERIC: What?

KAREN: Are you gonna stay down there for much longer?

ERIC (*irritated*): Do we have a choice?

Karen keeps standing next to the window, enjoying the cool breeze in her hair.

KAREN: You know something? I trust my husband completely. Blindfolded. If I fall out the window... I won't worry, because deep down inside, I know that my husband is always there, watching me, looking after me... catching me. And that's what being married is all about: knowing there's someone there that will always catch you, whenever you fall.

MAYA: No one was there to catch Mickey.

KAREN: Eric will take care of it, you'll see. Do you think he wouldn't have caught him - if he could? Even after all we've been through - You know how close they still are? They haven't grown apart one bit. (*Looks outside*) I trust my husband blindfolded. (*Looks at Maya and then immediately down the window. shouts*) Eric?

ERIC: What?

KAREN: If I ever fall, I won't worry, because I know you're there, watching me, looking after me... (*heroic*) catching me. Right, Eric?

ERIC (*angry, impatient*): Stop bothering me, Karen.

KAREN (*didn't hear him, didn't even let him finish his sentence*): And that's what being married is all about.

MAYA (*seems bewildered*): I don't think he would catch you. How could he? If you fell you'd probably bury him right under you.

KAREN: I'm not going to jump, Maya.

MAYA: Yeah, but if you did...

KAREN: But I won't.

MAYA: If you won't, then... why say you would?

KAREN (*as if it's obvious*): Because it's an... expression, Maya.

MAYA: An expression? Why are you hiding behind expressions, Karen? Just say what you mean.

KAREN: I already said what I meant, I trust my husband completely. Blindfolded.

Karen gets up and goes into the kitchen, off stage. Maya rises, walks to the window and looks down. She climbs and stands on the window seal. She hears a sound from the kitchen, and gets down immediately. Karen comes back with a slice of cake on a plate.

KAREN: This is a pretty good cake, you know. It's a *really* good cake.

MAYA (*surprised*): You're eating the cake?

KAREN: I need sugar, Maya.

MAYA: No problem, I have no problem with you eating the...

KAREN: These cakes are perfect... for this kind of... occasion. This is one hell of a cake (*between bites*) really... a great, great cake... you know, a great cake for this kind of occasion.

MAYA: Yeah... (*thinks, then turns to Karen*) What do you mean?

KAREN: What?

MAYA: For this kind of occasion? What does that mean?

KAREN: It means this is a great cake.

MAYA: For this kind of occasion? But not other kinds?

KAREN: This is a good cake. Don't get me wrong. I just...

MAYA: What?

KAREN: This is definitely a good cake... it's more than that, it's a great cake.

MAYA: For this kind of occasion.

KAREN: Yes.

MAYA: When someone jumps out the window, it's a great cake. But when all is well - it's a good cake. Just good.

KAREN: This is a great cake.

MAYA: For this kind of occasion.

KAREN: Yes, for this kind of occasion it's a great cake.

MAYA: But not for other occasions, only for this kind.

KAREN: Will you cut it out!

MAYA: Is that what you're saying? Isn't that what you're saying?

KAREN: It's a great cake.

MAYA: For this kind of...

KAREN (*yells*): Enough already!

MAYA (*yells back*): I made the cake.

KAREN: What?

Maya immediately calms down. She looks around her.

KAREN: You made this cake?

MAYA: The cake you're eating – I made it. I baked it, I iced it, I decorated it.

KAREN: And it's a secret?

Maya nods, anxious.

KAREN: Why did you say you bought it at a bakery?

MAYA: I don't know. I'm afraid to expose myself. I'm afraid people will feel sorry for me, and tell me the cake is good even though it isn't. I'm afraid... *(to herself)* I'm such a coward.

KAREN: Why is it so important what people think about your cake? It's just a cake.

MAYA: It's much more than just a cake. It's...

KAREN: What?

MAYA: It's... It's much more than just a cake. It's like... Mickey's jumping out the window... is much more than just a jump.

KAREN *(surprised)*: Mickey?

MAYA *(focused, as if she's made a meaningful discovery)*: It's much more than just a jump. It's just like Mickey...

KAREN: You're just like Mickey?

MAYA *(excited)*: I wouldn't talk about the cake, just like he won't talk now... don't you see the connection?

KAREN: What connection? What's the connection?

MAYA: There is a connection, Karen. Don't you see it? It's not just a jump. There's more to it, just like there's more to me...

KAREN *(angrily)*: There's nothing more to you, Maya! You simply bake cakes. You bake cakes and Mickey jumps out the window. I'd say there's a slight difference.

ERIC *(from below)*: Karen! When is the ambulance supposed to come?

Karen gets up and walks to the window.

KAREN *(looks down)*: What?

ERIC: It's starting to rain, we're coming up.

KAREN: Mickey, how's Mickey? Can Mickey come up?

ERIC: We hope so.

KAREN: Eric?

ERIC: What?

KAREN: Is Mickey talking? Did he say why he did it?

ERIC: No. We're coming up.

KAREN *(to Maya)*: They're coming up.

MAYA *(quietly)*: Poor Mickey.

Karen starts pacing around the apartment, staring at her feet.

KAREN: I think the thing is... I think Mickey wanted to...

MAYA: What?

KAREN: I think Mickey wanted to... you know.

MAYA: Die?

KAREN (*appalled*): No... I think Mickey wanted to tell us something. I think it was a cry for help.

MAYA: A cry for help?

KAREN: I think he wanted to tell me something. I'm sure of it. I think it was very hard on him, feeling what he felt. Because... because... because I think he wanted to communicate it to me in the most... loving way possible.

MAYA (*amused*): I think you're giving yourself too much credit, Karen.

KAREN (*irritated*): Oh really?

Eric and Dan enter the apartment, holding Mickey, who is moaning in pain and bleeding profusely. Dan and Eric are sweaty from the difficult climb.

KAREN: Mickey.

DAN: Maya, turn the cushions, turn them.

Maya goes to the sofa and turns the cushions, Dan and Eric hold Mickey as they wait for her to finish.

ERIC: Oh boy, this is such a drag. You're fat, Mickey, you know that? What a drag - carrying you upstairs. You're so fat.

DAN: Now put some newspapers.

ERIC (*angry, to Dan*): Come on, Let's put him down already.

Maya runs off stage, returns shortly, and lays the newspapers on the sofa.

ERIC: Let's put him down. (*To Maya*) Come on, get going. (*To himself*) Oh, my back.

MAYA: Hold on, I'm nearly done.

DAN: More papers. What's wrong with you? More papers.

Maya runs off stage, again, returns shortly with a huge load of newspapers.

ERIC: Come on, this is heavy! Hurry, hurry. You'll take it to the dry cleaner's anyway.

DAN: No, put the papers.

KAREN: Where did you get all these papers? Do you guys save papers especially for these occasions?

Mickey groans in pain; occasionally, he tries to break loose of Eric and Dan's grip.

DAN (*tough*): Come on, hurry up already.

MAYA (*covers the couch quickly and nervously*): Just a second... there, put him down.

Dan and Eric nearly reach the sofa.

ERIC: Finally.

DAN: Not the sports section, take away the sports section. I haven't read it yet.

ERIC (*furious*): Dan, I'm letting go, my back's killing me.

DAN: Just a second, take away the sports section, put something else instead.

Maya quickly removes the sports section, and replaces it with something else.

MAYA: We can spare the first page, right?

DAN: Yes yes, just save the sports section and the business...

MAYA: Business is safe, I know you, business is safe.

Eric and Dan lay down the groaning Mickey on the sofa. Eric twists and turns, trying to straighten his back.

KAREN: Mickey. Why? Could you just tell me why?

ERIC (*still struggling with his back*): Don't bother him, Karen. Let him rest.

MAYA: Should I get anything?

ERIC: When are the doctors coming?

DAN: Why is it taking them so long... they're always late.

ERIC: Unless it's a murder.

DAN: If it's a murder, they arrive in the split of a second - but for a case like this, a simple self afflicting wound, they take their time...you know why? Because of the...

ERIC: News.

DAN: Exactly, because of the news. If there are no cameras around - what's the rush? But if there's a camera, they come in blowing all their horns and sirens. As speedy as superman.

MAYA: Mickey, do you want anything? Can we get you anything?

KAREN: We're here for you, Mickey. Do you hear me? Can I get you anything?

MAYA: Do you want some water? (*louder*) Water, do you want some water, Mickey?

KAREN: Mickey, do you want me to make you a cup of coffee?

ERIC: I could use a glass of water.

Maya stares at Eric angrily. She goes to the kitchen and comes back with a glass of water. Eric sits down and starts drinking. Mickey twists his aching body, turning his back on the others. Dan takes off his coat, goes out of the room, and returns without it.

DAN: I think we should take him to the hospital.

ERIC (*tries to straighten his back*): Let's wait for the ambulance.

KAREN: Mickey?

ERIC: Leave him alone.

DAN: But it'll take them ages.

ERIC: It'll take us much longer than ages.

KAREN (*draws near Mickey*): Mickey, I'm talking to you. (*Sits by his side*) Could you please talk to us?

DAN (*looks outside*): And it's raining...

KAREN: Mickey, will you talk to me? Will you please tell me why you jumped out the window? Your life is in order, you have your own place, a job, a loving family, friends, what more do you need? For no reason, just like that, jumping out of a window, when you're with all your loving friends... I don't get it, I just don't. Is it because of us? Is it because of me? Mickey... *(she touches his back)* Mickey...*(she forcefully tries to move him)* Mickey... *(shouts)* Mickeyiii... Don't ignore me. I love you, I don't deserve this. So we used to have some differences, so it didn't work out - so what, I still love you.

ERIC: Karen, stop bothering him. You're not making any sense.

Mickey lies still, his back to Karen and the others. Karen tries to turn him, forcefully.

KAREN: Mickey, talk to me. Don't ignore me.

Mickey turns to them.

KAREN: Could you finally explain to us why you jumped out the window?

Mickey whispers something to Karen.

DAN: What did he say?

Karen draws closer to Mickey; he whispers again.

KAREN *(To Mickey, angrily)*: Do you think this is some kind of joke? Does this seem funny to you?

Karen rises and walks to the window.

DAN: What did he say?

KAREN: 'Why not'. He said 'why not'.

MAYA: 'Why not'? What does that mean?

ERIC: I told you we should wait for the ambulance.

KAREN: I don't understand you, Mickey. I just don't.

ERIC: There's nothing to understand.

MAYA: I think I understand you.

ERIC: Me?

MAYA: No, Mickey.

Maya draws closer to the sofa; she unconsciously shoves Karen away and takes her place by Mickey's side.

MAYA: Mickey? Mickey? Can you look at me? I am asking you to look at me.

Mickey's eyes roll down, from the ceiling to Maya.

MAYA: Mickey, I want to tell you something. Can you hear me? I know you can. I think... I think I know why you jumped out the window, why you suddenly felt an irresistible urge to... jump. Why you got up and left us without so much as a word or even a gesture... at first I thought I didn't understand you... I... *(looks at the others)* We tried to figure out what could have made you do what you did... your decision to jump seemed like an act of madness, of insanity... but, in more ways than one, you... *(points at Mickey)* you, Mickey, are more sane than all of us.

ERIC: He's not more sane than me.

DAN: Not more sane than me either.

MAYA: ...because you didn't really want to jump, did you? You didn't really want to jump... you wanted to... fly. Yes, that's what it was... your desire to fly. You thought you could fly... you wanted to escape this place and just... fly away. You walked up to the window, looked down and thought... "why not?" - isn't that what he said? Why not? What do I have to lose? Why don't I just try to fly...

DAN *(looks at his wife, bewildered)*: Maya?

MAYA *(as if she has discovered something of great importance)*: What do I have to lose? It's just the third floor, nothing will happen to me...

KAREN *(to Eric)*: What is she talking about? You'd die... she lost her mind.

MAYA: ...I never do anything... reckless. I'm not a reckless kind of guy... there is nothing reckless about me and there is nothing interesting about me, either. Yeah...

why not? I don't have a girlfriend, I don't have any prospects, nothing lies ahead for me in the future, I don't have anything to look forward to... I am a boring man, with a boring job, who lives in a boring house, has a boring family and... boring friends.

ERIC (*defensively*): I'm not boring.

MAYA: I'm quite aware of it... it's perfectly all right... I know I'm boring and I think you guys (*to her friends*) are all boring as well... you... we don't have any... ingenuity.

DAN: Maya?

MAYA: Yes, why not? (*to Mickey*) Why the hell not? Like you said before. Why shouldn't I be... why shouldn't I do... something (*looks for a word*)... why shouldn't I do something...

KAREN: Radical?

MAYA: Yes, exactly... radical. Why shouldn't I do something radical? I never do anything... radical... I'm not a radical person... so why not... do something radical, jump, fly... wave us goodbye, wave gravity goodbye, leave your boring world behind and jump... why not? Am I wrong? Tell me, Mickey... am I wrong? (*thoughtful for a few seconds*) I made the cakes tonight. I baked them myself. I'm telling you this, though I know it might seem dull and uninteresting... I am telling you this, Mickey, because I am opening up to you... I won't hide anymore. I am opening my self up... my innermost self... and I ask you to do the same, Mickey. I am asking you to do the same... the very same thing I did.

DAN (*confused*): You made the cake?

MAYA (*continues*): I always sit by the window. Especially when I'm bored, I sit by the window and wonder - what's the most unusual, unpredictable, drastic thing I could do? What would happen if I... say... jump out... and then I think I might, just might... walk slowly towards the window, take a glance outside, at the sidewalk below, and... jump. But that simple thought terrifies me... I'm not as radical, or unusual as you are, Mickey, it scares me... I am a coward. I think that if, one day, I somehow decide to... jump... then, at the last moment, someone will prevent me from... jumping. But this someone, whoever he is, he has to be brave, and quick... like an angel... (*laughs*) I don't know...

Eric, Karen and Dan look at Maya, astounded.

ERIC (*to Dan, slowly, dumbfounded*): What the hell is your wife talking about?

DAN (*terrified*): Maya, are you okay?

MAYA: ...and when you jumped, I thought... what a brave man, what a courageous man ... what ingenuity. And I thought *I* was supposed to be your angel, your guardian angel. I should have looked after you, because we're the same, Mickey... me and you... we have to watch each other's backs, you and me. Your job is easier than mine... because I'm a coward, I'm not radical... I can't even take the miserable credit for a simple cake I made... but you... when you got up, crossed the room, and jumped... I should have been there... saving you. You did a very reckless thing Mickey, a reckless thing that could have been prevented if only I... saved you. I'm no angel... it's clear to me now... (*starts crying*) I'm no angel... I feel like I let you down, Mickey. And I hope you'll find it in your heart to forgive me... I'm sorry, Mickey.

Karen, Dan and Eric look at Maya's tormented figure. They are astounded by her words. Dan seems horrified by his wife. Eric goes offstage.

KAREN: What complete and absolute nonsense.

MAYA: Don't put me down, Karen.

KAREN: Maya, dear. I can assure you, you have nothing to do with Mickey's... it's not your... such nonsense. Mickey didn't jump out because of you... dear. He jumped ... because of me. I am the reason he jumped out... you see, Maya, there is nothing stronger than love... nothing, not even your... such nonsense.

Eric returns from the kitchen with a slice of cake on a plate. He eats on his way to the couch.

ERIC (*walking and eating*): You're both wrong, totally wrong. Both of you don't know what you're talking about.

KAREN (*irritated*): Ohh, really.

ERIC (*imitates her*): Yes, really. You two don't know Mickey. Not you, Karen, and especially not you Maya. How wrong can you be? (*to Dan*) One is in love, the other... insane - the history of womankind in two words.

DAN (*looks at his watch, impatient*): Where is that god damn ambulance?

ERIC: I've never heard such nonsense...

KAREN: Ohh, really?

ERIC (*imitates her again*): Yes, really.

KAREN: And I guess you have a better theory why...

ERIC: No need for theories, dear. I have the truth.

KAREN (*sarcastic*): Ohh, the truth? I'm sorry, honey. I didn't know my brilliant genius of a husband had the truth.

ERIC: Let it go, Karen.

KAREN: No, I want to know the truth, we want you to give us the truth. Please, Eric, enlighten us.

Eric takes another piece of the cake, puts his plate on the table and looks at his wife.

ERIC: What would you say, Karen, if I told you Mickey's decision to jump had absolutely nothing to do with you?

KAREN: Bullshit.

ERIC: You see? You can't even handle it.

MAYA: Handle what?

ERIC (*continues, to Karen*): And what would you say, Karen, if I told you that your insignificant... involvement with Mickey is absolutely... insignificant.

KAREN (*impatient*): Do you want to share your astonishing insights with us, or do you just want to go on with your mind fucking?

ERIC (*angry*): Watch your mouth, Karen.

KAREN: Or else what? You'll throw me out the window?

DAN: Where is the ambulance? What's taking them so long?

ERIC (*continues, to Karen*): You see what I'm talking about? Always with your dramatic remarks. (*Imitates her*) "Throw me out the window, I love you, I know you'll catch me..." everything with you is always love, hate, jealousy, sex, he did that, she didn't want to, he loved her, she didn't love him back, he jumped out the

window, heartbroken... you live in your own little romantic soap opera and don't care about anything else.

KAREN: Bullshit.

DAN (*to Maya*): The nerve they have, taking their time like that... ignoring emergencies...

ERIC: You can't even deal with the fact that Mickey felt nothing for you... nothing. You can't even begin to realize your life isn't that interesting. It doesn't interest me, it doesn't interest Dan and Maya, and it sure as hell doesn't interest Mickey. (*To Mickey*) Right, Mickey?

Karen's face, which was attentive but quite amused by her husbands remarks, suddenly turns serious and hurt.

KAREN: I don't interest you?

ERIC: What?

KAREN: My life... me... I don't interest you?

ERIC (*becomes aware of what he said, apologetic*): No, of course it does, you do interest me, it's just that I don't... it's just that I... well you know what I mean, don't you?

KAREN: No, dear. I don't know what you mean. You talk so much, you see? And use so many fancy words. Yeah, you, with your fancy words and your well-spoken remarks. You sure talk a lot, Eric. Maybe I just can't follow your fancy words. You know everything about everything, so please, dear, enlighten us, will you? Share with us, the simple folk, why Mickey jumped out the window - what is the big truth that you alone have access to?

Eric looks at his friends. They all look at him with curious eyes.

ERIC: Well, first of all, I can't escape the tormenting thought that I have some responsibility for Mickey's... condition. In fact, I'm pretty sure of it. The way I talked about him, just before he... well, you know what I mean (*Eric looks at them, they look at him back, confused*) what I said earlier, about Shirley and all - my story with the cookies - that kind of brought him to...well, I don't know what I was thinking. It

was very foolish of me... (*Karen, Dan, and Maya still look at Eric, confused*) I was the one who talked about his cookies problem and his allergies and... it was my mistake, my terrible mistake.

KAREN: What the hell are you talking about? I was the one who started talking about that stuff...

ERIC: No, you weren't.

KAREN: Yes, I was. (*To Maya and Dan*) Tell him.

ERIC: Anyway. There's something else...

MAYA: But we always joked about that stuff. I even remember Mickey telling some hilarious pecan jokes.

ERIC: I'm not talking about that. I'm... I... (*to Dan*) well, you know what I'm talking about.

DAN: What?

ERIC: You know what.

Eric looks at Dan, and nods in Mickey's direction, meaningfully.

DAN: What? What are you... (*remembers*) Ohhh... but why is that your fault?

MAYA: What are you talking about?

ERIC: Because I opened my stupid mouth.

MAYA: I don't understand. Karen, what are they talking about?

KAREN (*looks at Eric*): I don't know... wait a minute...

ERIC: It finally clicked.

KAREN: Are you implying what I think you're implying?

MAYA (*frustrated*): What?

Eric nods.

KAREN (*angry*): Liar.

ERIC (*smiles*): What's the big deal?

DAN: But how did he find out about it?

ERIC: Well, in every man's life there is a moment, a single moment when he's...

DAN: No, no... how did he find out you let the big secret out?

Silence. Eric looks at Mickey and sees his angry face.

ERIC: You didn't know?

Mickey shifts his gaze to the ceiling.

MAYA: What are you talking about? Karen, please tell me what's going on.

KAREN (*ignores Maya*): Mickey, they're lying, aren't they?

Mickey ignores Karen. She turns to her husband.

KAREN: Why didn't you tell me?

ERIC: Because he asked me not to...

KAREN (*interrupts him*): But we're married, Eric. I'm your wife, you're my...

ERIC (*furious*): Don't interrupt me, Karen. He asked me not to tell, and now I realize it was a stupid mistake to even bring it up here.

MAYA: Bring what up? Dan, tell me what you're talking about.

ERIC (*to Karen*): It was right after you, as a matter of fact.

MAYA: What was?

KAREN (*shocked*): Liar.

ERIC: It started gradually, very slowly... eventually, he just needed someone who could... help him transform... for good. (*Eric seems amused, Karen looks at him humiliated*) He needed someone, no one special, just someone for the appetizer... a fling. You were just a...

DAN: Incentive.

ERIC (*laughs*): Yeah, right, you were just an incentive.

Dan laughs; he goes and whispers something in Maya's ear.

MAYA (*surprised, amused*): No way.

Dan nods.

KAREN (*to Dan, angrily*): You're enjoying this, aren't you? With your smug face. You're really annoying. And to top it all off, you're a liar.

DAN: No I'm not.

KAREN: Yes you are. Dan?

DAN: What?

KAREN: Tell him.

DAN: Tell him what?

MAYA: And now it's... a done deal?

KAREN: Bullshit.

MAYA: Irreversible.

KAREN: Bullshit.

ERIC: Afraid so.

MAYA: Right after Karen!

ERIC: What can you do?

Maya laughs. She walks past Karen, to the window.

MAYA (*imitates Karen*): Love is so strong. It's the strongest thing in the world.

KAREN (*To Eric*): Bullshit. You're just jealous, that's what you are. You're eating your heart out.

ERIC: See, Karen? As usual, you turn everything into one of your own personal soap operas. You're just an insignificant cog in Mickey's life. I know him longer than you, and with all due respect, you don't have any custody over Mickey's life. You don't have to suck on *everything* other people do.

KAREN (*ignores Eric*): Mickey. Mickey. Could you at least look at me? Mickey? (*shouts louder*) Mickey!

Mickey turns to her, slowly. She sits down next to him and lets her hair loose.

KAREN: Is it true?

Mickey doesn't answer.

KAREN: Are you just gonna lie here and ignore me? Me, Karen? Me? of all people?

ERIC: And who the hell are you?

KAREN: Is it true? It isn't true, is it?

ERIC: Sure it's true.

KAREN: Bullshit.

ERIC: Why are you making such a big deal out of it?

KAREN: Bullshit.

ERIC: Bullshit? I guess now you'll never know...

KAREN: Oh really?

DAN: You guys, perhaps we should...

ERIC: Yes, really.

DAN: ...calm down. Sit here quietly, not talk, just wait... *quietly* wait... for the ambulance. I'll call them, I'll call them. Ask them where the hell they are...

KAREN: Mickey?

Karen draws near Mickey, who looks at her, confused.

ERIC: I have to use the bathroom. (*Gets up*) Where's the bathroom? I have to use the bathroom.

KAREN: Hold on, wait. I want you to see this. I want you to realize you were wrong.

ERIC: Why, what are you gonna do?

KAREN: Mickey? Mickey, look at me. Mickey, I want you to look at me.

ERIC: Karen, will you just let it go?

KAREN (*To Eric*): You're a liar, that's what you are. (*To Mickey*) Mickey? He's lying, isn't he? You're still... You're still... you know... here, let me give you a hand. You want me to help you prove to them it isn't true, don't you?

DAN: What? Prove us what?

Mickey looks at Karen. Maya, still by the window, looks at the others. Karen starts unbuttoning her blouse.

ERIC: What are you doing?

KAREN (To Mickey): Here, give me your hand.

Mickey seems surprised and uncooperative; she takes his hand and puts it inside her blouse.

KAREN: Go on, don't be shy.

ERIC: Karen, are you out of your mind?

KAREN: Now you'll see who the real liar is...

Mickey pulls his hand away; Karen takes it back and puts it on her breasts again.

KAREN: Don't be shy. It's not like you've never done this before. Don't worry, it'll come back to you in a second.

Eric looks at Mickey and his wife; he takes a step towards them.

ERIC: This is gonna cost you.

KAREN: You started it. Now sit your tiny ass down on the couch and enjoy the show.

Karen reaches for Mickey's zipper; he gently moves her hand.

MAYA: Karen, I don't think this is the time...

KAREN (to Mickey): Stop messing around, Mickey. Quit fighting and let me do my thing. I wanna help you.

Karen tries to open Mickey's zipper again; he pushes her hand away. She manages to open the zipper and shove her hand inside.

DAN (by the door): Karen, are you out of your mind? She's gone completely insane.

Karen moves her hand back and forth, forcefully. Mickey twists and turns. He removes his hand from her breasts, but she puts it right back on them.

KAREN: Feeling good, Mickey? Like old times?

A knock on the door.

MAYA: Dan, will you answer that?

DAN (*staring at Mickey and Karen*): What?

KAREN (*moves her hand increasingly faster and then suddenly stops and looks at Mickey's trousers. Pointing, so the others can see*): Well, Well, Well. I give you, ladies and gentlemen, exhibit A... (*points with satisfaction*) a hard on. (*Resumes hand movement inside his pants*) The only fag in this room is you, Eric.

More knocks on the door.

MAYA: Dan, the door! It's the ambulance.

Louder knocks on the door.

KAREN (*to Mickey*): I know what I'm doing. Trust me, baby. I know what I'm doing. Feeling good?

Mickey wiggles about, embarrassed, but aroused. He moves in a relaxed manner now; he nods.

ERIC: You enjoying yourself? Eh, Karen? It's good to see you're enjoying yourself.

Another loud knock on the door. Karen's hand keeps moving inside Mickey's pants.

MAYA (*shouts*): Dan!

DAN: What?

MAYA: Don't you hear the...?

DAN: The what?

ERIC: You're pathetic.

KAREN: *You're* pathetic. Admit you were wrong.

ERIC: Never.

A final loud knock; the door breaks open, the paramedics fall inside. At first, Karen and Eric are too busy quarreling to hear them.

KAREN: Just admit it.

ERIC: Never.

KAREN (*shouts*): Admit it.

ERIC (*shouts back*): Never, never, never.

Silence. Eric notices Dan's embarrassed stare at the paramedics and looks behind him. Karen too is taken by surprise. She quickly pulls her hand out of Mickey's pants, and buttons her blouse. Both paramedics stare at her, from the floor.

DAN: Finally!

Mickey pulls up his zipper, and turns his back on the others. The paramedics are still in shock.

DAN: Finally. You took your time, didn't you. Why not? Is this by any chance an emergency? Not at all, god forbid... a simple case of jumping out the window. It's not like a mass murder or anything... it's not like we're news worthy... god no... so take your time, by all means. Don't worry, we're just fine... it's just a self inflicted wound not news worthy... we're fine... Isn't that right, Eric? (*looks at Eric, Eric is out of focus; Dan shouts*). Eric?

ERIC: What? Yes, yes.

Eric stands in the middle of the stage; he looks at Karen as she rises from the sofa, still shocked.

DAN: Well, let's not waste any time.

Dan goes and stands by Eric. Both paramedics – Misha, large and stout, Pavel, short, thin, with glasses – rise from the floor, confused, in their worn-out, tattered uniforms. Karen turns her back on them, and walks to the other side of the stage.

PAVEL: Yes sir, we mustn't waste time. You're absolutely right.

ERIC: Karen?

KAREN (*looks out the window*): Eric...

PAVEL: Of course, we could always come back some other time...

MAYA: No, no. You came at the right time. We were just trying to solve the problem in... unconventional methods. Weren't we, Karen?

KAREN: Y... ye... yes.

PAVEL: Yes, it did seem... unconventional...

MISHA (*with a deep Russian accent*): ...almost biological...

PAVEL (*looks at his partner*): Shouldn't be judgmental, only receptive.

DAN: What took you so long? We're not important enough for you?

PAVEL: We got to the wrong address. We drove up to 33. Oak Street, but they didn't have any apartment no.9. - even though that's what you told us.

MAYA: No ,no, no. I said Oak Street no. 3, apartment no. 9. Not thirty three. Three times three is nine... apartment no. 9.

PAVEL: Yes, that's what we realized after the fact. That maybe you meant house number 3, and three times three equals nine which is the apartment number, and that got us wondering about logic and mathematics and all kinds of other stuff you don't want to wonder about when there's an emergency, especially when the people in the apartment want to be helpful...

MISHA: But you no help... just harm.

PAVEL: Next time say 3. Oak Street, apartment no. 9, not three times three, or three multiplied by three, three to the power of three or what not. Don't go into arithmetics - we're not that smart. You give us an address.

MISHA: You give address- we go...

PAVEL: No delays and no trying to be smart.

MAYA: I just wanted to help.

Karen glances at Eric; he still stares at her, angrily. Karen heads off stage.

ERIC: Where are you going?

KAREN: To the bathroom.

ERIC: Use a lot of soap.

Karen exits; everyone stands still for a few seconds, looking in different directions.

PAVEL: Anyway, I take it there's been some kind of a... medical problem.

DAN: Yes, sure. That's Mickey (*points at Mickey*). He jumped out the window.

Pavel goes to Mickey, Misha to the window.

MAYA: Twice.

Pavel and Misha look at Maya, surprised.

PAVEL: Twice?

DAN: He jumped out, and then he jumped out again.

PAVEL: He jumped out twice? And where were you all this time?

MAYA: We were right here. It was my fault.

DAN: It was *our* fault.

ERIC: Actually, it was my fault.

DAN: No, no. It was *our* fault. You see, Mickey is a... decisive guy. Mickey is a very decisive guy.

PAVEL (*sits on the couch next to Mickey*): I see.

MAYA: See what?

PAVEL (*ignores her*): What you say his name is?

MAYA: Mickey.

Misha looks out the window, impressed.

PAVEL: Mickey what?

MAYA: Mickey Hell...

KAREN (*interrupts, shouts from offstage*): Mickey Heller.

Pavel examines Mickey's feet.

PAVEL: And what happened?

MAYA: He jum...

KAREN (*again shouts, offstage*): He jumped out.

PAVEL: Yes, I know he jumped out. But why?

DAN: Ask him.

ERIC (*aggressive, to Pavel*): What does it matter why he jumped? Are you a shrink?

Karen walks in.

KAREN: It was my fault, actually.

PAVEL: What floor are we on?

DAN: Third floor.

Karen looks at Eric; he walks to the other side of the stage.

PAVEL: And how did he manage to jump out twice?

MAYA: It's my fault, it's all my fault.

KAREN: It's not your fault. Not everything is your fault, Maya. Not everything revolves around you, you know.

ERIC: If you don't mind, It's more my fault than yours.

PAVEL: Mickey?

Mickey doesn't answer.

PAVEL: Mickey, could you please turn around? Do you mind if I take a look at your legs?

They all stand around Mickey, waiting for his reaction. Mickey is not responsive.

PAVEL: Mickey, where do you feel pain?

Pause.

PAVEL: Mickey... Mickey... could you tell me where it hurts? (*Mickey remains silent*) Could you show me? Could you point at it?

They all draw closer to him.

PAVEL: Mickey... Mickey... Mickey...

KAREN (*shouts aggressively*): Talk, you worthless fuck... talk.

They all look at Karen, surprised.

MISHA: Pavel?

Pavel looks at Misha.

MISHA (*in Russian*): Ani yebutsa ned nami.

Pavel immediately silences Misha.

MAYA: What did he say?

PAVEL: Nothing. (*Gets up, to Mickey*) Mickey, we want to take you to the hospital. Will you come with us?

Mickey turns his back on Pavel.

PAVEL: Mickey?

MISHA: Pasmetri nanik.

PAVEL (*silences him*): Misha?

MISHA (*angrily*): Campania pizdonov.

Pavel tries to suppress his laughter. Misha seems irritated.

MAYA (*frustrated, to Pavel*): I don't understand what he's saying. (*Turns to Misha; as if she's speaking to a small child*) Could you please speak English? Do you speak English?

Misha stares at Maya, studies her body and walks back to the window.

PAVEL: Well, the case is more complicated than we first thought. It could take us quite a while... you see, we want to take him to the hospital, but your friend is...

MAYA: Can I offer you anything to drink? While you're...

PAVEL: Coffee would be a tremendous help. What did you say your name was?

MAYA: Maya. How do you take it?

MISHA: No sugar, no milk.

PAVEL: Lots of milk, lots of sugar.

On her way off stage, Maya is reminded of something.

MAYA (*smiles proudly*): Can I offer you a slice of a cake I made?

MISHA (*passionately*): Yes.

Maya goes off stage.

ERIC (*furious*): Would you also like a massage while you're here?

MISHA (*thinks a bit*): No.

PAVEL: Coffee and cake will be fine.

ERIC: In case you hadn't noticed, it wasn't a genuine offer.

PAVEL: In case *you* hadn't noticed, it wasn't a genuine answer... (*looks at Karen*) if you know what I mean.

ERIC (*to Dan*): The nerve on these guys!

Maya returns with two large slices of cake; The paramedics seem impressed.

MAYA (*hands them the plates*): Here. Why don't you start with the cakes. Go on, eat, enjoy - I made it. I scrambled the eggs, I baked it, I iced it... the whole deal. And it took a lot of time too, mind you... and effort. A lot of time and effort, (*to Dan*) and it was all done right under your nose. (*Considers what she just said*) That came out nicely! Right under your nose... anyway, I made it - the whole shebang...

PAVEL: Delicious.

MAYA: The whole shebang.

DAN: Why didn't you tell me, Maya? I don't get it.

MAYA: There's nothing to get. I just felt... scared.

DAN (*surprised*): Scared? Of what?

MISHA (*casually, to Pavel, as they're eating*): In Africa, this thing - never happen.

Silence. They all look at Misha. Misha and Pavel keep eating, oblivious to the others.

DAN (*approaches Misha*): Excuse me?

MISHA: In Africa, this thing - never happen.

PAVEL (*tries to silence Misha*): Misha!

DAN: What do you mean?

MISHA: What?

DAN: What do you mean?

KAREN: You said in Africa this would never happen... that's what you said.

ERIC: That's what he said.

DAN: Then what do you mean... in Africa this would never happen?

MAYA: What never happens in Africa? I don't understand what you're saying...

What never happens in Africa?

Misha finishes his cake, and puts his plate on the table.

MISHA: Also in China, this thing - never happen.

ERIC: And what about Mother Russia?

Misha laughs in contempt.

MISHA: I assure you, my friend... this thing never happen in Russia. We can't afford this thing happen, different mentality.

MAYA (*confused*): What is "this"? What are you talking about?

MISHA: This things that going on here.

PAVEL (*quickly finishes his cake*): Misha, I really think we should get back to...

ERIC (*to his friends*): Ignore 'em, these brutes.

PAVEL: Hey, no need to get nasty.

MAYA (*as if she suddenly recalls something very important*): Ohh, you know what this reminds me of?

MISHA: You talking to me?

MAYA: Dan, what was that movie we saw the other day? The one with Marilyn Monroe, what's the name of that Marilyn Monroe movie?

DAN (*thinks hard*): Something with hot.

MAYA: Right, someone is hot.

PAVEL (*corrects them*): "Some like it hot".

MAYA: You know, the way Marilyn puts her hand in that guy's pants and starts... Oh, he was so adorable. He was impotent too.

ERIC: She didn't put her hand inside his pants.

MAYA: She didn't?

ERIC: Of course not. Marilyn Monroe had class.

PAVEL: He wasn't impotent, either.

ERIC: Marilyn would never do that.

DAN: Marilyn Monroe posed for Playboy.

KAREN (*immediately, as if offended*): I didn't pose for playboy.

Silence. Maya looks at Karen, confused.

MAYA: I didn't pose for Playboy either. What's that got to do with anything?

KAREN: Didn't you say I reminded you of Marilyn Monroe?

MAYA: When did I say that?

KAREN: When you said Marilyn's hand job reminded you of my hand...

ERIC: Don't flatter yourself... No one offered you to pose for Playboy. Besides, Marilyn managed to cure him out of his impotence.

PAVEL: He wasn't impotent.

DAN: Did you know this actor once said that kissing Marilyn Monroe was like kissing Hitler, swear to god, I read it somewhere...

Silence. They all look at each other.

KAREN (*offended*): So now I'm Hitler?

DAN: Did I say you were Hitler?

PAVEL (*irritated*): He wasn't really impotent, he was just faking.

MAYA: Hitler? What's Hitler got to do with it?

KAREN: Eric thinks depression is a fake.

ERIC: Karen!

KAREN: That's what you said... Don't wash your hands of it.

MAYA: I always wash my hands of what I say, always change my mind, always think one thing and then the exact opposite.

ERIC: That's why nobody ever listens to you.

MAYA (*astonished*): What?

KAREN: I guess no one ever listens to anyone.

MAYA (*furious*): You know something? I think you're right.

ERIC: About what? That nobody listens to you...

MAYA (*interrupts him*): No, about it being your fault. This is all your fault. With a friend like you, it's no wonder Mickey eventually decided to jump out the window... The only wonder is why it didn't happen sooner.

ERIC (*irritated*): Bullshit.

MAYA: Ohh, so now I got your undivided attention?

ERIC: Hey, don't pin it on me... It was all *your* fault... it was you who left him all alone. It was you who got us in this mess in the first place.

DAN: You guys...

PAVEL: People...

MAYA: Me? If *I* didn't leave him alone? What about you? What about Karen?

KAREN: Me? What do I have to do with anything?

DAN: Guys, lets focus on the...

MAYA (*to Dan, angry*): Why don't you ever take my side? How can you let him say these things to me, your wife?

DAN: Me? What do you want from me?

MAYA: To stand by me. To be a man. To be my husband.

DAN: All night you've been taking the blame on yourselves – and now all of a sudden you're scattering it all over the place. I'm not a part of this, I'm not taking any sides here.

MAYA: But you want the sofa kept clean, don't you?

DAN: Leave me alone, Maya.

MAYA: And the papers put away, right?

DAN: You just don't get it.

MAYA: You want to have your reading, your meals, your everything... always taken at the same place, at the same time... you... you... you'd never jump out the window.

Pause.

DAN: What?

MAYA: You'd never jump out the window.

DAN: What does that mean? Huh, Maya? What does that mean? Me not jumping out the window... Is that an accusation or something? As if I *should* jump out the window? Like one of those people who jump? Is it a shame not being one of the excellent people who jump out windows? What does this mean?

MAYA: It means what it means. You don't have the balls to do it.

DAN: I do have the balls to do it. I'm a soldier. I served in the army.

Silence. Dan looks at Maya. She seems amused by his last remark.

ERIC: You had a desk job.

DAN (*irritated*): So what? So what if I had a desk job? Why do you keep reminding me that? So I was in fucking headquarters, big deal.

ERIC: That's where you were.

DAN (*To Eric*): And where were you? (*to Maya*) and you? A bunch of wimps, all of you. At least I don't pretend to be something I'm not.

ERIC: You didn't even have a uniform.

DAN (*shouts*): So what? So fucking what?

PAVEL: People, please...

DAN (*shouts, almost hysterically*): So what? So I'd jump out the window (*looks at Maya*) and you'd take the blame, (*to Eric*) and you, and you, Karen, you'd say "the poor thing, if I had only said something", as if you're all such great fucking friends... (*to Pavel and Misha*) and you'd probably think you could've saved me. You assholes always think you can save people. So what?

MAYA: You'd never jump.

DAN: Don't try me.

MAYA: Nothing to try, you'll never jump.

PAVEL: Please, people, we came here to take care of one injury, we don't need another one...

MAYA (*to Pavel*): Don't worry, you have nothing to worry about.

DAN: Don't try me.

Maya looks at Dan. She steps towards the paramedics, and clears the way to the window.

DAN: Don't try me, Maya.

MAYA: You'll never jump.

Dan looks at the others, then, step by step, walks to the window; he looks down. He looks back at the others, and lowers his head. Silence.

DAN: I have a headache.

MAYA: Just like I said.

DAN (*turns to his wife, humiliated, furious*): Oh yeah? And how about you? Huh, Maya? How about you? You'd jump out the window? With all your secret fantasies? You can't even admit you made one single stupid cake. So what good are you?

MAYA: I... I... if I only wanted to, I could do it. I just don't...

DAN: You just don't what?

ERIC: You don't understand?

MAYA: I do understand. I think I understand. Maybe I don't... I don't know.

Maya looks at the others, then sits on the couch; Dan sits on the table; Eric stands by Dan; Karen stands by Eric's side. Pavel and Misha look at them, a bit frightened.

DAN: We all had an emotional evening.

KAREN: Yes, we're all very upset.

MAYA: Yes.

KAREN: We're still best friends though, right?

ERIC: Sure, sure we are. Aren't we?

MAYA: But what about Mickey?

DAN: We can't let this one evening come between us.

ERIC: That's right. We have to stick together.

Dan gets up.

Misha (*to Pavel*): Ani Nichuya Nia Sleshet.

Pavel laughs. Maya immediately rises to her feet.

MAYA (*to Pavel*): What did he just say? (*shouts to Misha*) I don't understand what you're saying!

MISHA (*says and then laughs out loud*): Mujet chuy ani kakars ei sleshet.

MAYA (*angry*): It's very impolite of you to speak in a foreign language. You know that? Very impolite.

The kettle whistles in the kitchen.

MISHA: You not hear good? The coffee is ready... (*shouts*) coffee is ready.

Maya stays where she is.

MAYA: I don't think I want to make you a cup of coffee anymore.

ERIC: Why should you?

DAN: No reason. Stay where you are, Maya.

Misha becomes very nervous. He shouts to Pavel in Russian, while pointing at the others. Maya hurries to the kitchen; the kettle's whistle stops. Maya returns.

ERIC (*to Misha*): You know what your problem is?

KAREN: Eric, don't.

PAVEL: Oh, you're bad-mouthing us now?

ERIC: No, I have to tell you. (*To Misha*) You're a bunch of savages, that's what you are. You're brutal, and whatever might happen in Africa or Russia – well, it doesn't happen here. So don't you go patronizing us!

Misha stands firm, looks at Eric, who seems a bit intimidated by his stare.

MISHA: You know why dog lick his balls?

Eric shakes his head.

MISHA: Because he can. Dog not need to lick his balls, sometimes licking balls bring microbes to your mouth and this not healthy. Sometimes balls stink from dog's pee, sometimes they hairy and disgusting, sometimes they full of worms and bugs and flies...

PAVEL (*continues him*): ...and this is very very disgusting.

MISHA: Yes, da... Dog not need to lick his balls. Better, even, if he not lick his balls, it don't help, it don't do no good, it's shit. See what I mean?

MAYA: And in Africa they don't lick their own balls?

MISHA: Exactly.

MAYA: I don't get it, what's you're point? What are you saying?

DAN: He's saying no matter how long we lick our own balls they'll always remain... dry.

MAYA (*thoughtful*): But that's a... (*looks at Eric*) paradox, isn't it?

Mickey rises and starts limping towards the window. The others, their backs turned on him, are oblivious to this.

PAVEL (*confused*): What is?

ERIC (*heroically*): exactly.

MAYA (*thoughtful*): But... (*a small smile on her face*) it makes no sense.

Mickey reaches the window. He climbs on the window seal, painfully, holding his leg.

PAVEL (*angry*): What makes no sense? What are you talking about?

ERIC (*emphatically*): exactly.

PAVEL: There's no paradox here.

MAYA (*smiles*): But if it makes no sense... it's pointless.

Mickey looks back at the others, then jumps out. His scream grows weaker. Everyone turns back at once.

KAREN (*yells*): Mickey!!!

PAVEL: Fuck me.

Maya hurries to the window; the rest follow her.

ERIC (*looks down, horrified*): He fell on his head.

PAVEL: Misha?

MISHA: Yes... on the head.

ERIC: He didn't... he didn't say a word.

MAYA: Not a word.

They all look down, terrified.

PAVEL: We're fucked now. Why didn't you keep an eye on him? Now they're sure to put the blame on us. Do you have any idea what you just did?

MISHA (*to Pavel*): Oh, so now this *my* fault...

PAVEL: Yes, it is your fault, it's all your fault.

MAYA (*to herself*): He didn't say a word... just got up and flew away.

KAREN: Oh Mickey.

ERIC (*to Dan*): We'd better get down there.

DAN: Let's go.

KAREN (*looks at her husband passionately*): Eric, if I ever fall...

Eric hugs Karen.

ERIC: I'll be there to catch you.

Eric kisses Karen.

MAYA (*stares straight ahead*): No one was there to catch Mickey.

DAN (*looks down*): Right on his head...

The End