

:-) Everybody I know is either recently married or recently divorced, some of them the same people. It's a social epidemic.

PHIL. I'm recently divorced.

BONNIE. Doom and gloom have come to sit in my household like some permanent kind of domestic appliance.

(As she sits, PHIL drifts to lurk behind her.)

If you could spare some blow to vacuum the lobes, I would be eternally grateful.

(PHIL puts his arm around her as EDDIE spoons some coke.)

PHIL. We got some stuff here to really round off your rough spots.

BONNIE. I couldn't be happier.

PHIL. We been having a good time, too.

BONNIE. Is this particular guy just being ceremonial here with me, Eddie, or does he want to dick me?

PHIL. (He backs off.) Hey, if I have overstepped some invisible boundary here, you notify me fast because I respond quickly to clear-cut information while, you know, murk and innuendo make me totally demented.

ARTIE. We couldn't have less of any idea what we're doing here, Bonnie.

BONNIE. Is everybody ripped here?

MICKEY. (emerging from the bathroom) We're involved in a wide variety of pharmaceutical experiments.

EDDIE. Testing the perimeters of the American Dream of oblivion.

BONNIE. (BONNIE does some coke.) Drugs. I mean, I'm telling this guy on the phone that drugs are and just have been as far as I can remember, an ever-present component of my personality. I am a drug-person. But he will not get off the phone.

PHIL. So this explains the infinite length of your busy signal. Who is this guy? Tell me.

BONNIE. Some guy. Don't worry about it...

(giving PHIL a joint as MICKEY watches from upstairs)

I mean, my life in certain of its segments has just moved into some form of automation on which it runs as if my input is no longer required. So my girlfriend Sarah gets involved with this guy who has just gotten out of Rehab and so he is freaked out on Rehab and he thinks everybody should be in Rehab. So Sarah gets proportionally freaked out on Rehab, this is what love can do to you. So then they are both attempting to freak me out on Rehab, which is the subject of their unending, unvaried, you know, whatchamacallit.

ARTIE, EDDIE, MICKEY. Proselytizing... ..Proselytizing... ..Proselytizing.

BONNIE. They will not shut up about it.

PHIL. Who is this guy? Because I know ways to make guys stop anything. They might think they have the courage of cowboys, but I can change their minds. Who is this guy?

BONNIE. What was your name again?

PHIL. Phil.

ARTIE. He's dangerous, Bonnie.

BONNIE. Who isn't?

ARTIE. I mean, in ways you can't imagine.

BONNIE. That's very unlikely, Artie.

(Having returned to PHIL, she hands the joint to him.)

Anyway, I finally just go "Thbgggghhhhhggggggghhhhh!" and slam down the phone and hang it up and when I picked it up next, you guys were there.

PHIL. And now you're here.

MICKEY. (gazing down and gesturing toward PHIL and BONNIE) Is this the hand of destiny again, Eddie? Look at it.

EDDIE. I'm looking.