

# Danny CB

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MIKE: Good.

DANNY: ..Listen.

MIKE: Go ahead.

DANNY: ..My wife left me.

MIKE: She did?

DANNY: Yes.

MIKE: Why?

DANNY: She was tired of me.

MIKE: That's tough.

DANNY: Yeah. Tough.

MIKE: What was her name?

DANNY: Her name was.. her name *is* Anna, she's still alive..

MIKE: I'm sorry.

DANNY: It's not your fault.

MIKE: I didn't.. Did you think it was my fault?

DANNY: I blamed you. The time you took. I blamed everyone and anyone but myself. (*Short pause.*) Then I blamed myself. It's no use.

MIKE: Do you know what it was?

DANNY: She told me she was tired of being married to a bad-tempered, middle-aged man.. who is married to his work.

MIKE: That stings.

DANNY: I was in bed for two months.

MIKE: You're better now?

DANNY: I fell to pieces.

START

MIKE: And now?

DANNY: Now I'm walking around in a stupor.

MIKE: You can't do anything with it.

DANNY: What do you mean?

MIKE: It will take a long time.

DANNY: And then?

MIKE: Eventually, over the course of time, you forgive yourself to some small extent. You start to find pleasure in small things.

DANNY: I still can't work. This is the first thing I've done in three months.

MIKE: And you still have your job?

DANNY: They want my name on the letterhead. Looks good now. I made a name on you.

MIKE: You're lucky you still have the job. That's good.

DANNY: I'm not sure I want it. There are a lot of occupational hazards. The lifestyle stinks.

MIKE: You're well paid, you told me so.

DANNY: I don't know what she expected, she knew I was engaged to the practice of law. It's intense.

MIKE: What will you do now?

DANNY: Spend a week at my parents' cottage. Go back to work.

MIKE: I've made some changes.

DANNY: My secretary summarized your letters.

MIKE: You couldn't read my letters..

DANNY: I find myself staring into a dark.. a debilitating

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endless riddle—beaten by the meaning of everything. I find a taste in my mouth that's what? I don't even want to know. (*Short pause.*) I try to pray and instead I find myself hating you.

MIKE: And your ideas—your eye of the needle...

*A silence.*

DANNY: Yes. (*Short pause.*) The briefcase...

MIKE: You can't have it back. It's got my homework in it. Grade eleven...

DANNY: It's yours. I want you to have it.

MIKE: Thank you, Daniel.

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END