

don't know. It seems to me that you grew up together and now you've grown apart. It's no one's fault. It happens.

#2: I just can't walk away from that.

#1: You don't have to, but you can't force something that isn't there.

#2: So what am I supposed to do?

#1: Sign the papers. If you really want to keep him/her in your life, you have to cut free the part that's dead and let what's left grow.

#2: *(Trying to hold it together.)* It's...hard. It's very hard.

#1: I know, but I think in the long run, it's really for the best.

#2: It's gonna take some time to convince me of that.

#1: I know. *(Pause)* Hey, why don't we go out and get you some groceries and stuff for your apartment.

#2: I'm not really hungry.

#1: You will be sometime. Besides, the walk will do you good.

#2: Why will a walk do me good?

#1: *(Pause)* I don't know. That's what they always do in the movies.

*(They both chuckle a bit.)*

#2: Well, far be it from me to contradict Hollywood. Let's go for a walk.

*(#1 grabs a jacket and they head for the door and exit.)*

## 29. Privacy

*(In a restaurant. #1, a reporter, is sitting at a table. #2 enters, looks around, sees #1, goes over to the table, and throws a newspaper in front of him/her.)*

#1: Usually I have this delivered to my house, but thanks.

#2: You want to explain this?

#1: *(Picks up the paper and looks at it.)* Well, it's a newspaper and they're black and white and read all over. I work for one. *(Pause)* This one, as a matter of fact. Does that clear it up? *(Holds the paper out to #2.)*

#2: I want to know where you got this story!

#1: Sorry, my sources are confidential.

#2: That's great. Some liar gets confidentiality and my life is all over this rag?

#1: Hey, you chose a profession that puts you in the public eye. You know that, so don't blame me if you can't handle the consequences.

#2: Oh, I can handle the public eye. What's abhorrent is printing bald-faced lies. That's obviously your job.

#1: Everything I wrote is the truth as far as I know.

#2: Yeah, well you don't know anything and that's the truth!

#1: Fine, then enlighten me.

#2: Go to hell! *(Starts to exit.)*

#1: This is why I had to rely on other sources for this story instead of you.

#2: What are you talking about?

#1: When I first heard about this, I tried to get in touch with you to talk about it.

#2: I never got a call from you.

#1: Well then talk to your publicist. I called her and she said that you had no comment and were too busy to talk. So, I was left to my own devices.

- #2: When was this?
- #1: A week or two ago.
- #2: First off, I had no comment because I never heard any rumors about this, and secondly, I was too busy. I was filming a movie and I told my publicist I didn't want to do any interviews until we wrapped. I had a job to do. Is that so difficult to understand?
- #1: Not at all, but understand that I also have a job to do. I cover the entertainment scene. So, I guess we both did what we had to.
- #2: Except that my job is make believe. I don't try and pass off innuendo, hearsay, and appearance as the truth. I also wouldn't hurt an innocent bystander.
- #1: Hey, I'm not the one running around on my spouse in public.
- #2: Neither am I!
- #1: Well, that's what I was told by my sources!
- #2: Oh yeah, your "confidential sources." Just for your information, that poor little production assistant you paid to give you information from the set made a mistake and shot off his mouth. From what he told us before he was fired was that you said you were just looking for some harmless little gossip items. Nobody would be hurt. What was that, just a little harmless white lie?
- #1: Yeah, well...
- #2: Well, nothing! That kid will probably never work again. So there's another notch for your gun.
- #1: You know what's amazing? When you all are starting out as struggling actors you beg for publicity. You have no idea what I've been offered by actors, agents, managers, publicists, to get your names in the paper. Then when the few of you do make it big, you turn around and spit on me for giving you exactly the same thing. I'd call you all schizophrenic, but I think hypocritical says it better.
- #2: OK, you've got a point. But when does it stop? What part

- of my life is off limits?
- #1: I'd have to say...none.
- #2: I suppose asking for a retraction is out of the question?
- #1: Tell me why.
- #2: What's going on is nobody's business but mine.
- #1: Sorry, that's not good enough.
- #2: (*Thinks for a moment.*) OK, look, I'll tell you my reasons, but this conversation is off the record. If my reasons are valid to you, then print a retraction, without details. Just say you were wrong. If not, at least don't follow up on the story. I'm asking this as a favor.
- #1: You've never given me problems before – OK, deal.
- #2: I suppose you want to know who the man/woman I've been seen with is.
- #1: That would be a good place to start.
- #2: Well, he/she is my brother/sister. (*#1 looks at #2.*) What? You don't believe me?
- #1: It's not that, it's just that in my business, that's the same as introducing someone as your "niece"/"nephew."
- #2: OK, I see where you're at, but that person is my brother/sister.
- #1: Then why didn't you introduce him/her to anyone? Why were you sneaking her/him into your dressing room and locking the door?
- #2: Your "source" was good. I wasn't sneaking anyone. I just wanted some privacy.
- #1: Why?
- #2: He's/she's a doctor.
- #1: Are you sick?
- #2: No.
- #1: Then who?
- #2: (*Pause*) My wife/husband.
- #1: I'm...I'm sorry.
- #2: My brother/sister is counseling us on the best course of treatment, which doctors to see. That sort of thing. My

wife/husband doesn't want me to stop working because there's nothing I can really do.

#1: I understand.

#2: Unfortunately, that means I can't always go with her/him to his/her appointments. When that happens my brother/sister would come to the studio or we'd meet for lunch and she/he would fill me in.

#1: If I can ask...how is she/he doing?

#2: OK. She/he has his/her rough days, but we're determined to beat this.

#1: There's a lot of people out there who would give you support.

#2: I know and I appreciate it, but...

#1: But what.

#2: I've always tried to keep my family out of my spotlight. This is not about me and we'd like to deal with it on our own. Is that really too much to ask?

#1: No, it's not. You know, you could have saved us both a lot of trouble by telling me this before.

#2: Maybe, but as you mentioned, I'm a public figure. How many details of my private life can I trust anyone with?

#1: *(Pause)* I get your point. *(Pause)* I'll print the retraction.

#2: My wife/husband will appreciate it. *(Starts to leave.)*

#1: I am sorry.

#2: *(Stops and looks at #1.)* You know, I think you are. Who would have thought? *(Exits.)*

## 30. The Accident

*(A holding room of a county jail. #1 is sitting at a table waiting. #2 enters and sits.)*

#1: How are you feeling?

#2: How do I look?

#1: Pretty awful.

#2: That's how I'm feeling. How long till I can get out of here?

#1: We have to talk.

#2: Fine. Post the bail, get me out of here and we'll go have coffee and talk.

#1: I'm afraid it's not that easy.

#2: What? What's the problem? I've had DUIs before.

#1: That's just the point. You're a repeat offender. They're not looking on you very favorably.

#2: Who cares how they see me. My parents have friends and money. That's all that counts.

#1: Not this time. Not with an accident involved.

#2: *(Pause)* There was, wasn't there?

#1: How drunk were you?

#2: I guess very. How's my car?

#1: How's your car?! Is that all you have to say?

#2: I'm sorry. I didn't mean it to sound like that. I just don't remember.

#1: Then let me refresh your memory. You got drunk, got behind the wheel, slammed into a car with a mother and daughter going home, and drove their car into a brick wall.

#2: I didn't know. I'm sorry. I'm sure my parents will pay for any medical costs.

#1: Money can't buy you out of this one.

#2: Look, it may cost a little more, but I'm sure we can get out of it.