

ABBY. OK, here we go. You told us that sad story about the baseball player, the guy who wakes up at 3:14 in the morning.

MAN. It was just a story—!

ABBY. Right. *(Beat.)* So, truth: What are you thinking about at 3:14?

MAN. This is stupid.

WOMAN. No, it's the thing that got you here. What is it? I want to know, too.

JAMIE. So do I.

ABBY. Come on, we played, now you play. Why are you here?

MAN. *(Squinting his eyes a bit:)* I haven't the faintest—

WOMAN. AH HAH! It's 3:14, what's on your mind?

MAN. A lot of things! Bills, my kids, a stupid thing I said in high school. A LOT of things!

(Long pause. WOMAN takes over.)

WOMAN. Jimmy . . .

MAN. What?!

WOMAN. I know EXACTLY what you're thinking about.

MAN. Oh really? *(He picks up the device.)* Does this thing read minds, too?! Come on!

WOMAN. 3:14 comes and you're looking at the ceiling. You're in the land of "coulda woulda shoulda!" "Why didn't I do this?" "Why didn't I do that?" "When is my ship going to come in?"

MAN. That's ridiculous . . .

WOMAN. "Why am I a failure?"

MAN. You should stop now.

WOMAN. "Is this the best I can do?!"

MAN. That's enough . . .

WOMAN. "I'm the biggest loser!"

MAN. SHUT UP!

WOMAN. Then what is it? What is it? You tell me!

MAN. You want me to tell you?!

WOMAN. We all do! What's on your mind?!

MAN. *(Perhaps a pause and then an explosion:)* I wake up and I think about that goddamn coat you're wearing!

WOMAN. What? WHAT?! My coat?

MAN. Look at it. Piece of crap. Is that the best I can give you?! Is it?! Yeah, it is! It sure is. You always wanted to go to Ireland? That ever happen? Nope! We didn't go to the movies all that much. My Dad died and we had him cremated because it was cheaper! Because it was cheaper. You just wanted to finish your degree, "a life of tea and literature" you said . . . and we could barely afford the tea! *(Pause.)* So, I lie there and try to think of what I can give you. What? And I came up with it . . . I can let you off the hook, the Jimmy hook! *(Beat.)* Will it be hard? Yes, it will. *(More emotional:)* Yes, it will. But, if I can do it, if I can let you find . . . something, someone better. That would be something I can finally give you. *(Beat.)* Hilarious, huh?

WOMAN. *(Softer now:)* Jimmy . . .

MAN. Hilarious . . .

WOMAN. . . . Honey, that's just life. It is. There are smart people who crash and idiots who soar, that's life.

MAN. Yeah, yeah. All that is nice, cheers, here's to the lovable losers, cheers . . .

(He raises his glass.)

WOMAN. Honey . . .

MAN. So, happy, everybody? We all clear? Good.

WOMAN. We've been together for thirty-five years and you still have NO IDEA what I want.

MAN. What do you want . . . ?

WOMAN. *(Indicating JAMIE and ABBY:)* I want to be them! Uhm . . . "Money doesn't buy happiness."

MAN. You know who made that up? A poor guy!

WOMAN. You know what? I don't know why, but people seem to think that if you're rich, you're a better person. Better. It's like it cancels out everything bad about you. And if you're poor, no matter how much good you do, we think "whoa, there's something wrong with that guy!" What is that?

MAN. I don't know . . .

