

TEDDY. What's he do again?

IRENE. We don't talk a lot about his work.

TEDDY. Yeah but you know what it is.

IRENE. He's like you.

TEDDY. He's not like me.

IRENE. I mean, it's office work.

TEDDY. Are you sure?

IRENE. He doesn't like to talk about it the way that you don't like to talk about it, Teddy.

TEDDY. I talk plenty. I do nothing but talk.

IRENE. But when it comes to work you are vague. You have to admit that much.

TEDDY. I don't have to admit anything, because we're not talking about me, we're talking about Gerry.

IRENE. We are not talking about Gerry.

TEDDY. Why are you so defensive?

IRENE. I'm not defensive!

TEDDY. You're totally defensive. I asked you a simple question -

IRENE. It wasn't simple.

TEDDY. About what you and Gerry talk about -

IRENE. He likes the television. Watching the sports on television.

TEDDY. That's what you talk about? Sports on television?

IRENE. He watches other things too. Those shows where people are so horrible to each other. He laughs. You know. When they when they...

(There is a pause at this. After a moment, she starts to cry.)

TEDDY. No no no -

IRENE. I have to, I'm sorry, I have to -

*(She heads for the stairs. **TEDDY** goes to her, stops her.)*

TEDDY. No no no you can't just start to cry and then leave.

IRENE. I'm fine I don't know what's the matter with me.

TEDDY. I'll tell you what's the matter with you, you're married to a guy who only wants to talk to you about sports on television and he has a fucking demon inside him on top of that, it's not a good situation.

IRENE. Stop saying that.

TEDDY. I'm not the one who said it, you said it!

(IRENE stops crying. But now she can't move.)

You okay?

IRENE. *(Half to herself.)* I wasted my whole life.

Start TEDDY. No.

IRENE. **My marriage is ridiculous. I married a man who** is horrible, he's just a horrible man. And I can't even remember why I did it! I know that it must have seemed like a good idea at the time, but I don't remember thinking it was a good idea. You know what? I can't remember anything. Sometimes I go to my closet, and I look at my clothes and I try to remember why I bought them and what I was feeling about myself and my life when I bought them and nothing is there. All these clothes. I can't remember why I put them in my closet. I can't remember what I thought was pretty about any of them. I remember the store I was in and I remember trying things on and I remember paying for them, but the moment when you think I like this, I like the color, oh that looks pretty, it's all just gone. So when I look at them all, they just stare back at me. Like, none of them, not one of them is my friend. They're all just things. In my closet. They look kind of mean to me. I thought about that one day. All my clothes kind of don't like me. And I didn't feel that way when we were kids. I remember that much. I had a couple of things, a dress with flowers on it, a green coat, that I just loved. I found a picture of myself wearing that green coat when I was in college, it was stuck in a book in a box of things that I was throwing away. And I thought oh god I loved that coat. I don't have anything like that now. I don't even love my - tupperware. And then I lie about it.