

SUSPICIOUS RIVER 1-1

(J.M.) (R, R.)

HE

So, how was work?

SHE

No big deal.

HE

Many guests?

SHE

No. Hardly any. Real slow.

HE

Want some dinner?

SHE

No. I just want to go to bed. Did you eat?

HE

Yeah. I had a salad.

SHE

Why? Why don't you eat something besides salad, Rick? You've lost forty pounds. I hate it.

HE

I feel really good.

SHE

Jesus. Well, you don't look good. You look sick. You look like you're dying. What's the matter with you?

HE

Can't we talk about something else?

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SHE

No. We have to talk about this. Millie told me she couldn't believe how you looked. Should I tell her that you lost ten more pounds? That you won't eat anything but lettuce, but you "feel really good"?

HE

You can tell Millie anything you want, Leila. Surprisingly enough, Millie's opinion isn't that important to me.

SHE

What about my opinion? Don't you care that looking at my husband makes me sick? Don't you care that this is driving me crazy? Watching you evaporate into thin air?

HE

Listen, Leila. I'm tired of talking about my body.

SHE

And I'm tired of living with it.

HE

Well, that's honest at least.

SHE

Well, you're killing your body. Is that honest enough too?

HE

Well, at least it's my body. It's my body and I can do whatever I want with my body. Right?

SHE

I don't know, Rick.

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HE

(pause) Is it Bill again?

SHE

No.

HE

Someone else?

SHE

(pause) Yeah.

HE

Fuck, Leila.

SHE

I'm sorry.

HE

You're sorry. (beat) Leila, I can't keep on living this way. (beat) You think that's funny. I've been taking care of you for years while you just drag your body around town. And what a dumb shit your husband is.

SHE

Well, you know, Rick... it takes two.

HE

Look, I want out. That's all. I'm not jealous. Angry. I'm just... nothing. Maybe it's not even your fault, but I'm done with it.

SHE

It's your life. And it's your body.

HE

Yes. And it's the same with you.

SHE

Exactly.