

NIGHT MOVES 1

Scene 1

SHE

Why didn't you come to me?

HE

I wanted to see what he looked like.

SHE

Well, are we gonna talk about it?

HE

It's your ball, run with it.

SHE

Don't start with the sporting metaphors, I couldn't stand that. This isn't something we can pretend doesn't involve you...

HE

What is this we bullshit? I didn't get caught fucking Marty Heller.

SHE

Why did you go to him before you came to me?

HE

Because I didn't want to be lied to.

SHE

How do you know I would have lied?

HE

Well you've done a pretty good job of it so far.

SHE

Why didn't you come up to me outside the movies when you saw me with Marty?

HE

That really would have been terrific, wouldn't it? Me standing there with my thumb up my ass while you introduce him as some client or some faggot friend of Charles'. Beautiful.

NIGHT MOVES 2

SHE

Then when I came home, why not then? You wanted to trap and make me incriminate myself, then you could go get the evidence like I was one of your crummy divorce cases. It's a wonder you didn't photograph the bed while you were there.

HE

My God, you're really prime Helen, you know that?! I catch you screwing around with another guy and you attack my lifestyle!

SHE

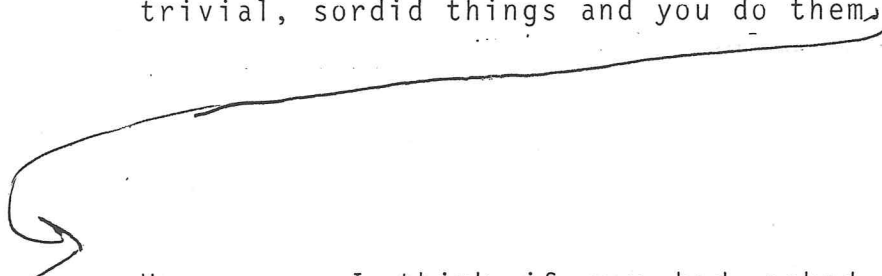
Your lifestyle has got nothing to do with it. What is it for God's sake? A private eye is just a joke. At least the job Nick offered you had something...

HE

I don't want Nick's fucking job any more than I want your job. I like doing what I'm doing.

SHE

Doing what? People ask you to do boring, trivial, sordid things and you do them,



Harry... I think if you had asked me, I would have told you.

HE

Yeah. Yeah, well, we won't know now will we?