

SCENE I

Two tables, each illuminated by its own shaded light. Roberta sits at one in a vacant sulk, nursing a beer and picking at a bowl of pretzels. Enter Danny, with a pitcher of beer and a glass. He sits at the other. His hands are badly bruised, and one of his cheeks is cut. He pours himself a beer. A moment passes.

Danny: How 'bout a pretzel?
 Roberta: No. They're mine.
 Danny: You ain't gonna eat all of 'em. Lemme have one.
 Roberta: Fuck off.
 Danny: All right.
 Roberta: You wanna pretzel?
 Danny: Yeah.
Roberta picks up the bowl, takes it to Danny's table, and goes straight back to her seat.
 Roberta: You can have 'em. I'm finished with 'em.
 Danny: Thanks.
 Roberta: You're welcome.
 Danny: You want some of my beer?
 Roberta: No.
 Danny: Some fuckin bar. Nobody here.
 Roberta: That's why I like it.
 Danny: What's the matter? You don't like people?
 Roberta: No. Not really.
 Danny: Me neither.
 Roberta: What happened to your hands?
 Danny: Fight.
 Roberta: Who'd you fight?
 Danny: I don't know. Some guys last night. Tonight too.

Roberta: Two fights?
 Danny: Yeah.
 Roberta: How come?
 Danny: I don't know. Guys bother me, I start swinging.
 Roberta: I don't get it. Did they say something to you?
 Danny: *(Exploding.)* Who the fuck asked you to get it! Ain't none a your fuckin business I lock horns with anybody! Nobody crosses my fuckin line, man! They can do what they want out there, but nobody crosses my fuckin line!
 Roberta: All right.
 Danny: They asked me where I was going.
 Roberta: Who?
 Danny: The guys I was fighting tonight.
 Roberta: They asked where you were going.
 Danny: That's right. So I decked the first guy. Hit him in the nose. You hit 'em in the nose, they can't see.
 Roberta: Why not?
 Danny: I don't know. But it's true.
 Roberta: All right.
 Danny: But while I was hittin on him, the other guy got me with his belt.
 Roberta: That musta hurt.
 Danny: Yeah. I made him eat that fuckin belt!
 Roberta: Where you from?
 Danny: Zerega.
 Roberta: Yeah? I used to catch frogs from over at Zerega.
 Danny: Ain't no frogs 'round Zerega.
 Roberta: Not now. When I was a kid.
 Danny: Ain't never been no frogs 'round Zerega.
 Roberta: Yes, there was. There used to be a little like marsh over on Zerega, and it had frogs in it.
 Danny: When?

DANNY AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA

Roberta: A long time ago.
Danny: How old's that make you?
Roberta: Thirty-one. ²⁴
Danny: I'm ~~twenty-nine~~. When I turn thirty I'm gonna put a gun in my mouth and blow my fuckin head off.
Roberta: Do it in the bathroom. It's easier to clean up.
Danny: I'm gonna do it!
Roberta: Why you say a thing like that?
Danny: I don't know.
Roberta: Ain't no different to be thirty.
Danny: It's gotta be different.
Roberta: I'm thirty-one.
Danny: I heard ya. That's you! Me, I'm ~~twenty-nine~~ and I can't stay the way I am for too fuckin long. ²⁴
Roberta: Why not?
Danny: Cause I can't!
Roberta: You from Zerega whaddaya doing here?
Danny: There's nothing goin on over Zerega.
Roberta: Nothing going on here.
Danny: Yeah, well maybe I like that. Peaceful.
Roberta: You don't look peaceful to me.
Danny: I'm peaceful. But people fuck with me.
Roberta: Why don't you come over, sit with me.
Danny: I don't wanna. This is good where I am.
Roberta: All right.
Danny: I'm sorry.
Roberta: That's all right.
Danny: Is that guy looking at me?
Roberta: Who? Fred? No, he's sleeping. He's drunk. Can't you see, his mouth's open.
Danny: Oh, yeah. There's light on his glasses. I couldn't see his

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eyes. I thought he was looking at me.
Roberta: What if he was?
Danny: I'd beat his fuckin face in.
They both laugh.
Danny: You from here?
Roberta: Yeah.
Danny: Where?
Roberta: Right up the block.
Danny: What, you married?
Roberta: Divorced.
Danny: Gotta kid?
Roberta: Yeah.
Danny: Who's takin care of the kid?
Roberta: My mother. My mother always takes care of the kid.
Danny: That's a good deal.
Roberta: Yeah. You gotta friend, you know, a girlfriend?
Danny: No.
Roberta: No?
Danny: We broke up.
Roberta: What was her name?
Danny: Cecilia.
Roberta: Italian?
Danny: Yeah.
Roberta: I'm Italian. ^{Man}
Danny: She gave me a pain in my ass! She was very fine, but she'd make me go to her house. Sit around with her fuckin parents. And she'd talk in this totally fuckin phoney-ass way when her parents were around. Would you like a glass of soda, Danny? Oh, please be careful with your cigarette, Danny. Like she wasn't the same one I humped inna pay toilet! I'm sorry. I gotta bad mouth.
Roberta: Maybe she had to play phoney cause her parents were drivin her crazy?