

everyone. I change garages, but it follows me. It was a mistake. You've never made a mistake?

MARLOWE. You made a good man lose his job.

DANNY. I thought you didn't know the guy.

*Marlowe doesn't respond.*

*Danny looks out the window. Touches his busted face. Yup, still hurts.*

*They ride in silence. When it feels right:*

How's the book?

MARLOWE. The book?

DANNY. You put it somewhere safe?

MARLOWE. No, Danny, I left it out on the stoop in the snow. Think it'll be okay?

DANNY. You whisked it outta that bar so fast I didn't get to ask what happens next.

MARLOWE. Next?

DANNY. Whatever you need from me—I'm good for it. Fifty-fifty. Equal partners.

MARLOWE. What are you talking about?

DANNY. If we're splitting the proceeds, it's only fair we split the overhead.

MARLOWE. We're not splitting the book.

DANNY. What do you mean we're not splitting the book? Of course we're splitting the book!

MARLOWE. You said it was a gift.

DANNY. Yeah, but we were gonna share it.

MARLOWE. You gave me a gift, but we were going to share it?

DANNY. Shakespeare—

MARLOWE. No, tell me. I'm curious how gifts work in your world.

DANNY. Come on. Don't do this. Don't punish me.

MARLOWE. I'm not.

DANNY. You heard a bunch of shit about me that happened over

A year ago in another garage, and now you're trying to use it as a reason to cut me out of the agreement.

MARLOWE. What agreement? *← START*

DANNY. We had an understanding.

MARLOWE. You gave it to me.

DANNY. That was before I knew it was worth something!

*Marlowe blows her nose loudly.*

*(Chugging tack.)* Listen, we found that book together. I mongooed it, you recognized its value. That was teamwork.

MARLOWE. You told me to cycle it up.

DANNY. Yeah but I knew you wouldn't.

MARLOWE. Why's that?

DANNY. Because they're pretty fucking flowers, that's why! They don't belong in a dump, they belong in a museum. What kind of idiot throws out a book like that?

MARLOWE. What kind of idiot gives it away?

*A beat.*

DANNY. Look, we don't gotta split it fifty-fifty. We can go sixty-forty.

MARLOWE. This is not a negotiation. I'm the one with the masters in art history. I'm the one with the network of experts and professionals.

DANNY. It's House Rules. House Rules say we split it. You wouldn't even have that book if it wasn't for me. I'm the one who can mongo. I'm the one with seniority.

MARLOWE. In the garage. You don't get seniority over me in life. You don't outrank me in life.

DANNY. You think I don't know that? You think I got any confusion who has the upper hand outside the garage? You've got an Ivy League degree, Shakespeare.

MARLOWE. And you're a white man in America, Danny. You're gonna be fine.

*Danny realizes he's been checked. He pivots.*

DANNY. I'm not asking for me. I'm asking for my kid. Christmas is coming up and I need that money.

MARLOWE. Cuz you wanna take him to hockey.

DANNY. It's not *hockey*. It's the Rangers!

Plus, I've got alimony. Court fees. Lawyers' fees. Counselors' fees. Mortgage, tuition, travel soccer, not to mention, the kid's gonna need braces—

MARLOWE. I've got five hundred K in chemo.

*Danny's silenced.*

Those are the phone calls.

Those are the vultures chasing me down, every morning, every night, because the one thing that was mine, that came from my body, the one thing that lived because I lived Died.

So I'll tell you what, Danny, here's what we'll do: Let's go ahead and let *your* kid suffer from cancer. Let's have *your* kid die.

Let's have you lose everything he ever touched, every toy, every teddy bear, every picture of him, gone— And then we can talk about splitting the book. Until then, it's my fucking money.

*Marlowe's phone rings.*

Oh for fuck's sake!

*She looks down to silence it.*

DANNY. Break!

*Marlowe brakes.*

*The truck squeals to a stop.*

*The car next to them leans on the horn. As do several cars behind it.*

MARLOWE. Where'd he go?

DANNY. Who rides a bike in front of a garbage truck?

MARLOWE. Do you see him?

DANNY. Those delivery guys are like kamakazees.

MARLOWE. Ohmygod, where is he?

DANNY. All the way down the block. He's fine. Relax. You missed him.

MARLOWE. I missed him?

DANNY. Good reflexes.

MARLOWE. I almost hit a biker.

DANNY. But you didn't. You handled the Truck. You handled it like a boss.

MARLOWE. *(Looking at her hands.)* I'm shaking. *The closest car honks angrily.*

DANNY. We hear you, asshole!

MARLOWE. That car's missing a mirror. Did I—?

DANNY. Big deal.

MARLOWE. I hit his mirror?

DANNY. Tapped it.

MARLOWE. If he files a claim, am I fired?

DANNY. It's snowing. Shit happens.

MARLOWE. But I'm a new hire. One violation my first eighteen months—

DANNY. You won't get a rocket. You will get tested though.

MARLOWE. Tested?

DANNY. Drug test. You're clean, right?

MARLOWE. Yeah.

*(Realizing.)* No...

DANNY. What do you mean, no?

MARLOWE. I...I took a NyQuil last night...And a DayQuil this morning—

DANNY. Did you report it?

MARLOWE. It's over the counter!

DANNY. What did I tell you? Anything stronger than aspirin!

MARLOWE. Fuck. I fucked it up. I'm fired.