

Ugh. Toby, have we even seen an ice machine? Never mind, I'll be right back. Stay away from each other.

*(TOBY holds up his hands in compliance. She exits.)*

TOBY. You are strong, my friend.

BEN. I'm not your fucking friend.

TOBY. Ah, okay. But may I say, I think that you grow tired so quickly because you're fighting for a hopeless cause.

BEN. You're talking about my marriage, you asshole.

TOBY. Your marriage, yes, yes, and do you love May?

BEN. Yes.

TOBY. Ah, you don't think about your answer before you say it, so it's just, what? Some kind of habit, something you've told yourself. That's not love. Love is thoughtful and makes you feel like a giant. Love finds you [no matter...]

BEN. [Don't think I] won't try to hit you again.

*(TOBY chuckles.)*

TOBY. In my humble opinion, you may regret that, my friend.

BEN. What the fuck do you know about regret?

TOBY. More than you may think. Everyone carries regret. In fact, May has told me that you are full of it. This must weigh you down, slow you down, as regret is so heavy. In my opinion, it is the only thing to fear.

BEN. That's incredibly fucking naïve.

TOBY. Ah, but that does not mean I'm wrong.

BEN. Foreclosure, taxes, hypertension, hit and run accidents, terrorist attacks, deranged drug addicts, cutting your thumb off with a steak knife, strange vaguely foreign lotharios seducing your wife, there are all kinds of things to be afraid of in this world besides regret.

TOBY. Mhm. And how does it feel to fear all of these things?

BEN. You sound like a fucking therapist.

TOBY. So you find me insightful? Thank you for that.

BEN. Jesus, that's not what I said. Can you just, just shut your mouth?

TOBY. I know it does not feel good. I know as sure as I'm sitting here, as sure as this candy tastes sweet, that all of those fears feel like a rope around your neck.

*(The lights shift, soften, and perhaps a bit of color seeps in as music reminiscent of a carnival or fair comes from somewhere far away.)*

And you drag them. You drag them with you. So heavy that they begin to make you make decisions about your life, about your wife, about anything, that you do not wish to make. I may be the last man you want to hear this from, and I understand, but you should listen. Imagine a man, much like myself, riding on a carnival ride, some simple thing, but high in the air. A Ferris wheel, I think is what you'd call it. Imagine riding it with the woman you love as she tells you she does not feel special anymore, she does not love you anymore. You were not ready to hear it, you did not expect it, you were busy thinking of other things. You did not see her. And imagine that just as the words leave her lips, the ride stops and you are left there, hanging with her in this tiny car, waiting in space for the ride to begin again, quiet, broken, without language, sitting so close to her that you can not help but touch even though she has never been further away. And she will not look at you. And you cannot look at her. Imagine that is your goodbye. And it lasts and lasts because the ride is broken and for hours you say nothing. And then, as the ride begins again and your car moves towards the ground, just as you're almost back on your feet, she finally looks at you and says, "I wish you had said something to make me change my mind." And suddenly there is nothing but regret, nothing but regret and her face and carnival music that does not fit. So you see, my friend, you are