

Spike Heels

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DRAMA

Loud classical music on the radio; this time something more sinister - Stravinsky, Rachmaninoff. A bottle of scotch with a significant dent in it stands on the coffee table. Knocking on the door. After a moment, Andrew crosses into the room.

ANDREW: Yeah, yeah, I'm coming

(He opens the door; Edward enters. Andrew stares at him, aghast.)

EDWARD: Hi. How's it going?

ANDREW: Edward.

EDWARD: Nice. Nice welcome. Listen, your security's great here; your front door is wide open. **ANDREW:** Edward, what are you doing here?

EDWARD: I'm returning your calls. Sorry I didn't get back to you; I was in court all day. Anyway, I'm supposed to have dinner with Georgie, so I thought I'd kill two birds with one stone. I won't stay.

ANDREW: *(Quietly astonished.)* What? You what?

EDWARD: Christ, what a day I've had. Can I use your phone. *(He dials.)*

ANDREW: She's having dinner with you?

EDWARD: Yeah. Can you turn that down?

(Andrew crosses to the music and snaps it off. Edward speaks into the receiver.)

EDWARD: Georgie. It's Edward. *(Pause.)* No, no, I'm in the building. I'm at Andrew's. So, can you just meet me down here? *(Pause.)* Hello? *(Pause.)* No, I just-Andrew wanted to talk to me about something, so I—No, I just got here. *(Pause.)* It's okay—okay, take your time. *(Pause.)* Okay, great. Bye. *(He stares at the receiver, perplexed, and hangs up.)* Christ. You have anything to drink around here?

ANDREW: You're not staying.

EDWARD: *(Finds the bottle of scotch.)* Is this scotch? Andrew, congratulations. You learned how to drink scotch. *(He exits to the kitchen, delivers part of his speech there, reenters pouring scotch and sits.)*

ANDREW: Edward -

EDWARD: *(Calling.)* You would not believe the day I've had. I spent the entire afternoon in front of McGilla Gorilla trying to convince her that three Jamaican dope peddlers with a collective list of priors as long as the Old Testament had been denied their rights.

ANDREW: *(Crosses and takes the glass from him politely. Quiet)* Don't make yourself at home; you're not staying. I've been calling you all day to let you know that I want you to stay away from her. If you ever go near her again, I'll have you charged with assault. No. Forget that. If you go near her, I'll cut your throat out. Do you understand? Now get out.

(Pause.)

EDWARD: Well. That was aggressive. You want to tell me what this is about?

ANDREW: You know what this is about.

EDWARD: Well, no, really, I don't, but I can make some wild guesses. You talked to Georgie?

ANDREW: Yes. I talked to Georgie.

EDWARD: She told you about the fight we had, huh?

ANDREW: Actually, what she told me was that you threatened to rape her.

EDWARD: What? Oh, that is not -

ANDREW: Don't. Just don't even try to talk your way out of this one. You know, frankly, I never thought even you could sink this low. Christ, we've been friends for what - fifteen years, and I've seen you go through a lot of women and I'm not always crazy about the way you treat them, but this--if anyone had asked me, I would've said, no, he's bad but he's not that bad -

EDWARD: *(Overlap.)* Andrew. I didn't threaten her. I did not threaten her. Okay?

ANDREW: Spare me.

EDWARD: To the best of my recollection, in this country the accused is innocent until proven guilty, so can you give me a second here to tell you what happened?

ANDREW: Fine. Fine. Go right ahead.

EDWARD: Can I have my drink back, please?

(Andrew looks at him, hands him the drink.)

EDWARD: I'm glad to see you're bringing an open mind to this. Okay. You want to know what happened? I came onto her. I admit it. That's not a crime; she's an attractive woman. And as you'll recall, I told you about this ahead of time; I got clearance from you, pal.

ANDREW: Don't throw that at me -

EDWARD: *(Overlap.)* I asked you -

ANDREW: *(Overlap.)* You said you wanted to start seeing her!

EDWARD: Did you think that meant I was going to take her on a picnic?

ANDREW: I certainly didn't think it meant rape.

EDWARD: Oh, for - Nothing happened! I came onto her and she wasn't interested and I got mad. That's it. I got mad.

ANDREW: What did you say to her?

EDWARD: Please. Who remembers. It turned into a huge fight. The woman is screaming at me. I know very little.

ANDREW: What did you say?

EDWARD: Andrew—this woman makes Godzilla look like a Barbie doll.

ANDREW: What did you say?

EDWARD: I don't remember the specifics of the fight.

ANDREW: It wasn't a fight. It was sexual harassment.

EDWARD: Oh, don't even say those words. Everyone's so fucking sensitive these days -

ANDREW: (*Overlap.*) I don't give a damn what you -

EDWARD: (*Overlap.*) As a term, "sexual harassment" is so over defined it's almost meaningless. MacKinnon notwithstanding, at no point did I actually threaten her; and at no point did I suggest that her job security would be endangered by a failure to participate in a sexual act-

ANDREW: (*Overlap.*) Shut up. WOULD YOU PLEASE SHUT UP?

(*Pause.*)

EDWARD: I'm sorry. I spend too much time in front of judges. (*Pause.*) Come on. Let's be reasonable about this. If I had threatened to rape her, would she be having dinner with me?

ANDREW: I don't know anything about any dinner.

EDWARD: You just heard me on the phone with her. I admit, we had a nasty fight, but she came back to the office today, we talked it out, and she went back to work. Now I'm taking her to dinner to smooth things over.

ANDREW: A dinner is supposed to smooth over rape?

EDWARD: I did not in fact rape her! Can we at least agree on that?

ANDREW: Fine.

EDWARD: Thank you. Now. May I take it that you object to this dinner?

ANDREW: Yes. I object to the dinner.

EDWARD: Why?

ANDREW: Edward -

EDWARD: Are you interested in her?

ANDREW: You know—she is not something we can pass around between us, Jesus—

EDWARD: You're objecting to a simple dinner. I'm trying to find out why. If there's something going on between you -

ANDREW: No, nothing is going on between us!

EDWARD: You don't want her, but you'd prefer that no one else had her?

ANDREW: I don't know what it is about you, but everything sounds so sleazy coming out of your mouth.

EDWARD: -Yeah, they teach us how to do that in law school. I'm just trying to get a grip on this; but it sounds to me like you want to fuck her.

ANDREW: Everything is not sex, you know.

EDWARD: I know. Do you want to fuck her or not?

ANDREW: Look, I'm engaged to another woman, I'm not about to - why am I even answering you. I'm not the one on trial here!

EDWARD: Oh, no. Not Lydia. I have told you, I absolutely refuse to believe that you are going to marry that woman -

ANDREW: We are not getting into this again -

EDWARD: Sleeping with Lydia is one thing, Andrew, but marrying her -

ANDREW: We are not discussing this -

EDWARD: Come on, the woman looks like a corpse! What happens when you dust her off and actually put her in sunlight?

ANDREW: You didn't object to her looks while you were going out with her! As I recall, before she dumped you, you thought she was "exquisite."

EDWARD: Ooooo. Nice shot. That's a three pointer. (He exits to the kitchen and returns a moment later with fixings for hors d'oeuvres. He eats happily)

ANDREW: (Pause.) I don't know why I even talk to you anymore.

EDWARD: Chill out. Have some scotch. (He pours him a drink.) Come on. We can talk about this. We've been through worse.

ANDREW: I don't know, I don't know. Sometimes, talking to you is like talking to a swamp.

EDWARD: It's a gift.

ANDREW: I have to admit, it is.

(They drink.)

EDWARD: This is good scotch. When did you start drinking scotch?

ANDREW: last night.

EDWARD: Oh?

ANDREW: Yeah. We had a fight of our own. She blames me for the whole thing. As far as she's concerned, I gave you permission to threaten rape.

EDWARD: Well in a way -

ANDREW: Edward -

EDWARD: Sorry. I'm sorry. It's like a knee jerk reaction. I'm sorry.

ANDREW: Look. I admit this is largely my fault. I never should have sent her to you in the first place. I wasn't thinking. I thought you'd treat her differently because she came from me.

EDWARD: Andrew -

ANDREW: I know. That was pretty stupid, wasn't it? I am a stupid man.

EDWARD: Andrew—I'm sorry. I am sorry. I just don't know what I can do about it now. You want me to promise to behave myself? I can promise that.

ANDREW: Please don't take this wrong, but I would have to be crazy to trust your promises at this point. God only knows what the word "behave" actually means to you.

EDWARD: It has a series of definitions.

ANDREW: Exactly. I'll get her another job.

EDWARD: What?

ANDREW: Don't give me a hard time about this! If she goes back to work for you, it's like she's saying fine, treat me like dirt, I don't mind. Well, she's better than that, all right?

EDWARD: It's not like she's Joan of Arc, for God's sake.

ANDREW: I'm not going to argue about this anymore.

EDWARD: It just seems to me that complete relocation is a drastic solution to an essentially simple misunderstanding. I don't think it's necessary, okay?

ANDREW: Well, I think it is.

(Pause.)

EDWARD: Well, what you think isn't entirely relevant anymore, is it?

ANDREW: *(Pause.)* Excuse me?

EDWARD: *(Dangerous.)* Look. I spent the last four months training that girl and she is now a damn good secretary. I'm not going to let you just walk off with her.

ANDREW: Oh, now everything's business all of a sudden-

EDWARD: What else would it be?

ANDREW: Was it business when you threatened to rape her? And this dinner, that's business too, huh?

(Pause.)

EDWARD: You know, you're getting to be a real prick in your old age.

ANDREW: That's funny, coming from you.

(Pause.)

EDWARD: So what are you going to do? You going to tell her that she can't work for me anymore? You're going to tell her that, huh?

ANDREW: I'm just going to talk to her. She'll quit.

EDWARD: She isn't going to quit! She doesn't give a fuck about your moral codes, Andrew! She needs the damn job.

ANDREW: I'm just going to talk to her.

EDWARD: Tell you what. We'll both talk to her. When she gets down here, we'll just ask her. The two of us. We'll just ask her if she wants to quit.

ANDREW: I would prefer to talk to her alone.

EDWARD: Uh huh. I just bet you would.

ANDREW: Listen -

EDWARD: No, I understand. You two need a little privacy to work out the details of this decent little friendship you got.

ANDREW: It's not -

(Knocks on door.)

EDWARD: How much time do you need?

ANDREW: I don't

EDWARD: It took me five minutes to get her to come back. How much time do you need to get her to quit again?