

HEDDA

He can't indulge, George. Remember?

GEORGE

Hmm? Oh, yes! I completely forgot you were a drunk.

EILERT

I appreciate your sensitivity.

GEORGE

Well, we'll not tempt you further. Come on, Judge.

The men exit to the next room.

HEDDA calls after them.

HEDDA

There's nothing there! You're wasting your exit!

She turns to EILERT.

Soet

All right. Let's get a few things straight. We're not going to talk any more about our previous relationship. What's past is past.

EILERT

Why?

HEDDA

See, that's the kind of question I'd like to avoid. It will just rile you up. There was never anything to it. Ships passing in the night.

EILERT

Except one ship nearly blew a hole in the other ship.

HEDDA

Oh, for God's sake, you act like I'm the only person who threatened to kill you.

EILERT

You are.

HEDDA

Oh. Well, all the more reason to be with Thea. She's not psychotic.

EILERT

You weren't being psychotic. You were in love.

HEDDA

You think there's a difference?

EILERT

All the times we spent -

HEDDA

I don't wanna hear about that. I've forgotten.

EILERT

That's not possible.

HEDDA

Forgotten it all. What we did in bed, what we did next to the bed, what we did in the mattress store. Ancient history. I'm a married woman now.

EILERT

Yes, that's the biggest insult of all. That you would choose George Tesman over me. That - that - pusillanimous pedagogue.

HEDDA

And kind of a pussy. To keep up the alliteration. But he is my husband, like it or not.

EILERT

I don't like it. And neither do you. You used to be full of life - spontaneity -

HEDDA

Gin.

EILERT

Nonetheless. The very notion that Hedda Gabler would allow herself to be tied down in such a stultifying existence ... it makes my blood boil.

HEDDA

Oh, stop boiling. Look, you were hot stuff, no question. The six-pack abs, the motorcycle, the tattoos, the Clash albums. What girl could resist? Not to mention the volcanic sex. Remember when the plaster fell?

EILERT

Of course I do.

HEDDA

Well, I don't! I don't remember any of it, just like I don't remember the cuts on your back from the time I got a little too excited. I don't have the slightest memory. Of any of it. You're like a bad dream I had a very long time ago. Even if I wanted to, as hard as I tried, I wouldn't be able to dredge up the slightest hint of how I used to feel about you. So forget it. And forget me.

EILERT

I suppose you're right. It's all in the past. It's over.

HEDDA

Damn right.

end