

RICK. What are you smileen' about? (*Willum takes the pencil from his mouth, goes back to work.*) I'm not smileen'. 'Cause you wanta know *why*? (*No answer.*) Huh? (*No answer.*) You wanta know *why* I'm not smileen'? (*No answer.*) Huh?

WILLUM. (*Stopping work.*) All right. What's the problem?

RICK. You really want to know?

WILLUM. Sure.

RICK. Really?

WILLUM. Rick.

RICK. (*Sighs.*) Well—you know my brother Bob?

WILLUM. Brother Bob, yes.

RICK. I called him up this morneen', and you know what?

WILLUM. What?

RICK. He moved.

WILLUM. He—he *moved*?

RICK. Yep.

WILLUM. Moved where?

RICK. That was the thing. He didn't leave any forwardeen' address. It was so strange.

WILLUM. (*Hoping he is right.*) Well, surely—if he really has moved, surely he'll get in touch.

RICK. I don't know. I hope he at least sends my things.

WILLUM. Your things? What things?

RICK. My clothes? My chemistry set?

WILLUM. Uh—.

RICK. My chihuahua?

WILLUM. Your chihuahua?

RICK. Yeah. Oh, you should see him. He's really lifelike.

WILLUM. Rick, wait. Where—where would Bob send your things?

RICK. (*Shrugs.*) Here, right?

WILLUM. Uh—here?

RICK. This is where I am, right?

WILLUM. Rick—? (*He tries to go on, but can only manage to repeat.*) Rick—?

RICK. (*Giving him his full attention.*) What?

WILLUM. Rick—there's something I have to say. (*Rick watches him with his all-purpose expression.*) All right. Here goes. Now—you're here. And I'm here. (*Stalling to think.*) Um . . . okay. Are you with me so far?

RICK. I'm a little bit lost.

WILLUM. Rick, all I said was, "You're here and I'm here."

RICK. Oh.

WILLUM. (*Exhales audibly.*) All right. Now—when—when two

people are together a lot of the time, they can't help influencing each other, and influencing each other's ability to function. You—are you still with me?

RICK. (*Nods.*) You're here and I'm here.

WILLUM. (*Uncertainly.*) Rrrright. (*Should he go back? He decides to press on.*) So. What we're talking about, really, is personality, isn't it? Uh—(*Telling a joke on himself.*) I mean, I know there are qualities in me that make it hard for some people to have me around—I'm sloppy, I lose things, I'm always getting lost. Some people aren't able to deal with that; it's not their fault, it's not my fault, it's just—personality. You see what I'm driving at? (*Rick gives a more-or-less affirmative shrug.*) Okay . . . So, we all have these character traits. So, what if, just out of curiosity—(*Trying to sound hypothetical.*) what if somebody were to say to you—oh—"Get out of here and don't ever come back"—something like that. I mean, I know it's hard, but if you stood back, do you think you could see what might lead a person to say that to you?

RICK. Oh, sure.

WILLUM. Really?

RICK. Oh, sure.

WILLUM. Oh, Rick. That's great.

RICK. Sure. Like if he hated me because I believed in God?

WILLUM. Oh, Rick.

RICK. Or believed in God, or—(*Getting into it like a game.*) or maybe he hates people 'cause they work in a factory?

WILLUM. (*A quiet moan.*) Ahhhhhh. . . .

RICK. And he hates me because my hands are all rough, and stained with honest chalk? Y'know?

WILLUM. Rick. No. No decent person would hate you for—.

RICK. Or, what else? Oh! (*The best yet.*) How 'bout because I was in the war? And this guy hates people with purple hearts?

WILLUM. Oh, God.

RICK. What?

WILLUM. Nothing. Nothing. All right, just—let me ask you this. What would you say are the main differences between you—and me?

RICK. (*Shrugs.*) None.

WILLUM. None? You mean you and I are—are—?

RICK. The same. Sure. (*Willum looks at him a long moment, then picks up his T-square.*)

WILLUM. Rick, do you know what this is? (*Rick shrugs. Willum gives up both his campaign and his fantasy.*) It's a T-square. I've got to get back to work.

RICK. 'Kay. That was fun.