(She turns and exits)

(beat)

*(*MITCHELL *looks after her. After a long moment, he picks up his phone, dials it and holds it to his ear)*

MITCHELL: Barry, it's me. I need you to come back . . . No. Right away. I think . . . I think I'm going to need a lawyer.

SCENE 5

(Early evening. Weeks later. The room is empty. We hear MITCHELL*'s voice. After a moment he enters from the hall, talking on his cell phone. He is in the middle of a heated discussion)*

MITCHELL: *(into phone)* No. No, Trip you cannot come here. You cannot see him . . . Because, that's why . . . Look, I can't do this. I just . . . I just don't have the energy anymore. The judge is going to hand down the verdict tomorrow morning and I . . . No. I understand that . . . You didn't. You didn't do anything wrong. You just can't come here anymore.

(The doorbell rings)

MITCHELL: Look. There's someone at the door. I have to go . . . No, I have to go.

(He hangs up and opens the front door)

*(*LYDIA *is standing there)*

(beat)

MITCHELL: I . . . I don't think you're allowed to be here.

LYDIA: It's important.

MITCHELL: Shouldn't you have a lawyer or something?

LYDIA: Can I come in?

MITCHELL: No.

LYDIA: It's important.

*(*MITCHELL *doesn't move)*

LYDIA: Please.

(beat)

*(*MITCHELL *steps aside and* LYDIA *moves into the room. She is very tense. Neither smiles. Whatever warmth or empathy that existed between them is gone)*

MITCHELL: What do you want?

LYDIA: How's Danny?

MITCHELL: He's in bed. The night nurse is with him.

LYDIA: Night nurse?

MITCHELL: Yes.

LYDIA: He stays overnight?

MITCHELL: He's straight. And married. He's balding, has a belly and doesn't drink. Do you want to go check?

LYDIA: I'm sure that won't be necessary.

(beat)

MITCHELL: So . . ?

LYDIA: First off, thank you for letting me in.

MITCHELL: What do you want?

LYDIA: I want to talk to you. Without the lawyers. Without anyone else. Just the two of us.

MITCHELL: So talk.

LYDIA: You're not going to give me a break are you?

MITCHELL: No.

LYDIA: These past two weeks . . . they've been . . .

(beat. He waits)

LYDIA: I'm trying to think of a word.

MITCHELL: Try nightmare.

LYDIA: They've been very hard. For both of us.

(Beat. She waits for an answer. Nothing)

LYDIA: All of this. This trial. Looking back, I realize it may not have been the most prudent --

MITCHELL: Are you serious?

LYDIA: It occurs to me that --

MITCHELL: *Now?* You come to me *now* and say that it may not have been prudent?

LYDIA: Mitchell --

MITCHELL: Three weeks ago, you stood in this very room. In that very spot and said, " The last thing I want to do is upset you."

LYDIA: I know.

MITCHELL: Two days later, there's a process server at my door handing me a petition for custody.

LYDIA: Please --

MITCHELL: You put me on the stand - *you put our lives on the stand* - and you say that I'm unfit to take care of the man I love and call me a whore.

LYDIA: I told them --

MITCHELL: *You told them that I was having sex with caregivers.*

LYDIA: I told them that you were having wine --

MITCHELL: That's now how it sounded in the courtroom. In the courtroom, it sounded like I was having date night in the living room with Daniel ten feet away.

LYDIA: I never meant --

MITCHELL: *Why are you here Lydia?* You've already won! Tomorrow morning, that judge is going to grant you custody. You know it. I know it. The lawyers know it. Everyone knows it. It's over. It's --

LYDIA: *PLEASE.* Please just let me speak.

(beat)

LYDIA: This isn't how I wanted this to be. None of this is what I wanted. That's why I'm here.

MITCHELL: The insane part about all this is that all we had to do was appoint each other healthcare surrogate. If we had done that, none of this would be happening now. I'd be in there with him right now, instead of standing here with you. *(beat)* And the thing is, *we had the paperwork all drawn up. (Pointing towards the bedrooms)* It's in there right now. In some drawer in the den. All we had to do was sign it and have it notarized. And yet we just . . . we never got to it. He was on deadline. I was on deadline. We just never did. *Isn't that nuts?* Not that it mattered. Not at the time. I mean, what was the point? God forbid anything happened, who was going to oppose either one of us taking care of the other? Lydia? She looks at me as her own son. She calls us, "Her two boys." *(beat)* It's in there right now. In some drawer. How crazy is that?

LYDIA: I'm not your enemy.

MITCHELL: But you are. You became my enemy, the moment I was handed that petition.

LYDIA: *He's my son.*

MITCHELL: *HE'S MY HUSBAND!*

(beat)

LYDIA: But he's not.

MITCHELL: Get out.

LYDIA: Please. Can't we please work something out? You can come and live with us. You can --

MITCHELL: You know what I think, Lydia? I think that you know - just as I do - that he is completely aware of what is going on. That, despite the fact that he is trapped inside his own body, he sees what you are doing. And he hates you for it. Just like me. And I think that hate - -

LYDIA: Stop it.