

JANSEN. Sorry. I took your last can.

JON. Mr. Jansen, what brought you up here?

JANSEN. Oh yeah. I wanted to return Leslie's mask.

(JANSEN removes the mask and hands it to JON, as FLOYD turns around eavesdropping.)

FLOYD. Leslie's what?

JANSEN. Mask. Mask. What are you deaf?

FLOYD. No sir, I'm just a little blind. Why would Leslie need a mask like that?

JANSEN. Oh, Leslie doesn't like to wear it. But Jon can get pretty forceful.

FLOYD. Mr. Trachtman, when does Leslie wear that thing?

JON. Well, actually . . .

JANSEN. When they're playing, when do you think?

FLOYD. I don't understand. Playing?

JON. (Winking.) Yes, Mr. Spinner. Playing. Like you play with your wife.

FLOYD. Oh. Playing. Oh! Doesn't that make things awkward?

JANSEN. Naw. It's kind of hard to talk, but what do you need words for? Am I right, Jon?

JON. Well, I . . .

JANSEN. Besides, I wouldn't want my teeth bashed in.

FLOYD. Teeth bashed in?

JANSEN. Why are you so surprised? You never know where it's going to go. One good pop to the mouth and you could break your nose.

FLOYD. I must be reading the wrong books.

JANSEN. What's so hard to understand? Some people play so rough you end up with spikes driven through your face.

FLOYD. (To JON.) Well, no wonder you and Leslie don't sleep together!

JANSEN. (Laughs.) That's a good one. (Notices VIVIAN.) Hey, what's wrong with your mother?

JON. Nothing. She's just a little upset.

JANSEN. She looks a little plastered.