

67.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Synder asked me to cover until he got here. He said he'd be here by noon, but it's one-thirty now, so I...Excuse me...Vermont?!...No, that can't be; I talked to him this morning...He left at what time?...He really went to Vermont?...When the hell was someone going to tell me?...He promised he was coming by noon!...Jesus...When does he get back?!...TUESDAY!...You've gotta be fucking kidding me!...I've got a hockey game at two, and the fucking shutters are jammed closed, and he's in Vermont?...I'm not even supposed to be here today!!

(deep sigh)

So I'm stuck here till closing?...This is just great...I just can't believe...I'm sorry, I didn't mean to yell at you...No...No, I'll be all right...Well, that's all I can do, right?...Thanks.

He hangs up. RANDAL joins him.

RANDAL

Vermont?

DANTE

Can you believe this?!

RANDAL

He didn't mention it when he called

you this morning?

DANTE

Not a fucking word! Slippery shit!

RANDAL

So, what-you're stuck here all day?

DANTE

FUCK!

RANDAL

Why'd you apologize?

DANTE

What?

68.

RANDAL

I heard you apologize. Why? You have every right in the world to be mad.

DANTE

I know.

RANDAL

That seems to be the leitmotif in your life; ever backing down.

DANTE

I don't back down.

RANDAL

Yes, you do. You always back down. You assume blame that isn't yours, you come in when called as opposed to enjoying your day off, you