

DEB: That thing on your head.

MARTY: It's a ...

DEB: It better be a woodworking helmet.

MARTY: Just hear me out...

DEB: Why are you wearing a motorcycle helmet?!

MARTY: It's a woodworking helmet.

DEB: *(picks up the pipe wrench from the end table)* Come here.

MARTY: Why?

DEB: I want to test it!

*Marty removes the helmet*

MARTY: I know you don't think it's a good idea but...

DEB: *(interrupting)* You've only been gone for an hour and you bought a motorcycle!

MARTY: No, just the helmet.

DEB: Just the helmet?

MARTY: For now.

DEB: So, you figured you'd need a helmet when you told me you were going to buy a motorcycle.

MARTY: That's not too far off.

DEB: What on earth are you thinking?

MARTY: I wasn't planning on doing this, really...

DEB: Oh, this oughta be good.

MARTY: Honey, I was on my way downtown to buy the red plaid shirt, I really was and I stopped at the light at Cathcart Road. You know, that's the light that lasts forever. Anyway, I'm sitting there waiting for the light to change and this big Harley-Davidson pulls up beside me. It sits there rumbling and I think nothing of it until I see the guy riding it.

- DEB:           What about him?
- MARTY:        I knew him, kind of. Not his name, I'd never met him before but I knew him. He looked about my age, a few miles on the old odometer, and I could tell he had a purpose.
- DEB:           How could you possibly know that?
- MARTY:        He sat tall on that Harley, and he looked ... calm. Then, he looked over at me and I saw something in his eyes.
- DEB:           A death wish?
- MARTY:        No. Confidence. A look of ... I don't know... the look of a man who has it all figured out. He must have known what I was thinking; maybe he was in my place himself at one time because he looked right at me and smiled. And you know what?
- DEB:           He had bugs in his teeth?
- MARTY:        No. He winked. He looked right into my eyes, smiled at me and winked. Right then, we connected, I could feel it... but before I could say anything the light changed, he opened up that throttle and he was gone. I just sat there, watching him ride away, the air resonating with the sound of his engine... until the guy behind me laid on the horn.
- DEB:           So some guy winking at you made you decide to get a motorcycle.
- MARTY:        Yeah, I guess it did.
- DEB:           Marty, why would you do this to me?
- MARTY:        To you? What am I doing to you?
- DEB:           Did it ever occur to you that I'll be the one who's worried sick every time you pull out of the driveway? Worried sick that the next time I see you I'll be identifying your body?
- MARTY:        Come on Deb, you're making it out to be a lot more dangerous than it is.
- DEB:           So a motorcycle is really not all that dangerous.
- MARTY:        Not if you know what you're doing.
- DEB:           Then why do you have to wear a helmet!

- MARTY: In case you tell your wife you want a motorcycle and she decides to hit you with a pipe wrench.
- DEB: No, it's so your head doesn't splatter like a pumpkin when you fall off it! Marty, you've never ridden one of those things, you've no idea what to do, you'll drive into a tree, you'll drive off a cliff, you'll ... you'll... tip over!
- MARTY: I'll take proper lessons, I'll be careful honey, I promise. Sure, there's some risk involved but we can't avoid risk, it's a risk just crossing the street.
- DEB: But you said you'd changed your mind...
- MARTY: No, no I didn't. I decided to let it drop, but then when I saw that guy on the Harley, something happened, I don't know what but... Deb, I love you... but I need this.
- DEB: I'm not trying to control you; I just don't want to lose you. I can't bear to think about that.
- MARTY: You won't lose me, I promise.
- DEB: What if you tip over and fall under a cement truck?
- MARTY: Honey, I won't go on the road until I'm absolutely sure I know what I'm doing. I will not tip over.
- DEB: Oh Marty. I want you to be happy, you know that.
- MARTY: I think I'm having trouble finding happiness right now.
- DEB: Are you sure that it's happiness you can't find?
- MARTY: *(pause)* I've always known you were smarter than me. Maybe it's a purpose I'm missing, a feeling of accomplishing something.
- DEB: And a motorcycle will give you that?
- MARTY: It'll give me something to do, learning how to ride it, taking care of it, polishing it. It's a known fact guys with motorcycles spend more time polishing than actually riding.
- DEB: A known fact.
- MARTY: Generally known.
- DEB: I just don't want somebody to have to pick you up off the road with a shovel.