

It is late afternoon, dusty and empty. Ed and Diedrickson sit on adjacent stools, Diedrickson cocking his hat lower to its man-sitting-at-a-bar position. As the bartender approaches:

DIEDRICKSON

Rye.

ED

Just coffee.

DIEDRICKSON

You sure you don't want something stiffer?

Ed shrugs and shakes his head.

BARTENDER

Coffee it is.

He leaves. Diedrickson interlaces his fingers on the bartop and stares at them. After a beat:

DIEDRICKSON

...County M. E. does an autopsy on anyone who dies in custody. I don't know if you knew that. It's routine.

Ed doesn't answer. Diedrickson, after some more staring at his hands, plows on:

DIEDRICKSON (CONT'D)

...Doesn't become a matter of public record unless there's foul play. However. I don't believe I'm *prohibited* from telling you this. I guess I'm not obliged to tell you, either. I don't exactly know. But if *I* were the man, I'd want to be told.

ED

Told what?

DIEDRICKSON

I, uh... thanks.

The bartender has set down the drinks.

Diedrickson waits for him to leave. He takes a hit from his glass. Finally:

DIEDRICKSON (CONT'D)
...I'm sorry to add to your
burden, Crane, but I'd want to
know it it was me. Your wife was
pregnant. First trimester.

A pause.

DIEDRICKSON (CONT'D)
...Well, there it is.

Another pause.

DIEDRICKSON (CONT'D)
...I'm sorry.
(mutters to himself)
...Hell, I hope I've done the
right thing.

ED
My wife and I had not... performed
the sex act in many years.

Diedrickson stiffens.

DIEDRICKSON
(murmuring)
...Jesus.
(aloud)
...Well, that's not really my
business.

He is hastily digging for money.

DIEDRICKSON (CONT'D)
...I'm sorry. Well, there it is.

He leaves a couple of bills on the bar and mumbles as he
leaves:

DIEDRICKSON (CONT'D)
...Good luck, Crane.

His retreating footsteps echo down the bar.