

For Bill W.: Page 48

BILL.

So then what'd I do? Tried to convert all the drunks in New York City! And how many did I get? None. Not one. All this time something's been missing, In that hotel lobby yesterday, I knew- preachers, doctors, my Wife, my friends-none of 'em could help me.

BOB.

Yeah. Why not?

BILL

*'Cause they're not drunks!* They don't know what it's like to wake up, your head bloody and a golf bag in your arms and a woman standing over you who maybe your wife-and maybe not-and the veins in your temples pounding on bone. They don't know what it's like, every cell in your body dry as sand, thirsting for the one thing in the world you know will destroy you-

BOB.

*I know.*

BILL pauses, notices this, the first hint of a real connection with Bob.

BILL.

Now I don't want to get too far out here, Bob-we're both men of the world, rational men who've lived through a great war, sensible men-but maybe there's a reason I'm sittin' here. In that hotel lobby. I *knew-knew* in my guts like a man knows he's gonna die-that to stay out of that bar I needed help. And then I realized that what I needed was *another drunk to, just as much as he-needed me. Friend, I need your help.*