

Sandy:
You think maybe you should call Phoebe?

Norman:
It's 1:00 a.m. in New York. A phone call at 1:00 a.m. is only bad news.

Sandy:
Well, this is kind of bad news, Norman.

Norman:
Let her sleep. I'll call in the morning.

Sandy:
Are you sure? It's her mother.

Norman:
I know it's her mother! You don't think I know it's her mother?

Sandy:
Okay, okay, take it easy.

Norman:
Would you like to take a guess at how many times Phoebe came to visit while Eileen was sick?

Sandy:
No, no, I wouldn't, no.

Norman:
Zero! Not once! Not even a... a, uh... a thing. The, uh, what is it called?

Sandy:
What's what called?

Norman:
The computer thing where you see the person.

Sandy:
Uh, FaceTime?

Norman:
No, no. The other one. The made-up word.

Sandy:
Skype.

Norman:
Skype. Yeah, that. Not even a Skype! What a stupid word.

Sandy:
Well, I... uh, I'm sorry. You know, I didn't know that. I...

Norman:
Of course you didn't know. We're civilized people. We keep our shame and suffering to ourselves.

Sandy:
Where it belongs, sure.

Norman:
You still think I should wake my daughter from her Ambien-induced coma and share the news of her mother's passing? Maybe buy her a plane ticket so we could come back and grieve together?

Sandy:
Well, I feel like you're looking for a "no."

Norman:
It's my own damn fault. I spoiled her rotten. Now she's a selfish, pill-popping mess. The one smart thing you ever did was not buy your daughter an Arabian horse.

Sandy:
Oh, that's... that's very kind of you to say so. You know, I, uh... I went through a couple of tough years with Mindy. You know, we're closer than ever now.

Norman:
And I'm supposed to take from that what?

Sandy:
Never mind. Just get in bed. I'll, uh, I'll tuck you in.

Norman:
You'll tuck me in?

Sandy:
Get in the fucking bed.

Norman:
Profanity, you know, is a sign of a lazy mind.

Sandy:
I'm sorry. Please get into bed.

Norman:
Much better.

Sandy:
You miserable fuck.