

**TRACY:** I'm unhappy, Cal. I've tried not to be. We've been married so long, somewhere we became... stagnant, you know?

Okay, you're not talking and you know that only makes me talk more. Maybe that's good, maybe that's good. Okay... *(then)* There's this person. We've been spending time together. Lunches, meetings, that kind of stuff...

*Silence. She closes her eyes tightly.*

I slept with him. Kind of.

*Tracy opens one eye, taking a peek. Nothing.*

No, no kind of. I can't believe I said kind of. That's just not something you do in a kind of way. I slept with someone. There. I said it. I slept with someone. Oh God. It's the worst thing I've ever done but it feels so good to say out loud. I slept with someone. I SLEPT with someone. I slept with SOMEONE. I slept with ... please stop me, please say something.