

MAN
Are you OK?

WOMAN
Yeah. It's just been a long day.

MAN
Tim Cabot called me earlier.

WOMAN
Who?

MAN
The guy you went to fat camp with in Toronto.

WOMAN
(SHE LAUGHS) - Oh, Tim! What did he want?

MAN
He offered me a job. A really good one.

WOMAN
Wow! That's gotta feel nice.

MAN
Yeah, it does.

WOMAN
And frustrating.

MAN
Why?

WOMAN
Well, since you can't take it.

MAN
Why? Why can't I take it?

WOMAN
Because we don't live here.

MAN
But we could. I mean, why not? It'd be like a new adventure. The kids'd love it, you know, and if we sold our place in London, we could pay cash for a house in Swampscott, Massachusetts.

WOMAN
I don't wanna live somewhere called Swampscott.

MAN
All right, then.

WOMAN
Saugus! Jesus, who names these places? I just wanna get home, OK? I just wanna get back to normal.

MAN
Look, I uprooted my life for you and moved away from my family, and now my mom is dead. My dad's old, and the biggest organ in his body is shutting off. And my sister seems strong, but she needs me.

WOMAN

Yeah, but they know you have a family in London that needs you too, and also they've got Pat now.

MAN

OK. We could argue about this all night, but I'm taking the job, and we're staying.

WOMAN

You can't just tell me what I'm doing. I'm not a fuckin' handmaid.

MAN

Whoa, whoa. When I said "we", I meant me and the kids.

WOMAN

What?

MAN

I mean, you could be a part of our "we", or you could just as easily fuck off, but I'm staying here with the kids.

WOMAN

OK, I know you're grieving, and in a little while you'll feel really bad and apologise, but even suggesting I live in a different country from my kids is a good way to get the ball rolling on your own funeral. And I don't mean to sound psychopathic, but I will kill you.

MAN

I fuckin' dare you to kill me. You wouldn't last a minute, trying to raise these kids on your own. Do you know how hard I would laugh if you killed me?

WOMAN

Ha! Not as hard as me.

MAN

Oh, it'd be a welcome relief. From the day I met you, I've struggled to make you happy, and it never works. Have you ever done one thing, I mean, one thing, just for me?

WOMAN

What, other than grow and feed and raise all of your babies?

MAN

Other than that.

WOMAN

Countless blow jobs.

MAN

Countless?! I'm pretty sure I can count to 23 over four years.

WOMAN

I get claustrophobic!

MAN

Well, you know what? You're mean and you're selfish and nobody likes you.

WOMAN

Oh, is that so? Well, I don't really care.

MAN

More importantly, I don't like you.