

HER:

We have to talk.

HIM:

Why is it whenever I'm having a crappy day you appear and say we have to talk.

HER:

Well, your son broke someone's arm today. I suppose I could check back when you're feeling better.

HIM:

What do you mean, he broke somebody's arm?

HER:

He pushed a kid off the jungle gym.

HIM:

Now, why do I feel that you're saying this is my fault?

HER:

Well, where did he learn hitting from? It wasn't from me. Maybe it was from the wrestling or that toy gun that I didn't want him to have but you bought him anyway.

HIM:

I am not going to have this argument with you. I'm going to take him home tonight and deal with it.

HER:

How? By taking him out for pizza and ice cream?

HIM:

Yes.

HER:

You don't know how to be a father. You wouldn't know responsibility if it came up behind you and kicked you in the ass.

HIM:

I'm responsible!

THIRD WATCH "A" Page 2 OF 2

HER:

Oh, come on, Jimmy! You just walked out of the firehall in the middle of your shift. Captain is already filling out disciplinary papers. Or how about this morning when Joey finds you shacking up with whatever her name is?

HIM:

Brooke.

HER:

Whatever! How do you think that makes him feel?

HIM:

Let me get this straight. Joey got in trouble at school today because I am getting on with my life?

HER:

What is that supposed to mean?

HIM:

I didn't plan on him running in to her like that.

HER:

Yeah? Well, he did.

HIM:

How is this my fault? Joey spends more time with your Mother and the babysitter than he does with me. Why don't you ask them where he learned hitting from? I get him ten hours a week. Ten! That leaves you with the however many other hours. So, if you want to start talking about who is the crappy parent around here, you better start looking at yourself!