

SHE

Well, I just don't know what I hate more--lying lawyers or your stupid, sophomoric infidelities. Who was that on the phone? The girl who got beat up?

HE

Yes, it was the girl who got beat up. Laurie Davis, I already told you. She works at the county court house, she's a clerk.

SHE

And what? You're fucking her?

HE

Oh, man...

SHE

Interesting choice, you calling from our bedroom phone.

HE

Why is it? Why is it that whenever I have a private phone conversation, you assume that I'm fucking someone?

SHE

That's why that psychopath chose her, right?

HE

Yes, that's why he chose her. But I'm not fucking her in any way.

SHE

Goddamn, you son of a bitch! I thought you promised to leave all that shit behind in Atlanta.

HE

I told you I did!

SHE

What a waste. The humiliation we went through--all those dirty little secrets. All those horrible sessions with Dr. Hackett.

HE

Oh yeah, we talked that one, damned incident to death, didn't we?

SHE

Yeah, why did you bother?

HE

Because you asked me and I thought it was a good idea to go.

SHE

Why did you bother? Why did you even fucking bother? With you and me. With the marriage. Uprooting me and Danny--moving.

HE

Because that's what we decided. You said that I...

SHE

You don't get it, do you?

HE

Alright, Eve--what is it that I don't get?

SHE

You just don't get it.

HE

What? What don't I get?

SHE

Why put us through all of that? Why?

HE

Because that's what I wanted.

SHE

Why didn't you just have the balls to walk out--if that's what you wanted?

HE

Sure, like I was gonna split, acting the way you were acting.

SHE

Acting?

HE

Yeah.

SHE

You did some acting. I don't remember doing any acting.

HE

You don't remember doing any acting? Well, hey--let me refresh your memory. Do you remember not taking any work for three months? Do you remember that? Do you remember not fixing any meals?

SHE

I'm not on fucking trial, here!

HE

Do you remember crying every goddamned morning? Every afternoon? Every evening? Do you remember that?

SHE

So I scared you, huh? What'd you think, Sam? What'd you think--that maybe I was gonna kill myself? Over you?

HE

Well, who else?

SHE

You pompous ass.

HE

Goddamnit, Lee! Who knew what the hell you were gonna do? You wouldn't even leave the bedroom.

SHE

Yeah, I wish you could say the same.