

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, DAY

PAUL

Thanks for letting me come and visit.

He looks around

If you aren't fucking crazy when you get into a place like this - you definitely will be if you get out.

Paul picks up a photo from the shelf

So is this where you grew up?

MARIE

Yeah, that's the north shore of Long Island. Oyster Bay. Not the ritchie part.

PAUL

Who is this? Your boyfriend?

MARIE

No that's creepy, it's my dad.

PAUL

Sorry

He sits down

Marie, when bad things happen you go into chock. It locks a trauma in the same place you process emotions which isn't where memories are meant to live. That's why it feels so present.

MARIE

Is that why you left the army?

PAUL COURT

No, I was ~~called~~ marshaled. I planted som hashish in my locker to get out.

MARIE

How long will it take you to get better?

PAUL

A long bloody time. Marie, you have seen more war than most soldiers. You have to take it seriously.

MARIE

You want psycho-babble? Alright, I give it to you. I really looked up to my father. I was tormented when he died, because he never understood the fact that I might have opinions on my own. I love my mother, but I struggle with her, because I can never be the suburban housewife in the safe fucking life. I diet fiercely because I don't want to get fat, but I also see so many people in the world go hungry, so I like to eat. I want to be a mom like my sister, but I had two miscarriages and I have to accept the fact that I might never be that. I fear growing old, but then I also fear dying young. I'm most happy with a vodka martini in my hand, but I can't stand the fact that the chatter in my head won't go quiet until there is a squarter vodka inside me. I hate being in a warzone, but I also feel compelled to see it for myself.

PAUL

Because you are addicted to it.
You're alright. Hey. You are
alright.

MARIE

Sorry

PAUL

It's alright. It's allowed.

MARIE

Who did you say my father looked
like?