

INT-BEDROOM-MORNING Nick is packing—a bachelor's suitcase. A getaway case.

**AMY:** (O.S.) Husband, I have a present for you!

She enters. Assesses.

**NICK:** Do whatever you want to me. But I'm done. I've got to leave.

He continues packing. Tense as hell.

**AMY:** At least let me give you your gift.

**NICK:** I do not want another gift from you, ever. I just want to leave. I want to be married to a normal person.

**AMY:** Even if I let you do that—and I won't—you think any nice woman will touch you now? You'll only get—

He rushes toward her, bulldozing her toward the wall.

**NICK:** (pointing at her) Crazy, psycho bitches?

**AMY:** Don't call me that.

NICK: You are a petty, manipulative,  
nasty, crazy bitch!

AMY: You are a man. An average, lazy,  
boring, cowardly, woman-fearing man. But I  
made you into something. You were the best  
man you've ever been, with me. And you know  
it. The only time in your life you've ever  
liked yourself was pretending to be someone I  
might like. Without me? You're just your dad.

NICK: Don't, Amy.

Nick has her totally against the wall now.

AMY: You know I'm right. Even if you  
found a nice boring girl, you'd be thinking  
of me every day.

NICK: I'll never think of you again.

AMY: How quickly did you forget little  
Able Andie, once you thought I loved you  
again? One love note, sweetie? Two? Two notes  
with me swearing I loved you and I thought  
you were just great after all? You are  
BRILLIANT, you are my SUN. You're so  
pathetic-you think you can even have a normal  
life again? You'll find a nice girl, and  
you'll still think of me, and you'll be so

completely dissatisfied, trapped in your boring life with your regular wife and your two average kids. You'll think of me and look at your wife, and you'll think: Dumb bitch.

**NICK:** Shut up, Amy.

He has her by the throat.

**AMY:** You'll look at your boring, average kids and think of the kids you could have had with me. Don't you still dream of the little boy I was going to give you? The baby Dunne who was going to fix you?

He has her on the floor now, strangling her. They are face to face, inches apart, staring. Almost erotic. Her hand slowly comes up and caresses his cheek. Then produces the gift.

It's a pregnancy test stick. POSITIVE. It clatters to the floor. He lets her go. They are both heaving, Nick staring at the stick on the floor, AMY trying to get her breath.