REVOLUTIONARY ROAD

April & Frank
INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

FRANK storms into the room holding a rubber syringe.

    FRANK
    What the hell are you gonna do with
    this? Hmm?

    APRIL
    What do you think you’re gonna do?
    You’re gonna stop me?

    FRANK
    Oh, you’re damn right I am!

    APRIL
    Go ahead and try.

    FRANK
    Listen to me! You do this, April...
    you do this, and I swear to God --

    APRIL
    You’ll what? You’ll leave me? Is
    that a threat or a promise?

    FRANK
    When did you buy this, April? How
    long have you had this? I want to
    know.

    APRIL
    Jesus Christ! You really are being
    melodramatic about this whole
    thing. As long as it’s done in the
    first 12 weeks, it’s perfectly
    safe.

    FRANK
    That’s now, April! Don’t I get a
    say?

    APRIL
    Of course you do! It would be for
    you, Frank. Don’t you see? So you
    can have time. Just like we talked
    about.

    FRANK
    How can it be for me when the
    thought of it makes my stomach turn
    over, for God’s sakes?
APRIL
Then it’s for me! Tell me we can have the baby in Paris, Frank. Tell me we can have a different life, but don’t make me stay here please.

FRANK
We can’t have the baby in Paris.

APRIL
Why not? I don’t need everything we have here. I don’t care where we live. I mean, who made these rules anyway? Look, the only reason we moved out here was because I got pregnant. Then we had another child to prove the first one wasn’t a mistake. I mean, how long does it go on? Frank, do you actually want another child? Well, do you? Come on. Tell me. Tell me the truth, Frank. Remember that? We used to live by it. And you know what’s so good about the truth? Everyone knows what it is however long they’ve lived without it. No one forgets the truth, Frank; they just get better at lying. So tell me, do you really want another child?

FRANK
All I know is what I feel, and anyone else in their right mind would feel the same way, April.

APRIL
But I’ve had two children. Doesn’t that count in my favor?

FRANK
Christ, April! The fact that you even put it that way! You make it seem as if having children is some sort of a Goddamn punishment.

APRIL
I love my children, Frank.

FRANK
Are you sure about that?