

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?