

FRANK

It's a beautiful day.

APRIL

Yes; it's lovely.

FRANK

Look, this has been kind of a crazy summer. We've both been under a strain. I mean I know you're —

APRIL

You know I'm not sleeping with you and you want to know why? Well, I'm sorry Frank, but I don't really feel like talking about it.

FRANK

Okay. What do you feel like talking about?

APRIL

Would it be all right if we didn't talk about anything? Can't we just take each day as it comes, and do the best we can, and not feel we have to talk about everything all the time?

FRANK

I don't think I suggested we talk about everything all the time. If I did, I certainly --

APRIL

All right. It's because I don't love you. How's that?

FRANK

Okay... Okay... My point was, we've *both* been under a strain and we ought to be trying to help each other as much as we can right now... I mean God knows my own behavior has been pretty weird lately... I mean, actually... actually, there's something I'd like to tell you about... I've been with a girl in New York. A girl I hardly even know. It was nothing to me, but she maybe got a little carried away. She's just a kid. Anyway, it was only one time, and it'll never happen again. If I weren't sure of that I guess I could never've brought myself to tell you about it.

APRIL

Why did you?

FRANK

Baby, I don't know. Some kind of neurotic —

APRIL

No. I don't mean why did you have the girl; I mean why did you *tell* me about it? What's the point? Is it supposed to make me *jealous*, or something? It is supposed to make me fall in love with you, or back into bed with you, or what? I mean what am I supposed to say?

FRANK

Why don't you say what you feel?

APRIL

I don't feel anything.

FRANK

In other words you don't care what I do or who I fuck or anything. Right?

APRIL

No; I guess that's right; I don't. Fuck who you like.

FRANK

But I *want* you to care.

APRIL

I know you do. And I suppose I would, if I loved you; but you see I don't. I don't love you and I never really figured it out until this week, and that's why I'd just as soon not do any talking right now. Do you see?

FRANK

Oh, now *listen* to me! You know God damn well you love me! Do you know what the definition of insanity is?

APRIL

No. Do you?

FRANK

Yes. It's the inability to relate to another human being. It's the inability to *love*.

*She looks at him. Then she begins to laugh.*

APRIL

The in -- the in; the inabil; the inability to -- Oh. -- Oh, Frank, you really are a wonderful talker. If black could be made into white by talking, you'd be the man for the job. So now I'm crazy because I don't *love* you -- right? Is that the point?

FRANK

No. Wrong. You're not crazy and you *do* love me; *that's* the point.

APRIL

But I don't. In fact I loathe the sight of you. In fact if you come any closer, if you touch me or anything I think I'll scream.

*He takes her by the arms.*

FRANK

Oh baby lis --

*She screams.*

FRANK

God damn you. God damn all your snotty, hateful little --

APRIL

What're you going to do now? Are you going to hit me? To show how much you love me?

FRANK

No. Oh, no. Don't worry. I couldn't be bothered. You're not worth the trouble it'd *take* to hit you. You're not worth the powder it'd take to blow you *up*. You're an *empty* -- You're an *empty, hollow* fucking *shell* of a woman. What the hell are you living in my *house* for if you hate me so much? *Huh?* Will you answer me that? What the hell are you carrying my *child* for? Why the hell don't you get rid of it? Because listen. Listen: I got news for you. I wish to God you would.