

GREG. Okay. You're probably right. *(A moment. Softly.)* Allie, listen to me, I'm / sorry.

ALEX. What time does Jake need to be picked up? *(Pause.)*

GREG. She said he can stay there till six. If we want someone else to take him for the evening.

ALEX. No. *(Beat.)*

GREG. Then I'll get him at six.

ALEX. You should have said something.

GREG. What?

ALEX. To Judy. She was out of line. And you just sat there. Like you were embarrassed. You should have said something.

GREG. We're not gonna have this conversation right / now.

ALEX. Oh yes, please tell me what conversations we're allowed to have.

GREG. Al, I understand you'd rather be mad at me right now than feel this, but I do not want to fight. That is really the last thing / I want.

ALEX. You should have said something. *(Beat.)*

GREG. Okay. Fine. I'm sorry if you felt —

ALEX. That's not a real apology.

GREG. Well, frankly, I could barely get a word in ... Okay? I was trying to keep things from escalating. Because, as you have explained to me, many times, Judy is in a position of power —

ALEX. Right, she's the expert, she knows all about "kids like Jake" —

GREG. I mean *admissions!* I'm not talking about anything else.

ALEX. So I should have just nodded and smiled. Who cares that the woman is trying to out Jake as a [REDACTED] transsexual before he's left preschool — it's my fault.

GREG. I'm not interested in *fault*.

ALEX. No, of course not, you're too enlightened. I'm so impressed.

GREG. This is ridiculous. We're both in shock. We're grieving.

ALEX. Thank you. I'd forgotten.

GREG.

[REDACTED] This is hard, I get it. You're trying to make me feel as much pain as you do, and the irony / is —

ALEX. That is not what I'm doing.

GREG. Of course it is. Maybe not consciously but —

ALEX. Oh, THINGS I COULD DO WITHOUT. Number One: The [REDACTED] unconscious. Please *spare* me that.

GREG. Fine, okay, let's blame Freud. It's Freud's fault you miscarried.

ALEX. Oh ... "I" miscarried.

GREG. No, that's not —

ALEX. No, I mean, hell, it's my body.

GREG. Allie ...

ALEX. Some part of me wanted to kill it, right? *Unconsciously?!*

GREG. Would you please stop, I never said *anything like that*.

ALEX. You think if I'd just taken better care of myself —

GREG. No.

ALEX. If I hadn't overburdened myself with Jake's applications —

GREG. That's / ridiculous.

ALEX. You think if I'd let you call an ambulance instead of taking a cab maybe we would have gotten there sooner —

GREG. Well, now we'll never know, will we? *(Beat.)*

ALEX. No, I guess not. *(A moment. Alex tries to hold herself together.*

*Greg softens, approaches her. Tries to comfort her. She waves him away.)*

GREG. Allie ...

ALEX. No ...

GREG. I'm sorry ...

ALEX. You're an ass [REDACTED]

GREG. Jesus, this is hard for me too! Is that *impossible* for you to understand? *(Beat.)*

ALEX. Yeah. It must be hard. Watching me ruin everything [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] with Judy too, right? Now, lord knows, she hates me, and she'll take it out on Jake. She'll tell all the schools I'm a nightmare, stay away.

GREG. Alex, this is not the time to worry about that.

ALEX. I needed *help*. You just sat there ...

GREG. Do we *have* to fight right now? Is that really the *only* thing we can do?

ALEX. *(In tears.)* You told her I was pregnant!

GREG. And I'm sorry. *(Simultaneously.)*

ALEX. I told you so many [REDACTED] For God's sake, it was

times, "just don't say anything, an *accident*, okay? It was a stupid mistake but that's *not why this happened!*"

ALEX. I didn't say that's why it happened. That is not the *point*.

GREG. I'm not gonna do this.

[REDACTED] Alex might as well have *knocked* him out and then go pick up Jake, and take him for ice cream or some [REDACTED] processed treat, and then why