

Revolutionary Road

Frank and April

FRANK: It's beautiful out.

APRIL: Yes, it is.

FRANK: You know what today is? (pause) It's twelve weeks.

APRIL: That's right.

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

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. 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, as it happens... there is actually something I'd like to tell you about...I've been with a girl in the city a few times. A girl I hardly even know. It was nothing to me. She's just a kid... Anyway, it's over now. It's really over. If I weren't sure of that I guess I could never have told you about it.

APRIL: Why did you?

FRANK: Baby, I don't know. I think it was a simple case of wanting to be a man again after all that abortion business. Some kind of neurotic, irrational need to prove something.

APRIL: No. I don't mean why did you have the girl; I mean why did you tell me about it? I mean what's the point? Is it supposed to make me jealous, or something? Is it 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?

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

FRANK: Don't you see...Don't you see, I want you to care.

APRIL: Oh, I know you do. And I suppose I would if I loved you. But you see I don't think I do anymore. And I only just figured that out. And that's why I'd just as soon not do any talking right now.

FRANK: Oh, now don't give me this shit! You know God damn well you love me!

APRIL: You think so?!

FRANK: You know GOD DAMN WELL! You're fucking insane! Do you know what the definition of insanity is?

APRIL: What is it, Frank?

FRANK: 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 --

She reels around the room, her laughter increasingly out of control.

APRIL (CONT'D): 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. You're just a boy who made me laugh at a party once and 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 listen --

She SCREAMS. High and shrill. Her eyes wide open, cold and perfectly calm.

FRANK (CONT'D): Fuck you, April. And fuck all your hateful, snotty little -

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

FRANK: Oh, no, don't worry, I can'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? Why the hell are you married to me? What the hell are you carrying my child for? Why the hell didn't you just get rid of it, when you had the chance? Because listen. Listen: I got news for you. I wish to God you had.