KATHRYN: What are you thinking?

*(*JONATHAN *meets* KATHRYN*’s eyes and shrugs.)*

JONATHAN: Okay.

KATHRYN: Okay what?

JONATHAN: Maybe you shouldn’t see him anymore.

KATHRYN: Really?

JONATHAN: If he’s not helping.

*(*KATHRYN *joins* JONATHAN *on the couch and hugs him.)*

KATHRYN: Thank you.

JONATHAN: For what?

KATHRYN: For agreeing with me. It’s exactly what I told him.

*(*JONATHAN *pulls away.)*

JONATHAN: You mean you already quit?

KATHRYN: I was going to tell you.

JONATHAN: When?

KATHRYN: I was waiting for a moment when you’re not seething with rage. So never, I guess.

*(*JONATHAN *stands.)*

JONATHAN: Any wonder why I am?

KATHRYN: Being married to me has always been reason enough, hasn’t it?

JONATHAN: I’ve never said that. And don’t say “You didn’t have to”. It’s not fair what you do. I give you the right to tell me how you feel. Is it my problem that you don’t do it?

KATHRYN: Apparently.

JONATHAN: I love you, Kathryn. I’m sorry this is happening to us. I’m sorry about what happened to Timothy. But I’m tired of sleeping on the couch because I can’t sleep in the same bed with you anymore. Not with all your tossing and turning. And mumbling. That’s the worst part. Mumbling his name over and over again. And that’s on the nights you don’t wake up screaming. *(He lets this settle, then:)* You need to get serious about this.

KATHRYN: Don’t you think I am?

JONATHAN: You quit going to the doctor.

KATHRYN: You just said I should.

JONATHAN: Because I know how you are once you get an idea in your head. Like a bear trap. What I think doesn’t matter.

KATHRYN: But you know I want these nightmares to stop.

JONATHAN: I hope so. And so do I. Only they’re not going to stop if you won’t do something about them.

KATHRYN: That’s what I’ve been doing.

JONATHAN: Then you need to try harder.

KATHRYN: Now you sound like Doctor Tanner.

*(*JONATHAN *blows air out his nose as he goes to the liquor table and pours three fingers of Scotch into a tumbler.)*

KATHRYN: Maybe I should just do what you do, huh? Paint everything over with a nice smooth coat of Scotch? For God’s sake, Jonathan, it’s four A M.

JONATHAN: And I was hoping to go back to bed. Unlike you, I have to be at work in a few hours. How is this any different from your sleeping pills?

KATHRYN: Mine come with a prescription.

JONATHAN: And a bigger bill. *(He drains the glass and*