JONATHAN: It wasn’t your fault.

KATHRYN: It was.

JONATHAN: You weren’t even here when it happened.

KATHRYN: Exactly.

*(*JONATHAN *stands again.)*

JONATHAN: So it’s really my fault, then. That’s what you’re saying.

KATHRYN: No. What? How?

JONATHAN: I talked you into it, didn’t I? I told you to hire Mrs Willingham so you could go back to work part time instead of being cooped up here all day waiting for Timothy to have another seizure.

KATHRYN: It wasn’t like that.

JONATHAN: You say that now. Only I remember all the times I listened to you tell me how ashamed you were for feeling the way you did.

*(*KATHRYN *pushes tears off her cheeks.)*

KATHRYN: Stop it. Shut up.

JONATHAN: No. Doctor Tanner is right about one thing: this isn’t going to get better if you won’t talk about it. Our son is dead.

*(*KATHRYN *stands up fast, fists balled.)*

KATHRYN: I know!

JONATHAN: Nothing can change that.

KATHRYN: I know!

JONATHAN: And it’s not. Your. Fault!

*(*KATHRYN *waits, debating internally for several seconds before speaking.)*

KATHRYN: But what if he thinks it is?

*(This brings everything to a full stop.* JONATHAN *stares.)*

JONATHAN: Doctor Tanner?

KATHRYN: No. Timothy. What if Timothy thinks it is my fault? What if he blames me for what happened?

JONATHAN: He can’t blame you, Kathryn. He’s dead.

KATHRYN: His body maybe. But not his spirit.

*(*JONATHAN *closes his eyes and lowers his head.)*

KATHRYN: Look, I’m sorry you don’t believe what I do.

JONATHAN: I’m not.

KATHRYN: Well I am. It would make things easier if you did.

JONATHAN: The way it did with Bill and Janet?

KATHRYN: Why are bad examples the only examples for you?

JONATHAN: Bill and Janet are far from the only bad example.

KATHRYN: Going to tell me about your parents again? What a horrible person your dad was in spite of being a church elder.

JONATHAN: You say that as if it isn’t true.

*(*KATHRYN *sarcastically feigns surprise.)*

KATHRYN: You’re not telling me what I think, are you?

*(*JONATHAN *narrows his eyes.)*

JONATHAN: No. I’m commenting on your non-verbal communication.

KATHRYN: You’re reading it wrong. I do think what you told me about your parents is true. But I also think you let it take the blame for a little too much.

JONATHAN: You’re one to talk.

KATHRYN: What does that mean?

JONATHAN: We’re not standing in the living room at four in the morning because of my problems.

KATHRYN: You’ve had thirty years to get over your shit. It’s only been three months since Timothy died.

JONATHAN: And how much longer will you keep making black Xs on that grief calendar of yours?

KATHRYN: As long as it takes!

JONATHAN: See.

KATHRYN: See what?

JONATHAN: If you were serious about getting better, you wouldn’t be so open-ended with it.

*(He pours* *another drink.)*

KATHRYN: So I should set a date for when I’ll be over the death of my son?

JONATHAN: Why not? That’s the way most things are. Like those diets you’re always on. Or school. Or work. Know how many deadlines I’m juggling right now?

KATHRYN: That’s just like you. Treating this as if it’s one of your construction jobs. Here’s the blueprint. Here’s the date we can open the road for traffic.

JONATHAN: And what’s wrong with that?

KATHRYN: Because that’s not the way hearts work. Brains, maybe. Not hearts.

JONATHAN: Not yours, you mean.

KATHRYN: Not yours, either. I know you try cover it up a lot of the time. Like now. And it might fly at work where you can play the part of the ‘tough boss’ and they all believe you. But I know better. Your heart is one of the reasons I fell in love with you.