

End of the Line  
(All Change!)

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A Full Length Play in One-Act

By Justin Golding

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Richard, a successful businessman 50's

Claire, a successful contract lawyer 40's

SETTINGS

A high-end hotel room.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Present Day. The early hours of the morning.

**End of the Line**  
**(All Change!)**

**Act I**

**SETTING:** New York City - Present Day - Night: The high-end hotel suite has three doors. One U/S door leads to the bathroom, which is off-stage and is never seen. The second door leads to an adjacent sitting room. The third door is the hotel room's exit door, which leads off-stage from the U/S part of the living room. There are two windows - one in the bedroom and one in the living room. They are both downstage, so when Richard and Claire stare out into the New York skylines they are facing the audience. The two rooms are separated by a half-wall so the entire set can be build on one stage without any rotation or set change as the actors move between the rooms. This is a thousand dollars a night, high-end boutique hotel that delivers the message of wealth in every detail.

**AT RISE:** The stage is dark. The unmistakable sounds of love making can be heard. The man comes and the woman groans with him. Her groan is not an orgasm, but it is one of pleasure. The lights slowly come up as they untangle their bodies from each other. The bed is slightly raised so they can lie in bed and be seen clearly by the audience. The woman, Claire, early forties, attractive, settles into the bed with a satisfied pat of her pillow and pull of the sheets to cover herself.

The man, Richard fifties in decent shape is doing the same, but his relaxed after-sex calm disappears when he notices the condom he has just removed is broken.

RICHARD

Are you on the pill?

CLAIRE

No. Why?

RICHARD

(forced laugh)

The condom broke.

CLAIRE

I wondered why it felt so good.

RICHARD

So...are you on the pill?

CLAIRE

Don't worry about it.

RICHARD

The condom broke. I've been raised to worry about it.

CLAIRE

You are killing my post-sex buzz.

RICHARD

Sorry.

(Richard puts the broken condom onto the bedside table and causally wipes his hand on the side of the bed.

Claire sees his action, makes a face but doesn't say anything.

Richard settles into his pillow and they both stare straight ahead.)

(Beat.)

CLAIRE

I can hear you worrying...

RICHARD

Sorry.

CLAIRE

A lady doesn't like to say her age, but I've got a better chance of running a four minute mile than I have of getting pregnant.

RICHARD

What? Really?

(He gets up on an elbow and looks at her face closely.)

RICHARD

Thirty-one. Thirty-two tops.

CLAIRE

The face might lie, but the ovaries never do...or so my gynecologist says.

(Beat.)

RICHARD

I think I knew...

CLAIRE

Knew what?

RICHARD

About the condom.

CLAIRE

Why didn't you stop?

RICHARD

Well, I didn't know, know...but I was right there...that place. No thoughts...no worries, just there.

CLAIRE

You could have pulled out...

RICHARD

Yes.

CLAIRE

I'm glad you didn't.

RICHARD

I probably put it on wrong...the condom. It must be thirty years since I wore one. The last time was a week before I got...

CLAIRE

Must have been a good time for you to remember it thirty years later?

RICHARD

Ha!

CLAIRE

Your wife went on the pill after you got married?

RICHARD

How did you know I was...?

(Claire points to his wedding band. Richard looks at it as well)

RICHARD

Right. No. She didn't, we wanted to start a family. How many kids do you have?

CLAIRE

None. Although, that's about to change.

(Richard looks a bit startled.)

RICHARD

No ring.

CLAIRE

I'm married, nearly five years, although we've been together twelve.

RICHARD

You don't wear your ring when you travel?



CLAIRE

Are you judging me?

RICHARD

No! God, no!

CLAIRE

And I'm not traveling. I live here...in New York. You?

RICHARD

Boston. Was, uh...hmm is my home. Your husband is traveling?

CLAIRE

Coming inside me doesn't get you a copy of my life story.

RICHARD

Right. Right, uh...hmm...sorry. I'm new to all this...

(Claire watches him struggle to find the word to describe their one nightstand. He shrugs

The sound of Claire's phone delivering a text interrupts them. They look at each other.

Her phone is in her designer purse, which is on the chair D/S from the bed. She gets out and wraps a sheet from the bed around her.

She sits in the chair and digs through her purse and finds her phone. She reads the text, but does not respond to it.)

(Beat.)

CLAIRE

Can you get me a drink?

RICHARD

Yes...uhm...

CLAIRE

There's a mini-bar in the next room.

RICHARD

Right. Umm...right...yes.

(He gets up and goes into the bathroom and grabs one of the hotel's white bathrobes and puts it on.

He has a second one in his hand that he takes to Claire. She smiles at him and takes the robe and Richard walks into the sitting room.)

**Note: Because of the half wall the audience can see both actors while they are in the two separate rooms.**

(He opens the small fridge and starts pulling out the small liquor bottles.)

RICHARD

I think they have everything you could want...vodka, gin, wine, whisky...

CLAIRE

(shouting from the bedroom)

Jameson's?

(Richard looks through the bottles for a moment and finds what he wants.)

RICHARD

Yes.

(Claire walks out of the bedroom into the sitting-room.)

Richard has grabbed a couple of glasses and four little bottles and has moved to the couch where Claire joins him.)

CLAIRE

Ice?

RICHARD

Ah...

(He gets up and goes back to the mini-fridge. There is an empty ice bucket on top of the fridge, which he shows to her.)

RICHARD

I think I saw an ice machine down the hall.

(She looks at him)

RICHARD

Right. uh...okay. I'll be right back.

(She smiles as he exits the room to get the ice.)

From the other room we hear her phone ping again.

She gets up taking her drink with her and goes to her phone and reads another text.

Whatever it says, it clearly upsets her.

She puts the phone in the pocket of her bathrobe, again without answering.

She paces the room sipping her drink.

She sees the condom on the nightstand.

She picks it up between two fingers and inspects it.

She turns looking for a trashcan finds one and drops it into the can.

A knock on the hotel room door startles her.)

CLAIRE

Damn.

RICHARD

(From off-stage)

I forgot the hotel key. Open the door.

(trying not to be too loud)

Hey, can you hear me? Let me in.

(Claire goes to the hotel door and opens it for him.)

CLAIRE

I was...um...in the other room.

(Richard enters carrying the ice bucket which is filled to the top.

Claire is still holding her glass, which is now empty.

Richard looks at the glass and then at her.)

CLAIRE

It is even better with ice.

(Richard refills Claire's and his glass with whisky and ice.)

RICHARD

The ice made so much noise. The guy in the room across from it came out and I thought he was going to hit me. "Do you know it's two thirty in the morning? What the hell are you doing?" Getting ice I said. "

Are you fucking with me?" he said. "No, I just need some ice." He slammed the door and I got the hell out of there.

(He sits down on the couch next to her.)

CLAIRE

You were lucky to get away with your life.

(She takes a sip of her drink that now has ice.)

CLAIRE

Much better.

(Claire's phone pings again. She does not reach for it.)

(Beat.)

(Her phone pings again.)

RICHARD

If you need...uh...to get it...

CLAIRE

No.

RICHARD

Right.

CLAIRE

What?

RICHARD

Nothing.

CLAIRE

What?

RICHARD

Your call...um. It might be important.

CLAIRE

Uhm.

RICHARD  
What?

CLAIRE  
Nothing.

RICHARD  
Is it? Important? The call.

CLAIRE  
Does it matter?

(She takes a sip of her drink.)

RICHARD  
It's nearly 3 A.M..

CLAIRE  
So.

RICHARD  
Calls at this time of night are normally important.

CLAIRE  
Are they? It could be a sales call.

(Claire continues to sip her  
drink.)

RICHARD  
Look if it's your husband...

CLAIRE  
It's not.

RICHARD  
Oh.

(Beat.)

CLAIRE  
You are not going to leave it alone, are you?

(Richard shrugs and tries to look  
innocent, "Like it is none of my  
business.")

(Claire lifts up her legs and puts her feet in his lap. He starts rubbing her foot.)

CLAIRE

You are wondering if it isn't my husband, who the hell is texting me at three in the morning?

RICHARD

It is none of my business...I'm...you...you seemed upset.

CLAIRE

You are intuitive...but I'm not upset at my husband... because I don't have one...

(Beat.)

RICHARD

Oh.

CLAIRE

Hmm.

(He sips his drink.)

RICHARD

Look, I'm not prying, but...

CLAIRE

Yes you are.

RICHARD

Well, maybe I am, but you did say you were married and then you say you don't have a husband...

(Richard is still rubbing Claire's feet.)

CLAIRE

Aww. That feels good.

(Beat.)

CLAIRE

So, what type of crazy am I?

(Beat.)

CLAIRE

A son is being driven to his soccer game by his father when they get into a crash. The son and the father are seriously hurt and are rushed to the hospital. The son is first into the operating room, the surgeon-on-call comes in, they turn to make the first cut, but stop and say, "Oh, my god, it's my son." Who is the surgeon?

(Richard takes a sip and continues rubbing Claire's feet.)

RICHARD

The father is in the accident with the son?

(Claire nods her head.)

RICHARD

The parent who is driving is not the surgeon?

(Claire shakes her head, no.)

RICHARD

Well, the father can't be the surgeon...

(Richard is a thoughtful man...he is comfortable with the silence, as he works through the problem.)

RICHARD

The boy's surgeon is his mother...you are married, but you have...a wife.

(She raises her glass in praise.)

RICHARD

That creates more questions than it answers. Although, nowadays the surgeon could have been the boy's second father.

CLAIRE

No one said life is simple. Am I your first Lesbian?

RICHARD

Yes...I think. Lesbian?



CLAIRE  
Yes. Lesbian. Why?

RICHARD  
Well...

CLAIRE  
Hmm.

RICHARD  
It's...um...well...

CLAIRE  
What?

RICHARD  
I mean...um...it's...

CLAIRE  
Yes.

RICHARD  
Well...you...I, we had sex.

CLAIRE  
So?

RICHARD  
That means...well...you're bisexual.

CLAIRE  
No. I prefer women. Men aren't my thing...

RICHARD  
Right...but...can't you...see how...

CLAIRE  
What?

RICHARD  
You...um...just had sex with me...um...a man.

CLAIRE  
So?

RICHARD

Your actions are contradicting your statement...it's not logical.

CLAIRE

Have you noticed how illogical life is...um? How logical is the world you're living in, right now?

RICHARD

I would call that some serious denial.

CLAIRE

I've had twelve sexual partners and you are my second male. The first one doesn't count.

RICHARD

Why not?

CLAIRE

Because I was pretending to be straight. So, you've never been interested in a man?

RICHARD

No. Never.

CLAIRE

You seem firm on that...but it doesn't seem fair...

RICHARD

What doesn't?

CLAIRE

You've had some prime vagina real estate...I think to balance the sexual universe you should lose your male virginity...

RICHARD

Not happening, because I'm not gay.

How do you know, until you try? Anyway, does having sex with a man make you a homosexual?

RICHARD

Ah...Yes.

CLAIRE

You have sex with a woman a thousand times and sex with a man five times, what is your sexuality?

RICHARD

Bisexual.

CLAIRE

Even if you've had sex only one time with a man?

RICHARD

Yes.

CLAIRE

That's very logical of you. Very defined. Have you ever had sex with a man?

RICHARD

No.

CLAIRE

Never even thought about it?

RICHARD

No.

CLAIRE

Never thought about kissing or...

RICHARD

No.

(He pushes her feet off his lap,  
gets up and moves to the window.)

RICHARD

Look, I think I should go.

CLAIRE

Where? It's three in the morning and there are no trains to Boston at this time. Have you ever heard of 'Gay for the Stay'?

RICHARD

What the hell, no.

CLAIRE

It's when men go to jail for a long time and need company.

RICHARD

Jesus Christ.

CLAIRE

If you asked them, they'd say they weren't homosexual or bisexual.

RICHARD

Okay. I get it. You're a lesbian, not bisexual and it's your wife that's texting you. Can we stop talking about it?

CLAIRE

Sure.

(He picks up his drink and sits in the chair across from Claire who is still on the couch.)

RICHARD

I won't be offended if you call her...I'll go in the other room to give you some privacy.

CLAIRE

If I wanted to call her I would...and I thought you didn't want to talk about it anymore...

RICHARD

Gay sex. I don't wish to talk about gay sex...

CLAIRE

Do you have a problem with hard penises? I'm the one who should be nervous...

RICHARD

And yet, you jumped on mine. You must be really pissed at your wife to seek out a penis tonight.

(Claire clams up. Richard notices and pushes.)

RICHARD

What did she do? What did you do? Who cares! Here's to love...love always wins!

CLAIRE

And yet, here we sit...

RICHARD

Right.

(He gets up and walks into the bedroom. His clothes are on the floor.)

He picks up his clothes and thinks about putting them on. A prescription bottle falls out of his coat pocket

Claire searches for the TV remote.

Richard picks up the bottle and gives it a shake. He opens it and pours a few pills into his hand.

Claire finds the TV remote and turns it on to the weather channel.

Richard hears the TV coming on. He puts the pills back in the bottle and puts the bottle in the pocket of his coat.)

**Note: The lighting will indicate which room the audience should focus on.**

WEATHER TV GUY

The west is warmer than usual for this time of year, but a cold stream of air is making its way across the Pacific and will be with us by the weekend...

(Richard picks up the hotel phone beside the bed. He pushes a button and waits for an answer.)

RICHARD

Yes, could you send a bottle of Jamison up to room...

(He looks at the phone for the room's number)

RICHARD

Room 732. Thank you.

(He walks back into the living room.)

Claire does not look at him. Her eyes are on the TV

Richard joins her on the couch.)

WEATHER TV GUY

In the mid-west, Kansas is seeing a lot of rain and another storm front is coming in that will drop one to two more inches. As we move further east that rain turns to sunshine and the Philadelphia area will see temperatures in the high 90's before the rain in the mid-west arrives later this week to bring some relief.

(They sit shoulder to shoulder watching the country's weather report.)

RICHARD

Weather?

CLAIRE

The reporters have friendly voices.

RICHARD

I've never thought about it.

(He listens for a moment)

WEATHER TV GUY

In New York we will have a wonderful late spring day. So, get out there and enjoy this weather because that storm front from the mid-west will be with us before you know it...

CLAIRE

When I travel, I put the channel on to have company in my room. Sometimes I sleep with it on.

RICHARD

Are you lonely?

CLAIRE

Aren't we all lonely...

RICHARD

I never gave it much thought...until yesterday...

CLAIRE

What happened yesterday?

RICHARD

Love died.

(Claire turns to look at Richard)

CLAIRE

Love is a lie.

RICHARD

Jesus, really?

CLAIRE

Tell me I'm wrong...you look like a romantic.

RICHARD

You don't know me?

CLAIRE.

As you don't know me...it's the beauty of a one night stand. Why not enlighten me? Why are you with a stranger tonight, instead of the woman you love?

RICHARD

Because she no longer loves me...

CLAIRE

Love? When the sun comes up, it will burn away whatever small connection we have...lets invite in our ghosts. What did you do?

RICHARD

Just because I came inside you, doesn't mean you get my life story.

CLAIRE

I feel I've heard that before. Come on...you know you want to. I can't sleep, neither can you...we've got nowhere...

(Beat.)

RICHARD

Jesus...

CLAIRE

Has nothing to do with this...

(She turns the TV off and turns towards him. Richard breaks.)

RICHARD

I've been married thirty years...thirty fucking years and I never cheated on my wife...

CLAIRE

What do you call this?

RICHARD

This? This, no longer matters.

CLAIRE

Whoa. It's nice to know I don't count.

RICHARD

That's not what I meant. Man. I could have...a few times over the years...I could have cheated on my wife...I could have had lovers, mistresses, but I didn't...I didn't...

(He stands up and walks to the window and stares out into the New York night.)

CLAIRE

What was different tonight? Come on...you can tell me...

(Richard doesn't answer her.)

CLAIRE

Was it that guy...?



(Richard finishes his drink. He goes to the fridge and fills up his glass.

He doesn't ask Claire, he just fills up her glass.)

RICHARD

Yeah. Yeah, I could see he was bothering you...

CLAIRE

The guy was a walking cliché...the tanned hairy chest with the gold chain.

RICHARD

He wasn't taking no for answer...he seemed angry...

CLAIRE

There are men who can't hear women...

RICHARD

So, much anger...

CLAIRE

It's another way to be lonely...

RICHARD

Yes.

CLAIRE

I didn't need saving...but it was nice that you put forth the effort...it was a beautiful counter balance...

RICHARD

It was like when the doctor hits your knee and your leg jerks out...The words were out of my mouth before I was aware I had formed them...

CLAIRE

I had to buy you a drink...

RICHARD

It would have been rude to say no...I was alone...in the city by myself...nothing to do...

CLAIRE

A successful man like you? It's not the first time you've been alone, traveling...why did you accept my offer?

RICHARD

I stumbled, I was weak... Hell that's boring. There's a thousand, god a million guys around the world right now, cheating on their wives. But you. What about you?

CLAIRE

My wife is pregnant.

RICHARD

Congratulations?

CLAIRE

Yeah...why not...

RICHARD

I'm assuming you didn't get her pregnant?

(She starts laughing. He joins her back at the couch. Their laughter dries up.)

CLAIRE

It turns out she was having a gang-bang with a bunch of white coats, while I've been traveling

RICHARD

Jesus. What?

CLAIRE

I guess its being going on for a few months. I'm assuming it takes a few sessions for the seed to be planted. She told me a couple of days ago. I was away on business...Chicago. Patty, my wife, was sitting in the living room, when I arrived, a glass of wine on the table waiting for me. She normally had one too, but not that night. She smiled. She has one of the most amazing smiles...you can't help but smile back. I kissed her, sat down and she offered me the wine. I took a big sip and told her about the business deal. I was glowing with my success...I had just closed an eight figure meager between two breweries and was going to get a nice bonus.

(She looks at Richard with a sharp feline smile.)

CLAIRE

I mean a *huge* bonus.

RICHARD

Got it.

CLAIRE

I was high on my victory...then she pulls out one of those sticks, the one women have to pee on to find out if they are pregnant. She had hidden it behind a pillow. For some reason, the thought flashed through my head, I hope she cleaned it, before she put it there. The stick had a big red plus sign on it. "What's that," I asked. She laughs and starts crying fully expecting me to be happy for her, for us..."I'm pregnant"...I didn't say a word. I got up...I think I threw my wine glass across the room...it may have hit the TV...damn, I love that TV. My suitcase was still at the door. I grabbed it and left...I was standing on the street with no idea where to go...

RICHARD

When did this happen?

(Claire looks at her watch.)

CLAIRE

8 hours, 38 minutes and...30 seconds ago.

(Richard sits silently, not knowing what to say.)

CLAIRE

No words of wisdom? What was it, thirty years of marriage...hang in there...relationships are hard...stick with it...

RICHARD

What the hell do I know? My wife is sleeping with the gardener...

(Claire sprays out her drink.)

RICHARD

That's good whisky you're wasting.

CLAIRE  
(She's laughing)

I'm sorry.

RICHARD  
(laughing)

What can you do.

(They both take sips of their  
drinks.)

Beat.)

CLAIRE  
What are you going to do about it?

RICHARD  
My wife screwing the gardener?

CLAIRE  
I think she has that handled.

RICHARD  
You think?

CLAIRE  
Divorcing or making it work? You don't seem like the type  
of guy who's fine with the wife shtuping the help. Is that  
why you took up my offer? A bit of revenge.

(Beat.)

CLAIRE  
Don't get all stoic...we are getting to the good stuff. I'm  
trying to come to terms with the fact that I have to raise  
a kid I never wanted. You? Can you forgive your wife for  
letting another man into the bushes, so to speak?

RICHARD  
You have a way with words.

CLAIRE  
My mother always said that I should have been a poet.  
So,...stay or go?

RICHARD

It doesn't look like I'll get to make the choice. Or maybe I already had...my wife served me with divorce papers. My assistant, Joan...she's been with me for twenty years...she came into my office...pale, shaking. I was in the middle of a conversation, some bull-shit about keeping profits off-shore...I've probably cheated this country out of billions, Christ, trillions of corporate tax dollars. I hang up...didn't even say goodbye. Went around my desk and said, 'Joan, what's the matter?' She handed me a brown letter size envelope...'I'm so sorry she said'. She ran out, crying. I stared after her confused. I was about to go to her when I remembered the envelope. It was from Taylor, Webb, Goldstein and Connor...

(He looks at Claire and sees the names mean nothing to her.)

RICHARD

It's the biggest divorce law firm in Boston, the meanest sons of bitches...when your wife hires this law firm, you know you are in for a nasty ride. She blind-sided me by having the divorce papers delivered to me at my office. It was humiliating.

CLAIRE

When was this?

RICHARD

(He looks at his watch)

15 hours, 8 minutes and...30 seconds.

CLAIRE

Wow!

(Richard gets up and goes to the window.)

RICHARD

She planned it all. Less than an hour later, I get an email from her...I'm still reeling from the first hit when she lands the next blow...the email demands that our children come home this weekend...she also instructs me in the email to be there. She expects me to stand in the house I've paid for and let her tell our kids that she is leaving me for the gardener? The goddamn gardener!

CLAIRE

You can't be surprised your wife is asking for a divorce? She has a lover. Why are you upset? Was it a happy marriage?

RICHARD

I'm an Irish Catholic, what the fuck does happy have to do with it?

CLAIRE

I get it. I understand, I'm Jewish...we love maudlin...listen to our holiday songs, but everybody needs a little joy in their life. Wait. So, you're in New York to avoid the family gathering in Boston.

RICHARD

Damn right. Not that I planned it. I walked to the train station, went to platform 3, the same platform I've been going to for the last fifteen years...but there was no home at the end of the line. I looked up at the train schedule and saw the first train leaving was to New York. I got on it...the first time I've done something unplanned, since I was a kid. I just got on...I didn't even buy a ticket. Took a seat and looked out the window.

CLAIRE

Sometimes you have to leave. Hell, I did.

RICHARD

And go where? I had nowhere to go...

CLAIRE

Sometimes anywhere is better than where you are. This is working out for me.

RICHARD

I don't know what the hell I'm doing...

CLAIRE

Who does...

RICHARD

At Penn Station, I thought of catching the next train back...

CLAIRE

And go to your wife's little party?

RICHARD

Hell, no. My phone hadn't stopped ringing, my office, my clients, and my kids. Where are you pops? Why do we need to be home this weekend? None of that mattered, all I could think about was if my wife had been with her lover in my bed? Had I been lying on the same mattress where he'd been screwing her? Goddamn it! We haven't slept together in two years, but it is still my fucking bed.

CLAIRE

So, you didn't go home. You decided to get hammered in New York City. An excellent decision, I have to say, because then you got lucky.

RICHARD

Lucky? I used to think I was.

CLAIRE

Way to make a girl feel special...

RICHARD

Believe me, this worked out way better than what I had planned...

CLAIRE

Good recovery.

RICHARD

Jesus...the most weird and random crap keeps flashing through my head...Christmas. Christmas!

CLAIRE

A gift from the Jews.

RICHARD

It is about family, home...you know. Now its broken. Thirty plus years of traditions just got flushed down the toilet, because my wife wants the gardener. (Richard is agitated.) There is an ornament, a star that was made by my great-grandmother. It goes on top of the tree. Ann and I would decorate the tree with the children when they were young.

When the kids left, first for college, then work and then to their own homes, Ann and I would still decorate the tree, but we would not place the star on top. Not until all our children and now grandkid had arrived safely for Christmas. What do we do now? Birthdays, Christens, weddings...will she bring that fucking gardener to MY family events!

(Beat.)

CLAIRE

You're a grandfather?

RICHARD

Yeah, you just slept with a grandpa...sexy right?

CLAIRE

It just gets better and better.

RICHARD

Where did I go wrong? I'm a success aren't I? Why do I feel like I lost...Shit. I did my job! My family's company is more successful than ever, you don't do that working part time. Yeah, I missed the kid's recitals, ball games, but I paid for their goddamn schools, I paid for their lives...sometimes I felt like a fucking ATM machine...and now I have nothing.

CLAIRE

Oh God!

RICHARD

What?

CLAIRE

I'm the ATM machine in my marriage. I'm the one paying for that kid my wife has coming...

RICHARD

Welcome to equality.

(They drink to equality.)

CLAIRE

Sex and relationships. What's your thoughts?



RICHARD

Yes, please.

CLAIRE

Look at you...twice in one night?

RICHARD

You inspire me...

CLAIRE

Or is it the two years of abstinence? Anyway, that's not my point...sex. Why is it so important? Or more to the point, who you can have sex with? When did we decide that having sex with one person was the way to go?

RICHARD

It seems to work...

CLAIRE

Well, you are about to destroy your entire life because of that rule.

RICHARD

I've never thought about it like that...but what else can I do? I couldn't share Ann...like that...

CLAIRE

When Patty and I go on vacation, men will hit on us, sometimes we play it up, but how would you deal with someone hitting on your wife every time you went out or someone hitting on you in front of your wife?

RICHARD

It's never happened...

CLAIRE

With a woman as beautiful as yours...never?

RICHARD

Not in front of me...

CLAIRE

Sex...the whole point of meeting someone is the hope that you will have sex together.

RICHARD

That's a bit simplistic...

CLAIRE

Okay, lets add, make money, but everyone has a little computer whirring away inside their brain...going yes, no, maybe...why?

RICHARD

Why, what?

CLAIRE

Why does it matter? Why do our lizard brains need to work out who we will or will not sleep with?

RICHARD

I don't know...

CLAIRE

Kids. It's about kids. Sex is about kids or it was until we had birth control. Also, that's society's issue with same sex couples they can't have kids. Or at least they couldn't...you know what I mean...

RICHARD

Sex and kids. I guess they are connected.

CLAIRE

Of course they are connected...

RICHARD

My grandfather used to say, 'motherhood is an act of nature, fatherhood is an act of faith.'

CLAIRE

Right. It's about power, control...we've wrapped it all up in romantic BS, but it's about control...the survival of the human race and who's in charge of it.

RICHARD

Was Patty taking control? She did it in a lab, technically that's not sex? Or is it? Does that mean she didn't cheat on you?

CLAIRE

I feel like she cheated on me...its worse, she lied to me. She betrayed me...

RICHARD

Ann's action is solidly in the cheating bracket, but it has nothing to do with kids.

CLAIRE

Has she gone through menopause?

RICHARD

No...but she's fifty-three...

CLAIRE

Yeah...its definitely not about kids...she's got a better chance of being hit by a meteorite.

RICHARD

I guess sex is an aspect of a relationship, but not the most important part.

CLAIRE

Your wife seems to disagree with you. Why did you stop?

RICHARD

Jesus, I don't know, work, stress, drink, lack of time...boredom.

CLAIRE

Does it matter that your wife is sleeping with another man? Do you own her pussy? It's not like you're using it.

RICHARD

Do you win medals for your sensitivity?

(She smiles at him)

RICHARD

If I don't drive a car I own, does it make its acceptable for another man to drive it without my permission?

CLAIRE

Nice allegory, but if you won't have sex with her, why can't she have sex with other people?