

Best In Show

Therapist: I imagine the best place to start is at the beginning. So, how did you two meet?

Wife: We met at Starbucks. Not at the same Starbucks, but we saw each other...at different Starbucks across the street from each other...and Hamilton got up the courage to walk across the street one day...and approached me.

Husband: Yeah, I'd seen you at law school before. And I know that sometimes I'd be in one Starbucks and then...you'd be in the other Starbucks, and then I'd think...maybe I should go over to that Starbucks the next weekend. And then you'd be at the other Starbucks. So we kind of crossed...I know. It sounds so stupid now.

Wife: He's so good.

Husband: I remember what I was drinking when I met you. It was a grande espresso.

Wife: That's right, and I thought that was really sexy. I was drinking cappuccinos.

Husband: I remember.

Wife: Then I went to lattes and then now double espresso.

Husband: I'm now a big old chai tea latte soy milk kind of guy.

Wife: Soy. Yeah.

Husband: Because of the lactose

Wife: You're lactose-intolerant.

Husband: Uh-huh. And I walked across the street and there you were, and oh my gosh...

Wife: Working on my Mac

Husband: And I had my Mac. And then I look over and she's reading J. Crew. That is so weird because I was such a huge J. Crew person then, too. Still am. We sometimes like to just go to Starbucks on weekends and take an L. L. Bean catalog and I'll say, "Honey, what's new?" and she has five minutes to look through and find out what's new...

Wife: They've been around forever. We are so lucky...we are so lucky to have been raised amongst catalogs

Husband: Oh, it's so much easier. Because...especially...you don't have to deal with people as much. You can just talk to the person on the phone.

Wife: Or not.

Husband: Yeah.

Therapist: Meg, why are you here?

Wife: Beatrice has...been showing signs of depression.

Husband: She's also been very, very angry with us. Ever since she saw us having sex.

Therapist: When you were having sex was it different or unusual in any way?

Wife: We got a book. Kama Sutra. I lit some candles...and played some music. And got myself in a position that wasn't...very easy for me, emotionally. It's called the congress of the cow...where...the woman is bent over, her hands are on the floor and the man is behind.

Therapist: What did she do when she saw you?

Husband: She just stood there staring at us.

Therapist: She didn't say anything?

Husband: Didn't say a word.

Therapist: What would you like to say to Beatrice right now?

Wife: I'm sorry. I'm sorry you had to see that.

Husband: Beatrice, can you look at us? Come on, Mommy and Daddy are over here.

Wife: She's not listening to you. She's nervous. She's freaking out.

Husband: Well, get the busy bee. You want your busy bee? Get the busy bee.

Wife: You get the busy bee. It's in the crate.

Husband: Where is it?

Wife: It's in the crate.

Husband: Why didn't you have it out to begin with? Where in the crate? It's not in here. It's not in here.

Wife: It should be in the crate.

Husband: It's not in the crate. I just told you that.

Wife: God, Hamilton, if she doesn't get her toy she's gonna flip out.

Husband: See. It's not in here. You left it in the park! You go back and get her busy bee. Go to the park and get busy bee! Run! Run! Go! Mommy's getting your toy. Don't worry. Don't worry. We just had a little discussion. Look at me. Don't look at anybody else. Don't look at the fat-ass loser freak! You look at me!