

WAR OF THE ROSES (BEDROOM SCENE)

Oliver is snoring and Barbara pinches his nose to wake him up.

Oliver: Chokes/coughs-What's going on?

Barbara: I am very upset!

Oliver: It's three o'clock in the morning, turn the television off!

Barbara: I wasn't exactly sure why I didn't go to the hospital but... now I think that I know.

Oliver: I'd just like to put today behind us, OK?

Barbara: OK... I was going to drive to the hospital but I thought that you were OK cause I never really think that anything really terrible would happen to me or the kids or you. I was getting on the expressway and suddenly I had this feeling that you were dead and I knew what it would feel like to be alone in this house and to not have you in my life and I was so scared and I had to pull over.

Oliver: You don't have to be scared anymore. (Pats her leg).

Barbara: I got scared because I felt happy.

Oliver: (turns on the light). You were "happy" because I was dead?

Barbara: I was happy to be free, like a weight had been lifted.

Oliver: Like a weight had been lifted?

Barbara: Yeah!

Oliver: So, so how am I supposed to respond? You tell me you wished I was dead?

Barbara: I thought it was important.

Oliver: (he gets up leaves the room and then comes back). I think that you owe me an apology Barbara; if you have something to say I'd like to hear it.

Barbara: (she sits up). I want a divorce.

Oliver: No you don't, you can't have one.

Barbara: I've thought about this a lot, I really don't want to be married to you anymore.

Oliver: Why, why do you want a divorce? Did... I do something? Did I not do something?

Barbara: I can't give you specifics, Oliver.

Oliver: Well try!

Barbara: I don't want to try!

Oliver: Is there somebody else? Another man?

Barbara: No.

Oliver: A woman?

Barbara: You wish.

Oliver: I mean, I should be the one trying to get a divorce, I was the one who was rushed to the hospital from the, severe a.....

Barbara: Indigestion.

Oliver: Who hoo hoo. You are such an expert aren't you, you make me look like a jerk.

Barbara: OK, OK, I am sorry, I'm the bad person, let's just blame me for this

Oliver: No, no, I think I need, I think you owe me after this many pretty good gao damn years of marriage a pretty solid reason. I work my "ass" off to make enough money to provide you with a good life and you owe me a reason that makes sense. So let's hear it. Come on, let's hear it. Let's hear it!

Barbara: (stands up and walks toward him). Because...when I watch you eat, when I see you sleep, when I look at you lately, I just want to smash your face in!

Oliver: Come on, smash my face! You want you to smash my face? Come on, you want to smash my face?

Barbara: (hits him in the face)

Oliver: The next time, I hit back...and you better get yourself a damn good lawyer.

Barbara: The best your money can buy.