

Bob and Carol meet at a bar for the first time since Carol has left Bob.

CAROL

Hello, Bob. You look well.

BOB

You do too.

CAROL

How is this new job, Bob?

BOB

Fine.

CAROL

That's good.

BOB

Look at us, Carol. Just like any other old couple out for a drink. Who would believe it?

CAROL

Well, I guess you want to know why I called you here. Bob, I've been living in New York for the past two months.

BOB

You have?

CAROL

I've got an apartment on East 33rd street..

BOB

That's extraordinary. You've been living here?

CAROL

Things change. I'm working for the Grand Central Racquet Club. Sort of a girl Friday. And I get in some free court time.

BOB

It seems to me you've put a lot of people through a lot of shit so you can get yourself some free-court-time.

CAROL

I suppose you think of it that way. How is Billy?

BOB

He's great...except..he fell...and he cut his face. He has a scar, Carol, from about here to about here.

CAROL

Oh.

BOB

It's lucky it wasn't worse.

CAROL

You can't tell from a distance, Bob.

BOB

What?

CAROL

I've seen him.

BOB

You have?

CAROL

A few times I've sat in a parked car across from the school and watched you take him to school.

BOB

Really?

CAROL

He looks like he's a great kid.

BOB

You sat in a car?

CAROL

Watching my son...I couldn't do anything more. I was thinking it out, trying to make my decision. Bob--I want Billy back. We can work out an arrangement so you can see him on weekends, but I want custody.

BOB

You want him BACK?

CAROL

I've established residence here in New York. I'll live here in New York with him. It wouldn't be right to separate you two.

BOB

Are you kidding?

CAROL

I want my son. I'm not sitting in cars looking at him from across the street anymore.

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BOB  
You've got to be kidding.

CAROL  
I am not.

BOB  
The time I've put in! What I've lived through! And now you want him BACK?

CAROL  
We can discuss this pleasantly.

BOB  
And I'm finally getting organized, finally--and now you want to take him away from me?

CAROL  
I'm not shutting you out. You'll still see him. On weekends. You'll see him, Bob. You're his father...

BOB  
And what are you?

CAROL  
I'm his mother. I'm still his mother. I never gave that up. You can't.

BOB  
Carol, go fuck yourself.

CAROL  
Bob, I'm trying to be direct with you. There are other ways I could have gone about this.

BOB  
I mean it. That may not be the most articulate thing in the world to say, but there it is. Go fuck yourself!

CAROL  
Bob, there are courts of law. I have legal recourse...

BOB  
I don't want to discuss it. What I want to discuss is who is paying for this drink?

CAROL  
What are you talking about?

BOB

Who pays the bill for this? Do I?  
Do I get stuck again? Do you invite me  
to have a drink with you--to listen to  
what YOU want--and am I supposed to pay?

CAROL

Who pays for the drink is meaningless.  
I'll pay.

BOB

Yes. That's right. You'll pay. Waiter!  
I want another. On the double! You're  
paying. I'm drinking.

CAROL

~~Bob~~, you're just being angry--

BOB

What else do I get? Can I have a sandwich  
from the counter? Are you buying that, too,  
or just the drinks?

CAROL

You can have anything you want.

BOB

You're a big spender.

CAROL

~~Bob~~, I'm going through with this. I've had  
time to think. I've been through some  
changes. I've learned some things about  
myself.

BOB

What did you learn? I'm really interested  
to know.

CAROL

Nothing that specific.

BOB

One thing. Tell me one thing, that I've  
paid for that you've learned.

CAROL

That I never should have married you.

end