

Whit: I feel like I'm outnumbered.

Steven: Well, at least you're good at math.

Whit: *(To Steven.)* And why do you want to get married?

Steven: Because it's not just a piece of paper, Dad. It's a contract. It's a commitment two people make to one another that cannot be dissolved just by walking away. An agreement between two people who love each other. It says that the only thing that can end that union, is death.

Whit: Well, Steven, I hate to burst your balloon animal, but it can also be ended by something called a divorce.

Nikki: And we're back to the pain and suffering.

Erica: This family argues a lot.

Whit: We never used to.

Nikki: What's that supposed to mean?

Whit: It means we never used to argue. We used to just go to our rooms and cry. And we were much the better for it. Isn't that right, kids?

Erica: I cried myself to sleep on many nights.

Steven: Me too.

Whit: Because that's what normal families do. They're not constantly sharing their feelings. Airing their grievances. Talking. No. Normal families hold it inside. They develop ulcers.

*(Erica and Steven raise their hands.)*

You see? Now, let's have that pie.

**START →**

Nikki: So, we're finished talking about real marriage versus pretending?

Whit: What's that?

Nikki: Is the marriage discussion over?

Whit: You mean between you and me?

- Nikki: Yes.
- Whit: Well, I didn't know that we needed to have a discussion. It's never come up before.
- Nikki: Well, it's come up now.
- Whit: But, why has it come up now?
- Nikki: Because you went to see your doctor last week, Whit. You went to see your doctor without telling me because you weren't feeling right and you thought something might be wrong with you and you didn't want to worry me.
- Whit: Who told you that?
- Nikki: Mallory Tate is your doctor's nurse, and I ran into Mallory at the Yarn Barn yesterday, and she asked me how you were feeling and I asked her why she would ask me that and she said because you came into the office last week because you were having trouble breathing and you thought it might be a heart valve problem like your brother had that eventually killed him but it turns out it was just minor asthma and the doctor said you'd be fine and there was nothing wrong with your heart.
- Whit: And you found all of this out at the Yarn Barn?
- Nikki: It was thirty percent off day.
- Whit: What does that have to do with anything?
- Nikki: Nothing. I just want you to know that I'm trying to save money. So, why didn't you tell me about the doctor's visit?
- Whit: I didn't want to worry you.
- Nikki: No. That's not how a relationship works, Whit. You're supposed to worry me, and I'm supposed to worry you. That's what a relationship is. It's worry.
- Whit: Really?
- Nikki: Yes. It's worry with a few calm moments to make you believe you're actually happy before the worry starts again.
- Whit: What do we worry about?

END