

REVOLUTIONARY ROAD

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank enters. The chair in front of the mirror is empty. A cigarette burns in the ashtray. Frank glances at standing screen in the corner. April's costume is draped over the top. He goes towards it, deciding what to say.

FRANK

April, sweetheart. You were great.
I mean it.

The Door to the bathroom opens. April enters in street clothes. Frank's been talking to an empty room.

APRIL

Hi. You about ready to leave?
I've just got to get this makeup
off, then we can go.

She sits in front of mirror. Frank can see her face is blotchy from crying. He puts his hand on her shoulder.

FRANK

Well... I guess it wasn't a
triumph or anything, was it?

April looks at him in the mirror.

APRIL

I guess not. I'll be ready in a
minute.

FRANK

Take your time.

He removes his hands. April begins to take off her makeup.

APRIL

Will you do me a favor? Milly and
Shep wanted us to go out with them
afterwards. Will you say we can't?
Say it's because of the baby sitter
or something?

FRANK

Well, the thing is, I already said that we could. I mean, I just saw them out there and I said we would.

APRIL

Oh. Then would you mind going out again and saying you were mistaken? That should be simple enough.

FRANK

Don't you think that's a little bit rude, April?

APRIL

Well I'll tell them myself.

FRANK

Okay. Okay. Take it easy. I'll tell them.

He exits. April works at her makeup. A moment later he returns.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I mean it, baby. You were the only person in that play.

APRIL

Thank you.

He looks over at her.

FRANK

We just never should've let you get mixed up in that damned thing.

APRIL

All right.

FRANK

You've studied for Christ's sake.

APRIL

Could we sort of stop talking about it now?

FRANK

Sure. I just don't want you feeling bad about it, that's all.
(beat)

Because it's not worth it. I mean, it's bad enough having to live out here among these damn people - what'd you say?

APRIL

I said yes. All right, Frank.
Could you just stop talking now, before you drive me crazy, please?

A pause. He puts his arms around her.

FRANK

Baby, it's okay...

APRIL

Please don't touch me.

FRANK

April...

APRIL

Why can't you...just...LEAVE ME ALONE!

A pause.

FRANK

It strikes me, that there's a considerable amount of bullshit going on here... And there's one or two things I'd like to clear up. Number one, it's not my fault the play was lousy. Number two, it's sure as hell not my fault you didn't turn out to be an actress,

FRANK (CONT'D)

and the sooner you get over that little piece of soap opera the better off we'll both be. Number three, I don't happen to fit in the role of dumb, insensitive suburban husband; you've been trying to hang that on on me ever since we moved here. Number four -

She walks into the bathroom and slams the door.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing? Come back out here.

APRIL

No. Just let me stay here a second.

A pause.

FRANK

April?

Nothing.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Look, can't we sit here and talk about it, instead of hiding in the bathroom?

APRIL

Haven't I made it clear I don't particularly want to talk about it?

FRANK

Okay. Jesus. I'm trying to be nice about this thing.

The door swings open as she comes back in.

APRIL

How kind of you. How terribly,
terribly kind of you.

FRANK

Wait a minute. I don't deserve
this.

APRIL

You're always so wonderfully
definite, aren't you, on the
subject of what you do and don't
deserve?

FRANK

Wait a minute! Wait a minute, God
damn it!

He pursues her across the room.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You listen to me. This is one time
you're not going to get away with
twisting everything I say.

APRIL

Christ, I wish you'd stayed home
tonight!

FRANK

You know what you are when you're
like this? You're sick. I really
mean that. You're sick.

APRIL

And you know what you are?
(eyes raking him)
You're disgusting.

FRANK

Oh, yeah?

APRIL

Just because you've got me safely
in this little trap, you think you
can bully me into feeling whatever
you want!

FRANK

You in a trap! You in a trap!
Jesus, don't make me laugh!

APRIL

Yes, me.

(clutching at her chest)

Me! Me! Me! Oh, you poor, pathetic
little boy. Look at you! Look at
you, and tell me how by any stretch
of the imagination you can call
yourself a man!

He raises his fist, she flinches away, and BONG! BONG! BONG!
BONG! He punches the door. Then, silence. The look April
gives him is probably the worst look he's ever received: a
look of pitying boredom.

FRANK

Don't look at me like that, April.

APRIL

Could we please go home now?

She calmly walks out of the room. After a moment, Frank
follows...