

Bill:

Nancy.

I drove a truck through the wall of our house.

I don't know why I did it.

I hate this place.

"Grand Horizons,"

You try to smash it and it grows back like an octopus.

It's an octopus.

I'd blow the whole thing up if I could.

You think you had no impact in your stupid canoe

With all your splashing and paddling around, that's a laugh.

You were my whole life, Nancy.

You've been my whole entire life.

It's just science, plain science—

Every meal you've ever cooked

Is now what makes up the cells in my body.

The stuff you picked out at the grocery store.

The pot roast you made over and over and over, the eternal pot roast,

I am literally made up of that now.

My cholesterol, well..

That's your fondness for eggs in the morning.

I prefer toast.

I have more wrinkles on the left side of my face, ever notice that?

How it's sort of smushed up?

That's from years and years of sleeping on my left side

Because I know you like to sleep on your left and I used to like to

hold on to you that way.

So my face, my whole face is a result of how you sleep.

And while we're on the subject of romance.

Let me tell you something, Nancy.

You were no acrobat.

You just lay there expecting me to figure it out,

Well, I'm not a mind reader.

How the hell was I supposed to know what you wanted?

I would have done anything to please you.

I was trying the whole time.

That was me trying.