

START suspect that of all of us, she smoked the most cigarettes
on account of me.

Bob appears from the shed with the snow shovel when he sees Fran.

BOB What the hell are you doing?

FRAN Sssh, I don't want Rosie to see.

BOB Well, give me a puff?

FRAN No. One puff for you and you'd be back to a pack a day.
... Mark called. He's coming over.

BOB Good... I'll get him to help me clear the path. They say
there's a storm's coming.

FRAN He says he needs to talk to us.

BOB What about?

FRAN Now don't make a big deal of it but I think he might be
gay.

BOB What?

FRAN See... there you go.

BOB Well, it's a little out of the blue, isn't it?

FRAN He doesn't know we know so you'll have to act surprised.

BOB Well, I am. I mean why hasn't he told us before?

FRAN It takes some men longer, that's all.

BOB So this is why Taylor up and left, you think?

FRAN I'd say so.... Are you okay with it?

BOB Yes... if he is. If it's the way he wants to go.

FRAN It's not a way you go, Bob. It's not a direction you take.

BOB I didn't mean that. I mean he's thirt... how old is he?

FRAN Thirty-two.

BOB Exactly! He's 32. His life is his own.

FRAN That's right.

BOB And you? Are you okay with it?

FRAN Yes!... I think so. I mean it's not what you think you're going to get when you have kids.

BOB No.

They share a moment, a smile, a laugh.

BOB Anyway, no matter what, he's still going to be our boy...
It's starting to snow.

A little later that night. Mark's at the back door, covered in snow. Bob and Fran are fussing over him.

FRAN You're as cold as ice.

MARK I walked over.

BOB In this weather?

FRAN Rosie, get a towel.

BOB You'll catch your death.

MARK It wasn't snowing when I left.

BOB Why didn't you wear a heavier coat?

MARK I told you it wasn't snowing.