

WESTON

*Notices the overturned bike. The spokes have broken on one of the wheels.*

No!...

*WESTON takes the wheel off and examines it. He tries to mend the spokes but some are beyond repair. REBECCA enters with a small bouquet of flowers. She had tried the doorlight but the floor lamp was overturned. She sneaks in and surprises him. He sets the wheel against the sofa bed.*

REBECCA

Hello! How are you?

*No reply.*

You don't look well.

WESTON

*In a daze.*

He did it again.

REBECCA

Let me start again. Hello!

WESTON

Woke up and found this mess. Jackson had one of his outbursts last night or early this morning. He must've—

REBECCA

Wait—hello! Good morning? I haven't seen you for two weeks. Is that any way to greet me?

WESTON

*Coming out of it.*

Oh. I'm sorry. Hi.

REBECCA

You're teasing me?

*No response.*

Come on.

*No response.*

You're not playing games, are you?

WESTON

I was up late last night telling Jack some stories to help put him to sleep.

REBECCA

I wished you were up late putting me to sleep last night.

*Starts to tickle him.*

WESTON

*Backing up.*

Hey, I'm serious. Please cut it out.

*REBECCA "stalks" him around the apartment. She catches him and kisses him passionately, almost to the point of foreplay. JACKSON sits up from his reverie and watches. He becomes turned on and starts to play with himself.*

REBECCA

*Between kisses.*

Oh, I miss your smell... it's been so long.

WESTON

Please... stop...

REBECCA

West... let's...

WESTON

No...

REBECCA

... hmmm... why not?

*The wheel rolls away from the sofa bed.*

WESTON

'Cause... he's...

REBECCA

*Stops.*

Jackson is not in your bedroom?

WESTON

Uh-huh... he's right there.

REBECCA

OH!

JACKSON

I-LOVE-YOU.

*WESTON grabs JACKSON and takes him to the bathroom. REBECCA regains her composure. She finds something to put the flowers in and sets them on the card table.*

WESTON

*Enters. During the following exchange they clean up.*  
Cold shower will take care of him.

REBECCA

He's not wearing his burn mask.

WESTON

Yeah, we took it off a couple days ago. His doctor said he can stop wearing it now. The burns on his face have healed some.

REBECCA

Has he revealed anything about the accident?

*Sigs "accident" in a traumatic way, like a collision.*

WESTON

DON'T SIGN THAT!

REBECCA

I'm sorry—I'm sorry—I'm sorry. What did I do?

WESTON

Don't sign that way.

REBECCA

What way?

WESTON

*Pause.*

Sign... uh... mishap.

*Uses the sign combination of SAD-MISTAKE-HAP-PEN.*