

Roger + Dean

ROGER. Sometimes I wish we didn't have to hide. You know? Sometimes I wonder if there's a place like that. A place where it'd be you and me sitting down to dinner in one of those houses.

DEAN. You know, Roger. I'm not sure you understand. We don't know each other.

ROGER. What?

DEAN. You and I – we don't *talk* to each other.

We got what we needed from each other, so.

*(He extends his hand for a handshake. It's a punch in the gut to ROGER.)*

ROGER. I wish you wouldn't –

*(sotto voce)*

I mean it's just the two of us here.

DEAN. I'll see you around.

ROGER. No you won't. You never see me, not really.

DEAN. What's going on?

ROGER. I've been thinking for once.

DEAN. *(putting on his hat)* It was a mistake to stay. I've confused you.

ROGER. This is really enough for you. You don't ever think what if it was you and me in one of those houses?

DEAN. I have a house.

ROGER. Jason. I love you.

*(DEAN stops in his tracks.)*

DEAN. Don't – EVER – call me that.

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*(Back to KATHY and RYU.)*

RYU. If we decide to stay...what do we tell it?

KATHY. ?

RYU. I mean would the baby know the things we know?

*(sotto voce)* He could grow up thinking there isn't anywhere else.

KATHY. Maybe that's a gift.