

*Catherine and Tom's kitchen.*

*Tom is setting the table for dinner. He's not thrilled about it. Catherine enters.*

CATHERINE. Hi. *(She gives him a peck on the cheek.)* You beat me home.

TOM. Wasn't hard. You're late.

CATHERINE. I know. I'm sorry.

TOM. Your mom just left. The kids didn't take their nap, so they're ... monsters. Hungry monsters. I haven't had time to make dinner, so ...

CATHERINE. We worked overtime just a bit, then we —

TOM. *(Indicating something on Catherine's cheek.)* What's that?

CATHERINE. What?

TOM. *(Pointing.)* There. *(She touches her face.)* What is that? *(He looks closer.)* Mud?

CATHERINE. Oh. Um. It's. Um. Hot fudge.

TOM. Hot fudge.

CATHERINE. Yeah.

TOM. I'm not even gonna ask. *(And he starts tossing the silverware on the table.)*

CATHERINE. Me and the girls ...

TOM. I didn't know where you were, then it got dark, and the kids were going crazy ...

CATHERINE. We just stopped for a quick one on the way home.

TOM. A quick one?

CATHERINE. A quick, um, banana split.

TOM. A banana split.

CATHERINE. Not a *whole* one. We shared.

TOM. You split a split?

CATHERINE. Yeah.

TOM. Glad you got time for that. (*He finishes tossing silverware and plates on the table.*) Dinner's not going to be good. I didn't really knowhowto —

CATHERINE. You're acting like a baby.

TOM. You're acting like a guy.

CATHERINE. You come home late sometimes.

TOM. Exactly.

CATHERINE. So?

TOM. So my late is different than your late.

CATHERINE. Oh, I don't think *your* late is all that different from *my* late. (*And a ridiculous fight ensues.*)

TOM. Oh yeah? *I'm* late, nothing happens. *You're* late, this place falls apart, the kids go nuts, I gotta scramble —!

CATHERINE. No no no! *I'm* late, you just have to do what I do every night, only I don't complain about it!

TOM. It better not happen again!

CATHERINE. So what if it does?! Then what?!

TOM. (*Trying to come up with a lame threat.*) Then I'll —!

CATHERINE. What? You'll go home to my mother?!

TOM. I just might!

CATHERINE. Fine!

TOM. Fine!

CATHERINE. Fine! (*They retreat to their corners. Then Catherine pulls a small box out of her handbag.*) A little something. To make up for it. (*She hands it to him.*)

TOM. For me?

CATHERINE. Yeah. Open it. Go ahead.

TOM. You know, don't think you can come home late whenever you want, and just bribe me with gifts. I'm not that kind of girl. (*He opens the box and sees the gift.*) Wait. Yeah, I am. (*He takes a pocket watch out of the box.*) Wow. You just bought me off with a pocket watch.