

JD: I thought that we had some sort of game plan.

AH: I told you what I needed. You said we should make a list, but yet you don't. Seeing a counselor is not going to just...it's not going to do anything...it's not... We got to change how we do things and I want to trust you. And I feel like all the trust is gone. All the fucking trust is gone in the relationship because you keep splitting. We fight together...

JD: There's no trust...

AH: You're the only one who splits and I want that back, but you...

JD: There's no trust, there's nothing to talk about.

AH: Then maybe there's nothing to talk about, but I did come over here with enough love in my heart and sincerity...

JD: Thank you.

AH: ...to say to you that all the things I said, which now I feel like...I meant them...you know I fucking meant them even though you fucking split...didn't come home. You know, I still...I still did that. I fucking have shown myself. I've proven myself. I've fought for you. I've showed up.

JD: I'm not going to be in a physical fucking altercation with you.

AH: Don't. Then don't.

JD: You fucking hit me last night. You fucking...

AH: What about all the other times you split? Come on, you cannot act like that's about that. It's not.

JD: Well, when we're on a plane, I can't split.

AH: No, and you hit back. So don't act like you don't fucking participate.

JD: I pushed you.

AH: I'm not going to get into the details of that fight. You and I both know that you split when there is no physical violence involved. And that you do it at like the very beginning of fights these days. And, if you split, and you go into a different room and you don't actually leave that house, it does nothing but perpetuate the fight. And you don't actually do it respectfully. You don't do it in a way that actually means we won't fight. It always makes more fights. It always makes them longer. It never, ever makes you calmer. You never come out going, "I want to talk" or "I'm ok" or "It's going to be ok." And I am a hundred...I'm sick and tired a hundred percent of being the only that goes and fights for it. You know what that does? It demoralizes the...the half of this relationship that is me. It demeans me, demoralizes me.

JD: Really?

AH: Yes, really. Really, when you split on me...how do you feel when I leave you?

JD: When I split...

AH: I've left you before.

JD: When I go into the other room, you're saying.

AH: You leave...you get another room...you get a flight. Things like that.

JD: When?

AH: And you asked me not to in Australia...

JD: No, no. How many...

AH: ...and ever since then...

JD: How many? How many?

AH: I don't know. I'll have to count them up.

JD: No, because I haven't left you...left you in a house. Maybe twice. Last night and another time.

AH: No, you've done it before. I've come here before. I'm not doing that anymore.

JD: Yeah, you've come here before. Last time and another time...and then last night.

AH: You've done this several times.

JD: I went into other rooms.

AH: And getting me a room...I mean getting another room in a hotel is just the same thing.

JD: When did I get another room at a hotel?

AH: You text Stephen or Nathan in Toronto to get you another room. It's chronic. It happens all the time. And if you do it to go into another room...you do it and you get dressed...

JD: You were fucking screaming at me.

AH: I'm not going validate my actions last night. I feel very bad...

JD: No, I'm talking about in Toronto.

AH: ...for how I reacted. I did not start screaming until you had fucking said all the shit... You poke an animal enough it is going to eventually...it doesn't matter how friendly it is...

JD: It's not true. Well, it's the same for me. It's the same for me.

AH: I have not done this to you. I have not said these things to you. I have not started the fight by saying, "I'm going to get another room." And I'm not going to sit here and fight about fucking Toronto anymore! Guess what? I let it go. I'm not fucking about...I'm not fucking talking about Toronto.

JD: Send me the tapes.

AH: I can yell it. I can whisper it. I can write it. Guess what? I'm not saying another fucking word about Toronto. I'm so sick and tired of fucking fighting about old fights. This is not about a fight. This is broad. This is a broad thing. And if I'm telling you every single time, you get dressed and you fucking split at the top of a fight. You never fucking try and work it out. You never fight for me. You never come to me. You never self-calm. You never self-soothe. You're never the one to throw the olive branch. I'm sick and tired of it. It needs to fucking change. And you can go, "I can't meet those demands. I can't do it," or you can fucking promise me so I have modicum of safety, a modicum of respect, a little tiny shit...sliver of fucking like...you are in this whether it is good or bad. Whether it is good or bad. Down or up. Lows and highs. Tough and easy. Not just when it's easy. I feel like you're a fucking vacation husband. You are so there when it's good. You're so there when it's easy. The second it gets hard, you question it, you... Last night, I'm just as guilty, I give you that. But I have been primed and conditioned. At this point, I couldn't...I thought I'd never get over Toronto. It hurt so bad. I got fucked over so bad and I did not do anything like that. I didn't stoop to that level at all.

JD: You got the tapes. Let me hear them.

AH: Absolutely. I wish...I wish it had caught everything too.

JD: Why don't you send me...send me the fucking recording.

AH: I will. I will.

JD: Just text them to me.

AH: Um, I don't know how else to say "I will" to you. Hasn't really been a kind of safe environment, now has it? So if I'm looking to stroke...stoke a fire, yeah okay. I haven't because we have not been well. We have not been good. When I fucking move out, if I move out, then you'll have them and you can fucking relish them. You won't fucking like it, what you hear. It won't make you happy. But you'll hear what I'm telling you. We haven't really been good...it hasn't really been a safe environment, now has it? You act like you're fucking on something when I haven't, you know, sent you this... "Well, send them to me." Get this – it hasn't been good. It's been a little tough.

JD: It wasn't before Rio.

AH: It wasn't tough?

JD: I mean, only in the sense that you tried to keep me, you know...

AH: It's been really tough.

JD: Why did you come to Rio?

AH: All I've been trying to do is be with you, spend time with you. You said you needed that. You said that it made a difference. If I wasn't working, you wanted me to travel with you.

JD: That was the time you're looking for apartments?

AH: That was after Toronto.

JD: Yeah, but that's when we came back here.

AH: I know where we were.

JD: Toronto, Boston, here for Christmas.

AH: I know where we were. We've been on the road basically since Australia and I have been at your side. And I have not been filming...

JD: When we were on our honeymoon, I hope you were by my side.

AH: I'm not talking about just the honeymoon, now am I? I'm talking about many months. And was it on the honeymoon? No. I have been at your side throughout it all. You said, "Why did you come to Rio," and I answered you. I would love for it to be better. I have no fucking consistency. No safety. No security. The relationship is something me...something you don't fight for, you don't stand up for, you always run from when it's tough. I...I'm telling you, I need more...I need...we didn't say vows...you didn't make them exactly in the same...in that way, you know, but now is the fucking time. I need to know if you're going to be there. I want promises. I told you that at the beginning of this conversation. I need promises you're going to fucking be there. I need promises that this is important to you, not when it's easy, when it's hard too. Is this something you'll fight for, that this is something that's sacred, and that neither of us throw out at every fight? I can't be the only one to hold the promises. I was in Toronto and it fucked me over. I can't be the only one. You can't be the only one. If I split on you all those times that I thought about doing it, we would not be here. And I stayed and it's tougher, you know, that's stronger. I'm stronger. It is easy to run. It is easy to run away from problems. It is easy to take that out and say, "Well, that's the easiest...that's the best...that's the safest way out." I'm not saying we should get into physical altercations. I never want to be in that. Never. But every time you don't like what I say and you fucking run away, we'll never work out anything. You can't run away every fight. You can't, it's easy. It's not brave. It's not strong. It's harder to say to somebody, "I want to work this out. I want to face what I have. I want to face what you have. I want to work it out with you." You're not working it out. You're running away and then, you make me be the bigger person every single time and come to you and knock on the door and come to this house and say, "Hey, we're married, it's supposed to be sacred."

JD: I made you?

AH: "Calm down, calm down..."

JD: I made you?

AH: Yes, by default. If you're never the one to do it, one of us is. And I'm the one to do it every time. It means I'm the bigger person every time. It means I have to be the strong one. It means every time I have to fight for our relationship and you get to be not...you get to be lazy. You get to be cowardly. I don't know what it is...

JD: Then what are you here for? What do you need me for?

AH: Once again, I am fighting for the relationship. I want...

JD: With a guy you don't fucking trust or like? Why?

AH: I did not say I didn't like you. I love you. You're my favorite person in the world.

JD: I don't see how I could be.

AH: I...remember what I said at the beginning... I'm sorry you feel like you can't imagine it, but I said this to you at the beginning of this conversation. I said you're my favorite person in the whole world, if you weren't the most magnetic, shiny, beautiful, interesting, dynamic person I had ever met in my life, it would be so easy to walk away from this bratty thing that you do.

JD: Untrustworthy...um, uh...

AH: Did you hear what I just said? I said I can't trust...I can't trust...that's not meaning you're untrustworthy, it means we've created a situation and I'm telling you what you do to create it too. We've created a situation in which there is...there cannot...trust can't grow. It's like, it's trampled every single time and we need a marriage, that's why I sat down...do you not remember me sitting down at the very beginning of this conversation and saying just that to you? Say...I know you got married for security and for safety. So did I. We did not get married because it was something that we're doing, you know for...because it was something we could walk away...we wanted a foundation, no?

JD: I want...yes. I wanted to make you my wife. I love you.

AH: Yes, yes, but you could just have me as your girlfriend if you didn't want the foundation. And you told me –and maybe you go back on it now, fine, okay, cool, lie about that, I don't know – you told me you wanted a foundation. You told me you wanted the security. You wanted the safety. You liked the foundation. At the beginning you said, "I really like having that. It feels safe."

JD: Of course.

AH: So don't argue with me when I say it now.

JD: I'm not arguing with you.

AH: Oh, yeah, but you had to pick it apart.

JD: By saying, "because I loved you and you're my wife...I wanted you to be my wife"? That's picking it apart?

AH: No.

JD: Then how did I pick it apart?

AH: I'm not...forget it. I don't want to do this...I don't want to fight about a fight. I don't want to fight about semantics.

JD: How come when I come up with a point, you can't answer it? You don't want...or suddenly you don't want to answer it?

AH: What am I not answering? Cause I don't want to fight about this new thing? No, I don't want to. I said you wanted the safety and security and you stopped me, you interrupted me, and then you said what, because I...no, because I wanted to have you as my...

JD: I didn't interrupt you. You asked me, right? You said, "Right?"

AH: I meant you interjected, I meant you said, you said. How about that? See, now is this better? I answered you. I addressed what you're saying. Now can we please not fight about that?

JD: And I said, "Because I love you."

AH: You said, "Loved."

JD: We're talking about a fucking event that's past tense. If I used "loved," my apologies. It doesn't mean I don't love you now.

AH: My whole point that you...had, I don't know, had an issue with is that you love me, yes, you marry me though because you wanted some safety, some security, some stability, a foundation. Now, if you take issue with that, okay, take issue with it. But if you agree, then you agree. That's who you were when you married me.

JD: Yes, but the only thing that's missing is "with you". I wanted those things *with you*.

AH: Yes, yes.

JD: And that's what I was trying to say.

AH: Me too.

JD: Because I love you and I wanted to marry you *for that*, for our love, for the security, for the foundation. For...yes, of course. But you left "for you".

AH: I'm sorry, I didn't mean to. I mean with you, of course.

JD: With you or...

AH: I mean that. Of course. Of course I do. Of course I want that with you. That's why I married you. But I need the safety. I need the security. I need the boundaries, and I think you...how could you not agree?

JD: I need the same things.

AH: So, I...

JD: But when you start flipping out and I can't get a word in...and it's...and it's, you know, manic and angry...well, what the fuck, Amber?

AH: I get angry. I get...I'm human. This is the kind of situation where one gets angry.

JD: Okay, but you can't provoke anger in me then. I...if I...just try...

AH: I can't control that. If I'm angry...

JD: Just try. Let's both try. If there's anger. If there's something fucking really, really fucking poking us in the ass, let's try...try not to fucking fight. Try to address it without jumping down each other's throats because all that's going to do is build a mountain of fucking, uh, resentment, uh, some species of fucking hatred within the love and, uh, and totally fucking mistrust because you say that you don't trust me. You don't trust me. I get it, okay. I'm a flake, I'm a this, I'm a that. Alright.

AH: I didn't say as a person. I was speaking specifically about this. I don't trust the marriage. I don't trust you. I don't feel safe in it because you always fucking bail on it.

JD: Well then I don't know...you know...

AH: I want the trust back. I don't know, you can deflect all you want, say it's my fault, say, "How dare I get angry at you ever." Whatever. I'm telling you...

JD: I'm telling you. As much as you don't like that shit in your marriage, I don't like the guff that you...that you put on me in our marriage. And if it causes distrust in me, it causes distrust in me. I...yeah...And I don't know...

AH: I don't know how to help you. I don't know...

JD: Sometimes I don't. I don't want to fucking be there and go through this shit. I don't, man. I don't.

AH: I know.

JD: I don't want to...cause I don't want to fucking fight.

AH: But it doesn't have to be one. It's not like I'm saying, "Hey, choose fight."

JD: You just said, "I get mad. I'm going to scream."

AH: No, I didn't say that's always the case. I said, "Yeah, I'm mad, it happens." It happens.

JD: Yes, I know. It happens often.

AH: The things that are wrong are repeating themselves and they happen often. If you think I'm some fucking tyrant or bully, then don't fucking be with me. But don't sit here and insult me like I'm the fuck-up because I...have the audacity to get mad...

JD: But you're the one saying that I'm the tyrant and the bully and the...and at the same time the guy that runs away and the...

AH: You are. You run away every single fucking fight.

JD: Okay, so...I mean, well then what are you doing with me?

AH: I don't lie about it.

JD: Then what are you doing with me?

AH: I already answered that. I already said...we went through this conversation literally 5 minutes ago. I answered this already 5 minutes ago.

JD: You just said to me that I shouldn't be with you.

AH: No, I said if you...

JD: That's what I feel.

AH: No, I said if I'm some, you know, harping bully, which is what you make me sound like. Like I'm not constantly on you, making you feel bad, cause that's what I do. And then you ignore everything. You take me for granted. You're ignoring everything that I do for you. You make me sound terrible. You talk about me in a terrible way. You do *not* fight for me. And then you want to sit here and make me sound so terrible to be around.

JD: What do you mean I don't fight for you?

AH: You don't...everything I've already explained...

JD: No, fight for...

AH: ...ten minutes ago.

JD: ...you. I don't understand.

AH: You never, ever do the work, put in the work. If we're arguing about something, you don't ever try to get to the bottom of it, figure out, make the peace. You want to make it easy on you, so you split. You don't fight for me. You don't fight when there's a problem. You don't come to me. You don't, uh, make peace with me. You never extend an olive branch. You're never the bigger guy. You're never the one that's like, "Okay, I'm going to put my own feelings aside for a second," and say, "This is bigger than us, let's stop fighting." You never are the one to come and knock on my door. You take me for granted.

JD: It's not true. It's not true. I'm not the one who fucking throws fucking pots and...



AH: That's different, that's...

JD: ...whatever the fucking else at me.

AH: That's different. One does not negate the other. That's irrelevant. It's a complete non sequitur. Just because I've thrown pots and pans does not mean that you come and knock on the door.

JD: And vases...

AH: Just because there are vases does not mean that you come and knock on the door.

JD: Really, I should just let you throw...?

AH: I'm not saying that. You're saying that. You're putting words in my mouth and then making non sequiturs.

JD: No, I'm giving you a situation.

AH: No, you're trying to justify how you don't or do come to the door...

JD: No, I'm justifying...

AH: ...based on whether I throw pots and pans. It's irrelevant.

JD: No, I am justifying how you seem to think that there's this cowardice in me that runs away and I don't fight for you.

AH: And you're justifying that by saying I throw pots and pans? Ok, cool, let's talk about everything you do wrong.

JD: No, I'm not the one who fucking did that. I don't fucking...I didn't...

AH: So that...so that makes sense. So that...I...that's clear, yeah.

JD: No, do I...the only time I ever threw anything at you was when you fucking threw the cans at me in Australia.

AH: Why are you trying to justify who throws things based on...

JD: Because that...

AH: ...whether or not you come knocking on the door? I don't get how one informs the other.

JD: Because that is an irrational and violent fucking maneuver...

AH: How does one inform the other?

JD: ...so a man would want to get out of that area so that he doesn't get so fucking angry that he actually does pop the fucking wife.

AH: How does one inform the other?

JD: Oh, man. Go home and listen to the tape. Please, that's what they're for.

AH: Yes, you listen to the fucking tape.

JD: Oh, I'm gonna.

AH: So will I. I'm not going to sit here and promise you I'll never get mad or that you'll never fuck up. I know you want to live in a land...in a world where everyone just says yes to you and doesn't question you or criticize you ever.

JD: Don't insult me like that, please.

AH: But that's not the case. It's not why you're with me. I am honest with you. I'm sorry you don't want to be held accountable. I get it.

JD: I'm not sure you're so honest with me.

AH: Well, that's your...

JD: Watching you lie in front of Travis last night was really a spectacle.

AH: That's your problem. And that's your whole thing that you've created.

JD: That's my problem, but my problem's that you don't trust me?

AH: No, I don't trust you in this.

JD: What the fuck is going on in there, man?

AH: I don't trust you in this and I want the trust back.

JD: You don't trust me in our marriage? Well, what is everything we're talking about? Our marriage.

AH: Tell me if you want to stop talking to me. Just tell me...

JD: You don't trust me personally or you don't trust me in the marriage? What...I don't understand which is...what's so different. Tell me the difference, please.

AH: I think I have in the last few hours now.

JD: No, I think you probably could explain it to me a little better. I'm...I think...I'm slow.

AH: You want to keep being an asshole?

JD: Do I want to keep being an asshole?

AH: Stop the attitude.

JD: It's a redundant question.

AH: Stop the attitude.

JD: I should stop the attitude, okay. Sure, no problem.

AH: Stop.

JD: No problem.

AH: I'm not going to sit here and go over every fight we've had. I'm not going to re-fight this fight. You have something you're holding onto about Travis. Fucking go. Fucking...go fuck, you know, go do it. Go run away together. I don't know what you're fucking holding onto, but you have created that. I have no part of that. I don't know what you fucking latched onto in your brain, what stray hairs have fucking comingled and tangled in your brain to make you think you've really figured some sort of thing out, but this is not unusual for you. It's like almost every fight I could pretty much guarantee you'll find something that you can like manipulate and twist.

JD: Let's go ask Travis tonight if you told him...

AH: Yes, why don't we invite Travis into our fucked up, broken ass, three fucking wheeled truck of a marriage. Why don't we crash it straight into the wall because no one knows us better than fucking Travis.

JD: You're just afraid that the truth will come out.

AH: What truth?!

JD: That you lied.

AH: What are you fucking talking about?! I didn't fucking even have a fucking thing to lie about! What are you fucking talking about?! Every fucking fight there's a new thing that you've convinced yourself is a lie.

JD: No, I said to you, "Amber, tell Travis what you just did. Did you just fucking...did you punch me in the fucking jaw, did you fucking...did you?" And you wouldn't say a fucking word. You said, "I don't know what you're talking about. It never fucking...never fucking happened."

AH: I see the lie. You really should run with this. In fact, maybe you and Travis can like go and like, you know, do a tell-all about what a...

JD: Hey, stop. Stop with the attitude, right. Stop with the attitude.

AH: I'm sorry.

JD: You're getting all bunched up.

AH: Sorry. I'm sorry. I don't...it's so fucking pointless and you know it, to sit here and fight about fucking whatever you think happened with Travis. That wasn't the conversation. We weren't fighting.

JD: No, I was not high.

AH: I'm not going to...

JD: You lied your ass off.

AH: You're fucking full of shit! What lie? When?

JD: You lied your ass off.

AH: Hmm? What conversation did I have with Travis? What big investigative study you've done? I'm not sitting here and fighting with you about a fight that we had last night...

JD: No, I was in a situation with you. After you fucking got physically violent with me, I texted Travis. I said, "Come up here..."

AH: I know.

JD: ...because I didn't want anything to happen.

AH: Come and save me.

JD: Come and what? Come and save me?

AH: No, go ahead. Continue. You...Travis to the rescue.

JD: No, that was the last one. You can go, uh...you go. That was the last insult.

AH: You...you call me a liar and yet...yet...

JD: I watched you lie.

AH: You called me a liar.

JD: I watched you lie. I heard it. I was right there.

AH: There's...you still haven't told me what lie it is!

JD: We'll talk to Travis.

AH: And yet every single fucking time...you know you do this every single fucking time.

JD: We'll talk to Travis.

AH: I'm not fucking talking to nobody! Fuck that!

JD: No, because...

AH: You go fucking jerk...go jerk him off. I don't care. I really could care less. It's you every single time. You latch onto some sort of thing when I already told you I don't know what you're fucking talking about. You don't even know what you're talking about. You still haven't even told me what it is, but run with it. You run with it.

JD: I have told you what it is.

AH: No, you haven't.

JD: I said to Travis...I said...no, I said to you, "Hey, tell Travis what just happened." You could care less?

AH: You told me to do it. You told me to.

JD: Yeah.

AH: You said, "Go do that!"

JD: I said, "Tell him what just happened."

AH: And I lied!

JD: "And that you punched me in the fucking thing...in the face." And you said, "No, I fucking didn't. What the fuck are you talking about?" And I watched you lie.

AH: I didn't punch you.

JD: And then I said...

AH: I didn't punch you, by the way. You...I'm sorry that I didn't, uh...

JD: You, uh, punched me.

AH: ...hit you across the face in a proper slap, but I was hitting you. It was not punching you. Babe, you're not punched.

JD: Don't tell me what it feels like to be punched.

AH: I know, you've been in a lot of fights. Been around a long time. I know.

JD: No, when you fucking have a closed fist...

AH: You didn't get punched. You got hit. I'm sorry I hit you like this, but I did not punch you. I did not fucking deck you. I fucking was hitting you.

JD: You can't deck me.

AH: I don't know what the motion of my actual hand was, but you're fine. I did not hurt you. I did not punch you. I was hitting you.

JD: How are your toes?

AH: What am I supposed to do? Do this?

JD: How are your toes?

AH: I'm not sitting here bitching about it, am I? You are.

JD: Aw, your poor...

AH: That's the difference between me and you.

JD: Your poor toes.

AH: You're a fucking baby.

JD: Because you start physical...

AH: You are such a baby!

JD: Because you...

AH: Grow the fuck up, Johnny!

JD: Because you start physical fights?

AH: I did start a physical fight.

JD: Yeah, you did, so I had to get the fuck out of there.

AH: Yes, you did. You did the right thing. The big thing. The...you know what, you are admirable. Every single time. What's your excuse when there's not a physical fight, then what's the excuse then? You're still being admirable, right, just by running away? And you can sit here and call me names, but you get called a name and what do you do? "That's the last insult!" You're a baby! You're a hypocrite. You don't do anything that you actually do. You expect from people what you can't give them. If they do something...a taste of it to you, you fucking lose it. But yet, you dish it out.

JD: What are you doing with this?

AH: I'm giving you a Xanax in case you need it.

JD: Oh, thank you.

AH: Since it's been awhile.

JD: Yeah, it probably has.

AH: I love you and I told you a million times in this conversation how much I love you. I do love you. And I've fought for this marriage and fought for you. And you don't do the same. Not ever. I got married to you for the foundation. So we start a foundation. Not so that it could be...(unclear)...throw around at each other or run away from it. But I haven't even been able to have like a fight with you beyond...in any real talking, kind of, speaking context in so long because anytime anything goes wrong, you split. I feel like it's your first thing. And it's unnecessary. It's not always, uh, you're splitting cause there's blows or because there's yelling or anything. You split many...most times when I'm still speaking in this volume and nothing has been thrown or hit or anything. I'm telling you what I need in this. I want to feel the trust and know I can with you. I know I can. I have felt it with you, but it has been destroyed by constantly being reminded that you take me for granted or that you don't see this as a permanent thing. For better or for worse. I feel genuinely that you are here in this marriage...really in this marriage for the better. And you're really not for the worse. You can't say the same about me. I fight even when I feel terrible. I show up. I pursue. I...I give you space. I have...I've done everything to really show how committed I am and you know I am. I'm here for God's sake.

JD: And I haven't?

AH: No, not when it's tough. Not when it's hard. Not when it's worse. This is the...this is the grandest gesture you've shown me in a long time, is by sitting in one place and actually facing some of the stuff we need to talk about. This is the bi...the biggest gesture you've given me in a very long time. It means a lot, of course. But it should be mutual. I know there's things that I need to do different. I want to make you happy as a man. I know I can change certain things that are hurting you. But I can't blame myself entirely for going straight to the fucking finish line the first sign of stress yesterday because of how it's been lately. Ever since Australia. And I've been on the road with you. I haven't been working. I don't know what else I can fucking do.

JD: Since Australia we've been on our honeymoon and we had a great time other than the fact that we had a fight on the train which was physical. But...then we had a fight in San Francisco. But I thought everything else was great. And you're saying you've been pondering this since Australia.

AH: No, the splitting.

JD: Me splitting?

AH: The lack of...you know, I even said this yesterday. I said I feel like you're so good for so long and we're talking about things. Remember we were allowed to have fights then? Remember, we allowed ourselves to say, "Hey do this..." Remember? We would even have a little argument and it was okay. It was an argument. I don't know what the fuck has changed. I can't figure it out. And I don't mean to criticize anything that you do, but it's so chronic with you...the changes...the personality. It's like sometimes you get these clear months and you're this different person and it's wonderful and you're this...you're this. And sometimes I'm like struggling to stay connected with you. Struggling to have 5

minutes with you, you know. Struggling to connect with you. Struggling to have my friendship with you and I can't fight with you. You know, it's like, but they're so chronic that I have to go, "What the fuck has changed? What thing has changed?" Do you not remember how different...you were so different...you were so...you allowed me to...

JD: I allowed you to what?

AH: You were so present and we were allowed to fight. Not even fight, we had arguments. But you weren't like this - mood swings up, down, like really aggressive and really cool and calm. I mean, you've given me this time here on the couch and it's amazing that we can actually talk. But I never feel that safe. I constantly feel like you're about to fucking split and I don't want to feel like that. You make me feel meaningless.

JD: You threw me out of the bed...room last night.

AH: Yeah, why wouldn't I if I know that you're about to split? That's what I'm saying. You're always...

JD: I wasn't about to split.

AH: You always split, so that's why...I mean, I do blame myself for my actions yesterday but I also don't think...

JD: I was laying in bed watching television, man.

AH: I...

JD: I was laying in bed watching television.

AH: I fucked up last night. I'm not going to defend myself, but I also can't blame me going to the finish line when that's always where you drive it, you know.

JD: But you're saying you thought I...you were sure I was going to split.

AH: Always. I mean, that's just...

JD: Why would I split if I'm laying in the bed with you watching television?

AH: Just any fight. Anytime I tell you that I'm unhappy with you...anything and it's typically the same thing. Anytime I voice a complaint. I'm not allowed to have a complaint. I'm not allowed to think anything and actually do this a thousand times. A thousand times I've said this to you, in calm and in fights. Baby, I don't feel like I'm allowed to just have...and you're not allowing me the luxury of us just being normal human couples. As soon as you get mad, you take off on a train. Remember, I even asked you, "Is it about Adderall? Are you doing too much? I know it makes one edgy. It makes one like, temperamental. Could it be too much? Like, what, is it the alcohol?" It doesn't seem like it unless it's like in Toronto where it just became that. But in general, it hasn't been a problem so much. So I don't know what, like, what changed. I mean, I'm sure it's something because it's not a chemical, it's strong.

JD: It's the same...



AH: It's one day you were different...

JD: No.

AH: ...and it hasn't been back.

JD: It's the same changes that are happening in you. It's exactly the same.

AH: I really wish that was the case.

JD: That is the case.

AH: I have always allowed you to fuck up and be a human. I've always been able to have a communication with you. You...the difference is you make it so we cannot even communicate at all, if it's anything negative. You go...you take off on a train. You don't get off. You don't calm down. You don't come back around. You don't honor when you say, "I just want a few minutes" or "I want a little time and I'll be back." You don't...assuage the anxiety and the stress that that gives me and makes things worse with me by saying, "Hey, I will...we will..." Remember Kipper was like, "You have to say I will be back in this amount of time more or less. And then actually honor it. You have to come back." So, I said, "Oh my God, if he could do that, that would be great." And you never do it. You know, you don't ever honor that. You leave me with way more anxiety, stress, anger and resentment. But in Australia, for a few months, you were so...

JD: So were you. It makes a difference. I wasn't being attacked.

AH: I'm not...I have not attacked you any different. I haven't changed. I haven't attacked you any different. I never attacked you. I never attack you. Just cause I have a complaint with something you did is not an attack.

JD: It becomes verbally insulting. It becomes all kinds of shit. It becomes...like...like right at the get-go, yeah.

AH: See, that's the problem. If you see any criticism as a verbal assault, of course we have this problem. We're going to have it next time you do. God forbid I have a problem with something you do. We're going to be in this situation.

JD: Say it nice.

AH: Are you ready for it?

JD: Say it nice, man.

AH: What if I'm hurt? Am I not allowed to be hurt and be human? That's the thing, you're not allowing me to be human then. You take my humanity from me.

JD: You're talking about...

AH: You're telling me I'm not allowed to feel things...

JD: You're talk...

AH: ...and I'm not allowed to react because it...to protect you.

JD: Last night happened because I was at Isaac's for too long. Next door.

AH: It happened because you could not...

JD: And for what? For what? What did we gain from this fight? From me just...you know, the horrible fucking act of me being over at Isaac's for just too long for you.

AH: I did not cause this because you were at Isaac's. I mean, you lie to yourself. Go ahead. You're just lying to yourself.

JD: Then why were you upset last night?

AH: This did not happen because of Isaac's. This happened because we're fighting. This is not about Isaac's. We actually really haven't even talked about that. We spent two seconds on it because it's...you know it's not about that. You know it's bigger than that. The point is I voiced a complaint. It could be anything. You could say, "Baby, you did something to hurt me." Which you *did* and you *admitted*.

JD: Why didn't you say that?

AH: You *admitted* that you would feel that way too if...and you said sorry for it. That would have been great. But I could not feel safe saying that to you because I knew that your reaction would very likely be a defensive explosion and an attack and freak out and get up and walk away and all this stuff, so I wanted to avoid it. So I took an Ambien to try and go to sleep without even having to speak to you about it because I was really hurt that you fucking left me stranded and you didn't think about me. You didn't text me. All the things that you apologized for. You already apologized for it. Can you do me one small favor and not take it back?

JD: I ain't taking it back.

AH: Thank you. Stop defending things. You already apologized for it. It meant a lot to me. Do me one favor today. Don't take that back.

JD: And what did I just say?

AH: This isn't because of Isaac's and you know it.

JD: Hmm?

AH: This isn't about Isaac and you know it. It is about us not allowing...

JD: Is it about me showering?

AH: No. It's about you not allowing me to have any problems with you...be upset at you or mad at you or even hurt by you at all. You don't allow it.

JD: If you could've just said in a kinder way, in a nicer way like, "Listen, I feel fucked over about what you fucking just did."

AH: And you wouldn't freak out?

JD: No, I would say, "Fucking...what is it?" Like, "What? Too long at Isaac's? You said you wouldn't be that long or whatever. You shouldn't...I felt stranded. I felt fucking left...whatever." Why am I going to fight with that? Why would I get mad at that?

AH: Oh my God, the first thing you do...I don't have to text you or you just be...it would be shitty. It would be a fight. It would be terrible.

JD: You...you...it was a fight.

AH: Yeah, it was.

JD: It was a fight and it shouldn't have been. And...and...and the Isaac thing was the impetus because you were...that is a lot of what you said today.

AH: It was the impetus, but it's just a small example of a bigger thing. And you know it's bigger.

JD: Okay, so it's a bigger thing that's coming from back in Australia.

AH: No, it's...in Australia we were allowed to have fights. I can't...you can't sit here and tell me I can't feel things, that I can't voice them to you. If we say to each other you can't get mad, you can't be hurt by the other, then we're living in a fucking...motherfucking fairytale.

JD: Look, then what...of course. Nobody...nobody is able to and shouldn't hold shit in. We can go to the other person. Say, "Look man, I feel fucked. I feel shit. I feel this. I feel that." And then we can assess how you feel. "Well, fuck, I guess...Oh shit, I see what you mean." You know, "I see what you mean. I get it." Or fucking, "I don't get it. I don't understand what you're saying. And you're wrong. And you're this." Whatever.

AH: But it's going to be the latter and it's been the latter for months now where that's your reaction. It's not ever...ever admitting wrong...ever doing anything wrong...ever...

JD: That's not true.

AH: You always go straight to, "You're wrong. Fuck you," kind of thing. You don't always say "fuck you" all the time, right away, but I'm saying...

JD: You're saying "always."

AH: For months now it's been...I can't voice any complaint. I can't say, "I feel fucked over." I can't say, "I'm hurt." I can't say, "You fucked up." I can't be mad you. I can't be hurt. Nothing, cause I'm the bad

guy. "Oh, well, I'm always fucking up and you know, like, you're always on me, and I'm always fucking up." And you know, like getting mad at me for like having...for being honest with you. We've had a million fights where like...I was honest with you. I told you how I felt. If you were me, wouldn't you feel bad? "Yeah." Okay, well then...what the fuck? We had these few months where we actually could even feel things and fight and it was an argument. But you don't ever like...it's like you're...I don't know what's changed, but it's like you can't ever just make it short and get over it. You can't. It's like you're on something and you will not get off of it. Hence, why I'm always going to you in fights for hours trying to get you to calm down. "Please, can we talk? Please." Cause I don't want to go to bed that way. And you told me you didn't want to go to bed that way either. Yet, you want to fucking do this all night long and make it an all-night thing by disappearing for hours at a time. And then when I come to you, I'm the bad guy. I feel fucking alone. I feel like you're not fucking helping. You're not fucking doing anything in fights. You're not overcoming yourself. You're not overcoming yourself. It's...every one of these fights could've been so short. Why aren't you doing some of the work? Why aren't you coming to me and saying, "Look, olive branch." Why aren't you saying, "I'm sorry. Bigger picture...let's look at the bigger picture." Why aren't you doing any of this stuff? Have you noticed that you're not?

JD: Do you remember thanking me for doing that actually, recently? "Thank you for being the bigger person. Thank you for coming and apologizing to me. Thank you."

AH: I'm sorry, when?

JD: Uh...was it...I don't know, honeymoon or Venice.

AH: I don't remember which one it is, but...

JD: I'm really sorry. I don't remember exactly...

AH: No, no, no...I wasn't...I wasn't questioning you. I'm sure it happened, I just...

JD: You're just saying you...

AH: No, I just don't remember that one time, but I'm saying the majority of the time. And if you want to argue with that, then we'll never see eye to eye. I think you and I both know the truth. The majority of times you cannot calm yourself and it's me trying, whether I'm hurt, whether I'm mad. When you just told me you hate me in my eyes, I'm the one trying to get you to calm down. Trying to give an olive branch. Trying to not make it an all-night thing. Trying to get over it. Trying to see the bigger picture. Even if I'm hurt, I'm still trying to do that – get you to see the bigger picture. You lose the bigger picture every time. And if you want to stay married to me, you need to figure out if you ever...I mean, if you think you can. If you're going to lose sight of the bigger picture, and only be my husband when it's easy, you're only going to be there for the ups, never the downs. You're only going to be there for health, not sickness. Every time it gets hard, you lose the big picture and you can't think about anything else but breaking up, divorce, fighting, splitting, running away. If you can't be the one to come around sometimes and see the bigger picture, and know that it's not worth fighting for *days*. If you can't do that too, we need to walk away. I don't want to walk away. I don't want to end this.

JD: Do you not think you instigate the same thing?

AH: I'm not talking about instigating. I'm talking about ending.

JD: But ending...you don't...

AH: I'm talking about ending.

JD: Yeah, but you don't always do that. You don't always end up to be the one to say... What you do is...in the morning you say, "I'm sorry."

AH: No, I do it at night. Whether it's night or day...I've done both. I've come to you every single time. On the plane I came to you. In Venice I came to you. In Toronto I came to you. In, um, what do you call it? San Francisco, I came to you. I pull you into the bed or I hug you. And I get us to calm down. And I'm glad I do because that's what makes it not be an all-night thing. And nothing harms our marriage more than sleeping in different beds because we're mad at each other. Or going to bed mad at each other. You made a promise. You didn't keep that promise, but we did make a promise to not do that. It was your choice not to live up to that promise, not mine. I tried to get you to come to bed when you were mad. I tried to get you to calm down so many times in Toronto.

JD: When?

AH: In Toronto, in Venice, in San Francisco. I would come to the seven different bathrooms if you were...and try...throughout, whether I was mad or hurt or not, because I saw the bigger picture. I didn't think it was worth this. I'm always the one trying to end it. You never let go of things. You constantly, constantly do this.

JD: I'm sorry you feel that way.

AH: You're never the one coming to me and saying, "Let's not fight anymore." You're never the one coming to me and saying, "Let's just get into bed. Let's not go to bed mad like that." On the plane, it was me. In Toronto, it was me. It's always me.

JD: On the plane here from Rio you were losing your marbles. I'm the one who came to you and said, "Let's calm down. Please calm down." And you were blaming me...

AH: Think about it.

JD: ...because your flight was going to get in late and you wouldn't be able to...

AH: Think about it.

JD: ...have time before your thing.

AH: Just think about it.

JD: No...

AH: The majority of our fights.

JD: No...Absolutely, okay, I'll admit that. The majority of our fights, I hang onto it because it's fucking hard to let go of. Some of the shit that you go through in a fight can be painful and it's hard to forget shit.

AH: Yeah, no shit. But if you want to keep doing this and live a life where you constantly are using that as ammunition, which you can shoot yourself in the fucking head. Fine, okay. But at least admit you're doing that. If you want to hold onto everything and never get over it, never let go of it, then don't scratch your head and go, "I wonder why I'm so aggressive when you point out anything I did wrong. I wonder why I have so much resentment for you. I wonder why we fight so much." Stop scratching your head and wonder...and just admit it's because you never let a fucking thing go. You can't get over anything. And that you won't and cannot calm yourself down when you're mad.

JD: So it's all my fault?

AH: No. It's not. It's not.

JD: Yet you can sit here and find blame in everything that I do. But you never say a thing about yourself.

AH: I'm including myself.

JD: You copped to last night.

AH: I have included myself...(unclear)...I've made so many mistakes. What I'm talking about – I'm not guilty of. I do let things go. I move this relationship forward. I fight for us when it's on the line. I do let things go. I see the bigger picture.

JD: You said you...

AH: I'm tired.

JD: I'm tired too, man. You said you see the bigger picture and you do let things go. Yet, after Toronto you were looking for apartments.

AH: That was a hard one. And I did not say a hundred percent of the time.

JD: On the plane it was fucking hard not to...

AH: At no point of this conversation did I say, "I am perfect." I did not claim that.

JD: I know you didn't.

AH: And clearly, the vast majority of the time it leaves me panicked. And I own them. I'm right, you know it. You don't have to admit it, but you know what I'm saying is true. I'm able to see the bigger picture. When I'm mad or hurt, I do mean for better or for worse. I have honored my word to not leave. You ditched me last night and I understand. I understand...how shitty that got. I understand my part in it. But it is a reaction to this fucking situation we've created. It's about to crack and I'm trying. I can't. I can't be the one. And also, I don't want...it makes me unhappy. That's the trust I'm talking about.

JD: Well, like I said, the last thing in the world I want is for you to be unhappy or for me to let you down. And I do. And I do make you unhappy and...and I do let you down.

AH: Only you know if you can change it or do it better. I know you're not perfect. I've seen you be pretty damn close. I've seen you do better than this. I've seen you control yourself. I've seen you react less. I've seen you be less...I've seen you in way more control of yourself. You're so fucking edgy and you get so mad so fast. And you stay mad. I've seen this happen before. And I've also seen you better. I've seen you clearer. I've seen you better. I've seen you do better and you don't let me down. And I subsequently will do better. And let you down less. But I'm not changing the way I do things. You're changing the way you do things. It's dramatic a change. And it's been a few months now and I'm begging you. Now is the time. If you choose to stop it, fucking great. I will be...but...I'll be with you to change. But I can't stop myself...to be the only one to make promises and wind up in another situation like Toronto, where you're booking a room or trying to get me on a flight. I'm not saying you...I'm not hearing all this shit and I'm not defending myself, coming to you and saying I love you. I'm trying to protect you from yourself and I get destroyed. I won't do it again. I won't ever survive through that again. And I don't want to make you unhappy. It made me unhappy.

JD: I don't want to...I don't want you to. I don't want to be unhappy.

AH: Instead of just...like...you can't leave the house.

JD: You're saying, I mean you're saying to me that for a long time I was able to keep everything together. And when we fought...like we could... Yeah, exactly. And it was for a while, right?

AH: Yeah, it was and we could have arguments.

JD: So...

AH: It was like okay, normal. Now we can't have a normal...we can't have an argument. No.

JD: Right, but there was one or two in Australia when I was calm-headed and all that shit...that...I mean...what am I reacting to, you know, if I'm trying to keep a cool head? I'm reacting to you fucking jumping.

AH: No, before I jump - just a normal argument. Baby, there's a difference.

JD: Yes, but you...

AH: Sometimes you just go, "That was rude" or you snap.

JD: You tend to jump. You tend to jump.

AH: Okay. Alright. This is before the jump. This is like the normal...fuck man, that really fucking sucks if I'm out...or whatever it is. And it's not...

JD: You think you don't matter to me?

AH: That's not the point I was saying.

JD: I'm sorry.

AH: No, there are times when you can make...for months now...consistently.

JD: Well, I have no idea.

AH: You have been...I did, I told you a million times. I've actually told you about 5 times. I can't have a normal complaint...I can't have a normal conversation. I can't have any problems with you. Baby, I feel like I can't tell you anything's wrong. Baby, I feel like I can't be honest with you. Baby, you got to relax a little. What the fuck? I've got to be able to tell you if something's wrong. How many times have you heard me say that? I have told you this. I've also mentioned how different it was in Australia. I begged for whatever that...was it clarity, was it less Adderall? I don't know. Is it work? Is it...you know...like something that's affecting you? And I am not judging you. I'm not. In fact, you have elucidated my opinion on medication. Do I not give you your meds every day? Do I not remind you to take them?

JD: Of course.

AH: I'm not...I know that you have to take medication. I am very aware of that. And I...you have actually changed my mind a bit as to how necessary they can be. I used to kind of think they were...just like...

JD: An escape.

AH: Yeah, and now I don't think that. And that's because of you, you know. You changed my opinion about that. But I do know you. And you don't know moderation very well. You don't get...you're allergic to moderation. So, I balance you out, I think, a little bit. Try to keep you safe. I try to keep on you a little bit to remind you to take the good ones, you know. Do I not?

JD: You do. You do.

AH: Do I ever give you a hard time?

JD: Just...look...no. With the meds? No. You spoil me. Look, you do all those wonderful things. You take my boots off when I come home.

AH: I'm not tooting my own horn, I'm saying...

JD: No, I'm...I'm not...I'm not saying you're tooting your own horn... I'm saying there are a lot of beautiful and wonderful things that you do for me that I've never even dreamt...like...that someone...would be so fucking caring as to, you know, "Hey baby, it's time for your meds." And you know, it's so beautiful that your wife is, you know, doing that. It's beautiful that, you know, um, the act of just simply taking my fucking boots off when I get home from work. That is monumental stuff to me. The...you know, the care throughout the day. You know, "Here, drink this vitamin water." Um, you know, I mean there are beautiful, beautiful, beautiful things that I could go on and on about you. About us. About how you've made me feel. How you changed my life. How you...you know...I do not want to be...I don't want to be a fucking shithead in your eyes.

AH: Thank you for saying that.



JD: It's true, man. It's true. There are a lot of things. There are a lot of positives. There are a lot of positives. I'm not just saying it, I'm being honest.

AH: I feel the same way. I meant it.

JD: What?

AH: I meant it. Like I said earlier, if you were not my favorite person it would be so easy to walk away. For you too, I'm sure. You know...if you...God, think about all the times it would have been easy to walk...based on that...on the stress and the fight. But I can't, because you're my favorite person. The most beautiful, dynamic, shiny, smart, sexy thing. I can't...something you fight for. I am. I'm trying. I just wanted to say it again. I want this to be a marriage for life, right? And that better or worse, and all that stuff. You know we didn't say those words, but...

JD: Of course and we did.

AH: Better or worse. Oh wait...maybe uh...

JD: Whitney said, "For better or for worse."

AH: She did?

JD: Yeah.

AH: Well then...

JD: But it is for better or for worse for me. It is.

AH: I feel...

JD: I didn't leave last night because...

AH: You're making me feel it's not...like it's not...like not there for...

JD: I left last night...honestly, I swear to you...because I just couldn't take the idea of more physicality...more physical abuse on each other. Because, had we continued, it would have gotten fucking in a bad... And baby, I told you this once – and I'm scared to death of it - we are a fucking crime scene waiting to happen...

AH: I know.

JD: ...if we don't get our shit together. And that...by getting our shit together...that might mean fucking A...we do this and make it. That might mean...God damn...you know...you say, "I've tried. I'm done. Toodle-oo." But we got to get our shit together as individuals and as a couple. Because I love you and I do not want to leave you. I do not want a divorce. I do not want you out of my life. I just want peace. And if I'm the culprit, the majority of the time, I will fucking do everything I can. And I will recognize

when I'm fucking starting to go sideways. Recognize it. But please do the same. Please do the same. And it's okay to fight, like you said. It's okay.

AH: You got to...how do you remember that? How do you know that? Cause sometimes you're so clear as to what is priority to you and what you care about and then you seem to forget it when you get mad.

JD: I could say the same thing about you, angel.

AH: Sure, sure. But I'm asking you...like what do you do... if it was just up to self-control...don't you think we would've...

JD: That's why I think the list is important.

AH: Yeah.

JD: Two lists.

AH: I want a list though of...

JD: One...one...here's...here are things that you do that hurt me or fuck with me or makes me mad or this or that. And, you know, and we take it without freaking out. Just take it...and own it and study it. And fucking...and if we have a different opinion, let's talk it out a little bit. Let's talk it out a little bit. And I'll make a fucking list. You make a fucking list of all the things that you think you do that you'd like to change. The things that I do that I'd like to change. In fact, that's the first list we should write.

AH: Yeah, I was going to say the same thing. The first list that you mentioned, it just...someone once said to me, "as soon as you start listing what you don't like about the other, you know, the relationship's over." Well, they kind of said it as an aside. They were like, "well...that's how you know that..."

JD: Send me...write me a letter and put it in an envelope every morning if you want, or on our little notebook.

AH: What? What you do wrong?

JD: No, no. "Please don't...please love me today. Please don't hurt me today. Please don't get crazy today."

AH: But then what happens if one of us gets hurt, cause that's life. It will come up. If we don't do things differently, the one list of things that we don't do, I can't keep throwing our relationship in the air every time you get mad, because all bets are off every time. The blood pressure goes up a certain amount.

JD: Look, these don't have to be followed through if these are just things that I suggest because some fucking cock says, "As soon as you make a list..." It's like...fuck that.

AH: I don't know, I just...I'll do it.

JD: I don't...it doesn't have to be gross. It just, you know, you've just...I mean, I don't need a list. You just went through the majority. You know? And I went through a lot of mine. And you don't have to make the other fucking list. I'll make the other list.

AH: No, I'm not saying I want to make a list or agree about that one...I just want to know what we're going to do differently and how to help check each other on what the other one needs so that it doesn't get to this point. I can't keep living like this.

JD: I can't keep living like this either.

AH: Then what...something needs to change.

JD: I've got less...I've got less time on the fucking planet than you. I'm not going to spend the rest of my life fucking...uh...uh...fighting with and being dragged by someone that I fucking adore. I'm not...I'm not going to live my life like that, man. The rest of my fucking days, which you know, fuck, what have I got left? Who knows, you know? Fucking month? Fucking two weeks? God damn thirty years? I don't fucking know, but...life is short, precious. And I don't want to fuck up yours. And, you know, I don't want you to fuck up mine. I'd like...I'd like a bit more understanding from both of us.

AH: That sounds very good and I agree. But what about the...what are we...

JD: In the moment.

AH: What are we going to do different in the moment, when you're mad and you go, "fuck it," and you decide all bets are off?

JD: In the moment. Look what I did in Australia. Look what I accomplished. I put the fucker away. I told myself every fucking day, "No, he's gone, no, he's got...fucking put him away. I put him away." And by a list of the things that I feel that fuck you over or make you feel shitty or anything like that, I fucking...when we're in the moment I remember it. I remember what I put on my list. I remember it and I try to bring it down notches. Many notches. I'll try to...if we're heightened, to say, "Please, I don't want you to feel this. I don't want to feel this." That's...

AH: I need to know what we need to do different. I need to know.

JD: It's got to be done with your mind and your heart.

AH: But what do we do different if I have a problem?

JD: Tell me.

AH: You need to tell me how to tell you different if I'm hurting you. You need to let me be able to be mad. Sometimes you're going to make me mad. I'm a human. I cannot live where it's like...

JD: Well, it's the same thing goes for me then. You're going to have to allow me to get mad.

AH: Yes. Exactly. If I do something...

JD: Okay, but if I get mad and you start fucking yelling...

AH: I...I don't have to start yelling. I think I start yelling once it gets fucking heightened. I've gotten a lot better about that. It's just only...

JD: No, no.

AH: ...when it's fucking hour eleven and we're really in it.

JD: You haven't gotten better about that. Otherwise, we wouldn't have had three physical fights in the last month and half, two months.

AH: I was talking about the yelling.

JD: No, but...we...we...you witnessed it. You're the one that brought it up. Australia was fucking great – we just argued. Let's go back there. Let's go back there in our fucking heads and in our hearts. Let's go back there. And know on your list...

AH: Is the monster gone? Did you put him away? It's been so...when you get on that train, get angry, you stay on it for so long and you won't come down. You won't talk to the person that is you.

JD: That's not...that's not always...that's not always...

AH: It doesn't always have to be the monster. But what is it? Can you put that away? Can you remember the bigger picture? You don't want to spend your life...I've asked you this so many times in fights...do you want to spend your time like this? I know you don't, but I ask you because this is something you're choosing. I'm saying to you, "olive branch." And you don't take my olive branches. You make me feel humiliated for offering them. You asked me to stay in Australia. I stayed and then you walk out on me all the time. You got to take some olive branches from me. You got to offer them too. You got to be bigger than what you feel at that moment. And so do I. So do I. But if I call you on it, will you hear it?

JD: Yeah.

AH: Will you call me out on it if I'm doing it?

JD: Oh yes, I will. Yes, I will. And I'll do it in a fucking...as peaceful a fucking...in as calm a manner as I possibly can. I don't want to instigate any fights. I do not want to fight anymore.

AH: Say we're having an argument and you get mad...how can...

JD: An argument's an argument.

AH: Yes, but say we're having an argument and you get mad, it escalates. How do you talk to the you that's in front of me right now? What do I need to say? What do I need to do? You don't want to spend your life mad like that. It doesn't mean you have to like what I'm saying or doing or vice versa. But can you calm down...

JD: Can't you just say, "Baby, please. Please, please don't get the monster out. Please don't. Let's not yell. Please don't." You know what I mean? And I'll do the same.

AH: Promise.

JD: I have done the same. What?

AH: You promise?

JD: Yeah...yes. Why would I say it if I didn't?

AH: Because sometimes you don't keep your...what you say and I want things...this to be different.

JD: So now my word's no good.

AH: No, no, no, that's not the case. It's just that sometimes when you get mad it's like a disconnect from the person that you are right now. And I'm wondering just how to like...what's the communication, what's the phone number, you know, for that?

JD: And you – how do I...how do I calm you down when you go into a flurry?

AH: Maybe say...remind me, "Remember what we talked about? Baby, please calm down."

JD: "Please look at the bigger picture."

AH: Something. Remind me of this conversation, you know, when I'm upset and I'm feeling like it's pointless, you know.

JD: Don't ever lie.

AH: I don't ever lie. I know you and I remember...see things differently sometimes, but I'm not lying. I...you know...for someone who...I know that's your deepest fear and that's why it comes up in fights and stuff, but you got a trust issue in general, in life.

JD: Oh yeah.

AH: I never fucked you over and I'm not going to. And anybody who knows me...if they had to list two or three things about me – adjectives about me - one of those three would be super honest, straight forward, honest. Everyone else in my life. I know you have trust issues, but you can't let it cloud...you know me. Please. It comes up a lot. I know you have an issue with it. It's not me. You can trust me. If anything...

JD: Say that to me. Say that to me at the time.

AH: What? Say what?

JD: What you just said. Say that stuff to me at the time, if I'm starting to fucking flip, you know. You often are moody. I'm often moody. Whatever.

AH: I feel like I do, but I guess I should say it different if...I'll find another way. I'll pay attention to how I say it.

JD: It depends. Let's both pay attention to how we talk to each other, to respect each other.

AH: You know, we're not going to do that all the time. Sometimes we're going to be shitty or whatever.

JD: Of course not.

AH: Can we make a promise to each other about the rings and the divorce?

JD: No rings. No divorce.

AH: We promise each other. I want so bad to feel like the marriage I...

JD: I promise you.

AH: ...worked so hard to make happen, like, meaningful.

JD: Don't talk about making the wedding happen. Talk about the four years we've spent together, please.

AH: Yes, but I want to make it. I have those four years no matter what. But I fought for that wedding and we had that wedding...a beautiful wedding for what, if we don't...I want it to mean something...that there's some...

JD: Yeah. It did mean something and it does mean something. And I didn't get married to you for fucking...fucking, you know...seventeen more fights and it's fucking over with. We got married. I knew the fucking fights weren't going to stop, but I thought maybe it would curb them a little.

AH: I want the security back. I freak out. I freak out...and cannot make normal decisions, calm decisions. Or ones from the heart, where I'm thinking of you more than me, when I feel like you're splitting on me all the time. When the marriage is on the rocks. I make the same mistake about throwing our marriage around. I won't do it again. I'm not going to do it again. Okay?

JD: Please.

AH: I'm not. I promise. But...but there's so...there's something so anxiety provoking and scary and malicious and really just turns everything over when you split all the time. Please. If you really don't want to fight, and you're not just trying to hurt me – which, sometimes it is that - if you really, really...if you really love me and you do care about this, please find a good way to do it that won't last and respectful. You can tell me that you are. You can...I need to know that we will be able to talk about it. Because the problem I have is when you don't communicate. It comes into me, it builds up in me and it becomes cancer in me. It got worse every day when we were back from Toronto, got worse every single day. Not better, worse. Until we spoke about it. Until Whitney's birthday, when you talked about it, then it was okay. But I need...that's...I don't want to resent you.

JD: I don't want to resent you. I don't want to...I don't want to not trust...

AH: You can. You know how many times I chased you out into the elevator in the hall? We got to stop doing that. I'm not nit-picking. I don't mean to be focusing on something, but if it's a major thing to me and it is a *major*...

JD: If things get physical, we have to separate.

AH: No, we don't.

JD: We have to be apart from one another. Whether it's for a fucking hour or ten hours or fucking, a day. We must. There can be no physical violence towards each other.

AH: I agree about the physical violence, but separating for a day or night...

JD: I'm...I'm...

AH: ...or taking a night off from our marriage...

JD: No, no, no.

AH: It just means...it opens up...

JD: Listen, I'm just giving examples. It could be fucking three minutes. It could be fucking two weeks. I'm just saying...

AH: No, but we need to agree on certain boundaries so we have boundaries again. We need to make agreements and hold each other accountable to them and ourselves accountable to them, which is why I'm even bringing this up.

JD: I'm not...

AH: You know what I mean.

JD: I'm not saying anything negative.

AH: I know.

JD: All I'm saying is we need to take whatever time we need. You need or I need to kind of let things settle for a minute. So that we don't fucking kill each other or fucking worse, you know. Fucking...like *really* kill each other. Or fucking break-up. Or whatever.

AH: Just don't...I think that...

JD: Help me and I'll help you.

AH: I...this is the thing that makes me feel unsafe from this statement. To be honest, this is what makes me not trust.

JD: What's that?

AH: It's the...that there's like...

JD: Walking away. Going to our corner.

AH: No, loophole. It's like, oh, go and take the time we need, take the time we need. Okay, fine. Every time I get mad at you I can go split. Except for...oh wait, I don't have my own place to go split to.

JD: No, Amber, stop.

AH: You know, it makes me think I should. It makes me...I don't have a place I can go. I don't have...I'd have to go to a hotel, you know? And I don't have the funds to do that. I mean, it's...

JD: That's not what I'm talking about. I'm saying...

AH: Look, I think we should control ourselves and not get physical. And if it gets physical and we've dropped that wall, then we're going to drop the other ones. It's going to be like you're going to fucking split or I'm going to fucking split and one of us isn't going to come back.

JD: You may be right, but you can't predict the future once again. Here's what I'm saying. If the fight escalates to the point of where it's just insulting for both of us, or if it gets to that physical fucking shit – the violence – that's when we just say, "Look, let's go to our corners, man. You hang wherever you want. Baby, I'm going in the office and I'm just going to fucking sit there and try to de-jellify my fucking brain." I'm not talking about me running out of the fucking house. I'm not talking about me, you know, splitting cause I'm a fucking cunt and a coward, whatever. I'm talking about go to our corners. I'll go to my little office. You go...you can have the house. You just take the house and wander wherever you want. I won't fucking come bother you. You know? And if you...if at a point you're feeling like better after ten minutes, come knock on the door.

AH: I always do that.

JD: And...please, let me finish.

AH: Sorry.

JD: And if in ten minutes I'm feeling like, "Alright, I got the solution for this or I know how to...how we can...you know, please..." I'll come knock on your fucking door or I'll come find you.

AH: Will you try...

JD: What?

AH: Will you try to not make it an all-night thing?

JD: I've just told you.



AH: I wasn't done. Will you try and not make it a lifestyle? I mean, we try and remind ourselves that they can just be fights. We can try and...

JD: Absolutely. We...

AH: Try and respect that it doesn't have to be an all-night thing.

JD: Absolutely.

AH: I don't want to go to bed mad.

JD: I don't...

AH: And we were doing really good with each other...

JD: I don't...

AH: ...for a long time.

JD: I don't want... I know. But we weren't insulting one another to the point of like...wow, you know. Like the way I insulted you in Toronto. Or the way you insulted me on the plane or you know, whatever. Let's not get to that point. That's nothing. That's bullshit. That's kindergarten shit. We don't fucking need to do that. What we could do is just try to be fucking calm and say, "Look, this is really...this is getting somewhere I don't like. Please, let's take an hour, max." I'll go and fucking write and try and figure it out, get it out, whatever. I'm just...I'm just making suggestions for...to try and fucking save us. You know?

AH: We got to honor our promises. I cannot nor can you - you don't deserve to be in a relationship that is walked away from all the time. You can't. I would never want you to do that. I never want you to be in that. You deserve better. So do I.

JD: Indeed.

AH: You cannot be constantly...constantly...anytime I'm upset or mad or hurt...anything...if I fuck up. God, if I yell, if I fuck up ever - ditched. That's not marriage. You know, most people don't have two, three houses they can go to. It's always, I mean, your house. And you always split.

JD: Listen, you can't be saying that I...if that's what you feel...you feel that from you cause you didn't get that from me. I never fucking said, "This is my house and my house only."

AH: Kind of, but...

JD: No.

AH: But remember yesterday...

JD: No, that's our fucking house. It's always...

AH: You always remind me that I'm...

JD: I got Rocky and Josh living there. I got Whitney living there. Don't...so don't...

AH: But you say it in fights. You use it in fights. I'm sorry but I feel like...like...forget it. I just want...

JD: Don't think that...

AH: I just want the security and the commitment from you that we have destroyed – both of us. And I don't know if that matters to you. Personally, like if you need that.

JD: It absolutely matters to me.

AH: But I do. And I can't promise you that I'll be perfect. I can't promise you I won't get physical again. God, I fucking sometimes get so mad, I lose it. I can fucking promise you I'll do everything to change. I promise you. I'm not going to throw around divorce. I will not say divorce unless I really mean it. Unless it's...and then I hope you leave me. I'm not going to...and me too. I will leave you. It's fair. I can't do it, you know. And I think, honestly, if we hold each other accountable to that, it's fair.

JD: That's what I said earlier. Look, if we get to that point where it's like this is...

AH: It's a line we don't cross.

JD: ...too fucking much. You know, we fucking...shake hands and walk away. You know? And...

AH: Yes, but you don't do it until you leave me. That's my point.

JD: Trust me. I'm not going to do it unless I mean it. I'm...

AH: Promise.

JD: If I say it, I will. I will be leaving. But if you say it, I'll get the fuck out or whatever.

AH: Promise.

JD: Yeah, I promise.

AH: That ring does not come off.

JD: Unless I say the word or unless you say the word. Well, or you just take the ring off, cause that's the same thing. That'll be the same thing.

AH: That's what I'm saying, you know, I don't want it...I don't think our marriage would be something you still... If you want a fucking divorce, you're going to tell me. Not in a fight. Let's be honest, you know. That's a decision, a lifelong decision. Even you and me, as hot-heads, know you can't make forever decisions when you're mad like that. Certainly feels like you can, but you and I both, even though we're hot-heads, and you do know the difference. However, I don't think it's something we should ever say to each other in a fight ever. And if you promise me and I promise you and we need to hold each other

accountable. I want to feel safe. I have nothing to cling onto. You didn't come home last night. I feel like I have nothing to hold onto. No semblance of marriage or commitment or stability. I can just get up and walk away and spend the night somewhere else.

JD: You obviously can.

AH: Yeah, but it's done if I do that. That's...that's not marriage.

JD: We talked about it. You know why I left.

AH: I do know why you left.

JD: I'm saying now that I won't do the same thing. I mean, I will not do that. I will not fucking leave until some rational decision is made. If it's the end, it's the end. If it's the fucking...if we can keep going, we'll keep going. But, yeah.

AH: Promise.

JD: Promise. I promise you. I promise you. I hope you can trust me.

AH: I want to be in my marriage.

JD: Sorry?

AH: I want to be in my marriage. I want to be...I want to commit to you forever. Good, bad. Better, worse. I don't want it to be as transient as whatever fight we're fighting for...I don't want any loopholes, any, "Oh, it's okay to leave. It's acceptable to do this," or "it's acceptable to say this" about like splitting or breaking up or leaving. I...that's our...we should...we should fall asleep together every night. Ideally, never mad. Ideally, never mad. I'd love to say we could promise that, but I don't know if it's possible. I'd love to strive for it.

JD: Yeah. You weren't ready for that last night for sure.

AH: No, I fucked up last night. I'm really sorry.

JD: So let's understand that we're both guilty of the same shit at times.

AH: And no one's saying it more than me though. I am saying that.

JD: So let's...let's...let's...

AH: It's just chronically overweighed with...and I need that to be something you realize and that you know. It's affecting not just me, it's affecting our marriage. It's affecting how I trust, how I resent you, how I like you without the fight being happening...

JD: No, I know when...

AH: I'm not trying to rub your nose in that. I'm just...I feel sometimes like you omit something, you acknowledged it, it would be beautiful and then you would go back on it like in the vocabulary after. And then I feel like, "Wait a second, is he taking it back?" You know what I mean?

JD: I do know what you mean, but like I said before, there's not...I don't have the...I haven't cornered the market on that, you know. When you start the fucking yelling, there's, you know, it fucking gets crazy. You know? It gets fucking...it gets fucking crazy, you know? And that...that makes me not feel...uh...for lack of a better word – safe – within the relationship. You know, understanding of "oh well, it's just nothing." Cause if it keeps going. If it's always sort of there, then, you know, I worry, yeah...I fucking worry about the marriage. I worry how much longer can I deal with this. How much longer can she deal with this? Fuck, man. So I've had the same trust issues. I've had the same disappointments. I've had the same, you know...maybe not to the degree you have – I'm assuming. So...but, yeah, I...man, when you start...when you start fucking honking, you know what I mean? It's...it's pretty...it's pretty...

AH: Call me out on it and help me.

JD: I will. I will try.

AH: Help me, please. I might not even realize I'm doing it. But you got to help me. But it can't be an excuse to leave.

JD: I will try to help you. If I try to help you and I can help you, why the fuck would I leave? If I try to help you and I can't help you, say, "Baby, I'm taking an hour. I'm in my fucking office. If you want to talk, come get me. Otherwise, I'll check on you in an hour."

AH: That would be really helpful.

JD: Alright?

AH: And I promise you I'll leave you alone for that hour. I promise I'm not going to freak out.

JD: I just want you to have your time to be able to calm down or my time to be able to calm down.

AH: But it really helps if you give a time, if it's not just...

JD: Say an hour.

AH: Even if you just say it will, you know, "Look, I promise we'll resume this." I just need to know that we can talk about it. Otherwise, I'm dealing with cancer. I'm dealing with something that just festers and it gets worse and worse. So you have to realize that, you know, that kind of situation, a few minutes is fine, but then after a certain point it becomes way worse. And I become way harder to reason, to rationalize with...I become... Kipper could tell you. He says he's the same way. I just...that's how I work. And you work in a different way. We need to meet in the middle, you know?

JD: I...yeah. I do understand that. I do understand all that. But I also want you to understand that, you know, there were great moments or high hopes that it was just all cool. And then, you know, whatever happens. This happens. That happens. Fucking...we have a spat or a fight or a fucking blow out. I just want you to know that the way you're feeling about being unsure of us, of the marriage, of

this...whether you can trust me to be this. Or whether you can, you know, or whether I can do the same. It's...I feel very much the same.

AH: At least you have the added luxury that you take for granted. No offense, you do.

JD: What do I take for granted?

AH: That you have the added luxury of knowing that I'm there and that I mean it forever and that I...cause I show up. I come. I am knocking. I'm the one who asked to come down...

JD: Look...

AH: I'm the one that comes and gets you on the plane. I'm the one that knocks on the bathroom door. I'm the one that comes into the house that you've run away to. I'm the one that comes to you and says, "This isn't working. Let's fight for this marriage," or whatever. I...you have the added luxury you just are taking for granted in such a big way. You don't know how much that means. If I ran from you the way I used to, before our marriage, we would not be together. When I used to run away and you would...whatever...when I felt like it was justified. How many times did we almost break-up? How terrible was that? How terrible was it for you? We would not be together if I did that. And you take for granted that I show up and that I fight for us. And that I am the one to come over. I'm the one that comes out into the hall. I am the one. I'm a hot-head, just like you, but I... What a luxury you have. If you take that for granted, you're so... What a luxury. I'd do anything to have that feeling. At least in the back of my mind I'd know that you showed up, that you fought for me, that you cared enough to...

JD: Here's what you're missing in that little, you know, paragraph. What you're missing is...you're the one who comes and gets me. You're the one who comes and says you're sorry. That you're the one who comes and tries to calm me down. You're the one that... But why am I...why am I riled up?

AH: We're both riled up.

JD: No, but...

AH: It's not like every time I've done something to you in a vacuum. Baby, that's what you don't get. I don't doubt you're riled up, but I'm riled up too. And I said this to you on the couch. I've said this to you before. We both have our...it's subjective. You have your reasons. I have my reasons for every action. There is something that caused it and I have the same thing.

JD: But that...

AH: I'm mad in the same way.

JD: But what caused it? What caused it could be so irrational and so far-fetched and so minute, minute.

AH: That's what I say to you every time that you want to have a big fight. Every time I go, "This could be something small. Why wasn't this just an argument? Baby, why wasn't this just an argument?" Yes, so you're right. Sometimes it could be very small. Sometimes it's not. Either way, it doesn't negate what I'm saying to you, of...what a gift, like...I would do anything to trade places with you. You talk about insecurity in the relationship and trust...

JD: I don't know how you can say "take for granted." That's a fucking insult, man.

AH: But you talk about trust. You talk about trust and like, you feel the same way. You don't feel...you couldn't because the difference is you at least have the knowledge in the back of your head that you can fall back on that I showed up, that I fought for you, that I checked on you, that I came to get you, that I said, "I love you," that I saved the marriage. If it were up to you and I treated you the way you treated me, we would not be together, let's face it. It's because I fucking fight for this. It's because I come over. And last time I didn't, which is what I should always do. And I am learning my fucking lesson. It's just when you walk, fucking let you walk and I...that time...I can't tell you how dumb I was. It was like this time in Toronto. I was looking for apartments. I was preparing to tell my folks, my parents. I was done. And you called me and you were like, "Well, I'm about to go out of town," or whatever and it ended up, like that, whatever. I told you I wasn't ready to see you because it had gotten so much worse that I was basically calling...I was like I need to...I just need to change my life and...cause my life is different. I'm no longer with this person and I'm now single. I need to, you know, get my shit together. Find an apartment, do all this stuff. It got so much worse and honestly, if that happens one more time, we will break up. I know it. I know we won't survive it. That was so severe. The damage was so severe. When you spent a week here, you said, "I'm going to go away for a day." You wrote me a note and left it on the kitchen counter and you said, "I just need to clear my head for a night, maybe two." I didn't hear from you for six.

JD: When I went with Bruce.

AH: No, this is here. I stayed downtown. This is...you were gone for six, seven days. And then I didn't even let you spend the night in the house. Remember? You came over, we talked. I wasn't even ready. No...you know how long it took me to take down those walls that I built up? It took forever to build those. I was so...it took me so long to trust you, even a little bit again. I was so...I resented you so much. The damage was very deep. And I know that if I let that happen again I don't...in my heart, I know I wouldn't survive it. So you walk out and I have one option. That's why I come to you. If I let it go, like I did last time, which is what I should do, because if you're willing to walk out, you should be walking out. But I let it go. And it was a fucking week. And it took...and I'll never get some of that back. I'll never have that trust quite the same way. You left me a note saying, "I'm going to be gone for a night." We didn't speak for a week. I didn't even hear from you. You didn't check on me. Nothing.

JD: So you thought we were broke up?

AH: Oh yeah. I was preparing to be...to have that conversation with you and be done.

JD: Oh, you just said you were single.

AH: No, I said I was preparing myself to think that way. You know? Take care of my own life. Get my own, you know, apartment. That's...that...

JD: I hope it doesn't get to that.

AH: No, of course. I'm just saying if I didn't fight for it, when I let it go, it was devastating. Devastating to my heart, my soul, my trust. I can't do it again. You probably wouldn't want me to do it again. At least you have in the back of your mind that I come. I show up. I fight. I come...I don't have that.

JD: I don't take that for granted, by the way. I don't always know that you'll come. I don't always know that you'll be knocking. I don't always know that you'll want to talk. I go...I go because I think, fuck, we're screwed. Can't live like this.

AH: What's to stop you from doing that again, thinking that again?

JD: Well, like I said...like you said, we walk out the door, we walk out the door. That is the same as rings off. It's the same thing as mentioning divorce. Cause no talking unless we just want to try to be civil with one another, as fucking people who are married. And I hate to talk like...I hate even saying that kind of shit, but...yeah, if I walk out again, I'm walking out. And I'll know that and you'll know that. You do that same deal... I love you, Amber, and I will do my best to make you happy, for you to gain trust, respect, whatever you feel you've lost from me. And...

AH: I hope you can too.

JD: And I hope you can make the changes that fuck with me. And if we want to do it, we'll do it. Ultimately, you don't want to do it, you know the result. Cause we're definitely at the end of any of that shit. All that anger at each other. We're definitely at the end of that kind of shit. There's no more. No more.

AH: Can you let it go? Can you let it go, some of these fights?

JD: Yeah, I can let the fights go.

AH: We just want to hold on to everything. We just fight about the same... My mom said neither of us are forgiving each other.

JD: Well, I don't think it's going to...I don't think we're going to forgive each other this quickly. I think...

AH: I'm not saying that.

JD: With time it'll, you know, lessen. But everything that I said you, you know, is not...is not going to be able to unhear. And the same with me. We're not going to be able to unhear it. And they are thought provoking, but we just got to write it off, you know, and get past it. If I didn't want to be with you, I wouldn't be with you. If you didn't want to be with me, you wouldn't be with me. That's really what it boils down to. So if we want to be together, let's do our best to fix what's broken within the machine - the machine that is us.

AH: That's why I can't.

JD: Hmm?

AH: That's why I can't. I'm still married to you.

JD: I hated it. I hated having to leave. I hated fucking getting here. I couldn't fall asleep. Fucking Ambien and a half, finally, and I woke up three hours fucking later, feeling like, oh God...you know? Why? Fucking why?

AH: I hope this is important enough for you to fight for.

JD: It is important enough for me to fight for. Why do you say that?

AH: Then I can't do it alone. I woke up first thing, called you. This is foolish, you know. And I understand part of it, but I also see like... You know I love you. I know my fuck-ups and my issues. At least you know I love you. You know I love you more than me. At least you know that. You do know that.

JD: That what? That what? You love...

AH: That I love you more than me. That I love you...

JD: More than yourself?

AH: Yeah. You don't debase yourself and embarrass yourself like that...cause you're worried about protecting yourself.

JD: I don't think you to debased yourself in any way.

AH: Your feet are swollen.

JD: What?

AH: Your ankles are swollen. You took your morning meds?

JD: It's not swelling.

AH: What? Not swelling?

JD: It's fucking...

AH: Oh, it must just be...

JD: ...it's like the muscle or whatever. I love you. I don't want to...I don't want to do anything bad to you. I don't want to harm you. I don't want to hurt you. I don't...I don't, so, I guess I'll fucking...I'll do every fucking thing I can. It's got to be reciprocal.

AH: Yes. I agree.

JD: And what you did, by calling me last night, you fell asleep on the phone. You do realize that?

AH: Yeah, I'm sorry. I had to Ambien myself again.

JD: It's alright. I was...I said a sweet good night to you while you were sleeping.

AH: Could you tell I was sleeping?



JD: I thought you were sleeping once before. I think you might've fallen asleep once before and then woke up and continued talking. Then I was saying something, talking, and then suddenly there was just no more. Gone.

AH: I really don't want to sleep without you again. We can't. There's a better way.

JD: Let's find it. Don't slug me.

AH: I'm sorry I did.

JD: It's okay, just...

AH: But you know sometimes that fucking thing happens. You do it too sometimes where you just...

JD: I know.

AH: It can't be like the end of...our marriage is bigger than that obviously.

JD: We don't need to ever get to that point with each other.

AH: I agree. But...

JD: I hope we don't. I hope we don't. I love you. I want you to be my wife. And I want to be your husband. I want to be a good husband. And if I haven't been I'll do everything I can to find out how to be a good husband.

AH: You're a great husband. You really are. It's just hard if anything comes up. If someone bumps your shoulder in a crowded sidewalk. You're wearing white again, not black, so it makes a difference. It's not a big deal if there's a bump. It's hard. I love you and I know we can be so good.

JD: Amazing.

AH: And I'm here trying to move forward, forgive each other.

JD: Listen, we...

AH: We have to...

JD: I know we had our fights today to try and settle whatever the fuck all this scrambled, crazy shit that one thing reminds you of another and you find yourself going back into some other fight. It's all scrambled. It's all fucking jumbled. It's like white noise, all moving around. I'm glad that...I'm glad that we got to a point where we were shitty with each other. I'm glad we got to a point where we didn't fucking know how this was going to end. But I'm telling you, coming here today is fucking courageous and it's fucking admirable for you to come here and talk to me and try to work things out and to tell me these problems, things that I do that fuck with you. I want to change. I want you to change me. I want us to change it together.

AH: Thank you for sitting here and actually having a conversation with me. I did not expect that. And I'm really proud of you for not...not running away, walking away or... I'm proud of you for that.

JD: Thank you.

AH: It means that we can actually hash out these things. Some things have to be said and may be left.

JD: Huh?

AH: And may be left.

JD: May be left...oh, left behind. Yeah.

AH: We'll never forget about things, but we can forgive. I really do need to. We really need to let...really need to...my mom's right, there's absolutely...it's just adding weight that we're just carrying around. My mom is right. I know she is.

JD: She is right. She's right on the fucking money. She's on it. We can make it if we want to. We can get through this shit if we want to. And if you're unsure right now, then...

AH: You know I'm not. I love you. I love you. I just needed...I needed the security. I needed to have something to hold onto or else I'm lying.

JD: Tell me shit. Just tell me before it becomes something you've held inside for so long that it wants to just explode. And I'll tell you the same. And then once we...once we can fucking get the shit out without it being some huge drama or even if it is a huge drama, once we can get the shit out, recognize it, and like you said, fucking...it's gone. Chuck it. Doesn't work. That method does not work. Bam, it's gone. Next. Fucking...I'd fucking die if I thought...I mean it kills me that possibly that you would think that I take so much for granted or that I am untrustworthy or a bad husband.

AH: I didn't say you were untrustworthy.

JD: No...I'm saying it's...

AH: And I said what I needed to say. I'm not going back... You know I won't.

JD: I know, baby. I'm not asking you to elaborate on anything I'm saying. All I'm saying is I would fucking die if I knew that was how you thought of me and now I know what I know. And I'll fucking do my best to get it together so that I don't fuck with you and you don't fuck with me. And we're fucking...we're a couple again and we're friends again. I don't want to fight with you. I love you.

AH: Promise it won't explode if we just do the things a little different in the fight, you know? Like, don't walk away from me. Do it in a different way. And I promise I won't resort to the same shit. I promise. Okay?

JD: Thank you. Maybe when that fucking hocus pocus happens and we get all fucking edgy with each other, instead of standing, squaring off like a couple of fighters, maybe let's try to sit down. Seriously, you know, like sit down. Even if we say, "Hey, listen, we're fighting like bastards. Let's sit down and have

a glass of wine and talk through this." I know you got it in you. I know you got it in you. And I know that I have it in me. It's just a question of realizing and admitting what, you know, I realize and I admit. What you got?

AH: I was just pausing it. I realized I was about to run out of battery. It's still rolling, this thing.

JD: Oh, here. Waiting for Jack...

AH: Oh, um, he's doing a Halloween thing.

JD: He's doing a Halloween thing?

AH: Yeah, he's going to like, a Halloween...a Halloween thing and he said he wanted to try and stop by, um, before...

JD: He sent me a thing this morning at 10:45, said, "Hey Dad, sorry I missed you. I was at a place where murderers chase you with weapons and stuff."

AH: That was at 10 this morning?

JD: 10:45, he said, "You want to meet up today?" At 10:57, I hit him and said, "Yes sir, I'm at 80. I'm ready anytime you say." And he says, "Yay. Just woke up so got to wait till like a half...like a half..." Is that one or two? It's probably half. I said, "Whenever you want, bud. I'll be here whenever you are." He said, "Thanks, Dad. See you soon. Can't wait."

AH: I'd like to...he said he was going to a Halloween place that's really scary and then I said, "Do you...I would love to see if you wanted to come over."

JD: You sure that wasn't last night?

AH: No...I'll show you right now. It said...

JD: Fucker.

AH: See? It said, "Today at one." Alright?

JD: Yeah. Well, that's alright. Maybe he was afraid to tell me or something.

AH: Do you want to, um...do you want to go home?

JD: You going back down? I thought you had shit that you had to do.

AH: What?

JD: I thought you had shit you had to do. No?

AH: You asked me that earlier too.

JD: Well, cause last night you said...

AH: I'm blowing off the...you know, I told Rocky I'd hang out with her. I told Lizzie I'd see her at some point. I'm not...you know, Rock said, "Have some friends over. Cool."

JD: Oh, that's right. She said...

AH: You know, I mean that kind of thing and I'm not... I have to clean out my closet.

JD: Let me, um...

AH: I'm not going to do any of it. I just want some dinner and a glass of wine. And if you want to join me...

JD: I want to do that right now. Let's go. Say it.

AH: What?

JD: Say the words.

AH: I love you. I love you.

JD: I love you. I love you. Forgive me or let me earn your forgiveness. I forgive you.

AH: Do you?

JD: I forgive you.

AH: I'm really sorry. I am.

JD: Thank you. I'm...it boils down to those last two words, three words. Let me get my shit together. Okay?