

## **September 2015: Part 1 Transcript (Uncensored)**

A: I don't know---I don't know what else to do

J: I can't hear you, baby, I'm sorry.

A: I don't know what else to do.

J: I-I-I-I thought that we had some sort of game plan?

A: I told you what I, what I needed. You said we should—make a list but yet you don't.

*(silence for 10 seconds)*

Seeing the counsellors is not—it's not going to do it. It's not a long. We've 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.

J: If there is no trust.

A: I mean we fight together but you are the only one who splits, and I want that back but you...

J: If there is no trust then there is nothing to be talking about.

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

J: Thank you.

A: ... to---say to you---all the things I said. Which now I feel like---and I meant them. You know? I fucking meant them. Even though you fucking split and didn't come home. You know? I still---I still did that. I've fucking---I've shown myself; I've proven myself; I've fought for you, I've showed up.

J: I'm not going to be in a physical fucking altercation...

A: Don't.

J: ...with you.

A: Then don't.

J: You fucking hit me—last night. You fucking...

A: What about all the other times you split? Like, come on. You cannot act like that's about that. It's not.

J: Well on a plane I can't split.

A: No. And you hit back. So, don't act like you don't fucking participate.

J: I pushed you.

A: 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 immed---like at 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 and 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 wanna talk" or "I'm ok" or "It's going to be ok" and I am 100—I am sick and tired 100% of being the only one that goes and fights for it. You know what that does? It demoralises the-the-the half of this relationship that is me. It demeans me. Demoralises me.

J: Really?

A: Yes. Really. Really, when you split on me. How do you feel when I leave you? I've left you before

J: When I split? When I go into the other room, you're sayin'?

A: You leave house. You get another room. You get a flight.

J: When?

A: Things like that. And you asked me not to in Australia and ever since then...

J: When? When is? No. How many? How many? How many?

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

J: No. Because I haven't left you, left you in a house maybe twice. Last-Last night and another time.

A: No. You've done it before I've come here before and I'm not doing that anymore.

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

A: You've done this several times (J grunts) and...

J: I went to other rooms

A: ... and getting me a room, I mean getting another room in a hotel is just the same thing.

J: When did I get another room in an hotel?

A: You text Stephen or N-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...

J: You were fucking screaming at me.

A: I'm not going to validate my actions last night. I feel very bad about how I reacted.

J: No. I'm talking in Toronto.

A: I-I did not start screaming until *you* had fucking said all the shit. You poke an animal enough it is eventually going to, no matter how friendly it is...

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

A: (unintelligible due to being talked over) ...and you kicked and kicked and kicked, but I have not done this to you. I have not said these things to you. I have not started the fight by saying that I'm going to get into another (J: then send) and I'm not going to sit here and fight about fucking Toronto anymore! GUESS WHAT? I'D LET IT GO. I'm not fucking about-I'm not fucking talking about Toronto. I can yell it...

J: Send me the tapes.

A: ... 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 am 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 a modicum of safety. I feel 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 and up. Lows and highs. Tough - and easy. Not just when it's easy. I feel like you're a fucking vacation husband. You are- 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-I last night I am just as guilty. I give you that. But I have been primed and conditioned. At this point. I couldn't-I thought I would 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.

J: You've got the tapes. Let me hear 'em.

A: Absolutely. I wish—eurgh—I wish it had caught everything too.

J: Why don't you send me the – send me the fucking recordings?

A: I will. I will.

J: Just-Just text them to me.

A: 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-um to stoke a fire? Yeah. Ok. I haven't because we have not been well. We have not been good. And when I fucking move out. If I move out then you fucking, I'll have 'em- you'll have 'em and you can fucking relish them. You won't fucking like it, what you hear. 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 your fucking on something when I haven't you know-sent you these "well send them to me" Get this. It hasn't been good. It's been a little tough.

J: Well. Wasn't before Rio.

A: Was it tough?

J: I mean only in the sense that you tried to keep me, you know?

A: It's been really tough.

J: Then why did you come to Rio?

A: 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. That I wasn't working. You wanted me to travel with you... (talked over by Johnny)

J: That was the time that you were looking for apartments?

A: That was after Toronto.

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

A: I know where we were.

J: Toronto, Boston, here... (talked over by Amber)

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

J: Well, we were on our honeymoon. I hope you were at my side.

A: I'm not talking about just the honeymoon, now am I? I'm talking about many months and was it all 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 is 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-in that way. You know? But-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 that 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. That this is something you'll fight for. That this is something that's sacred, 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, 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 easy-that's the-that's the safest way out. I'm not saying we should get in 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-It's not brave. It's not strong. It's harder to say to somebody 'I want to work this out. I wanna face what I have. I wanna face what you have. I wanna 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. I come to this house! And say 'hey, we're married. It's supposed to be sacred. Calm down. Calm down.'

J: I made you? I made you.

A: 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 and I don't... (talked over by Johnny)

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

A: Once again I am fighting for the relationship...

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

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

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

A: ...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 favourite person in the whole world and if you weren't the most magnetic, s-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'.

J: Untrustworthy, um-uh-uh...

A: Did you hear what I just said?...

J: Yeah.

A: ...I said I can't trust-I can't trust. That's not meaning your untrustworthy. It means we have 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, I just said to you saying 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-cause it was something that we could walk away. We wanted the sta-a foundation. No?

J: I want—Yes, I wanted to make you my wife. I love you.

A: 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. Ok. Cool.

Lie about that, I don't know. I-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...

J: Oh of course

A: ... so don't argue with me when I say it now.

J: I'm not arguing with you.

A: Oh, yeah. But you had to pick it apart.

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

A: No.

J: Then how did I pick it apart?

A: I—I—I don't want to do this. I don't want to fight about a fight. I don't want to fight about the semantics. I don't... (cut off by Johnny)

J: How come when I come up with a point you can't answer it? You don't want-or-you said you don't want to answer it.

A: What am I not answering? Cause I don't want to start a fight about this new thing? No. I don't want to. I-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'...

J: I didn't interrupt you. You asked me, right? You said right?

A: 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?

J: And I said because I love you.

A: You said loved.

J: Oh... are we talking about again this fucking past tense. If I used 'loved'. My apologies. It doesn't mean I don't love you now.

A: My whole point that you—had a—I don't know an issue with is that you love me, yes you marry me though because you wanted-saf-some safety, some security, some stability, a foundation. Now if you take issue with that. Ok. Take

issue with it. But if you agree-then-then you agree. That's who you were when you married me.

J: Yes. But the only thing that's missing is with *you*. I wanted those things with *you*.

A: Yes. Yes.

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

A: Me too.

J: Cause I love you and-and-and-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*.

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

J: Or with you. Or whatever.

A: I mean that. Of course. Course I do. 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—could you not agree?

J: I need the s—I need the same things.

A: So I... (talked over by Johnny)

J: 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?

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

J: Okay-but-okay but you can't provoke-anger in me then. I-if I—just try.

A: I can't control that.

J: Just try...

A: If I'm angry.

J: 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 gonna do is build a mountain of fucking—uh resentment-uh-uh some species of fucking hatred within the love and-and-uh-uh—totally fucking mistrust



because you say you don't trust me, you don't trust me. I get it. Ok. I'm a flake, I'm a this, I'm a that. Alright.

A: 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 with it cause you always fucking bail on it...

J: Well then...

A: It's sick.

J: I don't know-you know?

A: I want the trust back. I don't. You can deflect all you want, say it's my fault and say how dare I get angry at you. Ever. Whatever. I'm telling you.

J: I'm telling you. As much as you don't like that shit—in your marriage. I don't like-the fu-the guff that you-that you-uh-pull on me in our marriage and if it causes distrust in me it causes distrust in the, I, yeah.

A: I don't know how...

J: I don't...

A: ...to help you...

J: I don't know...

A: ...I don't know what... the thing is...

J: Sometimes I don't, sometimes I don't want to fucking be there and go through the shit. I don't man. I don't.

A: I know.

J: And I don't wanna-cause I don't wanna fucking—fight.

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

J: You just said, 'I get mad, I'm gonna scream'.

A: No. I-didn't-say-that's always the case. I said 'yeah, I'm mad, it happens'. It happens.

J: Yes, I know. That happens often.

A: The things that are *wrong* are repeating themselves and *they* happen *often*. If you think I'm some f-fo-some fucking tyrant or bully, then don't fucking be

with me but don't sit here and insult me like I have-a f-like I'm the fuck up because I have the-audacity...(cut off by Johnny)

J: But you're the one saying that I'm the tyrant and the bully and the-and at the same time-the...

A: I have called...

J: ...the guy that runs away and the...

A: You are—you run away every single fight.

J: Ok. So-I mean-well then what are you...

A: I'm not lying about it.

J: ...doing with me? Then what are you doing with *me*?

A: I already answered that. I already said-we went through this conversation literally five minutes ago. I-uh-answered this already five minutes ago.

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

A: No, I said if you...

J: ...if that's what I feel.

A: No. I said if I am some—you know—ugh—harping bully, which is what you make me sound like. That I'm like constantly on you, making you feel bad, that's-cause that's what I do, then-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-uh-you do *not* fight for me and then you want to sit here and make me sound so terrible.

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

A: You don't—Everything I have already explained.

J: No...

A: Ten minutes before, ...

J: No. Fight for you? I don't understand.

A: You never, ever do the work. Put in the work. If we're arguing about something, you don't ever try and get to the bottom of it, figure it out and make the peace. You want to make it easy on you, so you split. You don't *fight* me for, you don't *fight* when there's a problem, you *don't* come to me, you

don't uh-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 ok 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

J: That's not true. It's not true. I'm not the one who fucking throws—fucking pots and whatever...

A: Those are, that's different...

J: ...else at me

A: ...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...

J: vases.

A: ...come and knock at the door. Just because there are vases. Does not mean that you come and knock at the door.

J: Really, I should just let you throw...

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

J: No, ...

A: ...sequiturs.

J: ...no I'm giving you a situation.

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

J: No, I'm justif...

A: ...based on whether I've thrown pots or pans. That's irrelevant.

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

A: And you're justifying that by saying that I throw pots and pans? Ok. Cool.

J: No.

A: Let's talk about everything you do wrong.

J: I'm not the one who fucking did that. I don't fucking-I didn't...

A: So that-so that makes sense. So that-I--

J: No

A: That's clear

J: Do I-d-the only time I *ever* threw anything at you, was when you fucking threw the cans at me in Australia.

A: Why are you trying to justify who throws things based on whether you come knocking on the door? (unintelligible as spoken over by J)

J: Because that is a fucking irrational and violent fucking manoeuvre...

A: How does that...

J: ...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.

A: uh-uh how does one inform the other?

J: Oh man. Go home and listen to the tape. Please. That's what they're for.

A: Yes. You listen to the fucking tape.

J: Oh, I'm gonna.

A: So will I.

*(silence for 39 seconds)*

A: I'm not here to sit here and promise you I'll never get mad at you 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 criticise you ever...

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

A: But, that's not the case, that'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... (cut off by J)

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

A: Well, that's your... (unintelligible as spoken over by J)

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

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

J: That's my problem? But my problem's that you don't trust me?

A: No. I don't trust...

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

A: No. I don't trust you in this and I want the trust back.

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

A: You told me if you wanna stop talking...

J: You saying you don't trust me personally...

A: ...just tell me...

J: ...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?

A: I think I have in the last few hours. No?

J: No. I think you could probably explain it to me a little better. I'm that-I'm slow.

A: You wanna keep being an asshole?

J: Do I wanna keep being an asshole?

A: Stop the attitude.

J: It's a redundant question.

A: Stop the attitude.

J: I should stop the attitude? Ok. Sure. No problem.

A: Stop.

J: No problem.

*(silence for 18 seconds)*

A: Listen, I'm not going to sit here and go over every fight we've had. I'm not going to refight 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're fucking latched onto your brain, what stray hairs have fucking coat-mangled 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 can pretty much guarantee, you'll find something that you can like-make... (cut off by J)

J: Let's-let's ask Travis tonight. If you told him...

A: Yes. Why don't we invite Travis in-into our-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.

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

A: What TRUTH?

J: That you lied.

A: WHAT ARE YOU FUCKING TALKING ABOUT? I DIDN'T FUCKING EVEN HAVE A-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...

J: No. I said to you 'Amber, tell Travis what you just did. (Amber laughs) Did you just fucking-did you punch me in the fucking jaw? Did you fucking kick-did you-did you?' and you wouldn't say a fucking, you said 'I don't know what you're talking about... (A talks over) ...never fucking, never fucking happened'

A: Course I lied. I see the lie. 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... (cut off by J)

J: Hey, stop. Stop with the attitude. Right

A: Sorry.

J: Stop with the attitude.

A: Sorry.

J: You're getting all bunched up.

A: Sorry. Sorry.

*(silence for 12 seconds)*

A: Wait-I-don't this is so fucking pointless, and you know it. To sit here and fight about fucking whatever you think happened with Travis-what's that conversation...

J: No, listen. I was not high. You lied your ass off.

A: You're fucking full of shit. What lie?

J: You lied your ass off.

A: When? Hm? What conversation did I have with Travis? -I don't-big-big investigative study you've done. I'm not sitting here and fighting with you about the-the fight we had last night

J: No. I was in the situation with you after you fucking got physically violent with me, I texted Travis. I said, 'come up here'...

A: I know

J: ...cause I didn't anything to happen...

A: (*mockingly*) 'come and save me'. I mean-yeah-mmhmm.

J: Come and what, come and save me?

A: No. Go ahead. Continue. You-you-Travis to the rescue.

J: No-that-that-that was the last one. You can go-uh-you-go. That was the last insult.

A: You-you called me a liar and yet-yet-yet...

J: I watched you lie.

A: You called me a liar.

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

A: You're full of shit. You still haven't told me what lie it is.

J: Well talk to Travis...

A: But yet every single fucking time...

J: Well talk to Travis

A: You know you do this every single fucking time.

J: Well talk to Travis.

A: I'm not fucking talking to nobody. Fuck that. You go fucking-jerk-go jerk him off I don't care. I really couldn't care less. It's you every single time, you latch on to 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.

J: I have told you what it is.

A: No, you haven't.

J: I said to-to Travis. I said, no I said to you 'Hey, tell Travis what just happened'

A: Oh, you told me to do it, you told me to, you said 'go do that'

J: I said no, tell him what just happened.

A: And I lied.

J: And that you punched me in the fucking...

A: You're right.

J: ...in the thing-in the face and you said...

A: You figured it all out...

J: No, fuck it, no I didn't, what the fuck are you talking about?

A: I didn't punch you.

J: And I watched you lie.

A: I didn't punch you by the way. You-I'm sorry that I didn't-uh-uh-hit you...

J: You punched me.

A: ...across the face in a proper slap. But I was hitting you it was not punching you. Babe, you're not *punched*.

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

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

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

A: 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.



J: You can't deck me.

A: 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.

J: How are your toes?

A: What-what am I supposed to do? Do this?

J: How are your toes?

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

J: Oh, your poor toes.

A: That's the difference between me and you. You're a fucking baby.

J: Because you start physical fights?

A: YOU ARE SUCH A BABY! GROW THE FUCK UP, JOHNNY.

J: Because you start physical fights?

A: I did start a physical fight.

J: Yeah. You did. So, I had to get the fuck out of there.

A: Yes. You did. So, you did the right thing. The big thing. You know what? You are admirable. Every single time. What happens-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.

*(silence for 15 seconds)*

A: here...(unintelligible)

J: What are you doing with this?

A: I'm giving you a Xanax. In case you need it.

J: Well, thank you.

A: It seems like it's worn off.

J: Yeah, it probably has.

A: I love you and I have told you like a million times in this conversation how much I love you. I *do* love you. And-I have fought for this marriage and fought for you. And—you don't do the same, or ever. (unintelligible) I got married to you. (unintelligible) ...foundation. So, we start a (unintelligible), not a thing we can throw around or run away from. I haven't been able to have like a fight with you beyond-and any real talk in speaking contest in so long because anytime anything goes wrong you split. Like it's your first thing. And it's unnecessary. It's not always-uh-your splitting because 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. Tell me what I need for this. I want to feel the trust and I can with you, I know I can, I have felt it with you. But it's 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 for the better and really—not for worse. You can't say the same about me. I fight even when I feel terrible. I show up. I pursue, I-I-I-I-give you space, I have-I have done everything to really show how committed I am. You know I am. I'm here for god's sakes.

J: And I have.

A: No, not when it's tough. Not when it's hard. Not when it's worse. This is the b-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 that 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 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 at the first sign of stress yesterday---because of how it's been lately and since Australia and I have been on the road with you, I haven't been working. I don't know what else I could fucking do.

J: Since Australia? We've been on our honeymoon and we had a great time, other than the fact—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. You're saying you've been harbouring this since Australia?

A: No, the splitting.

J: Me splitting?

A: The lack of—you know I even said this in Australia. I feel like we were so good for so long, we could talk about things. Remember we were allowed to have fights then? Remember? We allowed ourselves to say ‘hey, you did this, or you took’ Remember? We would even have a little argument and it was ok, 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 criticise-uh-uh-anything that you do but—it’s so chronic with you-the-the-the changes in the personality. It’s like sometimes you get these clear months and you’re this different person and it’s wonderful. You’re this, you’re this and then sometimes I’m like struggling to stay—connected with you, struggling to have five minutes with you-you-you know-struggling to connect with you, struggling to have my friendship with you and I can’t fight with you. Its like, but they’re so chronic that I have to go, what the fuck has changed? What thing has changed? S-do you not remember how different? You were so different, you were so, you allowed me to---you---present

J: I allowed you to what?

A: You were so present, and we were allowed to fight, not even fight, we had arguments. 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. I-I never feel that safe. I constantly feel like you’re ‘bout to fucking split and I don’t wanna feel like that. You make me feel meaningless.

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

A: Yeah, why wouldn’t I if I know that you’re about to split? I mean that’s what I’m saying you always split

J: I wasn’t about to split.

A: You *always* split so that’s-why wouldn’t-I mean I do blame myself for my actions yesterday...

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

A: I...

J: I was laying in bed watching television.

A: I fucked up last night. I'm not going to defend myself, but I also can't blame-like me going to the finish line, you know? That's always where you drive it. You know?

J: Y-y-y-you're saying that I-you-you were sure I was gonna split.

A: Always. I mean that's just...

J: Why would I split from laying in the bed, *with* you, watching television?

A: Any time I tell you that I'm unhappy with *anything* and it's typically the same thing. *Any time* I voice a complaint, I'm not allowed to have a complaint, I'm not allowed to think the way I want. I've told you 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 a point and you aren't allowing me the luxury of us just being normal human couples like 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. Wha-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-it's something because it's chemical, it's strong, it's one day you were different...

J: It's the same, no, it's the same...

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

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

A: (unintelligible)

J: Huh?

A: I really wish that was the case.

J: That is the case.

A: 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 its anything negative. You-go-you take off on a train and you *don't* get off. You *don't* calm down, you *don't* come back around, you *don't* honour when you say I just want a few minutes or I want a little time but I'll be back, you *don't*-ass-uh-uh-assuage the-um-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 honour 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 honour that. You leave me with way more anxiety, stress, anger and resentment. You-uh-uh-but in Australia, for a few months you were so---

J: So were you. It makes a difference.

A: I...

J: I wasn’t being attacked.

A: I-I-I have not attacked you any different. I haven’t changed. I’ve not 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, baby...*

J: It becomes verbally insulting, it becomes all kinds of shit, it becomes-like-like r-r-right-right at the get go.

A: 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...

J: Say it nice. Say it nice, man.

A: 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...

J: You’re talking about...

A: ...telling me I’m not allowed to feel things and I’m not allowed to react, because-to protect you.

J: Last night happened because I was at Isaac’s for too long. *Next door.*

A: It happened because we could not communicate.

J: And for what? For what? What did we—gain from this fight? From-from me-just-you know? The horrible fucking act of me being over at Isaac’s-for just too long for you.

A: I did not cause this because you were at Isaac’s. That’s what-I mean you lie to yourself, go ahead. You’re *just* lying to yourself.

J: Then why were you upset last night?

A: This did not happen 'cause of Isaac's. This happened because we're fighting. This is NOT about Isaac's. We actually haven't even really 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, it could say 'baby you did something to hurt me' which you *did*, and *you* admitted.

J: Why didn't you say that?

A: *You admitted* that you would feel that way too.

J: Yes.

A: 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 will very *likely* be, a defensive explosion and then 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 apologised for.

J: Yeah.

A: You already apologised for. Can you do me one small favour and not take it back?

J: I ain't taking it back.

A: Thank you. Stop defending things you already apologised for. It meant a lot to me. Do me one favour today, don't take that back.

J: And what did I just say?

*(silence for about 7 seconds)*

A: (unintelligible)

J: Mm?

A: This isn't about that is it? And you know it. It's-It's about not allowing...

J: Is it about me showering?

A: No, it's about you not allowing me to have any problems with you or be upset at you or mad at you or even hurt by you at all. You do not allow it.

J: If you- if you could have just said I-in-in a kinder way, in a nicer way like 'listen I feel fucked over at what you fucking just did'.

A: You would've freaked out.

J: No, I would say fucking what is it? Like what? Again-took too long at Isaac's, you said you wouldn't be that long or whatever you shouldn't, I feel stranded, I felt fucking left or-w-why-why am I gonna fight with that? Why-why would I get mad at that?

A: My god! The first thing you'd do 'I don't have to do-I don't have to text you' and all, you just be, it would be shitty. It would be a fight. It would be terrible. It would not be...

J: You, you. It was a fight.

A: Yeah. It was.

J: It was a fight—and—and it shouldn't have been-and-and-and---some-the-the Isaac thing was the impetuous because-you were-because that-that was a lot of what you've said today.

A: It was the impetuous but it's just a small example in a bigger thing and you know it's a bigger thing.

J: Oh, ok. It's a bigger thing, it's coming from—back in Australia.

A: No. it's like Australia we-we were allowed to have fights, I can't-you can't sit here and tell *me* I can't feel things, I can't voice them to you. If we say to each other you can't get mad or you can't be hurt by the other, then we're living a fucking mother-a mother-fucking fairy-tale.

J: Look. O-of course. N-n-nobody-nobody is able to—and shouldn't—hold shit in. We can go to the other person—and say 'look man. I feel fucked. I feel shit. I feel this, I feel that'. And then we can assess you-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-I don't understand what you're saying and you're wrong and you're th'-whatever.

A: But it's going to be the *latter* and it's been the *latter*—for—months now. Where that's your reaction is not *ever, ever* admitting wrong. Ever doing anything wrong. *Ever...*

J: That's—that's not true.

A: You *always* go straight to—you're wrong, fuck you. Kind of thing. You don't say fuck you all the time right away but I'm saying.

J: You're saying always.

A: Like 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 at 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, u-u-uh always on me and I'm always fucking up' and you know like getting mad at me for having—for being honest with you. We've had a million fights where I'm like I was honest with you, I told you how I felt—if you were me you wouldn't you feel bad. Yeah. Ok. Well then-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, 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 get 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 wanna 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 fucked and 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 have 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?

J: Do you remember thanking me for doing that, actually recently?

A: umm?

J: Thank you for being the bigger person, thank you for coming and apologising to me. Thank you.



A: When. I'm sorry, when?

J: Uhhhhhhhhh-was it—I don't know—honeymoon or Venice?

A: (unintelligible). I don't remember which one it is.

J: I'm really sorry, I don't remember exactly.

A: No-no-no-no-no I wasn't-I wasn't questioning you. I'm sure it happened

J: You just saying you-you-you

A: No, I just don't remember that one time but I'm saying the majority of the time and if you wanna 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 is me trying, whether I'm hurt, whether I'm mad, whether you've just told me you hate me in my eyes. I'm the one trying to get you to calm down, trying to get 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 it because I 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, only be there for health and not sickness, every time it gets hard and 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 walk- we need to walk away. I don't want to walk away. I don't wanna end this.

J: D-do you not think you instigate the same thing?

A: I'm not talking about instigating; I'm talking about ending.

J: Ending. You don't--

A: I'm talking about ending.

J: Yeah but you don't always do that. You don't always end up to be the one to say—

A: I, remember we had (talked over by Johnny)

J: What you do is in the morning you say I'm sorry.

A: I do it at night. I do it at night, I come up. 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, at Venice I came to you, in Toronto I came to you, in-s-in um what do you call it? In 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. We 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 problem-promise, not mine. I tried to get you to come to bed when you're-um-mad. I tried to get you to calm down, so many times in Toronto.

J: When? Oh, in Toronto.

A: 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.

J: I am sorry you feel that way.

A: You're never the one coming to me and saying, 'let's not fight anymore', never the one saying 'Come. 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.

J: On the plane. Here from-uh-Pe-from-from Rio.

A: You don't want to admit it. Think about it.

J: You were losing your marbles.

A: Think about it.

J: I'm the one who came to you and said, 'let's calm down', 'please, calm down' And you were blaming me.

A: Think about it.

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

A: Think about it.

J: ...have time before your thing.

A: Just think about it.

J: No, no.

A: The majority of our fights have hap—

J: No—absolutely. Ok. 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.

A: Yeah, no shit. But if you wanna keep doing this and live a life where you constantly are using that as ammunition which you can shoot yourself in the fucking head with, then fine. Ok. But at least admit you're doing that. If you want to hold on to everything and never get over it, never let go. 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 in wonder and just admit it's because you never let a fucking thing go. You can't get over it, and you can't—and that you won't and cannot calm yourself down when you're mad.

J: So, it's all my fault?

A: No. It's not. It's not.

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

A: ...including myself.

J: You copped it last night.

A: I have...(unintelligible)

*(silence for about 7 seconds)*

A: (unintelligible) What I'm talking about today, I do let things go, I move this relationship forward, I fight for us when it gets hard. I do let things go; I see the bigger picture.

J: You said you-you...

A: I'm tired.

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

A: That was a hard week and I-I did not say 100% at the time and in no part of this conversation

J: On the plane, was fucking hard on me too.

A: In no part of this conversation did I say, 'I am perfect'. I did not claim that.

J: I know you didn't.

A: You claim the vast majority of times (unintelligible) patterns. And I own them and I'm right, you know it. You don't have to admit it, but you know what I am saying is true. I'm able to see the bigger picture, whether I'm mad or hurt, I do mean for better or for worse. I have honoured my word to not leave. You ditched me last night and I understand. I understand—how shitty—that got, and I understand my part in it. But whatever your reaction to this fucking situation is, it's about to crack and I'm trying. I can't, I can't hold it by myself. I also don't want to. It makes me unhappy. It makes me think, and that's the trust that I'm talking about.

J: 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.

A: I know.

J: And I do and

A: If you can...

J: I-I do may you unhappy and-and-and I do let you down.

A: I want to know if you can change. I know you're not perfect and I've seen you be pretty damn close, I've seen you do better, I've seen you control yourself more, I've seen you react less, I've seen you be less—I've seen you in a way-way more controlling and you get so fucking edgy, you get so mad so fast and you stay mad. I've seen this happen before and I've 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. I will, but I'm not changing how I do things; you're changing how you do things and it's this dramatic change, and it's been a few months now. I'm-I'm-I'm begging you, now is the time. If you choose to stop it, fucking great. I will be with you through the change, but I can't set myself up to be the only one to keep promises and then wind up in another situation like Toronto, where you're booking a room or a train or getting on a flight. I'm not saying that I'm not

hearing all this shit and I'm not defending myself and I'm coming to you saying I love you and I'm trying to protect you from yourself and I get destroyed. I can't do it again. I won't ever survive through that again and—I don't want to. It made me unhappy.

J: I don't want to, and I don't want you to.

A: When you leave me like that.

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

A: Instead of just-like—you can't leave the house.

J: Your saying, I-I mean, you're saying to me that I for a long time I was able to keep everything together and-and when we fought...

A: Do you remember?

J: Like, yeah. Exactly. And, which for a while.

A: Yeah. Yeah it was.

J: So...

A: and we could have arguments, it was like ok. Normal. Now we can't have a normal.

J: Right.

A: We can't have an argument. No. Uh-uh.

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

A: No. Before I jump. Just a normal argument. Baby if there's (unintelligible)

J: There is, but you.

A: Sometimes you just go 'that was rude' or you snap. See baby?

J: You tend to-you tend to *jump*. You tend to jump.

A: Ok. Alright. This is *before* the jump, this is a normal, fuck man that really fucking sucks if I matter too, or whatever it is. And it's not...

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

A: That's not-that's not the point I was saying

J: I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

A: There are times when you can make—for months now, consistently.

J: Wow, I had no idea.

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

J: Course.

A: Do I not—I—know that you have to take medication. I am very aware of that.

J: Mmhmm.

A: And I—you have actually changed my mind a bit as to how necessary they can be. I used to kind of think that they were—not superfluous but—I-just like...

J: An escape?

A: Yeah and now I *don't* think that and that's because of you, you know, you changed my opinion about them, but I do know *you*—and you don't know moderation very well. You don't. You are *allergic* to moderation. So, I balance you out, I think, a little bit. I 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?

J: You do. Listen.

A: And do I ever give you a hard time?

J: You s-lo-no. About the meds? No. You-y-y-you spoil me. Look, you do all those wonderful things. You-you-you-you take my boots off...

A: I'm not tooting my own horn.

J: No, no. 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-I never even dreamt-like-th-that someone-would be so fucking caring as to-you know, say 'hey baby, it's time for your meds' and you know so beautiful that you wife is you know doing that, it's beautiful that you know-um—th-th-the act of just simply taking my fucking boots off when I get home from work. That-it-is-is monumental stuff to me that-a-that-th-th—you know? The care throughout the day, you know. Here, drink this vitamin water or-um-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've-how you've changed my life, how you've, you know. I-I-I do not want to be I don't want to be a fucking shithead in your eyes.

A: Thank you for saying that.

J: 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.

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

J: What?

A: I meant it what I said earlier, if you were not my favourite person it would be so easy to walk away. For you too, I'm sure. God, when I think about all the times it would have been very easy to walk. Based on the bad, the stress, on fights. But I can't because you're my favourite person, the most beautiful, dynamic, shiny, smart, sexy thing I can't—something you'll fight for. That I-I am, I'm trying. I just want to feel safe again. I want the stability and we meant marriage for life, right? We meant like better for worse and all that stuff. I know we didn't say it in those words but...

J: Of course, and we did.

A: Better or worse we didn't. Oh, wait, maybe um

J: Whitney said for better or for worse.

A: She did?

J: Yeah.

A: Well then...

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

A: I feel...

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

A: You're making me feel that it's-like not, you're not there for...

J: I left last night, hone-honestly, I swear to you, because I-I just couldn't take the idea—of-more physicality, more physical—abuse on each other. Because, had we continued it-it would have got...

A: I know

J: ...fucking 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.

A: I know.

J: If we don't get our shit together and that, by getting our shit together that might mean fucking hey, we do this, and we make it. That might mean. God damn. You know. You say I-I-I've tried; I'm done. Toodle-oo. But we-we've 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 recognise—when—I'm fucking starting to go sideways. I will recognise it but please do the same. Please do the same. And it's ok to fight like you said. It's ok.

A: You gotta. How do you remember that? And 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.

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

A: Sure. Sure. But I'm asking you. What-what do you do to-rem-like how do if it was just up to self-control. I need to know...

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

A: Yeah.

J: One. Two lists. One of...

A: I want a list, though, of what, sorry.

J: One. Here's, here's, here are things that you do that can hurt me or fuck with me or makes me mad or this or that and you-you know we take it without



freaking out. Just take it and own it and study it and fucking and if we have a-a-a different opinion? Let's talk it out a little bit. Let's talk it out a little bit. And I'll-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 that we should write.

A: Yeah. I was going to say this, the first list that you mentioned, it's just, someone once said to me that 'as soon as you start listing what you don't like about the other then the relationship's over'. Well they kind of said it as an aside. (unintelligible).

J: Send me a, write me a letter put it in an envelope every *morning* if you want. Or on our-on our little notebook.

A: With what? What you do wrong?

J: NO! No. Please don't. Please love me today. Please don't hurt me today. Please don't get crazy today.

A: Then what happens when one of us gets hurt or mad because that's life. It will come up. If we don't do things differently then why a list of things we don't do. I can't keep throwing our relationship in the air every time we get mad because all that's off, every time the blood pressure goes up a certain amount.

J: I-I-you know. Look-th-th-these don't have to be follow-through. These are just things that I suggest because I don't fuck what some cock says, 'as soon as you make a list'. Like. Fuck that.

A: I don't know. I just need some. I'll do it.

J: Look, I don't. It-it-it doesn't have to be gross, it just-it just. You know. You-you just-p-I mean I don't need a list. You just went through the majority. You know. And I-I went through (*yawns*) god a lot of mine. And you don't have to make the other fucking list. I'll make the other list.

A: No, I'm not saying I don't want to make the other list. I agreed 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.

J: It is

A: I can't keep living like this.

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

A: Then something has to change.

J: I've got less time, 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-uh-uh...

A: Something's gotta change.

J: Fighting-wi-wi-with and being-being dragged to 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, what, you know, fuck. What have I got? No, it's, no. Fucking month, fucking two weeks, goddamn 30 years. I don't fucking know but life is short, and precious. And I don't want to fuck up yours, you know, and I don't want you to fuck up mine.