

September 2015: Part 2 Transcript (Uncensored) (Unofficial)

J: I'd like—like a bit more understanding. From both of us.

A: It's-it's that sounds very good and I agree but what about, what are we...

J: In the moment.

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

J: In the moment? 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, I 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-to-to-to—bring it down notches. Many notches. I'll t-t-try to d-if we're, if we're heightened—to say—please I don't want you to feel this. I don't want, I don't want to feel this. That's-that's—

A: I'm not, I need to know what we need to do different. I need to know...

J: It's gotta be done with your mind and your heart.

A: What, what do we do different if I have a problem?

J: Tell me.

A: You need to tell me how to tell you...

J: Tell me.

A: ...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...

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

A: Yes. Exactly. If I do something that makes you mad—

J: O-ok. But I get mad and you start fucking yelling.

A: I will. I-I-I-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...

J: No, no.

A: I only start fucking yelling when it's fucking hour eleven and we're really in it.

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

A: I was talking about the yelling.

J: No, but I'm s—we-we-you witnessed it. You were 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—

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

J: That's not-that's not always-that's not always

A: Doesn't have to always 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, you don't wanna spend your time like this. I know you don't, but I ask you because this is something your 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 gotta take some olive branches from me, you've got to offer them too. You've 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?

J: Yeah.

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

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

A: Say we're having an argument and you get mad. How can—?

J: An argument's an argument.

A: Yes, but say we're having an argument and you get mad. It has been. How do we talk to the you that's in front of me right now? What do I need to say?

What do I need to do? We don't want to spend our life mad like that, doesn't mean you have to like what I'm saying or doing or vice-versa.

J: Can't you just say—

A: Calm down

J: Baby, baby. 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. (*cuts over A*) I have done the same. What?

A: You promise?

J: Yeah. I-mean-what-yes. Why would I say it if I didn't?

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

J: So now my word's not worth.

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

J: And you? How do I, how do I calm you down when you go into a flurry?

A: Maybe-maybe say—remind me. Remember what we talked about. The calm, you know, baby please calm down.

J: Occasionally the bigger picture.

A: Something that will remind me of this conversation, and you know when I'm upset and I'm feeling like it's pointless. You know.

J: Don't ever lie.

A: I-I-I don't ever lie. I know you and I see, remember seeing 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've got a trust issue in general in life.

J: Oh yeah.

A: I-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, straightforward, honest. Everyone else in my life, I know you have trust issues, but you can't let it cloud what you know of 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—

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

A: What? Say what?

J: What you just said. Say that stuff to me at the time if I'm starting to fucking flip. You know? You're off doing a movie or I'm off doing a movie or whatever.

A: I feel like I do but I should just say it different or find another way. I'll pay attention to how I say it.

J: It depends man-let's both pay attention to how we, how we talk to each other.

A: Um.

J: To respect each other.

A: I-you know we're not going to do that all the time. There are times we're going to be shitty or whatever.

J: Course not.

A: But we make a promise to each other about the rings and the divorce.

J: No rings, no divorce.

A: We promise each other.

J: I know.

A: Cause then-then I want so bad to feel like the marriage I—

J: I promise you.

A: worked so hard to make happen, it's like meaningful.

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

A: Yes, but I want to make-I have those four years no matter what, but I *fought* for that wedding and we had that wedding, beautiful wedding. For what? If we don't-I want it like to mean something. That there's some—

J: Yeah. It did mean something, and it does mean something. And I didn't get married to you to fucking—fucking—you know 17 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—it would curve them a little.

A: I wanted 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 and the marriage is on the rocks. I make the same mistakes about throwing our marriage around. I won't do it again. I'm not going to do it again. Ok?

J: Please.

A: 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 wanna 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 don't—you do—do care about this please find a good way to do it whilst—that's respectful.

J: Mm.

A: 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 up in me, curls up in me and becomes c-cancer in me. It got worse every day when we were back in Toronto, it got worse every single day. Not better. Worse. Until we spoke about it. Until Whitney's birthday and we talked about—then it was ok, but I need—that's. I don't wanna resent you.

J: I don't wanna resent you and I don't wanna f-I don't wanna—not trust.

A: You can. You know how many times—how many times I've chased you out of the elevator in the hall? Gotta stop doing that. I'm not nit-picking...

J: Th...

A: I don't mean to be focusing on something but if it's a major thing to me and it is a *major*—

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

A: No, we don't.

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

A: I agree about the physical violence but separating for a day or night—

J: I'm-I'm—

A: ...Taking a night off from our marriage—

J: No, no, no, I'm

A: ...like that just opens up...

J: Listen. I'm just giving examples. I-it-it could be fucking three minutes, it could be fucking two weeks.

A: No.

J: I'm just saying.

A: 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.

J: I-I-I'm not.

A: You know what I mean?

J: I'm not saying anything negative.

A: I know.

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

A: Just don't-I think that...

J: Help me.

A: I...

J: And I'll help you.

(silence for 9 seconds)

A: I-this is the thing that makes me feel unsafe. (unintelligible) And to be honest, this is what makes me not trust.

J: What's that?

A: It's the-the like there's...

J: Walking away, going to our corner?

A: No, loopholes. You're like gonna take the time we need; take the time we need. Ok. Fine. Every time I'm mad at you I can go split. Except for, oh wait, I don't have my own place to go split to.

J: No, Amber. Stop.

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

J: Amber, that's not what I'm talking about. I'm saying...

A: I'm sayin we should control ourselves and not get physical and if it gets physical and we've dropped that-um-wall. Then we're going to drop the other walls. It's gonna to be like you're going to fucking split or I'm going to fucking split and—*(unintelligible due to being talked over by J)*

J: You may be...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-uh-or if it gets to that physical fucking—shit, the violence that's when we—we just say look let's go to our corners man you s-you-you hang wherever you want, baby I'm going in the office and I'm just going to fucking sit there and try and dejellify my fucking brain. I-I'm not talking about me running out of the fucking house, I'm not talking about me-you know splitting cause I'm fucking—cunt and a coward and a whatever. I'm talking about go to our corners, I'll go to my little office, I'll-y-you go-you can have the house, you can just take the house and wander wherever you want I won't fucking come bother you. You know. And-and if-if you at a point your feeling like better after ten minutes, come knock on the door.

A: I always do that.

J: And-and-and, please let me finish.

A: Sorry.

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

A: Will you try?

J: What?

A: Will you try to not make it...

J: I've just told you.

A: ...an all-night thing. I wasn't done.

J: I, oh.

A: And we try and not make it a lifestyle I mean will you try and remind yourself that they can just be fights. We try and...

J: Ab-absolutely.

A: Respect that it doesn't have to be an all-night thing.

J: Absolutely.

A: I don't want to go to bed mad and we were...

J: I don't.

A: ...doing really good with each other and...

J: I don't.

A: ...we didn't for a long time.

J: I don't want-I-I know. But we weren't insulting one another—to the point of like a-wow. You know? Like the way I insulted you in Toronto, or the way you insulted me on the-phew-on the plane or where-you know-whatever. Let's not get to that point. That's noth-uh-uh-uh-that's bullshit, that's-that's-that's-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. Go, I'll go in and fucking write and-and-and-and-and-and-try and figure it out, get it out whatever. I'm just...

A: Okay.

J: I'm just making suggestions for, to try and fucking save us. You know?

A: We've just, we've gotta honour our promises.

J: I—

A: I-I cannot, nor can you, you don't deserve to be in a relationship...

J: No.

A: ...that is walked away from. All the time.

J: I—

A: We can't. I would never want you to do that. I never want you to be in that. You deserve better. So do I. Cannot...

J: Indeed.

A: Be constantly—constantly. Anytime I'm upset or mad or hurt. Anything. 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'm in your house and you always split.

J: Listen. You can't, you can't be saying that I, that. 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.

A: Kind of. But then I...

J: No.

A: (*unintelligible*) yesterday.

J: No. It's our fucking house. It's our fucking...

A: You always remind me that um...

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

A: But you say it in fights, you use it in fights and I'm sorry, but I feel like. Look forget it. I, I, I just—I just want the...

J: Don't think that-that you know...

A: ...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...

J: It absolutely matters to me.

A: I do. 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'm you know d-do everything to change. Promise you I'm not going to throw around divorce. I will not say divorce unless I really mean it. Unless it's it.

J: Yeah.

A: And then I hope you leave me. 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.

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

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

J: ...to fucking much. Let let's, you know, we fucking, man we shake hands and walk away you know.

A: But you don't do it until you mean it. That's my point.

J: Trust me. If—I'm not going to do it unless I mean it. I...

A: Promise?

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

A: Promise?

J: Yeah, I promise.

A: That ring does not come off...

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

A: That's what I am saying. You know. I don't, I don't want our marriage 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 that even you and me as hotheads know that we can't make forever decisions when you're, when you're mad like that certainly feels like you could do but you and I both know even though we're hotheads, we do know the difference. However (unintelligible) in a fight ever and if you promise me then I promise you and we, we need that. We need to hold each other accountable.

J: I know.

A: I have nothing to cling on to. You didn't come home last night. I feel I have nothing to cling onto. The semblance of marriage, commitment or stability and I don't know if I can just get up and walk away and spend the night somewhere else

J: You obviously can.

A: I believe, I believe it's done if I do that. That's, that's, that's not marriage.

J: You-you talked about it; you know why I left.

A: I do know why you left. If you...

J: I'm saying now that I won't do the same thing. I mean...that I will not do that. I will not fucking leave...until-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 keep going. But yeah...

A: Promise?

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

(silence for 20 seconds)

A: *(unintelligible)*

J: Sorry?

A: want to be in our marriage. I want to be, I want to commit to you forever in 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 ok 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 how we should, we should fall asleep together every night. Ideally, never mad. Ideally, never mad. I'd love to say...

J: Of course.

A: ...you could promise that—but I don't even know if it's possible. I'd love to strive for it.

J: Y-yeah. You weren't ready for that last night, for sure.

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

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

A: No one's saying it more than me though.

J: So let's...

A: I am saying that.

J: So let's, let's, let's...

A: It's just chronically outweighed with, and I need *that* to be something you realise and that you know. It's affecting more than 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 happen.

J: No, I know. But when...

A: I'm not trying to rub your nose in that I'm just, I feel sometimes that you admit something, you'll acknowledge it, it'll be beautiful and then you'll go back on it, kind of and you'll like in your vocabulary after and then I feel like 'wait a second, is he taking it back?' You know what I mean?

J: I *do* know what you mean but like I said before, there's—there's not—I-I don't—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-it-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? Uh—understanding of 'oh well it's just nothing', cause it, if it keeps going, if it's always sort of there, then—I—I you know, 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, I've had the same trust issues, I've had the same uh-uh-disappointments, I've had the same—you know. Maybe-maybe not to the degree you have I-I-I-I'm assuming, so. But, yeah, I-I, man when you start, when you start fucking honking and you know what I mean (*laughs as he speaks*), it's...

A: then help me.

J: It's pretty...

A: Call it out. Call me out and help me.

J: I will. I will try.

A: Help me please. I might not even realise I'm doing it but you've gotta help me.

J: I will try.

A: But we can't, it can't be an excuse to leave.

J: I will try to help you. If I try to help you and I can help you, 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'.

A: That's. Yes.

J: If you wanna talk, wanna come get me. Otherwise I'll come check on you in an hour.

A: That-that would be really helpful.

J: Alright?

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

J: Just want-I just want you to—have your time to be able to calm down or my time to be able to calm down.

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

J: Say an hour.

A: even if you just say, it will you know, it—I promise we will 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 realise that I- you know in 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 rationalise with. I become-I-I-Kipper can tell you as he says he's the same way (*unintelligible*) and you work in a very different way. Need to meet in the middle. You know.

J: I-I-I-I-yeah. I-I-I do understand that. I mean-I-I do understand that all that. But I—I also want you to understand that-ugh- you know there were great moments, there were high hopes that it was just all cool and then you know whatever happens, this happens, that happens and fucking and we have a spat or a fight or a fucking blow up, I-I just want you to know that the way you're feeling about—being unsure of-of us, of the marriage, over this if you were and 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.

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

J: What do I take for granted?

A: 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'm knocking, I'm the one who asks...

J: Look...

A: ...to calm down. I'm the one who comes and gets you out of the place. I'm the one who comes and knocks at the bathroom door. I'm the one that come into the-into the house that you 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 a added luxury that you are just 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, the marriage, we would not be together. When I used to run away when you, whenever. 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 am a hothead 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 know that you showed up, that you cared enough to *(talked over by Johnny)*

J: H-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, you're the one that tries to calm me down, you're the one—but why am I, why am I riled up?

A: We're both riled up.

J: No but...

A: It's not like every time I've done something to you in a vacuum, *baby*. Yes, but you don't get. I don't doubt that 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 a reaction. There is something that caused it and I have the SAME thing.

J: But that.

A: I'm mad in the...

J: But what...

A: ...same way.

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

A: 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 so 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, of what a gift. Like I would do anything to trade places with you.

(said at the same time: You talk about insecurity in the relationship and trust, but you talk about trust

J: I don't see how you can say I'm taking it for granted, that's a fucking insult, man.)

A: But you talk about trust and you feel the same way. You don't feel the s, 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 par-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-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 qu—I just need to change my life, I wish my life was different, I am no longer with this person and I'm now single, I need to um-you know- get my shit together and 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.

J: One more time?

A: 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 I left it on the kitchen counter and you said: "I just need to clear my head for a night, maybe two."

(said at the same time: I didn't hear from you for six.

J: Oh, when I went with Bruce?)

A: No, this was here. You came 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-one, I-I do 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-I tri-I in my heart, know we 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—un and I'll never get some of that back. I'll never have that trust quite the same way. You-you left me a note saying I'm going to be gone for a night a-I and we didn't speak for a week, I didn't hear from you, you didn't check on me. Nothing.

J: So you thought we were broke up?

A: OH, yeah. I was preparing to be, to have that conversation with you and be done.

J: Oh? Cause you just said you were single.

A: No, I was 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...

J: Well, I hope it doesn't get to that.

A: No. Of course but I'm just saying that we, if I didn't fight for when I let it go. Devastated. Devastated in my heart, in my soul. All the trust, it 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.

J: 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 wanna talk. I go, I go because I think: fuck! We're screwed. Can't live like this.

A: What's to stop you from doing that again? I can't again.

J: Well, like I said or like you said: walk out the door, you walk out the door. That is the same as rings off, it's the same thing as me shutting doors. There's no talking unless we just wanna try and be civil with one another. As fucking people who are married and I hate to talk like, I hate even saying that 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.

(silence for 49 seconds)

J: I love you Amber and I will do my best to make you happy. For you to gain trust, respect whatever you, you feel you've lost for me. And...

A: *(unintelligible)*

J: huh?

A: I hope you can.

J: And I hope you can make the changes that—fuck with me. And if we want to do it, we'll do it. Ultimately, if we don't want to do it, then another resort.

Cause we're definitely at the end of any of that shit, all of it. Anger at each other, we're definitely at the end of that kind of shit. There's no more. No more.

A: Can you let it go? Can you let go of some of these fights?

J: Yeah. I can let the fights go.

A: I just feel like we hold onto everything and we fight about the same, you know?

J: *(mumbles something but is cut off by Amber)*

A: My mum said if either of us are forgiving each other

J: I-well I don't think it's going to, I don't think we can forgive each other this quickly.

A: I'm not saying that.

J: With time, it'll-it'll-it'll you know lessen but—everything that I said you-you know is not is not going to be able to unhear it and the same with me going to be able to unhear it we are thought provoking, fuck. Just gotta right it off. You, 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 and 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, within our mach-the machine that is us.

(silence for 46 seconds)

A: That's why I can't.

J: hmm?

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

J: *(Johnny murmurs something here but I can't quite figure it out)*. I hate having to leave, I hate fucking getting here. I couldn't fall asleep. Fucking had been and finally three hours fucking later. Feeling like oh god! Why? Fucking why?

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

J: It is important for me to fight for.

A: Uh-uh.

J: Why do you say that?

A: Cause, I know I can't do it alone. I woke up first thing and called you, called you last night which was just foolish. You know? And I understand part of it but I also see like... you know I love you and if not for my fuck ups and my issues. At least you know I love you; you know I love you more than me.

J: I don't.

A: Yes, you know that you do know that.

J: I, I what?

A: That I love you more than me and I love you

J: More than yourself?

A: Yeah. You don't debase yourself and embarrass yourself like that for some, for you. Cause you're worried about protecting yourself.

J: I don't think you debased yourself in anyway. You've been very brave and great.

A: Your feet are swollen.

J: Uh- what?

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

J: Foot's not swollen.

A: Huh?

J: Foot's not swollen.

A: Not swelling?

J: uh-huh. It's just...

A: Must just be where the sock

J: ...the muscle there.

(silence for nine seconds)

J: I love you and I don't wanna—wanna do anything bad to you, I don't wanna harm you, I don't wanna hurt you. I don't, I don't so like I said I'll fucking, I'll do every fucking thing I can. It's gotta be reciprocal.

A: Yes. I agree.

J: N' what you did, by calling me last night, you fell asleep on the phone, you do realise that?

A: Yeah. I'm sorry. I had to Ambien myself. Again.

J: That's alright. I-I-I said a sweet good night to you while you were sleeping.

A: Could you tell I was sleeping?

J: I thought you were sleeping once before, I think you might have fallen asleep once before and then woke up and continued talking and then I was saying something, talking and then you, suddenly there was no more. Just gone.

A: I really don't wanna s-sleep without you, again. We can't.

(said at the same time: There's a better way

J: I don't want to)

J: Let's-let's find it. Don't slog me.

A: I-I'm sorry I did.

J: It's ok, it just.

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

J: I know

(said at the same time:

A: but it can't be like the end...

J: I freak out)

A: ...of—our marriage is bigger than that. *Obviously.*

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

A: I—I agree. I agree but...

J: I hope we don't. I hope we don't.

(silence for 17 seconds)

J: I love you and 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, well, I will do everything I can to find out how to be a good husband.

A: You agree that it's been- you really are? It's just hard if anything comes up, if someone bumps your shoulder on a crowded sidewalk. You know we're wearing white again, no black, so it makes a difference. It's a big deal, if there is a bump. It's hard. I love you and I'm; I know we've been so, we can be so good

J: Why is that?

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

J: Listen...

A: We have to be sure of this

J: I know we had our fights today, to try to 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 and i-i-it's all scrambled, it's all fucking jumbled, it's like white noise all going round and doing a thing. 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 up to a point where—we didn't fucking know how this was gonna end. But I'm telling you by-by coming here today-i-i-is fucking courageous and it's fucking happened. For you to come here and talk to me and try and work things out and to tell me these problems things that I do that fuck with you, I wanna change or if you change me, for us to change together.

A: Thank you for sitting here and actually having a conversation. I did not expect that. But I'm really proud of you for not, not for running away/walking away or when if-I'm proud of you for that.

J: Thank you.

A: It means we can actually hash out these things.

J: Good.

A: Some things have to be said and maybe left

J: Huh?

A: And maybe left.

J: I know- oh left behind? Yeah

A: I know we'll never forgive a lot of things, but we can forgive, and we really do need to let a, we really need to. My mum's right: there's absolutely, it's just adding weight that we're just carrying round those stones and mum is right I know she is.

J: She is right. She's right on the fucking money. She's on it.

(silence for 18 seconds)

J: We can make it if we want to. We can get through the shit if we want to. And if you're unsure right now tell me.

A: I know I'm not. I love you; I love you and I just needed, I need, needed the security thing, I needed to have something to hold onto. Or else I'm, why?

J: Tell me shit, tell me, just tell me before it becomes something you held inside for so long *(A: yeah)* 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-or even if it is a huge drama, once we can get the shit out recognise it and like you said fucking it's gone, chuck it doesn't work. That method does not work. Bam! It's gone. Next. Fuck man. I-I-I-I'd fucking die if-if-if I thought and it kills me that-that-that the possibility that you would think that I take so much for granted or that I-that I-uh am untrustworthy or a bad husband

A: No, I didn't say you were untrustworthy

J: I'm, no I'm just saying it's uh

A: and I said what I needed to say. You know I won't.

J: I know, baby, I'm not, I'm not asking you to elaborate on any thing I'm saying. All I'm saying is: I would fucking die if-if-if I knew that was how you thought of me and, and now I know what I know I'm going to do my best to get it together so that I don't fuck with you and so you don't fuck with me and we're fucking, we're a couple again and we're friends again. I don't wanna fight with you. Love.

A: I promise I won't explode if we just do the things a little different. In the fight. Like you know, 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.*

J: Thank you.

A: Ok.

J: Thank you. Maybe-maybe when we're not fucking hocus pocus happens and you get all edgy with each other, instead of standing squaring off like a couple of fighters...

A: Uh,huh.

J: Maybe let's try sit down. Seriously, like you know, sit down. Even if we say, hey listen we're fighting like bastards let's sit down and have a glass of wine...

A: *(unintelligible)*

J: ...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...

A: I really have

J: ...realising it and admitting what wa-you know and I-and I-I realise, and I'll admit. What you got?

A: I was just pausing it, I realised it was about to run out of battery and it was still rolling. This thing

J: Oh here, *(hands her recording device)* there you go.

A: Thank you

J: No problem.

(silence for about 20-23 seconds then proceed to talk about plans for the rest of the day before this exchange)

J: Say it.

A: What?

J: Say the words.

A: I love you. I love you.

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

A: Do you?

J: I forgive you.

A: I'm really sorry.

J: Thank you.

A: I am.

J: Thank you. Now I'm, I'm. goes down to those last two words or three words. I'ma get my shit together, ok?