

DR. WONG: All right, this next exercise...will help you both with listening. One of you will speak while the other really just...listens. Would someone like to go first?

CAROLINE: Me. I had this crazy dream.

LLOYD: Do we have to do dreams?

CAROLINE: I was at this fancy restaurant having lunch, and the waiter brought me my entree. It was a salad. It was Lloyd's head on a plate of spinach...with his penis sticking out of his ear. And I said, "I didn't order this." And the waiter said, "You must try it. It's a delicacy. But don't eat the penis: it's just garnish."

DR. WONG: Mmm. Lloyd, what do you think about the dream?

LLOYD: I think she should stop telling it at dinner parties to all our friends. I mean, dreams should be private, don't you think?

DR. WONG: I'm not here to judge or to take sides. I will say...Communication is healthy.

LLOYD: Healthy? Telling people she dreams of me being castrated and "Florentined" is healthy?

DR. WONG: Are there any sexual problems in the marriage?

CAROLINE: Well...the truth is, um, we haven't had sex in quite a while. And before that, it wasn't all that, um...Oh, what's the word? Noteworthy.

DR WONG: Mm-hmm.

CAROLINE: By our twelfth anniversary, we'd gotten into a pretty stale routine. A couple of kisses, a couple of nipple twists. It would be over in the time it takes to make cappuccino. I know because I timed it once. I mean, it's no wonder I had an affair.

LLOYD: How could you tell him that so casually, like you were asking for water?

CAROLINE: Actually, may I have a glass of water?

LLOYD: Why don't you have oral sex too. I'll go wait in the car!

DR. WONG: Lloyd, how do you feel about Caroline's affair?

CAROLINE: He just wants me to wear a red "A" and sleep in the basement.

LLOYD: Is that so unreasonable?

CAROLINE: Everything's either black or white with him. You know, he doesn't... he doesn't see where he's responsible. And I mean, it just didn't mean anything to me. It shouldn't even be counted as an affair.

LLOYD: I think we need a ruling on this.

DR. WONG: Lloyd, have you forgiven Caroline for her affair?

LLOYD: Look, it was a long time ago. It's over. I'm fine about it. I just don't want to talk about it.

DR. WONG: Then let me ask you something. What do you want from the marriage now?

LLOYD: I wanna stop talking about it. Look, the truth is I want nothing. I have everything I need. I'm actually a very content person.

CAROLINE: What a liar. You're so unhappy you can hardly breathe. And I feel it in every gesture, in every silence. And I'm miserable. How can we both be in the marriage...And I'm miserable and you're content?

LLOYD: Luck?

DR. WONG: Caroline, what do you want from the marriage?

LLOYD: Oh, this should be good.

CAROLINE: What does that mean?

LLOYD: You don't know what you want. You blame everybody else for it. She's impossible to satisfy. She lives in her fantasies. I mean, let's really try to understand Caroline's miserable life. She lives in a beautiful home—

CAROLINE: —Which his mother owns.

LLOYD: —I have a successful business.—

CAROLINE: —Which his mother owns. We're in servitude to his mother for a loan she's charging us 18% interest on. We personally own nothing.

LLOYD: We took out a loan. We have to pay it back.

CAROLINE: No, you took out a loan. It was your decision, not mine. You took out a loan from Satan Mom.

LLOYD: She blames my mother...for everything that's gone wrong in her life. In the meantime, she never finishes anything she starts. Photography courses, existential philosophy courses, Scandinavian cooking classes...

CAROLINE: At least I go after my dreams.

LLOYD: To be what? Somebody who takes photographs...of lutefisk to prove the nothingness of being? No wonder our son's so confused.

CAROLINE: See? He blames me for Jesse. Is that right?

DR. WONG: I'm not here to judge.

LLOYD: What the hell good are you?

CAROLINE: You're the one who suffocated him with limitations. Our son's a very sensitive, creative—

LLOYD: —Juvenile delinquent. —

CAROLINE: —Boy. He has the imagination—

LLOYD:—That the Mafia gives scholarships for. In the ninth grade, we told him he could get a part-time job. You ready for what he did? He started an escort service for the football team, and he gave out my mother's phone number.

CAROLINE: And I still say gettin' laid by an 18 year-old linebacker is just what she needs!

DR. WONG: Please! Let's lower our voices!

CAROLINE: & LLOYD: Fuck you!