

HAROLD:

My wife stopped *looking at me*. Do you understand that? We didn't just start having problems, I woke up one morning and the woman I had vowed to spend the rest of my life with refused to make eye contact.

ED:

But...

HAROLD:

I know it's hard for you to understand. You and Alexa are still in that honeymoon phase. Which is great. You still surprise her with flowers for no reason, and the sex never gets boring, and sometimes in the middle of the day, you're overcome with this feeling deep in your chest where you swear you don't remember how to breathe. Until you realize that it's just your heart. Your heart is too full. You love her too much. And then you smile, and you keep breathing because you know you're one of the lucky ones. One of those people who isn't going to end up alone. And you think the rest of your life is going to be like that. This untouchable happiness. But it's not.

ED:

I'm not stupid. I'm not totally naïve. Alexa and I aren't perfect. We fight.

HAROLD:

Sure. But the problems you guys are facing right now, are nothing in comparison of what's to come. Because things will change. You'll have kids, and then suddenly everything feels different. Because it's terrifying, this little fucking life form that you created that

depends on you for *everything*. And suddenly the flowers and the sex and your heart don't seem so important because you have another person who is depending on you. But then you can't seem to find a *balance*. A balance between this woman you're madly in love with, and this infant who cries twenty hours a day, and these seventy-hour work weeks, and you just can't do it. You're spread too thin. But you still try. So you get a nanny, and it all seems ok for a while, but then one morning you wake up, and your wife won't look at you. And the on-call nurse won't *stop* looking at you, so you transfer, before you make a mistake that will ruin everything. And you leave everything you've ever known behind, because what else can you do? I didn't feel anything anymore. About anyone. I just couldn't feel anything.

ED:

Your daughters still need a father.

HAROLD:

I know it was selfish. But when she stopped loving me, I started hating myself. Little girls don't need a father who hates himself. Children need a man who understands what is it to be a father. And I could never be that man for them. So, I left. And now I'm happier than ever. We all are. If nothing else, kid, just focus on being happy.