

NANCY TENCH

EXT. TENCH'S HOME - MORNING

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START

NANCY.

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Don't forget it's Darcy's sports
day this afternoon.

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TENCH.

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Fuck.

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NANCY.
Don't say that in front of the
kids.

TENCH.
We're trying to break this funding.
The hierarchy are breathing down
our necks...

NANCY.
You already missed his Nativity. He
was inconsolable.

TENCH.
When I was a kid my parents never
came to a thing. I saw them on
weekends.

WENDY.
Well it shows frankly.

TENCH.
How the fuck does that show?

NANCY.
Will you please mind your language.
How many times do I have to tell
you this?

TENCH.
What is bugging you?

NANCY.
You didn't spend any time with them
over the past three years because
you were always away on Road School
and now you're preoccupied with
this new thing.

TENCH.
It's my job.

NANCY.
You're always finding new things to
do and I don't understand why.

TENCH.
You think I don't want to come
home?

NANCY.

What am I supposed to tell him when he starts crying and stamping his feet and freaking out asking for his dad and there's nothing I can do to make him quiet?

TENCH.

The reason he freaks out is because you're giving him unrealistic expectations.

NANCY.

Well, I think you have unrealistic expectations frankly.

TENCH.

My expectation is that we all do the best we can under the circumstances -- and that you don't make it into a big deal for him.

NANCY.

So it's my fault?

TENCH.

Just -- Nancy -- I don't need any more psychological complexity at this point in time. I have enough on my plate dealing with Holden.

NANCY.

Holden?

TENCH.

Yes. And Monte fucking Rissel and all the rest of them.

NANCY.

Well, it's becoming a problem for me and for Darcy and I need you to understand that now. Please. Thank you.

TENCH.

Two scoops.
I'll make it right with him later.

END