

JONAH (Aftermath)

INT. JONAH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

JONAH sits on the sofa with a blank stare into space.

AIMEE emerges from the master bedroom with frustration sitting at the forefront of her face and nearing tears.

Aimee tries to keep her frustration at bay as she offers her husband the following words...

AIMEE

Jonah, you let the water over flow from the tub onto the floor.

Jonah turns to Aimee. Without a word, he attempts to stand up.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

No..I stopped it and I've already mopped the floor....but I **cannot** do this.

JONAH

Do what?

AIMEE

Sit here day after day and watch you deteriorate. *I can't take it anymore.*

Jonah lowers his head.

JONAH

(a beat)

I just need time Aimee.

AIMEE

It has been four weeks and nothing is changing. *As a matter of fact it is getting worse.*

JONAH

Give me a break. I caused my partner to die.

AIMEE

That is not what happened. It was an accident. You said you wanted to be an officer all of your life. That means you must have understood the nature of the beast. There are risks. ***It was simply an accident.***

JONAH

I should have covered Greg. I had one job to do but Instead I tried to play hero.

AIMEE

And again, these are the risks one takes when becoming an officer.

JONAH

That is no excuse. I should have made a better decision. Training teaches you to make the best and most sane decisions possible and I failed. Now a kid has to grow up without his father all because....

Emotion threatens to take over Jonah but he manages to keep it suppressed.... to a point.

JONAH (CONT'D)

All because of me.

AIMEE

(rising frustration)

Stoppit. Greg's family doesn't blame you. Did you think that being an officer of the law, in Manhattan of all places, was going to be all donuts and coffee? You knew that every time you walked out of that door there was the possibility of tragedy.

JONAH

But this isn't about that. This is about me making the wrong decision.

Aimee throws up her hand. She is over this conversation.

AIMEE

So how long do I have to be punished for your *wrong decision*?

JONAH

(agitated confusion)

What?

AIMEE

How long do I have to suffer for your 'mistake'?

JONAH

(incensed)

What does this have to do with you?

AIMEE

It has everything do with me. Do you think it is easy watching you shrink into this rabbit hole?

(MORE)

AIMEE (CONT'D)

I can't even have a decent conversation with the man I chose to spend the rest of my life with. *I asked you to get help and you won't even do that.*

JONAH

I don't need help. *Not the kind of help that you keep bringing up.*

AIMEE

Its a psychiatrist. That is what they do. They help navigate you out from under this cloud.

JONAH

I don't need to talk to a shrink. They can't tell me anything I don't already know. ***I understand why I feel this way.*** I am 100 percent in touch with ***me.***

AIMEE

So you are just going to sit here wasting away in your self pity? *Life goes on Jonah.*

Jonah hits the sofa.

JONAH

I told you I just need time DAMNIT!!!!!!
Give me a fucking Break!!!!

Jonah's voice is so loud, Aimee is stunned silent.