EDWARD
The landlady gave us quite a scolding last time we were up here.

(AVA shrugs. EDWARD takes out a cigarette.)

AVA
You’re smoking?

EDWARD
Stress-eating cake isn’t doing it for me anymore.

(HE stands next to AVA, watching the street below them.)

EDWARD
Sorry to hear about your husband. War’s a bitch, huh?

AVA
I’m sorry I called you a coward. I just can’t believe you’re really going.

EDWARD
Me neither.

AVA
Why does England have to be so far away?

EDWARD
See, if you didn’t insist on that stupid Revolutionary War …

AVA
Oh my God.

EDWARD
I’m just saying.

AVA
I know you’re trying to protect Lou, but you’re leaving tomorrow. Which—

(SHE consults her watch.)
AVA
—is actually today.

EDWARD
Oh shit.

AVA
Yeah.

EDWARD
I haven’t found the right time.

AVA
You can’t wait much longer.

EDWARD
I know. I just wanted to have one complete draft of a musical. Just one, before I leave. So we can say we actually did it.

(Pause.)

EDWARD
I’ll write you loads of letters.

AVA
Excuse me?

EDWARD
Written with my finest quill and ink, and hand-delivered by a well-spoken messenger.

AVA
(Sarcastically.)
Ha, ha.

(Sincerely.)
I expect you to FaceTime us from Heathrow Airport.

EDWARD
Of course. I’ll live-stream the plane ride, too.