

We
are pregnant.

FRANK

Since when?

WINNIFRED

I wasn't sure for about a week.
And then I became sure.

FRANK

Oh.
Oh my god.

WINNIFRED

That doesn't sound like a good "oh my god."

FRANK

Oh my god.

WINNIFRED

Right.
Okay.
Well
let me put it this way.
If your Sir Arthur hooked you up with somebody's rich daughter,
and you let him,
and then everybody found out you actually have a *wife*
and she's having your *kid*,
I think you might not be as shiny as you are right now, you know?
You might...tarnish. A little. In the eyes of Sir Arthur.
So. Let's lock it down, Frank Thorney.

*Something shines in Frank - that cold edge.
Frank leans in. His aria.*

FRANK
(*soft, menacing*)

Here's the thing, my love
maybe I didn't explain this clearly
so let me try it again:

Sometimes men come along
born under a special star
and that's me.
I've always known it's going to be different for me.

I didn't scrape by for nothing,
 working the land - that shitty rocky soil,
 half the time you can't even get a potato out of it,
 and some winters we get by, but some winters there's just nothing,
 there's just nothing to eat, so we pull our belts tight and wait for spring
 and then spring comes but actually, guess what, there's *still* nothing –

I don't plan to be nothing.

I got by because I could feel what I *could* be
 just under the ribs, waiting to grow,
 waiting for the right soil
 and here it is
 and here I am
 and I am ready to be great.

You too, if you want greatness,
 but maybe not you, maybe you don't
 and that's OK -
 people grow apart
 people move on
 people only take each other so far, sometimes,
 — and that's always sad, when it happens,
 but sometimes it does happen.

You're gonna be a great wife, Winn
 And you'll probably be a great mother
 and I love you to death but
 nobody is getting in my way
 not even a child
 not even you.

WINNIFRED

...Frank?

*Like a switch being hit, Frank is himself
 again, as she knows him.*

FRANK

But I'd rather we did it together.