

*LILLIAN comes home from work to find that WALTER has boarded up the house's windows and has cranked the heat. Walter's wearing boxers and a bathrobe.*

WALTER

I didn't know you were gonna be home.

LILLIAN

What did you do to my *house*?!

WALTER

Lillian, it's—

LILLIAN

You go out there right now, and you take them *down*!

WALTER

I...

LILLIAN

Walter!

WALTER

Come *on*, Lill.

LILLIAN

Fine. *I'll* do it.

*(Lillian grabs the hammer.)*

WALTER

You can't—

LILLIAN

You don't get to tell me what to do in my house.

WALTER

Didn't you see her?

LILLIAN

Oh, Christ.

WALTER

She's out there.

LILLIAN

No more!

WALTER

But she's—

LILLIAN

Roz came into the store and told me I better get home while there was still a home to come *home* to. I lost half a shift today, Walter. Half a shift, because I had to run back *here*.

(*Fanning herself:*)

Jesus, it's like a jungle in here. It's gotta be ninety degrees in here! I *told* you, you can't keep the heat—

WALTER

Please don't touch the—

LILLIAN

It's like one of those sweat lodge things in here.

WALTER

Don't touch the heat.

LILLIAN

I'm gonna sweat to death. I'm literally gonna sweat to death.

WALTER

I read a website, it said that if a species of bird has found its way into your yard—that typically *doesn't* nest there—it said it was necessary to keep conditions static, if you find that a bird, that typically *doesn't*, has—if we were running the heat at full *blast*, we should *continue* to run the heat at full blast.

LILLIAN

Christ on ice.

WALTER

Do you wanna see the site?

LILLIAN

No I don't wanna see the site.