

JON MARJORIE

MARJORIE PRIME

JON: ~~Tess is on the phone with Dr. Koss—she thinks maybe he's overdoing it with your sedatives, and that's why you . . .~~

MARJORIE: ~~Took a spill.~~

JON: ~~Mm-hmm. Now, are you up for a bit of walking?~~

MARJORIE: ~~An adventure.~~

JON: Well, no. It's Shower Day.

MARJORIE (*A real crisis*): Oh no.

JON: I know. But you want to look your best. In case Jean-Paul stops by.

MARJORIE: You can't fool me. I know he's dead.

JON: Well it's likely. But we don't actually know. He kept writing to you, even after you were married. Can you believe that? You bewitched him.

MARJORIE: You're making this up.

JON: I'm not. He sent you roses and you saved one, pressed between two pieces of paper.

MARJORIE: How do you know that?

JON: We found it in a drawer, at the old house.

MARJORIE: Busted.

JON: "Busted"?

MARJORIE: Don't people say busted anymore?

JON: I mean, a *car* is busted . . .

(*Beat.*)

MARJORIE (*Fishing*): What attracted him to me, do you think?

JON: Well, your womanly wiles of course.

MARJORIE: Of course.

JON: And I imagine you cultivated a frosty distance.

MARJORIE: Oh yes, men like that. (*Beat*) Why do men like that?

JON: I wish I knew.

Speaking of which, I should check on Tess.

(*He starts to go. He is almost out the door.*)

JORDAN HARRISON

MARJORIE: How long ago did my mother die?

JON (*Gentle*): A long time. I got to meet her once. It was the first time Tess brought me home for dinner.

MARJORIE: *That* I remember.

JON: I bet.

MARJORIE (*She pronounces it "sook-say"*): *A succès de scandale.*

JON (*The same*): Was it a succès?

MARJORIE: You're still together, aren't you? So it didn't matter what I thought.

(*Short pause. He smiles a little at this—how much she's revealing these days.*)

I remember you didn't put your napkin in your lap. And your beard was nearly to the floor.

JON: It wasn't

MARJORIE: Like the guys from ZZ Top

JON: What's ZZ Top?

MARJORIE: *Really?*

JON: Was that a band?

MARJORIE (*"I'm so old"*): Oh dear oh dear oh dear . . .

(*He smiles, confused but sympathetic.*)

JON: I'll be right back. I have to make sure Tess isn't giving that nice young man the third degree. She has a way of—

MARJORIE: Yes

JON: When it comes to details.

MARJORIE: "Peanut butter! Eat!"

JON: It makes her feel in control.

MARJORIE: I'd like to feel in control.

JON: Well, try yelling at Dr. Ross.

I'm going to go rescue that man from my wife. I'll be back soon. Here's some Vivaldi.