

MARJORIE WALTER

JORDAN HARRISON

MARJORIE: You do?

(He sees the sink.)

WALTER: Marjorie. Where are the dishes?

MARJORIE: The girl did them.

WALTER: She doesn't come 'til two.

MARJORIE: I did them.

WALTER: You didn't. Your arthritis.

MARJORIE: I had a good day. *(She holds her hand up, opening and closing it with apparent ease)* Look.

WALTER: Marjorie, we both know what no dishes means.

MARJORIE: It means I haven't been eating.

WALTER: Even a spoonful of peanut butter.

MARJORIE: I'm not hungry. It's their fault. Feeding me those pills.

WALTER: The pills are their fault?

MARJORIE: Yes.

WALTER: Or your doctor.

(Marjorie absently rubs the hand that she opened and closed.)

MARJORIE *(Pouty)*: Maybe if she got Jif.

WALTER: Maybe if / she?—

MARJORIE: She always gets the kind you have to stir or there's an oil slick on top. And she calls that healthy.

WALTER *(Coaxing)*: Even a spoonful.

MARJORIE: You sound like them.

WALTER: I sound like whoever I talk to.

(The feeling of an uncomfortable truth.)

MARJORIE: Let's talk about something else.

WALTER: I could tell you a story. You liked that the last time.

MARJORIE PRIME

MARJORIE: I'll have to take your word for it.

WALTER: I could tell you about the time we went to the movies.

MARJORIE: We went to a lot of movies.

WALTER *(Does she remember the significance?)*: But one time we saw *My Best Friend's Wedding*.

MARJORIE *(She doesn't remember)*: *My Best Friend's Wedding* . . .

WALTER: There's a woman—Julia Roberts. For a while it was always Julia Roberts. And she has an agreement with her best friend, her male best friend, that if they're not married by a certain age, then they'll marry each other. And she's about to remind him of the agreement but it turns out he's already fallen in love with this nice blond—Cameron Diaz. And so Julia Roberts spends the whole movie trying to ruin things between her friend and Cameron Diaz, which is not very sympathetic behavior for America's Sweetheart. But it's all okay in the end, and she has a gay best friend who delivers one-liners.

MARJORIE: Did I like it?

WALTER: You said you wanted a gay best friend afterwards.

MARJORIE: Did I get one?

WALTER *(Faintly generic)*: I'm afraid I don't have that information.

(Pause. She scrutinizes him.)

MARJORIE: Why did you pick that story? Why did you pick *My Best Friend's Wedding*?

WALTER: It's the night I proposed to you.

MARJORIE: Oh Marjorie, the things you forget.

You were trying to tell me and I wouldn't let you.

WALTER: That's all right.

(Short pause.)

MARJORIE: Kind of unfortunate, isn't it.