MYSTERY NOVELIST. Yes. You wore a letter jacket. How did you ever letter in anything?

HISTORY PROFESSOR. It was out of pity. You were cold. Wearing a tiny dress. I draped it over you.

PHOTOGRAPHER. She remembers the moustache he tried to grow. He thinks of her seventeen year old legs. They settle into an unsettled silence. That was then. But now – now –

HISTORY PROFESSOR. I'll move into the cottage.

MYSTERY NOVELIST. No, no.

HISTORY PROFESSOR. I insist.

PHOTOGRAPHER. He says goodbye in his mind to his oak bookcase and the red couch in his study. She feels the pull of the novel she's writing. How to get her heroine out of the water. Do boats just come along? Does she float for a while? Was she perhaps a champion swimmer? Reminds herself to look up how long it takes for hypothermia to set in. Instead what she says is –

MYSTERY NOVELIST. What will we tell the kids?

HISTORY PROFESSOR. Jonathan will take it in stride. But Marjory. I worry about Marjory.

PHOTOGRAPHER. She doesn't tell him that Marjory already knows. Over the phone. Last week. Marjory pleaded. Marjory cried.

*(***MARJORY** *appears in spot, in pain.)*

MARJORY. Mother, please. Don't do this. He loves you. You love him.

MYSTERY NOVELIST. It wasn't enough.

MARJORY. Are you fighting?

MYSTERY NOVELIST. No. No.

MARJORY. I don't understand.

MYSTERY NOVELIST. I long for an empty bed. I want to drink coffee alone in the morning. I want to be lonely.

MARJORY. Is he having an affair? Are you?

MYSTERY NOVELIST. No. No. I want him to move out before I begin to hate him. His toenails. His breath. The grunty way he stands up.

MARJORY. Don't do this. Please!

MYSTERY NOVELIST. We will be civil when we see you. It is all very civil. We will come visit together maybe. We will have dinner. We will smile and we will enjoy each other's company. How's your roommate?

PHOTOGRAPHER. And Marjory is distracted for twenty minutes talking about the trials of life in Boston and the HR game. She might switch companies. It is what people do, to get ahead, to climb the ladder and ascending is what it's all about, right? But it would mean leaving her team who she has grown fond of. And starting over with new people and new processes.

MARJORY. Do you think I'm ambitious enough? It's something I want to be true about me. But sometimes I can't tell the difference between what I want and what I think I should want. What do you think?

PHOTOGRAPHER. And then she becomes aware of how dull she must sound to her mother, how unartistic, how grounded. Her mother admires her daughter with her feet on the ground, but then there never is the clouds of the mind to discuss. That much they don't share. But the Mystery Novelist asks questions to show she is listening. Like –

MYSTERY NOVELIST. How is the transition to the new software? How did you feel about last quarter?

PHOTOGRAPHER. And Marjory knows her mother is trying. Did she try in her marriage? Marjory cries and pleads and cries.

MARJORY. Noooo!

PHOTOGRAPHER. She feels sorry for herself and imagines she now comes from a broken home. She looks at the bean bag chair and remembers when her parents helped her move in. Was there tension that day? She's not sure. She makes microwave popcorn and falls asleep to *Casablanca.*