

Marge knocks on the door.

Marge:

Tom?

Tom:

Marge, I'm in the bath, I won't be long.

Marge:

Tom I have to speak to you it's urgent.

Tom:

Coming.

Marge:

I found Dickie's rings.

Tom:

What?

Marge:

You have Dickie's rings.

Tom:

I can explain.

Marge:

Dickie promised me he would never take off this ring...

Tom:

I'm gonna put some clothes on and I'll come out and we'll talk about this.

Marge:

(overlapping) I have to tell Mr. Greenleaf. I have to go down and tell Mr. Greenleaf. I have to tell Mr. Greenleaf.

Tom:

Marge calm down. Marge, Marge, you're being hysterical.

Marge:

He promised me: I swear I will never take off this ring (and he said...)

Tom:

Marge shut up. Pause. I'm wet Marge, I've lost my towel and I'd really like to put some clothes on. Go and pour us both a drink. Pour us a drink.

Tom:

Marge? Where are you going?

Marge:

I wasn't snooping. I just.. I was just looking for a needle and thread to mend my bra.

Tom:

That scent you're wearing... I bought that for you. The thing about Dickie... so many things... that day when he was late coming back from Rome - I tried to tell you this - he was with another girl. I'm not talking about Meredith either. Another girl that we met in a bar. He couldn't be faithful for 5 minutes. So when he makes a promise it doesn't mean what it means when you make a promise, or I make a promise. He has so many realities, Dickie, and he believes them all. He lies. He lies, and that's his... and half the time he doesn't even realise he's doing it. And today, I really started wondering whether he may have killed Freddy. He would get so crazy if anybody would contradict him, well you know that. You know that. You know that. And that's the irony Marge. I loved you. You may as well know Marge, I loved you. I don't know, maybe it's grotesque of me to say this now so just write it on a piece of paper or something and put it in your purse for a rainy day: "Tom loves me...". "Tom loves me".

Marge:

Why do you have Dickie's rings?

Tom:

I told you, he gave them to me.

Marge:

Why? When?

Tom:

I feel as if you haven't been listening to anything I have been saying to you.

Marge:

I don't believe you. I don't believe you.

Tom:

It's all true

Marge:

I don't believe a single word your saying

Tom

You're shivering Marge, look at you. Marge can I hold you?  
Will you let me hold you?