

COLE
Whatever ever's your problem, don't take it out on me.

FR. TOM
Just get her, Cole. Please.

COLE exits. FR. TOM
finishes his
cigarette and lights
another. MARGARET
enters.

FR. TOM
(stands)
Hi, Margaret.

MARGARET
Hi.

FR. TOM
(raising cigarette)
Does this bother you?

MARGARET
Yes.

FR. TOM
Sorry, sorry.
(looks around for the butt can which
isn't there. Stubs it out in the garden
dirt)
Remind me to pick that up before Cole sees it.
(motioning to the cement bench)
Sit a minute.

MARGARET
(sitting)
Cole said I was being called into the principal's
office.

FR. TOM
(smiling)
Bet you were never called into the principal's office.

MARGARET
One of my greatest regrets.

FR. TOM
Me, too, come to think of it.
(pauses)
How's your husband ...

Warren. MARGARET

FR. TOM
Warren, yes I knew that. Parkinson's.

MARGARET
Yes.

FR. TOM
Tremors or freezing up?

MARGARET
Mostly tremors. And dementia. Early stages.

FR. TOM
That's hard. My mother had Parkinson's.

MARGARET
I didn't know. that.

FR. TOM
It's a beast of a disease.

MARGARET
Yes, it is.

FR. TOM
How're you doing?

MARGARET
Me?

FR. TOM
Yes, you.

MARGARET
Fine. (pauses) I'm always startled when someone asks me that.

FR. TOM
Why?

MARGARET
Because nobody asks me that.

FR. TOM
Well, Margaret, I'm asking -

MARGARET
-- I'm fine. (pauses) Why?

FR. TOM
Why?

MARGARET
You've never had a conversation with me before.

FR. TOM
I haven't?

MARGARET
Not like with the others.

FR. TOM
Surely... I'm sorry. Really.

MARGARET
And I'm fine because I am no longer with Warren.

FR. TOM
You're not?

MARGARET
No. His daughters evicted me.

FR. TOM
What? But you're his wife.

MARGARET
No. I'm not, wasn't, his wife.

FR. TOM
I had no idea.

MARGARET
Why would you? So. Why now? (pauses)

FR. TOM
Gosh, I didn't mean to --

MARGARET
-- why now? Why are you having a conversation with me now?

FR. TOM
I'm afraid I have bad news.

MARGARET
What's happened?

FR. TOM
Last night, Gertrude -

MARGARET
 -- Gertie.

FR. TOM
 Yes, Gertie. Was found dead.

MARGARET
 What? Dead? Gertie? (FR. TOM nods.) How?
 How?

FR. TOM
 Stan.

MARGARET
 (staring)
 Stan? You mean he killed her?

SILENCE

FR. TOM
 Do you want some water, Margaret?

MARGARET
 (shakes head)
 How?

FR. TOM
 He shot her.

MARGARET
 Oh, dear god. Dear god. (pauses) I'd talked to her
 about getting the guns out of the house. She said
 she'd think about it.

FR. TOM
 I'm so sorry, Margaret.

MARGARET
 Where is she?

FR. TOM
 At the morgue.

MARGARET
 They called you ...

FR. TOM
 My name was on the refrigerator as an emergency
 contact. One of the neighbors heard the shots -

MARGARET
 -- shots?

FR. TOM
 (nods, pauses)
 And called the sheriff who called me.

MARGARET
 Where is he. Where is Stan?

FR. TOM
 In custody.

SILENCE

MARGARET
 What will happen to him?

FR. TOM
 I don't know.

MARGARET
 Does he know what he's done?

FR. TOM
 He thinks he shot a burgler. He keeps calling her
 name.

MARGARET lowers her
 head and covers her
 face.

FR. TOM
 I'm so sorry, Margaret.

SILENCE.

FR. TOM
 Did she have family?

MARGARET
 No. None living.

FR. TOM
 I'll contact her church about a service.

MARGARET
 No, no, no. Not there. She was done with them. They
 wouldn't do her son's funeral because he was a drug
 addict.

FR. TOM
 (pauses)
 We can do it here.

MARGARET

(pauses)

Yes, here. She liked you.

FR. TOM

And I liked her. She was a kind, gentle woman. It'd be an honor.

MARGARET

I'll go to the house and get her something to wear for the viewing.

FR. TOM

There can't be a viewing, Margaret.

MARGARET

(Pause)

Maybe that water now.

FR. TOM

Sure.

FR. TOM exits,
MARGARET lowers her
head and cries.
FR. TOM returns
with a glass of
water. MARGARET
drinks it thirstily.
FR. TOM sits
silently. They both
sit quietly.

MARGARET

She wouldn't want a big production.

FR. TOM

We could do a graveside service.

MARGARET

Yes, I think that would be better. They have plots over at the Union Cemetery On Bee Street. I went with her to put flowers on her sons' graves. There's a plot for her and Stan between her two boys.

FR. TOM

Two?

MARGARET

Yes, her other son, Ben was killed in a motorcycle accident.