

MARJORIE. It's all important.

*(Beat.)*

TESS. You would always order things in restaurants that you cooked at home. Lamb shanks, risotto. And then you would say that it was good, but not as good as you would make. You would always do this.

You were good with men. I don't think you had a lot of female friends. I think you wanted me to be good with men too. It bothered you that I ended up with my college sweetheart – that I didn't play the field. When we got engaged, you took one look at the ring and you said, "Well, at least he doesn't have to overcompensate."

MARJORIE. What did I mean by that?

TESS. You were making a joke – about his penis.

MARJORIE. I wasn't.

TESS. But also the ring.

*(They both look at her ring.)*

MARJORIE. *(matter-of-fact)* Small.

TESS. You and Dad fought, but you loved each other. Neither of you seemed to be more in love than the other, which is always lucky.

*(Beat.)*

Maybe he loved you a little more.

*(Beat.)*

Towards the end, we sometimes had to remind you he was dead. Sometimes every day – "Where's Walter?" You'd make us kill him all over again.

And then, after we reminded you, you would say, "How nice that I could love somebody."

And I wasn't sure that you really felt that...at peace, but it was a nice way of putting it.

MARJORIE. *(committing to memory)* "How nice that I could love somebody."

*(TESS regards her.)*