

Scene Fourteen: Margaret's Car, Tranquility Spa Parking Lot

MARGARET sits in the driver's seat, BRENDA in the passenger seat. They are waiting for BERNARD's affair to come out, spying.

Brenda:

I can't believe I'm doing this.  
Can't we at least go inside? I  
could get a seaweed wrap while  
I pretend to listen to you.

A young, dark-haired woman comes out.

Margaret:

That couldn't be her!

Brenda:

I'm eating your protein bar.  
(does so)

Margaret:

Maybe it is...

Brenda:

This is like eating upholstery.

The woman walks on.

Margaret:

I knew it! Bern couldn't get  
anyone that good-looking to jump  
his saggy ass.

(laughs, BRENDA does too)

Brenda:

I thought you and Dad had an  
agreement about this sort of thing.

Margaret:

We did. We do. Only this time,  
he broke one of the rules: he  
didn't tell me first.

Brenda:

Oh, so you're not upset that Dad's  
fucking somebody else. You're upset  
that he didn't tell you he was fucking  
somebody else.

Margaret:

That's right. The rule is, if  
you step outside the holy bonds,  
you have to tell your wife first.

Brenda:  
Oh.

Margaret:  
(laughs)  
So she can line up some young  
hottie of her own!

BRENDA laughs in spite of herself.

Brenda:  
Well, I guess that sounds fair.  
You have other rules?

Margaret:  
Yeah, a whole slew of them.

Brenda:  
Go on, tell me. I'm curious.

Margaret:  
You can't fuck my friends, I  
can't fuck yours. No fucking of  
mutual friends. Never in Hawaii.  
Never in a hotel that costs more  
than \$300 a night. And never in a  
hotel that's under \$75 a night.  
(BRENDA laughs)  
Not on holidays. And there are others,  
I just can't remember all of them at the  
moment.

Brenda:  
Wow. Oh, is one of them: "Never fuck  
anybody else in front of your kids"? Oh, I  
guess not, since there was that time  
that I watched you in the hot tub with  
some old guy, with a hairy back.

Margaret:  
Darling, your father was there. And  
there was absolutely no penetration,  
I can assure you of that.

Brenda:  
Yeah, I'll bet that wasn't your choice.

Margaret:  
And you were supposed to be in bed...