

# MARY

MARY So. What can I get you?

JEFFERSON How about a room at the Four Seasons?

MARY Would you like a full English breakfast?

JEFFERSON That's a no. I want guava juice, egg-white fritata with brocollini rice cheese and peppers.

*A beat as MARY takes in what he is saying.*

MARY I've got toast...

JEFFERSON Forget it. Just get me a skinny latte decaf with soya milk and an extra shot...

MARY Nescafe OK?

JEFFERSON I give up. Can you do water? Do you have water here? Has drinking water arrived in England?

MARY One lovely glass of fresh water coming up...

*She goes off to the kitchen. JEFFERSON gets out a big box of pills of various colours which he arranges in a line. MARY reappears with a glass of water.*

Do you feel alright Mr. Steel?

JEFFERSON I will when I've got these inside me...

MARY That's a lot of pills.

JEFFERSON Not compared to what I used to take. Just your regular multi-vits, A few uppers, a few downers to counteract the uppers, more uppers to counteract the downers, omega oil, pro-biotics, anti-oxidants.

MARY What's the little blue one?

JEFFERSON That's Jefferson's bedroom buddy...

*MARY is a bit flustered. JEFFERSON chugs down all the pills.*

MARY You certainly look after yourself Mr. Steel.

JEFFERSON My body is a temple...

MARY ...though it looks more like a pharmacy...  
but in a good way.

JEFFERSON Thanks for breakfast I'll go pack my bags.

MARY Why?

JEFFERSON I'm checking out.

MARY Oh...

*MARY looks crestfallen. JEFFERSON exits. DOROTHY enters.*

DOROTHY (to MARY) So? What's King Lear like this morning?  
Still grumpy?

MARY He says he wants to check out.

DOROTHY Well he's a real charmer isn't he?

MARY It's how these big stars get into their characters.  
It's what they call method acting. You see King Lear  
is really grumpy...

DOROTHY (sarcastically) And if he was playing Romeo he'd  
be a real sweetie.

MARY I'd love to see him playing Romeo. He'd look good in  
tights... and a codpiece...

DOROTHY Mary...too much detail...

MARY I am just saying that he would be very good as  
a romantic lead.

DOROTHY He's had enough practise in real life. Apparently  
he's a sexaholic. I read it in a magazine. He's insatiable.

Anything in a skirt.

*MARY smooths down her dress hopefully.*

MARY Really?

## MARY

*MARY enters. Furious.*

NIGEL Enter the femme fatale, stage right...

DENIS You alright Mary?

MARY I'd rather not talk about it.

DENIS What?

MARY The thing I'm not talking about.

NIGEL And where is our star?

MARY I don't know and I don't care.

DOROTHY Shall we go from Act One Scene Three again.

Laura dividing his time between his two daughters and  
neither of them are happy with the domestic arrangements.

MARY I know exactly how they feel.

*MARY glares at JFFFERSON...*

DOROTHY OK. Mary.

*MARY's delivery is laced with extra venom.*

MARY/GONERIL By day and night he wrongs me; every hour  
He flashes into one gross crime or other,  
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it.

*DOROTHY is surprised at this performance.*

DOROTHY That's good - hut maybe even a bit more anger.

MARY/GONF.RII (really lettting rip) By day and night, he  
wrongs me: every hour  
He flashes into one gross crime or other  
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it.  
This surprises everyone with its rage.

DOROTHY Gosh! Mary I'm really feeling that anger now.

MARY I'm sorry, I can't go on with this. I don't want to be in  
the play any more.

DOROTHY Mary? What is it?

MARY Mr. Steel knows what I'm talking about

JEFFFRSON (to DOROTHY) No I don't!

MARY (tearful) You've been a huge disappointment to me  
Mr. Steel!

JEFFERSON (to DOROTHY) She's nuts.

MARY I'm sorry Dorothy. That's just how it is

*MARY leaves in tears.*

DOROTHY Mary... Mary... Come on...

MARY My final word... Goodbye!