

John comes into the library after hours and startles Marjorie. She's been crying.

J Sorry

M W're closed.

J I heard. It's just, I was outside. I saw what was happening and I wondered if there's any way I can help. I did have four younger sisters who had boyfriends, one or two of whom were occasionally mean to them, so it's not as if I don't understand these things, I do.

M What would you do when they were mean?

J Well, I also have two older, bigger brothers, so the three of us would go to the guy, very politely of course, give him the option of either acting like a gentleman or having the daylight's beat out of him. That's um, that's what we used to do. I used to tell them, if they couldn't imagine the guy as the father of their kids, what's the point? He wasn't the guy.

M You had lucky sisters.

J Well, thank you.

M I told you we were closed right.

J Uh, you did yes. It's just that I was won... I wasn't wondering, Father Joyce was wondering if you'd given any more thought to playing Mary in the thing.

M I'm not Mary. Thanks. But I'm not. I don't even believe in the virgin birth.

J Why not?

M Come on.

J I mean seriously, why is that any harder to believe than say, well you believe in evolution.

M What does evolution have to do with the virgin birth?

J Well I can explain it if you'll just—

M It'll take billions of years.

J It might, if you keep interrupting me. Now listen for a second, and remember, we believe all this, unquestioningly. We believe that billions of years ago a cosmic soup appeared out of thin air. Only hold it, there wasn't air, so thin nothingness right? And then billions of years later, a perfect living cell is formed. And then this cell starts magically turning into fish and lizards and birds and dinosaurs, all accidentally we're told. And then millions of years later, you always gotta have those, apes come along. And here's the good part, some of the apes turn into us? So honestly, which is harder to believe in? That, or a teenage girl gives birth to the son of God?

M Are you angry?

J No, absolutely not.

M Well, you're breathing very well, so either you're angry and all that adrenaline's helping you out, or all that running's starting to pay off.

J Well I didn't go running tonight. I spent the evening watching a depressing rehearsal of a Christmas pageant that could possibly be pretty good if a certain young woman didn't insist on being a method actress.

M Method?

J Method. Meaning I don't think father Joyce would object too strongly, at this point, to any woman under the age of 60 acting the part of Mary, even if she doesn't embrace every aspect of the Virgin birth. That's why it's called acting.

M Now you're angry.

J No I'm... All I'm, all Father Joyce is asking, is that you would think about it.

M Okay, I'll think about it.

J Tha.. You will?

M I said I would.

J Well, all right. Thank you. Good night.

She turns off the light and they start to leave.

M You and Simian must have been awful good friends.

J Why do you say that?

M Well, you're going to a lot of trouble for him. It's nice.

J Well, thank you.

M Oh, hey, I forgot your glove.

She pulls it out of her pocket and gives it to him.

J Oh, thanks. I've already lost most of the feeling in this hand, but thanks just the same. Goodnight Miss Worthington.

He leaves.