

PETER ♦ MOLLY

PETER: (*leaning in*) I'm here. (*sits next to her*) Do you think I've changed?

MOLLY: You're dirtier.

PETER: So, I've been meaning to ask you about the, um . . . about that, uh—you know—about that thing you did—

MOLLY: What thing?

PETER: The kiss, okay? The kiss.

MOLLY: What kiss?

PETER: The kiss! The one you gave me!

MOLLY: Oh, the kiss.

PETER: "What kiss," she says.

MOLLY: Well, what about it?

PETER: Nobody's ever wanted to kiss me, that's all—

MOLLY: (*keeping her voice down*) Then what're you saying?

PETER: I'm guess I'm saying—I guess I'm asking—

MOLLY: You stop that right now. I won't answer any such question.

95 You're inclining toward the sentimental and that's all well and good for a boy, but the fact is—

PETER: Inclining toward what—?

MOLLY: —we girls can't afford to be sentimental. We must instead be strong. (*lifts herself to sit atop the trunk*) And when I marry, my
100 husband will have to—

PETER: MARRY? Whoa, you thought I was asking you to—

MOLLY: Not you, you swot. Uch, the ego. (*starting again*) And when I marry, I shall make it very clear to this *person*—that sentimentality is not on the calendar. He will have to lump it or leave it. And
105 if he should leave, I'll stay a spinster and pin my hair back and volunteer weekends at hospital. And I will love words for their own sake, like "hyacinth" and "Piccadilly" and "onyx." And I'll have a good old dog, and think what I like, and be part of a different sort of family, with friends, you know?—who understand that things are only worth what you're willing to give up for them.
110 (*then*) Even if I—in the face of death, I may have—you know—

PETER: (*sits next to Molly*) Wanted to?

MOLLY: I didn't say that.

PETER: (*gently, sweetly, holds Molly's hand*) Got it.

MOLLY: Good.

PETER: (*absorbing*) Wow . . .

A moment. They suddenly seem older. Molly stifles a yawn.