

SIDE 3 – MARY JO

P. 9 - MARY JO Scene

MARY JO

Oh, Haley, I almost forgot, since you're gonna be working here, the Atlanta Design Council requires you to view a film on sexual harassment in the workplace.

HALEY

Of course! That sounds very important.

SUZANNE

Oh, for God's sake, don't make her sit through that silly film. (to Haley) I can tell you all you need to know. Basically, it's just Bob asks Sandy if that's a new blouse and then the police come and take Bob away... And that is why men have become terrified and confused.

MARY JO

Really? Cause I don't find it confusing at all. They only have to remember three things. (sarcastic, slower) Keep your tongue in your mouth, your hands to yourself and your junk in your pants! The era of anything goes if you've got one of those, is over!

SUZANNE

Mary Jo, why are you so hepped up about this? It's all you ever talk about anymore.

MARY JO

That's right! I have issues! And a therapist! Because unlike you, I am unable to solve all of life's problems by drinking a Coke and eating a Snickers.

SUZANNE

(as the phone rings) You know, they're talkin' about putting a brownie inside now.

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Read scene with reader OR read bold only to perform as monologue.

MARY JO

Wow. I never know what I'm gonna find when I come to work anymore. One day it's a converted love nest and the next it's a... what the fuck?

SUZANNE

I'm sorry. We don't use the F word here. Keep going. They like that word next door.

MARY JO

Haley, what's going on?

SUZANNE

FYI, Haley doesn't work for you anymore, Mary Jo.

MARY JO

Oh? Who do you work for?

HALEY

Suzanne Sugarbaker Cosmetics.

MARY JO

Since when?

HALEY

Around... noon?

MARY JO

Has the whole world just gone mad? (sliding through screens)
Julia, for God's sake, what is going on?

JULIA

Mary Jo, we've been trying to call you. Are you alright?

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MARY JO

No, I'm not alright. I've been screaming and crying and blasting the car radio.

CLEO

What happened?

MARY JO

Oh, you mean what happened with the man who gave me my first job? The one who put his hand on my knee, up my skirt, down my blouse and shoved his tongue down my throat? Well, I just missed him by a week. He died of COVID last Friday!

JULIA

Mary Jo... I am so sorry.

CLEO

So, you never got to make your speech--

MARY JO

No. After the secretary told me where he's buried, I called my therapist and she encouraged me to go to his grave and make it there.

JULIA

Oh, that's an idea.

MARY JO

That's what I thought. So now, I'm at the cemetery. I've got my cellphone out because she suggested I record it as part of my therapy-- and as soon as I say, "Hey, Fred Finnerman, remember me, Mary Jo?" I see this woman coming toward me and she's carrying a cake with candles and it turns out to be his wife, Khaki-- whose there because it's his birthday and she was just blown away after I explained that I saw his obituary online and just wanted to pay my respects and was filming it so I would always have it to remember him by. After that, we

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lit the candles together and Khaki and I sang Happy Birthday to Fred, including, absurdly, the part that ends with (singing, festive)

AND MANY MORE.

JULIA

That may be the worst story I've ever heard.

MARY JO

I know. **And then on the way home, because my bladder retired recently, I pulled into a rest stop where there was naturally no soap, no toilet paper--**

CLEO

Has there ever been? You'd have a better chance of running into Big Foot.

MARY JO

So I just sat down in the big stall and cried and cried, while staring at the broken, swinging door that said, "Fuck you, filthy whore!"

CLEO

Of course! No toilet paper, no soap, but that door is ALWAYS there--

JULIA

And it feels so personal-- like, just in case, God forbid, women might forget while sitting briefly on a toilet, in the middle of nowhere, that no matter what we do, say or accomplish, we are still and will forever be, filthy whores... OR... maybe we've all just been stopping at the same rest stop. (to Mary Jo) Whiskey sour?

MARY JO

Yes, please. Now will somebody tell me what is going on!

JULIA

Well, after you left this morning, Haley announced that her daughter is getting engaged to--

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CLEO

Wait for it--

JULIA

Jesus.

MARY JO

Wait! What?

JULIA

Yes, that happened. So we decided it would be kinder to just let Haley go. Then Suzanne found out and hired her on the spot. So now she's working here anyway.

MARY JO

Oh, my God! That's gonna be so awkward now. It's like when you try leaving your kids at a truck stop and one of 'em makes it back into the car.

JULIA

Oh, Mary Jo, we're way past awkward. Anyway, somewhere in the middle of all this, Caulder shows up and suddenly announces that Suzanne--

CLEO

Hold on to your bar stool for this one!

JULIA

Did the dirty with Donald Trump!

MARY JO

Noooo! I knew it! I mean, come on, he's a billionaire, allegedly, who loves beauty queens-- she's a beauty queen who loves billionaires! But they both have such humongous, uncontainable egos, I just could not imagine it.