

Marcie: *long-time friend of Ange and Yvonne. 40s-50s. An aeronautical engineer. Sees herself as grounded, sensible, a traditionalist. A bit cynical.*

Early in the play, she has just discovered Ange has bought herself a \$200 000 modern painting—all white. (Paula, mentioned here, is Marcie's wife.)

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It's a complete mystery to me, Ange buying this painting. It's unsettled me, it's filled me with some indefinable unease. When I left her place, I had to take three pellets of Gelsemium 9C which Paula recommended—Gelsemium or Ignatia, she said, Gelsemiu or Ignatia, which do you prefer, I mean, how the hell should I know? —because I couldn't begin to understand how Ange, my friend, could have bought that picture.

Two hundred thousand bucks!

She's comfortable, but she's not rolling in money.

Comfortable, that's all, just comfortable. And she spends two hundred grand on a white painting.

I have to go see Yvonne, she's a friend of ours, I have to discuss this with Yvonne. Although Yvonne's a very tolerant woman, which of course, when it comes to relationships, is the worst thing you can be. Yvonne's tolerant because she couldn't care less.

If Yvonne tolerates the fact that Ange has spent two hundred grand on some piece of white shit, it means she couldn't care less about Ange. Obviously.

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[A bit later, after bluntly expressing her feelings about the painting to Ange.]

Obviously, I should have taken the Ignatia.

Why do I have to be so categorical?

What possible difference can it make to me, if Ange lets herself be taken in by modern Art?

I mean, it is a serious matter. But I could have found some other way to put it to her.

I could have used a less aggressive tone.

Even if it makes me physically ill that my best friend has bought a white painting, all the same I ought to avoid attacking her about it.

I have to be nicer to her.

From now on, I'm on my best behaviour.