CATHERINE Scoot over. *(HE does, SHE then whispers)* Okay, let’s talk.

PIPPIN I have been searching and searching for something important and fulfilling to do with my life, and I have tried everything I can think of and I haven’t even come close! So I am in utter, abject, complete despair.

CATHERINE And that's it?

PIPPIN Yeah. That's it.

CATHERINE Pippin, let me tell you something about despair.

*(CATHERINE sits on the end of the bed and begins speaking with incredible melodrama)*

I loved my husband very much. The years we spent together were the happiest years of my life. And then one day he was struck by fever! And when his hand went cold in mine…!

*(SHE breaks for a moment, giggling at her own melodramatic lines, then resumes, speaking normally)*

I felt my life, too, was over. It’s true; I was overcome by the deepest despair. I took to my bed for five days. On the sixth day I got up. There were things to be done, an estate to be run, a boy to raise…

*(tenderly, to PIPPIN*) Pippin, this is such a large estate. I'm all alone here and I can't do all this work by myself. Couldn't you please help me?