

## The Talented Mr. Ripley

THE TALENTED MR. RIPLEY

Marge: Tom...

Tom: Marge, I'm in the bath. I won't be long.

Marge: Tom, I have to speak to you. It's urgent.

Tom: Coming....

Marge: I found Dickie's rings.

Tom: What?

Marge: You have Dickie's rings.

Tom: I can explain.

Marge: Dickie promised me he would never take off this ring.

Tom: I'm going to put some clothes on, and I'll come out and we'll talk about it.

Marge: I have to tell Mr. Greenleaf. I have to tell Mr. Greenleaf. I have to tell Mr. Greenleaf.

Tom: Marge, you're being hysterical. Marge....Marge...Marge

Marge: He promised me..."I swear, I will never take off this ring!" And he....

Tom: Marge, stop! I'm wet, Marge, I've lost my towel, and I'd really like to put some clothes on. Go and pour us both a drink. Pour us a drink.

*(Tom goes back into bathroom; Marge is on her way out)*

Tom: Marge, where are you going?

Marge: I wasn't snooping....I just....I was just looking for a needle and thread to mend my bra.

Tom: That scent you're wearing....I bought that for you. The thing about Dickie...so many things. That day when he was late coming back from Rome, I tried to tell you this. He was with another girl. I'm not talking about Meredith either. Another girl that we met in a bar. He couldn't be faithful for five minutes. So when he makes a promise, it doesn't mean what it

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means when you make a promise or I make a promise. He has so many realities, Dickie, and he believes them all. He lies. He lies. And that's his....And half the time he doesn't even realize he's doing it. And today I really started wondering whether he may have killed Freddie. He would get so crazy if anybody would contradict him....well you know that, you know that. You know that. And that's the irony, Marge. I loved you. You may as well know Marge, I loved you. I don't know, maybe it's grotesque of me to say this now, so just write it on a piece of paper or something and put it in your purse for a rainy day. "Tom loves me." "Tom loves me."

Marge: Why do you have Dickie's rings?

Tom: I told you, he gave them to me.

Marge: Why? When?

Tom: I feel as though you haven't been listening to anything I've been saying to you.

Marge: I don't believe you. I don't believe you.

Tom: It's all the truth.

Marge: I don't believe a single word you've said.

Tom: You're shivering, Marge. Look at you. Marge. Can I hold you? Will you let me hold you?

*(Peter enters)*

Marge: Oh! Peter! Thank God you're...

Peter: What's going on?

Marge: Get me out of here. Get me out of here. Please!

Peter: Tom, are you okay?

Tom: You try. You try talking to her.

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Peter: Tom....

Tom: I give up.