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(Margery has had enough of Timothy being disrespectful.)

MARGERY. I can't keep doing this Tim. It is every week. Every week. I have had a hard year. I have had a hard year. *(Timothy doesn't say anything.)* I have one thing in my life that is keeping me together and that is my dedication to my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and because I can't sing and I can't preach and my brownies taste like old tires I am trying to teach myself and you how to do puppet shows. Now if you don't want to come here you don't have to come here. Go smoke in the parking lot and I will tell your mother you are in here. But please leave me alone. I beg you to leave me alone. *(She hangs her head.)*

TIMOTHY. Why are you sad?

MARGERY. My husband died.

TIMOTHY. Why?

MARGERY. He ... he ... he ...

TIMOTHY. I mean, I know he had a heart attack.

MARGERY. Then why did you ask?

TIMOTHY. 'Cause I want you to know I care.

MARGERY. Then why won't you leave me alone?

TIMOTHY. 'Cause I love you and I don't know what to do about it.

MARGERY. Excuse me.

TIMOTHY. Should I say it again.

MARGERY. No Timothy. You shouldn't. You shouldn't ever say that again.

TIMOTHY. Why not.

MARGERY. Because ... because ...

TIMOTHY. Because you feel it too?

MARGERY. No. No Timothy. No.

TIMOTHY. I ... I love our little talks.

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MARGERY. Little ta...? I am disciplining you.

TIMOTHY. I thought this was our thing.

MARGERY. Do what now?

TIMOTHY. You remember when we was alone that one time Jason was sick and Jessica's family was in Florida and we had a great talk and I made you laugh and you touched my arm and then the room got hot and I don't know much but I know when I'm hard ...

MARGERY. (*Calling offstage.*) Jason.

TIMOTHY. And I'm rocking a halvesie right now.

MARGERY. What you felt wasn't what I felt.

TIMOTHY. Okay. Then don't kiss me.

MARGERY. Fine. (*He steps towards her.*) Timothy.

TIMOTHY. Just don't kiss me. (*He steps towards her again.*)

MARGERY. Stop it.

TIMOTHY. Don't do it. (*He is getting close.*)

MARGERY. This is a stupid game. (*He is so close she has to move.*)

TIMOTHY. Oh. (*This has the desired effect.*) I'm sorry. I thought ...

MARGERY. That's fine. Just ... I don't think you should come to puppet practice anymore.

TIMOTHY. Why?

MARGERY. You don't want to learn. You're disruptive and you make me uncomfortable.

TIMOTHY. But that ... that would hurt too much. (*Pastor Greg walks in.*)

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