NILES

You were, impressionable.

JOAN

You talk about me like I’m a child.

NILES

You were very influenced by those...friends.

JOAN

Why do you say it like that? They were my friends. God, you can barely conceal your hatred for them.

NILES

That’s not... I didn’t hate them. Hate is strong word.

JOAN

And how would you describe how you felt...about Cindi?

NILES

Oh yes. Cindi.

Cindi with an “i.”

JOAN

Cindi with an “i.”

NILES (cont'd)

That’s how she said her name.

That’s how it’s spelled.

NILES

Yes, but she didn’t have to do it every. single. time. I knew her. I’d met her many, many times. Still, every time she’d call and leave a message its was “Tell her Cindi with an ‘i’ called. Write down Cindi with an ‘i.’”

JOAN

So I would know it was her.

NILES

You didn’t know any other Cindis!

JOAN

Well, she didn’t know that!

NILES

Oh bullshit. How many Cindis does a person know? And if you know multiple Cindis, don’t the Cindis in your life know that? And I’ll tell you another thing, I suspect she changed the spelling of her name herself. I suspect she was Cindy with a “y” at some point.

JOAN

So what if she did? What do you care how a woman spells her name?
NILES
I don’t care, I just don’t want to have to hear about it a thousand times!

JOAN
OK. What about Marla?

NILES
Marla was a weird hippie.

JOAN
Like Linda?

NILES
No, different from Linda. As weird as Linda, but a different kind of weird.

What are you talking about?

JOAN
She wore all hemp. She rode a bicycle everywhere. She was a vegetarian who wouldn’t wear a bra.

FREYA
That doesn’t sound that weird to me.

NILES
Well, *everyone* is weird now! But in the 70s it was...

Revolutionary.

It was out of the norm.

JOAN
So what? What’s so great about the norm? There was a time when you liked being outside the box.

NILES
Well, there comes a point when you need to grow up.

And stop having friends?

JOAN
I never said you shouldn’t have friends, that you shouldn’t be friends with whoever you wanted.

NILES
Oh please. I never heard the end of it from you.

That’s just not true.
The way you went on and on about Cindi. Marla. Oh, and Carol!

I never said anything about Carol.

Oh sure.

No, Carol was fine.

Are you kidding? You hated her the most!

Dad.

I did not. I never said that.

You rolled your eyes if I even mentioned her. If I even *said her name*. You thought it was stupid that she wanted to be an actress. You thought it was pathetic that she was still waiting tables. You thought it was inappropriate that she dated Black men.

That’s enough.

Dad!

What?

Tell her.

Tell me what?

Carol and dad-

Freya!

Don’t you think she should know?

It’s not...relevant.
FREYA
Not relevant? But...she’ll find out eventually.

Tell me. Now.

A pause. Freya opens her mouth to speak again. Before she can:

NILES
We got married.

JOAN
What?

NILES
Carol and I. We got married.

JOAN
But. We’re not even divorced.

NILES
Joany, you were declared dead a long time ago.

Dead?

NILES
What else were we to think? There was no paper trail. No sign of you or where you’d gone. A man was convicted of your murder. Who could have imagined...I mean, we had absolutely no way of knowing-

JOAN
When did you get married?

NILES
When?

JOAN
Yes.

NILES
I don’t know why that’s important.

1984.

FREYA
Niles looks at her. She shrugs.

JOAN
84.

NILES
Yes.