

MARGE (CONT'D)

Oh no.

(Music for "Solitaire" begins)

MARGE (CONT'D)

(Sings:)

A LITTLE HOPE GOES UP IN SMOKE  
JUST HOW IT GOES, GOES WITHOUT SAYING  
THERE WAS A GIRL, A LONELY GIRL  
WHO WOULD COMMAND THE HAND SHE'S PLAYING.

AND SOLITAIRE'S THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN,  
AND EVERY ROAD THAT TAKES HER TAKES HER DOWN.  
AND BY HERSELF, IT'S EASY TO PRETEND,  
SHE'LL EVER LOVE AGAIN.

ANOTHER DAY, A LONELY DAY  
SO MUCH TO SAY THAT GOES UNSPOKEN  
AND THROUGH THE NIGHT, EACH SLEEPLESS NIGHT  
THE EYES ARE CLOSED, THE HEART IS BROKEN.  
AND SOLITAIRE'S THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN,  
AND EVERY ROAD THAT TAKES HER TAKES HER DOWN.  
WHILE LIFE GOES ON AROUND HER EVERYWHERE,  
SHE'S PLAYING SOLITAIRE.

AND KEEPING TO HERSELF BEGINS TO DEAL  
AND STILL THE KING OF HEARTS IS WELL CONCEALED  
ANOTHER LOSING GAME COMES TO AN END  
AND SHE DEALS THEM OUT AGAIN, OUT AGAIN...

AND SOLITAIRE'S THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN,  
AND EVERY ROAD THAT TAKES HER TAKES HER DOWN.  
WHILE LIFE GOES ON AROUND HER EVERYWHERE,  
SHE'S PLAYING SOLITAIRE.

(Song ends.)

GABE ENTERS)

GABE

Marge, what is it? Oh no — your tooth! I'll get some ice.

MARGE

Ice won't help this time.

GABE

Good, 'cause I kinda broke the freezer. So, uh, what's got you blue?

MARGE

I'm cursed! I'm poisonous. And anything that gets close to me will end up as miserable and useless as I am!

GABE

Boy oh boy, how can you say that?

MARGE

Because it's true! Even guys who are pretending to like me can't stick with it!

(MARGE starts to cry harder. GABE pats his pockets, finds a piece of paper)

GABE

Here you are, Marge, wipe your eyes.

(She does so. Then:)

MARGE

What is this? Notebook paper?! You have got to get some tissues in this place!

GABE

Sorry...

MARGE

(Unfolding and reading the paper)

Wait a second, what is...what does this say?

GABE

Nothing — it doesn't say anything.

MARGE

"Never had a day as sad as Saturday, even Sunday was no fun day..." These...these are lyrics! Del broke my heart, Gabe, and I'd prefer not to be reminded of him.

(Crumples up the paper)

GABE

Yes, of course. I'll just — uh, could I, could I have that back, please? It's my only copy.

(Beat)

MARGE

Did — did you write this?

GABE

What?! No! Don't be silly! No, of course not! That's ridiculous!

MARGE

Gabe? You did, didn't you?

GABE

Yes, yes, YES! I wrote it! I wrote all his songs. Every single one of 'em! But please, Marge, please don't tell anyone! My father, see, he made me promise to stop mucking around with music — he calls it "mucking," I don't think it's mucking, why I think it's more wonderful than anything in the world!

MARGE

Gabe. Stay on target.

GABE

Right, well, so he said to stop mucking around with music or he'd disown me. I tried — I tried real hard — but ya know I wake up in the morning and there they are, these songs knocking on my skull, just begging, "Write us down, Gabe! Put us on paper!" So I sorta agreed to this deal with Del. I gave him the songs, and I let him take credit for 'em...and in exchange, I get to hear them come to life. Sung by real singers! In front of real audiences!

MARGE

Wow. Is this true?

GABE

I would never lie to you, Marge.

MARGE

So "pressing Del's pants" really means writing his songs.

GABE

Yes. I also press his pants.

MARGE

Your songs are so beautiful.

GABE

Um, thank you...

MARGE

Huh. I should have known something wasn't right about Del all along. What could he possibly have seen in me?

GABE

Well... if he actually bothered to look, he'd see a...

MARGE

Yes?

GABE

... a girl that any guy would be lucky to call his own! A girl that's charming and intelligent and... and... fetching!

MARGE

Fetching?