

FARGO

MARGE

Mike!

He approaches somewhat carefully, as if on his second drink. They hug and head back toward the booth.

MIKE

Geez! You look great!

MARGE

Yah - easy there - you do too!  
I'm expecting, ya know.

MIKE

I see that! That's great!

A waitress meets them at the table.

MIKE

... What can I get ya?

MARGE

Just a Diet Coke.

Again she glances about.

MARGE

... This is a nice place.

MIKE

Yah, ya know it's the Radisson,  
so it's pretty good.

MARGE

You're livin' in Edina, then?

MIKE

Oh, yah, couple years now. It's  
actually Eden Prarie - that school  
district. So Chief Gunderson, then!  
So ya went and married Norm Son-of-  
a-Gunderson!

MARGE

Oh, yah, a long time ago.

MIKE

Great. What brings ya down - are  
ya down here on that homicide -  
if you're allowed, ya know, to  
discuss that?

MARGE

Oh, yah, but there's not a heckuva  
lot to discuss. What about you,  
Mike? Are you married - you have  
kids?

MIKE

Well, yah, I was married. I was married to - You mind if I sit over here?

He is sliding out of his side of the booth and easing in next to Marge.

MIKE

... I was married to Linda Cooksey -

MARGE

No, I - Mike - wyncha sit over there, I'd prefer that.

MIKE

Huh? Oh, okay, I'm sorry.

MARGE

No, just so I can see ya, ya know. Don't have to turn my neck.

MIKE

Oh, sure, I unnerstand, I didn't mean to -

MARGE

No, no, that's fine.

MIKE

Yah, sorry, so I was married to Linda Cooksey - ya remember Linda? She was a year behind us.

MARGE

I think I remember Linda, yah. She was - yah. So things didn't work out, huh?

MIKE

And then I, and then I been workin' for Honeywell for a few years now.

MARGE

Well, they're a good outfit.

MIKE

Yah, if you're an engineer, yah, you could do a lot worse. Of course, it's not, uh, it's nothin' like your achievement.

MARGE

It sounds like you're doin' really super.

MIKE

Yah, well, I, uh ... it's not that it didn't work out - Linda passed away. She, uh...

MARGE  
I'm sorry.

MIKE  
Yah, I, uh... She had leukemia, you know...

MARGE  
No, I didn't...

MIKE  
It was a tough, uh ... it was a long - She fought real hard, Marge...

MARGE  
I'm sorry, Mike.

MIKE  
Oh, ya know, that's, uh - what can I say?...

He holds up his drink.

MIKE  
... Better times, huh?

Marge clinks it.

MARGE  
Better times.

MIKE  
I was so... I been so ... and then I saw you on TV, and I remembered, ya know... I always liked you...

MARGE  
Well, I always liked you, Mike.

MIKE  
I always liked ya so much...

MARGE  
It's okay, Mike - Should we get together another time, ya think?

MIKE  
No - I'm sorry! It's just - I been so lonely - then I saw you, and...

He is weeping.

MIKE

... I'm sorry... I shouldn't a  
done this... I thought we'd have  
a really terrific time, and now  
I've...

MARGE

It's okay...

MIKE

You were such a super lady ...  
and then I... I been so lonely...

MARGE

It's okay, Mike...

**FARGO (2)**

Marge sticks her head in the door.

MARGE  
Mr. Lundegaard? Sorry to bother  
you again. Can I come in?

She starts to enter.

JERRY  
Yah, no, I'm kinda - I'm kinda  
busy -

MARGE  
I unnerstand. I'll keep it real  
short, then. I'm on my way out  
of town, but I was just - Do you  
mind if I sit down? I'm carrying  
a bit of a load here.

JERRY  
No, I -

But she is already sitting into the chair opposite with a  
sigh of relieved weight.

MARGE  
Yah, it's this vehicle I asked you  
about yesterday. I was just  
wondering -

JERRY  
Yah, like I told ya, we haven't had  
any vehicles go missing.

MARGE  
Okay, are you sure, cause, I mean,  
how do you know? Because, see,  
the crime I'm investigating, the  
perpetrators were driving a car  
with dealer plates. And they  
called someone who works here, so  
it'd be quite a coincidence if  
they weren't, ya know, connected.

JERRY  
Yah, I see.

MARGE  
So how do you - have you done any  
kind of inventory recently?

JERRY  
The car's not from our lot, ma'am.

MARGE  
but do you know that for sure  
without -

JERRY  
Well, I would know. I'm the  
Executive Sales Manager.

MARGE  
Yah, but -

JERRY  
We run a pretty tight ship here.

MARGE  
I know, but - well, how do you  
establish that, sir? Are the  
cars, uh, counted daily or what  
kind of -

JERRY  
Ma'am, I answered your question.

There is a silent beat.

MARGE  
... I'm sorry, sir?

JERRY  
Ma'am, I answered your question.  
I answered the darn - I'm  
cooperating here, and I...

MARGE  
Sir, you have no call to get  
snippy with me. I'm just doin'  
my job here.

JERRY  
I'm not, uh, I'm not arguin' here.  
I'm cooperating... There's no, uh  
- we're doin' all we can...

He trails off into silence.

MARGE  
Sir, could I talk to Mr. Gustafson?

Jerry stares at her.

MARGE  
... Mr. Lundegaard?

Jerry explodes:

JERRY  
Well, heck, if you wanna, if you  
wanna play games here! I'm  
workin' with ya on this thing, but  
I...

He is getting angrily off his feet.

JERRY  
Okay, I'll do a damned lot count!

MARGE  
Sir? Right now?

JERRY  
Sure right now! You're darned  
tootin'!

He is yanking his parka from a hook behind the opened door and grabbing a pair of galoshes.

JERRY  
... If it's so damned imporant  
to ya!

MARGE  
I'm sorry, sir, I -

Jerry has the parka slung over one arm and the galoshes pinched in his hand.

JERRY  
Aw, what the Christ!

He stamps out the door.

Marge stares.

After a long moment her stare breaks. She glances idly around the office.

There is a framed picture facing away from her on the desktop. She turns it to face her. It is Scotty, holding an accordion. There is another picture of Jean.

Marge looks at it, looks around, for some reason, at the ceiling.

She looks at a trophy shelf on the wall behind her.

She fiddles idly with a pencil. She pulls a clipboard toward her. It holds a form from the General Motors Finance Corporation.

She looks idly around. Her look abruptly locks.

MARGE  
... Oh, for Pete's sake.

Jerry is easing his car around the near corner of the building.

Marge's voice is flat with dismay:

MARGE  
... Oh, for Pete's sake...

She grabs the phone and punches in a number.

MARGE

... For Pete's s- he's fleein' the  
interview. He's feelin' the  
interview...

Jerry makes a left turn into traffic.

MARGE

... Detective Sibert, please...