

## SIDE 5: Jonas & Rosie

time. I invested so much in those seven years, and for what? For nothing. I mean, working here I see how precious time is, and I don't want to waste a second of it. I won't. Never again.

JONAS: Falling in love is never a waste of time, Rosemary. If I could, I would fall in love every day. In fact, most days I do. I love being in love. I love the electricity it sets off in my brain. The butterflies it puts in my stomach. No, there is no feeling like it. And as for investing time in it, you can't treat love as an investment. An investment is something you make with knowledge aforethought. Love doesn't give you time to think. No, love takes you where it wants to go, when it wants to go there. You're only a passenger. All you can do is buckle up and enjoy the ride.

ROSIE: Can I ask you something?

JONAS: Anything.

ROSIE: When you had your heart attack, the administrators here were trying to find a next of kin.

JONAS: There are none. I'm afraid I'm all alone in this cold, dark world.

ROSIE: I told them that, but apparently one of them discovered that you have a wife. Claudia. She lives on Salt Spring Island in British Columbia.

JONAS: You don't say.

ROSIE: Yes.

JONAS: Well, the secret is out then, isn't it?

ROSIE: You told my father that your wife died thirty-seven years ago.

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JONAS: Yes, I did.

ROSIE: Why?

JONAS: It's easier that way. Easier to forge ahead. I don't have to think about what she's doing. Who she's with. I don't have to think about her at all because, in my mind, she's dead.

ROSIE: So, she left you?

JONAS: She wasn't happy. And if you're not happy in a relationship you have two choices. Make it better or leave. She chose the latter.

ROSIE: So, she didn't leave you for someone else? She just left?

JONAS: Yes.

ROSIE: Wow. That's worse than what happened to me. I mean, Kevin had a reason for leaving. He fell in love with someone else. But Claudia just got tired of being with you. She got sick of it.

JONAS: You know, your bedside manner is atrocious.

ROSIE: And you never got divorced?

JONAS: She never filed. Claudia didn't put too much stock in the formality of marriage. The documentation involved.

ROSIE: You could have filed.

JONAS: I never had a reason to. There was never a prospect of a second marriage.

ROSIE: But you loved her. The song you wrote, that was for her.

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JONAS: I did love her. Passionately. And then I hated her, with equal passion. I think that's why I laid her to rest in my mind. Having all of that bile inside, that's not healthy. So, I did what I had to do to get myself through it.

ROSIE: And did it work?

JONAS: Not really. Like an idiot, I wrote that damned song, and every time I hear it I think about her again. But having her deceased in my mind softens the blow. I can talk about her and recount fond stories of the lovely life we had together, however fictional.

ROSIE: Like her bringing you a beverage in your country garden.

JONAS: Exactly. So, she's living on an island?

ROSIE: Yes.

JONAS: Is it a leper colony?

*He pauses for a moment and then holds up his crossed fingers.*

ROSIE: No. So, you don't want us to contact her?

JONAS: Contact who?

ROSIE: Your wife. Claudia.

JONAS: Oh. No.

ROSIE: Okay.

JONAS: But when I pass away, call her and tell her I died buck naked sandwiched between Joyce Berlin and Phyllis McKenzie.

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