BEATRICE BUTLER, Aimee's middle-aged housekeeper. The pessimist.

BUTLER: For someone else again?

MAC: Someone he'd met at the golf club, I think it was.

CELIA: No. That can't be.

DESIREE: The man's a cliche.

BUTLER: Celia, Celia... He was constantly playing around on Aimee, why do you think I was always telling you to stay away from him? Your poor mother would have killed me if she'd known. I have failed you.

CELIA: That may have been the case in the past. But this time it was real, he said So!

(there is a thunderclap)

DAMON: Excuse my interruption, but you said you'd been with Mr. Martin for the last three months? I'm sorry to tell you this, but he – let's say, made a pass at my business partner just two weeks ago.

CELIA: What?!

DAMON: If I hadn't walked in on them I'm not sure what would have happened. I told her to press charges but she refused.

CELIA: All this -- it's just not possible. He –

BUTLER: I am sorry you've had to go through this, Celia, but maybe in time you'll be able to look at this as another bad experience and try to move on with your Life.

CELIA: Not without ... (she bursts into tears and moves away)

DAMON: I'm sorry but I thought she should know the truth.

BUTLER: Life deals us some cruel blows; she might as well get used to it.
(the lights flicker a couple of times)