

MARY ELLEN: Well, not so much lives as is “in custody.”

RITA: Anyway, I hope they work it out. I mean, Elspeth just turned sixty. She hasn't got too much tread left on those tires.

VI: I'm just glad I didn't have any kids when I got divorced. Johnny's girl Katie still finds it tough, and he's been divorced from her mother for twelve years.

MARY ELLEN: How old is she now?

VI: Seventeen. And she's having a rough go of it up there in Thunder Bay. Hanging with a bad crowd too. Johnny's really worried.

RITA: Johnny's a cop. Can't he tell the cops up there to keep an eye on her?

VI: He has. But it's not the same as being there himself.

MARY ELLEN: It's so hard being a teenager these days. I hope she gets through it.

VI: From your lips to God's ears, Mary Ellen. All right, girls, I'm off to the gym. Or as the owner insists on calling it, Dugan's Pub.

MARY ELLEN: No, don't go yet, Vi. What's the rush?

VI: I'm meeting Johnny for happy hour.

RITA: Oh, Johnny. What's Johnny?

MARY ELLEN: Yeah, what's Johnny?

VI: We meet every Friday at Dugan's for happy hour. You know that.

MARY ELLEN: So, he can't wait on you for fifteen minutes?

RITA: Yeah, you know what they say about keepin' a man waiting.

VI: No. What do they say, Rita?

RITA: It makes him want you more.

MARY ELLEN: Maybe Rita has a point, Vi. Maybe you should play hard to get.

VI: Mary Ellen, I've already been got. I've been got six ways from Sunday.

RITA: She's right. Her gettin' got days are long gone.

VI: Well, now I haven't stopped gettin' got. I still get got. There's just no need to play hard to get got. Now, I gotta get. The love of my life is waiting.

*SEAN Merrit enters the restaurant.*

I suppose he can wait fifteen more minutes.

*VI sits.*

MARY ELLEN: Well, what do we have here?

RITA: What do we have, indeed?

SEAN: Ladies.

VI: Well, the jury's still out on that but thank you anyway.

MARY ELLEN: Vi, stop that.

*(to SEAN)* Don't listen to her. She's nothing but trouble.

RITA: And so am I if you like that sort of thing. And I hope you do.

MARY ELLEN: Now, that's enough, you two.

*(to SEAN)* They're a caution. I'm sorry.

SEAN: Quite all right.

MARY ELLEN: Just sit anywhere. Janine will be out shortly.

SEAN: Janine?

VI: Your waitress. She's using the facilities at present.

SEAN: Oh. Thank you.

*SEAN sits.*

RITA: Well, he's a handsome rascal, isn't he?

VI: You can say that again.

MARY ELLEN: Not from around here, I'm guessing.

VI: Oh, he's not from around here at all, Mary Ellen. He's from away as sure as a monkey's got a bare arse.

MARY ELLEN: He is a cute one.

RITA: He is. And looks to be unspoiled. Like a piece of fresh fruit on a sturdy vine. Just waiting to get plucked.

SEAN: Ladies. I can hear you.

RITA: Oh, we know, dear. We don't like to talk behind someone's back.

VI: No, we'll say it straight to your face.

SEAN: Well, that's good to know.

MARY ELLEN: So, were we right? Are you from away?

*VI, RITA, and MARY ELLEN move to SEAN and sit, surrounding him.*

SEAN: From away? Uh . . . yes, yes I am. I just got into town and I haven't eaten since breakfast. That's why I stopped in here.

RITA: Oh, ya poor thing. You gotta eat. You gotta keep up your strength. You need it for your endurance. Although I'll bet your endurance is just fine. Is it?

VI: What's your name?

SEAN: Sean Merrit.

VI: Well, welcome to Stewiacke. I'm Violet. This is Rita. And this is Mary Ellen.

SEAN: Pleased to meet you.

VI: So, where are you from, Sean?

SEAN: Toronto.

*VI, RITA, and MARY ELLEN just stare at SEAN.*

What's wrong?

MARY ELLEN: We don't like Toronto.