

EXCERPT 2 AII

Tate: Are you feeling left out, Connie?

Connie: No. It just seems odd to me that you wouldn't want to know what I do for a living.

Dory: Oh, I know what you do for a living.

Connie: You do?

Dory: Of course. I mean, who doesn't know Connie Sajack? The region's best news anchor.

Connie: Well, I don't know if I'm the best.

Dory: That's what your ads say. Connie Sajack. The region's best news anchor. Isn't that what they say?

Connie: Yes, that's what they say.

Dory: And they wouldn't lie, would they? I mean, it's television. They wouldn't say you're the best if you weren't, right?

Connie: Well... Dory: But who determines who's the best? That's what I wondered. Is it a competition? Is it voted on? If it is, well, congratulations missy. That's a big honour.

Connie: Thank you.

Margot: Okay, quiet everybody. Connie's teeing off. Connie Sajack! The region's best news anchor. *(Connie hits her ball. They all watch.)* Soon to be the region's wettest news anchor.

Tate: *(teeing up her ball.)* So, how do they determine that, Connie? Who's the best anchor I mean.

Connie: It's just a promotional ad, Tate. It doesn't mean anything.

Tate: So, you're not the region's best news anchor? I mean, they shouldn't be able to say that if you're not. That's false advertising.

Connie: Well, maybe I am the region's best news anchor.

Tate: The ads don't say maybe. The ads say you are the region's best news anchor.

Connie: Just hit your ball, would you? *(Tate tees off.)*

Tate: Oooh, that's not bad. *(Dory tees up her ball.)*

Dory: I'm sorry Connie. I didn't mean to open up a can of worms.

Connie: It's fine.

Dory: I mean, I don't know who's the best. I never watch you so I can't judge.

Connie: Of course. I guess you don't get us way up there on Arrowhead Lake.

Dory: No, we get you. *(Dory hits her ball.)*

Margot: Great shot, Dory.

Dory: It wasn't that great.

Margot: No, I meant the shot you just took at Connie. *(Margot tees up her ball.)*

Tate: Well, I think you're the best, Connie. Bobby and I watch you in bed every night.

Connie: Thanks, Tate. Now I'll be picturing you and Bobby in bed while I'm reading the news. Thanks a lot.

Tate: What's wrong with that?

Margot: Yeah, it's not like they're having sex while they're watching.

Dory: Once a week they are.

Margot: You'll just have to guess which night that is.

Tate: Friday. 31 (*Margot hits her ball.*)

Margot: Shit!

Dory: So, how did you get into television?

Connie: I studied journalism in university. I was a reporter overseas for a while working with my husband—he was a cameraman--and then...and then I got offered the anchor job and I took it.

Dory: Oh. Good. So now I know everything about your employment situation too. You don't have to feel left out anymore. Okay, here's where we make our move, Margot. (*Tate and Dory exit.*)

Connie: How much do you think she knows about us?

Margot: Why?

Connie: Well, she knew Catherine for twelve years and she says Catherine talked about us.

Margot: So.

Connie: So, wouldn't Catherine have told her what happened?

Margot: I don't know. Maybe not.

Connie: I'm just wondering how many of these questions are genuine and how many are trying to catch us in lies.

Margot: Why would she want to catch us lies?

Connie: I don't know. I haven't thought that far ahead.

Margot: No, I think she's genuinely interested in getting to know us better. She feels that we have a common bond in Catherine and she wants us all to be friends.

Connie: Maybe. Margot: I'm sure of it. Connie: We'll see. (*Connie begins to exit.*)

Margot: And I think she genuinely wants to know who decided you were the region's best news anchor.

Connie: Never mind. (*Connie exits.*)

Margot: I'd like to know too, missy. (*Margot exits.*)