

EXCERPT 3 Dory

Tate: So, it was your husband's dream to own a lodge in Canada?

Dory: Yep.

Tate: Way up there in the middle of nowhere?

Dory: Uh-huh.

Tate: And you gave up your dream of becoming a world famous singer for that?

Dory: I sure did.

Tate: Wow. So, tell me this.

Margot: Tate.

Tate: What?

Margot: I'm about to hit.

Tate: Oh, sorry. *(Margot hits her ball.)*

Tate: Good one. *(To Dory.)* So, tell me this.

Margot: Tate?

Tate: What?

Margot: It sounds to me like Dory doesn't want to discuss this matter any further.

Tate: Really?

Dory: No, it's fine.

Tate: She says it's fine. So, tell me this...

Margot: Tate.

Tate: What?

Margot: I don't think it's fine.

Dory: It's fine.

Connie: There's a mutilated golf ball out there that says it's not fine.

Dory: It's okay. Really. What is it, Tate? What else do you want to know about my idyllic life up there on Arrowhead Lake? Up there in the Canadian wilderness where men are men and women can smell them at fifty paces. Where I welcome our guests each summer with an inviting smile and six whiney children tugging on every free appendage like suckling piglets on a sow's teat. Where in the comforting heat of an August afternoon we swim in the calm waters of a secluded lake followed by

fifteen terrifying minutes of ripping leeches off of our skin like they were stay fast Band-Aids. And then there's the blackflies, big enough to carry off young children, although try as I might, I can't coax them into carrying mine off for an afternoon so that I can catch forty winks and a margarita. And then comes the winter. Ah, the Canadian winter, where I discover the pleasures of snowmobiling while wearing a flattering fleecelined, thermo flex-insulated suit that keeps me warm for a good five minutes before frostbite sets in and I couldn't feel my ass even if George Clooney himself was straddling it. So, tell me. Tell me do, Tate. What enlightening nugget of information can I impart to you about my tranquil existence up there in God's country?

Tate: ...What about sitting on the back porch watching all those stars?

Dory: Screw the stars! (*They exit.*)