

## Act One Scene 1

Time: The present. July.

Place: The setting is Calgary. The home of Whit Campbell. It is a modest middle-class home. The house is all on one level. U.R. is the front entrance to the home. D.L. is an exit that leads to the kitchen. The living room is ordinary. No surprises here. A sofa. A couple of easy chairs. The set designer can have free rein in here. There is an exit U.C. to another part of the house where there is a bedroom, a music room and a bathroom. There is a large framed photograph of Whit's son, Steven, on a wall in the living room as well. And there is a book on a table.

Lights up. Whit Campbell and Nikki Fitzgerald enter from the kitchen. Nikki is wearing an apron and she carries a whisk. They are both in their early sixties. Whit begins tidying up the living room. Putting newspapers away etc..

Nikki: So, you haven't told them about me? They know nothing about me at all?

Whit: No. I just told them I've got some news for them and that's why I'm flying them in. That's all they need to know for now.

Nikki: But we've been together for thirteen months. Why haven't you told them about us?

Whit: Well, I had to make sure it was going to stick.

Nikki: That what was going to stick?

Whit: Us. You and me.

Nikki: Oh. And?

Whit: I think we're okay.

Nikki: Oh. Well, that's a relief. Seeing as how we're moving to a different province together and planning on living together and sharing a life together. God. Look at me. I look like a nineteen fifties housewife. I look like Beaver Cleaver's mother.

Whit: Who?

Nikki: Beaver Cleaver's mother. June Cleaver.

- Whit: I don't know what you're talking about.
- Nikki: Leave It To Beaver. The tv show from the fifties. Beaver. June. Ward. Wally. That little prick Eddie Haskell.
- Whit: We didn't have television when I was a kid. My father thought that tv would stunt our intellectual growth. That we wouldn't develop into enlightened and perceptive adults. That we would wind up in menial jobs that demanded no grey matter whatsoever. He was saving us from a life of tedium.
- Nikki: You're a letter carrier.
- Whit: And damned proud of it. Look at these legs. Huh? These thighs? Do you think I'd have gams like these if I was sitting behind a desk every day inventing...life-saving things?
- Nikki: My point is, I don't want your kids to see me dressed like this. And carrying a whisk? This is the first time we're meeting. I want to make a good impression. I want to look like today's woman. Not Alice Kramden.
- Whit: Who?
- Nikki: Alice Kramden. The Honeymooners? Jackie Gleason's...Never mind.
- Whit: Nikki, look. If you were at your place cooking, would you be wearing an apron?
- Nikki: Of course I would. I don't want to get flour all over my clothes.
- Whit: And would you be holding a whisk?
- Nikki: Well, how else am I supposed to prepare my giant Yorkshire pudding? I've got to beat the batter thoroughly to get the air out of it. Would I be holding a whisk? Of course I'd be holding a whisk. I'm just saying that it's no way to meet your children for the first time.
- Whit: Erica and Steven are going to love you no matter how you're dressed or what utensil you're carrying.
- Nikki: Oh, Whit, do you think they will? Do you really think they'll love me?
- Whit: They're going to adore you, Nikki. Like I adore you.

- Nikki: Are you sure?
- Whit: Well, I hope so.
- Nikki: You hope so? How did you go from 'they're going to adore you' to 'I hope so' in one second?
- Whit: Well, you're the first woman I've been with since Peggy died. I'm not sure how they're going to react to me taking up with another woman.
- Nikki: Taking up with?
- Whit: What's wrong?
- Nikki: 'Taking up with' sounds like I was leaning out of a second story window with a cigarette hanging out of my mouth. "Hey mister? You like what you see?"
- Whit: Well, how would you put it?
- Nikki: In a relationship with.
- Whit: You're right. That is much better than the Amsterdam hooker approach.
- Nikki: (*She sits in a chair.*) Anyway, I really don't think you should be springing me on them like this, Whit. You should have told them about me. Given them some advance warning.
- Whit: No. That's exactly what I didn't want to do. I want to lay everything on them all at once. You. My early retirement. Our move to Kelowna. Everything.
- Nikki: That's a lot for them to take in.
- Whit: Exactly. Their little minds will be racing. They won't know whether to shit or wind their watches. They won't be able to gather their thoughts long enough to make sense of it all. And as a result, they won't be able to object to any of it. Then we'll throw your giant Yorkshire Pudding into them and send them off to bed.
- Nikki: It would be nice if they had partners coming with them. It's always better when you have a partner to bounce your concerns off of.