

don't get much more exotic here than those boring old African Violets—I asked the girl about Birds of Paradise and she recommended the pet store! Poor stunned little thing—ah well it's not her fault she hasn't been off this damn island her whole life.

*THERESA enters.*

AGNES: (*off to LOUISE*) And wait 'til you hear about my adventures trying to find wheat-free bread.

THERESA: What are those for?

AGNES: For Mother's room. Do you want to bring them in?

THERESA: Oh.

AGNES: What?

THERESA: Mother doesn't like cut flowers.

AGNES: What?

THERESA: Oh yes, every time I ever tried to bring her flowers she'd get all sad because she didn't like to see them cut—she thought they should be left to grow.

AGNES: I've brought her flowers before.

THERESA: I know what—I know a place you can get gorgeous little pots of African Violets. She'd love that.

AGNES: Christ.

THERESA: And while we're on harping at you—because I know that's what you're going to think this is—

AGNES: Oh I can't wait!

THERESA: —and I know you don't like to be told what to do—

AGNES: What?

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THERESA: Well ...

AGNES: I should watch my language?

THERESA: Actually, yes.

AGNES: You're kidding? What did I say?

THERESA: You don't know?

AGNES: No, what?

THERESA: The "c" word.

AGNES: The "c" word? No I certainly have not used the "c" word here!

THERESA: Yes you ... Oh! No, not that "c" word. Good heavens.

AGNES: Well which "c" word, there's only one "c" word ... Oh well I guess that's a "c" word too but I don't think I've had any cause to say that here either.

THERESA: The Lord's name.

AGNES: Jesus!

THERESA: Agnes.

AGNES: So it's like that is it Sister?

THERESA: It's not me—it's Louise. It bothers her.

AGNES: Louise?

THERESA: She started going to a prayer group. She takes it very seriously.

AGNES: Louise?

THERESA: She likes the people—and it's good she gets out. And I don't care what you believe or don't believe but prayer never hurt anyone.

AGNES: So you've got poor Louise in the pack now.

THERESA: It had nothing to do with me. It was her decision.

AGNES: Next thing you know she'll be joining up with your Sisters of Saint E-I-E-I-O or whatever it is.

THERESA: It's a little early for this isn't it? Or are you just getting going?

AGNES: It's easy to hide away—what's hard is living a real life.

THERESA: Oh just have another drink.

AGNES: I had a half and a gla—a glass and a half of wine with lunch and that's—What the hell am I explaining myself to you for? Christ!

*Silence.*

THERESA: Are you going to bring those flowers in to Mother?

AGNES: I thought they'd just upset her.

THERESA: They're very nice.

AGNES: They're not very nice. I'll leave them here.

THERESA: You've got to go in sometime.

AGNES: God that television! (*yelling off*) Louise would you turn that off!

LOUISE: (*off*) I'm watching it.

AGNES: (*yelling off*) Well mute it or something.

LOUISE: (*off*) What?

THERESA: Here we go.

*THERESA exits.*

AGNES: (*yelling off*) Mute it!

LOUISE: (*off*) Mute it? It's a talk show! You can't mute a talk show!

AGNES: (*yelling off*) Listen to some music or something!

LOUISE: (*off*) It's my show!

*AGNES exits to LOUISE.*

AGNES: (*off*) We just need a bit of a break alright.

*The television is shut off.*

LOUISE: (*off*) Hey!

*AGNES enters with the remote control. LOUISE follows close behind.*

AGNES: I'm calling a time-out on the TV.

LOUISE: Give me that back. It's my TV.

AGNES: And it's my headache.

LOUISE: Maybe you wouldn't have a headache if you weren't up all night drinking.

AGNES: I was up all night because I couldn't sleep!

LOUISE: You were up all night because it took you that long to drink the whole bottle of Mother's arthritis brandy.

AGNES: Get off my back.

LOUISE: You drink so much it makes you stupid—and if you're not drinking it makes you sick—and if you're not sick or stupid, you're cranky. What's the fun of that anyway?

AGNES: I guess I'd be better off sitting in front of the TV all my life.

LOUISE: Maybe you would be. Gimme that.

AGNES: No.

LOUISE: It's mine, gimme it.

AGNES: Forget it.

LOUISE: You can't tell me what to do.

AGNES: Yes I can.

LOUISE: No you can't.

AGNES: Just watch me.

*THERESA enters.*

THERESA: Please! Keep it down.

LOUISE: (to THERESA) Tell her she can't tell me what to do.

THERESA: Look, Louise, look let's just ... sit down.

LOUISE: Yeah I'll sit down, in front of my show.

THERESA: Sit down.

LOUISE: No.

THERESA: There's something we have to talk about.

LOUISE: No. What?

*THERESA takes out the note LOUISE gave her last night.  
Pause. LOUISE sits.*

AGNES: What's that?

THERESA: It's a note from Mother.

AGNES: Yes. So? What does it say?

*THERESA gives AGNES the note. AGNES looks at it for a moment.*

AGNES: What is it? A "B"? What's a "B" for?

THERESA: Bradley.

AGNES: Bradley?

LOUISE: (*helpfully to AGNES*) Dad.

AGNES: (*to LOUISE*) I know. (*to THERESA*) What about him?

THERESA: Mother wants us to see him, the three of us.

AGNES: You're not serious.

THERESA: She wants us all to make amends.

AGNES: Make amends? Make amends of what? I'm not seeing him.

LOUISE: Kara Ryan's father came back from living in France for ten years and she saw him ...

THERESA: Mother wants us to.

AGNES: What good will it do her for us to see that bastard?

THERESA: She wants to feel that some peace has been made.

LOUISE: They went to supper at Palmer's—that's the really nice restaurant ...

AGNES: (*to THERESA*) It's nothing to do with me ...

LOUISE: She didn't even know she had a father.

THERESA: I know it's hard.

AGNES: It's not hard, it's not hard at all, because it's not going to happen.

LOUISE: He turned out to be really nice.

AGNES: Who?

LOUISE: Kara's father.

AGNES: I don't know any Kara.

LOUISE: Kara Ryan from *Ryan's Cove*.

THERESA: Let's just talk about it. Or just think about it.

AGNES: Talk about it all you like, think about it 'til your brain turns blue I don't care. "B" is right. But it's not "B" for Bradley. It's "B" for lousy, rotten, stinking bastard.

*AGNES exits.*

LOUISE: They had a really nice time. A nice dinner and all that. Then for about two weeks Kara got nice. Not making evil plans against her mother. Not running around on Justin. But the thing was she got kind of boring then. Until it turned out that her father was just trying to get money out of her to support his gambling addiction. Then she got bad and interesting again.

*AGNES returns with her suitcase and some clothes in her arms.*

THERESA: Where are you going?

AGNES: Look. I am a grown woman. I have my own life, I make my own decisions. I'm not going to be told who to see or when, I'm not going to be counting my drinks, I am not going to be instructed how to speak, or what to do, or when to do it. It's going to be better for everyone if I just go and stay in a hotel.

THERESA: Don't be silly.

AGNES: In a hotel where I can be as "silly" as I like.

THERESA: Always looking for an excuse.

AGNES: For what?

LOUISE: So you can drink without anybody knowing.

AGNES: I wasn't talking to you. Brat.

THERESA: To avoid whatever you find unpleasant.

AGNES: Don't talk to me about avoiding, Saint Theresa. You're the one who's avoiding. Out there in the bowels of New Brunswick, farming for God. Try living in the world for a week or two and then talk to me about avoiding things.

LOUISE: Agnes?

AGNES: No, I'm going. I refuse to stay here.

LOUISE: Then can I have my clicker back.

*AGNES realizes she still has the remote control. She drops it on the table. LOUISE picks it up and exits. THERESA exits to her mother's bedroom. We hear the talk show again from the living room. AGNES stands in the room not sure what to do.*

AGNES: Fine then. Goodbye.

*After a moment she exits. Light fades as the talk show continues.*