

DEE: It's two parts boiling water, one part cold, one part booze. And it works better if the liquor's cold too, like if you keep the bottles in the freezer over night.

BONNIE: Well, that's not going to happen now. Brad was going to the LCBO when they opened—he should be here by now.

DEE: What time is it?

BONNIE: (*Checking her cell phone for the time.*) 10:33.

DEE: We're cutting it close. OK, when Bradley gets here, we get these made and in the fridge STAT. Remember this, Bonnie: Jell-o is like a man—you put enough booze in there, it takes a hell of a lot longer to get hard. Did you decide on the prices for these?

*She's referring to the ring toss, the mini-putt, and the roulette wheel she's hauling out of the closet. The games are a mix of homemade and store bought, new and old.*

BONNIE: I was thinking you'd get one turn for a loonie and three turns for five bucks.

DEE: So, the price goes up the more you play?

BONNIE: Oh, wait. I think I meant that the other way around.

DEE: You really are a genius with the numbers these days.

BONNIE: Shut up.

DEE: So...how did Brad take the news?

BONNIE: None of your business. What do most people charge?

DEE: Well, it used to be one turn for a loonie and three

for a toonie. But everything changed around the time of Becky Walsh and Greg Wasileski's Stag and Doe—they were having that destination wedding in Cuba, so they figured they could jack up the prices and people would understand. I was a bit like, "Hey Becky! I hope you have a good time getting married on the beach in the middle of January, but why the hell am I paying for it?" I want to go to an all-inclusive as much as the next girl, but you don't see me asking the whole community to pay double the going rate for a turn at the mini-putt so I can work on my tan. Anyways, they charged two bucks for one turn and five for three, and a couple weeks later when Amy Lewis and Dave Saunders had their Stag and Doe, they kept the prices the same thinking that if people were willing to pay that once, they'd be willing to pay it again, even though their wedding was just in Amy's mom's backyard.

BONNIE: They didn't even have a tent! I don't know how she did it—I'd be a basket case!

DEE: Bonnie, relax. Your wedding is in the middle of July, inside a church and in here. It'll be fine.

BONNIE: But what if it's too hot? What if it rains? What if something crazy happens like last night?

DEE: A storm like that comes around once in a blue moon.

BONNIE: That was the first time we've had crazy weather like that out at the farm. Don't get me wrong, it was a good purchase, the barn's in great shape, but the house is a bit...

DEE: Rustic?

BONNIE: It was like *The Wizard of Oz* out there. Brad running around, trying to shut the gates and get the equipment in the shed and me chasing the dog to get her down in the cellar. When it died down and

we came upstairs, half the willow tree was down across the laneway and the back rack of the hay wagon was all the way over in the beans.

DEE: Did you check to see if there were any legs sticking out from under your house? That wind was crazy, though. It came out of nowhere. I'd been on nights all week, so I crashed early, but my dad called to wake me up. He just screamed, "Get in your basement, Dee! Get in your basement!" and then the phone went dead.

BONNIE: You'll always be his little girl.

DEE: Yeah, but he helped me buy my house, you'd think he'd remember I don't have a basement. OK. What else can I do?

BONNIE: I guess we can start on these. (*Peeling and cutting carrot sticks.*)

DEE: Oh! I got you this. (*She pulls an enormous jar of pickles from a reusable grocery bag.*)

BONNIE: Perfect! How much do I owe you? (*Grabbing her wallet from her purse.*)

DEE: Put your money away—you're going to need it. This thing cost me like five bucks at Costco in London. I finally had a reason to use my membership. Believe me, when you live alone, it takes a while to get through thirty-six jars of crunchy peanut butter. Oh! But did I tell you who I ran into in the parking lot?

BONNIE: At Costco? Who?

DEE: Miss Destination Wedding herself—Becky Walsh—Wasileski—whatever. I asked her if they had tickets to your Stag and Doe yet and she said, "Oh I don't know, maybe Greg was going to get some." So I say, "You guys are planning on coming right? It's this

Saturday. I know how much you love a good Jell-o shooter, Becks!" And she goes, "Well to be honest, I'm not really drinking these days..."

Oh really?

I don't know for sure if that's what she meant. How could you tell? Ever since grade ten, she dresses like she's trying to hide a pregnancy.

Dee!

What? Am I wrong? Anyway, I say, "Even if you're not coming, just buy a ticket, Becky." And that's when she goes: "Oh. We don't really do that."

What do you mean?

Like, "We don't buy tickets to Stag and Does unless we know we're going to go." So I say, "Oh come on Becky, everybody does that." And she says, "Yeah well, Greg and I had a serious talk about our finances and we decided we just don't do that anymore."

Well then.

I know. So I just look her right in the eye, right in front of the Cost Co and say, "Listen up, Becky. I was working the whole weekend of your Stag and Doe and I bought a ticket even though I knew I couldn't come. Hell, Becky, I bought two tickets, knowing full well that even if I could switch shifts"—which I wasn't about to do for her stupid Stag and Doe—"I wasn't going to have a man to take with me." I just gave her twenty bucks and I bought them, because that's what you do. It's not about using the tickets, it's not about actually going to the Stag and Doe, it's about supporting people. "And now, Becky, my best friend—who bought tickets to your overpriced Stag and Doe, and if I remember correctly, even bothered to show up—is getting married. And



I still have sixteen tickets in my purse to sell to the stupid thing by Saturday night. So while I'm really happy that I could help bankroll your island getaway, I can't help but wonder if you're planning on raising this little reason you're not drinking to be as ungrateful as you are."

BONNIE:

What did she do?

DEE:

Gave me twenty bucks and said they'll try to make it. I get it. Money's tight, you've got to cut back, but where do your priorities lie?

BONNIE:

That's the sixty-four thousand dollar question.

DEE:

Well, not quite sixty-four thousand... So what did Brad say when you told him?

BONNIE:

Oh, you know. Do you know where they keep the kettle in here? (*She starts a hunt.*)

DEE:

Bonnie?

BONNIE:

We'll need it to make Jell-o.

DEE:

Bonnie, when are you planning on telling him?

BONNIE:

I don't know! When the time is right! Shouldn't it be down here? (*Looking in cupboards.*)

DEE:

When we had my grandparents' fiftieth anniversary, it was over there. So when is the time going to be right?

BONNIE:

After tonight. I think they reorganized everything. It was all labelled when I was in 4-H.

DEE:

What is he going to do when he finds out?

BONNIE:

Why did they move everything? It's been years since I served anything in here. The last time was probably before Brad came along. Must have been a Stag and Doe or something...

DEE: Yeah. That would have been mine.

BONNIE:

Oh. Right. Sorry.

DEE:

(*Referring to a coffee percolator BONNIE has found.*) Keep that out. We should make coffee and tea tonight too.

BONNIE:

We should?

DEE:

For the old folks who come at nine and leave by ten. All those people who were friends with your mom.

BONNIE:

I guess all them buying tickets is her way of helping out with the wedding. God knows she could never have afforded to pay for it if she was still alive. And my dad...well, I finally tracked down his address but he hasn't even bothered to RSVP.

*BRAD enters through the back door.*

BRAD:

Hey babe. Can I have your credit card?

BONNIE:

What for?

BRAD:

To pay for the booze.

BONNIE:

Why can't you use yours?

DEE:

Morning, Bradley.

BRAD:

Hey. Can I just have your card, please? I have to go back. Everything's waiting for me at the liquor store.

DEE:

(*Getting confirmation on carrot stick sizes, trying to change the subject.*) Is this good?

BONNIE:

Yeah. Did you forget your PIN number again?

BRAD:

No, I did not forget my PIN number again.

BONNIE:

So why can't you use your card?