

DEE: It's all good. Me and Rob? Ancient history.

JAY: You need a hand with that thing?

DEE: I think I got it.

*JAY's phone rings. She continues trying to open it throughout the next few lines until she gives up and moves on to another task.*

JAY: Sorry. You mind?

DEE: No, go ahead.

JAY: *(Answering his phone.)* Hey Mom, everything OK?... Yeah sure... Hey Buddy, why aren't you in bed?... You had a bad dream? What happened?... Yeah? And then what?... And you were all alone, eh? That sounds pretty scary. Well, you know what? You've got your ninja pyjamas on, right? So if those guys come back in your dream, I bet you can use your ninja powers to fight them off... Yeah. We were all just practising our ninja moves. Do you think you can go back to sleep?... OK, I'll pick you up at Grandma's in the morning. And Jack? I love you... You do? Thanks... Oh, hey Mom... Yeah, see you in the morning. Night.

*He hangs up. Takes a second. The music has changed somewhere in here; it's now a slow song. JAY opens the pickles.*

DEE: I loosened it.

JAY: Yep.

DEE: I mean...thank you. Oh, I love this song.

JAY: Oh yeah? I don't think I know it.

DEE: So do you just have him on weekends, or...?

JAY: Nope, full time.

DEE: Wow: Where's his mom?

JAY: Last I talked to her, she was in BC. She was from a very different time in my life, you know? But that little dude is the best thing that ever happened to me.

DEE: Do you want to go dance?

JAY: What?

DEE: Do you want to go and dance? Out there.

JAY: Oh, I'm not much of a dancer.

DEE: Sorry. Never mind. I just like this song. Never mind.

JAY: No, no, no, I mean—

DEE: No, I was just kidding. Don't worry about it.

JAY: Do people still slow dance?

DEE: I know, eh?

JAY: I'd probably just dance like a teenage boy. Here. Is it like this?

*He puts his hands on her hips. He dances like a teenage boy.*

DEE: Yeah, that's OK.

JAY: Sorry, I look like an idiot. Sorry.

*She breaks away, flicks off a couple lights, comes back.*

DEE: There. Better?

JAY: OK.

DEE: Now give me this hand. And then that hand can go

here. There. More like that. You're allowed to stand closer, we're not going to get in trouble.

JAY: I told you I wasn't a dancer.

DEE: You are. This is all it is. You got this thing.

*They dance.*

JAY: This is nice. Why don't people slow dance anymore?

DEE: I don't know.

*BRAD enters. The dancing breaks up.*

BRAD: Hey. Sorry. Hey.

DEE: Hey.

JAY: Hey.

*DEE flicks the lights back on.*

BRAD: Sorry. How's this stuff coming along?

DEE: Fine. No one can say you didn't have pickles.

JAY: I should let you guys do that. I need to get this stuff in the van.

DEE: Just...find me before you go, eh?

JAY: Deal.

*JAY exits. BONNIE enters from the hall.*

DEE: How's Becky?

BONNIE: She wants a word with you.

*DEE starts to exit. MANDY enters, maybe wearing ROB's tuxedo jacket over her dress.*

DEE: She's alive! (*She exits.*)

MANDY: I just need my purse.

*ROB enters with the cheque, which he hands to BONNIE.*

ROB: Um. Mandy's dad gave me this.

BONNIE: Right.

ROB: You ready to head out?

MANDY: Yeah.

*MANDY and ROB are almost out the door.*

BONNIE: Hey, you guys? (*ROB and MANDY stop.*) Just... congratulations.

ROB: Right.

MANDY: Yeah. Thanks.

*ROB and MANDY exit. Somehow, we can see there is hope for them. BONNIE and BRAD look at each other. An uncomfortable silence. BRAD starts to exit.*

BONNIE: I never should have gone to Foodland.

BRAD: (*He stops, turns.*) What?

BONNIE: The day after we got engaged. I was in the checkout line and I picked up one of those wedding magazines. And OK, I admit it! I had bought them before. I bought them before we were engaged, I bought them before I even knew you.

BRAD: What? Why?

BONNIE: I don't know, Brad! I don't know! You buy Playboy, I buy Modern Bride. But that day, I grabbed one and the girl at the cash—you know Taylor who I used to babysit—looked at me and said, "Oh my God, Bonnie! Are you getting married?" And I