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Bivouac,  
A Play in Two Acts

Louise Arsenault

A Thesis  
in  
The Department  
of  
English

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements  
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ABSTRACT

Bivouac,  
A Play in Two Acts

Louise Arsenault

On Rue Notre-Dame in Montreal, we find Crossroads, a rehabilitation center for alcoholics and drug addicts. The play opens on graduation night as the three central characters wrestle with the fear and anticipation of reentry into society.

Despite their months of sobriety, Angèle, the lesbian ex-con, Judith, the obese and genteel alcoholic, and Sophie, the bulimic nightclub singer, have not quite recovered. Angèle wishes to "make good" and rents an antique store, expecting the others to become her employees. Camisole, an ex-psychiatric patient living at the Sally Anne, has a voyeuristic attachment to Judith and dreams of marrying her. Judith is smitten with Greg, the head counsellor who has offered a job to one of the graduates. Sophie, whose boyfriend Jacques threatens to bring her back to her small-town life, has ambitions to hightail it to Hollywood and become a movie star. Angèle strikes out on her own, disgusted with her roommates, who are seemingly abandoning her for their dreams.

Angèle returns defeated and drunk in Act Two, only to find out that Crossroads will close down: that there is no job. She becomes a drunken angel of mercy and helps reveal

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Judith's hidden past. She not only exposes Sophie for what she is but she manages to come to terms with her own addiction by the end of the play.

THE SET

On rue Notre-Dame in Old Montreal, across the street from the Salvation Army's shelter for men, we find Crossroads, a rehabilitation center for alcoholics and drug addicts. The set is the living quarters of three women at this half-way house, this "maison de transition". The set should not be strictly realistic but rather interpretive, capturing the restlessness and impermanence which is the hallmark of these specific types of "bivouacs". Realistic paraphernalia can be kept to a minimum.

The set itself functions on three levels. There is a downstage "playing area" which ideally should be as close as possible to the audience. Downstage right is Sophie's bed and make-up table; she is in the midst of packing her things. A poster of Marilyn Monroe cooing in black net is hung precariously above her bed; one of the corners of the poster has come loose. Downstage left is Angèle's bed, covered by an old sleeping bag, the lining visibly depicting football players. A leather bomber jacket with graffiti scrawled all over it, is stuffed into a duffle bag on her bed. There is also a walkman on her bed.

Judith's bed is center stage, parallel to the audience and perpendicular to the other beds. There is a suitcase on it, an old quilt and, on a little night table, a Bible and some A.A. pamphlets. The beds are army type metal cots, with old striped mattresses. There is a hand-braided oval

carpet on the floor. A black card chair of the collapsible variety can be found near each bed. There is a matching black card-table upstage left of Angèle's bed. Upstage right of Judith's bed is a large window with slats which looks out upon a third "playing area", the roof.

Upstage center of Judith's bed, three or four steps lead to the second "playing area". There is a landing on which we see an old pink sofa chair and a standing lamp (vintage). Behind the sofa chair is a flat which runs to the left into another wall which juts out perpendicularly to the landing. On this wall is a blown-up poster of the A.A. slogan, "But for the Grace of God". Behind the sofa wall, upstage left, is an opening to a hall which functions as an exit to the bathroom and the other floors. Upstage right of the entrance to the hall, we find a telephone on a desk and a large neon clock above it, indicating the hour. Another wall runs from the right of the telephone to the edge of the window. It is punctuated by a metal door with a bar which leads out onto the roof.

The third "playing area" is the roof which is level with the landing. It's covered in gravel and its back wall is made out of faded brick defaced with graffiti. F.T.W., (Fuck The World), always a favorite in jails, is scrawled on the back wall (the same initials are tattooed on Angèle's knuckles.) There is a low wooden bench against this brick wall and a

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rickety fire-escape spanning the edge of the roof diagonally, leading upwards to the next rooftop and downwards towards the street. It must be visible from the downstage window.



LIST OF CHARACTERS

**ANGELE O'CONNELL:**

In her thirties. Alcoholic. Completing her jail term at the rehabilitation center. A self-proclaimed lesbian who is struggling with her anger towards her father. She is controlling and sarcastic but not without insight and a certain honesty. She favours khaki army pants, army boots, neck scarves and T-shirts with insignias. She doesn't wear a bra.

**CAMISOLE:**

Late thirties with a Québécois accent. Camisole, although he is "missing a few screws", has nonetheless a sincerity of his own and must not be played only for comic effects. His love of Judith is genuine. Although he has suffered from psychiatric problems, he has managed to stay sober a year and a half. His clothing early Kresge and somewhat garish and comical.

**JUDITH McARDLE:**

Thirty-three. Obese (operatically so.) Speaks English only. Covers her fear with religiosity but does have a faith in the inevitable goodness of life. She comes from the country and has had a very narrow education, which does not rule out her own brand of homespun wisdom. She has inexpensive clothes of the bargain base-

ment variety, except for her mauve graduation outfit (which must smack of a little girl's oversized party dress.)

SOPHIE:

Pretty but burnt out from her escapades with alcohol, pills and bulimia. She is a user in the true sense of the word. She aspires to become anything but what she is, a Québécoise girl from the Gaspé coast. Does have a good singing voice but has grandiose ambitions to try and become an American movie star. She wears tight-fitting clothes that are too kitsch to be truly sexy.

BIVOUAC  
ACT ONE

(We hear Off To War by Rickee Lee Jones. The stage is dark except for a clock which indicates that it is a few minutes after seven. Sophie sits upstage on a black card chair, her back to the audience. She is wearing a flimsy T-shirt depicting a tropical paradise. She holds a large camping flashlight which is turned on. Judith sits in profile on her chair, downstage left, clutching a luminous statue of the Pope to her breast. On her bed is a tawdry-looking pile of laundry. Across from Judith, Angèle sits with the back of her chair facing frontwards, her arms wrapped around it, both her legs stretched out on either side and her head hanging down. Her hair is wet and she has a towel slung around her shoulders. She lights a match and watches it burn out. The moment is held, and then a violet wash slowly bleeds through the back window shutters, increasing in intensity and then fading out. Early evening lights come up. Judith in a mumu housecoat packs the statue away in the suitcase on her bed. Sophie turns off the flashlight and hides it furtively under hers. She begins to paint her toenails with a certain reverence. Angèle dries her hair with the towel).

SOPHIE: You're not getting ready you?

JUDITH: I got to finish the banners for our song.

SOPHIE: Ben, dépêche. We start at eight sharp on da dot and  
I still haven't put on my face, me.

JUDITH: We're gonna look so good, geez, we're gonna look

like we're in one of them beauty pageanties, eh?

SOPHIE: Hurry up, Judithe! I want to practice before so I don't look stupid up there with you.

JUDITH: Sure. Heh, Sophie, you don't got some perfume, do yeah?

ANGELE: Are you kidding? They took her Essence of Dandelion day one cause she woudda sucked it all back.

SOPHIE: I use Opium.

ANGELE: I bet you do.

JUDITH: Oh, it's alright anyway, I gotta nice smell of Lemon Mr.Clean on me from the laundry.

ANGELE: *(She sees Sophie's gauzy sequined evening dress)*  
Going somewhere special, Marilyn honey?

SOPHIE: You bet I am. See dis dress? It's my star material dress. Jacques bought it for me. I wore it at my last singing engagement at da Club Deux Milles Un on Berri before I got picked up.

JUDITH: Oh!

ANGELE: By the boys in white.

SOPHIE: Dey loved me too. Dey all loved me for my voice and my legs in heels and da thin blue line at the back of my tighs like a nerve.

ANGELE: Christ, I could use a smoke.

JUDITH: I thought you quit, Ang.

ANGELE: I'm thinking about World War Two. You can't think about WW2 without a smoke. Hardly anyone ever does.

JUDITH: Oh.

ANGELE: They used it there too, you know.

SOPHIE: Don't talk about dope in here, Angèle. Not tonight.

JUDITH: I think she's only talking about those poppies the soldiers used like your perfume. Yous' can't blame those soldiers; they were dying in them fields with their noses stuck right in 'em. "In Flanders fields row by row the..."

ANGELE: TRIAGE! I'm talking TRIAGE! They used it in the war.

JUDITH: "Treeage": is that like when them soldiers camouflage their hats with pine trees?

ANGELE: Nooooo it's not! It's LIKE when after a battle they go to the battlefield and pick out which soldiers are worth sewing up. And do you know why?

JUDITH: (Now busy with banners) Should I, Ang?

ANGELE: So they can use them to fucking fight again. The Brigadier told me about it.

JUDITH: You mean your father?

ANGELE: See, if the best you can manage is to just lie there on the field like a goddam hemophiliac and bleed all over the place, they'll let the vultures pick you clean. And do you know why?

JUDITH: Should I, Ang?

ANGELE: Yes, Beluga, you should! They leave you there cause they can't use you anymore. You see, it's hard to aim straight when you're almost dead. So never mind the real bleeders. The ones that never had a fighting

chance. Nobody ever picks them to save. And that's my point.

JUDITH: What point is that, Ang?

ANGELE: The point IS, nobody's picked us in HERE and nobody's ever gonna pick us out THERE either when we leave this... shitbox.

JUDITH: Did your father say he was gonna come to our graduation? We'd all like to finally meet him, Ang, and it's gonna be a lovely ceremony. You never got six months before.

ANGELE: (*Mimicking his secretary*) "I'm sorry he's not in, Angela, dear. He said to tell you he has a very urgent business meeting." Yeah, him and his exec cronies! The real truth is he doesn't want to set foot in our part of town.

SOPHIE: Hey Angèle, group's over now. You're not on da chair anymore, ça fait qu'ferme la! I got to get ready and you're making me nervous.

ANGELE: I don't make you. You make you. Besides, I feel real nostalgic for chair tonight. Good old Check Point Charlie!

SOPHIE: Who cares? The real one is gone too.

JUDITH: I'm not gonna miss Charlie the Chair much.

ANGELE: That's cause you blubbered every time Greg called you on your shit.

SOPHIE: And you, you just told him everything he wanted to

hear.

ANGELE: You got it! I even made him believe he cracked me!  
Some shithot counsellor! (Pause) Chair's the one  
thing I was really good at here.

SOPHIE: You were good at raising shit.

ANGELA: Yeah, me and my mother.

JUDITH: Don't say that, Ang. She did a good job on you.

ANGELE: (Looking at Sophie) She weren't the only one.

SOPHIE: (Pause) I got some gaz from dat supper. I'll be  
back, ok? OK?

ANGELE: Hey! Double duty, Marilyn honey. All of a sudden you  
think you can shit without a shadow?

SOPHIE: Who cares now?

JUDITH: Ever think you use that word too much, Ang?

ANGELE: What word?

SOPHIE: Greg won't mind.

ANGELE: Screw Greg.

JUDITH: That word.

ANGELE: What word is that word?

SOPHIE: I can go alone.

ANGELE: You wanted me to come before.

JUDITH: The one you say all the time.

SOPHIE: I was sicker den.

ANGELE: And now that you think you're not sick, I don't mat-  
ter?

SOPHIE: I never said dat. I never said I'm not sick now.

JUDITH: *(Meekly)* Shit.

ANGELE: As long as we got that straight.

JUDITH: ... Let her go, Ang. It's our last night.

SOPHIE: Yeah, da last night dat I got to have "da Diesel"  
breathing all over me. *(Sophie exits and Angèle  
stares after her angrily)*

JUDITH: That's the kind of stuff made my father get an exhaus-  
ted brain, diesel fuel. *(Pause)* I better get  
dressed.

ANGELE: What do you call that? Whale skin?

JUDITH: Tonight I'm wearing my violet dress in memory of Gran  
Vi after all she's done for me.

ANGELE. Lay off with that Gran Vi shit, will yeah.

JUDITH: There's that word again, Ang.

ANGELE: Lay off with that Gran Vi crap, will yeah.

JUDITH: ... You ought to get fixed up too for tonight. You are  
giving that talk.

ANGELE: Yeah, my reformed-con-makes-good talk. Ha!

*(Camisole appears behind the window and lingers  
there. He is wearing a black net undershirt, tight  
shorts and a baseball cap with "One Day At A Time"  
written on it)*

JUDITH: Aren't you going to talk about how our Higher Power  
keeps us sober?

ANGELE: OUR Higher Power? Personally, I'm into Lower Power.



JUDITH: I mean God as I understand Him, (*Angèle glares*)  
... or HER!

ANGELE: The only thing I UNDERSTAND is what sober means: son-of-a-bitch, everything's real!

JUDITH: I know somebody whose Higher Power was a bus till it drove away.

ANGELE: Hey, do you think parole placed me here so I could hang with the REAL WINNERS?

JUDITH: I thought you got sent here cause your Dad didn't want to pay for no fancy rehabs no more.

ANGELE: (*Uneasy*) Well, he wanted to send me to the best of course, but you don't get to choose where you go when you're up on my kinda charge!

JUDITH: You were drunk when you beat up on that cop, Ang.

ANGELE: Damn right I was, damn right! Do I look like the kind of person who would beat up on a cop if I wasn't drunk? Well do I?

JUDITH: (*Cowering*) Of course not, Ang.

ANGELE: Hard for my old man Sidney to accept, me going to jail and all, given our social status and everything. You should have seen me yelling at him in the courtroom! "I'm going to the slammer, man, don't you understand? You can't buy me out of this one."

JUDITH: Geez! If I had had a rich father, I'd have gone to a rehab with a green backyard and a swimming pool and a sky in it like that one you were in with those genuine

movie stars... Caramel.

ANGELE: Jeezus! CARMEL! Sure, he sent me to the best, Sidney did, that ole pheasant fucker. Carmel AND Hazeldon AND Donwood AND Beechill, and do you know what I learnt?

JUDITH: Ask and you shall receive?

ANGELE: I learnt that it doesn't matter if you're in a GOLD box or a WOOD box when it's full of SHIT!

JUDITH: That's why the Program tells you to clean house, Ang.

ANGELE: I don't drink, I don't hit anyone, I don't go back to the cage again, right? Am I right?

JUDITH: But Ang, First Things First means stopping drinking.

ANGELE: Hey, did I ever tell you I did one of those aptitude tests once?

JUDITH: Yes.

ANGELE: I really floored the lady doing it. I mean I was real shit for things like Home Ec. and Religion, but get this: "Exceptional in business and commerce." Exceptional! I mean I knew that when I was dealing, but hey, my fuckin' graph went right off the page! Can you believe it? Oh yeah, and decorating. Me! Decorating! A "distinct and original ability for decorating, exceptionally gifted, a genuine talent." Me! Genuine!... I think I still got that paper somewhere.

JUDITH: I was good at making doilies in the hospital once.

ANGELE: I mean if my ol' man can make it in business, who's

to say I can't? Why he's probably giving some major talk tonight at some bigwig conference and it's real urgent and he can't help it. Right? Am I right?

JUDITH: Sure, Ang.

ANGELE: He's wanted everywhere, my old man. He's the best. And this, this business sense it's, ah, what do you call that? You know, handed down family to family...

JUDITH: Like it's in your blood, Ang?

ANGELE: Yeah, like it's in my blood.

JUDITH: Ahh... heroditaraly?

ANGELE: Yeah! That's the word.

*(Angèle puts on her walkman and sits down smugly.*

*She takes out a pen and starts calculating figures on a lease she has taken out of her back pocket. Camisole sneaks in cautiously)*

CAMIS.: *(Whispering)* Un gars y'est- tu safe pour rentrer?

JUDITH: Camisole, how long you been watching at the window?

I... I'm not all zipped up yet.

CAMIS.: So let's unzip da zip, en!

JUDITH: Hands off ! *(She pushes him away, then points to his laundry)* Yours is the grey pile on my bed.

CAMIS.: Super. You stretch my check, baby, *(attempts to kiss her)* so I can buy you good goodies, en.

JUDITH: Shuuush... Hey, you're not wearing that, are you?

CAMIS.: Camisole? For da party? Nononon. I got da real super-

duper graduating threads me back at my room, nice as Craig's.

JUDITH: Greg, not Craig.

CAMIS.: (*Smelling his laundered clothes*) Hmm! Like da pink powder rear of my baby, en?

JUDITH: It's the lint-preventer does it.

ANGELE: (*Sniffing*) I can tell that kind of stinking anywhere. (*Sniffing*) Sewer rat. (*Taking off her walkman*) Oh, hi Camisole!

CAMIS.: Hey Angèla, I'm very clean me, okay? I'm putting da Holy Water like dat, (*dabs behind his ears*) every morning at da Salvation Chapel, smells as good as Craig's cologne.

ANGELE: Eau de Christ, eh?

JUDITH: Perhaps you better go. You're illegal here without your mop and bucket, and Ang doesn't take kindly to men being in the vicinities...

ANGELE: I don't mind men. It's the hybrids I can't stand!

CAMIS.: Sure. Sure. Super-duper A.O.K.! (*Goes to leave then turns around*) Hey, Angèla, do you know dat ME I'm da first speaker tonight about what's happening one year after I'm graduating from Crosswords?

ANGELE: I thought it was just ME talking.

CAMIS.: No, me I'm talking too.

ANGELE: But I'm the one giving the MAIN talk! I mean I'm the goddam expert on addiction here.

JUDITH: "Many are asked but few are chosen." Camisole's a guest speaker tonight. After all, he does have more clean time than you, Ang. And he is a graduate of the men's section.

CAMIS.: (*Brandishing the book he is carrying with him, The Art Of Plain Talk. The title must be visible*) Yes, and I found this book at da Sally Anne when I go to do the second-hands selling. The Art of Plain Talk by Rudolph Flesch.

JUDITH: Camisole, we can't read anything here that isn't Program-approved.

CAMIS.: It polishes me for da speech dat book, hein.

ANGELE: Speech? The guy can barely talk! (*Angèle grabs the book from him*) U.S.A. 1942. "Sentences come first."

CAMIS.: I made a good preparation for tonight!

ANGELE: Oh yeah, really? Well, let's hear it, bud. (*She lies back on her bed, expecting a good laugh.*)

CAMIS.: (*Stands as if he were at the podium then clears his throat*) Okay, okay. Hummmm... Tonight my brothers and sisters in da recovering, I'm gonna plain-talk to you because plain-talk is da language of da people. And today, tanks to Crosswords, I'm a people.

ANGELE: HA!... (*Overly polite*) Excusez-moi.

CAMIS.: C'est ben correct. To resume me, once out dere, I got too buzzéd with da booze and hit da deep bottom and I get stucked in it. But Crosswords -

JUDITH: Crossroads.

CAMIS.: It pulls me out because it is not just da half-way house but a movement of life.

ANGELE: (*Impatiently*) So's diarrhea.

CAMIS.: With Crosswords -

JUDITH: Crossroads.

CAMIS.: I come a long way to get where I got to be going to. I'm not the man I could want to be being, I'm not the man I'm going to have been being, but through the grease of God as I understand Him, I am today not da man I once was going to have to have to be.

JUDITH: Tell them how much time you got, Camisole.

CAMIS.: And today I have clean back to back one year and a half sobriété off da substance of my choosing, pillules and alcohol.

JUDITH: And... "Today I'm head janitor here."

CAMIS.: And today I'm head janitor here.

JUDITH: Go on. Tell em, you got a right to be proud.

CAMIS.: You got a right to be proud.

JUDITH: Tell them how far you've gone since Crossroads.

CAMIS.: Tell them how far you've gone since Crosswords.

ANGELE: CROSSROADS, NOT CROSSWORDS! Two fucking roads crossing and you gotta figure which way it's gonna be. Turning point time. Right? Got it? We're not talking fuckin' puzzles in the Classifieds!

CAMIS.: A.O.K., Angèle O'Connell! Wow la, tabernouche! (*Clearing*

his throat) To resume my resuming, I've gone a long way, a very long way since Cross... roads, me.

JUDITH: Good. "Because now I live..."

CAMIS.: Because now I live... across da road! I'm gonna stop dere cause dats where da poublic's gonna gust a butt!

ANGELE: *(She slams the book shut and laughs at him)*

And just wait till they find out you mean you're living at the Sally fuckin' Anne.

JUDITH: Don't laugh at him, Ang, he's better off at the Salvation Army than where he was a couple a years ago.

ANGELE: Yeah! The booby-hatch where you two l vebirds first got acquainted. Only, I can't believe they thought he was cured.

CAMIS.: In the Program we never get cured, we only get better a day at a day.

ANGELE: Don't WE ME, bucko!

CAMIS.: She thinks me, I just talking the talking and not walking the walking.

JUDITH: Don't worry, Camisole, you're gonna give a genuine authentic-like speech tonight.

ANGELE: Oh yeah? You gonna share gut-level 'bout being a permanent fixture at Jesus' Army over there; how you sort out crotchless pantyhose, pawn used mixmasters, how you sold your slimy body in Dominion Square on Saturday nights?

CAMIS.: Fuuuudge, Angèle, I was an active alcoholic den.

ANGELE: And you're an active sleazeball now!

JUDITH: *(Handing him his laundry)* Now Camisole, you gotta keep the peace of your mind.

CAMIS.: Okay, okay, Judy. Me, I'm gonna give my nerves to the Guy Upstairs cause Angèle she's gonna make my buzzsaw buzz good.

ANGELE: Just don't leave any sawdust on the floor.

CAMIS.: Bzzzz, hostie. Bzzz! She gets me sawing good. BZZZZZ!

JUDITH: Remember the calming sound Greg taught us: OMMMM.

CAMIS.: BZZZZZ... Ommmm... BZZZZ!

BOTH: OMMMMMM.

ANGELE: Hey Beluga, do you levitate too?

JUDITH: *(Ignoring her)* Now ask yourself what a normal adult would say.

ANGELE: Normal!

CAMIS.: Like Craig?

JUDITH: Like Greg.

CAMIS.: Yeah, Craig he'd say prayers for Angèle and for me so dat tonight when we talk we are da instrument of God's will for him to play with.

ANGELE: *(Laughing at him)* Tabernouche!

JUDITH: You better go get fixed, Cammy. You're not going to forget about my... you know.

CAMIS.: Camisole, he don't forget about what his cabbage baby needs. Ben, non, mon p'tit pigeon. *(Kissing her)* Salut! Ben I'm going to get checké in my super suit



because, Angèle, just for today I care about how good I could be looking. *(To himself)* I'm not on top of Craig yet.

ANGELE: Who'd want to be?

JUDITH: You'll remember to come back for me, Cammy?

CAMIS.: You bet, Corvette. *(They pause as Camisole exits by the fire escape)*

ANGELE: Hey, where's my beret?

JUDITH: That one you came in with?

ANGELE: Yeah. Where the fuck did I put it?

JUDITH: The gorilla terrorites one?

ANGELE: Yeah. What happened to it?

JUDITH: You took it off.

ANGELE: No shit!

JUDITH: You could look under your bed.

ANGELE: This place stripped me of my outfit, Beluga, and now all that's left is a few women warriors lapsing in the blood-red fields... and who's gonna pick them, eh?

JUDITH: Sometimes I'm glad I didn't do drugs.

*(She looks under her bed as Sophie enters, pale and nervous. Angèle finds her beret. She then puts on her "outfit", a large black leather jacket with graffiti painted on it, a dangerous looking metallic belt, her beret and a neck scarf. She turns and spots Sophie)*

ANGELE: You're looking nervous in the service.

SOPHIE: They won't let you speak like DAT.

JUDITH: She's right, Ang. You can't graduate in that!

ANGELE: The word's reenter. You know all about reentry, don't you, Marilyn, honey? *(Singing)* "Do it to me one more time." That's what she's going to sing to lover-boy Jacques when he comes to get her in his Transport Gaspésie truck. Carries dead animals in it.

SOPHIE: *(She goes over to her bed and sits down. She begins to put on her make-up ritualistically)* I told him I'm going to do okay alone.

ANGELE: Butchered calfs.

SOPHIE: I'm going to be indépendante.

ANGELE: Slaughtered lambs.

SOPHIE: I can make it all by myself, me.

ANGELE: Tainted meat.

SOPHIE: I can't... miss him no more.

ANGELE: What's to miss? Ever see that picture of him under her pillow? Looks like he washes his balls in Old Dutch.

SOPHIE: What? He's a good-looker, Jacques. If he weren't looking so good I wouldn't be thinking all the time about how good he's looking.

ANGELE: And that's no good when you can't touch eh, baby?

JUDITH: Greg says the Program says we can't have an emotional entangling for our first year of sobriety.

ANGELE: I'm talking physical.

JUDITH: That too. He knows. He's the counsellor! Says if we do have relations with men we might just make them into our Higher Power and then if we find out they are human, we might just drink.

ANGELE: Don't worry, humans are hard to come by.

SOPHIE: Judith's right. Me, I can't go back to Jacques at six months cause one look at him and I'll be back in dat trailer park by the sea. I got to look at me now.

ANGELE: I can think of worse things to do, Marilyn honey.

JUDITH: I thought Jacques wanted to marry you and have a real home and about five children.

SOPHIE: (*Manic*) Only if I stay stopped for good, he says. But I'm getting my six months clean and sober chip and I didn't stop for Jacques or nobody. Juste pour moé... And nobody's going to stop ME now from doing what I got to do cause I got plans. I'm feeling good enough to be a comédienne. When I get enough money here, I'm going to California. I'm gonna visit Marilyn's house, I seen it on da TV Spécial my mother was watching. Dat beautiful white palace with da stucco and da Espagnol influence, en, and Marilyn and dat Jo guy on da whiter dan white beach on da blue Malibu with da palms dat dance over my lycra body-

ANGELE: Sophie! Listen to yourself! You're on a pink cloud! You're not taking your lithium are you? Christ, you

haven't forgotten about what happened to you when you first got here, have you? All the sleeping and crazies that went down. You're just lucky I told the nurse what was what because I always spot manics.

SOPHIE: I don't need to take no pills anymore. I'm graduating tonight.

ANGELE: Lithium's only a mineral, for Chrissakes! Even Greg knows that now. You don't have to be ashamed about needing it.

JUDITH: *(Holding her purple dress and matching purse) I gotta go to the bathroom? (They both ignore her and she heads out to the bathroom to get changed)*

SOPHIE: *(Getting angry)* I'm weller now, me.

ANGELE: Why, did you get your prescription filled lately?

SOPHIE: Not dat one.

ANGELE: Whadda yeah mean, "not dat one"?

SOPHIE: I mean NO.

ANGELE: No what?

SOPHIE: NO THANK YOU, ANGELE! Da nurse said that me I don't need that anymore, dose pills.

ANGELE: That witch's tit! What does she know? Once you're a pickle you don't go back to being a cucumber, babe. The only reason you're feeling better enough not to take them, is because you've been taking them.

SOPHIE: You talk so good but you're da one dat always goes back out slipping on da booze, en, Angèle?

ANGELE: Maybe this time I got a better solution... (Takes out a lease) Soph, I rented us a store.

SOPHIE: A store? What store?

ANGELE: You know that great place just down the street I've had my eye on? You know the one I told you about.

SOPHIE: What? Dat old antique place? T'es capotée, ostie!

ANGELE: Here's the lease. Just have a look at it.

SOPHIE: You're standing in my light.

ANGELE: (Moving) ANGSOPH, that's what we're going to call it. Or, SOPHANG...

SOPHIE: Don't do me any favors, okay?

ANGELE: I already paid up the first month's rent and tonight I pay up the last month's. I got the cash. I swear to God this is all legit. You can come over with me. I'm gonna settle the deal tonight. It'll give you a chance to see it.

SOPHIE: I'm trying to be an indépendante now. I can't take nothing from nobody.

ANGELE: You didn't seem to mind the first few weeks, taking.

SOPHIE: I don't know what you're talking about. I'm getting to look good enough to be an actress and dat's all dats mattering.

ANGELE: You'll never hack it in your condition, sweetheart, but if you come in on the store with me at least I could make sure you take your vitamins and everything with all that shit you been doing to your bod.

SOPHIE: Ecoute, t'es plus ma mère, okay? Just lay off me.

ANGELE: That's all I've been doing for the last five months, laying off! *(Slowly, caringly)* Look Soph, it's all just body chemistry, it can't be helped.

SOPHIE: I'm an alcoholic and a dépendante. Dat's enough, eh? You, ma maususse, you want me to have all kinds of sickness when you act like you don't got none.

ANGELE: Somebody's gotta mind the fort.

SOPHIE: J't'ai dis fais moé pas d'faveurs, tabernak! If I need anyone to help me, I'll ask Jacques, thank you very much.

ANGELE: I thought you said you didn't want to see him again. You were going to be okay on your own.

SOPHIE: That doesn't mean he don't come here to get me. I'll tell him to leave, dat's all.

ANGELE: More deadmeat.

SOPHIE: Yes! I'll do what pleases me, okay? Okay? With Jacques and with you. I don't want dose pills. I loose my dreams on them.

ANGELE: That's just it! I can find them for us, Sophie. I put a downpayment on this place. We're gonna start up an antiques business, items from the past, that kinda thing.

SOPHIE: Descends, ostie! You're da one on da pink cloud!

ANGELE: No, listen, this is real. I'm grounded. I'm thinking crushed maroon curtains, you know the kind, and we'll

put up room dividers if you want, like the ones in Chinatown. Hey, I got a genuine gift for this stuff. Did I ever tell you I did this aptitude test once?

SOPHIE: Tell your parole officer or your father. You want to impress them, okay, but you don't impress me.

ANGELE: When I make a profit I'm gonna buy you a brand new cable TV so you can watch your shows and all those old movies you like, Soph!

SOPHIE: *(Glaring at Angèle)* Maudite, que t'es acchalante! Where do you get off thinking me I still want to be around you after tonight! Old movies! Ever think dat maybe, just maybe, I got some different plans, en? You think you know what's right for me more dan me? I thought about it good and long and I said to me, go for da best, Sophie, you are somebody else, you! See, I'm gonna get enough cash here and den it's l'histoire du Canada! Da green cards, da green lawns, da stretches of freeway to Maliboo...

ANGELE: Jeezus! All they need in L.A. is another manic depressive nymphomaniac who thinks she can act.

SOPHIE: And someday soon, the lion she roars my name on da silver screen.

ANGELE: Sophie, get real! This store is real!

*(The phone rings and a beat later Judith comes out dressed in her gaudy purple dress. Both Angèle and*

*Sophie turn around and Judith smiles at them, curtsying and showing off her dress, thinking herself beautiful. When they don't react, she answers the phone. We hear the odd "But Mother" from her in the background)*

ANGELE: Look, you're such a good little actress you almost have me believing that we had nothing before, that it didn't mean anything to you.

SOPHIE: I already told you. I'm not one of your kind.

ANGELE: Kind?

SOPHIE: I needed something, someone to help me come down at first, dat's all, and you, you... Well, nothing I said den is true now.

ANGELE: Okay, fine! I don't care what you said then, I just care what happens to you now.

SOPHIE: WELL DON'T. DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO ME.

*(Sophie, now rid of Angèle, changes into her evening gown as Judith hangs up the phone and sits sullenly in the sofa chair on the landing)*

ANGELE: Hey Judith, why did Cowboy Jacques have shit on his mustache?

JUDITH: We got to get ready.

ANGELE: *(Singing)* "I've been looking for love in all the wrong places." Right, Marilyn honey?



*(Angèle throws darts into the "But For The Grace of God" poster near Judith's head "pinning" her to her chair)*

JUDITH: I think you better leave her alone. Out of respect for her being dead and all.

ANGELE: Oh, is that what she is?

JUDITH: Marilyn Monroe having been orphaned is entitled to some time off from people looking up her skirts and using her up still, making her into a nickname and a poster.

ANGELE: *(Pointing to the Monroe poster)* What do you want me to do about it? Make her patron saint of Cross-roads?

JUDITH: Well, you're the one who bought her for Sophie.

ANGELE: That's cause she's just one hell of a fine actress, Marilyn I mean.

JUDITH: Still, I think we should all look to the Saints and blessed ones: people like Gran Vi.

ANGELE: ARRRGH! *(She removes the darts from the board and throws them again)*

JUDITH: Cause Greg says you have to look at who your heroes are cause that tells you something about just who exactly you are because they're your heroes and all.

ANGELE: Beluga, the only hero I ever had was Jack Daniels on quaaluds.

JUDITH: See, Marilyn Monroe makes you think of drugs automatic cause she had that awful-sad overdose of phenol barbiturites in her sleep once.

ANGELE: Once? Yeah, once upon a time, eh? *(Throws darts)* Who the fuck do you look up to anyway, Fanny Farmer?

JUDITH: I look up to the sky and to Gran Vi, my grandmother who taught me about the firmaments. And of course, to the Savior.

ANGELE: *(Removing darts from board again)* Oh, the Savior! The Savior! His earth name wouldn't be Greg McPherson *(sticking all the darts furiously into the board)* by any chance, the El Primo wanker of this shitbox?

JUDITH: Even if it was, we gotta go tomorrow.

ANGELE: That was the douchebag on the phone just now, wasn't it? Calling you back to HamSouth and you're probably gonna go, right? Am I right?

JUDITH: Maybe.

ANGELE: After what those lowlifes did to you you're still thinking of going home? Jeezuz! Doesn't anyone around here have any self-respect?

*(Judith gets up and Angèle throws a dart above her so that Judith ducks, then scurries away)*

JUDITH: I don't want to go back without seeing the Planetarium. I read all those brochures but I never been inside and it's so close to here. I told Mum I want

to see it but then, it's not up to me.

ANGELE: *(To Sophie)* It's all up to you, baby... *(To Judith)* Hell Beluga, your every move could cause a tidal wave.

JUDITH: The banners are ready. I think we better practice the song. *(To Sophie)* You look awful pretty. I bet you lost some more since last week.

SOPHIE: Two kilos!

JUDITH: You got one of those metabolismisms!

SOPHIE: You just got to know what you want and den go for it!

JUDITH: *(Disheartened)* Yeah, go for it. Hey, we don't got much time!

ANGELE: To make up your minds cause otherwise, Sophie, you're gonna end in that chintzy trailer park with forklift-for-a-brain Jacques, and you, you're gonna go back to that wacko family dépanneur in HamSouth with that toilet of an uncle! Ah, what a pair of losers!

JUDITH: Something bothering you, Ang? You're nastier even than usual!

SOPHIE: Ah, she can't get what she wants, her! She's got some crazy idea about a store!

JUDITH: Store? What store?

ANGELE: The antique place just down the street, you can see it out the window. *(She looks out downstage left through the "window")* You remember me showing it to you, Judy.

JUDITH: I think so... Didn't we imagine we each had a store in group therapy?

ANGELE: Yeah, that's what got me going on it.

SOPHIE: Da point of Greg's exercise was to find out what you got in back of da store, in da storeroom! Not to go buy one, ostie! *(Makes a gesture indicating that Angèle is crazy)*

JUDITH: You shoudda told us sooner about this, Ang. What does Greg call that? Compulsively... repulsive.

ANGELE: IMPULSIVE!

SOPHIE: De toute façon, who needs a store with Greg's offer!

JUDITH: Yeah, Greg's offer.

ANGELE: *(Desperate)* What does Greg got to offer that I don't?

SOPHIE: *(She bursts out laughing)* Somebody must have told you about it.

JUDITH: Well, there's an opening, see, to take one of us clean and sober graduates to work here, I mean, to be like a therapist with people like yourself.

SOPHIE: He's gonna tell us tonight which one gets it.

ANGELE: *(She can't believe what she is hearing. She does a double-take)* The Nazis did that in their camps, you know. Use prisoners to guard other prisoners so they all flip out and don't know who's on whose side anymore! Some f'n job!

JUDITH: I been listening to Greg's tapes on recovery, see.

Studying them good. Why, he knows how I feel about the job. He wouldn't want to send me back to South Pig, my father being braindead and all. Not that Sophie ought to go back to Jacques.

SOPHIE: Or will.

JUDITH: Even if he's waited all this time for you and he makes good pay and wants holy matrimony and a real home and about five children.

SOPHIE: A job's a job.

ANGELE: *(As if she may have been interested in it)* He never breathed a word of it to ME, the bastard. *(To Sophie)* And neither did you.

SOPHIE: I just need a bit more cash for my one-way ticket and an apartment and some nice clothes for da auditioning and my voice lessons in Los Angeles. I'm going to work for Greg here, make some money and den split.

ANGELE: Right, you could give tours of the camp for the concerned public, invite the Red Cross. See? No gaz showers.

JUDITH: *(She drapes a banner over Sophie)* We didn't want to hurt your feelings, Ang, because you weren't asked to stay on.

ANGELE: Stay on! Are you crazy?

JUDITH: *(Adjusting the banner on Sophie)* You're "Joyous in pink." *(Putting hers on)* And I'm Green. That's Free. Like the vegetables in Gran Vi's garden. And

you're Happy, Ang. *(The telephone rings as Judith tries to put Angèle's banner on her but she throws it on the floor)* Those are the promises of the Program.

ANGELE: *(She runs over and picks up the phone)* The last time I was happy was at the Diana on two-for-one night. *(She picks it up, then slams it down)*

SOPHIE: C'tait qui?

ANGELE: Hollywood.

SOPHIE: Aye qu't'es chiante! We don't need her. We can sing dat by ourselves. Come on. We try once and den we gotta go. She don't have to come for the chip neither.

JUDITH: But she's got to. You gotta celebrate. You can't stay here alone. Six months is danger. Halt. H.A.L.T. That means don't get too hungry, angry, lonely or tired.

ANGELE: Right now, I'm only one of the above.

SOPHIE: Come on, Judy, we don't got much time.

JUDITH: But she's got to talk it out. You know the rules. Ang, I know you're mad about your store.

SOPHIE: Come on. She's gonna ruin it for us. Let's practice.

ANGELE: Why don't we just make a suicide pact? We could jump off the Jacques-Cartier bridge singing your song. Sophie can lead us. She's tried often enough. Maybe this time she'll get it right.

JUDITH: Ang-

SOPHIE: I'm not going to let nothing get me depressive now cause I'm getting my six-month clean and sober chip

tonight.

ANGELE: They're giving out key-chains this year.

JUDITH: *(She begins to "give" her presentation to the audience, emotional and sincere)* Good evening, ladies and gentlemen and fellow residents. I dedicate this song to my dear departed grandmother, Violet Flynn. It's a thanks to her for watching over me and teaching me to hear the music of the spheres and giving me hope when there was none. *(Sophie prods her to explain the word "spheres")* Spheres is planets and orbits and the like...

*(She leads Sophie in a choreography that resembles a childish bump and grind. Judith intones with a churchy style while Sophie croons à la Marilyn Monroe and flaunts herself, upstaging Judith. Angèle cleans her nails with a dart, turning away from Judith and Sophie in disgust)*

JUDITH: We ... We...*(They are off-key and begin again)*  
AND  
SOPHIE Hmm... We are Happy, Joyous and Free,  
IN  
CHORUS In our recovery.

One day at a time we stay straight,  
With twelve steps it is never too late.

JUDITH: *(As she skips sideways, looking very much like an overenthusiastic child)*  
Happy, Happy, Joyous and Free.

SOPHIE: That's you and you and you and me.

We never take a first drink, because now we-

ANGELE: Think, think, think.

*(Judith lunges forward and splits her dress)*

JUDITH: Oh, I'm ripped!

ANGELE: She's ripped!

JUDITH: What am I going to do?

SOPHIE: Hurry up to change!

JUDITH: But this is all I've got for fancy occasions. The others don't fit. I've grown so much.

SOPHIE: Ecoute, j'vais y aller. I'll tell Greg why you're gonna be late.

JUDITH: NO! Don't tell him WHY! I won't be long. I must have something else as pretty that still fits.

SOPHIE: Well, it's getting late. He's gonna be looking for me ... for us.

JUDITH: Sure. You go on. I'll be okay. I could wear my yellow jumper I guess, only it's got spaghetti sauce stains. You better go. I wouldn't want you to miss out on anything.

SOPHIE: I'd borrow you something but it won't be too loose.

JUDITH: Go! Please go!

SOPHIE: Okay, I will. *(She twirls, showing off her dress anxiously as Angèle watches her)* Heh, how do I look anyway? You think I look good enough? Greg's gonna think I look good enough, en?



JUDITH: Sure. Good enough.

SOPHIE: You really think so? My hair's okay too? You really think it's cute, en? Do you think Greg he's gonna like me looking how I look? Do you think I'm okay like dat?

ANGELE: *(Getting up and staring her in the face)* Know what I think? I think the day you really recover is the day you don't have to ask that kinda shit from no one.

SOPHIE: Especially from a BULLDIKE, a DIESELDIKE.

*(She turns and begins to walk out of the room but freezes in her steps as Angèle speaks)*

ANGELE: Wanna know why she takes so long in the can? First she goes in and runs the tap nice and loud, then she fills a glass full a water and drinks it all up like a good girl. You know the rubber band she wears around her wrist? It's not just to hide her old razor marks. No, she ties her hair back with it, then she gets down on her knees. Is it to pray? Oh no! She puts her face snug in the bowl and presses her middle finger down on the back of her tongue and locates the exact right spot so that all the food she pushed down, all those cries that never got cried, all her fucking history comes gushing right out... And she sees some blood in the bowl, so she flushes the toilet quick till it's

all clean and white... Then she takes a swig of the toilet water to kill the smell.

SOPHIE: *(She turns around, shaken, almost crying)* Dat's a lie! *(Pause)* I never drink the toilet water. Never!

*(She exits and Angèle stands there staring after her in silence. Then Angèle goes over to the down-stage "window" and looks toward the store. Judith searches frantically for something else to wear)*

JUDITH: Thought size twenty was gonna be just right.

ANGELE: Wear the fuckin' curtains, Scarlet.

JUDITH: I shoudda lost more.

ANGELE: Do like her and you will.

JUDITH: But she looks good anyway, I mean her body. I could have worked off some four or five pounds. In five months I could have... Oh! I don't have anything else fancy that fits. Whadda am I gonna do? If I sew it up maybe it'll split at the dance in front of Greg!

ANGELE: What do you chicks think this place is anyway? A diet club? I didn't get here from eating too many chocolate-chip cookies.

JUDITH: Maybe I did. *(Pause; then Judith continues to look for something to wear as Angèle speaks)*

ANGELE: Hey, Beluga, you got experience and all with selling, right? Am I right?

JUDITH: I operated the dépanneur from morning till night and on Sundays, even if it was against my wishes.

ANGELE: Well hey, you could be just the person for me! My number one sales rep!

JUDITH: Gee I don't know, Ang.

ANGELE: You'd love the place, Judy. It's empty now but the first time I snuck over there it was all laid out like it was waiting for me. A living-room like my mother had! Lace things on the sofa so your hair won't do a number on the brocade, and intricate carpeting, I mean Persian scrolls and all, and a god-dam tea-set on one of those tables with claws, one of those Louis Five deals. And on the wall... there's this portrait of this anonymous officer. And I'm just sitting on this sofa staring at the picture, then at the tea-set, getting the heebie-jeebies, like as if this officer in this picture is gonna show up any minute and put down his rifle on the brocade like he's had it with warring for good. I'm sitting two, three hours like this, staring, waiting, waiting. And every time the chichi owner dips by, asking if I'm interested in anything, I just say real quiet-like "I'm expecting someone for tea."

JUDITH: Who, Ang?

ANGELE: Oh Jeezus! Bob Hope! Beluga, Judy... Listen to me, come and have a look at the store. I'm fronting the

rent. You'd have a place to stay.

JUDITH: That's awfully nice of you, Ang, but-

ANGELE: Did I ever tell you I did this aptitude test once?

JUDITH: Yes you did, Ang.

ANGELE: I thought I did.

*(The phone rings and both Judith and Angèle stare at it, then look at each other tensely)*

JUDITH: I guess they're not screening calls tonight.

ANGELE: Then screen 'em yourself! *(Judith hesitates, then walks towards the phone)* Don't pick it up! Don't pick it up!... Jeezus, why bother?

JUDITH: *(Answering the phone)* Yeah. Me. Judy! No, I did not hang up before. Just a bad connection I guess-

ANGELE: Hey, tell the old douchebag you're working for me now.

JUDITH: I heard you the first time you called. Key West Florida, I know.

ANGELE: OOOOH! Go on! Not Key West! Hey, tell her you're my new partner. We'll call the place ANGJUD.

JUDITH: You told me, Mum. Oh.----- That's all I meant by oh: oh.----- Oh, well! But I was figuring on doing some sight seeing in the city first, cause we don't get to see stars except if we go to that place they got here like a holy temple that shows them on a white----- At the dépanneur?

ANGELE: Okay, okay, we'll call it JUDANG!

JUDITH: What?-----No, there's no man in my room. That's just  
Angie.

ANGELE: Tell her you're my new partner!

JUDITH: But Mother, I already got myself a job.

ANGELE: That's the spirit!

JUDITH: You see, Greg the counsellor wants me to work for him  
here.

ANGELE: Well, fuck you too! *(Under her breath)* Ah! Who  
needs you guys anyway.

*(Camisole peeps in through the window. He is dressed in an oversized zoot suit and he is holding a cake. Angèle checks the hole in her mattress where she has hidden the rent money for the store. Camisole ducks so that he is not seen by her)*

JUDITH: *(Speaking louder)* He's still got an exhausted  
brain, does he?

ANGELE: Hey, where the fuck is it? *(She can't find her money, so she searches under Sophie's mattress, then sorts through Sophie's things, still not finding it)*  
That two-timing cunt!

JUDITH: I heard the first time, Mum. The midnight bus? But -

ANGELE: *(Loudly)* Never trust an alcoholic!

JUDITH: *(She continues to speak as she puts the phone down dejectedly)* But there's this place with stars

I want to visit.

ANGELE: Hey, you saw me stash it, didn't you?

JUDITH: You got some drugs in here, Ang?

ANGELE: Money! The rent money for the store! It was all stuffed in my mattress.

JUDITH: Maybe it got caught in the sheets!

ANGELE: No such fucking luck.

JUDITH: Maybe somebody found it when they laundered up.

ANGELE: Nah, they only do that on Sundays.

JUDITH: But Ang, your laundry was done today and they washed your sheets cause we're leaving.

ANGELE: Fuckin' right! You did the washing, didn't you?

JUDITH: I just folded some of it.

ANGELE: Then who the hell was on soap today?

JUDITH: Janet was. She's been volunteering for everything lately.

ANGELE: If I don't find it on that pussy-whipper I'm going to personally frisk every alkie at that goddam meeting down there! *(She runs out in a huff)*

JUDITH: Ang, tell Greg that I'll be there really soon. Okay?

*(Judith looks through her suitcase for something to wear as Camisole enters at last, carrying his cake and strutting his wares. He approaches Judith from behind and covers her eyes, placing the cake under her nose)*

CAMIS.: Guess who? Guess what?

JUDITH: Blueberry cake, *(as he takes his hands away)*...  
half-baked!

CAMIS.: Dat's why it's in Sally Anne's garbage.

JUDITH: Waste of real blueberries. Hey, that's a... spiffy  
suit you got.

CAMIS.: Tanks. It's imported from Ontario.

JUDITH: It's kinda smart... like you.

CAMIS.: Sure. It's da real me, hein, just like Craig. Hey, why  
does Angèla get da fire on her ass like dat?

JUDITH: *(Holding her dress behind her)* Ah, she lost some-  
thing. Watch out! My dress is all opened up!

CAMIS.: *(Nibbling her)* J'vais t'manger tout cru, en, ma  
p'tite suc' à crème.

JUDITH: *(Referring to the cake as they sit on Judith's bed)*  
Ooh, this is so mushy!

CAMIS.: Mushy! Mushy! Mushy! Dat's how Camisole he's feeling  
when his little pigeon she pulls up da baby doll at  
da window, en, and her big mamselles are blinking,  
blinking at me. *(He grabs her)* Colles-toé, colles-  
toé plus.

JUDITH: *(Resisting him)* Touchin's never been a part of  
our... agreement, you know that. Why I'm only six  
months and I might find out that you're human and I  
don't think I could handle that right now. *(She be-  
gins to eat the cake)*

CAMIS.: But Judy, if you adding my year and a half sober and

your half-a-year sober today dat makes between us two years divisés en deux and dat makes one year each, so we can entangle now, whaddo you say? (*He tries to grab her*)

JUDITH: I only know how to multiply.

CAMIS.: Oh, Judy! Me I'm only wannin' to get my expression of love closer to you, baby.

JUDITH: The ceremony's gonna start real soon and I got to find something that fits. Greg's waiting for me. Yeah see, I got a song to sing.

CAMIS.: I heard dat video, "I gotta a song to sing", on Good Rocking Tonight. (*He thrusts his pelvis out and sings*) Good rocking tonight!

JUDITH: Have you ever seen a crocodile swamp pond? I never seen one. They got them in Key West Florida, my mother says.

CAMIS.: Dey got dat at St.- Paul d'Abbotsford in da Parc Safari. I seen it on da Tévé.

JUDITH: She's going to Florida with Uncle Hubbie, my mother, on a Jolly Roger ship. That's when you get some pirates to act like they're rescuing you from crocodiles, only they're not really cause they're all made out a plastic and they're paid to. I seen it in a brochure.

CAMIS.: On da Miami Vice dey got crocodiles and Crockett!  
(*Whispering*) Hey baby, do you see me see you in da night?



JUDITH: *(As she eats)* I can't see nothing in the dark at curfew time. I'm only lookin' out at the stars, Camisole, like they got back at Gran Violet's, stuck up near the moon, back of Flynn Hill. This all you got?

CAMIS.: Moé, Camisole? Camisole qui t'a emmené des éclairs en chocolat, *(kissing her after each item)* des bûches de Noël en chocolat, des coqs en chocolat, des pattes de cochons en chocolat, *(taking out a candy bar from his pocket)* des trésors pour mon Trésor, chocolat! For my fat lady from da circus!

JUDITH: Fat! *(Pushing him away)* It's not ALL fat! I told you I got one of them thyroids. A deficient kind! *(Looking at him)* Deficient!

CAMIS.: Sure. Super-duper A.O.K. Hey, da other goodies you have to find, en? *(He makes a play for her)*

JUDITH: Hey, I haven't given you none of that, not since the hospital.

CAMIS.: Yeah, I know.

JUDITH: And even then that's cause you locked us accidental in the closet. I was looking for perfumed soaps but you weren't!

CAMIS.: No. All dose times I been in hospital and never once I tasted a perfumed soup or... a girl like you, Judy! *(He falls to his knees)* And when I find you again at Crosswords, I... I... Oh, Judy baby, I got da propositioning for you.

JUDITH: We don't got time for that. Greg's waiting for me.

CAMIS.: Sure, Super Duper. But Camisole he's da good catch. As good as Craig. I learn educated things at da Sally Anne, big hidea, big hideas like Craig. (Takes out his Art of Plain Talk book) I do my art when da buzzsaw buzz! I say no, Camisole, you got to plain talk in English den dey don't lock you nowhere. Example:-

JUDITH: I know! You can sew me! (She looks for a thread and needle)

CAMIS.: (Reading from his book) "Practically every Hungarian girl you meet is named Ilona."

JUDITH: You can just sew it right up the rip.

CAMIS.: Dis too, eh? "I could be man of da house murmured Eben half to himself, if I could only remember to be."

JUDITH: Just sew it. Lord! You don't have to impress me with this stuff! I already got my impression of you.

(She looks through the book as he sews up the back of her dress. Judith is aroused despite herself)

CAMIS.: I get it better from behind the behind, okay?

JUDITH: (Opening the book at random) I used to pick my Good News Bible message this way.

CAMIS.: (Biting into her) Oh, Judy, you are the substance of my choosing. Hmm...

JUDITH: Shh... I'm getting my special message. (She opens

*a page at random)*

CAMIS.: Dere, dat's fitting good, en, mon petit pigeon?

JUDITH: Hey, watch where you put that.

*(Camisole continues the rest of his sewing as Judith reads from the book and eats chocolate, oblivious to him except when he pushes himself up against her and she oohs and ahhs intermittently)*

CAMIS.: Listen, Judy, I mean in plain-talk: we take my Bien-Etre-Social and your Bien-Etre-Social and den put our B.S. together, hein? We can find an apartment, you and me dat you can fix it up nice. Just think about dat, Judy.

JUDITH: Oooh... "I'm looking for a sergeant in an unironed shirt and a better way of living after the war."

CAMIS.: Judy, we could be making babies, a little Judy and a little Cammy and a little Judy, and-

JUDITH: "It's the way we planned it..." Oooh... "in a two-by-four tourist cabin sitting on a suitcase. Sound crazy?" Oooohh... "Here's the story."

CAMIS.: Judy, I want you for my femme fatale.

JUDITH: Aaahhh... "It happened at Ken's camp. As usual he staggered in with bags of dirty laundry and I went into-"

CAMIS.: I'm gonna take out da pin.

JUDITH: Ahh... "my little woman act."

CAMIS.: I'm taking out da pin.

JUDITH: OOOOOOohhhh...

CAMIS.: I'm finished, bébé.

JUDITH: It feels (he has sewn the dress too tightly) much better.

CAMIS.: Judy, I'm gonna give you a very big...

JUDITH: Ooooh...

CAMIS.: Cake. And I'm gonna put the icing on it.

JUDITH: What flavor?

CAMIS.: I'm gonna pop it good!... I want you for da marriage!

JUDITH: But, but... you called me fat!

CAMIS.: Nononnon. I say you are my femme FATALE!

JUDITH: Oh. But, it's just that, well, Greg told me he wants me to stay on with him cause he got me a job see and-

CAMIS.: Craig! Craig! Tabasnacle! He don't got the plain-talk like me.

JUDITH: Camisole, he don't got nothing like you.

CAMIS.: You're gonna make my buzzsaw buzz, Judy! Without your "I do", I'm gonna buzz good and dere gonna put me on da fourth floor at Louis Hyppolyte! Don't say no, Judy, or dey gonna give me da pipartil, da ellavil, da mel-laril, da largactils, all dose illls. Don't loose my serendeputy for me, Judy!... Buz... Buzz... BUZZZ... BUZZZZZZZ...

JUDITH: Now, now, Cammy. Remember the OMMMM Greg taught us.

CAMIS.: BZZZZZZZZZZZZZ...

JUDITH: OMMMMMMMMMMMM...

*(Angèle enters fuming. She walks right by Camisole ignoring him. Judith's dress which has been sewn up much too tightly makes it difficult for her to move)*

ANGELE: They got some old A.A. ex-con down there giving a drunkalogue. Hasn't even made it out of World War One yet! Chrissie! I couldn't even get at Janet. To think one of those fuckin' alkies got my money!

CAMIS.: Bzzzzzzz....

ANGELE: Tell the arswipe he's trespassing.

JUDITH: But he's escorting me to the celebration! *(She hits him)* You're escorting me to the celebration.

CAMIS.: Yeah! I come to *(singing)* "Celebrate good times, come on!"

ANGELE: There's nothing to celebrate with a geek suit like that on.

CAMIS.: It's authentique polly and esther, okay?

JUDITH: Oh, I seen their boutique in Old Montreal.

CAMIS.: Yeah, so dere.

ANGELE: So there? *(She knees him in the groin so that he falls in front of her, then she lifts him up by the scruff of the neck)* This is worth a bit for a slime-bucket like you.

CAMIS.: Ayoye, St.-Chrisostôme!

ANGELE: *(Reading the label)* Non! This is from Tip Top

Tailors! Hand over the rest of my cash, maudit mon-  
gol! *(She throws him down)*

JUDITH: Ang!

CAMIS.: Ayoye!

ANGELE: Là tu vas aller à confesse mon sacrament!

*(She throws him across the room)*

CAMIS.: *(Cowering in a heap)* J'lai pas ton cash! J'ai  
pris l'suit du gars de Verdun dans ma chambre. He  
cried during all da night in my room, dat guy. And dis  
morning he was dead cold just like dat and I'm taking  
his suit. Parole de scout!

ANGELE: *(Walking over to him, threateningly)* You're not  
gonna make me believe that you're cheap enough to  
wear *(kicking him in the stomach)* a dead man's  
suit!

CAMIS.: *(Groaning)* But he didn't need it no more.

JUDITH: Angie! Please! Leave him alone. We gotta go.

CAMIS.: It's da plain truth. He got dead just like dat. Pop  
goes da liver. I got da suit quick before the Major  
Sally-Anne gets dere and den I find in it some moneys  
in da lining, dat's all!

ANGELE: You want me to swallow that shit when it fits you  
just right?

CAMIS.: *(Getting up, with pride)* Why, tank you. I look like  
him a bit for da size.

ANGELE: And now we're gonna complete the picture.

*(She throws him against a chair and frisks him)*

CAMIS.: Non! Lâches moé, j't'innocent!

ANGELE: Ouin, t'es ben innocent bonhomme.

JUDITH: Ang, leave him. He's gotta go make his speech on rehabilitation.

ANGELE: *(Finding a gold ring in his pocket)* Tabernouche!

The retard's been shopping at Birks.

CAMIS.: Non. Chez PharmaPrix! C'est pour Judy.

JUDITH: Oh, it's a lovely thought!

ANGELE: Jeezus! He bought you a ring, a goddam ring with MY MONEY, and you think it's a lovely thought. *(Frisking him some more and finding chocolate bars in his inside and outside pockets)* So that's it, Beluga baby. Black market eh? Got a good deal going, right? What do you do for the stuff? Get B.F.'d on the fire escape or do you just suck him off at the Salvation Chapel?

JUDITH: I, I look up at the stars every night, like I was at Gran Violet's and he watches me watching the stars.

ANGELE: You are one fucking pathetic case. Here, have one for my ol' lady. She died of diabetes when I was twelve.

*(She throws a chocolate bar at Judith who picks it up and begins to eat it)*

JUDITH: I thought you said she killed herself when you were twelve, Ang.

ANGELE: SHUT UP! SHUT THE FUCK UP!

CAMIS.: *(Holding the book and quoting from it)* Euuhh,  
Plain-talk page 91, "If Hamlet had known cigarettes,  
he would never have thought of suicide." Dat's plain-  
talk.

ANGELE: Dat's plain shit, you arswipe. What else do you got  
in there? *(She throws him on the bed, and facing  
upstage she pulls down his pants as if to rape him)*

CAMIS.: Non. Non. C'est pour Judith! I keep it for Judith!  
For da marriage!

JUDITH: *(Eating chocolate)* You gotta stop, Ang!

ANGELE: *(She does find money hidden in his underwear and  
counts it)* One hundred. I'm still missing four hun-  
dred, you toilet. Envoye, take the suit off! Grouilles-  
toé l'cul, calice! *(Camisole takes off his suit and  
we see candy bars and Vachon cakes etc. strapped on his  
arms and legs with garters. He is wearing black under-  
wear. Angèle laughs at him as she throws his suit on  
the floor)* It's worth fuck all like you!

CAMIS.: I'm gonna tell da boys in blue all about you, Angèle  
O'Connell. You beat me good.

ANGELE: *(She goes over to him and takes out the candy  
bars from his garters throwing towards the audience)*  
Tell, he says. Tell! *(Pulls him up and begins to  
punch him)* I'll give you something to tell!

CAMIS.: NON! NON! TABASNACLE!



JUDITH: Leave him alone, Ang. He don't mean half of what he says.

ANGELE: BUT I DO! *(She continues to beat him up)*

JUDITH: Don't, Ang, don't! He's the only one ever asked me to marry him and I haven't made up my mind yet!... Ang! You'll have to go back to jail if you kill him. PLEASE DON'T! We're fiancéed. PLEASE, ANG! I'M GONNA... MARRY HIM.

*(Angèle suddenly drops Camisole. He begins to crawl limply towards the window. Judith rushes over to see how he is)*

JUDITH: Are you okay, Camisole? Cammy, are you okay?

CAMIS.: *(Faintly)* Yeah, sure, Super-duper now dat I got my "I do" from you, hein. I feel good, baby doll... Mrs. Camisole, hein? *(Whispering)* I watch for you later from da distance of my heart and my window.

JUDITH: Okay. I guess it's our last night like this-

CAMIS.: Yes, our last night without a kiss.

JUDITH: Now he's gonna miss his talk on being a Crossroad graduate.

CAMIS.: I'm gonna go back to the Sally and get cleaned up, my cabbage patch.

JUDITH: You gonna make it, Camisole? *(She picks up his suit and his shoes and hands them to him)*

CAMIS.: Oh yeah, sure ting. My Higher Power is da chauffeur in

da driver's seat even if I'm in da trunk me. Till I see you soon. *(He kisses his shoes and blows her a kiss off of them as he exits)* Bye-bye, ma femme totale.

JUDITH: I'm sorry, Ang, but... could you let me out? He sewed it too tight. I can't go anywhere and Greg, Greg's waiting for me.

ANGELE: I saw white. I'm sober and I coudda killed him.  
*(Angèle sits and stares as Judith pleads with her)*

JUDITH: Ang, could you undo this, Camisole sewn it up too tight. I gotta get down there fast cause Greg he'll be wondering about me.

ANGELE: I coudda killed a man.

JUDITH: Help me, Ang, I don't want to tear it off. Just cut me loose, Ang, that's all I ask.

ANGELE: What am I talking about? I coudda killed a wimp!

JUDITH: Ang! Greg's waiting for me.

ANGELE: What?

JUDITH: I said Greg's waiting for me.

ANGELE: Waiting for you? For what?

JUDITH: You know.

ANGELE: You think he wants to screw a fat freak whose legs applaud her every time she walks? He thinks you smell. He told me so.

JUDITH: No he didn't. No he didn't. That's not true.

ANGELE: It's the truth alright AND he told me that the nurse

said that your heart's gonna give way any minute now  
and do you know why?

JUDITH: No! No, Ang!

ANGELE: Cause it's full of grease stains.

JUDITH: The nurse never told ME that!

ANGELE: Mercy fuckin' the Sally Anne creep for Vachon cakes,  
Jeezus!

JUDITH: I've gotten better here. I have. Everybody says so.

ANGELE: (*Packing the rest of her things in her army bag but  
forgetting her walkman*) But not better enough to  
face life out there. And Greg knows that, that's why  
he wants to get rid of you. Says you remind him of  
failure. Says you reek of failure.

JUDITH: Don't say that, Ang. I, I got love feelings for Greg,  
see. Camisole don't matter to me. It's the first time  
I got soft feelings for a man back since my uncle done  
all those things to me.

ANGELE: Done them to you! You probably let him.

JUDITH: No, Ang. You got to believe me.

ANGELE: Why should I? Nobody else does.

JUDITH: Don't take my love feelings away, Ang, please.

ANGELE: "Love feelings"! What a big fat baby! When are you  
going to grow up?

JUDITH: Greg loves me, Ang. He told me that right to my face  
when I was wearing my pink dress that day in the  
lounge, he said "I love you, Judith Flynn." He did.

He did!

*(Angèle heads out the door as the phone rings but hearing it, she comes back and grabs the receiver and slaps it into Judith's hands)*

ANGELE: Go on. Go back to South Pig. Go back to your fucking uncle. You deserve it. You ask for it. *(She heads out and Judith is left holding the receiver)*

JUDITH: Ang! Are you coming back? Ang! ANG!

ANGELE: *(Stopping at the door, pleased with herself)* That's what I'm gonna call the place, Ang's! ANG'S!

*(She exits as Judith stares at the receiver and the lights fade out)*

INTERMISSION

BIVOUAC  
ACT TWO

*(It's a few hours later. We hear strains from Off To War by Rickee Lee Jones. The stage is dark except for a violet wash bleeding through the slats from the window shutters. Judith is lying comatose on the upstage sofa chair, cocooned in a dark blanket, listening to a tape on Angèle's walkman. The wrappers from the junk food from Act One are strewn about her and about the floor. The blueberry cake pan is near her blankets. The interim music fades out as the Motown song You Better Shop Around wafts up from the downstairs dance as Sophie enters from the fire-escape. She has been dancing and is sweating profusely. Her clean and sober key-chain is dangling from a gold necklace. She pauses at the window-sill to take in the night, the city. There is a sense of mistrust about her, of disillusion. The Monroe poster has fallen on the floor face up.*

*The song fades out as Sophie begins to talk, but popular hits may still be vaguely overheard while the window shutters are open. The stage, although it is illuminated by the spill-over from the open window, is dark enough that Sophie cannot see Judith. When the shutters are open, a city search light sweeps the room intermittently. Sophie makes her way towards her own bed, moving to the music)*

SOPHIE: "My mama done told me you better shop around, shop around, shop around, shop around..." *(She hits her*

*leg on the corner of her bed) Ayoye!... Judy?*  
*Angèle? Sacrifice! On est dans l'gouffre noir à soir.*  
*Y'auraient pas pu finir avec leur maudite histoire de*  
*curfew la dernière nuitte qu'on est icitte? (Bit-*  
*terly) C'te Christi de place. Allo!... Jacques?*  
*Jacques! Jacques, tu m'cherches tu?... Nevermind, os-*  
*stie! Aye, peut-être ben que j'pourrais trouver mon*  
*flashlight si j'pouvais voère ou c'est qu'c'et qu'j'*  
*l'ai mis! (She searches under her bed for her flash-*  
*light but can't find it) Hein? Nonnnn! (She lights*  
*a Bic lighter and looks around) J't'gage qu'à m'a*  
*piqué ça Angie, l'Ange-Gardiennel (She trips over*  
*the flashlight on the floor where Angèle has left it*  
*after her search) Câlinal (She sees, the flash-*  
*light and kisses it, opens its end and takes out a*  
*roll of five one hundred dollar bills. She closes the*  
*flashlight and turns it on) Et la lumière se fit...*  
*And den dere was... flashlight! J'suis smarte en os-*  
*tie, je souffre du smartisme, moé. They use da flash*  
*to find the cash but the cash is in da flash! Le cash*  
*à moé! (She kisses her hand repeatedly) J'suis*  
*géniale, ostie. Pis là, j'vais m'payer un maudit*  
*beau jet lag. And now I'm going to buy me a goddam*  
*beautiful jet lag, hein.*  
*(She begins to pack the rest of her things but then*  
*she sees the Monroe poster lying on the floor and*

*talks to it as she fingers her money)*

Marilyne, t'étais fatiguée de pendre là, hein ma fille?  
You get tired hanging dere, hein? Hey, don't look at  
me like dat! Dis money is for da accent. I need les-  
sons to get rid of it, Marilyne, because I'm going where  
you were. *(Bitterly)* I don't need dis place, I  
don't need no one, me. Just da blue Maliboo with dose  
palms that dance on my lycra body like da shadows of  
muscle men rising and falling over and over... In my  
T-shirt, in my T-Bird, on da freeways speeding faster  
dan light travelling, travelling to work in da movies  
to be in da picture bigger dan life, bigger dan da  
living-room in Gaspé with my mother with her pills  
freezed in a look, watching you die on dat TV Spécial,  
Marilyne, watching her self die on dat old grey sofa.

*(Judith groans, stops and groans again. Sophie di-  
rects the flashlight towards her and quickly stuffs  
the money in her purse)*

SOPHIE: *(Defensively)* Depuis quand qu't'es là à m'r'gar-  
der?

*(Judith groans again but, with the headphones on,  
she doesn't hear Sophie. Sophie aims the flashlight  
at Judith)*

JUDITH: Sophie... I... *(She hides the cake pan under her*

*blankets)*

SOPHIE: Déplug-toé, envoye.

JUDITH: *(She picks up wrappers guiltily and hides them as best she can)* I didn't go down because I couldn't find nothing to wear. Nothing that fit and I, I got sick to my stomach too. Greg didn't mind, did he? Tell him I'll be right down, will ya. Owww...

SOPHIE: You ate all dese wrappers?

JUDITH: No, no. That's just garbage Camisole didn't clean up.

SOPHIE: Sure. Hey, did you hear me talking to me before?

JUDITH: I was listening to my authentic audio-cassette. *(Judith burps)*

SOPHIE: Perdue dans l'espace, tabernak! *(Judith groans as Sophie picks up some wrappers and looks at Judith knowingly)* Hey, did Angèle leave?

JUDITH: Yeah, and I don't know what's gonna happen to her, Sophie, because she lost all her money for the store.

SOPHIE: Really? Oh... But she's gone her?

JUDITH: Yeah, I think for good.

SOPHIE: *(Greatly relieved)* Too bad. Hey, I waited for you hein. I got to sing all by myself, while you're on da binge, you! Lucky for dem I'm a professional, hein?

JUDITH: Your clean and sober key-chain looks good hanging on that.

SOPHIE: It's a gift from Greg: pure gold. Yeah. He give it to me down dere in front of everybody, *(almost to her-*



*self*) but if he tink's dat's gonna make me shut up!

JUDITH: Ah, did, ah, he ask after me... for the job. Well did he?

SOPHIE: (*Ignoring her, picking up the cassette*) Slim Forever.

JUDITH: It's one of them subminimal things.

SOPHIE: (*With real concern*) Does it work?

JUDITH: There's no guarantee.

SOPHIE: (*Desperate*) Listen, ah, did Jacques call for me before on da phone? (*Judith groans progressively as Sophie refreshes her makeup nervously, applies more deodorant, etc.*) Did he? DID HE CALL FOR ME?

JUDITH: He could have. I couldn't hear nothing with my headset.

SOPHIE: I bet he's on Victoria's bridge right now, hein. Ah, lui! What can I do to stop that? Even if I tell him don't come get me, he's gonna come get me. (*She finishes packing her bags in a hurry*)

JUDITH: Like a piece of cake? (*She begins to eat cake*)

SOPHIE: You can't eat dat when you're sick to your stomach.

JUDITH: Oh, I forgot!... Owww! (*She puts the cake down reluctantly*)

SOPHIE: Sounds like you got da crisis for da liver, you.

JUDITH: No, I think I'm just homesick.

SOPHIE: Nobody gets homesick for that place you come from, Ham Sud, South Pig!

JUDITH: It's North Pig I'm missing!

SOPHIE: Hein?

JUDITH: That's right near South Pig. That's where Gran Vi lived.

SOPHIE: Oh yeah? Hey, when Jacques gets here, tell him I'm gone, hein. Tell him I took da plane. *(She looks at her watch and begins to exit, carrying her suitcase)*

JUDITH: Sophie!

SOPHIE: Greg wants me for a slow.

JUDITH: Sophie!

SOPHIE: I gotta go.

JUDITH: Did... did he say yet? Did he say I got the job? Did he? *(Pause)* You got it, didn't you? Didn't you?

SOPHIE: Salut. *(Ignoring Judith she begins to exit again)*

JUDITH: I bet you make a nice couple.

SOPHIE: What?

JUDITH: I bet you make a nice couple, you and Jacques.

SOPHIE: Me and Jacques?

JUDITH: Yeah. I seen that picture you got of him. The pair of you must look like regular movie stars together. James Dean and Grace Kelly or something.

SOPHIE: *(She suddenly softens, then looking at her watch, turns around to face Judith)* I did get my start in da show biz with Jacques.

JUDITH: You did?

SOPHIE: See, in l'Ecole Secondaire we were a pair close like

dat. At da grad balle, Jacques and I, we were King and Queen of Gaspé High. Da spotlight couple. And my buddies, Lucien, Armand, P'tit Mé, dey tell me I looked like da vraie de vraie: like a vedette that could make it on Channel Ten.

JUDITH: I only seen Channel Twelve.

SOPHIE: Dat's when Jacques he takes me to the Odéon de Carleton and he says, "Okay, you want to be in da movies? Now you are in da movies!" Well, me I get mad at dat and that's when I split him for my lip-synch contest in Rimouski and I win it.

JUDITH: Congratulations. Who were you?

SOPHIE: I was... Madonna!

JUDITH: THE Madonna?

SOPHIE: "Like da virgin, like da virgin"... you know.

JUDITH: Geez, I didn't know she sang!

SOPHIE: I only just took one valium to start with and just one drink to go down. Later, in my black-out, dat's when I sliced myself, (*makes the gesture of slitting her wrist*) ZZZZ, like dat in dat guy's bathtub.

JUDITH: And Jacques came to save you.

SOPHIE: Jacques, he was good at dat. The next time I run from him when I got a singing job at La Boîte A Chanson in Hull.

JUDITH: Geez, I wish I coulda been there.

SOPHIE: (*Singing with a country twang as Judith claps*)

"O Lolita ma Brune,  
Pense toujours à l'amour,  
Toi et moi au clair de lune  
Nous ne ferons pas demi-tour.

Tes cheveux sur mon épaule  
Me donne une folle envie  
De te dire des tendres choses:  
C'est toé et moé pour la vie!"

JUDITH: And that's the time the hospital people picked you  
off of the Rideau Canal, right?

SOPHIE: (*Laughing at herself*) But not for skating.

JUDITH: Gosh, I think you're lucky Jacques still wants you  
back after all you done.

SOPHIE: Back, back to da small life, locked in dat trailer-  
park by the sea, where I'm sleeping all da day like I  
need a long long rest and I don't want to wake up to  
find out what I need dat long long rest from.

JUDITH: It's a good life sleeping by the sea. I seen it in a  
brochure. It's something a person could settle for  
without too much trouble.

SOPHIE: Judy, I got my six months. I got my key-chain. I'm  
not going backward, me. I don't have a problem with  
alcohol no more... You know the only problem I got  
now?

JUDITH: I think so.

SOPHIE: Dat I belong in the United-States of America, not  
here.

JUDITH: (*Excited*) Oh, so then you don't got to wait around  
for no job!

SOPHIE: Maybe.

JUDITH: (*Pleading as Sophie is exiting*) Tell Greg... tell him... that I can do it for nothing, that job, I'll stay on welfare, and if he doesn't want me for it then I'll clean for him, make pot pie in the kitchen, hand-scrub, vacuum, wax and shine. I don't mind. Welfare isn't so bad. And I wouldn't take up much place. There's this spot I seen in the basement, near the drainpipes. I'd be helping everyone out twenty-four hours a day if I had to. Tell him I'll... I'll diet, just eat the left-overs. It'll do me good. You don't need this job, you could be a famous movie star but the only place I ever worked at is my family's *dépanneur*! Sophie, you can't let me go back to my mother. They'll make me sell alcohol and chocolate bars and I won't make it. I WON'T MAKE IT!

SOPHIE: When does the bus leave for South Pig?

JUDITH: (*Her voice catches*) Midnight.

SOPHIE: I think you better pack den.

JUDITH: You got the job just cause you look good. It's not fair, you don't deserve it like I do.

SOPHIE: There is no job.

JUDITH: You're lying.

SOPHIE: Crossroads is finished. There closing it down! Dat's what dey said at da meeting. We gotta go for good. Dere pulling it all down for an El Mondo Condo. You

seen dose.

JUDITH: Ah geez, ah geez! There gonna build condominiums here? What's gonna happen to Greg?

SOPHIE: Fuck him! He's got some big job in a rehab in Baie James, shit, all da way in Baie James!

JUDITH: But why didn't he tell me? Why didn't he tell me?

SOPHIE: Tell you? He didn't tell me till tonight! Ha, I don't need his fuckin' job, his fuckin' promises. I got almost enough money to make it on da plane to California one-way. I can sing dere, I can act dere. I'll get an agent. I'm going to make it big, Judy. Dey'll pay for me to get rid of de accent at Universal Studios, den I'll get my teeth fixed by them and...

JUDITH: It's Ang's, isn't it?

SOPHIE: What?

JUDITH: The money for your airfare. It's Ang's, isn't it?

SOPHIE: ... Okay, okay. It's Angèle's. But she don't need it. She's got a rich father. She don't need it like I do.  
(She takes out a vial of pills and swallows a few)  
Hey, don't look at me like dat. Dese are the ones for my sickness.

JUDITH: Sure.

SOPHIE: Look, I'll give it back to her when I make it big. I just borrowed it, dat's all. She owes it to me for what she got from me.

JUDITH: I coulda gone into that store with Ang if she had her

money. She offered. I coulda been her partner.

SOPHIE: Hey, did you hear dat?

JUDITH: You stole her money.

SOPHIE: Dat was a transport truck...

JUDITH: I coulda had somewhere to go. I shoulda listened to Ang... What am I supposed to do now? WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?

SOPHIE: Dance. The night is still young, hein... too young for sleeping.

*(Sophie picks up her suitcase and exits as Judith sits and stares ahead of her, eating cake compulsively. The song Vivre dans la Nuit drifts up from the dance as we see Camisole's dark, monstrous shadow looming over the fire-escape. He plays the scene completely offstage so that we only see his actions via his shadow. Judith pretends that she is talking to Gran Vi the whole time. She is in a state of denial about what she is really doing)*

CAMIS.: Stss... stsss... Judyyyyyyyy, youhoooooo.

JUDITH: That you, Gran Vi?

CAMIS.: Hey, stsss, c'est moé, ton Main Man.

JUDITH: Can't see the stars tonight like back at your place, Gran Vi. *(She walks over towards the shadow)*

CAMIS.: Me sens mieux asteur. I'm feeling not so bad now.

JUDITH: In the city, it's like they got a nightgown of dirt on

them, the stars.

CAMIS.: Dey even wash my cuts for me and da Major Sally Anne she give me da band-aids.

JUDITH: I guess that kinda dirt just drifts up from the sidewalks.

CAMIS.: So, me sens ben plus sur le go là, Judy. I'm feeling on da go.

JUDITH: Geez, it's getting sweaty like one of them Turkish steam baths.

CAMIS.: So we're gonna do some plain-talk now, okay?

JUDITH: I'm not feeling so good tonight, Gran. You got a poem for me like the one you told me that time 'bout how the planets talk back to each other in music?

CAMIS.: Judy, baby, say hello to your Cammy baby. Tu m'voés-tu qui t'regarde dans nuitte? Do you see me see you in da night?

JUDITH: Can't see nothing in the city, Gran, 'cept for at that place they got to visit, like a church with a circle a galaxies all around your head that you couldn't see with just your naked eyes.

CAMIS.: Judy, baby, lève ton baby-doll pour ton chum. Judy pour une dernière fois, envoye. Lift it up, baby.

JUDITH: And it only cost two dollars to get in.

CAMIS.: Monte moé les, Judy, tes mamselles. Blink dem at me, baby.

*(Judith begins to lift her baby-doll top up so that*



*he can see her breasts but she still doesn't acknowledge his presence)*

JUDITH: With a name like for fish, only it's for stars.

CAMIS.: *(We see Camisole's shadow moving as he masturbates)*  
For da old times sakes, baby. I brought you all your candy, hein. Oooh.... OOOH... I'm starting to band, baby, looking at you in all your splendeurrrr... ARGH! J'bande... Oui! Oui! J'bande.

JUDITH: And it's in Roman.

CAMIS.: It's a big one, hein baby? Look.

JUDITH: It seats three hundred people!

CAMIS.: *(Moans increasingly but we still hear Judith over his cries)* ARGH! Oostie... ARGH! Baby-doll!

JUDITH: It's got one of them gold domes on it like one of them singogs from the Holy Land.

CAMIS.: OOOOH! Baby-doll!

JUDITH: And you could spot it from a look-out.

CAMIS.: I'm dyiiiiing...

JUDITH: Tarium!

CAMIS.: ARGH! UNH! UNH! Baby-doll...

JUDITH: Tarium something.

CAMIS.: I'm... ARGHHH! ARGHHH!

JUDITH: PLANETARIUM!

CAMIS.: AHHHHHHH! Ahhhh, ahh... I'm dying, me.

JUDITH: That's the place.

CAMIS.: Oh! I'm dead for sure! I come for you, my fudgesicle.

*(The telephone starts ringing as Camisole's shadow slowly recedes)*

JUDITH: And they like you to visit with a real husband and children and hold their hands on weekends.

CAMIS.: Bouge pas, mon p'tit fuuudge... I come for you.

*(Camisole retreats into the background)*

JUDITH: I gotta go home now, Violet. My mother's calling me.

*(Judith ignores the insistent ringing of the phone and slowly begins to climb out the window and up the rickety fire-escape onto the highest visible step. She looks out towards the planetarium's dome. As she does this she mumbles the Walt Whitman poem Gran Vi taught her)*

"I see before me now... a bivouac at midnight, and above it the golden lights... flickering out of... reach, far far away... breaking out, studded, studded, the eternal... the eternal..."

*(She lies in a fetus-like position on the fire-escape mumbling her poem over again as Angèle enters from the fire-escape below. She is intoxicated but is trying to control the outward manifestations. Angèle gets off at the roof level without noticing Judith above her. She moves with paranoia as she enters the room through the window. She is cradling her leather jacket in her arms. She whispers "shhh" to her lea-*

*ther bundle as if it were a baby. She then goes over to the table and takes out two bottles of wine that are wrapped inside it. One is almost empty. She curses under her voice as the search light sweeps by. Satisfied she is in no danger, she begins to sing)*

ANGELE: "Oh, your eyes may glitter and..." Shhh, Soph? Sophie?

*(Talking to the bottles) Shhh... I'm going to get you home free, baby. (Singing) "Oh, your eyes may glitter and your twat may twitter." We're not going to let them see you, baby, shhh, cross the street in Jesus' Army, angst madonnas, all sisters of black dirth glowering away their warrior selves in alleys and alleyways... "and your twat may twitter but you can't bullshit an old bullshitter."*

*(She takes a swig from her bottle, then she notices the Marilyn poster on the ground and kneels on it seductively while she talks)*

We're going to be alright, baby. I'm going to take care of you. Hey, Marilyn honey, you're all laid out, eh? It's curfew time, mama. They bayonet you in the alleyways past zero hour... Jesus, let's have ourselves a séance! You hear me, come on, you shivershade bitch, we're gonna bring all the dead women warriors back... only there's no welcome mat on this planet for us, girls.

(She sits up facing the poster as Camisole enters with a suitcase and his Plain Talk book. He is patched up clumsily with bandaids. She is still drinking as Camisole notices her back and mistakes her for Judith. He sneaks up behind her and covers her eyes and puts his hands over her breasts)

CAMIS.: Guess who, guess what?

(He takes away his hands but Angèle catches him and twists him around, placing his hands on her crotch)

ANGELE: Well, if it isn't Mr. Plain-talk! Wanna cop a real feel?

CAMIS.: No, no, Angie. Touche moé pas, tabernouche! Hey, you smell like da booze, you.

ANGELE: Booze? Bottled spirits. (She blesses him with the sign of the cross) Pater noster in spiritus drunkanus.

CAMIS.: Oh, Angèle, là t'es cuite dans ton bouillon, dere gonna catch you, Angie. T'es faite.

ANGELE: Fete, ya, let's have a fucking fete! I'm free at midnight!

CAMIS.: Free for what, Angèle, to drink? Even me, j'plus wise que ca.

ANGELE: P'tit crosseur! I saw you from the alley jerking off over Judy, you catholic perv! (She grabs him and

*tries to force him to drink from the bottle)*

CAMIS.: Non, non, Angèle. Fais moé pas ça.

ANGELE: I know you're dying for it. Come on.

CAMIS.: Non, non. I don't even want it, me.

ANGELE: Meet you at the bottom. *(She is off balance and he manages to struggle free from her)*

CAMIS.: I lose everything if I drink, me, and den I can't have my Judy no more.

ANGELE: *(She lets him go and takes another swig)* Don't worry. I never waste it on lowlifes.

CAMIS.: *(Afraid and hesitating)* Faut que j'trouve Judy. I got to find my Baby-doll. M'as aller voir. Okay? Okay, Angie?

ANGELE: I don't believe you don't want it. This is all I ever wanted for the last six months and it's all you want too.

CAMIS.: Non! Da Big Guy Upstairs, he remove da thirst of désir from me.

ANGELE: Yeah, you're a fuckin' miracle.

CAMIS.: Please, I got to see Judy. Where is she, my Judy?

ANGELE: Hold still and maybe I'll tell you. *(She holds onto him and places the bottle near his lips)*

CAMIS.: Sapristi! You're going to make me buzz good, you.

ANGELE: That's the main idea.

CAMIS.: Buzz, ostie, bzzz... Ommmm, OMMMM.

ANGELE: Cut the crap and have a little sip. I know you want

it.

CAMIS.: Non, ostie! Ommm, BUZZZ, omm. Niaise moé pas, Angèle. *(He throws her off and she stumbles forward with her bottle)* You know what's just happened because of you? Da Major Sally Anne kicked me out just now like dat! Moé! Because I got in da fight with you, Angèle O'Connell, and I didn't turn my cheeks.

ANGELE: Bullshit. They kicked ya out cause they finally found you jerking off on the roof. Jesus' soldier my ass!

CAMIS.: Okay, okay, maybe I lose my place for dat too but dey know I took da money from da dead guy from Verdun because his family come for it. And I don't got no money to give back cause you took it from me, Angèle O'Connell.

ANGELE: I know what my name is, asshole, besides, I bet that dead Verdun guy snuck in here and stole it from me to begin with.

CAMIS.: Nonnonon. Give me back da money, Angèle, it's for me.

ANGELE: I spent it all, pal. Oh, did I forget to thank you for the wine?

CAMIS.: Okay d'abord, Angie. I've gotta accept the things I cannot exchange... But me I'm luckier than you, I got my abstinence from alcohol and I don't drink.

JUDITH: It's easier for dimwits.

CAMIS.: Maybe, just maybe Camisole, he's missing a few screws, but au moins, Angèle, I don't think I'm so stupid dat

I can't be disesseased by da alcooholisme.

ANGELE: You were born diseased.

CAMIS.: Dat's right. It's in my genes, Angèle.

ANGELE: Then keep it there, for Chrissake.

CAMIS.: If you don't take the first, you won't die of thirst.

ANGELE: That Program bullshit may go down with the goodie-goodies in here but just try it out there in the real world, bud!

CAMIS.: Da real world? Do you think it's been one big party for Camisole? My Higher Power he takes from me da drink, da room, da suit, da money, da job... but not my faith in da Program.

ANGELE: *(Lifting up her bottle)* I got my faith!

CAMIS.: You got what I got, Angèle.

ANGELE: I'm not on par with you yet, wetbrain.

CAMIS.: Angèle, da drinking is why dey put you in da jail to begin.

ANGELE: You better watch it, bucko, cause I'm a great aim.

*(She shoots a dart at him but misses)*

CAMIS.: Ouin ouin, Angèle.

ANGELE: Ouin ouin, you! I was in Darts Digest, buddy-boy!

CAMIS.: So what? Anyways you look at it, you are condemned, Angèla.

ANGELE: What? My sentence is up tonight.

CAMIS.: Non. I mean to say you are condemned because now you know too much hein, like me. Once we find da Program,

it's just too bad, but we are condemned to... happiness.

ANGELE: *(She is unsettled by this remark)* You wanna know where Judith is? She's probably down there with ol' Greg making whoopdidoo on his couch. She gives that poontanger more than just ogles from a window!

CAMIS.: Not my Judy! She don't do nothing like dat!

ANGELE: *(On her knees coming after him with a dart. She drags herself along by plunging the dart into the floor and pulling herself forward)* Oh ya? She'd do anything for GREGGGGGGGG!

CAMIS.: No, he don't do that to my fiancée. He got ten years clean time by the grease of God as He understands Him. He's talking to Judy 'bout the job. You know, Angèle, I am going to go plain-talk to him all about you and how I loose my place at da Sally cause you hit me good. Yeah. I'm gonna tell him you're on da booze too.

*(She throws a dart at him and she almost hits him. He does a double-take then makes a run for it)*

ANGELE: Ahh, the inner bull.

*(She bursts out laughing, but her laughter has an anguished edge to it. She opens the full bottle of wine as she sings)*

ANGELE: "I'm not the pheasant fucker's daughter, I'm the



pleasant plucker's son, and I'm only plucking pheasants, *(heading outside onto the fire-escape)* till the pheasant fucking's done." Hey... *(Seeing Judith for the first time)* Hey Beluga, you contemplating the great escape? *(Judith turns around fearfully)* What's the matter? You seen a ghost?

JUDITH: I thought maybe you were Greg.

ANGELE: Ouhhhh, nah, he's down there with all our recovered Crossroads brothers and sisters... Recovered, my ass!

JUDITH: *(Whispering)* Did he ask for me?

ANGELE: The Major Domo? The El Primo Wanker? Nah, he was too busy dishing it out to the needy.

JUDITH: Don't see what you came back for.

ANGELE: *(Pause)* You think I'm a bulldike? A diesel dike? *(She takes out her bottle and gulps back some wine)*

JUDITH: *(Turning and realizing for the first time that Ang is drinking again)* You on a slip again, Ang? You slipping?

ANGELE: *(As she climbs up the steps precariously towards her)* You can only slip if you're on something. I was never even on the first step.

JUDITH: "Remember When", Ang! When you went back out six months ago, they bounced you from the Diana and then you beat up on one of those transvestits and got home to that awful zoo you had with those crabs, the ocean kind, and those furry lizards and that whole herd a

elephants in your one-and-a-half.

ANGELE: *(Pause)* They were mastodons.

JUDITH: They were D.T.'s.

ANGELE: Shit! I'm not a wetbrain yet! Course I know they were D.T.'s. Mastodons are extinct, right?

JUDITH: I guess their kind died out. *(Pause)* I thought you'd make it, Ang. I thought you'd find your Higher Power somehow.

ANGELE: *(Holding up her bottle)* Honey, I found my Higher Power but I had to search for Him at this eleventh hour. All the way to the fuckin' Perrette's on Bleury!

JUDITH: I meant G.O.D., you know: Good Orderly Direction.

ANGELE: Ah, the good-year wimp is waxing religious again. Listen, I've never seen a fat saint, have you?

JUDITH: Buddha was kind of chubby.

ANGELE: Yeah, sure. I guess you think it's fuckin' zen to flash your tits out of windows.

JUDITH: I was just getting some air. *(She gets up to leave, trying to step over Angèle)*

ANGELE: Hey, hey, where do you think you're going? I'm talking to you.

JUDITH: I'm... going home, Ang.

ANGELE: Home ommm!

JUDITH: I don't got nowhere else to go.

ANGELE: *(Laughing bitterly)* That's where I went tonight, home!... You know, back to, ah... suburbia. And there

was the Brigadier just sitting in that big ol' chair,  
pissed to the gills!

JUDITH: I thought he had a business meeting.

ANGELE: Yeah, with the bottle.

JUDITH: He was drunk, Ang?

ANGELE: He's been that way for the last twenty years, only he  
thinks he's not like me, ah... cause he makes shitloads  
of money.

JUDITH: Did you ask him for some, Ang? For the store?

ANGELE: "I got my six months, I made it," I tell him "but I'm  
kinda in a jam cause there's this place I'm fixing  
up." "I know the only thing you're fixing", he says.

JUDITH: But did he give you the money, Ang, see, cause I've  
been thinking maybe it wasn't such a bad idea after  
all.

ANGELE: He's so loaded, he wants to unload some of it on me,  
so I get loaded too, carrying on the family tradition.

JUDITH: Maybe I could be your business partner or something.

ANGELE: "I got my six months, I made it!" I tell him. "Have a  
drink," he says. "Have a drink."

JUDITH: But no money.

ANGELE: I'll get my six months back. I'll get it back. I'll  
talk to Greg, he'll let me stay another six, no pro-  
blem. Do you know this dump is the only place I ever  
got sober in? I almost like it here, can you believe  
it?

JUDITH: *(The phone rings but she never answers it)* That must be Mum checking if I'm taking the bus home.

ANGELE: You can't go back.

JUDITH: But Ang, Crossroads is closing down. They're gonna tear it down to the ground.

ANGELE: Come on, don't shit me now. NOT NOW!

JUDITH: It's true, Ang. We must "Accept the things we cannot change." *(As she tries to get by Angèle)* My bus leaves at midnight. I gotta go. *(Pause as Angèle stares in disbelief)* I'll make you some black coffee if I got time.

ANGELE: *(She grabs the cross around Judith's neck)* Sure, sure. Even if I didn't ask for coffee. Go on, FETCH IT cause that's what you are, a fuckin' female fetchit. Here. *(She takes the cross and throws it towards the center stage)*

JUDITH: Don't, Ang! Gran Vi gave me that!

*(She enters through the window and runs over to get her cross, moving downstage center with it. Angèle follows her)*

ANGELE: Gran Vi wasn't even your grandmother.

JUDITH: That's not true.

ANGELE: You never copped your shit, never! You got by Check Point Charlie because you were so fuckin' sweet but we were all on to you from day one.

JUDITH: Don't!

ANGELE: That bit about asking your uncle to do that stuff to you! Maybe the men bought it cause it suited them but I didn't, not for one minute. Not one!

JUDITH: Leave me alone. I've graduated. You don't see me drinking!

ANGELE: Well, maybe not, but you'll never make reentry cause you're nothing but a BIG FAT LIAR!

JUDITH: No! Don't.

ANGELE: You borrowed Gran VI from the girl next door.

JUDITH: No, Ang, no. You got it wrong! Gran Vi...

ANGELE: GRAN VI WHAT?

JUDITH: Gran Vi lent herself to me! She did!... When she sat in her wicker chair that time with Willard her husband, with her Hudson Bay blanket, and she read from those poems in that cloth book up on Flynn Hill and she let us hoola-hoop in the open garden, hoola-hoop past the sun! And we picked tomatos and berries and I wasn't even hungry for nothing else. And when it got dark she made us listen. "Listen to the stars," she said, "they've got their very own music." And I heard it cause I heard her hearing it... And she introduced me to the Little Bear and the Big Bear and the Great Dragon and the Winged Horse. Told me she could lend herself to me as a grandparent cause I had none. Karen Flynn didn't mind... she had six! (Pause) That

poem she gave me? She tore it right from a cloth book!

The thing was, that all that day long they were holding hands, her and Willard, holding hands and not letting go. Like they still had love feelings for each other, like they still loved each other or something...

I only saw them a few times when Gran Vi gave me that poem and this cross. My mother said I couldn't go no more cause they lived in North Pig and they were old kooks and kept me out late.

ANGELE: Don't you see you could have snuck over anyway? No wonder your uncle called you stupid!

JUDITH: "I see before me now horses looming... large-sized the shadows of men flickering..."

ANGELE: YOU LET HIM CALL YOU STUPID, STUPID!

*(Pause during which Judith turns around slowly in a desperately childlike voice and sinks to her knees. Angèle gradually kneels down beside her)*

JUDITH: I'm not stupid, only slow. *(Speaks as if she were her uncle)* "Eating smarties don't make you a smarty, stupid. Come here, you don't look so smart with your tunic up over your head on a Milky Way crate. I know how many Smartie boxes are missing. Better not open your mouth 'cept when I say so. Say nothing to your mother about it." And I can't... I can't talk good.

My mouth's covered up with his free hand and, and he says if I like it so much he's gonna give me all I want. I can't say nothing to no one cause they won't hear anyway. "I'm too small, too small for... that, Uncle Hubbie." But his big red thing's tearing into me and I'm on the Milky Way crate not listening to him breathing funny anymore, no. All I can hear is Gran Vi reciting that poem to me like on that day. And all I can see are those stars she taught me... And that's all I want to see cause he's making those sounds he's got and he's putting it in me again and again, and my head's hitting down on the crates, and my brain's spilling... spilling out on the cellar floor, like one of them cherry blossoms.

Daddy came down and he seen what Uncle Hubby did to me. That was the day he got his brain exhausted in the garage. When I was sewed up and came back from the hospital, it started up again. Daddy just sat there watching in the cellar like a root vegetable cause he knew Uncle owned the place and he did it to my mother too.

(Pause) It's like I had this big bruising in me every time he did it to me, only it was in my feelings. Chocolates weren't enough anymore to make it numb. Each time the bruise got bigger, I had some

liquor till I got sick in the head with it, screamin' "I'll never go down there in that cellar even if you make me." But I couldn't be any help to my mother in the dépanneur no more and that's when they sent me off... They gave me the shock cause they got me in the wing for crazies. *(Pause)* I don't remember how many times they gave it to me.

ANGELE: Till they made you think you wanted it, what your uncle did to you.

JUDITH: Don't look at me like that!

ANGELE: Like what?

JUDITH: Like you're looking at my insides! You wanna look at me? Look, I'm showing you my ugliness. I'm ugly eh? And dirty. Like meat gone bad. *(She begins to pull frantically at her clothes)* I belong in a circus with the kind of ugly dirty grin I got, attracts scum. Look at me. I'm all blubbery like a whale. I wanted it so bad, those sweets, those alcohol drinks, I'd have done anything for them. I'd have killed! Killed!

ANGELE: THEN KILL, FOR CHRISAKES! KILL HIM! KILL HIM! KILL HIM!...Cause alive and tearing into you.

*(Slowly she puts her arms around Judith, cradling her)*

JUDITH: Stop being so nice to me. I'm not use to it with you. Don't touch me! STOP IT. STOP IT.

ANGELE: It's okay.



JUDITH: Don't touch me. You're one of them.

ANGELE: No I'm not.

JUDITH: *(She pummels Angie as if she were her uncle)*

DON'T TOUCH ME! DON'T TOUCH ME... I SAID DON'T TOUCH ME! GET OFF A ME! *(She stops and then lets herself be held as she whimpers like a child)* I'm not too small. I'm not too small anymore, am I? Am I? I'm not too small.

ANGELE: *(She holds her and smooths her hair)* Shhh...

shhh...

*(Camisole runs in through the hallway, looking for a place to hide. He runs through the door leading onto the roof and hides in a corner)*

JUDITH: *Nobody's ever come back to get me. You came back to get me, didn't you, Ang? Didn't you?*

*(Sophie runs in after Camisole and finds him on the roof. This prompts Camisole to jump through the window onto the set and hide under Judith's bed. Sophie, in obvious disarray and considerably enraged, follows him into the room)*

SOPHIE: *(Holding her key-chain which has been crushed and is dangling from her necklace)* Mon key-chain pour mon six mois, ostie! M'as t'avoir espèce de mongol!  
*(She notices his feet under the bed)* Me, I'm gon-

na strangulate you, hein. *(Pulling him out by one of his feet)* T'aurais du t'cacher dans toilette, mon p'tit calice.

CAMIS.: Lâches moé! *(He gets free but Sophie attempts to punch him)* Non, non, touche moé pas. Get da card at da YW, les girls, I'm not da punching bag, caline de bines!

*(Judith and Angèle are forced out of their private world. Judith is considerably relieved by her revelations. She carries herself now as if a great weight had been lifted from her shoulders. She slowly begins to pack the rest of her things)*

SOPHIE: He broke my six-month key-chain. He stepped on it after he finish with Greg. It's cracked between clean and sober. It's no good anymore... Angèle, what are you doing here, you?

ANGELE: *(Uneasy about her drinking)* Whadda ya mean after he finished with Greg?

SOPHIE: That's what I mean. Right after.

JUDITH: Camisole, did you do something to Greg?

CAMIS.: Da buzzsaw it was sawing too fast! I don't mean for it to go off like dat.

SOPHIE: Dey're coming from Hyppolyte-Lafontaine. I called dem on da phone.

JUDITH: *(Almost enthusiastic)* What did ya do to Greg?

CAMIS.: *(Talking very fast)* I say to me, me, I'm gonna plain-talk to Craig, hein. I go down and I go to the office of Craig and I prepare to say, "Angèle she's on da slip," but I'm knocking and nobody answer and it's locked good but den I hear somebody inside going "unh, unhhh," and I think it's my Judy going "unh, unhhh," so me I go to the back door in the alley and push it strongly and, dere, on da desk, Craig with his ten-year clean and sober key-chain, he got a... a girl with her six-months only and, dey, dey go like dat...  
*(Demonstrates the action of intercourse with his hands)*

SOPHIE: You better go now cause da hospital gonna get you.

CAMIS.: And dat girl she was... Sophie!

JUDITH: Oh.

ANGELE: Surprise, surprise!

CAMIS.: And so I get nerveux and I say exercise 21: "George Washington could have had a jeep." Craig he didn't like me talking plain to him when he got his pants down, so he give me da left, like dat! *(Throws a left hook)* Craig! Craig! With ten years clean and sober hitting at me and Sophie. She don't do nothing, her.

ANGELE: Just lay there, eh?

CAMIS.: So the buzzsaw it's going ZZZZZZ and me I'm going OMM but the BBBBUZZZZZZZ it got more batteries dan da

OMM cause it makes me very hangered to see Craig like dat and so I, I... hit him SLAMBAM on da head with da Plain Talk book and den he bites the dust him.

JUDITH: *(Excitedly)* You mean you killed him?

CAMIS.: No, he hitted his head on da dust on da floor. I forgot to sweep it good.

JUDITH: *(Disappointed)* Oh.

SOPHIE: *(Addressing Angèle)* Don't look at me like dat. I only went down to say goodbye, dat's all. Dat bastard shoul da told me Crossroads was closing and dere was no job for me, for anyone.

ANGELE: What kind of job are we talking here?

SOPHIE: Ferme-la, Angèle, sacrifice!

JUDITH: So you just left him there hurt?

SOPHIE: Hurt? He's a bit unconscious, dat's all.

ANGELE: So what's new?

JUDITH: We should call a hospital for him or something.

SOPHIE: *(To Camisole)* I told you I already called. Louis Hyppolyte-Lafontaine is coming to get you, ostiel

*(Sophie begins to straighten herself out, comb her hair etc. as quickly as possible. She is carrying her purse with her)*

CAMIS.: Non, non, not dat place again for me. Dere gonna put me dere on da fourth floor and tie me up like da moose

on da car with da ellavil, da mellaril, da largactil,  
da piportil and all dose illis and I get hooked on dat  
and, me, I don't come down never. Oh, shittt, it's  
splitting again like da cèdres in St.-Janvier. BZZZZ  
BZZZZZ... I got to get to the streets, dey don't find  
me down there. Come, with me, my fiancée, viens t'en.

JUDITH: (*Impressed*) You really hit him, eh?

CAMIS.: (*Proud of himself*) Yeah, cause Camisole he got some  
rights of da person, da right to plain-talk. So, I'll  
say it plain Baby-doll, let's split. Da hospital men  
will be here. Viens-t'en, mon petit fudgesicle.

JUDITH: I don't want to go down there just yet. It's not that  
I'm not flattered by the... proposition of it but I  
got to go where I belong.

CAMIS.: Judy, what do you say? You say you want a marriage  
with me and den you don't want? What's dat?

JUDITH: If it'll make you feel better, Camisole, I'm gonna  
miss your visits.

CAMIS.: You're making Camisole very sad, Judy.

JUDITH: I gotta let my Higher Power come first.

CAMIS.: (*Sighs*) I'm gonna say it plain... (*Opens his  
book and misquotes*) "Untie dose bows, take down  
dose balloons, nevermind the parades, and the bottle  
of bourbon back on the shelf, please. There may be no  
V-day today. So says the Department of the Army and-"

JUDITH: (*She takes the book from him*) I think you

studied long enough... I'll keep you in my prayers.

(Pause) You're the only one ever asked me to marry him.

CAMIS.: (He hugs her and she turns away so that he ends up grabbing her middle) Judy, I love you bunches and bunches.

JUDITH: (She hugs him back) And lots and lots... parking lots.

CAMIS.: AOK, Baby-doll. (Sadly) But I'll be waiting for you, Judy, every day at Midi Champlain, at da lunchtime meeting for da A.A. I'll be dere looking for you, es-  
pering for you, Judy. I know you're going to come to meet me, hein? I know it from my heart's bottom.

ANGELE: Here! (She takes out some money from her jacket and hands it to him) It was cheap wine anyway... I got some left over.

CAMIS.: I never stole your money, Angèle.

ANGELE: Yeah, sure. Anyway, I like what you did to Greg.

CAMIS.: Merci, Angèle. I don't forget you.

ANGELE: Buy a wreath for that Verdun guy while you're at it.

CAMIS.: A.O.K. Ben, it's goodbye for now, Judy, my Judy.

(Camisole begins to exit)

JUDITH: Hey, who should I ask for?

CAMIS.: Hein?

JUDITH: At that, you know, lunch meeting. You never did tell me your real name. Ever.

CAMIS.: *(Pause, and then proudly)* My name is Gérard P. and I'm an alcoholic. *(Pause, then he exits with determination)*

SOPHIE: *(Pause and then she begins to laugh)* I never even called da hospital. I only pretend to.

JUDITH: Whaddid ya do that for? Eh? *(Judith hesitates, not knowing if she should go after Camisole. She decides not to)* Geez! That weren't very nice, you... you bitch!

SOPHIE: Hey, you're screwing it up good with da booze you.

ANGELE: Least I'm not the only one in the screwing department tonight.

SOPHIE: That bastard Greg is bringing Janet with him to Baile James for his "personal secretary", can you believe dat?

ANGELE: Did he tell you "dat" before or after he fucked your brains out?

SOPHIE: *(Pause)* After.

JUDITH: Well no wonder! Janet's even thinner than you.

ANGELE: So what about lover-boy Jacques? What the hell do you think he's gonna say about this escapade of yours? You know, I think he's gonna have a hard time accepting what you did tonight because I think he really loved you... once.

SOPHIE: Once?

ANGELE: Yeah, once upon a time, Marilyn honey.

SOPHIE: He don't got to know nothing, Jacques, when he gets here. You all don't say anything to no one, correct? Look, me I gotta go. Tell Jacques you got no forward address. I gotta plane to catch.

ANGELE: Heh, you could have waited till you were sure I was gone before you slept with that scumbag Greg.

SOPHIE: Waited? Have you drunk yourself blind? I've been screwing with Greg for months, me! *(Laughs)* Yeah! Dat's right! Sometimes six in da morning when you're all sleeping, I go to da room with da leather couch and da diplomas, hein. After curfew too. Anytime, anywhere, any place he says! If I don't, he says he gonna kick me out.

JUDITH: I guess he told Janet the same thing!

ANGELE: You should have told me what was going on. I would have helped you, Soph.

SOPHIE: *(She walks over to Angèle defiantly)* Help ME? With what? Greg is a good-looking man and he's strong, Angèle. Imagine! He's got real man muscles. I wanted him! Yeah, I wanted him IN ME, Angèle, doing it like only a man knows how.

ANGELE: Right.

SOPHIE: And I let him have me cause I could tell on him too. I thought dat would help me in da end. Dat dere would be something in it for me...

ANGELE: He had no right to pressure you like that.



SOPHIE: I only went to his office to begin because I needed somebody to talk to about what was going on.

ANGELE: You coulda talked to me!

SOPHIE: TALKED TO YOU? But dat's why I went to see him in da first place, me. To ask him to get you to STOP TOUCHING ME all da time! Touching me like you're really caring. I told him, she won't stop... liking me.

ANGELE: ... Sure she will.

SOPHIE: Je voulais VOMIR, ostie. *(She wipes her lipstick off her face and smears it)* Every time with you I kept my eyes close not to vomit.

ANGELE: *(Cynically)* And I thought it was passion.

SOPHIE: *(With her smeared lipstick, looking downstage)*  
It's not my fault I'm so pretty. It's not my fault I'm a good-looker. I always got people dat want to take a piece out of me.

ANGELE: *(Cruelly)* Poor me, poor me, pour me a drink.

SOPHIE: I don't got to. Look at you! Drunken! If I have your chances I'd have made something of me. I'd go south long ago. But you don't even appreciate nothing you got born with, nothing you got for free. *(Pause)*  
Never mind, ostie. *(Looking at her watch, she begins to exit with intent)*

JUDITH: She's got your money, Ang.

ANGELE: What?

JUDITH: That's what she's going to California with!

ANGELE: My money! Right! My money.

JUDITH: Hey, you! I'm talking to you. Freeze. (*Sophie stops dead in her tracks*) Hand it over, sweetheart, unless you want me to personally frisk you.

SOPHIE: Judith! I don't got nothing of yours.

JUDITH: Shut your mouth and open the purse.

SOPHIE: It's not in dere.

JUDITH: Then why you hanging on to it like it was your, your-

ANGELE: Cunt.

JUDITH: Yeah, that's the word.

ANGELE: (*To Sophie*) You gonna give it to me or are you gonna make me get it?

SOPHIE: *Laisses moé tranquille, tabernak!* (*Angèle fights Sophie for her purse. She throws her on her bed, pins her down and grabs the money*) Let me go, you diesel! *Espèce de butch, lâche-moé!*

*(Angèle opens the purse, finds her money, counts it then pockets it. She notices a vial of pills in the open purse and takes it out and reads the label)*

ANGELE: Shit! These are downers. (*She throws the vial at Sophie who grabs them and swallows a few defiantly*)

SOPHIE: So what? I'll do what I want!

ANGELE: (*Holding the money*) I shoulda known. Shit. What did you think you were gonna do with this money anyway? Eh? California dreaming! Furthest you'll ever

get, is some cathouse in Hull.

SOPHIE: *(Trying to muster some dignity)* And your store, that's not a dream too?

ANGELE: It is now, baby, cause see, I couldn't pay up. They didn't even wait for me. I lost my fucking downpayment. Christ, we coulda had something!

SOPHIE: If you really do want something good for me, Angèle, you'll give me the money, hein. You can come and visit me down there... Come on.

ANGELE: I'm not giving you anything anymore.

SOPHIE: I'll get an apartment and you can come and stay with me. There are lots of antiques in Los Angeles. I'll help you with a store dere. We could be friends in California if you let me go now. Please, Angèle.

JUDITH: Don't believe her, Ang.

ANGELE: The weather is a lot better for a store. I could put antiques out on the grass in front. That always attracts customers, you know.

JUDITH: You don't got money for that.

ANGELE: I could get some other customers down there pretty easy.

JUDITH: You can't sell your drugs anymore cause you'll go to prison. Besides she's never gonna write to you with her address. She's a liar.

SOPHIE: Non, non Angèle, I promise you. You can come stay with me. It will be nice, you'll see.

ANGELE: I'll see.

SOPHIE: We can be close friends like we were, you know...  
before.

ANGELE: Before.

JUDITH: Don't believe her, Ang. She's taking you for a ride.  
Friends don't steal money, not the real ones.

ANGELE: Judith, you don't understand... I... I... (*Whispering*)  
loved her.

JUDITH: We don't none of us know what love is, Ang. We never  
learned it right. Ang?

ANGELE: Sophie, maybe we could talk this thing over better.  
Your plane can wait.

SOPHIE: Well, fuck you den. You think that this is a life in  
this purgatoire with you? Love! I'll tell you what  
love is. It's about being on TV or in da movies,  
in all da living colors. On da screen, life is bigger  
dan life and da public loves me! Me, Sophie, playing  
somebody so, so spécial, everyone would watch and watch  
and say "look at dat beautiful girl, dat wonderful  
actress, she's so..."

JUDITH: (*Under her breath*) Full of it.

SOPHIE: GOOD... And my mother's going to see me in dat box  
too like Marilyne, when she did da Spécial on da TV.  
She's going to see me and she's going to turn her  
head and say "Sophie viens voir, est queq' chose la  
fille à TV!" But it's gonna be ME on dat screen watching  
my mother stare from her black and blue life.

And I'm gonna be smiling back at her... with all my teeth.

JUDITH: (*Under her breath*) Your own or did ya steal those too?

SOPHIE: It's not too late for me. It won't take me long. Jacques could lend me da money. Den, I'll go down dere. I will. You'll see. I don't need your help, any of you.

ANGELE: But I think Trucker Boy Jacques has given up on you.

SOPHIE: What do you know? I could do something with your money. It's easy for you. You can always go back to your Daddy. You hate everything he got but you want it too, dat's why you're da Dieseldike.

ANGELE: (*Laughing bitterly*) I hate to blow your interesting theory sky-high but I really suckered you in, didn't I? It's my turn, man. My old man's a goddam janitor. Sorry, sanitary worker. And a drunk to boot. Even Greg never checked it out. I can't believe you fell for it, man.

JUDITH: You lied to me, Ang.

ANGELE: Let's just say I rearranged some vital statistics.

JUDITH: Your father doesn't live in that fancy part of town?

ANGELE: He lives in the East-End, for Chrissake. Come on, do I sound educated to you?

JUDITH: Sure you do, Ang.

ANGELE: Well, that's because you're not.

SOPHIE: I knew she was lying her, she sound like she come

from the gutter.

JUDITH: But what about those fancy rehabs you were in, Ang?  
Was that a lie too?

ANGELE: You believe they'd accept me in places like that?

JUDITH: If you never been to no other rehabs, no wonder you're  
having such a hard time of it, Ang.

ANGELE: What do ya mean? I been to other rehabs, lots of them  
too... Just not the ones I told you about, that's all.

JUDITH: You said your father was a real Brigadier, Ang.

ANGELE: Yeah well, that part is true. That don't make him rich,  
only an uptight asshole who swills draft at the Legion  
Hall with his cronies.

JUDITH: So how could he lend ya anything for the store, Ang?

ANGELE: My mother left me a little when she killed herself.  
He used it all up, but as far as I'm concerned, it's  
still owing. He's got a pension and some savings.  
He coulda given me the money for the rent, for Chrissa-  
ke. He coulda done that.

SOPHIE: No wonder your mother killed herself with a child  
like you.

ANGELE: Charming! Christ, not only do you make me sick but  
you make yourself sick too. *(She puts her finger  
down her throat as if to vomit)*

SOPHIE: I only do dat when I eat too much and I get the be-  
wilderness in me.

ANGELE: *(Picking up her bottle again)* The what?

SOPHIE: And so I make myself sick. (*Getting increasingly stoned from the pills she's been taking and speaking to herself*) J'ai toujours buchée pour toute moé. Ostie, I worked hard for everything I got me.

ANGELE: I never asked him for a penny, ever.

SOPHIE: Always surviving, hein. I'm made for da little life, la p'te vie minable.

ANGELE: Till tonight-

SOPHIE: La vraie vie, ça serait ben trop beau pour moé.

ANGELE: "I've got this place ya see, and it's going to be real nice."

SOPHIE: My dreams dey're just nightmares standing up! Des cauchemars debout!

ANGELE: "Going to be," he says.

SOPHIE: La p'tite fille d'la Gaspésie, da little Gaspé girl-

ANGELE: "I swear it's legit! You owe me the money Mum left me!"

SOPHIE: La poulette grise qui pond dans l'Eglise-

ANGELE: "I've made six months. I've been a good girl."

SOPHIE: C'est toujours la même chose. Always, always da same ting. I can't ever be proud of me. Den I make myself sick, j'me rends malade-

ANGELE: "You'd use it all up for drugs; you're a user," he says... May be he was right. Maybe that's all I wanted it for.

SOPHIE: Encore une fois...

ANGELE: Maybe I wanted to show him he was right. That I'd use again.

SOPHIE: Encore une fois...

*(Sophie lies down near the backstage window. By now she is quite stoned and is falling asleep. She is waiting for the sound of Jacques' truck)*

SOPHIE: *(Angrily)* I'm so tired! I need some rest, dat's all. Just a little rest before I go.

ANGELE: Sure. You do that. You get some rest.

SOPHIE: You'll tell me when Jacques gets here, okay? Okay?

ANGELE: Okay. *(Angèle starts drinking again)*

JUDITH: Don't, Ang.

ANGELE: Do you know why my mother killed herself?

JUDITH: Because when the pain got too bad she didn't have a Program friend to talk to like I do?

ANGELE: Nah, it was cause of me. She knew I was a fuck-up.

JUDITH: Ang, you know that's not true.

ANGELE: Maybe I coulda had a good life if she'd lived, maybe I coulda turned out okay.

JUDITH: You'll never know, Ang.

ANGELE: You believed me. You believed I came from a nice place didn't you?

JUDITH: Why not, Ang?

ANGELE: Once I went to my mother's parents and had tea in a beautiful silver room and there were real paintings



on the walls. (*Angèle takes another swig of wine*)

JUDITH: Ang? Maybe it's time to stop.

ANGELE: Listen, I can quit any time I want. I quit four times already. I'm not diseased like one of you. I... see into things, that's all. I saw what my storeroom was full of tonight... cases and cases of explosives, dynamite just waiting for me to make a wrong move, see, spill something on a fancy rug or drop a butt on some expensive carved table. Waiting for me to fuck up so I could be put in line. (*She takes another swig of wine*) And I felt like this... coil was wrapping round my guts, dragging me back to the Brigadier's house, to my mother's room where she died on me when I was twelve. Where she was beaten to death with words, every ugly boozed up sentence he could whip her with, every lousy put-down he could throw at her. She escaped alright, but she never really tried to leave; she never really tried to get me out. (*Pause*)

JUDITH: I'm sorry for you, Ang, but I think your mother would have want something better for you than what she got.

ANGELE: I don't mean to hit people, Judith. I don't plan on it, but sometimes the fuse gets lit and... it gets red hot, and I... I... drank tonight with my father sitting there smiling at me. I really lost it! I had six months... and I really lost it.

JUDITH: It's cause you never got your faith going. It could

give you peace, you know.

ANGELE: Peace! Peace! *(Lifting up the bottle)* This is the only thing that gives me peace. Hey, what kind of God do you have anyway? You think you can just keep fucking up and asking for forgiveness?

JUDITH: Yes, yes I do.

ANGELE: Wait a minute! I know I picked this up. Me! And I know that I'll be strapped down by tomorrow night if I even make it to tomorrow night! And I don't care! I don't care anymore! I just want to make it feel better for one fucking second.

JUDITH: The Higher Power could help you to stop, Ang, if only you asked.

ANGELE: Who says I can't stop anyway? I can't stop? Fuck you, I can't stop!... *(Crying, as she falls to her knees with the realization)* I can't stop!

JUDITH: None of us can. That's why we're here.

ANGELE: For the first time since I'm twelve, I get my six months in, six months sober and all my father can say is, "Have a drink, have a drink."

*(There's a shared moment as Angèle cries and Judith looks on. Ang no longer drinks or is interested in the bottle after this moment)*

JUDITH: It's okay, Ang. Jesus wept.

ANGELE: ... No fuckin' wonder!

JUDITH: *(Pause)* Maybe now's the time to ask for help, Ang.

ANGELE: I'm not asking nothing from no one anymore.

JUDITH: But Ang, I don't mean asking help from a person, I mean from a genuine Goddess. Not like Marilyn Monroe or anything but, you know, like your mother woulda been if she hadn't had all her troubles, if she coulda of loved you better.

ANGELE: Yeah.

JUDITH: You could invent Her.

ANGELE: Invent who?

JUDITH: God as you understand HER. There's no rules against it, Ang.

ANGELE: But what if I don't understand... Her?

JUDITH: Well, so you make yourself up a Goddess who doesn't got anything better to do than take care of Angèle O'Connell. You could pretend your Goddess has a bunch of wonderful qualities you don't. Then you just believe she does.

ANGELE: Are you sure I can do that?

JUDITH: Sure you could. That's what the Program tells us. Why, your Goddess could give you the power from the inside to do anything... to stop drinking, Ang.

ANGELE: Just invent one, eh? Why didn't I think of that?

JUDITH: Yeah. You don't have to call her Mary or nothing.

ANGELE: Maybe I could call her Diana... after the bar.

JUDITH: Diana's a nice name.

ANGELE: *(Pause)* Hey, you're gonna miss your bus.

JUDITH: I'm missing it on purpose, Ang. I'm not going back.  
You're right, I don't deserve it. You helped me with  
that, Ang.

ANGELE: Where you gonna go?

JUDITH: I could get myself a room at the Y.W.C.A. on Drummond  
and I could do exercises there, Ang. And get myself a  
job in somebody's house cleaning and cooking. I like  
babies, Ang. I could take care of somebody's baby,  
eh? And go to my meetings for A.A. and even get some  
education in things like Latin and astronemics. All  
kinds of things. And I could go to the planetarium  
when I get lonely for the stars.

ANGELE: *(Taking out three hundred dollars)* Listen, ah,  
why don't you take some of this, eh? Stay in a nice  
place for awhile so they won't find you.

JUDITH: I couldn't.

ANGELE: Sure you could. *(She gives her the money but she  
hesitates to take it)* Take a cab to the planetarium  
now, for Chrissake. Go check it out, why don't you?

JUDITH: But Ang-

ANGELE: I got more. *(She shows her the other two hundred  
dollars and Judith takes the money she gives her)*

JUDITH: What are you gonna do, Ang?

ANGELE: I don't know. I could always try Holmwood. I hear  
they have tennis courts there. *(She goes over and*

*puts the cork in the bottle and pushes it away)*

Seriously, I'll be okay. I... I got this idea tonight about fixing this place. Who did you say's coming here to build?

JUDITH: Them El Mondo Condom people.

ANGELE: Hey, well, maybe they're looking for some decorators. Did I ever tell you I did this aptitude test once?

JUDITH: I don't believe you did, Ang.

ANGELE: Well, it was good, I mean really good. "Exceptionally gifted, a genuine talent." That's no fabrication, that's really the truth.

JUDITH: Maybe you could go to work for those people.

ANGELE: Hey, we'll see what Diana has in store.

JUDITH: *(She comes over and hugs Angèle)* You listened to me, Ang.

ANGELE: Somebody's gotta. *(She hugs her back. Pause)*

JUDITH: Sophie, guess where I'm going? First thing, right now?

SOPHIE: I'm tired. J'fatiguée, ostie. I just wanna sleep.

JUDITH: But I'm going to the planetarium! I know the stars stay on all night waiting for you because the people who run it they know you can't see the Little Bear or the Big Bear in the city or the Great Dragon or the Winged Horse neither. And they've got music there accompanying the galaxies. The people who work in that place know it was true what Gran VI said... they know it was true all along. *(She exits carrying her*

*suitcase)*

ANGELE: *(Laughingly)* Maybe it was! Fuck, maybe it was!

*(The telephone rings. She pauses for a moment  
and then smiling, goes over to answer it)*

SOPHIE: Tell Jacques I'm just going to have a little sleep  
first, okay?

ANGELE: Sure.

SOPHIE: Tell him I'll be up soon.

ANGELE: I'll tell him.

SOPHIE: Dis 'y que j'suis morte de fatigue.

ANGELE: Okay. *(Picking up the telephone)* ... Yeah?-----

----- Oh, Mrs. McArdle! How nice to speak to you in  
person.----- No, she's not on any bus. You see, there's  
been this, this explosion----- Yes, explosion, that's  
right.----- No, more like an intergalactic explosion, if  
you catch my meaning----- You could say that she has  
been harmed, but she'll be alright now----- No, I  
wouldn't bother. I don't think you'd recognize Judy  
anymore. You see there's little bits of her all over  
the room, like souvenirs. Like tiny delicate stars--  
--- I really should get off the phone, though. I have to  
call 911 now. *(She looks at Sophie)*----- My name?  
My name isn't important. Let's just say that I'm an anony-  
mous alcoholic. *(As puts the receiver down)* Yeah. That's  
the word.

*(Angèle dials 911 as she looks at Sophie, then the*

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moment is held. Small violet stars pin-point  
the ceiling. We hear the opening music as the lights  
slowly fade out)

THE END