

# Summer Comes Late

Characters:

*Sheila Madison: late 30's*  
*Gary Madison: early 40's*  
*James Hawthorne: late 30's*

**ACT 1:** *late Friday evening*

**ACT 2:** *Scene 1 Early Saturday morning*  
*Scene 2 Noon Sunday*

## ACT 1

*It's late spring/early summer. GARY and SHEILA enter through the front door into the living room of a rustic cabin each carrying a suitcase and some groceries. Gary also has a briefcase and a small overnight bag, Sheila is carrying a small portable CD player. The cabin is furnished with a couch, chair, coffee table, two end tables a bedroom dresser, a bookcase full of books (hardcover and paperback) and a small foot stool. The furniture is old, but in good shape. There's an old table phone on an end table. SHEILA enters first with GARY right behind, struggling with his bags.*

**GARY:** *(calling back outside)* Thanks .... Thanks for nothing!

*We hear a car leaving*

*(to Sheila)* Do you believe that guy? That cab ride cost twice as much as it should have.

*SHEILA puts the groceries and suitcase down and places the CD player on the dresser*

**SHEILA:** What are you now, a cab expert? How much was it supposed to cost?

**GARY:** A lot less than it did, last time it was half that!

**SHEILA:** That was ten years ago Gary. And this is a fine way to start the weekend...you upset.

**GARY:** I'm not upset with you, I'm upset with the cab driver. That doesn't count as being upset.

**SHEILA:** You have no reason to be upset with anybody. (*trying to lighten the mood*) That fare was fair!

**GARY:** Are you trying to tell me cab rides have doubled in ten years? And another thing...did you notice? He just took off, he didn't even stay to make sure we got in OK! What if they'd given us the wrong key, or it could've broke off in the lock, we'd have been stranded out here.

**SHEILA:** At least we'd have groceries.

**GARY:** And that's another thing! Whatever happened to helping your passengers with their bags! I'm staggering like a pack mule while he's sitting there leering at me.

**SHEILA:** He leered?

**GARY:** He leered!

**SHEILA:** Maybe you should have tipped him.

**GARY:** After he ripped us off? Did you see the how he looked at me?

**SHEILA:** What are we talking about here, the leer or the look?

**GARY:** The look. We was smirking like he just put something over on me.

**SHEILA:** So, what bothered you the most. The leer, the look or the smirk?

**GARY:** Very funny, I just don't like his attitude.

**SHEILA:** I think it's an attitude he reserves for people who refuse to tip him. Here, take this to the kitchen

*SHEILA hands GARY her bag of groceries*

**GARY:** Well he can take his tip out of what he overcharged me.

**SHEILA:** Everything is more expensive than it was ten years ago.

**GARY:** I don't care.

*GARY re-enters from kitchen*

**GARY:** We're not using him to get back.

**SHEILA:** This too.

*SHEILA hands GARY the bag of groceries he brought in.*

**GARY:** That ride shouldn't have cost twenty bucks... ..fifteen max. I have half a mind to report him to the cab company.

*GARY takes groceries to the kitchen and immediately re-enters*

**SHEILA:** Half a mind is all you'll need.

**GARY:** What do you mean?

**SHEILA:** He is the cab company. There's only one cab in the town Gary.

**GARY:** Oh great, now we're hostages.

**SHEILA:** That's right, we'll just sit here while the world awaits his manifesto and list of demands.

**GARY:** The world doesn't even know this place exists.

**SHEILA:** Good! I'm loving this, no TV, no computer, no email...

**GARY:** Email! God, I hope I can get a signal up here!

*Gary takes out his cell phone*

**SHEILA:** Gary, you promised...

**GARY:** I'm just checking... come on, come on... connect! Oh great, just great, no signal!

**SHEILA:** Oooh, it's like living in the stone age! Take me cave man, take me!

**GARY:** Maybe it's this cabin.

*Gary runs just outside the front door.*

**SHEILA:** It may take a while to connect, they only have wooden satellites up here.

**GARY:** Still nothing, dammit!

**SHEILA:** Maybe if you sat on the roof and wore a hat made out of coat hangers.

**GARY:** *(entering)* You may think this is funny, but how am I supposed to contact the office?

**SHEILA:** Actually, I *don't* think it's particularly funny.

**GARY:** In this day and age how can there possibly be no cell service up here!

**SHEILA:** There was no cell service last time either but you didn't seem to care back then.

**GARY:** Well that was then and this is now.

*Gary puts his cell phone on the coffee table in front of the couch and picks up the old table phone*

**GARY:** Please tell me this antique actually works *(hears a dial tone)* Oh thank God!

**SHEILA:** So, the office will cease to exist if they don't hear your voice for a couple of days?

**GARY:** You don't understand.

**SHEILA:** So you tell me, but I thought this weekend you promised we'd have time together.

**GARY:** I didn't say I was going to completely cut myself off from civilization.

**SHEILA:** I thought that was the point.

**GARY:** Do we have to start now? As soon as we get here?

**SHEILA:** No.

**GARY:** Something smells funny.

**SHEILA:** Maybe Bob Hope used to stay here.

**GARY:** What?

**SHEILA:** Never mind.

**GARY:** Seriously, it smells musty

**SHEILA:** It just needs airing out. Open the window a crack.

**GARY:** Smells like a family of moose died in here.

**SHEILA:** Murder suicide?

**GARY:** I wouldn't blame them.

*GARY opens the window part way*

**GARY:** There's no screen, what if bugs get in?

**SHEILA:** Well, once you've reported the cab company, you can use the other half of your mind to report that too.

**GARY:** I can't believe this place hasn't changed at all.

**SHEILA:** Wouldn't want it to lose it's mustic charm.

**GARY:** Don't you mean "rustic"?

**SHEILA:** No... "mistic". You know... musty and rustic? Or how about "rusty".

**GARY:** All I know is, it didn't smell like this last time.

**SHEILA:** Yes it did, you just didn't notice. You were a little.... distracted.

*SHEILA moves to put her arms around GARY but he avoids her*

**GARY:** How can they not do anything to the place in ten years?

**SHEILA:** That's the beauty of it. We have this little oasis where nothing ever changes... our own little Shangri-La like in "Lost Horizon"

**GARY:** More like "Twilight Zone". All this furniture is exactly the same.

**SHEILA:** That's right. Do you remember this?

*SHEILA picks up the small foot stool*

**GARY:** What about it?

**SHEILA:** You don't remember? Here, turn it over.

*SHEILA hands GARY the foot stool*

**GARY:** *(looking underneath)* GLS ....

**SHEILA:** Gary Loves Sheila. I remember you carved that in there on our first night.

**GARY:** You thought the cottage police were going to come and arrest us.

**SHEILA:** Remember what you said after you showed me? You said "If anybody discovers it, we'll change our names, nobody will ever suspect us!"

**GARY:** Did I?

**SHEILA:** I'm amazed it's still here.

**GARY:** I'm not.

**SHEILA:** I wonder if anybody has seen it and wondered what it meant. Maybe somebody called Greg was here with somebody called Sandy and said "Look ...Greg Loves Sandy!"

**GARY:** Why would people go around turning the furniture upside down.

**SHEILA:** I'll bet lots of people have!

*SHEILA approaches GARY again and puts her arms around his neck*

**SHEILA:** And I like to think at least one person has looked at it and said “Oh look...Gary Loves Sheila!:

*They kiss, but obviously without much passion or enthusiasm on GARY’S part*

**GARY:** Maybe we should unpack.

*GARY starts to place items from his suitcase into a dresser against the wall by the door to the bedroom*

**GARY:** I don’t know why we had to come back here, we could have flown to the Peninsula or the resort where we spent Labour Day weekend. You liked that didn’t you?

**SHEILA:** You know why we came here.

**GARY:** I’d forgotten what it was like. I think Daniel Boone checked out just before we arrived.

*GARY opens another drawer*

**GARY:** This place is probably full of mouse poop. What if it’s in the drawers?

**SHEILA:** It would all be part of the “mistic” charm.

**GARY:** Oh gross, there is mouse poop in here, look!

**SHEILA:** Don’t be such a baby. What does it look like?

**GARY:** I don’t know... like mouse poop.

**SHEILA:** Well, don’t just stand there, clean it out.

**GARY:** I’m not touching it. Bring me the kitchen tongs.

**SHEILA:** Oh, for crying out loud!

*SHEILA looks in the drawer*

**SHEILA:** It’s red Gary.

**GARY:** How do I know what it’s been eating?

**SHEILA:** It's a cinnamon Tic Tac.

**GARY:** Oh. But that doesn't mean there aren't mice here.

**SHEILA:** If there are, they'll have fresh breath.

**GARY:** Mice carry disease and.... AND they have up to ten litters a year! I don't want mice fornicating in my boxers.

**SHEILA:** So now you're a mouse expert too and you don't even know what colour their poop is.

**GARY:** Yeah, well just the same, you can have this drawer, I'm taking the middle one.

**SHEILA:** Fine by me

**GARY:** I can't believe we have to keep everything out here. What kind of a bedroom is too small for a dresser?

**SHEILA:** *(trying to be sexily playful)* Every room is the same size with the lights off!

**GARY:** I'd like to at least be comfortable.

*They continue unpacking in silence, until finally after a minute, GARY speaks.*

**GARY:** Oh by the way, I may have to leave a little early.

**SHEILA:** What?

**GARY:** I said I may have to leave for a while.

**SHEILA:** Don't tell me...

**GARY:** Back to the office, Just for a while. Maybe.

**SHEILA:** *(pause )* Why? I thought you took the long weekend off?

**GARY:** I said I'd *try* and take the weekend off.

**SHEILA:** You promised you'd free up the weekend.

**GARY:** Look, it's nothing certain, in fact it probably won't even happen, it's just that...

**SHEILA:** (*interrupting*) But you promised.

**GARY:** I delegated as much as I could.

**SHEILA:** As much as you could? This weekend was supposed to be....

**GARY:** (*interrupting*) It's easy for you, you just get somebody to run your open houses and that's that.

**SHEILA:** For one thing, it's not just "that easy" and for another, I *did* free up the weekend.

**GARY:** It's not my fault....

**SHEILA:** It never is...

**GARY:** Look, here's what happened. Before I left the office this morning a Fed Ex arrived with reworked specs for the Bayside project, I had no idea it was coming. So, I asked Bill to have a quick look and if contains any significant changes I may have to go back to work on it. I can't help it! If this place had moved into the twentyfirst century at some point and had internet I could do it from here.

**SHEILA:** Fine, I'll blame the cabin.

**GARY:** Their design team is being a real pain, making last minute changes.

**SHEILA:** I see.

**GARY:** I really don't have any control over it.

**SHEILA:** Why didn't you tell me this earlier?

**GARY:** I didn't want you to get upset.

**SHEILA:** So you thought it best to wait till we arrived here to upset me.

**GARY:** I didn't want to upset you at all.

**SHEILA:** Tomorrow...

**GARY:** Look, even if I have to go back, we'll still have almost a whole day here.

**SHEILA:** Almost a whole day. So you leave on Saturday and Sunday is our tenth anniversary.

**GARY:** What's important is we'll have part of our anniversary weekend here.

**SHEILA:** Part of our anniversary weekend. We had a whole week last time. Remember when....

**GARY:** *(Interrupting)* Did you pack my electric razor? I asked you to pack my razor.

**SHEILA:** It's in the zippered side pocket.

**GARY:** What about the power cord?

**SHEILA:** Same pocket.

**GARY:** Anyway....like I said, I may not even have to go in. Maybe they won't want to change anything.

**SHEILA:** And what if they do?

**GARY:** Well.... I could be back by late Sunday afternoon.

**SHEILA:** And then we leave on Monday. No point in that is there? In fact, there's no point in even talking about it. Never is. If you have to go in, you have to go in, right? How did Elvis put it?... TCB... Taking Care of Business

**GARY:** It's important.

**SHEILA:** *(pause)* You're right, it does smell a little musty in here.

*SHEILA opens the window a little more*

**GARY:** You know it's not that I want to go in, but I may have to. I'm not happy about it either.

**SHEILA:** Like I said, there's no point in talking about it, let's just enjoy what time we have here, OK?

**GARY:** Sure. *(pause)* Sheila I'm sorry, really.

**SHEILA:** I know.

*A short awkward pause while GARY continues to unpack and arrange things and SHEILA looks out the window.*

**SHEILA:** The view hasn't changed much.

**GARY:** Well I don't suppose they've moved the lake.

**SHEILA:** The willow near the dock has grown and it looks like there's a new pathway but apart from that it looks pretty much the same.

**GARY:** Lakes don't change much.

**SHEILA:** That old barrel raft is still anchored out there.

**GARY:** You're not getting me on that thing again.

**SHEILA:** Remember the time you dove of it? I think you...

**GARY:** *(interrupting)*.. dove too deep and hit my head on the bottom.

**SHEILA:** I was going to say, I think you were trying to impress me.

**GARY:** I'm lucky I wasn't paralyzed, I don't think you'd have been too impressed with that. These drawers smell musty too. Everything will have to be washed when we get home. I shouldn't have packed my good sweater, once cashmere picks up a smell it's done for. I'm leaving it in my suitcase.

**SHEILA:** Why would you pack a cashmere sweater?

**GARY:** I don't know, I packed what I thought I'd need.

*GARY puts his sweater back in the suitcase, sits on the couch, opens his briefcase and takes out a file folder and starts reading.*

**SHEILA:** You're coming to a remote cabin, you pack practical things like your fishermans knit sweater, your jeans or *(she notices he's reading a file)* ... other things you think you'll need.

*Gary is engrossed in the file and doesn't respond*

**SHEILA:** *(pause)* There's a nice lake breeze coming in the window, feels good doesn't it?

*GARY doesn't answer*

**SHEILA:** The waves. They always sound louder in the evening.

**GARY:** Uh huh.

**SHEILA:** Can you hear them?

**GARY:** Uh... yeah.

**SHEILA:** Why don't we walk down to the lake?

**GARY:** *(still reading)* Sure, go ahead.

**SHEILA:** No, I mean *us*. Why don't we go for a walk?

**GARY:** Where?

**SHEILA:** Down to the lake.

**GARY:** It's getting dark.

**SHEILA:** Is that a bad thing?

**GARY:** Probably best to wait until tomorrow.

**SHEILA:** It's dark. Best time for skinny dipping.

**GARY:** *(engrossed in his file)* You go ahead.

**SHEILA:** What's the point in that?

**GARY:** Sorry, I mean... I don't know what I mean. Besides, It's too cold.

**SHEILA:** *(pause)* I was wondering when that would come out.

**GARY:** What?

**SHEILA:** The briefcase. You're working.

**GARY:** Not really, I just want to be fresh on the numbers in case I do have to go into the office later..

**SHEILA:** Oh. So you're working now just in case you have to work later.

**GARY:** I wouldn't quite put it that way.

**SHEILA:** Then how would you put it?

**GARY:** (*pause*) I really do want to be here.

**SHEILA:** Coulda fooled me.

**GARY:** I'm here aren't I?

**SHEILA:** But you're not here are you?

**GARY:** What do you mean?

**SHEILA:** Sure, you're sitting on the couch, but you're really back in the office.

**GARY:** You're not making any sense.

**SHEILA:** Actually I'm making perfect sense. Your body is here but it's just filling out your clothes. You're really back on the twentieth floor, corner office doing what you love most.

**GARY:** That's not fair, I'm just trying to wrap up a few loose ends here....

**SHEILA:** Maybe I should have said something when I saw you walk out the house with it. I don't know why I hoped you wouldn't open it this weekend. You'd think I'd have learned by now.

**GARY:** I just want to run my eyes over the numbers....

**SHEILA:** Please Gary....

**GARY:** Just one file...

**SHEILA:** (*softly*) Please....

**GARY:** Fine!

*GARY puts the file on top of the closed briefcase*

**SHEILA:** Thank you

**GARY:** I just needed ten minutes and then we....

**SHEILA:** Ten minutes becomes half an hour becomes an hour becomes....

**GARY:** All right all right. Just drop it. I'm sorry. You're right, let's have a good time here. We're here to celebrate us and that's what we're going to do. (*he gets up to look around*) Maybe it is a little "mistic" and the furniture is a little dated and the bedroom is a little miniscule but we'll make the best of it. May need a little help though.... you did ask Fred stock the fridge with beer? Please say yes

**SHEILA:** Yes I did.

**GARY:** And the next crucial item.....tell me we brought toilet paper.

**SHEILA:** Fred said he'd leave some on top of the tank for us.

**GARY:** Let's just hope he remembered to do it.

*GARY checks the bathroom*

**SHEILA:** (*picks up Garys file*) (*to herself*) I'm sure we could find something to use...

**GARY:** (*from the bathroom*) I can't see any!

**SHEILA:** Check under the sink

**GARY:** Got it.... Oh great... it's one ply!

**SHEILA:** We can double fold.

**GARY:** (*enters from bathroom*) You may not know this about me, but I never trust toilet paper I can see through.

**SHEILA:** I'll make a note of it.. Did you put any of the groceries away?

**GARY:** No, just left them on the counter. I'll do it later.

**SHEILA:** Never mind, I'll take care of it.

**GARY:** While you're doing that, maybe I'll hose this living room down.

*SHEILA exits to kitchen*

*Knock on the door*

**GARY:** We're not expecting anybody are we?

**SHEILA:** No, of course not.

*GARY opens the door and we see JAMES, a good-looking man in his late 30's wearing a light spring jacket*

**GARY:** Can I help you?

**JAMES:** Hi, sorry to bother you, but I saw the lights on here in Fred's cottage so I thought I'd drop by. I'd ask for a cup of sugar but that's a little cliché. My name's James... I live just down the road.

**GARY:** Listen, there's no need to worry, we have permission to be here, I can show you the rental contract.

**JAMES:** I'm sorry, I'm not being very clear. I'm the self appointed welcome wagon....So, uh...welcome! I don't actually have a wagon.

**GARY:** I see.

**JAMES:** Is this a bad time?

**GARY:** Uh, I just wasn't expecting anybody that's all. Last time we were here we didn't see anybody all week ...

**JAMES:** My bad, it's late... I should have waited till morning. I'm sorry, I'll let you get on with...

**GARY:** No, no *I'm* sorry, I'm being rude...please, come in. It's very kind of you.

*JAMES enters*

**GARY:** We haven't really unpacked everything yet, so we don't have much to offer you. Beer, that's about it.

**JAMES:** That beats a cup of sugar!

**GARY:** *(calling to kitchen)* Hey hon, we have company, could you bring a couple of beers in? *(to JAMES)* We asked Fred to leave us some in the fridge.

*JAMES puts his jacket over the back of the chair*

**JAMES:** Knowing Fred it won't be a premium brand, he's a little "frugal".

**GARY:** I noticed. By the way, you may have to double double fold in the bathroom.

**JAMES:** What?

**GARY:** Don't ask.

**SHEILA:** *(from the kitchen)* Some of these don't have a label!

**JAMES:** Looks like Fred's been home brewing again. How brave do you feel?

**GARY:** Not very... you?

**JAMES:** Oh what the heck, bring it on!

**GARY:** *(calls to kitchen)* One regular, one mystery!

**JAMES:** At least it'll be cold and possibly drinkable.

**GARY:** It's your liver.

**JAMES:** Can't afford to be picky up here. Not when you buy your beer from the local bootlegger. Shhh... I didn't say that!

**GARY:** I'd forgotten, there's no beer store here is there?

**JAMES:** There's no sushi restaurant either, but that's never really bothered me. For whatever else you want, there's "Mike's Grocery Paradise" just outside of town. If he doesn't have it, you don't need it.

**GARY:** Mike's Grocery Paradise?

**JAMES:** Yeah, no chain stores up here. We figure it's his place, he can call it what he wants. If you don't feel like cooking, try the diner, "Betty's Belly Buster."

**GARY:** I'll keep that in mind.

**SHEILA:** *(from the kitchen)* Do you want glasses?

**GARY:** Glass?

**JAMES:** I'm easy.

**GARY:** *(to Sheila in kitchen)* Bottles are good.

**JAMES:** *(pause)* So, just the two of you here?

**GARY:** Yes, my wife and I are celebrating our tenth anniversary.

**JAMES:** Congratulations! A bit out of the way for an anniversary celebration isn't it?

**GARY:** We spent our honeymoon up here. Back then we didn't have the money to really go anywhere fancy, so for our tenth we thought we'd come back and, I dunno, I guess try and recreate it.

**JAMES:** Oh boy, so I come barging in. Talk about three's a crowd!

**GARY:** It's OK, you didn't interrupt anything.

**JAMES:** Just the same, I feel awkward... I'm sorry I didn't ask your name.

**GARY:** Gary.

**JAMES:** Gary. *(pause)* Well Gary, for a guy to bring his wife up here for a romantic getaway, she must be...

*SHEILA enters with the beer and stops when she sees JAMES. JAMES pauses when their eyes meet*

.....a very special woman.

**SHEILA:** I really should get those groceries put away.

*(SHEILA starts to head back to the kitchen)*

**JAMES:** You going to take the beer with you?

**SHEILA:** Oh, sorry.

*SHEILA hands the beers to them and starts back to the kitchen*

**GARY:** Hey, what are you doing? The groceries can wait. We have a guest.

**SHEILA:** *(stops)* Yes, I see.

**GARY:** This is .... Sorry, I know you told me but I didn't catch your name.

**JAMES:** *(not taking his eyes off Sheila)* James. James Hawthorne

**GARY:** James, this is my wife Sheila.

**SHEILA:** James.

**JAMES:** Sheila.

**GARY:** James just thought he'd pop over and welcome us to the neighbourhood. He's the welcome without the wagon.

**SHEILA:** The welcome without the wagon?

**GARY:** That's how James described himself when I met him at the door.

**JAMES:** It's my little joke. You know what these small communities are like. I've appointed myself the unofficial greeter...I like to make sure we know each other before we all pile onto the waterbed.

**GARY:** What?

**JAMES:** Kidding!

**SHEILA:** Nice you could drop by James, it's too bad you...

**GARY:** *(cuts off SHEILA)* I don't know, I've heard weird things happen in small towns.

**JAMES:** No, we're pretty tame here, don't mean to get you worried. Just wanted to welcome you to the neighbourhood.

**SHEILA:** It's very... friendly of you.

**JAMES:** I've just found it's a much nicer place to live if everybody gets to know each other and I'm looking forward to getting to know the two of you.

**SHEILA:** We won't be here long... just the long weekend.

**JAMES:** Maybe you'll be back, Gary tells me you've been here before.

**SHEILA:** Me? No...

**JAMES:** Didn't you spend your honeymoon here?

**SHEILA:** Oh yes... ten years ago.

**GARY:** How soon she forgets!

**JAMES:** I think it's incredibly romantic to come back to the same cabin where you spent your honeymoon! I mean, I assume it's the same cabin...there aren't many to pick from.

**GARY:** As a matter of fact it is the same cabin, it was Sheila's idea.

**JAMES:** *(to SHEILA)* So you're the romantic.

**SHEILA:** I guess you could say that.

**JAMES:** Must be a very special weekend for the two of you. It's nice to see a couple so in love that....

**SHEILA:** *(interrupting)* Would you like something to eat? I think we brought some cheese and crackers. Or do you have to get going?

**JAMES:** No thanks, I'm fine. Are you hungry?

**SHEILA:** I'm OK.

**GARY:** So, James, you say you just live down the road?

**JAMES:** Yep, but then again, almost everything here is "just down the road".

**GARY:** You live up here year round?

**JAMES:** I've only been here since last August, but that's the plan.

**GARY:** I can't imagine living here all year. I'd go nuts.

**SHEILA:** You can't imagine living here two days.

**GARY:** What do you do up here?

**JAMES:** Well, I'm fortunate that what I do, I can do from almost anywhere. I'm a writer.

**GARY:** A writer! Did you hear that Sheila? Sheila's a big reader, I'll bet she's read some of your stuff.

**SHEILA:** I doubt it.

**GARY:** What have you written?

**JAMES:** Some short stories. A poetry anthology ... a couple of novels.

**GARY:** Sheila used to write in university, didn't you hon?. But that was before I met her. Hasn't written anything since, at least not that she's let me see.

**JAMES:** *(to Sheila)* You must have been inspired back then.

**SHEILA:** That was a long time ago.

**JAMES:** Ever thought of going back to it?

**SHEILA:** Never.

**GARY:** What novels have you written, maybe I've seen them at a bookstore.

**SHEILA:** When was the last time you were in a bookstore?

**GARY:** Or one of those airport stores, you know, where you can buy books to read on the plane.

**JAMES:** I'm not what you could call a "famous author" ... I write some magazine articles to pay the bills, then spend the rest of my time writing books most people have never heard of!

**GARY:** Like what?

**JAMES:** Actually, there's a copy of my latest novel here in the bookcase. Just got it back from the publisher a few months ago.

*JAMES goes to bookcase and removes a paperback*

**JAMES:** I asked Fred to put it here. I keep hoping someone will steal it or at least read it but as usual (*blows on the cover*) I have to blow the dust off it!

*Hands book to GARY who reads the title*

**GARY:** "Forever Words".

*when the title is read, SHEILA reacts. GARY doesn't notice*

**GARY:** Sorry, but it doesn't ring a bell. You heard of it Sheila?

**SHEILA:** No, never.

**GARY:** What's it about?

**JAMES:** Oh, it's a bit of a love story. Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl back, giant radio-active ant eats them both.... Usual stuff.

**GARY:** (*smiling*) Oh...a surprise ending.

**JAMES:** Maybe I changed that in a later draft, I can't remember.

**SHEILA:** Endings are the hardest part.

**GARY:** I feel embarrassed I haven't heard of it, but I don't read much fiction.

**JAMES:** That's OK, so many people haven't heard of my books, I'm officially the most successful unknown writer in the world!

**GARY:** Well now two more people have heard of you.

**JAMES:** Gee, I hope that doesn't affect my title.

**SHEILA:** I'm sure it's safe.

*GARY puts the book down on a nearby table*

**JAMES:** (*smiling*) Anyway, feel free to steal the book, I have boxes full at home! So...what do you do Gary?

**GARY:** Oh it's boring, nothing like being a novelist! I own Madison Developments. We do housing developments, retail complexes, things like that.

**JAMES:** You wouldn't want to buy my place at a hugely inflated price so you could build a shopping mall would you?

**GARY:** (*smiling*) Maybe we can hammer something out...

**SHEILA:** (*to JAMES*) Don't tempt him.

**JAMES:** Naw, I think I'm here for the foreseeable future. The solitude is good for a writer.

**GARY:** You've got plenty of that up here.

**JAMES:** I have to admit it took a bit of getting used to. It's a different kind of lifestyle up here.

**GARY:** That's exactly what it is, a different lifestyle. Reminds me of hearts.

**JAMES:** How do you mean?

**GARY:** Hearts. You know, the game...relaxing, playing cards.

**JAMES:** (*looking at SHEILA*) Hearts.... I like that.

**GARY:** Places like this remind me of sitting around in the evening playing cards with friends.

**JAMES:** (*smiles at Sheila*) Well that's one way to pass the time up here.

**SHEILA:** You should have brought your wife with you James, we could've had a fourth. I'm sure she'd like to be here.

**JAMES:** What makes you think I'm married?

**SHEILA:** Just a guess.

**JAMES:** Well you're right. Or should I say you *were* right. We separated six months ago.

**SHEILA:** When?

**JAMES:** Six months ago.

**GARY:** That's a shame...any kids?

**JAMES:** No, just a Black Lab...he took 20 minutes to adjust and has been fine ever since.

**SHEILA:** What happened?

**GARY:** Jeez I'm sorry James, we've only just met and already we're prying into your private life. You're going to wish you hadn't come over here. Before you know it we'll be asking "boxers or briefs"!

**JAMES:** What do you think Sheila? Boxers or briefs?

**SHEILA:** I don't even want to guess.

**JAMES:** Hey, when you live up here, you get used to people peering between your curtains and under your sheets.

**SHEILA:** I hope that's a metaphor.

**JAMES:** So you do still have a bit of the writer in you.

**SHEILA:** Not really.

**JAMES:** Some things you never really lose. Or shouldn't. *(pause)* Anyway, I'm glad I came. I know how difficult it is to fit in here, so I like to stop by when somebody rents and kinda break the ice,

**GARY:** Well I appreciate it James. Sorry for being a little stand-offish at the door but hey... I'm a city guy! I thought you were just being nosy, I'm not used to this kind of neighbourliness. So...you going to drink that beer or just wait for it to warm up?

**JAMES:** Trying to work up the courage. It is Fred's home brew after all.

*JAMES tries to open the bottle*

**JAMES:** Ouch, I think I need an opener, this isn't a twist off.

**GARY:** Give it here, I'll get that open for you

*GARY takes the bottle and exits to the kitchen*

**SHEILA:** *(to James)* What the hell...

**JAMES:** I don't believe it.

**SHEILA:** What are you doing...

**JAMES:** We have to talk.

**SHEILA:** No, you have to explain...

**JAMES:** I was afraid to even hope ....

**SHEILA:** We had an agreement...

**JAMES:** An agreement?

**GARY:** *(from the kitchen)* Sheila.... Where's the bottle opener?

**SHEILA:** The cabinet beside the fridge. *(to JAMES)* An understanding!

**JAMES:** Maybe *you* understood...

**SHEILA:** I thought I made myself perfectly clear.

**JAMES:** That doesn't mean I had to accept it.

**SHEILA:** You don't have a choice.

**GARY:** *(from the kitchen)* I'm looking in the cabinet and it's not here.

**SHEILA:** It's fastened on the side.

**JAMES:** But we can't...

**GARY:** OK... got it!

**SHEILA:** *(to James)* I want you to leave... now!

**JAMES:** Do you really want me to?

**SHEILA:** I don't think you....

*(GARY returns with the open bottle and hands it to James)*

**GARY:** These bottles should come with a warning label! "Open this the old fashioned way or risk serious bodily harm"! *(he sits)* A bottle opener screwed to the side of the cabinet, is that rustic or what?

**SHEILA:** It was there ten years ago.

**GARY:** You know, you're right! I can remember Fred pointing it out and saying "Now *that's* convenience!" How's the beer?

*JAMES takes a sip*

**JAMES:** So far so good.... I can still feel my lips!

**GARY:** That's a good sign.

**JAMES:** Wait....It's my toes that are going numb! Wow, Fred's brewed another batch of rocket fuel!

**GARY:** I can't believe he still owns this cabin. He was ancient ten years ago so by now he must be about...

**JAMES:** He'll be ninety one this year.

**GARY:** You obviously know Fred.

**JAMES:** Everybody knows everybody here. But I remember his age because my wife and I arrived last August on his ninetieth birthday. He helped us move in.

**GARY:** At ninety years old!

**JAMES:** He's a force of nature! There must be something in the air here that promotes longevity.

**SHEILA:** The air didn't help your marriage though.

**GARY:** Sheila!

**SHEILA:** Sounds like she only lasted a couple of months.

**JAMES:** I hoped coming up here away from the city with a little peace and quiet would be what we needed. Help us concentrate on each other.

**SHEILA:** Sounds like you got a little more peace and quiet than you bargained for.

**GARY:** Sheila!

**SHEILA:** Sorry, I just meant that sometimes things happen that you don't plan on.

**JAMES:** You're right. Sometimes life tosses something at you that you really don't expect.

**SHEILA:** I know what you mean.

**GARY:** But that's life eh? You just have to roll with it.

**JAMES:** The solitude didn't appeal to her.

**GARY:** Can be beautiful this time of year though.

**SHEILA:** Loneliness can be difficult to handle.

**GARY:** We really should get up here more often.

**JAMES:** Especially the type when you're not alone.

**GARY:** I'll bet the colours are great in the fall.

**SHEILA:** It takes a certain kind of person to appreciate the quiet. The peace.

**GARY:** And dark! I remember it gets incredibly dark up here!

**JAMES:** Yes, you just have to find the right person.

**GARY:** Not to mention quiet, I've never heard so much quiet.

**JAMES:** And then... appreciate what you have.

**GARY:** Do you get many bears around here?

**SHEILA:** *(pause)* I'm sorry about Carrie.

**JAMES:** We decided it was best. There wasn't a lot of anger.

**SHEILA:** Do you see her much?

**JAMES:** Nope. We haven't even spoken in six months. I guess that shows you just how little there really was between us.

**SHEILA:** You OK with that?

**GARY:** Hey...I don't think you came here to talk about your wife did you? Sorry, Sheila can be a little nosy sometimes. What I really want to talk about is how to turn on that gas space heater in the bedroom. I remember wrestling with it last time we were here. Had to finally call Fred to get it working. It's still in there isn't it?

**SHEILA:** Yes. I mean....at least Fred said it was when I rented the place.

**JAMES:** Don't worry, he printed out instructions on how to light it and taped them to the wall. Got tired of all the late night phone calls. Fred's away visiting his son this weekend so I'll tell you what, I'll have a look at it and make sure it's working ok. Gary, can you go outside and check the main gas valve?

**GARY:** There's a main gas valve?

**JAMES:** I thought you built houses?

**GARY:** I don't build 'em, I just put the deals together.

**SHEILA:** Twenty four hours a day.

**JAMES:** If I remember, it should be just outside the bedroom window. You'll have to make sure it's turned on.

**GARY:** Will do.

**JAMES:** *(taking a small flashlight out of his pocket)* Here take this.

**GARY:** You always carry a flashlight around?

**JAMES :** You see any streetlights out there?

**GARY:** As long as I don't see any bears out there.

**JAMES:** Don't worry, they'll see you first. (*Gary hesitates*) Kidding!

*GARY exits, JAMES and SHEILA exchange a long look before JAMES exits to the bedroom. SHEILA busies herself tidying up and fussing while glancing at the bedroom. At one point she takes JAMES' coat off the back of the chair and smells it, obviously enjoying the memory*

**JAMES:** (*calling out the bedroom window*) Have you found it?

**GARY:** No

**JAMES:** Look under the window and a bit to the right.

**GARY:** Is it labeled?

**JAMES:** Of course not.

**GARY:** What does it look like?

**JAMES:** It looks very valve like.

**GARY:** Never mind, got it! But I can't tell if it's on.

**JAMES:** Is the valve handle parallel to the line?

**GARY:** No

**JAMES:** Then it's off, turn the handle ninety degrees.

**GARY:** Done!

**JAMES:** That should do it.

*JAMES enters from the bedroom. He and SHEILA exchange another look.*

**GARY:** (*entering*) I didn't even know that valve was out there! We'd have spent all night trying to light it!

**JAMES:** Everything looks ok in there. When you want it lit, just follow the instructions and you shouldn't have a problem.

**GARY:** Thanks, I appreciate it.

**JAMES:** My pleasure. Listen I think I'll get going and let you two get settled in.

**GARY:** You leaving already? You've hardly touched your beer.

**JAMES:** Any more than half a beer this time of night and I'll never get to sleep! (*heads to the door*) Just thought I'd stop in and introduce myself. You say you're just here for the weekend?

**SHEILA:** That's right.

**JAMES:** Well, if there's anything you need....I'm just a hundred yards down the road.

**GARY:** Thanks James, that's very kind of you and thanks again for the help with the heater. (*opens the door*) Drop by anytime.

**JAMES:** I just might. And just in case you still have trouble with it, my number is 679-1212.

**GARY:** Can you write that down for me?

*GARY opens a drawer in an end table hands a pen and paper to James*

**SHEILA:** I don't think we'll need that...

**JAMES:** Sure

*Gary writes down the number, hands it to James and glances at Sheila*

**JAMES:** Call anytime. Anyway, I'd better get out of here and leave you folks to it. I mean... I don't mean "it", I mean not the "it" it sounded like... I mean... oh never mind.

**GARY:** Don't worry, we're all grown ups here!

**JAMES:** (*smiling*) I'm sorry! Just.. have a good night. Oh, and by the way Gary, don't forget to wear flannel pajamas.

**GARY:** Flannel pajamas?

**JAMES:** Keeps the bears away. They don't like the taste of flannel, makes their mouth feel all cottony.

**GARY:** *(smiling)* I'll keep that in mind.

**JAMES:** But don't worry it won't come to that. The bears can't get in. We took their keys away after what happened last time.

**GARY:** Good night James!

**JAMES:** Good night. *(he leaves)*

*GARY places paper on the end table and closes the door.*

**GARY:** Seems like a nice enough guy.

**SHEILA:** I guess.

**GARY:** Little strange though, him just showing up at the door unannounced like that.

**SHEILA:** It's different up here, people are more involved.

**GARY:** I suppose so. Good to know there's someone around if we need anything.

*SHEILA comes up behind him and puts her arms around him*

**SHEILA:** I don't think we'll be needing anything... now that he's left us to "it".

**GARY:** If he hadn't shown me where that gas valve was, we'd have been needing an electric blanket.

**SHEILA:** There's more than one way to keep warm.

*He gently removes her arms from around him*

**GARY:** But it doesn't seem that cold right now, maybe we won't need it after all.

**SHEILA:** I don't know, I feel a bit of a chill.

**GARY:** He has a nice sense of humour, don't you think?

**SHEILA:** Yeah, he's a funny guy.

**GARY:** (*picks up Jame's beer bottle*) Can't say I approve of wasting beer though

**SHEILA:** Maybe he could sense we wanted to be alone.

**GARY:** Too bad, I was kind of enjoying his company.

**SHEILA:** Oh.

**GARY:** I think you were too.

**SHEILA:** I'll finish putting those groceries away.

*SHEILA starts to head to the kitchen*

**GARY:** You two seemed to hit it off.

**SHEILA:** (*stops*) How do you mean?

**GARY:** You had a pretty easy conversation going there.

**SHEILA:** What do you mean, you talked to him more than I did.

**GARY:** That was different.

**SHEILA:** What do you mean it was different?

**GARY:** I don't know, it just was. Felt different.

**SHEILA:** You're imagining things.

**GARY:** It felt weird, that's all.

**SHEILA:** I was just being polite that's all, making small talk.

**GARY:** Oh. You made some very pointed comments about his marriage.

**SHEILA:** You know me, I say what's on my mind.

**GARY:** Why would that be on your mind?

**SHEILA:** It's not. Listen, anything you feel like doing?

**GARY:** *(pause)* Who's Carrie?

**SHEILA:** What?

**GARY:** Carrie. Who's Carrie?

**SHEILA:** His wife. Or ex-wife I guess is more accurate.

**GARY:** How did you know?

**SHEILA:** How did I know what?

**GARY:** He never mentioned it. How did you know his wife's name was Carrie?

**SHEILA:** I'm sure he mentioned it...didn't he?

**GARY:** No.

**SHEILA:** Then it must have been Fred. When I called about renting this place he was really chatty...started gossiping about everybody around here. He must have mentioned it then.

**GARY:** You seemed different around him. Not like when you usually first meet someone.

**SHEILA:** How exactly am I when I first meet someone?

**GARY:** I don't know, it just felt a bit like you knew each other.

**SHEILA:** What? How could I possibly know him? You said yourself he just showed up unannounced.

**GARY:** You knew his wife's name.

**SHEILA:** And I explained that didn't I? Or don't you believe me?

**GARY:** I do, but...

**SHEILA:** But what? Maybe I snuck out and met him on the sly when you weren't looking. Did you sneeze? Everybody knows you can't sneeze with your eyes open.

**GARY:** I'm not accusing you of anything.

**SHEILA:** It certainly feels like it.

**GARY:** There were a couple of times I actually felt left out.

**SHEILA:** Well stop feeling and start thinking and you'll realize how ridiculous you're being.

**GARY:** Did you know who he was when he arrived?

**SHEILA:** Of course not, here but after a few minutes I realized he must be the same "James" Fred had talked about. Don't need to be Sherlock Holmes to figure that one out.

**GARY:** Oh

**SHEILA:** Believe me, by the time I got off the phone I knew more about James than his shrink.

**GARY:** He sees a psychologist?.

**SHEILA:** I don't know, I was just trying to be funny. Everybody knows everybody else's business around here. You can't fart without three people showing up at your door with air freshener. *(pause)* I'm trying to be funny again.

**GARY:** I get it.

**SHEILA:** You know, it's really not that late; we can still go for that walk by the lake.

**GARY:** I thought you wanted to put the groceries away.

**SHEILA:** That'll take two minutes. Or I could be totally irresponsible and not put them away at all. Let's throw caution to the winds!

**GARY:** Listen, It is kinda late, I think I'll just....

**SHEILA:** I think you're afraid because it's getting dark and scary! *(playfully)* And you know, it's almost dark enough for me to take my clothes off... *all* my clothes, and to go swimming stark naked, Nuuuuude!

**GARY:** It's a little early in the year for that.

**SHEILA:** I get it...you still want to impress me.

**GARY:** How do you mean?

**SHEILA:** Admit it, you're worried.

**GARY:** About what?

**SHEILA:** You know...skinny dipping... cold water... looking nine years old again!

**GARY:** (*chuckles in spite of himself*) No, it's not that.

**SHEILA:** Paparazzi?

**GARY:** I've had a really tough week...

**SHEILA:** Piranhas?

**GARY:** I'm kinda beat. I'd really like to just relax.

**SHEILA:** Relax? But that was the whole idea of catching the bus here, so you wouldn't have to fight traffic, so you *would* be relaxed.

**GARY:** Oh yeah, remind me to cancel my next massage appointment, I'll just ride around on a bus for four hours. I have a knot in my shoulders the size of Albuquerque.

**SHEILA:** Come on, sit down. (*Gary sits on the couch and she moves behind him to massage his shoulders*) Just relax and let me work on that for you.

*Gary enjoys the massage for a short time then picks up the cell phone from the coffee table and holds it in the air looking for a signal.*

**SHEILA:** Will you stop that!

**GARY:** I need to be connected!

**SHEILA:** Whats wrong with being connected here, with me?

**GARY:** I am with you. I came all the way up here with you, what more do you want?

**SHEILA:** But you're *not* with me, that's the point! You're with the .... "whatever it is" project. You're with the "numbers". You're with "the deal" You're everywhere but here with me.

**GARY:** I can't just switch off like you can.

**SHEILA:** It's a choice Gary. It's a choice you consciously make. Please just this once, leave the office behind!

**GARY:** How many times do I have to tell you, It's my responsibility....if I don't take care of the little problems, they become big problems, then you can say goodbye to the vacations, the cars....

**SHEILA:** (*interrupting*) Do you think that's why I married you? I don't care about all that. OK, I'll admit I enjoy the perks of having a bit of money, who wouldn't? But if you think that even comes close to what I really want, you have no idea about me. You really have no idea about me.

**GARY:** I don't think you're being honest with yourself.

**SHEILA:** Gary, I could walk away from all the material things we own tomorrow... *today*, and it wouldn't bother me one bit as long as I had you beside me.

**GARY:** Sure, we could walk hand in hand to the welfare office.

**SHEILA:** Be serious.

**GARY:** I am serious. You don't know what you're saying. What we have, what we own, is our security...our future.

**SHEILA:** Our future isn't a bank balance, our future is us.

**GARY:** Our future is what we make it.

**SHEILA:** Exactly!

**GARY:** What *I've* made it.

**SHEILA:** (*pause*) What you've made it. So, you've decided what I need. What I want. I'm not even in the equation.

**GARY:** I thought we both wanted the same thing. A comfortable life, money in the bank.

**SHEILA:** You don't get it do you? It's not about the money.

**GARY:** You'd soon change your tune if you didn't have any.

**SHEILA:** That's not fair, you don't know that.

**GARY:** It's an educated guess.

**SHEILA:** Gary please. Let's not do this. Not now, not here. Please.

**GARY:** *(pause)* I'm tired, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Ok look... the phone doesn't work, no emails, I'm putting it away.

**SHEILA:** *(playfully grabbing the phone from him)* I'll put it away somewhere. I'll hide it and I'll tell you where to find it when we leave.

**GARY:** Come on Sheila, give it back.

**SHEILA:** Why? It's just a useless lump of plastic up here. You don't need it.

**GARY:** I don't need underwear either but I feel more comfortable with than without.

**SHEILA:** I prefer you without.

**GARY:** I just like to know I can put my hands on it.

**SHEILA:** Me too!

**GARY:** Come on, be serious.

**SHEILA:** *(puts the phone down her top)* Come and get it!

**GARY:** *(holding his hand out)* Give it back. Please.

**SHEILA:** You know where it is...

**GARY:** Please

**SHEILA:** *(pause)* Do you really want this Gary?

**GARY:** Of course I do, I just asked for it.

**SHEILA:** Not this. (*hands him the phone*) I mean everything.

**GARY:** You may have to be a little more specific.

**SHEILA:** Us.

**GARY:** “Us”? You mean our marriage.

**SHEILA:** I mean us, our marriage, everything.

**GARY:** I’m not sure I’m comfortable with where this is leading.

**SHEILA:** Do you?

**GARY:** Have I ever said or done anything that would make you think I don’t want “us” anymore? Or is it you? Is that what this weekend is all about... did you bring me up here to....

**SHEILA:** No Gary, please listen to me. I just need to know if we’re still.... If we’re still good.

**GARY:** We’ve always been good. We are good.

**SHEILA:** Are we?

**GARY:** Sure. Of course we are.

**SHEILA:** I really need us to be good.

**GARY:** We are baby, we are. Look whatever you need... if you want to go for that walk tomorrow, we’ll do that. Maybe even go swimming if it warms up a bit. Whatever will make you happy.

**SHEILA:** It doesn’t take much, just time together.

**GARY:** Then that’s what we’ll have, time together. I promise I won’t call the office this weekend. It’ll be just you and me and the wild hamsters, or whatever they have up here. If Bill wants me he’s going to have to track me down with bloodhounds.

**SHEILA:** He has bloodhounds?

**GARY:** He may have to rent them.

**SHEILA:** And the “whatchamacallit” project?

**GARY:** I’m sure the wheels won’t fall off if I let Bill handle it for a day or so.

**SHEILA:** Thank you.

**GARY:** But *my* wheels may fall off if I don’t get some sleep. Eventually. After all... we have been left “to it”!

**SHEILA:** You don’t have to be so coy, we’re the only ones here.

**GARY:** Ok... you wanna make like a couple of sex starved minks and f... (*Sheila cuts him off*)

**SHEILA:** Wait a minute, wait a minute.... do you know what I brought?

**GARY:** What?

**SHEILA:** Something very very special and I’ve been waiting for just the right moment to bring it out. You don’t have to go outside for this, you don’t have to go walking in the dark, and you don’t even have to take your clothes off for it. Unless you want to later.

**GARY:** It doesn’t involve anything shrinking does it?

**SHEILA:** I certainly hope not. In fact, maybe just the opposite!

*SHEILA takes 3 or 4 CD’s from her suitcase*

**SHEILA:** It’s our song. The first one.

**GARY:** From our wedding day... our first dance?

**SHEILA:** Yes!

**GARY:** That’s it? I was kinda hoping it would be something that made us both all slippery.

**SHEILA:** We’ll get there, don’t worry. But first a little warm up. Our song.

**GARY:** Been a long time since I’ve heard it.

**SHEILA:** I listened to it before you got home yesterday and it still does it for me.

*SHEILA chooses one of the CDs and inserts it in the portable player*

**SHEILA:** Call me an incurable romantic but I thought maybe our tenth anniversary would be a good time to dance to it again. What do you say?

**GARY:** If you promise not to lead.

*SHEILA presses play and approaches GARY with her arms open. Just as they embrace, Bill Haley's "Rock Around the Clock" blasts from the cd player....she rushes back to the CD player and quickly presses stop and starts searching through the CD cases)*

**GARY:** Funny, that's not how I remember it.....

**SHEILA:** Damn...must have put the CD back in the wrong case. Maybe it's in this one....

**GARY:** We could dance to "Rock around the Clock" if you want.

**SHEILA:** That kinda takes the romance out of it.

**GARY:** If that's what you want.

**SHEILA:** What do you mean "If that's what I want"?

**GARY:** I mean the romance. I mean we're not newlyweds anymore but we can pretend we've got that newlywed romanticism if you want.

**SHEILA:** I was hoping we wouldn't have to pretend...

**GARY:** Well, you know what I mean.

**SHEILA:** Not really.

**GARY:** We'd be pretending we felt the same as we did on our wedding day.

**SHEILA:** You mean.... Like we're in love?

**GARY:** No, I don't mean pretending we're in love, of course I still love you. What I mean is...

**SHEILA:** Just what do you mean?

**GARY:** I just mean it's been a while and we're kind of used to each other now.

**SHEILA:** *(pause)* I guess we are.

**GARY:** It's not a bad thing. It just means we're comfortable with each other. We know what to expect.

**SHEILA:** No surprises.

*There is a long silence as they regard each other.*

**GARY:** Exactly, we know each other. That's a good thing isn't it? *(pause)* Well aren't you going to play it?

*SHEILA looks at the two CDs in her hand*

**SHEILA:** You know, I think I must have left it at home. Must have put it back in the wrong case. Dumb huh?

**GARY:** Are you sure it's not one of the others?

**SHEILA:** No, no, it's not. The case is here but it's the wrong CD.

**GARY:** Honey, I'm sorry. What I said about us being comfortable and used to each other... you know what I meant.

**SHEILA:** Yes.. Yes. Of course I do.

**GARY:** We can still dance to something else if you want.

**SHEILA:** No. No.. it's ok.

**GARY:** You're upset.

**SHEILA:** No not really. I'm just tired.

**GARY:** It's been a long day.

**SHEILA:** Yeah. That's it.

**GARY:** Sometimes I say the wrong things and sometimes I...

**SHEILA:** *(interrupting)* It's Ok. It's Ok. Let's just go to bed.

**GARY:** You sure?

**SHEILA:** Yes I'm sure. I'll be right there. Just give me a minute to finish putting those groceries away. Don't want to leave them out all night

**GARY:** Ok hon, don't be long.

*GARY exits to bedroom, SHEILA stands looking at the closed door for a few seconds. She then takes a CD out of one of the cases she's been holding and puts it in the machine. She turns the volume down so it can't be heard in the bedroom. She sits looking out the window as "Let It Be Me" by the Everly Brothers starts to play softly. After the first four lines of the song we see she is crying.*

*Lights down*