

MARISSA: Here you are dear, chamomile tea done just the way you like it. Can I get either of you anything else?

LYNDA: No, this is great, thanks mom.

SCOTT: Yeah, thanks mom.

MARISSA: Well, I'm sure you're both wondering why I've asked you to come over this evening, and I'm glad you're both sitting down because I've got some big news.

LYNDA: Is everything ok?

MARISSA: Oh yes, everything is just wonderful. In fact, I've met someone!

STUNNED SILENCE.

SCOTT: Huh.

LYNDA: Well, that's ... who?

MARISSA: His name is Doctor Loveit and he really is the most charming man.

LYNDA: (*Sets tea down*) I have some questions.

MARISSA: Oh dear, I do hope you're both ok with this. It's just this house has been so empty now that you've both grown and ever since your father died --

SCOTT: Dad's dead?!

LYNDA: Dad didn't die, mom, he's living in Winnipeg with --

MARISSA: (*Firmly*) He died.

LYNDA: Alright then. So, who is this guy? Is it serious?

MARISSA: I don't know about that. But you never know. If it's meant to be it will be. Otherwise maybe just a bit of fun. (*Introspective*) It's been a long time since I've had 'fun'.

SCOTT: Gross!

LYNDA: Mom, please!

MARISSA: Oh hush. (*To Lynda*) And if I wasn't out having my fun then you two wouldn't even be here, did you ever stop to consider that?

LYNDA: Sounding pretty good right now.

MARISSA: (*To Scott*) And you want to talk about 'gross', young man, try changing soiled diapers ever day for five years, then you come back and tell me about 'gross'. And believe-you-me, you were *not* an easy pooper.

LYNDA: Alright. You're right. We could stand to be a bit more supportive.

SCOTT: Sorry mom. (*Sincerely*) I'm sorry about all the poops.

MARISSA: That's alright, honey. I'd do it again in a heartbeat if I had to.

LYNDA: So? Tell us about his guy! What's he like? Where's he from?

MARISSA: Well, he seems very nice. He likes dogs and hikes, and he enjoys watching old black and white films. He's very handsome in all of his pictures.