

This so good of you," Dore says, "this is Anne and this is Veronica. This is so good of you. Boy is this place empty."

"I put two of the beds in the back room and one in the front," Simon says, "I thought I'd get some plants maybe tomorrow are you guys hungry let me go see what I've got in the kitchen."

"Booze I hope," Dore says dropping her bags in a corner. "Boy is this place empty. I don't mean that as a criticism."

"The owners left the couch and those two chairs and that's about it. Who would like what? I have beer. . ."

"Beer for me," Veronica says, "where do you sleep, Simon?"

"In the middle room. I have vodka, Scotch, white wine. . ."

"Vodka for me," Dore says, "and vodka for my horse here, no that's a joke, Anne will have vodka too. Plants are a good idea. Big plants. Rocks with that, just rocks. Anne will have just rocks too. Really this is so good of you. I guess we figured it a little close in terms of funds --"

"Bloody assholes is what we were," Veronica says. "Believing what they told us."

"So you made a miscalculation," Simon says.

"But this is dumber than necessary don't you think? Dumber than absolutely necessary? Where can I put this?"

She shows him a round thing three feet in diameter, in a canvas case.

"My trampoline. I bounce on it. That's how I keep in shape."

"Anywhere," he says, handing around the drinks, "lean it against the wall. I've got some ribs I can broil you guys eat ribs?"

"God that tastes good," she says, "I was at my wit's end, *we* were at our wits' ends, that jerk at the agency I could kill him --"

"We were dumb," Anne says.

"No point in flagellating ourselves," says Dore. "I drink to Simon. What did you think, Simon? Honestly. When you first walked into the bar."

"I was stunned. Conservatively speaking."

In white lingerie, hand on hip, the three of them, chatting with the patrons, they'd just finished the show the bartender told him, fashion show every Friday, next week, nightgowns.

"The hell of it is, we gave all this money to Africa. Before we came," Dore says. "That's why we're so low. We each sent three thousand bucks to Africa. To alleviate hunger. We saw this thing on television."

"Probably you can sell the beds after we go," Anne says.