

**Scoundrels In Kelowna**  
**By**  
**Gordon Walker**

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Synopsis

Rich, Ron, and Doug haven't seen one another in years, but the passing of their friend Pete inspires them to reunite to honour and celebrate his life.

However, grief is a complex emotion, and processing it can lead to surprising, and often hilarious results with these particular Scoundrels in Kelowna!

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### **Cast of Characters**

Samantha.....The Waitress

#### **The Ball Bearers**

Three high school friends, reuniting to celebrate the life of their recently deceased friend “Pete”

Rich.....The “Ringleader”

Doug.....The Troublemaker

Ron.....The Whiner

#### **The Griefies**

Three high school friends, reuniting to celebrate the life of their recently deceased friend “Julie”

Gloria.....The Ringleader.

Marge.....The Troublemaker

Debbie.....The Prude

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**Setting: Kelowna, British Columbia**  
**Evening. Restaurant/Bar.**  
**Three men enter, chatting jovially.**

Ron: This looks like just the kind of place that Pete would have loved.

Rich: Oh, I don't think so!

Doug: You're right Rich, this is WAY too nice for Petey's taste.

Rich: Exactly!

Ron: True enough, he did love the seedier types of establishments, didn't he.

Rich: Remember he took us to that place in Detroit after the Michigan/Ohio State game?

Doug: I'll never forget it! It's not every day you see a corpse sitting in a toilet stall.

Rich: *(Laughing)* Yeah, nobody wanted to call the cops, because they knew the cops would close down the bar.

Ron: That, and half of them probably had outstanding warrants or parole violations.

Rich: Yeah, *THAT* was Pete's kind of place.

***They seat themselves at a table, and a waitress enters.***

Waitress: Good evening gentlemen, my name is Samantha. Can I start you off with some drinks?

Rich: You sure can Samantha. We'll start with 4 shots of tequila, and three pints of draft.

Samantha: Coming right up. Menus?

Ron: Yes please, I'm starving.

Samantha: You got it.

***Samantha exits***

Rich: Oh man, it's so great to see you guys again.

Ron: It's been WAY too long.

Doug: When IS the last time we all got together?

Rich: I think it might have been when you guys came home from backpacking through Europe, and I just got back from working in England. Another fun-filled youthful misadventure.

Ron: No, that was just after college.

Doug: You're right. I know...it was at Carla's wedding!

Ron: What a great night that was.

Doug: **Laughing** Oh yeah, remember the photographer took pictures of some romantic couple smooching in the garden, but when they were developed and printed, it turned out to be Pete and Carla's mom.

Ron: Right, and you and I ended up with Joyce and Heather, Carla's sisters.

Doug: **High fiving Ron** Best tag-team ever, buddy! Hey, who'd you end up with that night Rich, I can't seem to remember...Ron, do you remember who Rich was with that night?

Ron: No, I'm afraid I don't. In fact, I don't even remember Rich being...

Rich: All right, enough already!

Doug: Oh, that's right...Rich is a little sensitive because he wasn't invited to Carla's wedding.

Ron: Well, not that one.

Rich: Will you stop? Jeez!

Doug: **Ignoring Rich** No, not that one, but he *WAS* invited to her first wedding, wasn't he?

Ron: Well of course. He was supposed to be the groom at that one!

**Doug and Ron laugh**

Doug: He *WAS* the groom at that one! That's why he was partaking of the traditional ritual wherein the groom makes out with the maid of honour while the bride is getting her hair and makeup done.

Ron: Rich was so surprised that Carla was unaware of that part of the ceremony.

Doug: She did seem to be upset about it...

Ron: Upset enough to cancel the wedding, and six months later marry...*pause*...

Rich: Don't say his name.

Doug: Whose name? Simon's?

Rich: Ugh

Ron: That's right, we're never supposed to say Simon's name in front of Rich.

Doug: Sorry Rich, I didn't mean to bring up Simon's name, because I know it really upsets you to hear that name...*beat*...Simon.

Ron: Yeah, Simon, the guy who makes Herman Munster look like a GQ cover model, and is now doing the nasty with Carla on a regular basis.

Doug: Nightly basis most likely.

Ron: Oh for sure, yeah, Simon is probably putting it to Carla two, three times a night.

Doug: At least! And then I'm sure Simon is right back in there first thing in the morning too.

Rich: Guys...

Ron: Oh yeah, sorry Rich.

Doug: Yeah, sorry buddy, we know you don't want to think about Simon lathering up Carla's naked body in the shower every morning.

Rich: Hilarious, guys.

Ron: I heard they had a six thousand dollar sex swing installed in their bedroom...

Rich: Oh for the love of...

***Samantha enters, and begins placing drinks on the table***

Samantha: Your friend hasn't joined you yet? ***Indicating the empty seat with the shot of tequila in front of it.***

Rich: ***Sombrely*** Well, actually, he has...***beat...***Doug...

***Doug produces a framed portrait of a man and places it on the table beside the shot of tequila. He then produces a lighter, and places it beside the portrait.***

Rich: Samantha, this is Pete. The reason we three are here tonight.

Doug: To celebrate the life of our dear friend Pete, who sadly left us earlier this year.

Samantha: Oh my goodness, I'm so sorry for your loss guys.

Rich: Thank you Samantha. And Pete thanks you. He's the first of our circle to...oh jeez, I can't even say it.

Ron: He was the first of us to pass. We were all high school friends. We go back a long, long way...

Doug: But it took Pete's death...

Ron: ***Lashing out*** Passing! Don't say death, say passing!

***Rich tries to calm Ron, who is clearly upset***

Rich: It's okay Ronnie, he didn't mean to upset you. This is tough on all of us.

Doug: Yeah Man, I'm sorry, you know losing Pete was like losing part of my soul. We're all hurting here.

Samantha: Oh you poor guys! You must've been really close. And Pete sounds like a great guy.

***Rich, Doug, and Ron all enthusiastically agree, and pick up their shots of tequila.***

Rich: He was, and we were. And that's the thing, we were so close back in the day, but it took Pete's...

***Doug interrupts***

Doug: Passing...

Rich: Yes, Pete's *passing* for us to realize, we hadn't seen each other in years.

Ron: So we decided to honour Pete, and renew our friendship by meeting here, and toasting our dearly departed friend.

Samantha: That's beautiful. What a sweet bunch of guys you are.

Ron: Samantha, would you do us...

***Doug and Rich together:*** And Pete!

Ron: Yes, of course. Samantha, would you do us, *and* Pete, the honour of being his surrogate tonight?

Samantha: Being what?

Doug: Pete's surrogate. We ordered a shot for Pete. But it wouldn't be right for any of us to drink Pete's drink.

Rich: That's for sure! If you drank Petey's drink when he was alive, you'd be in a LOT of trouble!

Samantha: ***Feeling uncomfortable*** You mean he'd get physical?

Doug: Oh yeah, he would physically respond to someone stealing his drink.

Ron: That was a no-no for Pete. He'd probably do something drastic.

Samantha: ***Horrified*** Really?

Doug: Oh yeah, I've seen him really go off! Remember that time at the Eagle's Nest Hotel, when that big, greasy biker drank Pete's beer by accident?

Ron: Oh yeah, that was classic Pete that night.

Samantha: What did he do?

Doug: He waited until the biker went out for a smoke...

Ron: He walked up to the bartender and said...

Rich: I'd like two pickled eggs, and a pickled sausage please.

Samantha: What?

***Ron, Rich, and Doug are beginning to chuckle.***

Doug: It's true. He ordered two pickled eggs and a pickled sausage, which, incidentally, tells you what kind of place the Eagle's Nest was, that they sold those things. Anyway, Pete goes and drops them in the biker's beer while he was out having a smoke.

Samantha: The eggs and the sausage?

Doug: Yeah

Samantha: Why?

Ron: Because he thought it was funny.

Rich: It was!

Samantha: I don't really get it?

Doug: ***Picking up his pint of beer.*** Samantha, picture what this glass would look like, with two pickled eggs sitting at the bottom, and a pickled sausage bobbing up and down above them.

Samantha: Oh my...it would look like a...

***Ron, Doug, and Rich together:*** EXACTLY!

Ron: That was Pete. Oh man, I can't believe he's gone. I loved that guy.

Doug: We all did Man, we all did.

Rich: Anyway, moving right along to the “celebration” part of this celebration of life, Samantha, **Rich picks up the shot of tequila and hands it to Samantha, who accepts it.** Would you please join us in celebrating the life of our dear friend Pete who we miss very much?

Ron: So, so much.

Samantha: I'd love to guys, but I'm still on duty for another (**checks her watch**) eight minutes, and I'm not allowed to drink on the job. It's a firing offence.

Doug: But nine minutes from now...?

**Samantha is hesitant, clearly trying to decide what to do.**

Ron: C'mon guys, leave her alone. We shouldn't be...

Doug: You're right. Sorry Samantha we shouldn't be bringing you into this, it's...

Samantha: No, no, I think it's really sweet what you guys are doing. I'm touched by how much you cared about Pete...**beat...**I'm IN! I WANT to be his surrogate!

Rich: Well then you go finish your shift, we'll finish these beers, and when you come back, we'll toast the memory of Pete!

Samantha: It's a deal

**Samantha exits...**

Rich: Well isn't Samantha a sweetheart.

Doug: Yeah, Pete's surrogate is a lot nicer...

Rich: **Interrupting...**and WAY better looking!

Doug: Oh yes, way, way, better looking than the real Pete.

**Rich and Doug raise their glasses to “Cheers” each other, but Ron interrupts.**

Ron: C'mon guys, don't dis Pete like that. We're here to honour him, not humiliate him.

**Rich and Doug quieten and look remorseful.**

Rich: Sorry man.

Doug: Yeah, Ron, I'm really sorry...**Both Rich and Doug burst out laughing!**

Rich: C'mon Ron, we're here to celebrate Pete's life, not mope about his death.

Ron: Passing Dammit! Why can't you just say his PASSING???

Doug: **Having difficulty restraining his laughter** Yeah, Rich. Get it right! Pete didn't DIE, he...**beat...**passed...

Rich: Ooh, yeah, I see...he...**beat...**”Passed”...**beat...**like a kidney stone!

Ron: Oh for...

Doug: Exactly. He...**beat...**”passed”...**beat...**like gas at a chili cook-off.



Rich: *Getting into it...* Okay...He passed...

***Samantha enters***

Samantha: *Interrupting...* Like the dumb-as-a-stump-Quarterback who happens to be sleeping with the Dean!

***The group erupts with laughter, with Ron eventually joining in.***

Samantha: Well I'm glad I got you all in a good mood, because I'm afraid I got some bad news. The kitchen is closed.

Ron: Oh no!

Rich: Okay, no prob.

Doug: Yeah, me too, I'm good.

Ron: Aw, I'm hungry! Why is the kitchen closed? It's still early.

Samantha: I know. Marcel had a bit of a meltdown out there, and what he says goes. Kitchen's closed.

Rich: Marcel?

Samantha: Yeah.

Doug: *THIS* place has a chef named Marcel?

Samantha: No, *THIS* place has an exterminator named Marcel. He's Haitian. He comes in once a week to kill roaches.

Ron: I'm suddenly okay with the kitchen being closed.

Samantha: Listen, sit tight okay, I'll see if I can't find you some snacks or something.

Rich: Thanks Samantha, you're the best! By the way, my name is Rich...

Samantha: You're welcome, and by the way, you're not so bad yourself, Rich. ***Samantha winks at Rich***

***Samantha exits***

Rich: I think our waitress is kinda hot for me.

***Doug and Ron laugh***

Doug: Say Ron, Rich thinks the waitress is hot for him. Why does that sound so familiar?

Ron: Because Rich thinks *EVERY* cute waitress and bartender is in love with him.

Rich: Guys, she winked at me and said I was the best.

Doug: Even if that was true, which it isn't, she's a waitress, she's working the tip. It's her job to make you think you got a shot with her...*beat...*but ya don't.

Rich: Whaddya mean? I got a shot.

***Doug and Ron laugh***

Ron: Totally out of your league my friend.

Rich: Oh come on!

Doug: WAY out of your league buddy. In hockey terms, it's like Samantha's at the NHL level...

Ron: And you're more at the junior-high ringette, house-league level.

Rich: Ringette huh?

Ron: Junior-high ringette.

Doug: House-league level.

Rich: I'm starting to remember why I didn't try to see you guys for over thirty years.

***Ron, Doug, and Rich all laugh, and raise their glasses to toast.***

Ron: To Pete

Doug: To Pete

Rich: To Pete

***They toast and drink***

Ron: Man, I'm hungry. I gotta get something to eat soon.

Doug: You and food! Man, you're either cooking it, eating it, or talking about cooking or eating it.

Ron: Not true. I also read about it, and watch videos about it.

Rich: Food is your porn.

Ron: What?

Rich: Let's face it, it's what broke up you and Ella.

Doug: It's true Ronnie!

Ron: Look, I said to Ella "I'm in the mood for some fine dining...prime rib au jus with Yorkshire pudding perhaps?" and she said "We're in luck! It's two for one Tuesday at Arbys!" It was over right then and there.

Rich: You're a food freak Ron!

Ron: I am *NOT* a food freak, I'm a gastronome!

***Samantha enters pointing at Ron***

Samantha: You're a foodie?

Ron: I suppose I prefer that to "food freak", but right now I'm just a really hungry guy. Were you able to find us some snacks?

Samantha: I got some good news, and some bad news about that.

Rich: You found a bag of chips but the best before date is the year before you were born?

Samantha: No, I didn't find any chips, and even if I did, I couldn't give them to you because the kitchen is closed until Marcel clears it. Even for serving bags of chips.

Ron: Oh man, I gotta eat...

Samantha: So I called my roommate Ellie, who happens to teach a night course in gourmet cooking at

the local community college here in town.

Doug: I'd be happy to take a cooking lesson from your roomie, but I think Ronbo here needs something a little more immediately.

Samantha: Then you're in luck. Tonight was the final class, so the students wanted to go out to celebrate, instead of staying and eating what they cooked, like they usually do.

Rich: So there's leftover food?

Samantha: Tons of it she says...

Ron: I'm not fussy right now, I'll welcome *ANYTHING*, but do you happen know what it is?

Samantha: Yes, she said it's curried lamb with saffron rice, stir fried vegetables, and vegetarian samosas.

Ron: I've died and gone to heaven! How can we get it?

Doug: Yeah, that sounds pretty great to me too!

Samantha: Oh, you'll love it. Ellie's food is always spectacular.

Rich: So how can we make this happen, you angel named "Samantha"?

Samantha: Well Rich, Ellie is on her way back to our place with the food in stay-warm containers, my shift just ended, *Samantha picks up her shot of tequila and drinks it* and I'm ready for some good food and fun with new friends.

Rich: So...you're inviting me back to your place for food and fun?

Ron: No, she's inviting *US* back to her place Rich.

Samantha: Yeah, I think the six of us are going to get along great!

Doug: Six?

Samantha: Oh, yes, I have two roommates, Ellie, the chef...

Rich: *Interrupting* And Florence, the toothless hunchback...perfect for Doug?

Samantha: Close. Her name is Jasmine, and she's an underwear model.

Rich: For one of those "Big and Tall" ladies stores, right?

Samantha: Victoria's Secret.

Doug: *Excited* Okay, let's get going, Ronnie is hungry and I want to hear all about Victoria's Secret.

Samantha: She's looking forward to meeting you too. I told her what you guys were doing, and she was moved by it. *To Doug* She asked if you were cute.

Rich: Did you lie?

Samantha: No, I told the truth. I said you were all cute, and really nice, decent guys.

Doug: I thought you said you didn't lie.

Samantha: Listen guys, I just gotta finish up here and then I'll drive us all back to my place. Meet me in

the parking lot out back in about five minutes, okay?

***Doug, Ron, and Rich all verbally agree, and begin preparing to leave the bar, as Samantha exits.***

Rich: I told you she was hot for me! How about that eh? Invited back to her place, gourmet meal...

Doug: As Ron pointed out...she invited US back to her place.

Ron: Yes, and only because I'M a gastronome and her friend wishes to pleasure me with the fruits of her labour.

Rich: Blah, blah, blah, Ron. I told you I had a shot!

Doug: I got a date with an underwear model!

Ron: C'mon, let's go out back and wait for Samantha. I'm starting to drool thinking about that curried lamb.

Doug: I got a date with an underwear model...

***Doug, Ron, and Rich begin to leave, when Rich's phone rings. He looks at it and says to the others...***

Rich: It's you know who! I'm gonna take this. You guys go on ahead, I'll see you 'round back in a few minutes.

***Rich answers his phone as Doug and Ron mutter in agreement then exit.***

Rich: *(Into his phone)* Hey Man! How's it going?...*pause*...It did! Like a charm, like it always does!...*pause*...No, not just one, there's hope for all three of us tonight...*pause*...Yeah, even Rob!...*pause*...I know. It's his natural whiney-ass-bitch self that that seems to appeal to women who buy into this whole “dead buddy” ruse...*pause*...Yeah man, I'm sorry you couldn't be in on this one too! This is such an easy town! We got the waitress, a gourmet chef, and an underwear model, all ready to party with us back at their place...*beat*...I think even *YOU* could get laid here! *(laughs)*...*pause*...*(laughs)*...If I *COULD* do that to myself, I wouldn't have gotten married four times...*pause*...*(laughs)*...Oh no, I didn't marry four horrible women, I married three horrible women, but I married one of them twice! Listen, I gotta go, ride's waiting. So you're gonna be in on the next one okay?...*pause*...Right, November 11 in Gander Newfoundland, and Rob will be the “dead friend” for that one...*pause*...Okay Pete, see you in Gander, buddy. Ciao.

***Rich puts away his phone, and exits.***

***Three women enter the bar. They sit in the same places as Rich, Doug, and Rob did.***

Gloria: Well I'll tell you girls one thing for sure, Julie would never have been caught dead in a place like this!

Marge: Dead is the only way she **WOULD** be caught in a place like this!

Debbie: She did like to live the wild life, didn't she, our Jules.

Gloria: Remember that time in Nashville...

Marge: Which time in Nashville? The time when she got Vince Gill to sign her boob?

Debbie: Oh yeah, remember that? She saw him at that fancy restaurant we were eating at. She just hefted that big old double-Dee hooter of hers right out of her bra, handed him the Sharpie, and said “I love your work very, very much. Would you mind signing my booby please?”

Gloria: And he said “Sure, most people don't appreciate how careful I am” signed her boob and walked out into the parking lot.

Marge: Where he resumed his post as the valet car park driver. Seems Vince Gill has fallen on hard times!

***They all laugh***

Debbie: Julie had that face blindness thing, what's it called?

Gloria: Prosopagnosia...face blindness. It caused her a lot of embarrassment with mistaken identities.

Marge: Yeah, but it provided us with tons of laughs.

Gloria: Yeah. No, I'm talking about the time she took us to that “secret club” she heard about from some musician she met.

Debbie: I'm no prude, but that place was shocking.

Marge: You *ARE* a prude Deb, but yeah, I've never been to a bar quite like that before.

Gloria: The waiters don't strip off and have sex with the customers when you go to O'Mally's Pub for trivia night?

Marge: Not unless I ask them to.

***Gloria, Marge, and Debbie laugh.***

***Samantha enters***

Samantha: Good evening ladies. Two things to let you know right off...the kitchen is closed, and I'm going off duty now, but I can take your drink orders, and pass you on to my colleague Jan. What can I get for you?

Gloria: Oh, that's okay, we only want drinks.

Samantha: Great. What'll it be?

Gloria: We'll have three white wine spritzers, and four shots of tequila please.

***Samantha pauses, regarding the women somewhat suspiciously.***

Samantha: Three spritzers, and *FOUR* shots of tequila? Is someone else joining you?

***Debbie pulls a framed photo, and a woman's hairbrush from a bag, and places the items on the table.***

Debbie: Yes, our recently departed friend, “Julie” is with us here in spirit tonight.

Gloria: We were all friends, years ago, back in college...

Marge: But you know how it goes...life happens, and you lose track of old friends.

Samantha: **Highly skeptical** And so you guys haven't seen each other since college huh?

Debbie: More or less. A few visits here and there until careers and families started happening and we all drifted apart.

Gloria: Until...*she pauses, stricken with grief*...we lost Julie.

**Debbie, Gloria, and Marge all reach out and touch the brush. Gloria picks up the extra shot of tequila and hands it Samantha.**

Gloria: Samantha, we're here to celebrate the life of our friend Julie. Would you do us, and Julie the honour of being her surrogate, and joining us in this toast?

**Samantha takes the shot, downs it, and says...**

Samantha: Okay, what the fff...what is going on here?

**Debbie, Gloria, and Marge are all rattled by Samantha's behaviour.**

Debbie: What? Why are you reacting this way?

Gloria: Yeah lady, show some respect. We're here to honour a dead friend. What's wrong with you?

Samantha: What's wrong with me? I'll tell you what's wrong with me. I just had a bunch of guys in here and *THEY* were here to celebrate the life of a dead friend too...complete with framed photo, and, oh, they didn't have a hairbrush, they had a Zippo lighter. What, do you tick a box to choose the sentimental accessory of your choice on the web page where you order your "bogus dead friend pub crawl kit"?

Marge: What are you saying? I'm outraged that you'd even...

**Gloria interrupts her**

Gloria: Forget it Marge, she knows.

Marge: Dammit! What are the odds of a group of Ball Barers and a group of Griefies both hitting the same bar, in the same town, on the same night?

Debbie: Slim.

Samantha: Groups of what and what?

Gloria: Griefies. It's kind of a mash up of the words "grief" as in we're grieving for our dead friend...

Samantha: Julie

Marge: That's right,

Gloria: Yeah, so grief, and groupies...griefies.

Samantha: Groupies?

Marge: Well, at the end of the day, it's really about sex. I mean the whole Griefy scene is just a kind of

screening mechanism for finding suitable guys to date.

Samantha: You lost me.

Gloria: When we do our Griefy thing in a bar, you know, talk about our dead friend who we miss, have her picture on the table, touch her hairbrush...

Debbie: You know...Griefy stuff.

Samantha: I can't believe "Griefy" is starting to sound like a real word already.

Gloria: It is, we ARE a real thing. So anyway, when guys see the picture etc, they get curious, and come over to ask us what's going on.

Marge: And this is where the screening process takes place. You see, some guys see this scenario and think "Ah, vulnerable women, I will offer comfort to them in their time of despair, in the hope of being rewarded with a sexual grief grope."

Samantha: Grief grope?

Debbie: Yes, the thicker they lay on the sympathy, the more they are to be avoided.

Samantha: So who makes it through this weird and morbid screening process you've devised.

Gloria: The guys who offer their condolences, wish you the best, and then go away.

Samantha: But if they go away, don't you lose the very guys you'd be interested in?

Marge: No, we have a foolproof way of getting them back.

Samantha: What's that?

Marge: Just wait until you catch them looking at you, and smile at them. They'll come a-runnin' They're only men, after all. They can't really help themselves.

Samantha: I hear that. What was that other name you said...Griefies and...*beat*...Pallbearers was it?

Gloria: Not pallbearers, BALL barers. They're more or less the male equivalent of griefies. You say you had a group of them in here earlier tonight?

Samantha: Yeah, right before you arrived. In fact they're waiting out back for me to drive them to my place where me and my roomies are going to feed them a gourmet meal and, oh my god...

Gloria Marge and Debbie *together*: Have sex with them?

*Samantha looks confused, not knowing what to do or think. Rich enters, sees Samantha and says...*

Rich: Hey Sam, we're getting kinda cold out in the back lot, you about ready to leave? The kids are getting cranky out there in the cold.

*Rich suddenly sees the picture and the hairbrush and reads the women's frozen silence.*

Rich: Griefies! So...you know.

Samantha: Yeah, I know.

Rich: I guess I won't be eating curried lamb tonight after all.

Samantha: That's right Rich. No lamb for you.

Rich: Fair enough, look Samantha, I'm sorry I misled you about the whole...

Samantha: **Interrupting** No lamb for you, until you give me a long, hard, tender, loving, lusty...**beat**...grief grope...

Rich: Grief groping and pseudo sympathy sex...my favourite!

**Rich and Samantha embrace, then hastily exit**

**Gloria, Marge and Debbie sit glumly at the table. Debbie puts the picture and brush back into the bag.**

Gloria: **Frustrated** Why does this scam seem to work for everybody except us?...**beat**...Is it really hot in here?

Marge: No, it's actually a little chilly. I don't know, I mean this is the third time we've tried it, and it hasn't worked yet.

Debbie: I think we're just not good enough actors to make the story believable. People just don't seem to buy it. Glor are you okay, you look a little pale?

Gloria: I feel like I'm having a hot flash. My chest feels really tight.

Marge: Glor, you don't look so good. I'm gonna get you a glass of water. Sit tight.

**As Marge rises to fetch water, Gloria has a spasm, clutches her chest and dies. Marge and Debbie stare at her, horrified.**

Debbie: Is she...

**Marge checks Gloria for a pulse, finds none, shakes her head and says...**

Marge: I'm afraid she's gone.

**Debbie and Marge embrace, grieving for their dead friend.**

Debbie: Do you think that maybe...

**Marge puts her hands on Debbie's shoulders and says...**

Marge: Yes! I think this might be just what we need to up our Griefy game to the next level!

Debbie: My thoughts exactly. Thanks Glor! **She touches Gloria and heads to the exit. Marge touches Gloria.**

Marge: Yeah, thanks Gloria. Griefies forever sister!

**Debbie and Marge exit**

**The End**