

VERONIQUE:

To Emily. You have no morals at all. You sick pervert. You should have stayed where you came from, where all the other perverts are. *To Pelajia.* Slow turtle. Talk big and move like Jell-o. *To Annie.* Cockroach! *To Philomena.* You big phony. Flush yourself down that damned toilet of yours and shut up. *To Marie-Adele.* Hasn't this slimy little reptile *Referring to Annie.* ever told you that sweet little Ellen of hers is really Eugene's daughter? Go talk to the birds in Sudbury and find out for yourself.

PELAJIA:

To Veronique. This reserve would be a better place without you. I'm tired of dealing with people like you. Tired. *To Marie-Adele.* You can't act that way. This here's no time to be selfish. You spoiled brat. *To Philomena.* You old fool. I thought you were coming back to help me and here you are all trussed up like a Thanksgiving turkey, putting on these white lady airs. *To Annie.* Annie Cook. Move to Kapuskasing! *To Emily.* "Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Us Indian women got no business talking like that.

MARIE-ADELE:

To Pelajia. You don't have all the answers. You can't fix everything. *To Annie.* White guys. Slow down a minute and see how stupid you look. *To Emily.* Voice like a fog-horn. You ram through everything like a truck. You look like a truck. *To Veronique.* Some kind of insect, sticking insect claws into everybody's business. *To Philomena.* Those clothes. You look like a giant Kewpie doll. You make me laugh.