

Yvonne: *long-time friend of Ange and Marcie. 40s-50s. Works in stationary (her future in-laws' business). Getting married soon. Nervous, high energy, emotional.*

Near the end of the play. Ange and Marcie have just had a huge fight about the painting and their friendship. Yvonne is overwrought.

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This is savage, what you're doing! You could have had your fight after the 12th, but no, you're determined to ruin my wedding, a wedding which is already a catastrophe, which has made me lose ten pounds and now you're totally fucking it up! The only two people whose presence guaranteed some spark of satisfaction are determined to destroy one another, just my luck!... *(To Marcie)* You think I like packs of Filofax paper or rolls of Scotch tape, you thank any normal woman wakes up one day desperate to sell expandable document wallets?... What am I supposed to do? I farted around for forty years, I made you laugh, oh yes, wonderful, I made all my friends laugh their heads off playing the fool, but at night, who was left solitary as a rat? Who crawled back into her hole every night on her own? This buffoon, dying of loneliness, who'd switch on anything that talks and who does she find on the answering machine? Her mother. Her mother. And her mother.