

ANCHOR GIRLS

The cars speed up and down Medlock Bridge Road. Some are heading into the city burning rubber like there is no tomorrow. Others are spending gas in the hopes of finally making it to their paradise in the wilderness. Not far from the street, the Anchor is a bar located in a strip mall. The mall is in Alpharetta, a suburb of Atlanta.

It's one hot night at the Anchor. Orders of fries are stacked high on the server's trays. Pitchers of Bass and Bud are flying. Grown men look like kids drooling hot sauce as they dip their wings. Hard ass wannabees are dribbling PBR's. And the Anchor Girls are beating down their fan club. All eyes are on them. They are shaking it up. No one is going to take them down tonight!

Diane is on the hunt.

"Any man will do!"

"I hope not, girl," contradicts Cheryl, her protector for the night.

Trish comes back with medicine cups for all of them. A round of *lemon drops* send the girls into sweet heaven. Trish is a honey blonde who looks all sugary on the outside. But don't mess with her. Not tonight, not any night.

Trish has just worked her magic and sent the latest contestant packing, "I was flying high and I just got shot down."

Steve returns dejected to his seat. He is just staring into space. Trish gets off a final volley, "If you're going to play in the big leagues, you've got to be a pro."

"You mean I don't get a second chance," he manages to scrape up off a reply.

"Not here with us veterans. If you want to go back to scoring sorority babes at your local frat bar, go for it. But here we play for keeps. Flattery will get you nowhere!"

She means it. She's seen enough heartache. And she doesn't want any of it for herself. On a lonely night, she always has her girls to look out for her. That's more than most can say.

A crowd of paralegals have the bar staked out. The Anchor Girls are all at a nearby table.

"Songs aren't what they used to be," observes Cheryl as she is lost in the pumping bass beat. She perks up even more when she recognizes the next song. "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!"

Cheryl is bopping to ABC's "The Look of Love" "This is what I need."

Stevie shouts, "The DJ's got her number now."

Trish tries to follow, but she can't keep up with Cheryl.

A little ways away, Ricky is already nibbling on Diane's ear.

Trish does her duty, "I feel that it's my obligation to intervene."

"Who the hell are you girl, her lesbian lover?" Ricky yells.

"Who the hell are you? I'm a friend, someone who cares. Not some guy who's going to discard her after one night. So shove off, buster." Trish dismisses him with a shove.

Ricky realizes that these girls mean business.

Now they're playing "Watching the Detectives" by Elvis Costello. Cheryl is shaking her hips to the infectious reggae-styled beat.

Cheryl recognizes all the appeals of a blossoming romance. It is life-affirming. She also knows the trap. A couple of drinks and a pretty face and it's so easy to believe love has arrived. She tries not to get caught up in that song.

She has often seen that glint in Diane's eye as the tidal wave of quick love engulfs her.

Cheryl always tries to throw out a lifeline. Often, Diane drifts too far out. They all watch helplessly as she struggles in the maelstrom.

Stevie has often blurted out, “She’s not going home with that creep.”

Cheryl knows how easy that temptation is. The Anchor seems to make truth tellers of them all. After a sensitive type has poured, his heart out to her, Cheryl is not averse to offering a shoulder to cry on. It’s only a short step to a passionate kiss to make the pain go away.

She’s heard time and time again, “Southern boys don’t sop!” But they all end up crying in their beer. When that last bell rings, there’s been a mighty river of tears shed. Cheryl does all that she can to make it stop then and there. It’s one thing to find yourself making out with some guy. It’s something entirely different to wake up in a stranger’s bed. Cheryl has done her best to avoid that kind of heartache.

An unlikely candidate thinks that he can grab Cheryl’s attention, at least temporarily. He heads over to the table with a couple of imported beers. She’s game as long as the bottle is full. As she’s sipping from the beer, she take one look at Mr. Wonderful. Who is he kidding?

“My name is Max. I saw you grooving to the tunes. You have a cool way of shaking.”

Cheryl tries to play along, “I do what I can. What do you do, Max, besides try to dance?”

“I’m in IT.”

“Classy!” she remarks with a touch of irony.

He tries to dance around her. She feels as if a pesky mosquito is circling her.

He turns to her, “You like?”

“It’s nighttime. It’s not cool to wear your sunglasses on your head.”

“Are you making fun of me?” he questions Cheryl.

There’s enough mousse in your hair to float the English navy.”

Max defends himself, “I bought you a drink. I was trying to be nice. Why are you putting me down?”

She has had it with his clowning, “I really couldn’t let a good beer go to waste. And I do mean a good beer. But buddy boy, you’ve been staring down my shirt from the moment that you came over to talk to me.”

“Is that what you bitches do over here? Just hit guys up for drinks and then treat them like shit.”

“I didn’t ask you to come over here. I didn’t ask you to buy me a beer. You’re lucky that I let you stand this close to me for as long as I did.”

The girls watch Cheryl make fast work of Max.

Trish thinks that it is time to make her move. “Where does he get off?”

“Girl, I don’t think that I’m in his league. Look at him. He’s one super stud.”

“Cheryl, maybe we’re just too rough on these puppies. They just need to be house-broken.”

“I think we’re dealing with full grown dogs. And you can’t teach them any new tricks.”

“Maybe, we could learn to love their old tricks.”

“Trish, I thought that you were on my side.”

Cheryl starts fooling with her phone in the hope that she might conjure up a phone call from one of her favored guys. Nothing doing. This just adds to her frustration as the blue light gets lost amidst the other flashes surrounding the bar.

Trish remarks “Cheryl, I don’t think that we can win at this game. I’m not sure if I want to wake up hung over and in a rush to get to work.”

“Just keep drinking a lot of water. You’ll be fine.”

Trish doesn’t feel comfortable with her advice, “I don’t think that will be good enough.”

Trish runs her finger through her hair and tries to look all prim. Cheryl stands up and shakes off her last encounter. She is ready to make tonight count.

“How come Robert never comes here, Cheryl?”

“Robert and I go out. But it’s not as if we’re really dating. It’s not all that serious.”

Cheryl wonders what serious would really be. She’s going to try to make her own way for the time being. Diane is propped on a chair trying to recover from Ricky’s nibbles.

Stevie is very pragmatic, “At least, he didn’t draw any blood.”

“I guess Diane would have to nurse her own wounds.”

Trish doesn’t take to Cheryl’s humor, “I think that she sees enough blood at the hospital.”

Cheryl analyzes Diane’s situation. “Trish, she doesn’t look like she’s going to make her shift tomorrow.”

“I think it’s her day off,” guesses Stevie. “We all could use one of those.”

Stevie hates the fact that she’s got to do retail tomorrow. It’s all part of her gaining necessary experience. All the girls are now feeling the pressure of the clock. As the night wears down, they are coming closer to the next day’s routine.

Cheryl reminds her, “You don’t have to be in there until 11.”

“I’m fine,” she nods at Cheryl. Trish’s interests have just been distracted elsewhere.

“He seems tame,” Cheryl offers her opinion.

Stevie tries to play along, “I thought that I might have a go!”

Trish adamantly marks her territory, “You’ve got Josh, honey.”

“Josh and I are officially fighting.”

Cheryl concludes, “No proposal forthcoming.”

“Rub it in Cheryl,” Stevie hardly needs such banter. But then she has left herself wide-open.

Cheryl taunts Trish, “Are you going to go in for the kill or let him come to you?”

“I never do the work. Let him come to me.” Trish is sticking to her method. She knows that she is in sudden death, and she is playing to win.

“He seems like a shy one.” Cheryl lets her eyes wander.

Stevie notes, “You’re going to have to leave a trail for this one to follow.”

Cheryl smiles, “He hasn’t picked up the scent yet.”

Trish has a comeback, “I think that he’s too into himself.”

She decides that she’s going to need a little ingenuity to bring him out of his shell. She decides to have the waitress bring him an order of wings.

Trish jokes, “It’s more like the witch fattening up Hansel and Gretel than me wanting to get him drunk.”

After he finds out who sent him the wings, he heads over to the table.

He smiles, “So you think that I’m rather scrawny.”

“I’m just doing what I can to help a poor lonely boy.”

“You want some of this.” He motions with his basket.

Trish has a comeback, “I don’t really eat wings, but I could lick your sticky fingers.”

He does a double take. “I’m Willy.” He puts out his elbow as his hands are a mess. Trish literally rubs elbows with him. She’s trying to make this go with her sense of humor. Soon she realizes that she’s over her head. But she just dives into the deep waters and makes the best of it.

“I’m Trish. I’m in real estate. Here, my card.” That always give her a little rush.

“Do you have a house ready for a frisky little couple?”

“I think that one’s still under construction. But I could interest you in one with a house in the back for the dog.”

“Touche!”

As Trish scores points, Stevie stares longingly at the both of them.

“Why doesn’t that happen to me?”

Cheryl has a reply, “It’s nothing special about Trish. She just has the get up and go to make it happen. It was probably rough at first. But Trish took a chance.”

Stevie tries to take some consolation from Cheryl’s comments. It not as if she’s unattractive. She’s just made herself unavailable. She looks away before guys even have a chance to make eye contact.

Diane is in the corner trying to regenerate herself for the next round. Stevie and Cheryl look over at her and then smile.

Stevie seems a little regretful, “Sometimes, I don’t know why I still come here.”

“It’s to keep your tongue sharp, and your wits sharper,” Cheryl summarizes their philosophy.

Stevie reflects, “I wish that some dashing prince would just sweep me up and take me back to his palace.”

“Stevie, they’re aren’t too many princes here. More just assholes.”

“A girl has got to hope.”

Cheryl is more insightful, “It’s not something that you can take to the bank when the love of your life pukes on your new Indian rug.”

Stevie’s not sure if she needs to hear that kind of cynicism. Especially at this moment, she wants to believe.

“Cheryl, I probably could use a drink.”

“I think that Diane has the right idea by filling up on water.”

“That’s great for her. She never has to do a thing. I just need some liquid courage.”

Stevie gets up to go to the bar. That leaves Cheryl pretty much on her own.

Cheryl finds that she is again playing with her phone. If Robert isn’t going to call, maybe one of those other guys can trying to contact her. She has her own crew of hangars on who are always wondering how things are going with Robert. These are hardly friends who really want to support her. They’re more concerned with looking for the first weak link in the relationship. Now and then, for her own confidence, Cheryl is not averse to encouraging them. Robert can sometimes be cold. And she often needs a real ego boost.

Cheryl has always seen herself as a winner. She is not accustomed to second place. She is not going to take the hit for Robert’s mind games. Still Robert hasn’t called, and it is making her nervous. She decides to break down and call him. He knows that she has gone to the

Anchor, and he has deliberately ignored her. The phone immediately tracks to his voice mail. She is pissed. He has gone to bed and turned off his phone. He wants to keep to himself. She feels that hollow sense of longing.

If Robert is going to ignore her, then she is going to have her own story to scandalize him. She loosens her blouse to make herself more attractive. She looks around the room. She has turned on her radar, and she is hunting. She can feel the change roll over her. It is a little frightening how readily she submits.

Diane is in her own world. And Trish is preoccupied with her new catch.

Stevie is over at the bar talking to Sara. Sara's been running the Anchor since she opened it with her late husband twenty years ago. She hasn't missed a beat since. She's tireless in her devotion to the clientele. She has been particularly protective of her girls who adopted the bar while they were in college. All four of the girls have at some point worked for her. Now they continue to make it their home away from home.

Cheryl has her arms full with Donny. He is all the charmer in an unspoken sort of way. He knows he has the world on a string. And he wants to wrap that string around Cheryl. She's not going to do anything that she doesn't want to do. But he's not used to doing the work to make things happen.

He almost feels the spotlight surrounding her. He is trying to get her up and dancing. Donny's already seen her moves. He barely stares at the table before she is under the spell. She needs that beat pulsing through her just to try and forget all the shit with Robert. She can hardly get her groove on just sitting in the chair. She gets up and starts to spin in place.

Donny is a little clumsy. But he uses that to his advantage. That way he doesn't appear too slick. He makes his way to the table. He is careful to let his body do the talking. A mistaken word and that will crumb the deal. He wants her to do all the work.

Cheryl is a little more taken by the song. She mouths the words to New Order's "Bizarre Love Triangle". For him, it's just the sound track to his seduction. It might as well be "Pop Goes the Weasel". That may be his first mistake. She believes the song. Its sense of liberation. That is just what she needs. He tries to play along. She lets him do his thing. It's all part of the moment.

"Let me get us a drink." She lets him break the ice. Anything to take it to the next level.

"Get me a vodka cranberry."

He comes back laughing as if he is ready to tell a joke. "I'm Donny."

"Well, Donny baby, I'm Cheryl."

"Your wish is my command."

He is just falling over himself trying to please her. Cheryl realizes how pathetic he is. That only makes her seem more ridiculous. But she's not letting that bother her for the moment. If any of the girls were watching this, they'd already be running interference. This time Cheryl is all on her own. She hopes that's not going to be her undoing.

"Donny, what do you do when you're not hustling women?"

"Is that what I'm doing?"

She acts as if he's pulling a fast one. She knows that he's just going along for the ride. He initiates his silly dance again. He really believes that he's sexy. She regrets busting him at his game this early. She takes a sip from her vodka and works to recover her composure. Is this

what she really needs to restore her confidence?

At this point, he's close enough to touch her. He tries to move his body close to her. She puts her hand in front to block his way, "Slow down, buddy boy."

"I like what I see."

She wonders if she could have found a more lively one. She searches for a place to throw him back.

He keeps on, "I've wastching you dance. I didn't want you to waste those moves on yourself."

She adjusts her shirt as she notices him looking at her. She tries to find some humor in the situation, "What are you going to do about it?"

Cheryl's dark bob makes her seem even more dangerous. A few stray hairs only add to the sense of indifference. She knows her opponent is bringing little to the table, but she can use his uncouth to her advantage. The vodka is enough to desensitize her. She drains the rest of the glass.

"I could use another," she suggests. She paces a little nervously.

As he obliges, she works to collect herself. She really doesn't want to go home with the wonder boy. But she needs a little more reassurance than a couple of drinks.

When he comes back, she feels ready to do what she has to. She tries to move to the music, but she's not that into the hip hop song.

Donny comments, "You do have a few moves."

"Why are you looking at me like that?" He is trying to act sexy.

"I'd do anything for you!"

She laughs at him. "You hardly know me."

The night is starting to give her a chill. Just looking at Donny is freaking her out a little. He can sense that lull and tries to kiss her.

She holds him back, "You're a little quick on the draw."

"What do you mean?"

She hesitates for a moment, then she lets him kiss her. It's the vodka talking. But she can feel that warmth inside of her. She pulls him over to her. He grinds his body against her.

"Mighty frisky little thing!" she teases him.

With her hands she blocks him from getting too close. Cheryl is feeling a little guilty about Robert. But it's not as if he was concerned enough to give her a call. Donny turns her on. And she can feel him next to her.

She tells him "I need to go to the bathroom." She needs a break. Things are moving way too fast.

Once she closes the door, she needs to figure out what she wants to do. She's proven her point to herself. It would be good if she cut Donny loose. When she comes back to the table, he rubs his hands along her hips. It really turn her on. He is so physical. So bold. She's used to watching this sort of thing, not to actually being involved. She can barely hold back.

Cheryl lightly pushes him away and moves to the other end of the table.

"Aren't they going to close soon," Donny asks."

"There's still a little while."

"Do you work in the morning?" he asks.

She nods, "Yeah, I've got an appointment at 9:30."

"What do you do?"

"I'm a financial analyst."

"Maybe you could look at my portfolio."

She reaches for her wallet, "I could give you my card."

He jokes, "I was thinking about tonight."

She doesn't want him to go on. She looks around for her friends. No one seems to notice her. She is going to have to resolve this on her own.

"Well, give me your number. Maybe we'll get together another time."

Donny objects, "I thought that we were getting along."

Cheryl is firm, "I told you that it's going to be an early morning. I need to find my girls."

Donny seems a little dumb-struck. He tries to kiss her again. She is sobering up. She gives him a friendly hug.

She maintains, "Another time."

"I didn't get your card."

"I've got your number, Donny."

He sheepishly retreats. Cheryl sits there alone at the table. She notices that Stevie is over by the bar. She calls him over.

"Stevie, I almost went home with that guy."

"It might have done you a little good."

"I don't think that's the sort of good that I'm looking for. Besides, I don't want to really mess things up with Robert."

"Robert's made enough of a mess himself."

Cheryl defends Robert, "Robert is a catch. He's serious about work. He's a successful investment banker. I couldn't ask for anything better."

"He's being a real creep with you." Stevie has enough problems of her own. But she's trying to stick up for Cheryl.

Suddenly Stevie doesn't seem quite as out of place. She's doing a good job offering perspective to Cheryl. She turns her head to see a guy eyeing her at the bar. Maybe she just needs a little loving of her own to put things in perspective.

"Stevie, you haven't heard a word that I said."

Cheryl signals Stevie, "I'm looking over at that guy in the suit. Don't look over. He's almost staring."

Eventually, she sneaks a peek.

"Cheryl, I'm going to pretend that I'm continuing my conversation with Sara."

Stevie heads back to the bar and walks right past Sam.

"Sara, I need some water."

Sara kids her, "You just drank a lake's full."

Cheryl laments, "It's been a long night."

He offers, "Maybe you'd like to try something a little harder with me."

Stevie turns to look over at him.

He keeps talking, "I'm a little embarrassed to admit it. But you caught me staring at you when you were talking to your friend."

“I don’t think that I noticed.”

“My name is Sam. That’s a great dress that you’re wearing.”

“I actually made it myself. My name is Stevie.” She holds out her hands to him.

He admires the pleats on the skirt.

“Quite fancy!”

“Sam, what do you do?”

“I’m in advertising. I do have a weakness for fashion.”

Stevie asks. “And the women that wear them?”

He smiles.

“Sam, you have a nice smile.”

Sam tells her, “That cheers me up. Will you have a drink with me?”

“Sara, two scotches.”

“Only the good stuff for you.”

“Sam, you look like a man of taste.”

He pulls on his lapels to straighten out his jacket. “I do what I can.”

They both sip their drinks slowly.

He wonders, “So do you make clothes for a living, Stevie?”

“I’d love to. But not yet. I studied design. But right now I work retail. I have dreams.”

Sam is philosophical, “Without dreams, we might as well be rolling in the mud.”

“Something like that.”

Sam seems nice, maybe too nice. But Stevie likes his attention. Sure she’s with Josh. But who knows one minute to the next. After all she is an Anchor girl, and she loves the pace of this lively tavern.

Sam is admiring her hair. She’s a dirty blonde who has added a few highlights. It’s cut smartly just above shoulder length. It is straight and lush.

“Can I run my fingers through your hair?”

“Go ahead.” She feels a shiver as moves his fingers along her tresses. She loves the feeling. There’s more magic than she feels with Josh.

“Sam, that feels great.”

“What do you do for fun?” he asks.

“Not too much except come here. I do love the beach. I’m really a beach girl.”

She has a slight tan that accentuates her body. She doesn’t look too fit but she obviously works out. She seems very serious. Perhaps that is her ultimate fear. She is trying to shake up her tendency to get too settled.

“I hope that I don’t strike you as too boring.”

Stevie is a little apologetic, “I hope that I don’t come over like that.”

“Like what? Boring like me.”

“I didn’t mean it that way.”

He laughs, “Don’t worry. I know what you meant.”

She teases him, “I didn’t call you boring.”

He taps her on the arm, “Yes, you did. Although I could use another drink. How about you?”

Stevie confesses, “I’m OK. We’ve been downing shots all night. I don’t want to pass

out. That's why I was reduced to the water diet."

Sam comments, "I bet the scotch is more fun."

"I just want to be able to get up in the morning. It comes quite early for me."

"For me too."

She wants him to ask her back to his place just so that she can refuse. That will really give her a rush. But there is only a little time before closing. Just enough time for him to make his play.

She asks the question, "Are you going out with anyone, Sam?"

"I'm sort of new here. I had a friend in DC. But it didn't work out."

Stevie wonders, "You're not running away?"

"Far from it. But if I knew all the girls were like you, I'd have been down here in a minute."

"Did you get your heart broken?"

"Not at all. It was just time."

Sam is so casual. Stevie is so used to the hard sell so much at the Anchor that she doesn't know what to do. Besides, she hardly seems practiced at this sort of thing.

Sam excuses himself to go to the toilet. Cheryl hones in on her.

"Who the catch?"

"Just some guy. Sam."

"He really like you."

Stevie feels excited that it is so obvious. "I don't know what to do."

Cheryl offers her advice, "Just be yourself. Act natural. It will all work out. Let me leave you alone."

"I want you to meet him."

"Not now. I don't want to ruin your chances." Cheryl ducks out.

Sam comes back. "Is your friend running from me?"

"She has her own fish to fry."

"So that's what I am. A frying fish."

Stevie explains, "I didn't mean it that way. It's just that Cheryl has her own business."

"Did you come together?" Sam asks.

"We all meet here quite a bit. Cheryl, Trish, and Diane. We've all worked here at one point or other."

He looks around, "I like it here. It gets pretty busy."

"Some of the college kids from the area. A lot of people after work. There's all these apartments and subdivisions near here. New houses."

"Yeah, I've got a place about two miles from here. With a pool. You'll have to check it out."

Stevie doesn't want to feel the pressure of an invitation for tonight. But she does feel that she has to close this deal. It is feeling slightly tense.

"Maybe, I should get back to the girls."

Sam hopes that she will oblige, "Have another drink with me."

"If I have another drink, I'm going to lose control." She catches herself. "I still have to drive."

“I’d like to see you when you get a little crazy.”

Stevie gives him a big smile. She hugs him and gives him a big wet kiss on the cheek.

“Sam, here’s my number. Call me.”

She hands him her card. She rushes back to Cheryl at the table.

“I’m glad that I got away.”

“Stevie, was something wrong with him?”

“If I had been there another fifteen minutes, I think that I would have gone home with him.”

“Stevie, you told me that wasn’t such a bad thing.”

“Not for me. I’d come apart in the morning.”

“Look at Trish over there. She’s has no trouble with the morning.”

She is unembarrassed to be making out with a guy in front of them all.

Stevie remarks, “I think those shots went to her head.”

“She had us doing a bunch of them before she started with that guy.”

“I think that she needs our help, Cheryl.”

“If she needed help, she’d wave the white flag.”

“I think that the white flag is now red!”

They both laugh.

Cheryl asserts, “That’s our cue.”

Both of them surround Trish’s table.

She looks up from Willy, “What are you girls doing?”

Both Cheryl and Stevie speak in unison, “I think it’s time to take a break.”

Trish realizes they’re right. What would she do without them?

“Well, my lover boy, it’s time to send you back to the trout farm.”

“What?”

Trish refuses to yield, “I’ve got to conference with my girls.”

He makes a request, “Let me get your number, Trish.”

“You’ve got all you’re going to get. That’s pretty much all you wanted anyway. You’re fun, but not that much fun.”

Stevie tells Cheryl, “He’s not the sort of gentleman like Sam.”

“Rare, oh so rare.” They enjoy the humor.

Barry has heard about the reputation of the Anchor girls. He swears that he’s going to infiltrate the team and take one of the girls down. They’ve seen a lot of Barrys. They eat his sort for breakfast. He is ready to use all the tools in his arsenal. He oozes with natural charm. Diane is playing point for this one. It’s like pulling a fly into the web.

Diane can already sense that force. Even with that realization, she feels that she can hardly resist. He seems to retreat just as she’s able to pin him down. She can taste the poison.

“Here, let’s do a shot of Jager.”

He’s already playing for keeps.

“I’m a nurse. You’re not going to throw anything my way that I can’t take.”

“You’re the one who may need mouth to mouth before it’s over.”

“Bring it on, hot shot.” Diane is in fine form tonight. Barry thinks that she has found a match. She wonders when she’s going to have to throw this flounder back.

Trish head in for a little reinforcement. “Are you sure that he’s the one?”

“He’s not much of anything. But he might be worth a turn tonight.”

“Diane, we’re here for a rescue if you need it.”

He’s trying to stay one step ahead of her. But he’s a little woozy.

“We’re not amateurs here, Barry boy.”

Trish whispers, “What’s the best ending for a big fish like this?”

“I don’t know. Maybe tied up in a hotel room somewhere.”

They both laugh!

Barry heads off to the bathroom. The world is spinning around him.

“Do I take him home?” Diane asks.

“Is that really a question? Don’t you have a line to the morgue?”

Cheryl comes over to try to shore up her girls.

“I saw you knock out another heavy hitter.”

“I think that he’s going to crawl back for the final round.”

Trish adds, “I did think that he was sort of cute until he started drooling on himself.”

Cheryl delivers the final blow, “He’ll look even better when he’s passed out on the floor.”

Diane ironically protests, “He was my pet for the night, and now I’m going to have to take him back to the pound.”

Stevie sees that she’s missing all the action. “I’ve ordered a round of shots for all of us.”

Diane offers a feeble defense, “I’ve got so much shit in me already that one more shot is going to make me lose my lunch.”

“Are you going to let us beat you at your own game?” asks Stevie.

“I’m a health professional. I know when to say when.”

“When’s that?”

“Maybe after one more.”

Barry is able to crawl back to the table. Now he thinks that he’s really irresistible.

Trish is insistent, “You have to cut him loose.”

Diane doesn’t want to let a sure thing go. She is going to need the comfort of her girls to get through this one.

“That’s the second one that I let get away tonight.”

“Diane, there’s always tomorrow,” Stevie tries to sound practical.

Diane sounds defeatist, “That’s how life just gets out of our grasp.”

Cheryl has the final rejoinder, “You’re making us sound like losers. We’re the Anchor Girls.”

Trish laughs, “We sound like crime-fighters.”