

G: WILMA, MARTHA

WILMA: Well, what I heard isn't fit for talk, but I heard that Mrs. Cora Groves, up on the highway?

MARTHA: Yes.

WILMA: Has taken a boy, she's old enough to be his mother on, and is keeping him up there in her café.

MARTHA: In her bed.

WILMA: That woman went crazy when her husband left her.

MARTHA: Oh, I know she did.

WILMA: That woman, I swear, she isn't responsible for her own actions.

MARTHA: I should say she isn't.

WILMA: I hear he does things around the café, whistling around like he belonged there.

MARTHA: Have you ever heard anything like it?

WILMA: I haven't, I swear to God. I'll say one thing for her: whatever it is she looks a darn sight better now than she did a year ago. Since I can remember.

MARTHA: That woman isn't responsible for her own actions since her husband left her.

WILMA: It's not for us to judge.

MARTHA: That's all well and good but anyone who deliberately cuts herself off from everybody else in town.

WILMA: I don't judge, but I know who I speak to on the street and who I don't.