

Tucker: I met him, you know.

Ava: You did?

Tucker: I was ten years old. He was serving at the soup kitchen. I was there with my mom and my little brother. It had been a rough winter for us. We weren't the kind of family that had to use the soup kitchen normally, you understand.

Ava: Yes.

Tucker: But my dad's auto body shop burned down, so he went off to Fort McMurray to try to make some money. But when he got there, it turned out there wasn't work for him. Mom was on her own. And she was scraping together just enough. Except then some kids threw a rock through our front window and she had to pay a guy to have it replaced. It was colder than a witch's nose that December. So, rather than let us go hungry, I guess she put her pride aside and took us down there. I remember how miserable I felt walking in. But when we got inside, this big man with a beard wearing a white apron was holding court. And you'd have thought it was a party instead of a soup kitchen. He scooped some soup into my bowl and he leaned down to look me in the eye and he said "What do you call cheese that isn't yours?"

*(Ellen and Ava are hanging on Tucker's every word.)*

Ellen: I don't know.

Tucker: Nacho cheese! *(He laughs.)*