Can you imagine? One of the great natural harbors of the New World! These old wharves have already given way to condominia, such as this one. And soon, if the developers get their way, that lovely string of islands, which once guided the great sailing vessels into port, will be transformed into fake Indian encampments and phoney Pilgrim villages. We'll be invaded by tourists from all over multi-cultural America, lining up to see daily reenactments of the Boston Tea Party and the landing at Plymouth Rock.

RUTH. And are you fighting it, tooth and nail?

AUSTIN. No.

RUTH. No?

AUSTIN. How can you fight history?

RUTH. I suppose by making it.

AUSTIN. Yes, well, apparently you and I made our own private chronicle sometime ago, didn't we? Where were we?

RUTH. B.M.

AUSTIN. I beg your pardon.

RUTH. Before Marriage.

AUSTIN. Ah.

RUTH. But after college.

AUSTIN. Was I working then?

RUTH. No.

AUSTIN. No?

RUTH. You claimed you were working. But you were really playing.

AUSTIN. You mean, I was taking time out from my obligations at home to serve my country abroad.

RUTH. I mean, you were a very handsome young Naval officer steaming around the Mediterranean.

AUSTIN. You mean, I was defending western democracy against the constant threat of Soviet domination.

RUTH. I mean, you were living it up, while you had the chance.

AUSTIN. Hmmm.

RUTH. Yes. Hmmm. *(Pause. Ruth hums a tune: "The Isle of Capri.")*

AUSTIN. Is that a hint?