

MAN. Thanks. I don't think . . . we were ever . . . *(a good fit,)* it wasn't really . . . When we lost Greg . . . that kind of finished us.

WOMAN. I'm sorry. I can't imagine. *(Pause.)* It's funny, you said that you got married and, it's silly, I got a little jealous. All these years.

MAN. I'm sorry.

WOMAN. That's OK. . . . men are different.

MAN. *(Pause.)* You ever got married?

WOMAN. That's not the point.

MAN. What's not?

WOMAN. Whether I got married or not, it's not the point.

MAN. Sure, sure. *(Pause.)* So . . . you got married?

WOMAN. *(Quickly:)* I did.

MAN. Oh. OK. Any kids?

WOMAN. A daughter. She lives in Seattle. I have twin granddaughters.

MAN. That's nice. Good for you. Tell me about your husband.

WOMAN. Ex.

MAN. Oh! *(Smiling and then catching himself:)* Oh, I'm sorry.

WOMAN. It's fine. We're still friends.

MAN. It's good to be friends. It's the most important thing.

WOMAN. That's what they say . . .

MAN. Whoa . . . I just got jealous, too. Didn't see that coming . . .

WOMAN. *(Beat.)* I have a book of my poems I want to give you. Published a few years ago.

(She hands him a small book.)

MAN. You wrote these?

WOMAN. I did. I thought you might like them. There's one in there . . . it's, not really but it's kind of about you.

MAN. Really? That's so— I'll have to read it . . .

WOMAN. *(Cutting him off quickly:)* It's on pg. 43 . . . I think.

MAN. Well, I'll read it, thank you.

(She gets up to go. She's not happy.)

WOMAN. . . . Thanks for the drink.

MAN. Wait . . .

WOMAN. I'm glad you're happy!

MAN. Abby . . .

WOMAN. Good night.

(She turns to exit but as she gets to the door . . .)

MAN. No!

WOMAN. What?

MAN. "Do not go gentle into that good night!"

WOMAN. Dylan Thomas! "Do not go gentle into that good night. Rage, rage against the dying of the light!"

MAN. I don't know . . . ?

WOMAN. *(Pause.)* Look at us! We're here, tonight. We're a "little jealous" of each other. All these years! Don't you think it means something?! Don't you?

MAN. Old habit?

WOMAN. Something else?

MAN. But that warning! We . . . he . . . I came back to warn us . . .

WOMAN. And that could have been wrong!

MAN. I thought . . . all these years I've thought . . .

WOMAN. What? Oh Jesus God, tell me we did the right thing one more time and I will clock you!

MAN. Abby! I was in love with you!

WOMAN. I am in love with you! *(Pause.)* A few years ago, I realized that I'm still looking out that diner window for you. All these years later. That's the title of the poem. "Looking Out the Window" . . . It's on pg.—

BOTH. 43.

MAN. *(Beat.)* But your dream, your degree, you've done so well! And look, even that briefcase, your nice coat, it's a lot better than that one you wore back then; you got the things you wanted.

WOMAN. *(Cutting him off.)* Some people don't want things! I'm ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE! And some people are fine to be alone. I am NOT ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE! You know what I have? I have a cat!

MAN. *(Pause.)* Abby, I don't know . . . *(what to say.)*

WOMAN. *(Cutting him off.)* Oh God, read the damn poem!

(She starts grabbing her things.)

MAN. I'm sorry.

WOMAN. Oh, thanks! You're sorry. That's all I wanted to hear. Makes up for everything.

(She gets up to leave.)

MAN. I'm sorry!

WOMAN. Whatever . . .

(Just as she's exiting, she bumps into the jukebox. It comes to life and plays a languid version of "I've Got A Crush On You" [or something similar]. After a beat or so, she suddenly grabs him and kisses him hard and long. He immediately joins in. This is a real kiss not a comic one. The dismount can be a little funny perhaps, she might kick off her shoes.)

MAN. I'm not dead!

WOMAN. I would say you're not!

MAN. And neither apparently are you!

WOMAN. Thank you!

MAN. I'm in my sixties now . . . I'm not a spring chicken!

WOMAN. But not dead! *(Beat.)* I think it's all just moments, that's all we get. Moments. We make this long, blurry string of them, and that's life. And when they do that "Memoriam" thing on the news? I'd bet you anything that if you asked any one of those famous folks who did all the great things, if you gave them a choice, they'd trade it all for just one more moment. Just one.

(MAN gets up and moves away towards wherever the ring box lives.)

MAN. I don't know about destiny, or fate, or time travel. I clearly don't know a lot about a lot. But . . . uhm . . . I want to say this just right . . .

(He reaches up and retrieves the red box. It's dusty so he wipes it on his shirt or whatever. He doesn't blow on it to make a cloud for comic effect. He then walks back over to the table.)

I can't change what happened. The mistakes I made, the lives we lived, I can't give you back those thirty-five years . . . I probably can't offer you twenty.

(He kneels down, opens the ring box, and offers it to her.)

But I can offer you forever. Will you take forever?

(She takes it, and tries to put on the ring but it's too small.)

WOMAN. I think it shrunk.

MAN. Oh geez, come on! Biggest moment of my life and the ring doesn't fit . . .

(He stares at the floor.)

WOMAN. Jimmy? Jimmy?

(He doesn't look up.)

Jamie.

(He looks up. WOMAN grabs her bag and pulls out a large can of soup and places it between them.)

Hungry? Chicken and stars.

MAN. Chicken and stars.

(They might kiss again. He gently pulls her with him stage right to the piano, opens it and starts to play. It's a languid version of "I've Got A Crush On You" [or something similar]. He sings a bit of it.)

MAN. I've got a crush on you, sweetie pie
All the day and nighttime, hear me sigh
I never had the least notion that I could fall with
So much emotion . . .

(As he plays and sings, she moves over and sits on the bench close to him. Stage left there is a light shift and JAMIE enters, wearing a nice suit. He looks off, extends his hand. ABBY appears in a red dress and takes it. ABBY and JAMIE dance to the music in a special. A mirror ball effect appears, they dance a bit, MAN and WOMAN move closer, and the lights fade.)

End of Play