

(Pause.)

MAN. You know, I've been married thirty-five years.

ABBY. Uh huh.

(Pause.)

MAN. You're with someone that long, it feels . . . sort of like it's an accomplishment. You never want to break that winning streak, you know?

(Pause.)

ABBY. Jamie and I have been seeing each other about two years, right around.

MAN. How'd you meet?

ABBY. He used to stop off to eat before going home.

MAN. At the IHOP.

ABBY. Yeah. We'd talk, like that. Every time we'd talk a little more. Nothing special but he seemed different than the late-shift crowd.

MAN. How different?

ABBY. Well . . . sober.

MAN. A plus.

ABBY. Two in the morning at the IHOP, that's like waiting on Jimmy Hoffa. Oh, and on our first date, he took me out dancing.

MAN. Yeah? Disco?

ABBY. Oh no, far from it.

MAN. What's far from disco?

ABBY. He showed up in a nice suit. I thought we were going for pizza! But I ran back in and changed into this red dress I had, and we were off! He took me to this club where they play older music with a live band. They even had a mirror ball! It's so corny but I loved it, it was like going back in time, like those old movies with "supper clubs"? We danced!

MAN. What did you dance to?

ABBY. Oh, some, I don't know, big-band stuff, forties music. What was that one song . . . ? Something about having a crush or something? It was . . . great, magical.

MAN. I bet.

ABBY. . . . I totally fell for it.

MAN. That's nice. That's very nice.

ABBY. (*Pause.*) Oh and soup.

MAN. I'm sorry?

ABBY. Soup.

MAN. You like soup?

ABBY. Well, one time he tried to make dinner for me. It was a nightmare, like they had to call FEMA. But, he happened to have some of those big cans of soup that people share, you know?

MAN. Right . . .

ABBY. So, we split one and that's become . . . you know how couples have their "things"? Splitting a can of soup is one of ours.

MAN. Huh . . .

ABBY. "Chicken and stars."

MAN. "Chicken and stars . . ."

ABBY. Stupid, huh?

MAN. No, it's nice.

ABBY. (*Beat.*) And I like his vocabulary.

MAN. His vocabulary?

ABBY. You know how people say, "awesome" or "amazing" and it can mean anything or nothing? I guess I'm kind of a snob about that stuff. I was an English major. It just seems lazy. Jamie went to college, you know.

MAN. Yeah, he told me, Eastman school, at Rochester. You were an English major?

ABBY. I was.

MAN. Who's your favorite writer? Wait, don't tell me . . . Dylan Thomas.

ABBY. "Rage, rage against the dying of the light!"

MAN. I was right!

ABBY. I think that's his most famous. I miss those classes, I'll definitely go back some time.

MAN. You didn't finish?

ABBY. My dad got sick so I moved back to take care of him. He needed a lot of help for a few years. He passed six months ago.