

ABBY. No, it's fine.

JAMIE. Can I get you a drink?

WOMAN. I do think I need one. Gin and tonic?

ABBY and WOMAN. Tanqueray!

JAMIE. Coming up!

*(He goes behind the bar to make it.)*

WOMAN. *(Addressing JAMIE:)* Thank you. OK, so, I'm sure the "long suffering artist" here has come back to try to get you to play more piano or something, am I right?

JAMIE. You're right.

WOMAN. And that if you do that, you'll magically be happier?

JAMIE. Yes.

WOMAN. And you just believed him?

ABBY. He gave us two thousand dollars . . .

*(She puts the money on the bar for WOMAN to see.)*

WOMAN. Two thousand? *(Back to MAN.)* Where did you . . . ? Wait, this is the old money. Where did you get it?

JAMIE. Old?

WOMAN. They changed it. Where did you get this?

MAN. Collectors. I knew I'd need it.

JAMIE. But, uhm . . .

WOMAN. But, what?

JAMIE. Well, there's more.

WOMAN. What "more"?

JAMIE. Here you go. *(JAMIE hands her the drink.)* He said he chose this particular night, tonight I was going to . . . he came to get me to not do something.

WOMAN. Not do something? What does he want you to not . . . ?

*(She looks down at the table and sees the ring box. She picks it up and opens it.)*

WOMAN. Ohmigod . . . you chose tonight?

*(She looks at it a moment, fondly, and sets it down. Pause.)*

You're here to keep us from getting married?

(MAN is a bit ashamed but trying to play it off.)

**MAN.** That was only part of it . . .

**WOMAN.** What's the other part?! Are you supposed to kill me, too?!

**MAN.** Abby—

**WOMAN.** What?

**MAN.** I'm just trying to say—

**WOMAN.** No. No. You don't get to say anything! You don't get to speak! You had time to speak before I got here and now your time is up; I get to speak!

**MAN.** I'm trying to tell you—

**WOMAN.** Your. Time. Is. UP! Yeah . . .

(He shuts up. Pause.)

You came back and what advice did you have for yourself? Take up yoga? Observe the speed limit? Eat some kale?!

**JAMIE.** We talked about the Cubs—

**WOMAN.** Look, you're very nice but I am mad enough for both of you right now!

**JAMIE.** Right . . .

(Pause.)

**WOMAN.** You came here to erase me.

**MAN.** No . . .

**WOMAN.** Erase us. Just like that. How could you . . . ? I know we've had some . . . we haven't had everything we want, but . . . you'd just make all that go away?

**MAN.** You don't understand . . .

**WOMAN.** What? What don't I understand? I need to know that. What? You? I pretty much understand you! I understand thirty-five years of listening to you breathe next to me in bed. Thirty-five years you wrap up in the blankets like you're freezing while I kick them off. I understand that! Your prostate cancer, menopause, that stupid brown Pinto we bought . . . I understand Annie's first date and Greg's . . . (Pause. She can barely say his name:) Greg.

(Angry, hurting, she moves away from MAN like she can't stand to look at him now and is over by the bar. Pause.)

**WOMAN.** It. Was. Not. Easy. But we did it. Not always with a Pepsodent smile and bouncy hair but we did it. Life is hard and you don't get a "do-over"! No one does! AAAAHHH!

*(She pounds on the bar and then subsides.)*

And when I think . . . when I think that you'd just . . . just throw it out, all of it. I just . . . I . . . I just . . . I just . . . *(Beat.)* Are those Rice Krispie treats?

**ABBY.** Do you want one?

**WOMAN.** I WANT SIX!

**ABBY.** Please.

*(WOMAN reaches in to take some but they're stuck together and she extracts a large piece that is nearly the whole pan. She eats from this.)*

**MAN.** Abby—

*(Her mouth is full.)*

**WOMAN.** Nah-eh!

**MAN.** Abby . . .

**WOMAN.** NAH-EH!!!

*(WOMAN puts the large piece back in the pan. End of bit.)*

**JAMIE.** Well, I know I'm him, but can I say something?

**WOMAN.** *(She chews, considers, looks back and forth between him and MAN and then makes assenting noises:)* Uh huh . . .

**JAMIE.** Look, both of you . . . uhm, thanks for coming? I'm going to take this as a, a wake up-call! I hear you, I have to work hard at life, go into it with my eyes open, not float along like . . . hearing that hum like you said, right? I won't. OK? Cool? Great! Thanks! And I promise I'll eat more kale! *(Beat.)* What's kale?

**MAN.** You can't do that. That's not enough.

**JAMIE.** Why? Who says?

**WOMAN.** I really hate to say this, but he's right.

**JAMIE.** Why? You just told him he was an idiot.

**WOMAN.** Oh, he definitely is. Absolutely!

**MAN.** Here's the deal. To change a thing this big, you need what's called, an "Irrevocable Change." It's in the directions.

**WOMAN.** Oh, really? You read that part?