

MAN CALLBACK #2

90

That's not the point. WOMAN

What's not?

MAN

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

START

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

(Quickly.) I did. WOMAN

Oh. OK. Any kids? MAN

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

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

Ex. WOMAN

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

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

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

That's what they say... WOMAN

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

I have a book of my poems I want to give you. Published a few years ago. WOMAN
(SHE hands him a small book.)

You wrote these? MAN

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

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

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

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

(SHE gets up to go. SHE'S not happy.)

...Thanks for the drink. WOMAN

Wait... MAN

I'm glad you're happy! WOMAN

Abby... MAN

Good night. WOMAN

(SHE turns to exit but as SHE gets to the door...)

No! MAN

What? WOMAN

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

WOMAN

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

MAN

Yes. Yes. Please don't go!

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!

Thank you!

WOMAN

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. And we make this long, blurry string of them, and that's life. So, 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.)

END

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?

Jamie.

(HE doesn't look up.)

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