

# CALLBACK JAMIE + ABBY

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Hon...?

MAN

Good-bye.

WOMAN

(SHE exits. There is a flash of red light and the sound. JIMMY looks after her and then starts to leave. ABBY moves over near him.)

Goodbye, Jimmy. I wish you could have stayed Jamie.

ABBY

(SHE touches his cheek.)

Goodbye, Abby.

MAN

Goodbye, Jamie, try not to become Jimmy.

(SHE looks over to JAMIE.)

(MAN exits. There's another flash of red light and sound.)

START

I'm going to mark this day in my calendar. I sure am...

ABBY

(ABBY starts to leave.)

Abby?

JAMIE

(ABBY doesn't turn back.)

Abby, we don't have to...we can act like this never happened. We can still—

I don't want to be them. Do you?

ABBY

We might not...

JAMIE

Yeah...

ABBY

Abby, please, please wait. I know a lot has gone on here tonight... I know we've heard some things that we don't like but...

JAMIE

ABBY

Jamie...

JAMIE

But we also heard that we stayed together. Through it all. "For better or worse...?" There's something to that, isn't there? Doesn't that mean something? I think it means something!

ABBY

What does it mean?

JAMIE

That maybe, maybe we're supposed to be together, that trying to change that is...it's not what we should do. That there's something pulling us together. Aren't we good together? That's everything, isn't it? Isn't that everything?

ABBY

It is to me. But that's now. What about later? Jamie, when she, when *I* talked about listening to you breathe next to me for all those years. When I talked about sadness and trouble but that we came through it? That was all great with me, that's life, and my eyes are open.

But having you, the one person in the world I want to do that all that with, having you look at us like...like it was a mistake? With *regret*? No, I can take a lot Jamie, I'm tough, I am so tough, I can take a lot! (Beat?) But I can't take that.

JAMIE

Abby, please, what can I do? What do you want me to say?

ABBY

*Promise* me you won't ever regret us. Tell me that and mean it. (Beat.) Tell me something. (Beat.) Make me stay.

JAMIE

...promise you... This night, that guy. Before he came in, I knew *exactly* what I was doing. I was like this complete idiot who was sure of things. This bar is stupid, people are stupid, playing piano is stupid! But there was one thing, ONE THING in the world that I was sure of and it was us! (Beat. Ebbing.) Now? Now? I don't...(know what I think.) Promise you? I will try so hard. I will try *so* hard. But I can't...(say anything for sure now. Beat.) I don't know.

ABBY

If you don't know, you know.

(JAMIE tries to kiss her but SHE pulls away.)

"One last kiss?" Really?

Abby...I'm sorry.

JAMIE

(SHE heads for the door, stops and turns.)

ABBY

...I'm going to keep you the way you are now, as my Jamie. And I will never get over that guy.

END

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(SHE exits. JAMIE is gut-shot. After a beat, HE goes to the door and calls after her. It's not a yell, more plaintive.)

Abby.

JAMIE

(SHE doesn't come back. HE comes back inside, shaken, gut-shot. HE looks around and then, after a moment HE dutifully starts to fully close the bar. HE gathers up glasses and what not from around the bar. HE grabs the pan of Rice Crispy Squares, looks at them and then tosses them out altogether. HE turns out the remaining lights from a panel and finally turns off the jukebox. There are only dim work lights or "Exit" signs illuminating things now. HE sees the two piles of money on the bar and picks them up, looking at them. HE starts to put them in his pocket but feels something in there. It's the ring box. HE pulls it out, opens it and looks at it for a moment. HE then takes it over and places it back on the high shelf behind the Drambuie. (Or wherever.) As HE'S about to exit, HE grabs a bottle of Scotch, removes the speed pour, and exits to the backroom. Lights dim and the stage changes to the present day, not a big change. Some of the beer signs have flipped and are now contemporary beers like "Stella Artois" and "Blue Moon". A banner appears that says "Cubs-World