

*(A repeat of the exact moment before intermission.)*

WOMAN. Asshole!

*(JAMIE and ABBY are agog at her presence.)*

Tom gives you the thing and the first chance you get, what do you do?! Go see the Beatles? No. Catch the Gettysburg Address? No. STRANGLE BABY HITLER?! No! You come here to see us! I do not believe you!

JAMIE. That's what I said!

WOMAN. *(She talks to JAMIE without looking.)* Wait your turn!

*(WOMAN now looks at JAMIE and is taken aback for a moment.)*

Oh my . . . Those were the days . . .

*(She moves over closer to JAMIE and sizes him up a bit, finally checking out his butt.)*

WOMAN. You were so young!

MAN. Yeah.

WOMAN. So much hair.

MAN. OK . . .

WOMAN. Your skin is—

MAN. OK! Oh, great, you're wearing that coat. Why do you have to wear that coat?

WOMAN. I like it!

MAN. Yeah . . .

WOMAN. It's my coat . . . do not . . . Don't try to distract me!

MAN. How did you find me?

WOMAN. These things leave a trail. Tom had another one.

*(She holds up her watch. It's a copy of his.)*

MAN. OK, look, I'm really out of time, look at this.

*(He shows her his watch.)*

WOMAN. Let me see that!

*(She takes the watch from him and starts manipulating it.)*

Oh my goodness . . .

MAN. What?

WOMAN. You set it wrong.

MAN. No I didn't!

WOMAN. Yes you did!

MAN. No I didn't!

WOMAN. Look! What time does it say it is now?

*(She points to a "clock" on the fourth wall. He checks it out, looks back at his watch, and then quiets.)*

MAN. Oh . . .

WOMAN. Oh. You know, some day, some bright, beautiful sunny day, the birds are going to wake you with song, you are going spring out of bed, take a deep breath, and read the damn directions!

*(She finishes manipulating the watch.)*

OK, there, you have another half-hour or so—

MAN. But . . .

WOMAN. —to sit there and shut up!

*(MAN sits. WOMAN looks around a moment.)*

Hi folks!

*(ABBY gets up and comes over by WOMAN.)*

ABBY. Wait, are you . . . ?

WOMAN. I am. *(Beat.)* Sorry.

ABBY. For what?

*(WOMAN gestures to herself.)*

You look great.

WOMAN. I was always so nice. What happened to that?

ABBY. I'm serious. You look great . . . I can't wait to be you.

WOMAN. You're REALLY nice. I miss that about myself. But you know what I really miss?

ABBY. What?

*(WOMAN looks at and/or gestures to ABBY's chest.)*

WOMAN. When these *(pointing to herself)* were up there *(pointing to ABBY.)* Good times.

*(ABBY moves away a bit or something, embarrassed.)*

Sometimes people get a little coarser as they age . . .

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?