

MAN. Thanks. I don't think . . . we were ever . . . *(a good fit,)* it wasn't really . . . When we lost Greg . . . that kind of finished us.

WOMAN. I'm sorry. I can't imagine. *(Pause.)* It's funny, you said that you got married and, it's silly, I got a little jealous. All these years.

MAN. I'm sorry.

WOMAN. That's OK. . . . men are different.

MAN. *(Pause.)* You ever got married?

WOMAN. That's not the point.

MAN. What's not?

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

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

WOMAN. *(Quickly.)* I did.

MAN. Oh. OK. Any kids?

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

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

WOMAN. Ex.

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

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

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

WOMAN. That's what they say . . .

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

WOMAN. *(Beat.)* I have a book of my poems I want to give you. Published a few years ago.

(She hands him a small book.)

MAN. You wrote these?

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

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

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

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

(She gets up to go. She's not happy.)

WOMAN. . . . Thanks for the drink.

MAN. Wait . . .

WOMAN. I'm glad you're happy!

MAN. Abby . . .

WOMAN. Good night.

(She turns to exit but as she gets to the door . . .)

MAN. No!

WOMAN. What?

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

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

MAN. I don't know . . . ?

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.)