

## One More Option

"No. You can't buy me a drink."

"No. You can't buy me dinner."

"And, there is no chance in hell I will come up to your room."

The bar area stood dimly lit. Seven stools lined the actual bar. Three small tables stood in front of a full length leather bench against the back wall with a chair at each table, suitable for single or double occupancy. Not much of a bar area to gather, but for a hotel bar, one sort of "punched into" the lobby, it appeared to work.

She sat at the third stool from the right end and I stood at the third stool from the left end, with an empty stool between us. The woman appeared to be dressed in a business suit. Skirt or dress, which rose slightly above her knee. Legs crossed and heels that looked like she'd be happy once they were off. One heel locked on the bar stool frame, the other hanging free, slightly moving up and down. From this angle, she looked quite attractive, and quite hostile. Unfortunately, since I appeared to be the only other patron in the bar at the moment, I felt compelled to respond.

The bartender appeared in front of me.

"Vodka martini. Two olives."

The bartender nodded and stepped away. I looked at the woman.

"Lady, I assure you I would never presume, you would need another drink, or expect me to buy you that drink, nor would I presume you would expect me to buy you dinner."

I paused to take a drink from my martini.

"And, I assure you, I would never presume you would have any inclination to come up to my room, nor would I ask, suggest, or infer anything of such vulgarity."

I retrieved my martini.

She stared at me for a full minute, nodded her head and let a smile slip out. I continued to sip my martini. She looked at me and spoke with authority forcing my attention.

"Married?"

"No."

"Engaged, significant other, something like that?"

"No."

"Gay?"

"No."

"Then why?"

"Why what?"

She turned in her seat, which gave me a nice view of her legs, to look directly at me, glancing up and down, thoroughly looking me over. I stood dressed in my suit, white shirt and a tie, now lowered to free my neck. She spoke softer.

"Your comments, rather refreshing, not the usual come on I get every time I sit alone in a bar." She raised her drink in the air to salute.

I turned slightly to face her.

"No offense, but I'm sorry, I just stopped in to have a night-cap before I head upstairs. Order a sandwich from room service and prepare for tomorrow's meetings. I certainly did not intend to engage you.

She laughed. "Looks like I've screwed that up by engaging you?"

I set my almost empty glass down and shook my head at the bartender. With a sigh, I turned to her. She pointed with her glass.

"Why not?"

"Why not what?" I asked, desperately not wanting to continue.

"I'm curious as to why you did not intend to engage?"

I looked at her and took another sip of the martini.

"As I said, a night cap, before I go up to my room, alone, and call it a night. To engage further would prolong that hoped for escape."

"Same question."

"Okay, now I'm confused. When I walked in here, you pretty much said to stay the hell away from you. Now, you, want to engage?" I'm not sure how to respond, or more specifically, if I should."

"Well, I normally would not have engaged, but your response suggested I do otherwise, so finish."

"Finish what?"

"What you actually were thinking, but didn't say."

I let out a deep sigh, looked at her and with her insistence, decided to say what I thought out loud.

"Okay, if you insist." I cleared my throat. "I would suggest you are one of three options." I turned to face her full on. "Number 1: you are staying here and decided to have a night-cap before heading up to your room and obviously hoped, desired, or certainly preferred to be left alone. Number 2: you work close by and stopped in for a night-cap on your way home, and again hoped, desired, preferred to be left alone. I would imagine, you probably chose this place because it is quieter than the usual after work joint. Number 3: well, I believe your initial hostility ruled out option 3."

"How? I mean. What do you mean?"

"Lady of the evening, working girl, like that." The bartender cut in. He had watched us go back and forth like a tennis match and apparently felt the need to weigh in, more likely to give his neck a break.

Surprised by that description from the bartender, she started to say something, but just smiled instead and sipped her drink. She turned to face me and spoke softly.

"If I have offended you, or caused you any discomfort, I'm truly sorry. It's because you didn't, which peaked my curiosity, because you didn't. How about you let me buy you dinner to apologize, both for engaging you and preventing your escape?"

I raised my hand and drank the last drop of liquid in the glass.

"Surely not necessary. Besides, I have early meetings in the morning and I should call it a night. But, thank you for the offer."

"Separate checks then?"

"What? No. I mean. No thank you, I should."

"So up to your room for a measly sandwich? When I'm suggesting a dinner would be relaxing and far more enjoyable. Like I said, separate check, keep it simple and non-committal."

I set my glass down on the bar and looked over at her.

"You're serious?"

"Yes."

"After everything we just discussed and your obvious desire to be left alone?"

"Yes, I believe we have a lot more to talk about and obviously we both need to eat."

"You're not gonna let this go until I have dinner with you. Sure a strange turn of events! Are you sure? Your initial outburst certainly suggested otherwise."

She set forth a devilish smile and nodded. I gave in.

"Okay, separate checks it is."

She motioned for the bartender to hand her a chit, which she signed. I laid a ten dollar bill on the bar and nodded to the bartender. We left the bar and walked over to the hotel restaurant.

Nothing special. A rather small room for a restaurant. Not quite as "punched in" as the bar area, but obviously another forced addition to this old hotel. The room looked quite empty at the moment.

Two waiters stood off to the side conversing with each other. A hostess seemed quite surprised to see us standing there. I whispered to her.

"Are we early or late for dinner?"

"Early. Restaurant just opened for the dinner hour."

"As many times as I have stayed here, I don't think I've ever eaten in the restaurant. Always used room service for meals."

"Well, then I'm glad I suggested we have dinner."

We were promptly seated and ordered another round of drinks. She handed me a menu, but recommended the dinner special, top sirloin, mashed potatoes and vegetable of-the-day. I set the menu down. She did as well and looked hard at me.

"How about a name?"

"Doug Walker."

"Rebecca Carlisle."

She reached across the table and we shook hands. She pointed.

"For the record, I need to suggest one other option added to your list, because I'm would be option 4."

"One other option?"

"Yes, your three options list of who I might be. Well, I'm option 4."

The waiter brought our drinks. We placed our dinner orders and sat back to enjoy the drink first.

"When I pressed you to finish your thought, you said, option 1, staying at the hotel, 2, worked nearby, 3, what did Mickey say?"

"Mickey?"

"The bartender. His name is Mickey, at least that is what I know him by. Anyway, number 3, I believe he said a lady of the evening. Well, that would make me an option 4." She smiled obviously enjoying my confusion. "Because, I work for the hotel. In fact, I am the general manager. I run the joint. This hotel is an independent family owned house. A grand hotel I might add. I only have to deal with the owners. No chain-of-command, or corporate hierarchy, or any of that nonsense. Makes life here quite doable."

She sipped from her drink.

"Right. Well then, it is I, who should apologize for being so rude to the boss."

She put down her glass and looked up at me.

"No need to apologize. Maybe now you can relax and enjoy your dinner with me. I can't tell you how often I get hit on at the bar and why I rarely stop in for a drink, but today was especially draining. Well, I won't bore you with the details, let's just say I needed a drink. When you walked up to the bar, I assumed. Well, I thought, oh boy, here comes one. I'm sorry for assuming the worst and I apologize if I came across hostile."

"No need, I'm sure you deserve to have a drink as needed and I'm sorry you had a tough day. Frankly, I usually work much later, but finished early today. Apparently, your bad luck, I finished early and encroached on your serenity. Well, maybe a relaxing dinner will do you good as well. Glad I could oblige."

She smiled and maybe let out a little laugh.

"So Doug, forgive me for asking, but why are you apparently single with no attachments at the moment?"

I bowed my head. "A rather long story, I'm afraid."

"We have time." She sat back in her chair and cupped her drink, motioning for me to continue."

"Well, I travel a lot. In fact I don't currently have an actual place I live. I work for a firm out of Los Angeles, who provides a corporate apartment when I am in town. However, I do spend a week to ten days here in Boston every two to three weeks as this corridor is very busy for the firm, which I generally cover."

"So, what do you do?"

I looked at her. Sipped the martini. Set the glass down.

"I do Law Firm Management Consulting."

"Interesting. Go on."

"Yes. Well. A while back on one of the trips to Chicago I met a woman in the bar where I was staying and after a couple of drinks and dinner together."

I looked hard at Rebecca.

She smiled, acknowledging the dig, and motioned to continue.

"Well, we went back to my room. The next night we went to her room and well you get the picture. A couple of days later she had to leave and as we lay there in bed together, I asked if I could see her again. She said." I stopped and drank half of the martini. "She said. She was happily married with two kids and it probably wouldn't be a good idea to see each other again. She then said. She had a really good time and thanks for the ride. She actually said: 'thanks for the ride.'"

I finished the rest of the drink. Motioned the waiter for another.

"I swore then I would never hook up again, and I haven't. So, yes single, with no attachments, and I plan to stay that way. Makes life so much easier."

She sat forward, placed her hand on mine and spoke very softly.

"I'm sorry I didn't mean to upset you."

"It's all good." I looked directly at her. "Now you know, you will have no issues with me on any level."

She smiled and removed her hand. The waiter brought two new drinks. I looked at her, she nodded and spoke once the waiter left.

"While I appreciate your honesty, I must tell you there would be no chance with me, but not why you think. If I were to come back to your room with you, I would be caught on camera. All the hallways have cameras for security reasons. I obviously can't be seen going into a guest's room unless I'm with a maintenance person or another manager, because no matter what the reason is, it is how it looks that matters. A woman manager entering a guest's room would only be interpreted one way. It sucks, I know. I couldn't invite you back to my place, because I live in the hotel. The upper floors, actually the ninth and tenth floors have apartments. I live in one of the six small apartments located on the ninth floor. I've been told, some time in the past, hotel apartment living was a thing and why the ninth has apartments. One of the old timers here mentioned there might have been more floors used for apartments back then. I can't confirm that, but if you look closely, you can see the seventh and eighth floors have been remodeled. Anyway tenth has a penthouse and mini-penthouse. Rumor has it a president or two has stayed on the tenth over the years. The president in the penthouse and the secret service in the mini."

She took a large gulp of her drink.

"Same problem. If someone saw me bringing a man back to my apartment I would be out of a job. A man can bring a parade of women to his apartment and be cheered on, no problem, hooray for him, but a woman. Well you get the drift. I'm sure you can understand. Basically, I'm off-limits as well. Maybe we're made for each other. Neither of us can chance pursuing the other. How comical and sad."

"So, you are single as well, Rebecca?"

"Sorry to say, yes. I do work a lot and sure don't want the pressure of someone waiting for me to come home and cook dinner. Or, nag me about why we never go anywhere. Or any of that lot."

"Sure, I get it. Has there ever been anyone?"

"Yes, but no. I dated a big executive a while back, not from the hotel of course, but a company here in town. He was really nice considering. We had a couple of nice weekends together, but our schedules sure conflicted. One night, at dinner, we both realized it had been over a month since we were together. Everything just seemed to end after that revelation. I decided not to get involved after that."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to stir up old feelings."

"I'm fine. Life goes on. Now let's have a nice simple, no expectation dinner."

We had a nice, no expectation dinner, coffee and shared a dessert, on my check, and went our separate ways afterward. We also had to take separate elevators to our floors. The elevator I used did not go to her floor.

We made plans to meet again in the bar for drinks the day after, as I had plans the following night. Once again, she talked me into dinner, separate checks of course. Sort of a farewell as I had to leave the next day.

Three weeks later I came back into town for a ten day stay. After a long day, I stepped into the bar and ordered a martini, two olives. Mickey brought me the drink and set it on the bar with a sad look.

"Sorry to say, Mr. Walker, but Rebecca, I mean Ms. Carlisle is no longer here."

"Not here? How? What do you mean?"



Mickey walked over, leaned into the bar and spoke softly.

"She left to join one of those big chains. Made her a good offer, I heard. Rumor has it, this house may be taken over by one of those chains as well. All the independent houses are being gobbled up by the big guys. Owner put his nephew in charge for now. A real shit show if you ask me. I'm already looking. Might have a lead. Sorry Mr. Walker."

Mickey walked over to the end of the bar, looked around first, and retrieved an envelope. He handed it to me.

"She left this for you. Said she was sorry she missed you."

"Thanks, Mickey."

I opened the envelope. A handwritten card inside.

*"Doug, here is my new number, please text when you get a chance."*

I pulled out my phone and texted simply: *"I'm in town."*

The phone immediately buzzed back.

*"Doug, If you'd like to come see me just text: Apartment."*

I did and she sent me her address. I dropped a ten on the bar and waved bye to Mickey. Out front I hailed a cab and gave the address. Her building was three stories and her name on the bottom of the listing. I pushed the button. The door buzzed. I walked up to 3A and knocked.

"Doug, so good to see you again. Come in. Come in."

The room stood filled with boxes all stacked about, like you find if some one had recently moved in. The only place available to sit appeared to be a sofa off to the side for now.

I followed her in and we sat on that sofa together. She brought her leg up under her and I noticed her pull over shirt quite revealing. She noticed that I noticed and crossed her arms covering her chest.

"Sorry, I was in this shirt and underwear when you buzzed. I quickly put on jeans, but obviously missed the rest of this outfit. As you can see I just moved in and haven't fully unpacked, don't have much to choose from yet. If this look bothers you, I can put on something to cover. Again, sorry for the mess."

I waved my hand in the air. "Not to worry. I understand. Your outfit is fine. I can handle it."

She smiled and let her hands drop to her lap.

"Thank you for coming, Doug. I wasn't sure you would. I mean. Well, I wasn't sure. I mean, here we are in my apartment, and everything you said about all this never happening. Well, you know what I mean."

I looked at her. "Right. Okay for now."

"So Rebecca, you went with a chain hotel outfit?"

No. No. No, this hotel is an independent as well."

"But Mickey said."

"Yeah, I'm sure Mickey thought as much. I kept everything pretty quiet. Better that way. This house is owned by a group of investors. Five, I believe. Only two active, the rest silent. They put a really nice offer on the table and I accepted. The previous GM retired and they really pursued me hard this time around. They had approached me several times before. I always said no, but this time they offered me the GM job."

"Mickey also said he thought your former place might be taken over by a chain."

"It's possible I suppose. The family is getting older and it doesn't sound like the kids are interested in running a house."

"Mickey suggested he's looking to move."

She sat quiet and looked over at me. A smile formed on her face.

"Yeah, I heard that too."

"I presume your new place has a bar?"

"Yes."

"Of course."

We both sat quiet for a minute or two.

"Sorry, Rebecca, I can't stay long. I have a very important breakfast meeting at 7am tomorrow and I need to prepare."

"It's only eight-thirty. I can bring you back later."

"No, it's best I take a taxi back."

"Why?"

"You know why."

"You're right, Doug. Best I stay away, at least for a while."

I took a deep breath and looked over at her.

"Rebecca, I need to tell you something. Full disclosure kind of thing." I took another breath. "When I took this job, I actually replaced a guy who had decided to retire. A guy by the name of Jimmy LaGrange. There were a few stories as to his real first name, but he claimed it really was Jimmy. Interestingly, one of the older clients simply called him: LaGrange. As in, LaGrange, how the hell are you, or LaGrange, good to see you are still alive. So far this client has only called me Doug, for whatever that is worth. LaGrange was the one I replaced and he agreed to spend a month taking me through the rounds, literally. He also agreed to give me three months after he left to call with any questions. But, once the 90 days were up, he said he would not answer the phone anymore."

I took another deep breath. Rebecca sat silent.

"About three and a half weeks in, Jimmy decided after a rather long day to grab a couple of beers after work. Deep into the second beer, Jimmy turned to me and said: 'Kid, I'm going to give you another piece of advice. Advice not in any manual or list of things, but advice you need to know.' He said since I would be on the road so much — the firm had grown quite a bit since he started — it would be in my best interest not to pick up any road dollies. In other words don't have a women in every town. In fact, don't have a woman in any town, to do so would only lead to heartache, confusion and several other maladies too numerous to mention. But, the worst possible situation to experience would be to get one of them pregnant and your life is over. Probably lose your job as well. Just don't do it. He said the best advice he could give me if the need arose, would be to pay for talent, And not a \$100 an hour street hooker but an escort, call girl, whatever they call themselves these days, something like a \$1,000 an hour broad. Yeah, Jimmy still lived life back in the day."

I paused and looked over at her, but she sat silent looking at me.

"I never did make that call. I already told you about the married woman I did hook up with and only then fully understood what Jimmy tried to tell me. He went on to say I shouldn't get married either, although he did, but he didn't travel near as much as I would be. Needless-to-say I never got married either. Listen, I'm no saint, but I've adapted to the loneliness. The loneliness of the road. Don't get me wrong, I've had a fling or two, but not any road dollies. Back in LA, I had a lady friend. Can I say girl friend? However, once my traveling increased that relationship dissolved quickly. I had dalliances with one or two back in LA with the same result. Since I'm hardly in LA anymore all of those have dried up. Why it was so easy to say no to you. Not you specifically, but no in general. I learned to say no, no matter the opportunity. hard sometimes I admit, but necessary. The incident with the married woman taught me that lesson. In a moment of self pity, for my thirtieth birthday, I got a vasectomy. I decided then and there, if I should ever meet someone, it would be too late to have kids."

"Well, on that I agree with you, Doug. I once thought about having kids a long time ago, but I'm too old now. I'm past that stage. Not sure if I ever considered having kids."

"Why, how old are you?" I raised my hand in the air. "Sorry. It's very rude to ask a woman her age, so I won't. I'm sorry."

"Nice try. 38, if you must know. So Doug, how old are you?"

"33."

"Really? 33 huh? So Doug, why are you telling me all this?"

"Rebecca, I'm not sure. From the first time I saw you I felt something different. I mean, even with your hostile attack, I didn't shy away. And when you forced me to engage, your whole demeanor changed and I felt relaxed around you. Forcing me to dinner certainly took the edge off. I felt like I wanted to get to know you better. I wanted to spend time with you. Somehow you have broken through my barriers. I'm sort of glad we couldn't hook up and I'm not sure we should now. But, here I am in you apartment and I. I wanted you to understand who I am. But, I still don't know what to do. I know what I shouldn't do, but here I am."

She slid over next to me and placed her hand on mine.

"Rebecca, I really have to go. The meeting tomorrow is seriously important and I need to be fresh." I took a very deep breath. "Listen, tomorrow is Friday. I have the breakfast meeting at 7am, another at 10am, a lunch meeting and a final meeting at 3pm, then I am done for

the day, the weekend. Can we do dinner tomorrow night, finish this conversation? I'll still come over Saturday and Sunday, if necessary, to help you unpack, or setup, or whatever you need me to do."

She nodded. "Yes, I understand. Thanks."

We walked to the door. I turned to say goodbye, her lips met mine, we kissed passionately. My hand slipped over her breast. She held it there. We separated. I turned to leave. She grabbed my chin and we kissed again. I opened the door and stepped into the hallway and as the door closed behind me, I heard the lock engage.

Friday turned out to be a long day. The 7am meeting went off good, but lasted longer than expected. I barely made it to the 10:00 meeting, which actually went pretty quickly, gave me a breather before the lunch meeting. Also, gave me time to realize, I would be doing three food fueled meetings, counting dinner with Rebecca tonight.

Yeah, about that. My mind went in circles. what is happening here? Rebecca has upset my balance. I should not be getting involved. I promised myself I wouldn't. Okay, stop thinking and get to the lunch meeting.

I cleared my mind and focused on that meeting, which also ran long, but with plenty of time to make it to the next meeting at 3. By 4:45 I made it back to my room to take a break before tonight. I decided then and there I would explain to Rebecca this would be just dinner tonight and I would be happy to help her out tomorrow. Right. Yes. It will be fine. This will work out. I rested for the next hour, freshened up, but only had my suit to wear, nothing casual.

At 6:05 I stepped out front of the hotel and hailed a taxi.

I arrived at her apartment at 6:25. She buzzed me in. I took a breath and slowly walked up to 3A. The door already open.

"Rebecca?"

She came out of her bedroom dressed for dinner.

"Shall we go?"

The door closed behind us.

"Rebecca, is everything okay?"

She looked at me, her lower lip trembled.

"Yes, everything is fine, but if we didn't leave that very minute we would have been naked rolling on the floor, too over anxious and out of control to reach the bedroom."

She quickly walked down the stairs and already on the second landing, before I digested that statement and followed.

"I picked a restaurant right around the corner for us tonight."

I nodded and followed her lead. We walked together in silence.

After we were seated, drinks ordered and menus cast aside. She spoke softly.

"Listen Doug, about earlier. I only meant."

"You mean, your naked, roll on the floor over anxious and out of control statement?"

Rebecca put her head down before looking up at me.

"Sorry Doug. It's just. Well, last night when we kissed and your hand slipped onto my breast. Well, it awakened feelings that have been long dormant. When I was getting ready, standing in front of the mirror, a quiver crossed my body and I remembered the kiss and the touch and. I'm sorry Doug, what you must think of me. I mean. Well, it's like this, Doug." She took a deep breath gathered herself and put her hands on mine. "I'll be your road dolly, if you'll have me. I promise not to nag about when will you be back in town, or pressure you about being gone so much. And obviously I won't get pregnant. I just need. Oh hell, look at me. I'm sorry Doug, I truly did not mean to lay this on you. I'm acting like a school girl at the prom on a first date with the school hunk. Let's just enjoy dinner, go our separate ways and yes I would appreciate your help tomorrow getting organized. I mean."

"You think I'm the school hunk?"

"Oh God. Oh God. Doug, I'm so sorry. I'm. Well, you could be. I mean. Can we just move on. I don't know why I said that. I'm sorry."

"Yes, of course, but thank you. I mean school hunk. Wow. Yes, thank you. Sorry Rebecca, but first I have to tell you something."

Her eyes widened and she seemed to tremble.

"My breakfast meeting this morning went very well. Let me step back a moment. The firm I currently work for has grown so big they are creating regions. Boston would be in my region, but I would be based in New York. Of course, I would still have to travel around the eastern region, east coast, so I would be gone a lot, but certainly be here, In Boston as much as I can."

Our drinks arrived, I took a big gulp of the martini. She cupped her drink and looked at me.

"But, you would still be here in Boston for your 7 to 10 day stays?"

"Probably not. Maybe more like 2 to 3 day stints. They are really pushing hard for a New York hub. You know, an LA New York set up."

"So, Boston would be just another stop?"

I put my hand up and sipped the martini.

"However, this morning, the seriously important meeting I told you about. Well, I met with the owners of a local firm that works primarily in Boston and the surrounding suburbs. Maybe a trip or two out of the area. They have been after me for awhile to come join them. They even promised not to poach any of the other firm's clients, unless the client decided to follow me personally to avoid any conflicts of course. The offer is pretty impressive and hard to resist. I told them I would let them know on Monday what I thought about the offer and my decision."

I picked up my martini and motioned to the waiter for another.

"Doug, are you telling me you might be here permanently?"

"Probably. Yes. But, the decision has to be made by Monday."

"Doug, what do you think you will do?"

"Why I wanted to discuss all this with you before I decided."

"Doug, I believe you know my thought on this."

"Yes, of course. But. But, if I take the local gig, I will need to get an apartment here, probably a studio, since I have been living in hotel rooms for the last seven years. Naturally, I'll need furniture. My God, I'll need to start over. Learn how to cook again. Hell, I'll need pots and pans and dishes. I mean really start over. Sure adds more weight to the

decision. Of course it sounds more exciting than living on the road right about now."

"Doug, I'll help you settle in here. Get furniture, utensils, whatever you need. It will be fun to start from scratch. And, if you need a place to stay."

"Thanks for the offer, but I'll need someplace to call home. Call home? Wow, won't that be a change? LaGrange said I would reach a point when I had enough of being on the road. Since our kiss last night, I've done everything in my power to move past it. I would never want you to be a road dolly. Can you appreciate what I am trying to say? I mean, my desire to take the local offer has everything to do with being off the road, but after what you said a moment ago about wanting to be my road dolly. Well, all this sure makes this decision much more complex."

"Okay, my turn. Doug, when we first met you suggested some options about who or what I am, and I said, I am one more option to your list. Well, I need you to realize I'm not one more option, You must know I am the real thing. Right here. Right now. Here I am."

"Rebecca, do you really mean that? Are you saying?"

"Yes Doug, I do. I understand your hesitations, and I will respect them. We can take this as slow as you want. After dinner, we can go our separate ways. Yes, I do appreciate and accept your offer to help me unpack and set up. Since you don't have to make your decision until Monday, we can have a casual weekend together. No pressure. No expectations. No anything. Just two friends helping each other out. I'd really be okay with that idea very much so."

I took another sip of the martini and looked over at her.

"I had this all worked out in my head. dinner and back to the hotel, nothing more tonight or tomorrow."

"So did I, Doug. So did I. But, we barely got out of my apartment. I don't think it will be that easy now."

"You mean that roll around naked part?"

She smiled and took a big gulp of her drink.

"Yes, we probably shouldn't go back to my apartment tonight. Although, too bad we have to wait until tomorrow to undress. I mean



unpack. Seems a shame to waist a Friday night. Wouldn't you agree? I mean a Friday night."

"Waiter, can we get the check, please?"

"But Doug, what about desert?"

"Rebecca, I believe we just decided on desert."

"Well, I do have coffee at the apartment."

"Great, I do like a strong cup of coffee in the morning ..."