

JAMIE. *(To ABBY:)* Is this all right?

ABBY. Fine . . .

JAMIE. You don't seem . . . want me to shut this down?

ABBY. I'm not giving back the money so we're holding up our end!

JAMIE. OK . . .

ABBY. OK.

JAMIE. Is he getting . . . I mean, is it . . . That story, what was that about?

ABBY. Before you came in we were talking a lot about you.

JAMIE. Me?

ABBY. Yeah, he talked about your playing piano, he said how you went to Eastman school, how you want to take time off to get better.

JAMIE. Really?

(Pause.)

ABBY. I need you to promise me something.

JAMIE. Sure, what?

ABBY. You know I believe in you, right?

JAMIE. I know that. You love me.

ABBY. I really do. But I believe in you. That's a separate thing. You know that, right?

JAMIE. I do know that.

ABBY. OK. So, look at me. No matter what, no matter what happens. Promise me.

JAMIE. What?!

ABBY. *(Pause.)* Never work for Canada Dry.

JAMIE. *(Beat.)* But, I love ginger ale.

ABBY. Never!

JAMIE. All right! *(Pause.)* Pepsi, OK?

ABBY. *(She laughs a bit.)* Pepsi's fine.

JAMIE. Dr. Pepper?

ABBY. *(Laughing some more:)* What is Dr. Pepper?

JAMIE. No one knows . . . !

ABBY. But no Canada Dry . . . !

JAMIE. Absolutely not! I refuse! Those sneaky . . . Canadians . . . ! How do they stay so dry?!

ABBY. I don't know!

