



JUSTIN:

I'm sorry about your husband.

TERRY:

Thank you.

JUSTIN:

Can I ask...

TERRY:

What?

JUSTIN:

How did he die?

TERRY:

(*shrugs*) Car accident. West Side Highway. He was on life support for five days.

JUSTIN:

I really am sorry. *(beat)* I guess I'm going to have to google him.

TERRY:

You'll find him. He's out there.

JUSTIN:

How long were you married?

TERRY:

We were only married six years. But we've been together for thirty.

JUSTIN:

Shit. Really?

TERRY:

Yep.

JUSTIN:

Thirty years?

TERRY:

Thirty years.

JUSTIN:

Dude, you were together before I was born.

(beat)

TERRY:

Anyhow.

JUSTIN:

Listen. You know what you should do? You should throw yourself a party.

TERRY:

I beg your pardon?

JUSTIN:

You said your birthday is in three days, right?

TERRY:

And?

JUSTIN:

Throw yourself a party.

TERRY:

Yeah, I don't think so.

JUSTIN:

No, you should. You should throw yourself the biggest fucking party you've ever thrown.

TERRY:

Why would I do that?

JUSTIN:

To show the world that you're still alive.

TERRY:

I don't think the world cares.

JUSTIN:

It's not for the world. *It's for you!* Thirty years is pretty fucking impressive. And then to lose him after all that? It's time to move forward. Going out and randomly hooking up was the first step. Now it's time for the second.