

Sam:

Well ... we had this sort of date a while back. If you could call it that. The whole thing was a fiasco. It all started at Lou's unveiling. I know it sounds awful. It was all because of my son, Richie. After Merna died he didn't like the idea of my being on my own. He wouldn't stop buzjuring me to find someone. I think what he was really afraid of was that if he didn't find someone to move in with *me* I might move in with *him*. So he kept saying what I needed was a 'friend.' He loves to use that word 'friend' for someone he thinks I should spend the rest of my life with. Anyway, after a few months I started thinking maybe I *could* find someone. So I started to go out. Each date was worse than the one before. Not that it was their fault. It was mine. Instead of looking at what a woman was like I kept looking at how unlike she was from Merna. So, my last date was with Sylvia. We were going out for dinner and I was determined to have a good time. I specifically picked a restaurant Merna and I had never been to – The Majestic on Jewel Avenue. I pulled up in front of the restaurant and all of a sudden she starts screaming, "take me away from here! Take me away from here!" The Majestic was where Sylvia's husband had his heart attack. We drove around for about an hour which gave her enough time to calm down about Lou and me enough time to start thinking about Merna. We both agreed that this was probably not the best time for us to continue our date.