

5. THE DANCER

Sara's challenge has sent everyone in a whirl. Stevie is taking a second look at her guy Josh. They've been on and off the past few weeks. She's tried to get into the swinging lifestyles of Trish and Diane. But they are just so much swifter than she ever could be. If she kisses a stranger, she feels guilty.

Cheryl suggests, "You've got a head start on all of us, Stevie."

Stevie is a little defensive, "Cheryl is with Robert. She has just as good a chance as I do. They've started looking at houses."

Trish has her philosophy, "Loads of people look. Not all of them buy!"

"My money is still on you, Stevie," says Cheryl.

Stevie has her own answer, "A lot of good a bar is going to do me. I want my own store."

Diane tells her, "You could do both."

Trish comments, "Stevie is our empire builder."

Cheryl is thinking about Robert. The game is putting a little pressure on her to make a decision. If she doesn't act quickly, then she can feel them breaking up.

Trish looks over at her, "Cheryl, you've gone all quiet on us."

She tries to deflect their interest, "I don't know if Sara is really going to go through with this."

"She's going to do it," says Stevie. "I talked with her after you all left. She's been thinking about it for a while. All this stuff with Cheryl motivated her to say something."

Cheryl realizes that all this is about her, "I think that she has our best interest at heart. I don't know if I want to push Robert into doing something rash. Something that I'm not ready for."

Trish realizes, "I better get cracking if I'm going to catch up."

Diane has the answer, "You need a guy before you get married. I haven't seen the right one in all this time. Of course, I have seen a few guys."

Stevie jokes her, "That's what being a nurse is all about."

Diane carries on, "Sometimes you have to do your own house calls."

Trish answers back, "Just remember, Diane, the house always wins."

Cheryl is perceptive, "That's coming from a real estate agent."

"You tell her, Cheryl."

Diane's humor aside, it's harder to find a man if you don't have one. She doesn't want to appear desperate. But she knows the routine. Every guy wants her while she's with Robert. If she dumps him, she'll only be used property. She hates the double standard.

She doesn't want to get caught up in Sara's challenge. It's hardly a contest to find a husband. The hard part is staying with the guy.

"What if I paid a guy to stay with me? Would Sara still give me the place?" Diane wonders.

"You really want to go through all that for the Anchor. It would be better to work for your own place if that's what you were going to put up with." Trish has the answer.

Sara has awakened them all from their slumber. They just can't accept their routine.

They need to take a more active role in their lives. Maybe that is the lesson. It has nothing to do with finding a husband. Cheryl feels more than afraid. Robert is starting to seem more like a jailer and less like a partner.

Cheryl is supposed to meet Trish at the Anchor. She doesn't show up on time. While she waits, she sits at the bar with Sara

"Sara, are you really serious about this challenge?"

Sara can feel the fatigue of all her years catching up with her. "I can't keep doing this forever."

"Why us?"

"It's your bar," Sara tells her.

Cheryl has alternative suggestion, "So just give it to us when the time is right. Don't make us go through this game."

"You still have to earn it. I have to know that you're serious."

Cheryl questions her, "Diane wondered last night what would happen if she paid someone to be her husband."

"I hope you girls set her straight."

"Trish said that would be a lot to go through just to get the bar."

Sara repeats the same logic, "If that's what you're going to have to go through, you might as well take another way to get the Anchor."

Cheryl freaks out, "I don't know if I can stay with one man for that long."

Sara is firm, "That's what growing up is about."

Cheryl contradicts her, "I'm ready to grow up. I just don't know about the guys."

"But that can also be an excuse. You're looking for a good time Charlie. But when you wake up, he's the Frankenstein monster."

"Whatever you say, Sara. I need another drink."

Sara is sympathetic, "This one is one the house." She goes over to make Cheryl the drink.

"You're not going to make much money giving away drinks tonight."

Sara tells her, "I'm not really worried about tonight."

Trish finally shows up.

Cheryl tells her, "Sara's been telling me that she's serious about giving the bar to the winner of her challenge."

"That's what Stevie said last night."

Sara comes back over with Cheryl's drink. "Trish, what do you want. First one is my treat."

Trish orders, "Get me a rum and coke."

Cheryl comments on her choice, "A sweet beginning!"

"I don't feel bitter tonight."

Cheryl realizes that she is clinging to her lifestyle. She doesn't want to lose it over a trifle. All the time that she's given to Robert has to mean something. She hates to admit it, but she doesn't want to become like Trish or Diane and let her world crumble for the magic of the moment.

Sara's challenge is a way that she can pretend that her vision is permanent. The house

will be the first step of a long life with Robert. She is committed to giving him what he needs to stay with her. She can't help it if he's not around for her. She refuses to give in. They are just going through a bad period. It will all be better.

Trish asks her, "Do you want another drink. My treat."

Cheryl begs off the alcohol, "I've already had a couple, and I've got to do a lot of work tomorrow. Just get me a Sprite."

Trish replies, "It's done."

Cheryl informs Trish, "I've been talking to Sara about her challenge."

"The contest?"

Cheryl seems hopeful, "Yeah. I think that's what I need. It can jump start my relationship with Robert."

Trish wonders, "Have you told him about it?"

Cheryl is hesitant, "I'm afraid to. I feel like it's bad luck to say anything. But it is giving me ideas."

"How?" Trish wonders what Cheryl has in mind.

"I don't know. I just feel that things are different between us. More urgent."

Cheryl's been at the Anchor before and felt this same urgency. A new guy pressuring her to go home with her. And there have been times when the influence of a few drinks makes it seem as if it is the only thing that really matters in the world. But not now. She has something important to believe in.

Trish is a lot more hesitant about playing along. She too has felt that moment when now is forever. And it frightens her because she knows it isn't real. How more real can a marriage proposal be? Just a quick route to an easy divorce. As if she didn't have enough problems.

Tim promises Trish a fancy dinner. She is all excited. She went out with Tim while in college. She always thought that he was the one. But they drifted apart. Sara's challenge adds new meaning to the get together. If anyone has long term potential for Trish, that would be Tim. He's now studying law. His stock seems to have risen immensely. They always got along so well.

From the moment that she sees him, she wonders why they ever separated. He still has that youthful exuberance that always attracted her to him. Now there is this glow that makes him more appealing. His hair is long and has that unkempt look that she finds so appealing. Physically, he seems in better shape, quicker and more agile.

He encourages her to meet him at his place. They start off with a drink. Things are going so well. They reminisce about old times. She wants him to kiss her even before things have started.

She is reminded how she often lets her dreams inspire her when she is showing houses. She hopes one day that one of these houses will be her own. She has already saved a little. But she would love to share her dream with someone else. Tim offers the kind of stability that she envies.

"Trish, why don't you leave your car in the parking garage and come with you." It's one of those garages where she has to pay if he doesn't buzz her out. The arrangement seems so convenient.

He has a late model car. He is doing well for himself even without being in law school.

“They’ve promised me a significant promotion in the firm when I get my degree. My speciality is contracts. Their legal division is expanding. In a few years, I’ll be able to take it over.”

She wonders how she ever let Tim get away. At this moment, she wants to hang on to him. She wants to make her claim and not let go.

At dinner, he starts off by complementing her.

“That dress looks great.”

She shines, “Thanks.”

He gazes in her eyes, “You still have it, Trish.”

“Thanks.”

They order a drink before the meal. He makes some off-hand remark about drinking. She can’t tell if he is insulting her.

He asks her, “You really like real-estate?”

“I love making people happy. Getting them in the house of their dreams.”

He jokes, “Of course they have someone to blame if things go wrong.”

She lets his comment pass without saying anything. She loses herself in the candlelight.

When the waiter arrives, Tim makes a suggestion for the wine. She feels that she is in great hands with him. He seems so knowledgeable. It put her at ease. He also has some suggestions for dinner.

Tim offers her some suggestions, “I love what they do with the shrimp. And the chicken in wine is excellent too.”

He just seems to take care of things. She hardly has to worry about a thing. She ends up ordering the chicken. It sounds so delectable. She has scallops as her appetizer. That is also a recommendation of his. They are cooked in a casserole with a cheese sauce.

“Tim, this is fantastic.”

She wants to make sure that nothing goes wrong at dinner. She is doing her utmost to make sure that she is a stimulating companion for him.

“Tim, I’m glad that you called me. I really miss hanging out with me.”

She wants to ask what happened to them. She is trying to get him to say something.

“Trish, it’s been tough for me the past few years. I think that I’ve become a little distracted from my goals. That’s why I decided that I needed to go to law school.”

“I admire your drive.”

“You had to prepare yourself for you real estate license.”

“That was a little bit of an ordeal but it’s behind me now.”

She takes a sip of her wine. All the stimulation is going to her head. She can barely concentrate. She doesn’t want to say anything wrong.

“Tim, I wish that we never broke up.”

“I always thought that it was your idea.”

She tries to think back. He just stopped calling her. They drifted apart without saying too much.

He continues talking, “I feel this is the best time of my life so far. I am operating on all cylinders. I have the most to offer at this moment. With women it is sometimes different. They seem to be on a different clock.”

“What do you mean?”

He shocks her a little, “I just think that they lose their appeal after a certain number of years. It’s like plucking a piece of fruit when it’s ripe. There’s that small window of opportunity before it spoils.”

Trish is irritated, “You can hardly compare a person’s life to a piece of fruit.”

He is more stubborn, “Think about it. Look at yourself in the mirror.”

She doesn’t get it, “What?”

“Look at yourself. You’re an attractive woman still. But in a couple of years, you won’t have that thing that makes men turn their heads.”

She questions him, “You’re not telling me that I’m washed up?”

“No, nothing of the kind.”

She’s not sure if she wants to change the subject. He’s already starting to hurt. But she wants to know what really makes him tick.

He adds, “I just remember how you used to party. I was never like that. I had serious things in my life. Even then I became distracted. But look at me now. I’ve cast out my demons.”

She just wants to get hammered at this moment. Something to shut out his nonsense. She doesn’t say anything for a few minutes. She goes back to her meal.

Then she checks her phone. She notices that Cheryl has sent her a text message.

“Hope things are going great. Good luck.”

Trish needs to send her reply. It adds to the confidence that she needs at this moment.

Tim notices her playing with her phone, “What’s all this about? Another guy?”

“No, it’s Cheryl. You remember Cheryl.”

He repeats his dig, “Like I said, a woman loses that appeal the older that she gets. That’s why a guy needs to strike while she’s still young. Late twenties and you’re almost finished for life.”

“I’m glad that I’m not even twenty-five.”

“But, Trish, this is the moment that you need to keep your eyes open. Look at what’s happening to you.”

She has this sinking feeling. What could he be talking about?

“Tim, this sounds bizarre. Maybe you’re working too much. Law school and work, you’re forgetting how the other half live.”

He is cocky, “I know how they live. They live day to day like I do. But there’s got to be more to your life. Your dreams. Your legacy. That’s what I think about.

Trish contradicts him, “My dreams are just as important.”

Her criticizes her, “You’ve told me yourself that you spend half your time hanging around some bar getting trashed with your friends.”

“What are you saying?” she asks him.

He doesn’t let up, “You just leave yourself open to all kinds of guys.”

“How?”

She makes a face. He still is critical. “It’s sort of a weakness. I’m a guy. I know what kind of girls that I meet in a bar. I want something of meaning in my life.”

“I do too.”

Tim sounds so moralistic, “I think about a good example. What I would want in the mother of my children.”

She is feeling embarrassed, “Tim, you’re too serious.”

She pauses to take a bite of her tender chicken. The sauce is delectable.

“This is great,” she tells him.

He stays on the same topic. “Where do you want to be in five years? Doing the same thing.”

Trish wants to change the subject. But he keeps on, “I don’t know. Maybe. I’m not trying to plan out every second of my life. I want to enjoy it. I want some down time. I’m not afraid to make mistakes. I don’t look for perfection.”

He acts aloof, “I can’t afford to be so sloppy.”

She notices that Cheryl is calling her.

“You’re not going to answer that, are you Trish.”

Trish senses a challenge on his part, “I don’t know. What if I do?”

“I’m going to just walk out of here.”

It seems that he’s eaten most of his beef. She picks up her phone. She wants to say something. He peels off five twenties from his wallet and just walks out.

Trish is helpless. She watches him leave. She tells Cheryl, “He just walked out on me.”

“What do you mean?”

Trish is frantic. “Cheryl, you’ve got to come get me. My car is at his place.”

Cheryl works to calm her down, “It’ll take me about 45 minutes. Just hold on. I’ll be there.”

Trish tries to regain her composure, “It’ll give me a chance to finish my meal and have dessert.”

Trish meets Cheryl outside the restaurant.

“I feel mortified about the whole thing. He was such a prick.” Trish wishes that there was a stronger insult.

She details more, “He implied that I had loose morals. That I was some kind of whore. Then he told me how I was washed up. That I was just hanging on to my girlish charms.”

Cheryl zeros in on Tim’s behavior, “What a scum bag!”

Cheryl thought about how he voiced what so many guys think. She even thought about Robert, how he fit the same picture.

Trish is more upset, “If he didn’t seem to be such a jerk, I think that I’d be in tears right now.”

Cheryl stays focused, “Let’s go get your car.”

Trish looks around, “I’m not even sure if I can get it out. It’s in his parking garage, and he has to buzz me out.”

Cheryl pulls her car alongside the exit to the garage. She gets out with Trish.

Trish remarks, “It looks like the attendant is gone.”

Cheryl wonders, “Can you get out any other way?”

“The gates is down. Shit!” She pauses then a burst of curses, “Shit, shit, shit! How did this ever happen?”

“Trish, it’s not so bad. It looks like you can fill the machine here.”

Trish digs through her purse, "Do you have any change?"

Now, they both look through their purses and find two dollars in quarters between them.

Trish admits, "Whew! I thought that I was going to get stuck here for good."

Cheryl feels sorry for Trish, "That was close."

Trish goes to get her car. She breathes easier once she finally sees the gate go up. She rolls down her window to talk to Cheryl.

Trish is still a little desperate, "I need a drink."

Cheryl concurs. "Let's go back to Alpharetta. If we don't go now, we'll be stuck down here."

They head to the Anchor on a lonely Tuesday. But they are ready to make up for the disaster of a lifetime.

"I really liked the guy. He seemed like the one. In the back of my mind, I always held out this hope. I can't believe that he showed himself to be such a monster."

"He was never like that before?" Cheryl wonders.

Trish admits, "I think that he was vain. But I never saw him to be so mean."

Cheryl offers a general perspective, "Guys can't be trusted!"

Trish looks for some humor in the situation. "What can we do? Corral and rope them into doing what we want."

"That's what some girls used to think of marriage. It's mighty worse to wake up married to a guy who turns out to be a maniac."

"So you're telling me, Cheryl, that tonight was a good thing."

Cheryl doesn't want to go that far. "Hardly. It would have been a good thing if he had turned out to be a nice guy."

Trish is getting down on herself, "I feel as if I can pick them."

Cheryl offers a perspective, "Maybe we should stop hanging out in bars."

"But that was his whole point. That good women don't hang out. But think about it Cheryl. This is our family."

Cheryl shares her feelings with Trish, "I've always wondered why Robert isn't comfortable here."

"It's because he can't control you when you're with your girls. He hates your independence. That's what Tim is so afraid of. He wants me to be the veal cutlet that is well-behaved in a cream sauce on his plate."

Cheryl smiles, "That's a funny image Trish."

Trish stands up, "It's time that we got up and did our dance."

The girls move to the song on the juke box. They both have big smiles.

Cheryl offers her summary, "We should never have to put up with that kind of shit."

"I so much agree. Why do we always seem so desperate?"

Cheryl answers her, "We're not desperate. The guys that we meet are the desperate. They want us to put out. When we do, we're whores and they want to find a wholesome girl."

"Cheryl, you always have a way of nailing things."

Trish comes back from the bar with some zingers.

"This will take away our pain."

Cheryl can only think about work in the morning, "I'm going to be a mess."

Trish teases, "You are a mess. Drink up, and try to forget about it."

Cheryl is getting a nice buzz. For a while she felt that they were both doomed. She was facing down Tim. But now, she is coasting. Nothing but blue skies. Bingo!

Trish is trying to distance herself from the events of the evening. "I'm pretending that Tim is just part of my past. This just told me that my college days are long gone. I just don't want to fall into a pattern. Meeting guys who I can't stay with. And ruining myself for the kind of man that I want to stay with for life."

Cheryl develops Trish's idea, "You can't hold your experience against you. Otherwise, you wouldn't be living."

Cheryl can sense that she is striking a nerve for herself. She has been living off these bursts of excitement. The dancer from the other night. The drinking with the girls. Her work out routines. All of this has nothing to do with Robert. And she feels that these intense moments mean so much more.

Cheryl voices her concerns, "I'm just afraid that when I meet a guy that all the distractions in my life will prevent me from appreciating him."

"Meet a guy? I thought that you have Robert."

Cheryl sits back in her chair, "That is what I mean. He can't be right for me. I feel that he's not really part of my life."

Trish answers, "If you want him to be part of your life, you have to make a place for him."

Cheryl is a little uncertain, "But I already have a place for all these other things in my life. I can't open myself any more to him."

Trish smiles again. "Now who's giving the advice?"

"See, things aren't so bad." They both laugh.

Trish has an idea, "I want one of those blender drinks. Something really sweet with coconut."

She goes off to get something for the both of them.

"There's rum in this, Cheryl. It tastes like a banana split."

"It's a daiquiri?" asks Cheryl.

Trish giggles, "No something else. It's more like a milk shake."

They both get lost in the suds.

Cheryl looks at her watch. "It's getting late."

Trish shakes her head. "I can't sleep."

"Either can I," agrees Cheryl.

"Crash at my place tonight." Trish tells Cheryl.

Cheryl feels a little out of it. "I think that I better. I've already had enough to drink."

Trish has a prescription for them both. "Time to come down. Water the rest of the night."

They scour the place. A few guys are playing pool. But there are no prospects for a game of tag. No one to use as foils to help get over the heartache of earlier in the night.

Trish's meal seems like ancient history. Almost as removed from her present as the college years.

"When you're an adult, Trish, you just put away the things of childhood."

Trish looks down, "Like those crushes that you've had for years."

Cheryl looks back at her, "A guy is only so good as what he's doing for you right now."

Tonight has forced Cheryl to reexamine her relationship with Robert. Sara's challenge had made him seem more like the perfect candidate for marriage. But now he seems more ridiculous. He would never voice the prejudices of Tim. But down deep, he thinks the same thing.

Trish offers a final take on the night. "For a while I really felt like this was the worst thing that could happen in my life. Not only did I have these hopes for Tim. But I had these dreams for myself. He made me feel past my prime. But now I realize that it's not so bad at all."

Cheryl spends the night at Trish's and then has to rush to get ready for work. She is sympathetic about Trish's situation. But she is glad to get away. She needs to establish her own priorities. Trish is drifting down a steep slope. Cheryl senses that it will only get worse. She doesn't want to end up in the same place. She encourages Robert to take her out so that she can find some kind of balance after Trish's nightmare.

Cheryl returns from a night of partying with a tale to tell. The girls agree to meet at a restaurant for lunch, and they can't stop dissecting Cheryl's little adventure. They barely eat. It's a diet of gossip and advice.

Cheryl is mesmerized, "His hands just moved in the air as if he was sketching my soul. His hips His dance traveled from his imagination to capture me on the dance floor. He was next to me and I could feel this magic. He had my number."

All the girls listen intently. Trish asks, "Was it really all that?"

"I've got to admit, I could feel him rocking my insides."

"Did you go home with him?" Diane questions her.

Cheryl has a quick reply, "That doesn't mean that much. He's just some guy in a bar. I was with Robert."

Trish will have none of that, "He almost had you screaming in ecstasy on the dance floor, and now you're telling me it doesn't mean that much. Tell me that the next time that Robert pulls up short."

"Or when he falls asleep without giving you your due," Stevie point out the obvious

"Robert has a good job. He's witty," Cheryl won't admit her mistake.

"The only thing funny about Robert is Robert himself." Trish offers her brutal insight.

"And the fact that you're staying with him, girl," Diane chimes in

Trish is very practical, "I would have slipped him a napkin with my number on it."

Diane wonders, "You didn't give him your number?"

"I was with Robert. I'm not going to embarrass him like that." Cheryl maintained.

Stevie gives her the hard truth, "You're embarrassing yourself. I hate to admit it, but Robert's already a has been."

Trish adds, "What most girls call a dud."

Diane puts the final nail in the coffin, "He's no stud, he's your dud!"

The girls seem to have all the answers, but is that what Cheryl needs to hear. She's already doubting herself. She doesn't want to shine that same light on everything else in her life. She needs Robert's stability.

Diane plays a game with them, "Girls, you know what the real questions is. Do you

think about another guy when lover boy is working his way inside you?"

Cheryl rephrases Diane's challenge, "The real question is do we ever think about our lovers. Fantasy is better than reality. It makes me feel like a real star, Trish "

Stevie tries to be more conventional, "I think if I gave in to my imagination, my whole world would eventually come tumbling down. I'd expect too much.

Cheryl analyzes Stevie, "You seem even more ready for marriage than I do."

"I don't know. I don't think that I was made for the crazy life style."

Diane is more extreme, "It's always there when you need it."

Stevie asks, "Does that mean that you're not going to play along with Sara's challenge?"

"Not at all. But I'm not going to force a thing. I want it to come naturally. If it does, that's beautiful."

Trish is more curious, "Cheryl, let's get back to talking about this guy that you saw."

"It wasn't all that. It was just something that happened in the now. And then it went away."

Diane inquires, "But you've been thinking about him."

"That means nothing."

Diane has a comeback, "I would have got his number. Better safe than sorry."

Trish adds, "As they say, a bird in the hand is better than one in the bush."

Cheryl wonders, "What do they mean by that?"

Cheryl finds that she is getting mad at Robert over the least provocation. Her girls were right. She needed to take advantage of the moment. Now it is gone, and she has to live with an uncertain present.

Roberts' fortunes are only rising. And he wants to include her in his plans. But things have gotten worse for both of them. The more that he tries, the more that she starts to detest him. He's tried to put his work away on the weekends. He's limited his golfing excursions. Cheryl still thinks about the hands of the dancer as they work their way along her body.

She wonders to herself, "If Robert only knew how to really touch me, I could come alive."

She now has motivation. She is waiting for that last straw. Something to put it all in perspective.

As a palliative to Tim, Trish starts to spend time with Norman. Cheryl soon learns that Norman already has a wife.

"He's married."

Trish is obstinate, "I don't care. He gives me what I want. And I don't have to feel unwanted."

"Trish, this isn't good."

"I'm the catch here. His wife is the one who's tired and over the hill. He gives me nice jewelry. He really takes care of me."

"It's only going to end in tragedy."

Cheryl grits her teeth. She wants to say something. She doesn't want Trish getting away with it. Suddenly Sara's challenge has made her even more moral about her friend's behavior. Not only does she pretend that this would never happen to her, but she is taking Trish's actions as a direct affront against her, Cheryl. She never saw her friendship like this before. But this is

what it has become. The opportunity to tell Trish what she should be doing with her life. Let it be said that Cheryl can't even muster the courage to give her own life any kind of order. But when she watches Trish make her mistakes, Cheryl is all assertive about what has to be done.

It's all driving Cheryl crazy. She figures if she can put Trish's life back together then she can impose some kind of order on her own. She tries to imagine what this guy is like. Why is Trish doing this. He must be someone special.

She develops a plan. She tells herself that it can work, "I don't know what is coming over me. My curiosity is getting the better of me. I want to see for myself the man for whom she made so much of a fuss."

Instead of confronting Trish and saying something, she is going to follow her to one of her rendezvous. She is out of control.

Trish tells her about an appointment to show a house. The house is on a cul-de-sac. How can Cheryl ever hide. There she is on another street waiting for Trish to come out.

She really feels as if she is the wife. If Trish can do this to another woman, she could do the same to one of her friends. It's only a matter of time before she is having an affair with Josh. Or Cheryl will eventually discover Trish with Robert.

Cheryl wonders if she has always resented Trish's comfort with her sexuality. That was why the dancer affected her so intensely.

It's hot waiting in the car. Cheryl considers that Trish's appointment could be her illicit rendezvous. She has been there for quite a while. She drives back to the house and notices that Trish's car is no longer there. Somehow she has escaped the surveillance. Cheryl is a terrible detective.

At dinner, she continues to ask Robert, "What would you do if you caught me with another man?"

He doesn't take her question seriously. Maybe she needs to follow Trish's lead. But in her case it's different. Her commitment to Robert would be on the line.

She soon realizes that Trish has told no one else about her affair. Why has she entrusted this knowledge to Cheryl. It seems like a plot against her. Cheryl wants to act on her suspicions. She wants to catch them together. But it seems like so much of an effort.

She stays with Robert that night. His embrace leaves her cold. She pretends to go along. She is elsewhere.

It doesn't make any difference. This is never going to last. She no longer cares about the contest. If Robert would just catch her sneaking around, it would make it so much easier. Cheryl is too much the good girl to let anything happen.

It's a little unusual, but she has Diane meet her at the Anchor. She knows that Diane is liberated and hopes to pick up her moves. But it's hard to make something happen in an empty bar.

"Maybe we should have waited until the weekend," says Cheryl.

Diane is more upbeat, "We'll have fun."

After a few drinks the girls are both dancing around. They have to make the best of it. Cheryl imagines the dancer moving next to her. Maybe another time.