

10. BACK TO THE FUTURE WITH BRIAN

Cheryl's latest social miscues have got her thinking about the love of her life, Brian. She wonders what caused them to break up. Cheryl was convinced that she needed to make her way on her own. Brian was only holding her back. If they hadn't broken up, they would certainly would have ended up married. But that dream is already water under the bridge.

They lost touch over the years. Brian moved away. He was even engaged. Since she split up with Robert, she had this thought in the back of her mind to track down Brian. But she didn't want to give in to that cheap nostalgia. Now that wish affects her deeper than ever.

Stevie has a friend who has his new number.

"Brian?"

He listens for almost a minute.

"Cheryl?"

"Yeah, how have you been?"

She's already feeling freaked out. There is too much to explain. She feels like she's somehow failed and she needs to hide it from him.

"I've missed that voice. So I guess that you heard that I moved back."

"Yeah, Stevie told me."

"I had a great job in Minneapolis. I even met a girl up there. Ingrid. She was part Swedish. Tall. I imagined her babies. And then it all fell apart. I needed a transfer back to Atlanta just to get over the whole thing. It's actually been a while now. So what about you?"

"Nothing really."

She doesn't want to talk about Robert on the phone. They talk about getting together. She doesn't want to rush things. She can feel the wave rushing over her. She needs to catch her breath.

At lunch she talks to Trish about her phone conversation.

"Are you going to see him?" Trish asks.

"Of course, I don't want to blow it. I don't want any expectations getting in my way."

"Whatever that means."

Cheryl explains, "I walked away the first time. I just feel that I have something to prove. If I went back with him, it would be admitting failure."

"People don't work like that."

Cheryl contradicts Trish, "We're all more competitive than we want to admit."

"You're not going back with him for the contest."

"That's not what I mean. It's this thing of being personally one up on someone else. I don't want to be taken advantage of."

Trish reminds her, "Cheryl, he's not testing you. He didn't move to Minneapolis just to be away from you."

"I always wondered about that. I had this thought in the back of my mind that he wanted to show me that he was the one that got away."

Trish points out, "Look at him now."

Cheryl is very clear about what has happened, "Exactly, he failed. And I failed too. I can't crawl back."

“You’re going to meet him for dinner,” Trish points out.

“That’s not it.”

At dinner things are more intense than Cheryl could have imagined. Brian seems so much more mature than he used to be. He still has his sandy blonde hair. But now he sports his glasses all the time. She really has to work to see the guy that she used to love

“I almost didn’t recognize you, Cheryl,” he gives her a big hug. An extra squeeze just to reassure himself. “You look like a fashion model.”

“You always had a gift for flattery.”

“No, really.” He tries to be sincere.

She looks at herself in the restaurant mirror, “I’m not that thin.”

“You’re in better shape than college.”

“I wasn’t fat, was I.” She feels almost mortified. That would explain it all.

“No. You just were on a mission then. I hope that you found it.”

She has no idea what he means. He doesn’t want to let go of their past. For her, the future is already upon them. She tries to see herself with him. It is too frightening to think about.

She hardly thinks about what she is eating. The food seems to float off her plate and into her mouth. She doesn’t even notice swallowing.

He seems a little distant. She wants to break down the shell. But she is still in a daze. She feels that there is a contest between them. The first one to say the wrong thing. The first one to mention the past.

She drinks more than a little wine at dinner. She can now see things in a new light. A little bit of an alcohol daze. She can feel his kisses. She gives in to all the passion.

She shares nothing of her turmoil. She feels that they are playing to a stalemate.

“Tell me all about Minneapolis.” She actually doesn’t care. He talks, and she doesn’t hear a thing. Not a word. Minneapolis this, Minneapolis that, Minnesota girl this, Minnesota girl that. She just feels tolerant. She want him to care about her life. She wants to say something. But she can’t get a word in.

She feels like she is on the Titanic. There is no joy. Just that sinking feeling as she heads down with her ship. This is the worst idea that she’s ever had. Even the pick up artists at the Anchor seem more like her style.

Why does she even care about impressing him. He hardly catches on to her feelings. That makes it worse. Robert was a little more perceptive than he is. Why did she even bother waiting for Brian?

Early in the evening, she makes an excuse to leave. She has never felt more like getting trashed at the Anchor. She feels as if she has just failed a midterm exam and she is going to lose her scholarship. She wants to hide.

By the time that Trish arrives, she is two sheets to the wind. Cheryl thinks that she sees Nick.

“He’s calling me over.”

Trish tells her, “We don’t know that guy.”

Cheryl points out, “It’s Nick.”

“No, it’s not.”

“You never even met him, Trish.”

Another girl comes over to his table.

Cheryl admits her mistake, “Oh well, I would have taken him.”

They smile together.

Trish observes, “You are way over the line.”

“I’m winning!”

She wants to win. The next day she calls off an early appointment and heads over to the tennis courts. She hits a bunch of balls against the backboard.”

“You want to play a game.” It’s a college kid. His name is Phil. He’s really nice, so unassuming. Nothing like the guys that she meets at night

“Sure.”

He’s very good. She can hardly keep up. She loves the sweating. After the game he asks if she wants to get a drink. He buys a couple of Cokes in the clubhouse.

“I’ve never seen you play,” he tells Cheryl.

“I’m not often here.”

Phil observes, “You’re really good. You could use some work on your volleys.”

“You seem to know a lot about the game.”

“I’ve been helping out with a high school team. It helps pay for college.”

Cheryl asks, “Where do you go?”

“Tech. I want to study architecture.”

She complements him. “That sounds fantastic.”

“If I keep at it. What do you do?”

“I’m a financial analyst.”

He jokes, “I don’t have many finances. Just college debt.”

“Don’t worry. It’s better not to have to worry about stuff like that.”

He questions her, “Is that what you’re doing this morning?”

“More or less. Thanks for the game, Phil.”

“Anytime. I’m always here.” She looks back at him as she walks to her car. She wishes that her life was so uncomplicated. It never has been.

She’s agreed to meet Brian again. She is reluctant about it. She drives her own car and gets to the restaurant early. From the bar, she watches a couple at a table. They play a little game of cat and mouse. The woman is resistant. She leans away. The man plays along. He smiles. He doesn’t want to give in. But he can’t help his desire. He moves closer to her. The woman brightens up then reaches over and kisses him on the cheek. It is all so idyllic. Cheryl wishes that Brian would offer her such an easy in. Would Cheryl just dissolve in a kiss? She wonders.

Brian is late by the time he arrives. It seems as if Cheryl has been waiting longer than ever.

Brian apologizes, “I had a late appointment. The guy wouldn’t leave; he wanted to show me pictures of his family. I don’t want to become like that.”

Cheryl can’t tell what he means by this. But she listens. Through dinner, she feels that she is only listening. He rambles on and on about himself. His plans for his future. His illusions about his shining path. He even tells her about his engagement.

“Stevie told me that you had plans to get married.”

He can't stop talking about the details of his courtship. She feels less and less connected to his experience. Cheryl is in conflict. The more that she feels distant from him, the more that she wants him to hold her close. The conflict is becoming almost unbearable. She has never felt this way before. It makes her uncomfortable. She doesn't know how to resolve this tension.

She has more wine. It's worked before. She'll make it work now. She realizes that she has to drive. It's an excuse for him to drive her back to her home.

As the night wears on, it is becoming clear that she has little in common with her lost flame. But she wants the passions of old to burn inside her. She laughs at her helplessness.

He convinces her to come back to his apartment. After an after dinner drink, she realizes that she can't leave. She has come this far. Being with Brian gives her purpose. She feels like a romantic heroine. Her bob prevents her from having the flowing locks of the average heroine, but she can sense the melodrama stirring all around her. Her heart is moved. Unfortunately, she passes out on his couch before the real drama gets started. She's still not sure if fate has saved her.

Brian is all perky in the morning. “Let's go get some breakfast.”

“Brian, I'm sick. Just get me back to my car.” She seems like such a spoilsport.

Once she gets her car, Cheryl stops by Stevie's store.

“I'm a real mess, dear.”

Stevie tries to be nice, “You don't look that bad.”

“Yes, I do. I look a mess.”

Stevie admits, “I can tell that you haven't been home all night.”

“I passed out on his couch.”

Stevie is sympathetic, “That's terrible.”

Cheryl stares into space before she says anything. “Actually, I'm sort of glad. I found him boring.”

“Are you going to see him again?”

“I don't know if he wants to.” Cheryl feels like she finally has someone to care about. On the other hand, she doesn't know what to do. It would be so easy to move in together. She can imagine him looking longingly into her eyes after a long breakfast.

“Maybe it's been too long.”

“We really don't share that much in common. He's another Robert.”

When Cheryl leaves the store, she heads over to the gym. She still hasn't gone back to her place. But she could use a massage. She changed at the store. She just needs to wash the make up off.

She pretends to work the stair machine. She is barely moving. A woman next to her is reading a romance novel. That is what she needs. A hero. She just wants Brian to seize her and take her out of her doldrums. The massage eases out all the stress from her dinner. She feels embarrassed about passing out.

Brian has called her a few times and left messages about meeting up later. Cheryl ignores him. She needs to be alone. This is Saturday. She wants to be with her girls tonight.

Cheryl finally returns his calls that evening. “I came home and took a nap. I'm sorry that I drank so much last night.”

“You have nothing to apologize for.” She realizes that she is showing her weakness. This is crazy. She has nothing to be ashamed about.

“I’m going to take it easy tonight. Call me tomorrow. I’ll see if I’m up to doing something.”

She realizes that she sounds so non-committal. That’s the best that she can do at this point.

Trish has a thousand questions when Cheryl shows up at the Anchor. “I thought that he was the one. I remember when you broke up. That’s all that you talked about.

“Remember Trish, I broke up with him.”

“Is he still cute?”

Cheryl describes Brian, “He looks even better. But he’s a little bit of a nerd. He has these weird glasses. He probably thinks that it makes him look mature.”

“You’re just waiting for something to happen. It doesn’t work like that. You have to make him want you.”

Cheryl explains, “I can get a word in edgewise. It’s all him.”

“Is he worth it? If he is, you have to accept it.”

Cheryl can feel his body next to hers as they move together in the moist summer air. That is all that she wants. What is preventing it from happening?

Cheryl tells Trish, “If we never broke up, it would all be natural. Now we’re just starting over.”

Trish wonders, “So you are going to sleep with him?”

“It’s not that simple. He has to want me.”

“How could he not want you? Every guy that I know wants you. You give none of them the time of day.”

“What about you Trish?” Cheryl wants to change the subject.

“I’m back with Gregg. But I still see other people. I just don’t tell him. He wants to get married. I just don’t know.”

Cheryl explains the situation, “Your only way to win the damn contest is to get married.”

“That’s all that I need now. To own a bar. I’d be in here drinking and meeting new guys. All the while, he’d be waiting at home.”

Cheryl smiles, “That sounds like the perfect marriage.”

“I know.”

Cheryl wonders if Trish will ever be able to stop herself. But she’s wondered the same thing about Diane. At least Diane isn’t trying to string a guy along.

The next night, Cheryl sleeps with Brian. For her it is all so automatic. She can barely tell if it is him or Robert. She has built up this romantic vision. She has felt the light of the moon play upon her body. The poetic vision has brought her to life. But when it happens, it is like making morning coffee. He tries so hard to be passionate. She imagines that he has taken lessons. It leaves her cold. She just wants him to hold her close.

When she wakes up next to him the next morning, she wants to tell herself that her the intervening years have been in dream.

“Cheryl, your eyes sparkle such a brilliant blue in the morning light.”

She runs her fingers along his shoulder. She is pretending that she is falling in love again.

She wants to hold his body next to hers. There is a wonder in the beckoning day.

Cheryl drives back to her place and gets ready for work. She has agreed to meet Brian for dinner. They exchange a long kiss before she leaves. She can't let go.

All day at work, she thinks about nothing but Brian. She knows that it is not real. She just needs something to wake her up.

Even with the wonderful night, their dinner seems to have something missing. She feels that she is back at the impasse. She again sits there while he relates his day. She wants to be interested. She only fakes it. He doesn't ask her anything about what she did. Then he wants to flatter her.

"You look lovely. I got you something."

He gives her a bracelet with an ivory rose on it. It touches her. She wonders if it is enough. When she is in his arms that night, her mind is elsewhere. She needs the illusion for what it is worth. She loves the solid quality of his arms as they hold her close. His muscles seem so strong, so reassuring. Is that all that it takes?

As the weeks pass, their love-making sets in as a routine. She assumes his presence. She tells herself that it is different than Robert. Part of this feeling is based on their college years. He reminds her of her dreams for her life. They talk about taking a vacation together. This will only renew the love that she can already feel.

She tries to discuss her misgivings with Stevie. It only gives Stevie the chance to tell Cheryl how well things are going with Josh. Cheryl knows better.

Cheryl hopes that Trish can offer some insight. They meet at the Anchor on a Tuesday.

"Cheryl, you're analyzing your feelings too much. If you want to be with him, stay with him."

"It's not me. It never was."

Trish is gleeful, "Think about it! You might win the contest."

Cheryl counters, "Josh and Stevie have already set a date."

"Gregg and I have talked about a date. That means nothing."

Cheryl adds, "Stevie is blind for Josh. Can you say the same?"

Trish is cynical, "Gregg will do. That's all that I can say."

"I don't want to feel like that about my life. I'm just going along with Brian. It's almost like Robert."

"Robert never made time for you."

Cheryl agrees, "I'll give you that point." She rethinks the situation, "That's still not what I want. I don't want trust by itself. I want something more, excitement."

Cheryl doesn't know how long this can go on. When she is in his arms, she feels herself giving in. She can't hold back. All her questions evaporate. She needs some resolve.

Brian needs to go to Minneapolis to take care of some business. Cheryl realizes how she has to take a breath from it all. She can now step back.

As the days wear on, she realizes how much she misses Brian. The absence underlines their love. She is shocked how easily she is giving in. There is nothing that she can do to stop this feeling from welling up. It is just taking her over.

When he comes back, she is waiting for a crescendo. When it doesn't happen, she thinks that something must be wrong.

“Did you see your ex in Minneapolis?”

Brian admits, “She stopped by the office. Nothing special.”

Now Cheryl is jealous. She wants to make some excuse not to go back to his place.

Brian knows something is wrong, “We didn’t do a thing. Nothing.”

She doesn’t trust him. Just the thought alone is enough to put her off. What can she do?

After dinner, she asks him to drop her off.

“Are you OK?”

“Brian, I had a long day at work. It’s OK. I just need some time.”

She has been waiting all this time, and now this letdown.

The next night is a Friday. Cheryl makes an excuse not to see him, “I need some time with the girls. I have to go to the Anchor.”

He suggests, “I could go. We’ve had great times together there in the past.”

“Not tonight. Stevie’s supposed to tell us about her wedding plans. She wants us all to go to Hawaii.”

“Wow. That would be great.”

“We could do something like that.” Cheryl doesn’t realize what she is saying. She doesn’t mean it at all. She loves the romance. But it is too late for that.

Stevie has given up the Hawaii idea.

“It would have been too expensive. I just want to get the store going.”

The girls are glad to have Stevie back at the Anchor.

Diane welcomes her, “Even if you’re with Josh, you need to have your own time away.”

“Diane is right, Stevie,” says Trish.

“I just don’t want to make him feel that I’m ignoring him.”

Stevie makes an excuse for him, “What about all the times that I’m working at the store?”

Diane has an answer to that, “What about all the times that he’s late at work. Or all those trips that he takes.”

Stevie turns to Cheryl, “You haven’t said anything.”

“I’m glad to have you back.”

Diane explains Cheryl’s situation, “Cheryl has her own stuff to think about with Brian.”

“We’re doing great.”

Trish asks, “You’re not missing him too?”

“No. I needed to get away.” Cheryl is wondering if the time away will only make her questions her commitment to Brian. She is afraid that there will be pressure to move in together. As the nights wears on, Cheryl notices that she is drinking more than usual. If things are going so well with Brian, why does she feel this way. The girls don’t seem to notice a thing.

For her part, Trish is trying to restrain herself.

“I really want to go on the hunt. But I’m trying to work things out with Gregg.”

Diane is working to play along. She’s balancing two guys in one location. They are sitting at opposite ends of the bar. Stevie notices it all, “Nothing is going to slow her down.”

Trish jokes, “Except too much Jager.”

Diane is wearing a very short jeans skirt and sandals. She glides from one end of the Anchor to the other. She trails fire behind her.

“She needs a body guard.”

“Everyone wants to guard her body, Trish,” remarks Cheryl.

Kurt is rubbing his muscular hand along her lanky thigh. He seems pleased with himself. It’s only a little while before Jason is leaning on her bare shoulder while she sits at a table near the door. Neither guy ever notices the other.

Cheryl comments, “Her deck of cards is going to come down very quickly.”

“She just has to keep that skirt from flying up any more. Pretty soon, you’ll be able to see...”

“Hush your mouth, Stevie,” says Trish.

They all laugh.”

Trish captures Diane’s mentality, “You have to show them what they’re getting, otherwise, they not going to know what they’ve got.

Cheryl defends her, “It’s hot; it’s a damned skirt. So what if it’s short.”

Stevie notes, “It’s not the skirt; it’s the body that should be illegal.”

“Referee makes the call,” screams Trish.

“She still wants to stay in the game,” is Cheryl’s summary.

Cheryl is really missing Brian. She remembers the time that they rushed back to Brian’s room while everyone was going to a football game. Everyone else was going towards Sanford Stadium. Cheryl and Brian went into their own overtime. They didn’t come out until the next afternoon. They watched movies and made love.

She is nostalgic for that touch. She’s decided that she’s going to surprise him. She drives to his house. His lights are still on even though it’s almost 2. She sits in her car and stares at the window. The blinds are shut. She just can’t motivate herself to get out of the car.

She knows that it’s over. Even her cherished memory is not enough. It is just what it is—a memory. Her life has changed so much that she can’t go backwards. She has learned too much over the years.

Brian’s still a kid. He had a girl in Minnesota that would wait on him hand and foot. And he still couldn’t make that work. Cheryl is a woman now. She can’t live on adolescent promises and a box of kisses. She wants to be with an adult. If Brian isn’t right, she’d rather be alone.

She drives home. He calls the next morning.

“I stayed up. I was waiting for your call.”

Cheryl tells him, “I had too much to drink. I didn’t want to say something embarrassing.”

He gives her some leeway, “You had nothing to worry about.”

But she knows that she did. It was too late for surprises. She needs to go off on her own. Cheryl wishes that she could do it all without seeing him. But he needs to hear it face to face.

She lets some time pass. She wants to be sure. She meets him for lunch on a Saturday.

“Did you go out last night?” he asks. He can almost feel it coming.

“I was out.”

“Cheryl, this isn’t working for me.” He is taking the words out of her mouth. This is her moment, and he is taking it from her.

“What are you talking about?” Her words echo in the restaurant.

“You’re with your friends too much. You don’t have time for me!”

She doesn't know what to say. She has been distant. She's needed it to be that way.

"I've just been figuring out things."

Brian has a lot to tell her, "So have I. When we broke up, that was the right thing for us.

We shouldn't have tried to go back."

"You can't know unless you try."

"I think that we tried. Now, we just have to move on."

She's always hated his smugness. She's given him a chance, and he's acting like a dick.

She tells him, "I've got to go."

He reaches to hug her. She puts her hand in front to block his way.

"Are you pissed, Cheryl?"

"Just disappointed. I never wanted it to end this way." She can't say anything about her late night ride.

She turns her back on him and welcomes the day.

That night Trish says it all, "I thought that he was your all."

"We keep these things from the past instead of throwing them out. Love is the same way."

"Cheryl, that sounds cynical."

Cheryl gets excited, "*You* are calling me cynical."

"Was he all that bad?"

Cheryl is forlorn, "No, he was worse."

"You had some good times."

"I was doubting it from the beginning. I just let myself go. All that sexual frustration. I needed to act it out. I broke down and went to his place. From that point on, I thought that it was meant to be. But it wasn't. Not at all."

"It's Saturday night. The best day to break up."

Cheryl disagrees, "It's the worst night. You're just reminded of all the jerks that are out there."

"I still wouldn't have broken up with him until I had something better."

Cheryl reminds her, "I didn't break up with him. Not technically. He broke up with me."

Trish wants to console her, "You need to do a shot to take away the pain."

"I need more than a shot."

Trish knows that she is playing a dangerous game. She wants to remain faithful to Gregg. But she's in a bar. She's drinking. She just wants a taste of the action, an ego boost. She wants to teach Cheryl the art of flirting, perhaps lift her out of her dark funk.

Trish orients Cheryl to a hard guy by the bar. "He really wants to get me in a staring contest. I'm just going to give him a quick dirty look. He won't bother me again tonight."

"He's not even looking at you anymore."

"You have to play the game. But you have to make sure that they don't come over here unless you really want them to." Trish does this weird motion with her lips. She's a little put off by all the bull shit.

"See that guy with his friends at the table. He thinks that he's special. But he's a total loser. I'm going to play him for a sucker and then drop him hard."

Trish concentrates on her gestures. She can't give off too much.

“Cheryl, this is practice for the real thing. I definitely don’t want that guy coming over here. Look at him now. He’s nervous. He’s touching his hair. He’s got no future.”

Cheryl doesn’t understand, “If you’re just playing along, what does it matter?”

“If you’re a pro, never compromise your game. Never give in when you’d normally give the guy the brush off. I know what’s fatal.”

There’s one guy leaning against a post that catches Trish’s eye.

“I can tell that he already wants me. Watch this. See how he gives me a light dusting with those eyes. Then he turns away. That says that he’s hot for a little fun. He knows that he’s a player. But he has a real life. He’s a comer. He does this to stay sharp. Just like me.”

“I think that he’s going to come over here.”

“No way. He’s in for keeps. He only moves on a sure hand. It’s all about the risk. If you’re going to gamble, you’ve got to have it in the first place. At least that bluff. I’m going to try to knock him out of the game.”

She gives him that tension look. He concentrates a bit too long. Then he smiles.

“Cheryl, Cheryl!” She is excited. “I’ve got him now. I just have to get him to make his move.”

“Are you going to let him follow through? I thought that this was for science. Just an experiment.” Cheryl questions Trish.

“He’s hot. I just want to squeeze that tight little ass.”

She gives him that dismissive attitude. He takes it as an affront. He has to protect his honor.

“Hi, I’m Scott.”

“I know you, Scott. You’re a friend of Tyrone. I’m Trish. This is Cheryl.” The girls put out their hands and shake his. Trish takes an extra few seconds to make her point.

“I don’t know any Tyrone. That’s not me.” Trish’s mistake is very deliberate. It brings him closer. Cheryl now feels helpless..

Trish has an answer, “Sorry. You just seem so familiar. I never forget a face.” It is sheer flattery. Cheryl wants to say something. She can only watch.

He tries to play back. He is so casual. Trish eats it up. It isn’t long before she has her arm on his chest. He’s talking about car racing or some fishing trip. He gets a little excited and brushes next to her. They hold for a second. Then he kisses her. It is so accidental. Then they both laugh.

When the lights come on for closing, they are already staring in each other’s eyes. They walk out arm in arm. Cheryl watches them head over to her car. Trish turns to say good bye.

As Cheryl starts to drive away, she can see them making out on Trish’s car. Once Trish has felt the magic, there is no doubt where this is leading. Trish feels that she is doing this for Cheryl. Trish never wants to feel that same heartache as her.

Cheryl starts to tear up. Then the tears just flow like a torrent. Her emotions are uncontrollable. She feels like such a baby. But she needs a good cry. When she gets home, she sits in her car and listens to music for half an hour. Sting and old Police songs. Then she goes up to bed.

In fact, Cheryl feels a relief. It would be worse to have to act out betrayal in the way that Trish does. This is all for the best.

When she showers off all her make up, she is showering away her dream of a life with Brian. She remembers his touch. It makes her come alive again. But it is all imagination, all in her mind. She tries to play through the flirting game that Trish has taught her. In a way, Scott seems so evil. He is ready to carve out her insides. Let Trish have her fun.

With the dawn of Sunday, Cheryl no longer looks back on her tears. That was the past. Now she is ready to make something better happen.

She goes for a long run. She works to push herself. The strain only encourages her zeal. She flies like the wind. This has nothing to do with Robert or Brian. She doesn't want to become one of those girls who lets her heartache show on her body.

She remembers how Diane used to smoke. It struck her as weird that a nurse would have such a bad habit. But it was part of a sense of recklessness on her part. Even Cheryl feels touched by that same carelessness. Once that feeling sets in, nothing can stop her. But she doesn't want her break up to make her more vulnerable. She wisely stays in when Trish calls. She's already seen Trish in action. She'd hate to end up down the same road.

"You can't stay in."

Cheryl tells her, "It's Sunday night. I need to make other plans for my life."

"One night in and you're going to change your life."

Cheryl wonders, "How was Scott?"

"Let's just say that I don't kiss and tell."

"What made you such a model of discretion?"

"I'm just practicing in case I talk to Gregg. The less said the better."

Cheryl thinks about her tearful breakdown in the car last night. If only discretion could make a disaster like that go away. Bye, bye, Brian.