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One Marriage Later

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ONE MARRIAGE LATER

Julie says "what's another word for love? Six letters."

Jack has no idea, having just tipped the bellboy a hundred dollars by mistake.

The same palm trees outside the same Caribbean window. "I thought this would be different." She sighs.

"I heard," Jack says, "that a hundred bucks is like a thousand down here." He picks up the phone and presses O.

"What's another word for liar, cheater, thief?" Julie says, squeezing now into a too-tight bikini.

Totally unaware, Jack fumes on hold. Bach concerto or Olivia freakin' Newton-John.

"You know," she says when the bra doesn't close; "I really hoped this would fit." She tugs and tugs at the lycra spandex. She rearranges her breasts. Finally, she gives up and goes back to her puzzle. "What's another word for another word?"

Jack finally speaks to the phone. "Your bellboy," he says, "I just got robbed."