

An Anniversary to Remember

He: Well, so much for the anniversary date.

She: It was a good idea.

He: Thanks. Sorry some things got kind of—

She: Don't mention it.

He: Really? You're not mad?

She: Me? Nah.

He: Somehow I knew this was going to be one of those nights when I backed out of the garage without opening the garage door. I guess I was just keyed up. I just wanted everything to be right. We haven't had a nice, romantic evening in a long time.

She: It's too bad the garage door shattered the rear window of the car when it fell off the hinges but, on the other hand, the night air gave it the feel of a convertible. I liked it.

He: Thanks, Honey. How are your legs?

She: I think they're getting better. I'm beginning to regain feeling in the right one.

He: I had no idea that manhole was uncovered when I opened the door to let you out. It was "Now I see you, now I don't!"

She: I can't believe the city worker thought that I was intentionally attacking him when I fell on his head in the manhole.

He: I think it must have been the scream. It had a kind of martial-arts sound to it. I tried to explain the situation to the officer, but he took one look at the car and just said, "Sure, Buddy."

She: At least we got to spend our anniversary together—even if it was in jail. It was nice of your boss to bail us out. How did he know?

He: He said he saw us on the news.

She: We were on the news?

He: At 11:00 p.m. I had Mom tape it. They thought we were a part of the gang that has been threatening to bomb city hall. It was nice of my boss to pick us up. I hope he wasn't upset about the bad publicity and all.

She: Are you kidding? He wasn't mad. Why he even gave us a card. How sweet. Not many bosses remember their employee's wedding anniversary. Such a nice man.

He: Oh, yeah. That was nice of him. I haven't even opened it.
(Pulls the card out and opens it.)

He: Hmm . . . I guess he was mad, after all. He fired me.

She: Look at the bright side.

He: What?

She: We have some insurance money for the part of our house that caught fire when the garage door short-circuited the wiring in the garage.

He: The neighbors said their kids really enjoyed seeing the fire trucks. I should have been here to put out the fire.

She: But Honey, you couldn't be. We were in jail.

He: I know. I know. . .

She: But look at it this way: things could be worse.

He: They could?

She: We could be bitter toward each other.

He: Yep. We could be heading for divorce court, like the boss and his wife.

She: You could be in love with another woman. We could be so wealthy that we think more about money than we do about each other.

He: We could be lonely . . .

She: We could be lost right now, with no faith in Christ.

He: I guess you're right . . . You're always right. (*They kiss.*)

She: That's because I'm with you. God knew what He was doing when He put us together.

He: (*down about himself*) Yeah . . . sure.

She: I'm serious. Look, we can still enjoy our night.

He: But we don't have any money. I lost my job, our car, half of our house—there's really nothing to enjoy.

She: Sure there is. We have each other. Hey, I have something for you. (*She pulls a CD or a cassette from her purse.*)

He: "The Best of Glen Miller and the Big Band Sound!" I've been looking all over town for this one.

She: I know. (*She sticks it in the boom box. They sit close and hold hands, listening to "String of Pearls."*)

She: I've been saving this for a special occasion.

He: I think this would definitely rate as a special night.

She: I love you.

He: I love you. Happy anniversary.

She: Happy anniversary. Let's go to bed and enjoy the stars

through our new skylight.

He: Skylight?

She: The fire burned a hole through the ceiling in our bedroom. I've always wanted one of those.

He: You have? Well, tomorrow, Sweetheart, I'm going to get a window kit at the hardware store and install a skylight permanently.

She: But we've got to plead not guilty at our arraignment for the terrorism charge.

He: Oh yeah, I forgot. (*beat*) Did I hear thunder?