

Chapter Forty-Five

Feeling depressed, Connie had taken a hot bath, made a pot of tea and, bundled in a fluffy terry cloth robe, sat huddled on her living room couch. She had been lost in a sea of emotions when the phone rang.

"How are you feeling, honey?" Diane asked.

"It changes from minute to minute," Connie replied, while speaking on a cordless phone and staring at a blinking street light.

"I had hoped that you'd settle into the change with the passage of time."

"C'mon, Diane, it's only been a few days and I'm still not sure I did the right thing."

"Heard from John, I mean, the senator?"

"Yeah, he got served yesterday and called me last night all irate."

"How did you deal with that?"

"I couldn't get a word in edgewise, I finally hung up on him."

"Good for you."

"I don't know what I'm going to do, Diane," Connie remarked, soulfully.

"About what?"

"I don't feel comfortable in this house anymore."

"Well, you can't leave it now or you'd risk losing it in the divorce."

"Yeah, I've heard that but I need to check it out with Donovan because I keep thinking that John will come barging through the front door. I couldn't deal with that."

"We should get you out of that funk. How about lunch?"

"Thanks, but it's eleven-thirty in the morning and I feel like I could go back to sleep."

"Sounds like depression to me."

"Maybe," she whispered, tearfully.

"What you need is some excitement to take your mind off of this whole mess."

"Excitement? I think I've got all I can handle right now."

"Not the kind I'm thinking of."

"OK, what did you have in mind?" she asked, with a tone of disinterest.

"A trip to the club, maybe?"

"I don't know, Diane, I don't think that I could muster the proper frame of mind."

"Well, while you're sitting home feeling sorry for yourself, replay that night at the club and see if it doesn't get your juices flowing and remember, today is Friday, always a big turnout."

"I don't know ..."

"What if your friend shows up, you wouldn't want to disappoint him, would you?"

"Let's talk later, right now I need to sleep."