

*Ed and Norm sit lost in thought, remembering good times past.*

NORM

How's Maggie?

ED

How do you always know what I really need to talk about?

NORM

These days I know more than you could ever imagine.

ED

But you always knew.

NORM

We were really twins separated at birth.

ED

Really?!

NORM

Your poor mother...

ED

...and yours.

*Ed takes another drink of his scotch and chuckles.*

NORM

Maggie?

ED

She's not gettin' better. Somedays doesn't remember my name even.

NORM

Can she still dance?

ED

She can still dance. I liked that you told me to dance with her. Sometimes we waltz or just slow dance, real slow.

NORM

Bet she remembers you then, even if she doesn't know your name.

ED

I hope so. I sure remember her. Every minute. Every smile. Every wonderful moment.

*Ed's eyes meet Norm's. There is a connection like they are both remembering.*

ED

What happens at the end?

NORM

What do you mean?

ED

How will I know when to let her go? How will she know?

NORM

Not sure I can say.

ED

Can't or won't. (*Silence.*) I didn't mean that. You would, if you could.

NORM

Yeah, I would. (*Silence.*)