

# Dinner With The Boys

By Kirsten Bakstran

---

“So,” she says, “where were you all night?” Peter looks at his wife, exasperated. She didn’t waste any time this go around, pouncing on him the moment his sandal crossed the threshold. As if he didn’t have enough going on.

“I told you I was going out with the boys.” Abigail had been sitting at the kitchen table for what Peter would guess was hours, and her eye-roll told him that she was prepared to argue for at least as long.

“Always with the boys,” Abigail scoffs. “You said you were going to hang out with them for a little bit, and now here you are getting home at practically the crack of dawn”

“Well, it turned into a bit of a dinner thing, and I couldn’t miss it,” Paul replies, trying to avoid Abigail’s glare.

“You know Mara down the street, who’s engaged to James.” Abigail says. “Well he was telling her for weeks that he was hanging out with his brother. Finally, one night she decides to go out too and she runs into him with that girl Mary. I thought, what a fool she was to get duped like that, and yet, here I am, the fool spending night after night waiting for you to get home from hanging out with *‘the boys’*” she says, adding air quotes for emphasis. Peter knows when the air quotes come out, he’s really in for it.

“Baby, baby, it’s not like that. I promise! I mean, really, how many times do I have to deny this?” he says. Abigail considers him for a moment.

“Okay then how about next time you’re all going for a nice dinner, I come with you.”

“You know I love you and that I’d love to have you around, but the boys wouldn’t like it.” Peter says sheepishly. “And it’s nothing to do with you,” he adds quickly, seeing Abigail’s eyebrows shoot up. “It’s just that it’s our thing, no wives or girlfriends allowed.”

Abigail gets up suddenly and points out the open window. “So you’re really telling me if I went over and knocked on Paul’s door right now, he would tell me I’m not allowed at a single one of these *‘get-togethers’*. Not even one?” There were those air quotes again.

“I’m sorry baby, I didn’t make the rules, that’s just the way it has to be. But why don’t I take you out soon. Somewhere nice. How about that place you’ve been talking about with the nice wine and the candle-lit tables” There’s a pause.

“I do like when they’ve got the light like that. The flickering overhead candles always—”

“–give me a migraine,” Peter says, finishing the sentence with her. He can see that she’s holding back a bit of a smile. Finally she gives in, taking a step closer to him. There’s just something about Peter that no matter what he does, she can’t help but forgive him. “I’ve got a great wine guy too,” Peter adds with a sly look “if we wanna do a romantic dinner at home instead.”

“How about tomorrow night?” she says, this time with a full grin.

“Ooooh tomorrow night” Peter grimaces, sucking the air in between his teeth. Abigail’s smile is snuffed out like a candle. She takes a step back, sizing him up.

“Let me guess,” she sneers.

“Babe, wait.”

“Jesus,” Abigail says with another eye roll.

“Babe, you have to understand. He said something really big is coming and it won’t come again for a realllly long time, so I’ve got to be ready. It’s important”

“Yeah, well I can predict something big is gonna come your way too if I don’t get some quality time with you soon. It’s called me going to live with my sister in Philly”

“Look, Abs, please,” Peter pleads.

“God forbid you miss just one of these hang-outs.”

“Exactly, you get it then!” Peter says, but given Abigail’s furrowed brow, he knows she doesn’t.

“It’s just gonna be a crazy three days, but then you won’t have to worry about this again.”

“You promise?” she says tentatively,

“Yes, I can definitely promise that was the last supper for the boys.”

“I just love you so much Peter,” Abigail says, her eyes starting to well up, “and recently it feels more like you’re married to those 12 guys instead of me.” Peter’s heart aches to see his wife in such pain. He quickly wraps her up in an embrace.

“I love you so much too, Abs. I’ll make more of an effort okay, I promise.” The two continue to hug as the sun starts to rise outside.