

A Monday Morning in New York...

Rose: They have you for 9 to 5, but I get to have you for the rest of my life.

Jack: What?

Rose: You're the grilled cheese to my tomato soup.

Jack: Are you okay?

Rose: You are the only person I see. Everything else in my life is blurry and out of focus, and I can't seem to concentrate. Remarkably, everything is also exceptionally clear. I know who I am and what I want, and what I want is you.

Jack: I'm in a meeting Rose, are you having trouble with your vision? I'll be there in 30.

Rose: No, Jack. I'm trying to make you smile.

Jack: What?

Rose: I googled ... wait..

Jack: Oh, I'll wait for this.

Rose: I googled text messages to make him smile.

Jack: Why on earth?

Rose: I know you were stressing out about today's meeting so I thought I'd make you smile before it started.

Jack: Do you think it worked?

Rose: You'd have to send me a selfie.

Jack: A selfie? When I'm in a meeting... And again...a selfie? I don't even know how many times I've used the word selfie in my life.

Rose: The meeting already started?

Jack: Yes.

Rose: Why are you texting back if you're in the meeting? Wasn't it supposed to be at 11AM?

Jack: They landed earlier. Did you need something from me?

Rose: Yes, I would love to see your face today. Maybe a smile? For me?

Jack: You saw it two hours ago.

Rose: Almost three. I'm not allowed to miss your face?

Jack: I'm in a meeting with fifteen people.

Rose: Who is talking right now?

Jack: I don't know.

Rose: Then you can take a sneaky selfie. For your wife?

Jack: I'll do anything for my beautiful wife. But I draw the line at taking a selfie when I'm in a meeting.

Rose: With a smile.

Jack: What?

Rose: I want a selfie with a smile. Not a grumpy face.

Jack: Rose...

Rose: You just smiled. I know it. You did, didn't you?

Jack: I'm busy. Aren't you busy at the coffee shop too? Didn't you run away before I could properly kiss you goodbye?

Rose: I knew it. And, I am. But I always have time for you. And sometimes your goodbye kisses makes me late.

Jack: And?

Rose: I can't complain. You're right.

Jack: Good. I'll be there soon.

Rose: No, stay away from me. I have work to do.

Jack: We need to head home for a bit.

Rose: Why?

Jack: Because I need to be alone with you.

Rose: Come by the coffee shop. I'll buy you a coffee and a brownie I baked this morning. New recipe.

Jack: Too many eyes. Too much noise. And Sally won't give us a moment before barging in for random things.

Rose: I'm shaking my head right now. What do you have in mind?

Jack: You'll see. I need to go, they're asking me questions.

Rose: Are you giving them your grumpy face.

Jack: I don't have a grumpy face.

Rose: Are your sleeves rolled up?

Jack: What?

Rose: Make sure to keep them down. I miss you.

Jack: I can leave right now.

Rose: No, they need you in that meeting. We'll meet at the apartment.

Jack: I'll pick you up.

Rose: I can walk.

Jack: And I can pick you up.

Jack: Rose?

Jack: Are you there?

Rose: What happened?

Jack: You didn't answer.

Rose: You're in a meeting.

Jack: I can text you and focus on them too.

Rose: You hate texting.

Jack: Maybe you've changed me.

Rose: Oh I definitely changed you. No doubt.

Jack: Yeah?

Rose: Oh, yes. Now that you love texting me, you're the absolute perfect man for me.

Jack: And you're the love of my life, Rose.

Rose: After Amelia, I assume.

Jack: What is the count for today?

Rose: 124 coffees! and I lost count on the pastries. And I'm sorry but you're still not good at changing the topic.

Jack: Great sweetheart.

Rose: I think I want you.

Jack: I'm leaving.

Rose: No, I was just saying. There is only one hour till your lunch break.

Jack: Too late, I left the room.

My phone started ringing and I couldn't keep the smile on my face contained. I walked into the kitchen where it was relatively quieter, which wasn't much.

"What? Jack, did you just get up and leave the room?"

"I said emergency."

I laughed, causing Sally to give me a curious look over her shoulder.

"Did you just say the word emergency and leave?"

"Yeah, why?"

"No explanations?"

"Why should I give them explanations?"

"Yeah. Okay. But, why did you do that?" I asked.

"You said you wanted me."

"I didn't say leave the meeting. I was just saying how much I missed you."

"Doesn't matter, I missed you more. I'm on my way."

"Are we going to stay on the phone till you get here?"

"Do you want to?"

"I do."

"Then we'll stay on the phone."

"You really love me, don't you? Still?"

"Still? What kind of question is that? You have doubts?"

"Our five year marriage plan is about to come to an end, I'm making a list of things I want."

"Good. We'll schedule a meeting."

"Are you making a list too?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I don't need to."

"We'll make our list together, then we'll have the meeting and argue about it. It'll be fun. Amelia wants to go to Parker's house and I said—"

"No."

"You didn't even listen to what I said to her."

"It's a no. She is five. She isn't going to this boys house."

"It's this boy's birthday on Wednesday."

"If it was any other boy, I'd be fine. But not Parker."

"Why? What's wrong with him?"

"Nothing. He looks at her a little too much. And she keeps giggling when he whispers something to her ear. Why would a five-year-old need to whisper anything. And he keeps giving her pencils. I don't like him."

"They invited us too. And we both know you'll say okay when Amelia asks you herself."

"If we're going too, we'll think about it."

"She got you wrapped around her little finger."

"So do you, Rose."

I paused. There wasn't a moment where I felt unloved by Jack, but sometimes his feelings for me, the intensity of it hit me like a brick.

"I love you, Jack. I hope you know that."

I heard him let out a soft breath.

"Of course I know. I love you too, sweetheart."

I heard some giggles coming from the background.

"Who's is with you?"

"I'm on the elevator with six school kids. They're staring at me."

My smile got bigger.

"I love you so much, Jack Hawthorne. Come quick, okay?"

"Got it."