FAYE and MAX side

FAYE: Excuse me, I'm sorry to bother you, but I'm looking for Deena's Desserts. It's a bakery on Fillmore Avenue.
MAX: Yeah, it's a couple of blocks over. (*Directing her*) After you exit the park, go down the end of this road…. (*Recognizing her*) Faye? Faye Lawson? Is that you?
FAYE: Yes, how did you know my name?
MAX: It's me. Max, …Max Green, from Ravenhill High.
FAYE: Max Green!? (*Max nods, smiling*) I don't believe it! How long has it been?
MAX: Must be around 35 years by now.
FAYE: 35 years. How have you been!?
MAX: Good, good, and you?
FAYE: Just fine, thanks. What have you been up to?
MAX: I'm working as a manager at a storage facility.
FAYE: Storage facility? What do you store?
MAX: Whatever people don't want to deal with anymore, a lot of papers and old files. We're kind of like Iron Mountain, only smaller. How about you?
FAYE: I'm a Buyer for Bloomingdales.
MAX: Bloomingdales. You buy new, expensive clothes.
FAYE: I do.
MAX: That sounds like more fun than storing old files.
FAYE: You'd be surprised how tedious it can be at times. So, how's your family? I remember your mom, she was so sweet.
MAX: Mom passed away 5 years after we graduated….cancer.
FAYE: Oh, I'm sorry. That must have been rough. I lost my dad to cancer last year. It's a terrible disease.
MAX: You can say that again. Sorry about your dad. So, you must be married by now with lots of kids.
FAYE: No, actually, I'm not.
MAX: You're kidding? A nice girl like you? You must have gone into hiding. Otherwise, guys would be lined up waiting to ask you out.
FAYE: Oh, that's so sweet. No, I'm not hiding. I guess the right man hasn't come along yet. How about you?
MAX: Me? Oh, I'm married.
FAYE: That figures…I mean that's nice. Any kids?
MAX: Two, a boy and a girl, 29 and 23.
FAYE: Where did you two meet?
MAX: College. We were in the same dorm.
FAYE: Well, that sounds cozy.
MAX: Yeah, we were a lot younger then.
FAYE: Weren't we all.

FAYE and MAX side

MAX: So, what brings you around here?
FAYE: I was going to the bakery to order a birthday cake for my sister. She's turning 50 next week.
MAX: 50, that's a big birthday. Well, Deena's got some great cakes over there. You shouldn't have a problem finding something.
FAYE: Do you come here often?
MAX: Yeah, me and my friend, Ira, meet here every week for a game or two of chess.
FAYE: Chess, really. How long have you been playing?
MAX: Too long. Ira's been beating me pretty bad lately. We're switching next week to Poker.
FAYE: Poker? You should challenge him to a game of Clue, Mr. Green. (*She smiles*)
MAX: Clue! I love that game! We used to play that all the time in high school.
FAYE: I remember. You were so good at it that everybody thought you had a hand in creating the game and named one of the characters after yourself.
MAX: You remember that, huh? (*She nods*) And you always were Miss Scarlet.
FAYE: The lady in red.
MAX: Those were fun times. I haven't played in years.
FAYE: What about with your kids?
MAX: They passed that stage a while ago. They wouldn't be interested.
FAYE: Have you asked them?
MAX: They're all grown up now. My son, Matt, moved out West. He's in California trying to break into the film business.
FAYE: That sounds exciting! He acts?
MAX: A little bit. He's more interested in writing and directing.
FAYE: How about your daughter?
MAX: Maggie, she's still close by. She lives in an apartment about 40 minutes away. She works and goes to NYU – that doesn't leave much time for board games. Occasionally, we'll go to a baseball game together. It gives us a chance to catch up.
FAYE: I understand. Life does get busy for all of us. Well, it was good seeing you again, Max.