

Becca: I made some lemon squares.

Jason: Thank you.

Becca: Can I get you some milk or something? I don't have any soda. Unless you want seltzer.

Jason: No thanks. Really, I'm okay.

Becca: All right. But let me know if you change your mind.

Jason: It's good.

Becca: Thank you.

Jason: Still warm. So, you're moving?

Becca: We're thinking about it. If we can find a buyer.

Jason: It's a nice house. I hope you find one as nice as this.

Becca: We'll probably go smaller. This is too big.

Jason: So, I don't see any photos anywhere.

Becca: Of Danny?

Jason: Yeah.

Becca: Well, we put most of them away. Because of the open house.

Jason: Okay.

Becca: Do you *want* to see pictures? Because I could—

Jason: No thank you.

Becca: Okay.

Jason: The one in the article was nice though. Him at the beach.

Becca: That's at Anneport Bay.

Jason: I used to have a shirt just like that one. The one he's wearing in the picture.

I might've been going too fast. That day. I'm not sure, but I might've been. So. . . that's one of the things I wanted to tell you. It's a thirty zone. And I might've been going thirty-three. Or thirty-two. I would usually

look down, to check, and if I was a little over, then I'd slow down obviously. But I don't remember checking on your block, so it's possible I was going a little too fast. And then the dog came out, really quick, and so I swerved a little to avoid him, not knowing, obviously. . . So that's something I thought you should know. I might've been going a little over the limit. I can't be positive either way though.

Becca: I'm gonna get you some milk. You don't have to drink it if you don't want it.

Jason: Okay.

Becca: So you're a senior; you must have a prom coming up then.

Jason: It was last Saturday actually.

Becca: And you went?

Jason: Yeah.

Becca: Do you have a girlfriend or—

Jason: No. I mean, I *did*, but we broke up a while ago, so I went with this girl Carly who's just a friend, and this other girl Tina went with this guy Jake whose dad owns this old-fashioned Rolls-Royce that he brings to car shows and stuff, so we all went in that together.

Becca: That must've been fun.

Jason: Yeah, it was a tight squeeze though, because no one wanted to sit up front, but it worked out. We had champagne in the back—not to get drunk or anything, just to celebrate—but Carly is really skinny so she got a little tipsy, even though she barely had like one glass of champagne. And she kept telling the driver to put the top down because she wanted to stand up in the back and act crazy, but the car wasn't even a convertible, so we essentially made fun of her the entire night for that. That part was pretty funny.

Becca: I'm sorry.

Jason: No, that was stupid of me.

Becca: I asked.

Jason: Still, I shouldn't have—should I go?

Becca: No. I'm fine. I'm sorry. So did you have a good time? At the prom?

Jason: It was okay.

Becca: Well it sounds like it was very nice. I liked that story you sent by the way. I'm sorry we never thanked you for it.

Jason: That's okay.

Becca: We appreciated it. So the scientist that the boy is looking for. . .

Jason: Yeah?

Becca: Is that your dad?

Jason: No.

Becca: I mean, is it based on him?

Jason: No. My dad was an English teacher.

Becca: Oh. Okay. I was just curious about that part. He is dead though, right?

Jason: It's just a story.

Becca: No, I know. I'm sorry. It's none of my business. I was just. . .

Jason: Reading into it?

Becca: Yeah. Well, anyway, I liked it very much. It reminded me of Orpheus and Eurydice. Do you know that Greek myth?

Jason: Not really.

Becca: Eurydice dies, and Orpheus misses her so much, that he travels to Hades to retrieve her, but in the end it doesn't work out.

Jason: I should read it.

Becca: Yeah, it's similar. But instead of Hades, you have the rabbit holes. The Parallel universes. It's interesting. I liked that part.

Jason: Thank you.

Becca: Is that something you believe in?

Jason: Parallel universes?

Becca: Yeah.

Jason: Sure. I mean, if space is infinite, which is what most scientists think, then yeah, there *have* to be parallel universes.

Becca: There *have* to be?

Jason: Yeah, because infinite space means. . . it means it goes on and on forever, so there's a never-ending stream of possibilities.

Becca: Huh. So somewhere out there, there's a version of me—what?—making pancakes?

Jason: Sure.

Becca: Or at a waterpark.

Jason: Wherever, yeah. Both. If space is infinite. Then there are tons of you's out there, and tons of me's.

Becca: And so this is just the sad version of us.

Jason: I guess.

Becca: But there are other versions where everything goes our way.

Jason: Right.

Becca: And those other versions *exist*. They're not hypothetical, they're actual, *real* people.

Jason: Yeah, assuming you believe in science.

Becca: Well that's nice thought. That somewhere out there I'm having a good time.