

# Before the Dance

*by* Matt DeVirgiliis

The house was all but empty. Just a pair of rocks glasses sat on the hardwood floor in the center of the living room.

A man walked through the house, examining each room, making sure nothing was left, a whiskey bottle in his hand. Most of the furniture had sold already; the leftovers were in the driveway. He made his way to the living room and sat down next to the glasses.

A woman walked in from the kitchen. She sat next to him as he poured what was left in the whiskey bottle into each glass. "They could've given us more time to make a payment," he said.

"It's been eight months," she said. "Too long."

They sipped their whiskey and held hands.

"There's a three-car garage here; a pool; a basketball hoop," he said.

"Memories that you'll take with you. We can start fresh. Rent. Not be shackled to one spot."

They finished their whiskey and the man shook the empty bottle. "We're out," he said.

"I'm going to a hotel," said the woman.

"I think I'll stay here one last night," he said, "but I need more whiskey."

They got up, walked to the door, and looked around the bare house. He put his hand on the small of her back as they walked outside into the crisp Spring dusk and he closed the door.

