**“Nine People Dancing to Good Country Music” #2**  
by Lee Blessing  
EVE  
*Eve is an older woman who has been “happily” married for years with one kid. She just recently has left her child and husband, and moved to Texas with a stranger to buy a bar. She is visited by her niece who she has not spoken to in six months.*  
I had something with him alright. Maybe that was marriage, who knows? (Pause) Oh Robert. I can’t believe it sometimes when I think of the things he used to make me do. They were deadly things. Honey, your “uncle Robert” is a deadly human being. Deadly dull. Robert is a terminally boring man. That’s nothing to laugh about. In fact, he’s the most boring man possible: he’s a professor of Latvian. And when you’re a professor of Latvian, there’s only eight other people in the whole world who care. I discovered I wasn’t one of ‘em, and I knew I was in trouble right then. “Cause he kept trying to make me one, kept demanding that I care who the kings—or whatever they were—of ancient Latvia were. And the more I said, “No baby, I am not interested to learn about the Hanseatic League,” the angrier he’d get. And you know, the angrier he got the cooler and more logical he’d be. That’s when it really got dangerous. “Cause then he’d prove to me, literally prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that I could not go through another day without becoming a dedicated scholar of Baltic Studies. So, after a few hours of listening to him, I would numbly nod my head, pick up some learned paper by a colleague of his—one of the eight—and study it like a little schoolgirl with her homework assignment before bed. And he would just sit there beaming at me. The next morning I always woke up knowing the coordinates of Riga and wondering how to kill my husband. (Pauses) Well I knew that wasn’t a healthy situation. And about that time I met Jim, while changing planes—the luckiest connection of my life—and he took one look at me and knew just what to say. “I got a bar in Houston. Interested?” and I was.