

Sadly, gallons of liquor, champagne, and ten thousand miles of distance can't even cleave you from the job. After eleven drunken days on the beach and a Dylan Thomas bar tab, I had to call the office to find out where things stood in the ODS case. They faxed me a motion GBC had filed with the court. It was solid, reasonable, and right on every point of law. There was no

way the judge wouldn't at least let them depose George and enough of his employees to find all the holes in our case. I threw the papers in the trash and headed for the pool bar.

"Triple Knob Creek, please, with a splash of ginger ale."

"We don't make triples, sir."

"Why?"

"It's a rule."

"That's the dumbest rule I've ever heard. I'm just going to get two doubles then, which will be even more."

"Two doubles then?"

"In one glass, please."

"Sorry. I can't do that."

"So you can't do quadruples either?"

"No. I don't think the glass will hold that much."

"So you'd give me a quadruple, but not a triple?"

"Why not just get it on the rocks?"

"Maybe I will. Is that as big as a triple?"

"Maybe. Depends on who's pouring. It could be more than a triple."

"You're pouring."

"In that case it would be bigger than a triple."

"So then why not a triple?"

"I don't know. It's not my rule."

"Fine. Can I have it in a to-go cup?"

"Two doubles or on the rocks?"

"Just fill the glass as much as you can. I'm late for dinner."

"Where are you eating?"

"Place up the street."

"You don't know the name?"

"The seafood joint, the first one up the beach."

"Oh yes. I eat there often. Order the steak. It's wonderful."

"Thanks. Sorry about the confusion. I really need a drink."

"Have a nice dinner."