

GIRLFRIEND: Chablish. It's a new wine they have out from California. This is the first time I read the name on the label, and it's called Chablish, and "marries the crisp apple tartness of a true Chablis grape with the taste mall-going Americans want out of blush wines. Chablish is delish". Care for some?

BOYFRIEND: Are you drunk?

GIRLFRIEND: I've had a glass of wine, if that's what you mean, but I would hardly say that I'm drunk. Does it look like I'm drunk?

BOYFRIEND: No.

GIRLFRIEND: Does it sound like I'm drunk?

BOYFRIEND: No.

GIRLFRIEND: Am I stumbling and drooling all over the emergency exit strip-lights?

BOYFRIEND: No.

GIRLFRIEND: Well then, I must not be drunk.

BOYFRIEND: Oh, brother.

GIRLFRIEND: (*approaching BOYFRIEND*) I might be in love. Maybe that's what you think I am.

BOYFRIEND: Really?

GIRLFRIEND: Mmm-hmm.

BOYFRIEND: With who?

GIRLFRIEND: Whom.