Athena clicked her heels over the rung on the barstool and held up a hand to stop Charlie.

“Remember how we thought he worked for the Washington Wizards as a marketing manager or something?” She asked.

“Sure,” Charlie said. “That’s actually a pretty cool job if you think about it.”

“It would be, but that’s not what he does. Take a guess.” Athena said, crossed her arms.

“Is he a ball boy? Because that’s going to be the funniest thing you’ve said all year,” Rose guessed, taking a sip of her mojito.

“Nope. But close- he actually sweeps the floors in between games and during the games. With the big broom that requires you to really put your back into it,” Athena sighed.

Both her friends burst into laughter.

“At least he has a job!” Charlie commented.

“At least he was straight?” Rose asked cautiously. After going on three dates with Damon and then his reveal that he finally felt comfortable enough to tell me he was really more comfortable with men, Rose knew it was a good idea to broach this subject with care.

“He was as straight at the broomstick he pushed. He even waved to me halfway through the game when they sent him out on the floor. Guys, he took me to a Wizards game where I sat by myself and waved to my date from the bleachers. We weren’t even *together* on the date. “ I said, sighing.

Rose was on board with me in agreement that this wasn’t the worst date I’d been on yet but that it was definitely a good Happy Hour story. Charlie was more optimistic, believing that you have a kiss a few frogs before a prince comes along.

“So what’s the total?” Rose asked.

“I’ve been out with six men. One gay, two who disappeared into thin air, one who asked me to pick him up in Silver Spring due to his DUI, one who bored me to death during a one-hour dinner, and one guy who was nice enough but we didn’t have any chemistry. Those are not good odds, Charlie. I’m really starting to believe the hype that women just can’t date in DC.”

“And you haven’t even had a power-hungry guy who is too self-important to even be interested in getting to know you yet. Trust me, those guys are everywhere in this city.”

“We’ll find the right ones, it just might take a while to weed through the low-level applicants.” Charlie stated confidently.

“Is this some kind of a job interview? You’ve got applicants?” Rose chuckled. “This- this right here, this is why I don’t date in DC.”

“No, you don’t date in DC because the last guy you went on a date with was a high-level employee in a Senator’s office trying to set up a side fling by taking you to restaurants at the end of the red line so his wife wouldn’t know about it.” Charlie said. If Charlie had made this comment to anyone else who had recently gone through Rose’s experience, it could have initiated a fight. But Rose was so naturally cynical that she found is easier to laugh at herself than others. It allowed her to transition through the stages of grief post-attempted relationship much more quickly than I did.

“You’re proving my point. Maybe there’s no one out there. I’ll keep showing up for these weekly sessions to hear about your adventures, but I’m out. I’m in stage two of five of becoming a crazy cat lady and things are progressing nicely on that front. I feel much more confident about my ability to nail that life goal down,” Rose said, winking.

“One more drink?” Charlie asked.

“Yep. I’m going to need it. I have a date with a life insurance salesman later, and I half suspect the date will be a sales pitch about needing to protect my future,” I said, downing the rest of my glass of red wine.