We grabbed two coffees and a booth for our usual round of Saturday catch-up at the local diner. We talked about how the comedy scene was slowly turning around (finally!).

We had we’d been born fifteen or twenty years earlier, when San Francisco was one of the top cities in the country work, when Robin Williams performed several nights a week.

Back then, Margaret Cho left home at sixteen hit the road; now, at seventeen, usually had to lie our way into the clubs. The Punch Line wouldn’t let us in without a parent – they kidding? Because we were still sixteen, no gig was a waste, not for Conan or Letterman might spot us that for someday and ask us to perform.

Although the school year had just begun, Saturday morning yak-fest was fast becoming a senior-year routine. It never got Abby sixteen and present my inch closer to playing clubs, but it reassured us that weren’t wasting our time practicing into recorders and mirrors for nothing, that actually might have a minuscule shot.
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