History Professor
Mystery Novelist
Photographer

HISTORY PROFESSOR. How's the house?

MYSTERY NOVELIST. Good. Good.

HISTORY PROFESSOR. If you want, I could come over, take care of some chores. Change a few light bulbs.

MYSTERY NOVELIST. That would be nice. If it's not too much trouble. I'm sure you got a lot going on.

HISTORY PROFESSOR. I wouldn't want to intrude.

MYSTERY NOVELIST. It would be nice.

HISTORY PROFESSOR. If you want. Just for a few minutes. I don't have to stay long if you don't want.

MYSTERY NOVELIST. It's quiet in the house.

HISTORY PROFESSOR. You like it like that.

MYSTERY NOVELIST. I do. Sometimes.

PHOTOGRAPHER. He thinks about the red couch. He thinks about her. He thinks about her on the red couch. He sighs. She doesn't recognize this sigh. She thinks he is impatient to get away.

MYSTERY NOVELIST. Sorry if I'm keeping you.

HISTORY PROFESSOR. Not at all. How's the novel?

MYSTERY NOVELIST. Getting there. How's the research?

HISTORY PROFESSOR. Frustrating.

(Beat.)

I miss you.

PHOTOGRAPHER. She didn't expect that.

MYSTERY NOVELIST. You do? What do you miss?

HISTORY PROFESSOR. Everything.

PHOTOGRAPHER. And he means it. She thinks she might miss everything about him too. Almost everything? Everything. Last night she found his fingernail clipping on the rug and almost cried. But she doesn't say that. Instead she says –

MYSTERY NOVELIST. You can move back in if you want.

PHOTOGRAPHER. She surprises herself by saying this.

HISTORY PROFESSOR. [redacted]