Librarian
Hardware Store Owner

(You don't have to memorize this number. Keep saying numbers. If they laugh, say one more number after the laugh. If not, just stop eventually. Always end on one.)

LIBRARIAN. One.

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. Got it.

LIBRARIAN. I like those light bulbs.

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. They're really good. We sell them a lot.

PHOTOGRAPHER. This isn't really the conversation either of them wish they were having right now. How did we get here? Two weeks after the prom there was a fight.

(Lights change. The **LIBRARIAN** *and the* **HARDWARE STORE OWNER** *fight.)*

Who can say what it was really about? Fear of the future. Loss of control. Worry. The problem of independent personalities.

LIBRARIAN. You're just like your father!

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. You're like your mother!

LIBRARIAN. You're a stubborn jerk!

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. You're mean!

LIBRARIAN. Stop looking at me with those stupid eyes in that stupid face.

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. What do you know about it?

LIBRARIAN. You're a selfish slob!

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. You don't ever understand me!

LIBRARIAN. You don't understand me.

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. I wish I never had to deal with you ever again.

LIBRARIAN. Then maybe we should break up.

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. Maybe we should.

(Lights change.)

PHOTOGRAPHER. It was never supposed to happen. Or it was never supposed to last long. When I asked him