Librarian

Scene Five
The Librarian and the Photographer

(Projected: the graveyard. The **LIBRARIAN** *walks to the grave of The* **PHOTOGRAPHER**. *The* **PHOTOGRAPHER** *watches.)*

~~**PHOTOGRAPHER**. She — this. So this is happening. At my~~ ~~The Librarian~~

LIBRARIAN. Hi. This is weird. Hi. I wanted to... I saw Charlie. I went to see Charlie, I mean. Wow. This is hard. I. Well, I guess I came for your blessing? I know we were never what you'd call the best of friends. Not that we – I don't have any animosity. I understood. I wanted good things for you. Better than what happened. I mean that. I'm not bitter. I'm resigned. I have my tea. I have my books. I'm not complaining. I don't want an exciting life. But that's not what I came to say. It's been a long time. When I let him go all those years ago. I guess what I'm saying is, I want him back. Which is to say get to know who he has become. But I can't do that if I don't feel like it's okay with you. I've come to you to formally make peace so that he and I – what am I saying? He doesn't want me. He has his own life. His own ways. It can't work. And he doesn't need more love. The love you had was enough for life. Wasn't it? I'm sorry to bother you. Please rest. Peacefully. Sorry.

(~~GRAVEDIGGER has entered during this. He~~ has arms full of flowers.)

GRAVEDIGGER. Renee.

LIBRARIAN. ~~Hi~~ Earl. How's your mother?

GRAVEDIGGER. Good. Good. She crochets now.

LIBRARIAN. It's good to stay busy.

GRAVEDIGGER. Is it?

LIBRARIAN. When you came in, did you hear me, talking to the gravestone?