

KARI. What about your girlfriend?

PETER. *(Totally taken aback.)* We don't live together, who told you I had a girlfriend?

KARI. I don't know, everyone in town who comes into the bank always feels compelled to tell me every little thing about you whenever they hear something.

PETER. You've known I've got a girlfriend all night?

KARI. Sure. Her name's Lou Ann or something?

PETER. Lou-Marie. But could we —

KARI. (*Rushing over his previous line.*) And she's a painter or something, right?

PETER. Yeah, but could we really not talk about this?

KARI. What does she paint?

PETER. Why didn't you say anything?

KARI. I was waiting to see if you'd bring her up, what does she paint? Tell me.

PETER. Still lifes.

KARI. Like fruit in a bowl and shit?

PETER. Yeah, like fruit in a bowl. And shit. But very realistic, it's not quite as dumb as it sounds. It's like you can reach out and touch everything she paints. Like her apples? — are very convincing.

KARI. That must be so great for you.

PETER. Look, I'm the one who said I didn't want to talk about her!

KARI. I know!

PETER. Don't pick on me when you're the one that asked —

KARI. And she's kinda young, isn't she?

PETER. Kari —

KARI. Isn't she?

PETER. I don't know ... what is young nowadays?

KARI. How young is she? Someone else in town'll tell me if I really want to know. How young is she? Thirty?

PETER. (*Ashamed.*) Lower.

KARI. Twenty-eight?

PETER. Lower.

KARI. Twenty-seven?

PETER. Twenty-three.

KARI. *Twenty-three?!*

PETER. Yep.

KARI. Oh my God, Peter, what does she see in you?

PETER. I don't know, what did you see in me?

KARI. Somebody my own age! God!

PETER. I think —

KARI. This is astounding!

PETER. Thank you for saying that, I think what the deal is, is ...

KARI. What?

PETER. I don't know. I think she's too young still to really get how fucked up I am.

KARI. Oh, come on, she must know.

PETER. No, she doesn't.

KARI. Oh, she must.

PETER. Trust me, she doesn't.

KARI. So why didn't you bring her?

PETER. Why are you even talking to me? *(The Narrator traces another shooting star across the sky.)*

KARI. Peter, look! Did you see that?

PETER. Yeah ...

KARI. *(After a beat.)* So why didn't you bring her?

PETER. Oh Jesus, I don't know, Kari. I didn't bring her because ... because I think we're kind of breaking up; or I'm kind of breaking up or something.

KARI. But you two have been together for like a while, right?

PETER. Three years.

KARI. So why are you breaking up with her, is she pregnant?

PETER. *(Taking the hit.)* No, it's just stopped being right.

KARI. Things with Hans and I stopped being right about ten years ago, Peter, we haven't let that keep us from wasting each other's lives, why are you breaking up with her? She's young, she paints fruit. Is there somebody else?

PETER. Kinda.

KARI. What does that mean? You just have your eye on somebody? Who is she? *(Brief pause.)*

PETER. Could I maybe have a little, umm ... champagne?

KARI. Oh, sure. *(She pours him a glass.)* One of the little perks of being on the food committee. Knowing where they hide the champagne.

PETER. Where is it?

KARI. Like I'd tell you. *(Brief pause, while they drink.)* It's under the stage. So who is she?

PETER. You. *(Brief pause.)*

KARI. God