Mr. Wealth
Mrs. Wealth
Mr. Poor
Mrs. Poor

(Both couples enter from opposite entrances of the theatre. Wealthy couple is animated while poor couple is worn out)
(Spotlight focuses on one couple at a time)

Mrs. Wealth: What a lovely affair that was!
Mr. W: Indeed! Now, my fair lady, my stomach is waiting.
Mrs. Wealth: (Goes over and starts making soup) I don't think I ever had as much fun!

Mr. P: The food, the lights, my hand, hurting
Mrs. P: Same
Mr. P: Same what?
Mrs. P: Its all the same, all the nights, all the days
Mr. P: I see, I feel the same too
Mrs. P: Do you think we'll be able to support her enough?
Mr. P: I hope so.
Mrs. P: I have to change, I'll be back. (exits and Mr. P follows right after)

Mr. W: Is it done yet?
Mrs. W: Everything is done, can't go back and change the past
Mr. W: Are you going to bring *THAT* up again?
Mrs. W: No, it's in the past.
Mr. W: But regrets...
Mrs. W: That's not an excuse, everyone is aware of the consequences, yet they act on it
Mr. W: Sometimes one just forgets and follow their desire

Mrs. P: Tired?
Mr. P: Very
Mrs. P: Tired of everything?
Mr. P: Tired of the same.
Mrs. P: Same can be good
Mr. P: But good is often easily mixed with bad
Mrs P: Like love and hate....
Mr. P: Both stem from passion
Mrs P: But both so different
Mr. P: I like different

(Spotlight focuses on both couples) (Lines are spoken continuously)
Both Mrs's: Is that why you did it?

Mrs P: Is different really better?
Mrs. W: Are desires really better?
Both Mr.'s: Better is very broad
Mr. P: It was better before,
Mr. W: not so much now
Both Mrs.'s: So why did you do it?!

Mrs. W: What will people say about us.
Mr: W: No one knows
Mrs. W: I know! My heart is ripped and it beats with despair. My blood leaks out of me!

Mrs. P: Do you even love me now?
Mr. P: Of course I do. (rushes towards her) What I did was a mistake and I won't give up on us, even if the skies get rough.

Both Mrs.'s: Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast

Mrs. W: We could have had it ALL! But you ruined it!
Mr. W:All is vague, no one can have it all, everything is impossible
Mrs W:But we did! We had money, power, and love!
Mr. W: Money was from our parents, power we were born into, and love? Was there really love?
Mrs. W: Here's your stupid soup.
Mr. W: About time woman.

Mrs. P: Are you serious?
Mr P: I'm not...joking
Mrs. P: But, I keep thinking about what you did and it hurts me everytime I look at you!
Mr. P: Then look somewhere else
Mrs. P: The mountains?
Mr. P: Exactly!

Mrs. W: Did you just call me *Woman*, am I just an object made to serve you and only you?
Mr. W: Object? This is hardly objective. In fact, you are being extremely subjective.
Mrs. W: Am I not allowed to once in awhile? Especially when my husband is... is.. out ALL the time!
Mr. W: I am out, making money for your lifestyle!
Mrs. W: What's mine's is your's
Mr. W: Yes!
Mrs. W: NO!
Mr. W: All this quarrelling is making me work up an appetite
Mrs. W: Soup? (nicely)
Mr. W: More please.
Mrs. W: Here you go! (Splashes soup (water) in his face)

Mr. W: Thank you (genuinely, stands)

Mr. P: Life is kind of fair
Mrs. P: Is that so? (quietly)
Mr. P: Everything's a circle, cycle, round, same
Mrs. P: Same? Monotnous? numb?
Mr. P: Yeah, no sense of feeling, not knowing how to react, what to do, what's next?
Mrs. P: Do you wish you felt happy?
Mr. P: Happy doesn't necessarily mean perfect
Mrs. P: Do you want me to be perfect
Mr. P: I love you perfectly imperfect
Mrs. P: It's not the same for me
Mr. P: some imperfections are too much?
Mrs. P: some imperfections are faults
Mr. P: faults can be forgiven right?
Mrs. P: I don't know

(Mr. W is shown bruised)
Mr. W: Please
Mrs. W: You don't have a say anymore
Mr. W: Stop
Mrs. W: Stop what?
Mr. W: Life has become black and blue
Mrs. W: No, life is red
Mr. W: Red is pouring out of you and onto me
Mrs. W: Oh Please, it's your turn to stop (mean girlish, rolling eyes)
Mr. W: I long for air
Mrs. W: Pollution is everywhere.

Mr. P: Burning one coal does not kill the air.
Mrs. P: But it's a start
Mr. P: We can still- (cut off by Mrs. P)
Mrs. P: NO! you can't stop a fire from burning once it starts (worked up)
Mr. P: there's always water
Mrs. P: But the fire has gotten bigger and BIGGER! (passionately) It has caught onto the drapes and its bringing down the house!
Mr. P: home (quietly) Home, not house
Mrs. P: I wish I could tell the world I was coming home. I wish this was home, I wish I had enough water to douse these mocking flames.
Mr. P: The flames don't mock! They can't help who they burn!
Mrs. P: I know

Both Mr.'s: This has gone too far
Both Mrs.'s: Do you think I am an automaton? — a machine without feelings?
Mr. P: I know how you feel. I'm sorry. But no matter what I will fight for this love.
Mr. W: I don't... I .. I'm sorry

Both Mrs.'s: The love we had is gone
Mr. P: So we make a new one.
Mr. W: Then let's work at our love.

Mrs P: I guess there's no other choice
Mrs. W: There is no love to work with
Both Mrs's: This is it

Both Mr.'s: So do you accept me?
Mrs. P: Wise men say only fools rush in, but I can't help who I love,
Mrs. W: just going to stand here and watch us burn.

All: The worst is over, it can only get better from here