

*George stands on a small raised platform.  
George throws a plate at the floor.*

Ben: Why did you do that?

*George shrugs. He throws another.*

Ben: Why are you throwing plates?

*George shrugs. He throws another.*

Ben: You're making such a mess.

George: I am destroying the plates.

Ben: You're making a mess with those plates.

George: Are they plates now? When they are in pieces?

Ben: Clean them up.

George: It was a plate when it was in my hand but-

*George drops another plate*

George: Now it is not.

Ben: Now it is a mess.

*George drops all of the plates*

George: Has that made a difference?

Ben: It's still a mess.

George: Did I make a difference?

Ben: You made a mess.

George: Are you cross that I made a mess, or that I destroyed the plates?

*Ben kicks around some of the broken crockery.*

George: Did you like the plates?

Ben: It doesn't matter.

George: Did you like them?

Ben: It doesn't matter.

George: Did you like me?

Ben: It doesn't matter.

*Ben begins to sweep up the broken crockery*

*George throws a cup at the floor.*

*Ben takes out a gun and shoots George dead. He continues cleaning up the broken crockery.*

-Ends-