It Only Takes a Spark (*PREVIEW)*

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(*Tami’s cooking dinner. Steve enters carrying jacket and briefcase.*)

Steve: Hi, honey.

Tami: Go talk to your son.

Steve: (*beat*) My day was fine, Tami – thanks for asking. How was yours?

Tami: I’m sorry. Hi, honey, I love you, how was your day, great – now, go talk to your son.

Steve: (*putting his stuff down)* Which son would that be?

Tami: The one for whom I spent a miserable hour at the school this afternoon.

Steve: Oh, yeah. I forgot you had that meeting today. Who was it with?

Tami: The gym teacher, Mr. Myers.

Steve: Mr. Myers? With the glasses? That old coot is still alive?

Tami: Yeah, can you believe it?

Steve: I remember Mr. Myers making us do calisthenics for a week when he thought somebody stole his clipboard.

Tami: Well, our affectionate and articulate son apparently looked him in the eye yesterday and called him a blockhead.

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