

*JAMES and FRANK approach each other from opposite sides of the street. They wear torn and burnt suits.*

FRANK

James?

JAMES

Frank!

FRANK

Oh buddy, I can't believe it's you! How you doing?

JAMES

Great, considering!

FRANK

Wow, what are you doing in the city?

JAMES

Trying to find work. You?

FRANK

Selling pickles! Want one?

JAMES

No thanks.

FRANK

What are the chances of us running into each other?

JAMES

Well with things the way they are, fairly high.

FRANK

Yeah you're right!

JAMES

You haven't changed. I hate how agreeable you've always been. Stop agreeing with me. You can make a valid argument.

You can say 'No, Frank, just because there are less people in the city now doesn't mean there's more of a chance of us running into each other. The probability is exactly the same.'

FRANK

Oh, like when you gamble, the more times you play doesn't necessarily mean you have more of a chance of winning. The probability stays the same.

JAMES

I have no idea what you're talking about.

FRANK

Well each person on the street is like, say, a lottery ticket. And if you're the winning lottery ticket and I'm hoping to run into you, there's no more or less of a chance of me getting you with a thousand people on the street or fifty. You see what I'm getting at?

JAMES

Are you gay now?

FRANK

No, James, I'm not.

JAMES

And how are the wife and kids?

FRANK

They died. In the fucking apocalypse.

BLACKOUT