

Adventure Cabaret

I Am a Hoarder

[Divorce scene]

Hoarder: And now I am divorced, all because of a single piece of paper among the tens of thousands of pieces of paper that fill my house. Here's how it happened.

The wife of the hoarder enters.

Wife: Honey, I have a question.

Hoarder: Ok, shoot.

Wife: What is this piece of paper? *(She holds up a small, crumpled piece of paper that looks very old.)*

Hoarder: May I see it?

The wife hands it over.

Hoarder: Oh yeah. This is the receipt for that bicycle I bought.

Wife: You mean the bicycle you ruined by leaving it out in the rain because you brought more junk into the house, and there wasn't any room? The one that is just a rotting, rusted mess that can now never be fixed?

Hoarder: Honey, I've told you before I'm going to get it fixed...some day.

Wife: Oh my God. Can't you see that no one could ever fix it now?

Hoarder: I'll fix it!

Wife: Ok, what is the date on the receipt? *(The hoarder hesitates.)* WHAT IS THE DATE ON THE RECEIPT?

Hoarder: September 14, 1971.

Wife: Can you explain to me why you are keeping a receipt from more than fifty years ago for a bicycle you ruined?

Hoarder: What if I need to take it back?

Wife: To a shop that closed twenty years ago?

Hoarder: Umm...

Wife: Give me that piece of paper. I'm throwing it out. Give it to me!

Hoarder: No! I need it!

Wife: Give me that goddamned piece of worthless paper!

Hoarder: NO! NO...I...I can't.

Wife: You give me that piece of paper, or we're getting a divorce. It's me or that worthless, senseless piece of paper.

The hoarder is frozen, clinging to the piece of paper. The wife approaches him, and he puts his arm behind him, shielding the piece of paper from her grasp. Tenderly, she takes his face in her hands.

Wife: Honey, it's over. I now know that you care more about a single, absolutely worthless piece of paper than you do about me, our marriage, or our entire history. I love you, but you are sick, you are crazy, and I have to leave you. Good luck with everything, and thank you for your honesty just now. It hurts horribly and always will, but I needed to know the truth. Goodbye.

Exits.

Hoarder: And that's how my marriage ended. I've never seen my wife since, but I keep that piece of paper in my pocket all the time. I don't even know why.