

From Mammoth

By Don Zolidis

MATT, 41

BRENT, 43, his brother

Late at night. MATT and BRENT are drunk – in their mother’s basement. At the beginning BRENT is pretending to be asleep on the couch. MATT is preparing to sleep on the floor in a sleeping bag.

BRENT (*like the voice of doom*)

Youuuuu suuuuuuck.

(MATT takes the rolled up sleeping bag and leaps on top of BRENT.)

Aaaaah!

(Struggle.)

(BRENT escapes from the couch and gets out from underneath MATT.)

(They wrestle.)

(BRENT gets the upper hand. He gets on top of MATT and grabs his arms.)

Don’t hit yourself. Why are you going/ to hit yourself?

MATT

Dickhead –

(BRENT forces MATT’s arms to his face.)

BRENT

Why are you hitting yourself Matt? Why are you hitting yourself? Don’t you like yourself?

(MATT struggles to free himself.)

Oh I’m so drunk I’m going to puke.

(BRENT fakes puking on top of MATT, laughs uproariously.)

Oh man that was awesome. That was too fucking awesome.

MATT

Were you asleep or just faking it?

BRENT

That’s what she said. I’m kidding, man. No I was – in and out – was she pissed?

MATT

She’s fine.

BRENT

Sorry, dude. I shouldn’t have had that Long Island.

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MATT

Yeah that was a poor choice.
(*BRENT tries to clear his head.*)

BRENT

Fuck.

MATT

You all right?

BRENT

You know what's crazy? I'm like half-passed out... I'm forty-four years old... and I still kicked your ass.

MATT

Oh fuck you.

BRENT

That's just shameful. You obviously are more sober/ than me

MATT

You surprised me, that's all.

BRENT

I like thoroughly defeated you. You need to work out or something. You don't even/ have a job

MATT

Thanks. Thanks.

BRENT

If I didn't have a job I'd be like cycling around the country/ or climbing mountains

MATT

Sure you would.

BRENT

Or like, you know, self-actualizing or something.

MATT

Great. Well here's a thought – go in and get yourself fired, and then you can self-actualize to your heart's fucking content.

BRENT

I might. I might do that. Become a hermit. Live off the grid. Eat vine-ripened tomatoes.

MATT

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I'm pretty sure you can eat vine-ripened tomatoes now.

BRENT

Yeah. Shit. And I'm missing it.

MATT

Well... at least I have an awesome Star Wars sleeping bag, which is probably about the only thing to my name/ at the moment

BRENT

That one's mine.

MATT

No it's not.

BRENT

Mine was the more comfortable one – you were always trying to steal it. And it has the hole in it.
(MATT finds the hole.)

MATT

Goddamn it. I'm still sleeping in it then. In the nude. And I'm going to roll around in it. Then you can have it back.

BRENT

You know that's been down here for thirty-five years. There's worse stuff in there than your naked ass.

MATT

I doubt that very much. Especially after I lay a few choice bombs in here.

BRENT

Enjoy.

(MATT tries to get into the sleeping bag.)

You're gonna sleep there?

MATT

Yep. I just want to make sure you're downwind. Slumber party time.

BRENT

I'm gonna puke on you in the night, just so you know.

MATT

Looking forward to it.

BRENT

Let me tell you something – you are going to be one awesome catch for some desperate and sad woman out there.

MATT

Oh yeah. Forty-one. Unemployed. Living in my mother's basement?

BRENT

You're like George Costanza except without charisma.

MATT

George Costanza was an only child. He didn't have to go through what I went through.

BRENT

He was also a fictional character.

MATT

That too.

BRENT

You wanna hit the light?

MATT

Yeah.

(MATT gets up, still in the sleeping bag, and hops his way to the light switch.)

BRENT

You are a piece of work.

(MATT flips off the switch, hops back to his spot on the floor. Collapses.)

MATT

Ah fuck. I'm worn out from that. I'm like exhausted.

BRENT

You're pretty pathetic.

(MATT settles in.)

(Pause.)

MATT

You know what the worst part about not having a job is? I don't have anywhere to go.

BRENT

I figured it would have been the total lack of money.

MATT

Well that too. But, you know... like I wake up, and I have nowhere to go, I'm not supposed to be anywhere – and all I'm thinking about is how to kill enough time to make it through another day.

BRENT

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MATT

You know I'm halfway through my life and if you add up everything I've got, you put up all my debts against everything I own, I'd end up in the red. I have less now than the day I was born. My entire existence is underwater.

BRENT

You're probably missing some assets. I'm sure your blood plasma is worth something. And you've got one extra kidney, so you could/ probably

MATT

Fuck you.

BRENT

Sorry. If you start whining I am gonna puke on you.

MATT

Thanks. Thanks for the support.

BRENT

You're gonna be fine.

MATT

I don't really know how you reach that conclusion. Just to make the minimum payment on my credit cards is eight hundred bucks a month – I don't fucking have it. I don't have the money to make that payment next month. I have no prospect of getting that money.

BRENT

Dude. Go to the Olive Garden. Put in an application. This isn't that hard.

MATT

Then I'm gonna have to make to child support payments –

BRENT

Would you stop? Seriously. My head hurts listening to you.

MATT

Fine.

BRENT

Go to sleep. Things'll look better in the morning.

MATT

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You think so?

BRENT

Yes. The sun will come up tomorrow. Go to sleep or I will beat you into unconsciousness.

MATT

All right.

(Pause.)

Brent?

(No answer.)

Thanks.