

From One Good Thing

TRAVIS, 17

NICK, 20

(NICK, a marine, is about to leave for active duty in Iraq. He has some parting advice for his younger brother.)

NICK

You got a girl?

TRAVIS

No.

NICK

Why not?

TRAVIS

I haven't met the right one yet.

(NICK laughs.)

NICK

Yeah, whatever. 'I haven't met the right one yet.' Are you like quoting some stupid movie or something? Oh I'm waiting for true love. Have you ever had a girlfriend?

TRAVIS

Yes.

NICK

Liar.

TRAVIS

I'm not.

NICK

What was her name?

TRAVIS

Jessica.

NICK

You just made that up.

TRAVIS

No I didn't.

NICK
What was her last name?

TRAVIS
Walker.

NICK
What's her phone number?
(*NICK takes out his cell phone.*)
What's her phone number?

TRAVIS
She doesn't have a phone.

NICK
Is she like homeless or something? Did you go out with a homeless girl? Man, that's sad, was she liked passed out the whole time? Gimme the number.

TRAVIS
No.

NICK
You're such a liar. Look—let me give you some advice—you find a girl, it doesn't matter which one, any one, and buy some dinner or whatever—like Olive Garden, take `em someplace nice—

TRAVIS
Is that what you had to do?

NICK
No but I'm better looking than you. Girls bought me dinner.

TRAVIS
They did not.

NICK
Ashley... I don't even remember her last name—remember Ashley?

TRAVIS
The chick with all the acne?

NICK
It cleared up. She bought me dinner.

TRAVIS

She was just grateful cause she had such bad skin.

NICK

No. No—she was hot. All right forget Ashley—Tara, remember her? Tara was hot—and she bought me dinner—and then we made sweet, sweet—

TRAVIS

Great.

NICK

You know why? Check this out.

(He flexes again.)

Oh! Look at it. It's beautiful. You gotta go to the gym or something. What do you weigh? One thirty?

TRAVIS

No.

NICK

What do you bench?

TRAVIS

I don't know. One fifty.

NICK

Yeah right. Let me go get my weights—I wanna see this. I'm gonna put one fifty on the rack and I'm gonna watch you try it and we'll see what happens.

TRAVIS

All right, maybe less than that.

NICK

Maybe less. Maybe. Huh. Man you are such a wuss. I'm so ashamed that I'm related to you. You're like this ghost that warns me of what I could've been if I sucked a lot more.

TRAVIS

Shut up.

NICK

You embarrass me, man. What are you gonna do when I'm gone?

TRAVIS

Sleep better.

NICK

You sleep like twenty hours a day as it is.

TRAVIS

No I don't.

NICK

What do you got to be tired from, it's not like you actually do anything. Sit around—come home from school—play video games—eat—pee—play more video games—you don't have any friends, you don't have a girl, you're sad, man. You're pathetic. I'm glad I'm not you. You know what—when I come back—when I get home—you better not be this worthless piece of crap that I see right now—you know what I'm saying? Get out there. Talk to people. Go to the gym or something. I mean, if you're the future of America, it's pretty sad, you know? You are pretty sad.

TRAVIS

Sorry, I guess my life goal to please you hasn't been achieved.

NICK

That's right, make jokes. What do you think about that, huh? What do you think about the fact that you suck?

(He waits for a response.)

You haven't been thinking about that? Man, if I were you, that's all I'd think about.

TRAVIS

Have fun in Iraq.

NICK

I will. And when I get home—

TRAVIS

Yeah I know.

NICK

I'm serious, Travis.

TRAVIS

I hear Baghdad is nice this time of year.

NICK

It's gonna be nice when I'm through with it. Swimming pools. Palm Trees. Starbucks. We're gonna open a resort.

TRAVIS

Hey um... don't get blown up.

NICK

Don't worry about it.

TRAVIS

Right.

NICK

Yeah, well, keep an eye on things around here, and stop being such a wuss. It's not good for ya. And it wouldn't hurt to get yourself a girl. That's an order, mister.

TRAVIS

Uh huh.

NICK

Bye.

TRAVIS

Bye.

(To read the rest of this play, please contact me at donzolidis@yahoo.com)