

HELEN - TOM

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~~TOM: No, I'm the same way. It's...I'm not big on swallowing anything I saw on Discovery Channel either, believe me... (Smiles) It's good. Promise.~~

~~(HELEN smiles and nods, gobbles something down with her eyes closed. Happy with the results. TOM smiles as he eats something, too. Lets a moment of silence hang)~~

TOM: ...Can I ask you something?

HELEN: No. I'm kidding. Sure, what?

TOM: I meant to ask you this the other night...I mean, when we went to that martini bar... (Beat) You love war movies?

(HELEN smiles over at TOM and nods. Says nothing else)

TOM: Okay, first obvious question. Why?

HELEN: Just because.

TOM: Not fair! That's not an answer...

HELEN: Yes, it is.

TOM: But not a good one. One that tells me anything about you...

HELEN: Ohhh, I see. You're gonna dig deep now, is that it?

TOM: Something like that...little Freud action.

HELEN: Oh, Freud, huh?

TOM: I figured you read his biography.

HELEN: Yes, I have. (Beat) I like war movies because of all the big...long gun barrels.

(This makes TOM laugh and he reaches out for HELEN's hand. He grabs it and squeezes, holding on to it. She notices.)

TOM: Come on! Seriously...

HELEN: O K, O K...I'm... (Beat) You have my hand there, you know.

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TOM: Yeah, I...is that not...?

HELEN: It's fine. Just wanted to ask and see if it was an accident or not.

TOM: Umm...no. It wasn't, no. But...now you're making me self-conscious.

(TOM looks around the restaurant. HELEN notices this, too.)

TOM: I want to....hold it, I mean, if that's O K.

HELEN: Of course.

TOM: Good.

(HELEN and TOM sit and stare at one another for a moment. Silence)

HELEN: I would like to have a bit more of my tuna later...but I can wait.

TOM: Sorry! Shit...

HELEN: I'm kidding you.

(TOM looks at HELEN, then pulls away. Embarrassed. He points at her food.)

TOM: No, you should...that's fine. We can do that after, or walking back to the car or something. We should eat. Yes.

HELEN: Tom...I really was joking.

TOM: I know, but... *(He eats.)* I'm ready for some of mine, too.

(HELEN and TOM both take a bite or two, laughing across the table.)

TOM: So, seriously...what's the deal on the war flicks? You know way too many of those things to've just been reading the *T V Guide* or that kind of thing...

HELEN: Please, I'm a professional.

TOM: Oh, yeah? Prove it.

HELEN: Let's see if you can keep up. Von Ryan's...
Come on, little quiz... Von Ryan's...

TOM: ...Train...no, wait...Express!

HELEN: Lonely are the...

TOM: Brave.

HELEN: Porkchop...

TOM: ...Hill.

HELEN: Kelly's...

TOM: ...Heroes.

HELEN: Aces...

TOM: ...High.

HELEN: Alright, a little bonus round here. Heaven
Knows, Mr....

TOM: Magoo!

HELEN: No, Allison.

TOM: Jesus...and most of those are obscure, too!

HELEN: I know. *(Beat)* I work in audio/visual.

TOM: Well, you're very....except that one.

HELEN: Which?

TOM: *Lonely Are The Brave.*

HELEN: It's a...what?

TOM: A western. Sort of. With Kirk Douglas.

HELEN: Oh, right, no, I mean...is it?

TOM: Yeah. You know, with him on the horse and he's
being chased by, like, guys in helicopters and stuff? It's
that one. It's really good, but, yeah. Western.

HELEN: Huh. *(Considers)* Oh, right, right, yes, I've seen
it, black and white right? But I'm getting the name

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confused. I mean *None But the Brave*. The Frank Sinatra one. On that atoll in the Pacific...

TOM: You're...nobody's seen that one! Alright, this is now, like, an officially quirky side of you. (*Grins*) "Atoll"?

HELEN: Hey, I'm a librarian...

TOM: Uh-uh. "Printed word specialist."

HELEN: Right! (*Laughs*) Anyway, I grew up with 'em, that's all. I have three brothers, plus my dad. They were on all the time, and so I watched a lot of them, or parts of 'em, anyway. All growing up.

TOM: Yeah, me too. I mean, that same scenario. What is it about fathers and those movies? (*Beat*) He also directed that one, too.

HELEN: Your father?

TOM: No...Sinatra! You're funny.

HELEN: Thanks.

TOM: I mean, jolly.

(HELEN and TOM both laugh again. Really enjoying each other now.)

TOM: But, seriously, I wonder. Why?

HELEN: Well...most of them either fought in wars or wanted to, or had some relative who did or whatever. Or they just like watching other guys get shot, that could be it, too.

TOM: Probably right!

HELEN: I'm not joking. I think guys today feel left out, like, guilty about not having to kill things, provide food. All that "Early Man" stuff. (*Beat*) But for me...I just enjoyed being around my family. Sitting on the couch, big bowl of popcorn. It felt good.

TOM: ...Right...

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HELEN: And it saved me the embarrassment of waiting around for boys to call me up.

TOM: What do you mean?

HELEN: Ummm, you probably couldn't guess, but I didn't date a lot when I was in school.

TOM: Oh.

HELEN: *(Whispers)* ...I used to be a little heavy.

(HELEN chuckles. TOM joins in half-heartedly, then stops.)

TOM: Huh. *(Beat)* And is that...is it alright to talk about...I dunno, your weight and everything, or should I...?

HELEN: No, go ahead. It's not a shame thing for me. Not any more.

TOM: "Any more"?

HELEN: Well...it's all shame when you're younger, isn't it? You hate how you look or sound or, you know, all that stuff that we go through. As kids. But I'm pretty alright with who I am now. The trick is getting other people to be O K with it!

TOM: Right. And, so...have you always been, like...you know?

HELEN: No. What?

TOM: Ummm, big...boned, or whatever.

(HELEN laughs out loud at this one. Another beauty, which makes TOM giggle along. She takes his hand this time.)

~~HELEN: That was kind of precious. One of my favorites actually...~~

~~TOM: What?~~

~~HELEN: "Big-boned." My dad used to throw that one around, too.~~

~~TOM: Well...I'm just trying to be...~~