

TOM

Owned by Douglas McLaughlin - 2205 Jamestown Common, Hillsborough, NJ 07844 - douglamclough@yahoo.com

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FAT PIG

TOM: What?

HELEN: I just...the way you worded that right then. In the "past" tense. It scares me.

TOM: No, I just...it is. Really. And I appreciate it so much.

HELEN: ...But what? *(Beat)* Gosh, I wish those thousand ships would show up right about now...

TOM: Yeah... *(Long beat)* Helen, look, I've been thinking...

HELEN: ...O K.

TOM: I think you are an amazing woman, I honestly do. And I really love what we have here. Our moments together...but I think that maybe, you know, some time would be good here, or if you were to, I'm not sure....maybe take that job. It might tell us if we're... I dunno.

HELEN: Oh... *(Beat)* Wow, that's a bit of a....you know...I mean, it's...

~~*(HELEN tries to interrupt again but TOM stops her. Waits)*~~

TOM: Listen...if we were in some other time or a land that nobody else was around on...like that island from the movie, the Sinatra film—*None But the Brave*—then everything might be O K, I wouldn't be so fucking paranoid about what the people around me were saying. Or even thinking. Then it could just be you and me and that'd be so great. Perfect. But...I guess I do care what my peers feel about me. Or how they view my choices and, yes, maybe that makes me not very deep or petty or some other word, hell, I dunno! It's my Achilles flaw or something. I'm...

(TOM stops for a moment, regrouping. HELEN tries to speak.)

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HELEN: ...Tom, don't do this, O K? Please don't. We can, I dunno...we...

TOM: No, I need to...if I stop now I'm not gonna be able to...finish, so I'm... *(Beat)* Helen...things are so tricky, life is. I know now I'm not really deserving of you, of all you have to offer me. I can see that now. I want to be better, to do good and better things and to make a proper sort of decision here, but I...I can't. I cannot do it. I mean, I could barely drive here today because of...my hands were shaking the whole time. They were. Jumping up and down on the wheel there. And these are all people that I know! That I...I'm just not gonna be able to do this, on, like, a daily basis. *(Starts to cry)* God...look at me! It's...I'm sorry about this and I wish that I was saying what you wanna hear. I do. That would make me really happy, to please another person right now. I mean, a person that I'm feeling this...love for. Yeah, love. But sometimes it just isn't enough. You know? All this love inside and it's not nearly enough to get around the shit that people heave at you...I feel like I'm drowning in it—shit—and I don't think I can...I don't wanna fight it any more. I am just not strong enough for that, so I'm gonna lay on my back for a while and float. See if I can keep my head above the surface. *(Beat)* I guess that's what I needed to say to you. That I'm not brave. I'm not. I know you want me to be...always believed that I can be, but I'm a weak and fearful person, Helen, and I'm not gonna get any better. Not any time soon, at least...

(HELEN and TOM sit quietly, not touching. He is still tearful.)

HELEN: ...But that's...it's something we could work on, right...can't we, Tom? Right?

TOM: ...No. I don't think I can.