

# CARTER - TOM

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FAT PIG

JEANNIE: Then fine. Good.

*(JEANNIE suddenly reaches across the desk and smacks TOM across the face. Hard with an open palm. He stumbles back and hits his chair, which rolls out from under him.)*

*(JEANNIE walks to the door, swings it open wide. Before she goes, however, she turns back to CARTER and pushes him hard against the couch. She exits, slamming the door behind her.)*

*(TOM crosses to the door, opens it. Looks out. Holds up a hand to someone down the hall. Closes the door again)*

CARTER: ...I think she took that pretty well.

TOM: You dick.

CARTER: Hey, don't blame this shit on me.

TOM: I'm not, I just...damn it! Why do we even have to do this crap? Get all involved with people and...?

CARTER: Because we're elingy. It's what makes us different than the rest of the animals...

TOM: Yeah, thanks, that really helps.

CARTER: I do what I can...

*(TOM sits back down in his chair and CARTER plops back on the couch. They sit in silence for a moment.)*

CARTER: Hey...

TOM: What?

CARTER: This isn't meant as a...you know, to make up for what I said or whatnot, but in the spirit of full disclosure...my mom was fat. Is. As we speak.

TOM: ...That's great.

CARTER: No, I'm just saying...I know what it's like, I mean, why you were so embarrassed or...

TOM: I wasn't! I just...hell. I dunno. I sorta froze and, and then...

Neil LaBute

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CARTER: ...dude, I understand. Like, totally. *(Beat)* I used to walk ahead of her in the mall or, you know, not tell her about stuff at school so there wouldn't be, whatever. My own mom. I mean...I'm fifteen and worried about every little thing and I've got this fucking Sumo wrestler in a housecoat trailing around behind me. That's about as bad as it can get! I'm not kidding you. And the thing was, I blamed her for it. I mean, it wasn't a disease or like some people have, thyroid or that type of deal...she just shoveled shit into her mouth all the time, had a few kids and, bang, she's up there at three-fifty, maybe more. It used to seriously piss me off. My dad was always working late...golfing on weekends and I knew it was because of her. It had to be! How's he gonna love something that looks like that, get all fucking sexy with her? I'm just a kid at the time, but I can remember thinking that.

TOM: ...God, that's...

*(CARTER waves this off, drifting in his own thoughts for a moment.)*

CARTER: Yeah, it's whatever, but...this once, in the grocery store, we're at an Albertson's and pushing four baskets around—you wanna know how humiliating that shit is?—and I'm supposed to be at a game by seven, I'm on J V, and she's just farting around in the candy aisle, picking up bags of "fun-size" Snickers and checking out the calories. Yeah. I mean, can you believe that?! So, I suddenly go off on her, like, this sophomore in high school but I'm all screaming in her face... don't look at the package, take a look in the fucking mirror, you cow!! PUT 'EM DOWN! Holy shit, there's stock boys—bunch of guys I know, even—are running down the aisle. Manager stumbling out of his glass booth there, the works. *(Beat)* But you know what? She doesn't say a word about it. Ever. About the swearing, the things I called her, nothing. Just this, like, one tear

I see...as we're sitting at a stoplight on the way home.  
That's all.

TOM: Wow. I'm, I mean...

CARTER: I did feel that way, though. Maybe I shouldn't've yelled or...but it was true, what I said. You don't like being fat, there's a pretty easy remedy, most times. Do-not-jam-so-much-food-down-your-fucking-gullet! *(Beat)* It's not that hard.

TOM: Right. I guess that's true. *(Beat)* It's confusing, though, the...

CARTER: What?

TOM: I dunno, I'm, like...I mean, that night, when you saw us? Why didn't I just come clean, say that I was having dinner, out with a friend even, instead of making all that shit up?

CARTER: ...Because you're a pussy.

TOM: ...Man, come on...

CARTER: No, I say that in the best way. We all are—guys, I mean—if it comes right down to it. Very rare is the dude who stands up for the shit he believes in...

TOM: I know! I wanna be better at that sorta stuff, but a lot of the time I'm just...yeah. A big wuss and I hate that! Despise that about me, but God, it's... No. I'm gonna work on it, I'll...I'll...

CARTER: Dude, relax, take a breath, don't hurt yourself...we can't all be Thomas More. And anyway, look what happened to him! Poor bastard...

TOM: True. *(Beat)* No offense, but how the hell do you know about Thomas More?

CARTER: Hey...I only cheated off the top two percentile in my class.

*(TOM nods and drifts. CARTER does the same. Silence)*