

The Good Book
by
Tiffany Antone

Copyright 2006
TiffanyAntone@yahoo.com

THE GOOD BOOK

The Home. A bedroom of moderate means exists up right. A queen size bed dressed in blue rests against the SL wall, a large picture window on the upstage wall lets in a full moon, and a weathered rocking chair sits up right. From the bedroom a hallway leads to another, smaller, bedroom, dressed for a young girl. A bathroom door is visible from the hallway. When opened, it is possible to see the bathroom mirror and sink.

At rise, the moonlight is shining into the bedroom in all her glory. A light glows from beneath the bathroom door. There is a flush and ROBERT, 40, opens the bathroom door drying his hands. He is wearing sweatpants, and an old T-shirt. He enters the bedroom, sits down on the bed. A woman's pale arms come from beneath the sheets and wrap around his chest. It is LUCINDA, his wife. She is dressed in a long white nightgown, and her long brown hair frames her beautiful face.

ROBERT
Did I wake you?

LUCINDA
I couldn't sleep anyway.

ROBERT
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have flushed. It always wakes you.

LUCINDA
Then why do you do it?

ROBERT
When I don't flush, Mariella gets up in the morning and I can hear her yelling all the way up here-

LUCINDA
What do you expect. She's a teenager.

ROBERT
Not yet, she isn't!

LUCINDA
It's April 12th.

ROBERT
Tomorrow.

LUCINDA
Look at the clock.

He does.

ROBERT
Oh my God.

LUCINDA
12:01.

ROBERT
On the nose.

LUCINDA
It's a girl-

ROBERT
A baby Lucy-

LUCINDA
She has your eyes.

ROBERT
And your big mouth-

LUCINDA
Hey.

ROBERT
I'm just joking.
(beat)
I always loved your mouth.

He brushes her hair from her face.

LUCINDA
You're a papa.

ROBERT
Two of you to love.

LUCINDA
To hold.

ROBERT
To worry about.

LUCINDA
To take care of.

There is a long pause.

ROBERT
Can she really be thirteen already?

LUCINDA
Yes.

ROBERT
God, we're getting old.

LUCINDA
Speak for yourself!

ROBERT
(sigh)
I found a gray hair.

LUCINDA
I don't believe you.

ROBERT
Believe it. I found it before I went to bed. Mariella asked me if she can invite a boy to her party. I felt a sharp pain in my head and my vision got cloudy, I ran to the bathroom and the son of a bitch was right there, laughing at me in the mirror.

LUCINDA
Pobrecito.

ROBERT
I pulled him out, flushed him down the toilet, but not before he flipped me the bird, told me he was calling all his friends, first chance he gets. I'm going to be silver by morning, I just know it.

LUCINDA
(laughing gently)
So what did you tell her?

ROBERT
Huh?

LUCINDA
About the boy?

ROBERT
I said okay. I was in shock. My daughter asks me if she can invite her boyfriend to our house, I find my first gray hair, I'm lucky I could speak at all.

LUCINDA
She's getting older, it's only natural she's going to be curious about boys.

He stands up, uncomfortable.

ROBERT
Oh, don't talk to me about that. I
can't think about my little girl
going out with some, some-

LUCINDA
She's not a little girl anymore-

ROBERT
Yes she is, she's my little girl.
My little mockingbird. She'll
always be my little-

LUCINDA
She's a woman.

ROBERT
What? No she isn't- she's just
thirteen-

LUCINDA
She's a woman tonight.

Robert stares at her.

ROBERT
You mean-

LUCINDA
Yes.

There is a sudden yell from down the hall, in Mariella's
room.

MARIELLA
Papa!

LUCINDA
She's got her period.

Robert grabs his head.

ROBERT
Oh my god! Another gray hair!
(he turns to her)
Lucinda, look, I feel it-

But Lucinda has disappeared.

MARIELLA
Papa! Bring the book!

Robert looks around himself, realizes he is alone.

ROBERT
Yes, mija, I'm coming.