Tom: You watch any TV last night? Digital cable or satellite?

Marvin: I don't really watch TV.

Tom: Don't watch TV. You're fucking funny, Marv. Don't watch TV. Who doesn't watch TV?

Marvin: I don't know, I like to, um, read, books.

Tom: Jesus, Marv, you're totally crazy. I love it, I love it. You remind me of this bro of mine at school. He would say the craziest shit, especially if he was toasted and dude, he was always toasted.

Marvin: Is, uh, the server still down?

Tom: Yup. Sure as shit. Down.

Marvin: Do you think they'd let me go home? I'm feeling—I need to find my phone. I'm sure it's home.

Tom: Just go, man, just go. I'll cover for you. No worries. Supervisor comes here, I'll cover. No worries. I mean, isn't shit to do here except—

Marvin: Jerk off?

Tom: You know it, Marv.

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REASONS TO BE PRETTY

by Neil LaBute

CHARACTERS

Greg (mid-20s), after a huge fight with his girlfriend; Kent (late 20s), his friend and co-worker.

SCENE

A workplace

TIME

Now

(At work. Greg and Kent sitting around the break room of their workplace. In jump suits. Just finishing up their lunch— it's after midnight and they're both tired. Third-shifters.)

(A slash (/) indicates overlapping dialogue.)

Kent: ...and then what?

Greg: She left. Drove off. / Took my car....

Kent: Wow. / Bitch.

Greg: Yeah. To her parents' house or some crap like that, you know?

Kent: Right.

Greg: Making a statement.

Kent: Exactly.

Greg: Threw an ashtray at me, actually, and one of those pots, you know, with the handle on it....

Kent: No, what?

Greg: You know, where you make, like, pancakes and shit.... You know....

Kent: That's a pan. Frying pan. / Or skillet, if you wanna get fancy.

Greg: Oh. / Yeah, well, one of those....

Kent: Whoa. (Beat.) I thought you said a pot.
GREG: Whatever. It went whizzling by my head—I didn’t exactly take stock, I ducked. Stuck my head in the kitchen and bam!

KENT: Fuck. (Beat.) Just so you know, though… it’s a pan.

GREG: Fine! God…

KENT: Dude, I used to work over at Denny’s, so… I should know. ’S a pan.

GREG: OK, well, that’s what she threw….

KENT: And?

GREG: And nothing. Haven’t heard a word since. Two days.

KENT: No?

GREG: No call, no text, nothing. I rang up their place but I’m only getting the answering machine. (Beat.) Her mom’s eating this up, I’m sure. She hates me….

KENT: Figures.

GREG: Yeah. Left a message, anyway. (Beat.) I’m just, like, totally baffled by this….

(KENT nods and yawns—checks his watch. HE slaps GREG on the back. GREG flinches as he opens up an energy snack.)

KENT: What’s that?

GREG: Power Bar.

KENT: Why’re you having that?

GREG: What do you mean?

KENT: You just had lunch—now you’re having one of those, too?

GREG: Uh-huh. ’S the only way I’ll make it to break….

KENT: That doesn’t make sense….

GREG: They’re good, though. Supposed to give ya a little jolt of energy.

KENT: Yeah, but they’re for, you know, like, as a supplement. If you don’t have a meal or instead of—not after you already ate.

GREG: Oh.

KENT: They’re not dessert. Even with all the chocolate on it….

GREG: Huh. (Beat.) I think it’s carob.

KENT: Whatever! That’s like having two meals.

GREG: So? That’s okay….

KENT: I guess. If you wanna get fat it is….

GREG: I’m not gonna get fat because I had one of these things—it’s all natural stuff in it. Nuts and… I dunno. Seeds.

KENT: You’d be surprised.

GREG: Yeah, but… I mean, athletes eat ’em all the time. Olympians and whoever.

KENT: Are you out running? Or swimming? Hmmm? I don’t see you doing cardio work or, like, lifting. Nothing. Athletes get away with that shit because they’re always active, chipping away at their bodies. Not you. (Beat.) Shoving anything you find on the counter over there into your stomach…

GREG: Kent, it’s a fucking snack! Take it easy.

KENT: Just pointing it out—got a group of guys counting on ya is all….

GREG: Fine.

KENT: And getting all chubby is not the way to win her back. / Or your face breaking out.

GREG: Nice! / Thank you. (Beat.) Shit….

KENT: Well… need you strong and fast for the team, man. Can’t have any dead weight.

GREG: That’s really sensitive, thanks.

KENT: Dude, it’s for you—I’m throwing a little love your way, don’t be a hater.

GREG: Just shut up, OK? (Beat.) You got me out in right field. How good do I gotta be?

KENT: Good enough to get us that motherfucking trophy! Huh? / (Pumps his fist.) Oh, yeah!

(KENT stands, points to a dusty shelf above the cabinets where several other trophies stand. Nothing very new.)

GREG: I guess… / Yep. (Mock yell.) Wooooo!
KENT: Dude, come on! Be serious now... (Beat.) They haven't brought one of those home since I started working here—last one was in, like, eighty-six or something. That's pathetic! (He slaps the table and sits.) This is the year. Without question.

(GREG nods and checks a wall clock against his watch. Yawns.)

KENT: Third sucks.


KENT: Even with the overtime...

GREG: Agreed. (Yawns.) I'm so beat, man...

KENT: 'Cept for that new girl. Damn, she's good-looking! / What? / I'm just saying. She's a fox... (Beat.) I gotta take a dump.

GREG: Ha! / You never change... / Go for it.

KENT: Can't. I'm waiting for Carly—she's out on rounds. (Grins.) How guy is that?

GREG: Very. (Beat.) She pisses me off.

KENT: Hey man, don't blame her for this.

GREG: I don't.

KENT: Good, because you're the one who said it.

GREG: I know. Shit! (Beat.) 'Course, she didn't need to jump on the phone and repeat it before I even got home, though, did she?

KENT: Fuck, dude, she's a girl—they've got, like, sonar. It was a done deal, second it came outta your mouth.

GREG: Yeah, well, she screwed me over but good. Steph is acting like... Crazy Horse...

KENT: Exactly. Taking scalps...

GREG: Yep.

KENT: Noble savages my ass, right? (Beat.) They took people's hair! Fuckers...

GREG: Ugh-huh. (Checks his watch)... Anyway, I'm just, you know, I'm saying that I'd never do something shitty like that to her. All behind her back and everything.