

A New Life

Creative Note: Bob has lived his life just like the people who came before him. When a new and better way is presented, he must decide to either accept it or ignore it.

Characters:

BOB
PAUL

Props: Easy chair; TV; assorted junk food

(The scene opens on a messy living room. BOB sits in his easy chair, watches TV, and eats. After a moment, PAUL enters.)

PAUL: Get up.

BOB: *(bewildered)* Huh?

PAUL: Come on, man. Get up.

BOB: I'm watching TV.

PAUL: No, you're not. You're eating. And you know what'll happen if you sit there and keep eating like that.

BOB: Gimme a break, man. I just got dumped.

PAUL: I know that. And I've given you your space, because that's what friends do.

BOB: Thanks.

PAUL: But that's over now.

BOB: Huh?

PAUL: I wouldn't be your friend if I let you sit there and continue to do this to yourself.

BOB: Look, with Hannah gone, I just don't feel like doing anything, OK? I'll come out of this sooner or later.

PAUL: You know what the doctor said. You can't do that anymore.

BOB: What do you want me to do, Paul?

PAUL: We're going walking. Get up.

BOB: What do you mean we're going walking? Do you know what's just happened to me?

PAUL: I know that what's just happened to you is good. We're gonna make some changes in your life. You've been living it this way for years. Now it's time for something new.

BOB: My life is fine.

PAUL: That's not what the doctor says, and that's not what I say.

BOB: Just let me do this for today. Tomorrow we'll go walking.

PAUL: Dude, this is not about Hannah. You eat to console yourself when you're sad. You eat to congratulate yourself when you're happy. You eat because that's exactly what your father and his father did. Your way of life has been passed down to you, and you haven't even stopped to think about whether or not it's a good way to live. You've got a doctor telling you to change your living habits, and you've got a best friend trying to help you with it. Now let's get up and go walking.

(There is silence for a few moments.)

BOB: I can't, man.

PAUL: Why not, Bob? Why not?

BOB: Because of everything you just said. This is what I've always done. I wouldn't know how to stop.

PAUL: That's where I come in. Come on. Just a walk around the block. I guarantee you'll feel better.

BOB: And if I refuse to go?

PAUL: Then I turn around and leave, and you sit here in front of the TV and keep eating. And eventually . . . you'll die.

BOB: *(laughs)* Thanks for the melodrama, man, but this isn't *Days of our Lives*. And news flash: you're gonna die, too, ya know.

PAUL: Yeah, but not at age 25 from clogged arteries. Your old life has to go. Just put on your tennis shoes and follow me out that door.

(There is a long pause as BOB thinks about it.)

BOB: You're gonna walk with me, right?

PAUL: Every step of the way. *(smiles and chuckles)* If you'll let me.

(PAUL holds out his hand to BOB. There is another pause as BOB thinks. BOB finally takes PAUL's hand, and PAUL pulls him up.)

BOB: Let's go.

(PAUL smiles and gives him a hug.)

BOB: Can we walk down to that ice cream shop on the corner? They've got really good Mississippi Mud.

(PAUL turns and gives him a look of disapproval.)

BOB: Dude, I'm just kidding! Just a joke, man. After we're done working on my cholesterol, we're gonna work on your sense of humor. Let's go.

(They walk offstage together.)

(The End)