

AM I GOOD?

A one act play

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“AM I GOOD?”

AT RISE, Nora Fisher is “preping” the living room, flowers, soft music, candles (which she is lighting as the scene opens), and on the bar the blender, Marguerita mix, ice and tequila. (Mirror over the sofa.)

Nora finishes lighting the candles, looks around the room, fluffs a pillow on the sofa, checks her hair in the wall mirror, maneuvers her thong so it isn’t so uncomfortable, raises her skirt, checks the thong and her backside in the mirror, satisfied that it is not askew, admires her backside, lowers her skirt.

In lowering her skirt, Nora has caught the hem of her skirt in her waistband and one side of her backside is exposed. She is unaware of this mishap.

DOORBELL.

Taking a deep breath, Nora goes to the door.

Mrs. Henderson and her sixteen year old son, Brody, are at the door.
Mrs. Henderson is frantic.

MRS. HENDERSON

Nora... oh, thank God, you’re home. Can Brody stay with you a little while?

(doesn’t wait for a response)

My mother’s had some kind of spell. I called the paramedics and I’m rushing to meet them at her house. I’ll be back as soon as I can. Mom’s had spells before and usually they just have to stabilize her, but we never know. Brody and my mother don’t get along.

(whispers to Nora as Brody looks around)

I don’t trust him to stay alone.

(to Brody)

I’ll be back, sweetheart. Maybe you can watch television while I’m gone. You have cable, Nora?

(doesn’t wait for an answer)

Brody loves “Fear Factor”.

(blows a kiss to Nora)

Thank you, Nora. I won’t forget this.

Mrs. Henderson backs out the door and closes it behind her.

Nora has tried to say something, but hasn't been able to break through the non-stop commentary of Mrs. Henderson.

After his mother leaves, Brody looks at Nora.

BRODY

Tell me you have cable.

Nora sighs, points to the television in the corner.
She turns and Brody sees the exposed backside. He smiles, looks around the room.

BRODY

Sorry if I spoiled your evening.

Nora is bending over, blowing out candles.

Brody sits on the floor where he can get even a better view of Nora's backside.

Nora picks up the phone, keeps her backside to Brody.
While she talks on the phone, Nora keeps her back to Brody, who keeps his eyes on Nora's lovely behind.

NORA

(whispers into the phone)

Jake... oh, good, you haven't left yet.

Listen, my neighbor had an emergency and...

(whispers even softer)

she left her son with me for a little bit
while she takes care of it. I'll call you when
she gets back. Shouldn't be long.

(listens)

I know, Jake. I'm sorry. She said it wouldn't
be long.

(listens)

I made lasagne. It'll keep.

(listens)

I know, Jake. I'm looking forward to it. I'll call.

Nora hangs up. Brody continues to stare at her.
Nora turns around to face Brody.

NORA

Isn't your show on?

BRODY

I've outgrown "Fear Factor".

NORA

(nods, smiles weakly)

I... don't have any games or anything.

BRODY

(grins)

I'm just happy to be here.

Nora walks over and sits down in a chair. Brody remains sitting on the floor.

NORA

How's... school?

BRODY

Boring.

NORA

Do you like baseball?

BRODY

No.

(looks over at the bar)

You making Margueritas?

NORA

What? Oh. Yeah.

(she looks around the room nervously)

Can you keep a secret?

BRODY

(grins)

Definitely.

NORA

I don't drink. But... oh, never mind. I don't want to bore you. Tell me about your grandmother.

BRODY

No, no. You're not boring me. You don't drink?

NORA

No. I don't even know how to make a Marguerita.

But I bought a book.

BRODY

Excuse me for saying this, but you're planning on Margueritas with lasagne?

NORA

Is there something wrong with that?

BRODY

No, no. Not if you want your date to get sick and leave early.

NORA

What?

BRODY

Margueritas go with Mexican food. With lasagne, you need a good Chianti.

NORA

Oh, dear.

BRODY

Do you have any Chianti?

NORA

No. I don't know anything about drinks.
(she starts to cry)

BRODY

Whoa! It's okay. What else do you have?

NORA

Nothing. Jake... that's my date... ordered a Marguerita the other night on our first date and I thought I'd make him one tonight.

BRODY

I'll be right back.

Brody hurries out the front door.

Nora gets up, walks over to the bar area (backside to the audience) and starts to put the bottles into the cabinet underneath the bar.

Brody re-enters with a bottle of wine.

Nora is bending over, her backside towards Brody.

BRODY

Here. My mom will never miss it.

NORA

(turns, accepts the bottle)

I'll pay her for it. Is this Chianti?

BRODY

A good one. My dad knew wines... and women.

Nora puts her hand on Brody's arm.

NORA

Brody, I'm sorry. I didn't know.

BRODY

(tosses off lightly)

His loss.

NORA

Yes, it is. I'll put this in the refrigerator.

BRODY

No. It needs to breathe. Do you have a bottle opener?

NORA

You mean one of those...

(makes a gesture like she's pulling a cork out of a bottle)

BRODY

Be right back.

Brody hurries out the door.

Nora continues to put the bottles from the bar into the cabinet, bending over.

Nora is in this position when Brody returns with the bottle opener.

Brody doesn't say anything to stop her from bending over.

When she turns...

BRODY

Let me.

