

# THE GOOD GIRL

Justine: What you reading?

Tom: Catcher in the Rye. I'm named after it.

Justine: What's your name? Catcher.

Tom: Holden. After Holden Caulfield. He's the main character

Justine: What's he do?

Tom: He's put upon by society and the hypocrisy of the world

Justine: I notice that your not very social.

Tom: I'm a writer so.

Justine: What do you write?

Tom: Mmm. Novels, plays, screenplays stories poetry.

Justine: What happens at the end of your book?.

Tom: Oh, he has a nervous breakdown and goes to a mental hospital

Justine: I hate my job.

Tom: That makes two of us.

Justine: I hate every body here. I hate Gwen. I don't know what the hell she's so happy about. I'm starting to understand why maniacs go out there and get shotguns shoot everybody to pieces.

Tom: Maybe you're a maniac.

Justine: Maybe so. You know your looks are real pouty like a woman. Your eyes always look sad the way they droop of to the side. How old are you?

Tom: Twenty-two.

Justine: I'm an old lady next to you

Tom: How old are you?

Justine: How old do you think.

Tom: I don't know.

Justine: I'm thirty years old.

Tom: How long have you been working here for?

Justine: Forever and a day. (beat) Twenty two huh you still living at home.

Tom: Yep.

Justine: What are your folks like?

Tom: There okay. They don't get me. They're alright There just.

Justine: My husband doesn't get me.

Tom: Since when do you have a husband.

Justine: Since Seven years . He's a painter

Tom What's he paint?

Justine Houses. He's a pig. He talks but he doesn't think

Tom: Hmmm

Justine. I'm sick of it. Did you go to college.

Tom: Uh, I had to drop out. Cause I had a problem with drinking and stuff. but I'll go back. I just have to prove to my folks that I can fly straight. Did you go to college?

Justine: No, I was afraid I'd loose Phil if I went. Now it'd be reason enough to go. I was looking at you in the store and I could tell that you kept to yourself. I saw in your eyes that you hate the world. I hate it too. You know what I'm talking about. You're a writer so you have yourself a goal. I guess. I used to you know lie in bed and imagine other cities other jobs I could have other husbands and I don't even know what to imagine anymore

*(Holden makes a pass)*

Justine: Holden I have a husband

Tom: Thought you said he was a pig.

Justine: Well...(he makes a pass again) Holden I don't want to hurt anybody.