

THE GOOD STUFF  
A one-act play

Characters

Eileen: Female in her 60s, wheelchair bound, well-dressed

Portland: Female in her 40s

Craig: Male in his 40s

Meghan: teenage girl

*LIGHTS UP: Interior, family kitchen, early morning. Eileen sits at the kitchen table with a cup of coffee and an unlit cigarette, reading the newspaper. Meghan enters, barefooted, wearing a school uniform. She walks to the kitchen sink and stops, then looks at her grandmother with a tinge of disgust.*

Meghan:               Why is the water still running?

Eileen:                I poured bacon grease down the drain.

Meghan:               (shutting off the water) And it's on hot.

Eileen:                That's how you clean out the grease.

*(From here until her exit, Meghan makes cereal and milk in a coffee cup. She eats it standing.)*

Meghan:               What does that even mean?

Eileen:                Don't you know anything, smarty-pants? If you pour hot oil down the sink you have to . . .

Meghan:               It's disrespectful and condescending when you call me smarty-pants.

Eileen:                Ha! I don't owe you any respect! You're 12!

Megan:                Grandma! First of all, I'm 13. And second of all, you should respect everyone.

Eileen:                When did you turn 13? Have I been here that long?  
Anyway, water's free.

Meghan: Water's not free, Grandma. It is definitely not free.  
Eileen: Sure it is. It comes from a well. Your mom doesn't have a water bill, does she?

Meghan: No, Grandma. You don't get it. We're all paying for the water on this dying planet and it's a limited resource. Do you even know about climate change? Do you even care about the world you'll be leaving to me, my kids, your great-great-grandkids (*with emphasis*) **when you die?**

*(A beat.)*

Eileen: So dramatic. Why would I care about a planet I'm not even going to be on with a bunch of people I don't even know? Especially if they're all going to be a bunch of back-talking, entitled smarty-pant gingerbreads like you?

*Portland enters wearing a bathrobe and her hair up in a towel. She's looking into her cellphone.*

Meghan: You're unbelievable.

Eileen: Thank you. I know.

Portland: I can't push back my 3 o'clock, Mom. (*Puts cellphone in bathrobe pocket, smooths the hair on Meghan's forehead, and pours a cup of coffee.*) Craig is going to have to drive you to the studio.

Meghan: She just called me "entitled."

Portland: Okay.

Meghan: And she left the hot water running because she poured bacon grease down the drain.

Portland: I really wish you would't do that, Mom.