

F1 (Lacey)
F3 (Sharon)
M1 (Terry)
M2 (Robert)

GOOD WILL TO MEN

by James Hindman

The employee room of Harbison's Sporting Goods. Sharon sits reading a magazine. Terry works out and drinks a Jolt energy drink. They both wear the store uniform—black pants, red vest. Robert enters wearing a shirt and tie with gray pants.

ROBERT. We did it!

TERRY. What?

ROBERT. Fishing poles are sold out!

TERRY. No way!

ROBERT. All of them!

TERRY. No way!

ROBERT. Wait until my dad hears about this! Never in the history of Harbison's Sporting Goods—

TERRY. How'd you do it?!

A very excited Lacey, 20s, enters.

ROBERT. Lacey, you are a frickin' genius!

LACEY. "If the customer doesn't come to you—go find the customer!"

ROBERT. A frickin' genius!

TERRY. How'd you do it, Robby?!

ROBERT. No one buys fishing poles at Christmas, right? So, Lacey has this idea to go fishing from the second floor.

LACEY. In front of Penney's!

TERRY. Inside the mall?!

ROBERT. Over by Santa.

TERRY. Awesome!

LACEY. I tied a "last-minute sale" coupon to the end of the string—"Catch of the day—for the man who has everything!"

ROBERT. Two hours later—sold out!

TERRY. You guys, that is frickin' amazing.

ROBERT. My dad is going to flip!

LACEY. Come on, Robby—where's my prize?!

ROBERT. One prize, coming up!

Robert crosses to table.

TERRY. Lacey, you are a frickin' genius! We can't even sell fishing poles in the summer!

LACEY. One lady hugged me—she had no idea what to get her husband!

Robert holds up an empty plate.

ROBERT. What happened to my doughnut? Who ate my doughnut?

Sharon coughs.

Sharon? Sharon, where's my doughnut?

SHARON. What doughnut?

LACEY. My prize?

ROBERT. Sharon?

SHARON. Maybe you should ask Terry.

TERRY. Why? I didn't eat your doughnut, Robby. I wasn't even here.

SHARON. And I wasn't supposed to be working today, so technically, I'm not here either, so I couldn't have eaten your doughnut.

TERRY. Honest, Robby. I was in the stockroom.

SHARON. And I was supposed to have Christmas Eve off, remember?

TERRY. I wouldn't eat someone else's doughnut.

ROBERT. Just tell me, Sharon.

SHARON. I don't know what happened to your doughnut, Robby, and I'd love to discuss it but right now I'm on break.

LACEY. It's okay, Robby.

TERRY. Maybe it fell?

ROBERT. Lacey, I'm sorry I can't give you your doughnut because someone ate it.

LACEY. *(Taking Robert's arm.)* We can buy another one.

SHARON. What did it look like?

ROBERT. You saw me walk in here with it, Sharon. It looked like a snowman. It looked like three doughnuts stacked up to look like a snowman.

TERRY. That's pretty cool!

LACEY. (*Taking Robert's arm again.*) It's not worth it, Robby.

SHARON. Was it blonde?

TERRY. A blonde doughnut! Sweet.

ROBERT. Admit you ate it, Sharon.

SHARON. I don't know who ate your pile of doughnuts.

ROBERT. You saw me walk in here.

SHARON. You think I watched you walk in here with a pile of doughnuts, waited for you to go fishing off the banks of JCPenney, then ate your snowman?

ROBERT. I don't know.

SHARON. No, you don't know. So, I would appreciate it if you wouldn't accuse me of something I didn't do.

ROBERT. You were the only one in here.

LACEY. Robby, let's go.

SHARON. I used to make snowmen for the Christmas party. Remember, Terry—you used to eat all the little hats.

TERRY. The hats were good.

SHARON. Remember when we had a Christmas party? (*To Robert.*) But we should "let all that go." Isn't that what you said? "Put all that in the past"?

ROBERT. Okay...

SHARON. "Move forward"!

ROBERT. I get what this is about.

SHARON. So, I suggest you move forward to Suzy's and get your girlfriend a new doughnut...

ROBERT. My what?

SHARON. So, we never have to talk about it again.

ROBERT. First of all, Lacey is not my girlfriend. She is an employee, like the rest of us.

SHARON. When you say "the rest of us" are you including yourself in that, Robby?

ROBERT. And I would appreciate it if you called me Robert.

SHARON. Because that would assume we were all treated equal.

ROBERT. I'm sorry. Okay? I'm sorry for the way this turned out. We all submitted our résumés. Each one of us had an interview. Any one of us could have gotten my job.

SHARON. Really? (*To Terry.*) You hear that, Terry? (*To Robert.*) You honestly think...

ROBERT. Yes.

SHARON. You think any of us...

ROBERT. I do.

SHARON. Terry...do you think any of us could have walked in that office and said, "Hey, Daddy, mind giving me the job?"

TERRY. We'd look pretty stupid, he's not our dad.

SHARON. Because I'll tell you what—I could sure use the Christmas bonus. Give my kids a merry Christmas.

ROBERT. This has nothing to do with my father.

SHARON. Your father has been district manager of this store for twenty years. You've been working in this department for, what, a month?

TERRY. Five weeks, two days.

SHARON. Six and a half years I have worked here—six and a half years, waiting for Mr. Ellison to retire. Waiting for the Christmas bonus. I want to know why I wasn't moved up to department manager.

ROBERT. I want to know what happened to my doughnut.

SHARON. I ate the head off your doughnut. I ate the head, threw the middle out the window, and I dropped an eight-pound pink-swirl bowling ball on the rest.

TERRY. (*To himself.*) Harsh.

ROBERT. You're wearing jeans.

SHARON. The same ones I've been wearing for six and a half years.

ROBERT. Rule four. "Black pants. No jeans."

SHARON. You want to talk rules? (*To Lacey.*) You're not allowed to go inside the mall to advertise. But you didn't know that, did you, Lacey?

LACEY. No, I...

SHARON. You see the line where the tile stops, and the linoleum begins? Terry—Rule twenty-seven.

ROBERT. She wasn't...

TERRY. "No employee or representative is allowed to step outside the boundaries of the store to advertise without written consent from the mall."

SHARON. So, I can't wait for you to tell your father how you sold out of fishing poles while he's writing a check for the fine he's going to get because someone was, what Terry?

TERRY. "Soliciting outside the walls of the store."

SHARON. "Soliciting outside the walls of the store." Rule one, read the rule book. Or you can just ask Terry 'cause he remembers everything.

TERRY. It's a lot of useless information.

SHARON. Not today it isn't. But maybe no one bothered to tell you these things, Lacey, because you're just Christmas help.

TERRY. Not anymore. Lacey's coming on full time.

SHARON. (*With a big smile.*) Really?

ROBERT. Lacey, let's go.

TERRY. Robby's dad said we can hire her.

SHARON. Did he now?

ROBERT. Lacey?

TERRY. Didn't he, Robby?

SHARON. Is that what you think?

TERRY. Isn't that what your dad said?

ROBERT. Lacey, let's go.

SHARON. You think you're full time after tomorrow?

ROBERT. It's none of your business, Sharon.

LACEY. Robby's father said I can stay on.

SHARON. I think it's only fair that we are all honest and up front

