

Brothers

Tommy and his Father argue

[Tommy's brother Sam recently died in action. While leaving the funeral he walks over to his father]

Tommy: Why don't you let me drive?

Father: What are you talking about? Come on, girls.

Tommy: Why don't you give me the keys, Dad?

Father: What makes you so responsible all of a sudden? Let Tommy drive.

Look, I tell you what... why don't you get a job and earn some money, buy yourself a car and then you can drive wherever the hell you want.

Tommy: Give me the keys!

Father: Did you hear those marines in there today talking about your brother? Did you? Who's gonna stand up and testify for you once you're dead?

Tommy: Yeah it's my fault Sam's dead, right? That's what you think. It's got nothing to do with you, okay.

Father: What are you saying to me?

Tommy: Forget it.

Father: You never had any guts.

Tommy: Oh, and you did. That's why you screamed at mom every fucking night. That's why you drove us drunk. Oh, hang in there, marines.

Father: Don't. Come on.

Tommy: Well, you put all that shit in his head.

Father: You'll never fill up his shoes.

Tommy: I know that.

Father: You never could make me proud.

Tommy: Pride is a sin.

Father: [*Gives keys*] Here you go. I'm walking. [*Leaves*]

END