

Day 7

Try

by

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A man in his 30's is at a computer, typing and occasionally looking through some photos on the table in front of him. Another man in his late 70's looks over his shoulder.

ME

I do try.

HIM

Didn't say you don't.

ME

I didn't want you to judge me too harshly.

HIM

You try. I saw you try. I *see* you try.

(Beat.)

Little guy's cute.

ME

He's a ticking time bomb of cute. It's just a matter of time before he learns to use it for evil.

HIM

Oh he already has everyone wrapped around his little fingers.

The man at the computer holds up a photo.

ME

How old were you in this one?

HIM

That one? What's the back say?

ME

1959.

HIM

59? Born in 34. Can't do the math real quick, what is it? 25?

ME

25.

HIM

That was my employee photo. That's the year I took over. Postmaster.

ME
Postmaster?

HIM
Yep.

ME
At 25?

HIM
Small town.

ME
Still. You stayed there 'til?

HIM
92? 94?

ME
So, you were set. At 25.

HIM
It was a different time. Different opportunities.

ME
Different rules.

HIM
Different game.

ME
I'm trying. I do try.

HIM
Yep.

ME
Done everything I'm "supposed" to do. All the things that should pay off. I don't want much. A house. A working car. A job. My son to have his own room. You had it easy.

HIM
But you have it good. I'm not gonna say things were easier or harder. Because I don't know your story. You don't know mine. You know the years, the facts. But not the story. Born. Army. Four kids. Worked. Retired. Died. Facts. But story. That's life. You can think about the facts for yourself. You can look back and see the facts staring at you, little decisions, big decisions, little mistakes, big mistakes, but in between when you're living in the consequences, good and bad, you're living.
(MORE)

HIM (CONT'D)

How you get out of messes you've made, how you celebrate, how you mourn, the how's and the whys. Why you keep going. I sound romantic, but what do you expect from a man about to be put in the ground? I'm living the how of my final fact. I'm living the eternal consequence. And I'm gonna continue my story. You continue yours.