Home of the Brave
By: Author Laurents

Doctor

DOCTOR. Peter, I want you to listen to what I’m going to tell you. I want you to listen harder than you ever listened to anything in your whole life. Peter, *every soldier in this world* who sees a buddy get shot has that one moment when he feels glad. Yes, Peter, every single one. Because deep underneath he thinks: I’m glad it wasn’t me. I’m glad *I’m* still alive. (CONEY. But-oh no. Because what I thought was-)

DOCTOR. I know. You thought you were glad because Finch was going to make a crack about you being a Jew. Maybe later, you were glad because of that. But at that moment you were glad *you* were still alive. A lot of the fellows think a lot of things later. But every single soldier, every one of them has that moment when he thinks: I’m glad it wasn’t me!...And that’s what you thought….[*Gently.*] You see the whole point of this, Peter? You’ve been thinking you had some special kind of guilt. But you’ve got to realize something. You’re the same as anybody else. You’re no different, son, no different at all.

( CONEY. I’m a Jew.)

DOCTOR. This, Peter, this sensitivity has been like a disease in you. It was there before anything happened on that island. It started way back. I only wish to God I had time to really dig and find out where and when and why. But it’s been a disease. Sure, it’s been aggravated by T. J. By people at home in our own country-but if you can cure yourself, you can help cure them and you’ve got to, Pete, you’ve got to!

Typed by: Brittany Lewis
2/16/06