

Hand of Glory

By: Anna Lynn Starr

BENJAMIN, 27, is talking to his younger and much more successful brother. It's Thanksgiving weekend, and once again, Dad has showered baby brother with all the shiny new affirmations and opportunities. Leaving BENJAMIN so frustrated he steps out for some air, only to be checked in on by baby brother.

BENJAMIN: Sorry I just, needed some space. For a second. It's great what you've done with the backyard. I'm sure the kids love it. Nice house. Great setup. You make it look really easy you know. Too easy. Downright effortless. You've got Dad just beaming with pride. *(beat)* Look, if it sounds like I'm blaming you, I'm not. I know that it's not like you ask for any of this but.. that doesn't change the fact that it still happens. Hell, it's been happening, again and again ever since we were kids. These type of things just fall into your lap ya know? the big job, the nice house, perfect family.. Meanwhile I just fall. Look, don't even try to frame it in all your postcard positivity okay? It is the way that it is. It always has been, so it's not like it's going to change now. It seems backwards doesn't it? Like, I'm the one who should've been setting the bar for you, but before I've even picked it up you're out there building skyscrapers. I never even gave you a shadow for you to step out of because before I knew it baby brother became the damn sun. And it's like what do I do with that? So much for setting an example when you just bring along a new one for me to meet. Trust me I definitely tried. We both followed the same blueprint. Go to school, put in the work, lead with a strong handshake. But somehow the luck in between all went your way. I wonder how that works sometimes. Like maybe there's this big stash of good fortune and perfect timing that can happen for a family, but there's only so much of it. And once it's spent on someone, that's it. No more. Finders keepers, losers weepers. And sometime I wonder, if before I even

knew it, I gave part of my stash to you. You know, trying to be noble older brother and all. Not that you needed it. Obviously, but I didn't know that yet. I just wanted to look out for you that's all. Now that we're a number of years down the line I wouldn't mind you returning a bit of that luck by the way. I know you've got plenty to spare. *(Beat)* I'm proud of you. Seriously, you've done well for yourself. Who knows, maybe you got all of our luck because I wouldn't have known what to do with it. But you, you paired it with work, and you made something happen. Let's make a deal. I'll stick around more, talk more. Like actually talk like this more, and maybe, the more I keep ya with me, that'll be enough luck for me.