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Arts and Sciences

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Arts and Sciences

By

Thomas Murray

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List of Characters

Corey (m)-----Theatre student, John's roommate
John (m)-----Premed student, Corey's roommate
Michelle (f) ----- Resident Assistant
Jean (f) ----- Friend
Gary (m) ----- Friend, skateboarder
Nurse (f) ----- Nurse

Scene 1

(The scene opens to a room with two desks, two dressers, and two beds. One side belongs to a person studying theatre, while the other side belongs to a science student.)

(Corey enters carrying a suitcase. The room is a little barer than it should. It's the day after winter break, and Corey is just returning to his room. John enters shortly after, also carrying a suitcase.)

Corey: Home sweet home eh?

John: Yeah. I missed this place.

Corey: Me too. I tell you, I couldn't last another day at home. I was going to kill my little sister.

John: Yeah. I had to work at my dad's diner. I'm ready to burn the damn place down.

(Laugh)

(A girl enters. The floor RA)

Michelle: Knock knock. Hey boys, welcome back.

Both: Hi Michelle.

Michelle: I just wanted to welcome you boys back. And I wanted to see if you all want to come to my spring kickoff party! It's tonight at 8. I'm

bringing popcorn and cookies and soda and ice cream and we're gonna wear PJ's and watch movies and its gonna be super fun so you should come!

John: Uh, er, no thanks, I have to work on med school applications.

Michelle: Oh John, you silly boy, you just got back from winter break! You should take a night off and come have fun with us!

John: I really wish I could, but I really have to start working on this.

Michelle: Oh come on. What about you Corey? You'll come won't you?

It's going to be so much fun and all your neighbors will be here and its just going to be great!

Corey: Well, I would, but I, um, have a date tonight.

Michelle: Bring her too, you silly boy! It'll be so much fun. Will you? Will you? Will you?

John: Just calm the-

Corey: Sure we'll go! And I'll bring my date.

Michelle: You promise? Because you guys have said this before.

Corey: Would we lie to you?

Michelle: Oh of course not! Ok well what movies do you want to watch?

John: Surprise us (pushing her out the door)

Michelle: Well, I have Jaws and E.T. and we could watch Titanic or Gone with the Wind (The door is shut on her, and she heads away.) oh! And we could play Monopoly or cards or dominos or.. (Her voice trails away)

John: Oh my God, what is wrong with that girl?

Corey: Hyperactive. It's part of an RA's interview process.

John: You think? They can't all be like that. Can they?

Corey: God I hope not. You got everything out of your car?

John: Just about. What about you?

Corey: I need to take one more trip. I'll be right back.

(Corey exits. John begins taking clothes out of his suitcase and putting in his drawers. Gary enters)

Gary: Hey John.

John: Gary! How was your break?

Gary: Eh, it was ok. Just glad to be back.

John: I feel you.

Gary: Where's Corey?

John: He went down to get some more stuff from his car. We both just got back.

Gary: Yeah, we've been checking your room every hour on the hour.

(Both laugh)

Yeah, Jean's back. She got stuck helping Michelle set up her little "party."

John: Oh God. That girl is crazy.

Gary: I know right?

(Corey enters with another box)

Corey: Gary! What's up buddy?

Gary: Nothing bud, how are you?

Corey: Doing good. Just glad to be back. What's Jean doing' in Michelle's room?

Gary: Oh, she got roped into setting up some party.

Corey: How does Jean always get roped into that crap? I mean it isn't like she enjoys it.

John: She's just trying to be nice. One of us should go save her.

Corey: Nose goes!

(All three boys go to touch their noses. Gary is last, meaning he loses)

Gary: Damn, ok. I'll go get her.

(Gary leaves)

Corey: You're not really starting your application are you?

John: Well, I just figured...

Corey: John, it's the first day of spring semester. Give it a break! You can worry about that stuff later.

John: Well, I'm just going to skim over it; I won't spend too long on it.

Corey: Here we go. Just don't get pissed at me for typos.

John: When have I ever-

Corey: John?

John: Oh ok. (Laughs) Sorry bud.

Corey: It's ok.

John: (opening laptop to work on med school applications.) How's that monologue coming along?

Corey: Eh, it's going ok. I'm not too stressed.

John: Which means you haven't worked on it yet.

Corey: Oh come on, we just got off break. I'll get to it soon enough.

John: Which means the night before?

Corey: Oh come on, you know that's not true.

John: I know I know. I'm just messing with you.

(Gary enters with Jean)

Jean: What took you so long? I thought I'd never escape!

Gary: Oh come on Jean, you know we wouldn't leave you there.

Corey: Too long anyway. What's up Jean?

Jean: Nothing, nothing. One day being back and Michelle's already trying to "get us involved"

John: Yeah that girl is crazy.

Corey: What do you two have planned for tonight?

Gary: Nothing yet. We've been waiting on you people.

Jean: You think we do anything without you two?

Corey: Well duh, I just wanted to double check. Well, John is going to be writing his application, so I suppose we'll have him back in a month or two. I suppose the three of us could go out.

Gary: Where to?

Corey: I dunno. We could go to Michelle's spring kickoff.

Jean: Oh joy.

Gary: Count me in.

John: (distracted by computer) Yeah sure.

Corey: Hey John, wanna go to Michelle's party?

John: Yeah sure.

Corey: And then go drink copious amounts of alcohol and go driving into the night?

John: Yeah sure.

Corey: And then sit there and act like your paying attention.

John: Uh-huh

Corey: Really John?

John: What? I'm paying attention.

Corey: Then what'd I say?

John: Uh, that's not the- ok I wasn't paying attention.

Gary: All ready John. C'mon bud, live a little. You have all semester to submit the thing.

Jean: Well I'm hungry and I want to duck out before Michelle realizes I'm gone, so, uh, let's get to moving.

Gary: Ok let's go.

Corey: You coming John?

John: I'll meet you there.

Corey: Yeah ok.

John: Oh all right, but not too late. I want to get a head start on this.

Gary: Ok ok, let's go guys. (Gary, Jean, and Corey head to the door)

(The three exits. Corey comes back in.)

Corey: John, c'mon before Michelle comes back.

John: Good point.

(The two exit.)

Scene 2

(The scene opens to two boys, playing a video game. One boy enters the room)

John: Hey guys what's up?

The boys: Nothing.

Gary: You need to get the one behind me.

Corey: I know, I know, I'm coming.

John: (Walking to the science side's computer.) I thought you had a play tonight Corey?

Corey: Yup. Gotcha.

Gary: WHOA! Where did that come from?

John: Aren't you nervous or anything?

Corey:(still distracted) Yup. I got the ray gun!

Gary: Good, cuz I'm dead.

Corey: Really Gary? All right, the nurse is on her way.

John: You guys and that game. Don't you all have, I don't know, homework or something to work on?

Gary: (Not watching the TV, as his character is down.) Please Ma, just 5 more minutes?

Corey: (laughing) Yea Mom. 'Sides, don't you have other things to do than scold us?

John: Well, one of us needs to be the responsible- look out on your left!

Corey: Ahhhh! Got it, thanks.

John: What is this game?

Corey and Gary: Nazi zombies.

John: (Laughing) Isn't the space monkeys a little much?

Gary: Nope. What're you working on?

John: My application to med school.

Corey: (still playing the game) Almost got you Gar.

Gary: You're still working on that thing? It's been a month. Just submit the thing and be done with it.

Corey: Pay attention! You're up!

Gary: Oh right!

John: You don't understand, it has to be perfect. This is the most important resume I have ever prepared, and if I make one mistake...

Corey:... the med school people will come here and beat you senseless!

Gary: (laugh) Oh I get it now.

John: (smiling) That's not funny.

(John continues reading over his application, while Gary and Corey continue playing their video game. There's a knock on the door)

Corey: Yea?

Jean: It's me.

John: Come in!

Jean: Door's locked.

Corey: No it's not, you just gotta give it a little muscle.

Jean: Would you just pause the game and open the door?

Corey: All right all right, take it easy. (Opens the door) Sorry, doorknob sticks from the outside. What's going on Jean?

Jean: Nothing just got done with class. Came by to see what you all were up to. Nazi zombies I see.

Gary: (un pausing the game) Yup.

Jean: And what're you doing John.

Corey: Do you even have to ask?

Jean: Oh come on John. Just submit it already. I'm sure it's fine.

John: I don't want fine, I want perfect.

Corey: Gary, if you don't throw a monkey, so help me..

John: I thought you were fighting the monkeys?

Gary: These are those dancing toy monkeys, they distract them. Awp, I'm down.

Corey: Again? Crap

Jean: Just turn it in already!

John: I will, I will, in a minute.

Gary: Are you gonna help me?

Corey: In a minute, I'm surrounded.

Gary: No your not, your hitting up the box again!

Corey: I'll get you in a sec.

Jean: John, you have a 4.0 GPA. They're gonna accept you.

John: That doesn't mean anything! Everybody who applies has a four oh!

Corey: I don't see you.

Gary: I died.

Corey: Damn, ok I got this.

John: I don't have too many leadership positions,

Jean: You're the Treasurer of the student honors thingy

John: Phi Lambda Ki?

Jean: Yea!

John: Still, one leadership position?

Jean: You....er....You volunteer at the Children's Hospital every week!

John: But not for the suggested 250 hours! I'm only at 150.

Gary: Would you just die already! I wanna play again.

Corey: Wooooo that was clo-....I'm dead.

Gary: Thank you!

Corey: 'Nother round?

Gary: Can't, I've gotta get going. I've got class.

Jean: I'll play!

Corey: Um, er, I have to prepare for my show tonight. Sorry.

Jean: You never lemme play!

Corey: That's because every time a zombie comes out, you scream and throw the controller!

Jean: Not always...

John: Just let her play a round.

Corey: Oh all right, but only one.

Gary: (grabbing his book bag) All right well I'll see ya'll later.

(Jean, Corey, and John ad-lib goodbyes)

Corey: (Getting ready for another round. Ok, but the second you throw the controller, I swear----

Jean: (Screams and throws the controller)

Corey: Really? Really?

Jean: Oops, Um it won't happen again.

John: (The whole time proofreading his application) I don't get it Cor.

Corey: What's not to get, she's gonna break the damn thing!

John: No, that's not what I--, what I mean is how're you so calm?

Corey: It's just a game.

John: I mean about your show tonight? Why aren't you freaking out?

Corey: I dunno. Get the shotgun and shoot the dog...

Jean: I'm not gonna shoot a dog!

Corey: That's the whole point of the game!!! It's a zombie dog!

John: (laughing) I just would figure you'd be spending the night getting prepared.

Corey: Well that's what I've been doing all month.

John: I know, but I just figured you'd fine-tune it until the show.

Corey: What's the point? Anything I do now is just gonna freak me out.

Jean would you pay attention? That one's about to...

Jean: Noooooo

Corey: Yea. I'll come get you. (To John) What I'm saying is, I see no point in putting myself through the pre-show jitters before the pre show. If I sit here and hype tonight up all day, by the time tonight comes, I'm gonna be a nervous wreck. I know I'm ready, and now all I can do is sit back and see if

my hard work pans out the way I want it to. Jean, stop playing with it and run.

Jean: Sorry

John: Yea but a little refining might not hurt it.

Corey: I'm just gonna psyche myself out.

Jean: Are you ready for tonight?

Corey: Ready as I'll ever be.

Jean: Well good luck tonight.

Corey: JEAN!! You can't tell an actor good luck before a show! It's bad luck!

Jean: What?

Corey: Why do you think everybody says break a leg?

Jean: I dunno.

Corey: Oh Jean, such a dumb little girl (playfully)

Jean: Awwwwww.

(The two continue playing while John continues proofreading his application for the hundredth time.)

Corey: Ugh I'm down.

Jean: Then it's all up to me.

(Sound effect, a voice says game over.)

Corey: Yay Jean, yay. (Flatly)

Jean: Oops. (Noticing John is still staring at the computer screen.) Oh my God John! Stop ogling your computer screen and just turn it in already.

John: I'm going to, just one more look over.

Corey: He's been saying that for a week now.

John: I just don't want to find out there's a mistake somewhere in it, and then find out that's the reason they don't accept me.

Jean: So where exactly are you applying.

John: A bunch of places, but I really want to stay at out med school.

Jean: Yeah?

John: Yea I'm used to the area. I'd rather not have to start over in a new town or anything. Plus, the med school is kind of the reason I chose this school in the first place.

Jean: That and the fact that I think you and Corey would go into withdrawals from each other.

Corey: So true, he's my purely platonic soul mate.

John: Besides the occasional cuddling.

Corey: But of course.

Jean: You two are just plain weird.

Corey: Oh you're just jealous.

John: Yea!

Corey: You both are coming to the show tonight right?

John: As soon as I finish this (gestures to computer) I'm going to start getting ready.

Corey: Kay, so you're not coming, what about you Jean?

John: What's that supposed to mean?

Corey: That means unless a med school rep comes and personally tells you're in, forget bout the application, you probably aren't finishing anytime soon.

Jean: So true!

John: Come on guys, I'm really not that bad am I?

Corey:.....

Jean:.....

John: Gee thanks guys!

Corey: Just turn the damn thing in already! You're gonna be fine! (To Jean)

Did Gary say he was coming?

Jean: Twice.

Corey: Oh, right.

Jean: You nervous yet?

Corey: Not yet. I'll get there once I get the costume on.

Jean: What time are you leaving?

Corey: As soon as I get this schmuck to promise me he won't miss tonight.

John: All right all right I won't miss it.

Corey: Good. And if he doesn't?

Jean: I'll drag him kicking and screaming the whole way there.

Corey: Very good! And on that note, I will see you guys tonight.

Jean: Good luck!

Corey: (cringes) Never good luck, always break a leg! (He exits)

John: Break a leg bud! (To Jean) So what's the plan tonight?

Jean: As soon as Gary get's outta class, were gonna grab something quick to eat and head over.

John: Why's he got to be there so early anyway?

Jean: Who Gary?

John: No, Corey.

Jean: Oh! You know, make-up, costume, last minute stuff. Besides Corey always gets there incredibly early. Always!

John: Ok. Hey Jean?

Jean: Yea?

John: Do you really think I'm ready?

Jean: Yea.

John: That's it?

Jean: What more do you want me to say? You're ready. You've got everything you need. You should apply. You're gonna get in somewhere. Don't put all your eggs in this one basket. If you make a mistake, this won't be the end of the world. Does any of that sound new to you?

John: No.

Jean: Well then I really have told you everything I can to get you to turn the thing in. Sometimes it's just best to throw caution to the wind.

John: But what if I'm wrong?

Jean: Then take for what it is. A speed bump.

John: I don't know how you and Cor can be so fearless.

Jean: Well I'm just common sense. He's the fearless one. I don't know how he's so calm leaving for his shows. I'd be scared to get up in front of all those people. If he messes up, there's no missing it.

John: I guess you got a point. All right then. Nothing left to do now but (clicks the submit button on his application)

Jean: There you go. (Goes to the window yells to Corey) He did it!

Corey: (far away) Bout damn time!

John: You better hurry up! You don't want to be late!

Jean: (shuts window) Not so bad was it?

John: Nope. I guess we'll see what happens eh?

Jean: Yup!

John: (heads to bathroom) I have to get ready real quick. When's Gary get out?

Jean: I dunno, it's a T.A. session, so probably not too long. He usually just signs the attendance sheet and leaves anyway.

John: (in bathroom) Oh ok. So is meeting us?

Jean: Well I figured we could head down and pick him up.

John: Ok I gotcha. Where we going?

Jean: I was hoping you'd pick.

John: I picked last time. Let Gary pick.

Jean: Ok.

John: All right, you ready?

Jean: That's it?

John: I just had to clean up a little.

Jean: Ok let's get outta here

John: (Grabs jacket) So are you bringing what's his face.

Jean: (The two head to the door) Who? Oh right. No, he turned out to be a real creeper. Roses on first date, asked me why I liked him, texted constantly, and cried when I ended it. (They exit)

John: (offstage voice fading) Awkward, well good thing you got out before he got weirder.

Jean: I know, right?

(Scene)

Scene 3

(Corey and Jean enter the room)

Jean: You were amazing!

Corey: Ok, ok, I get it, I'm the greatest, now are you going to spend the whole evening singing my praises?

Jean: I'm sorry, I'm just shocked by how good you did. I was afraid it'd be another catastrophe, like last time.

Corey: In all fairness, that was not my fault at all.

Jean: Yea I know. With nights like this, you'll be famous in no time!

Corey: (playfully) I'm just glad you've finally accepted my greatness.

Jean: Oh whatever.

Corey: You know I'm just playing.

Jean: I know, I know. But in all seriousness, congrats again. I thought you were brilliant.

Corey: Thanks Jean. I just hope this luck carries.

Jean: What do you mean?

Corey: Well I didn't wanna tell anyone, but, well, if you promise not to tell anybody.

Jean: I promise.

Corey: Swear?

Jean: I swear.

Corey: Well, I guess I can tell you, but you've got to promise...

Jean: Will you just tell me already?

Corey: Ok ok, I have an---

(Gary and John enter)

Gary: (interrupting) There's the star! Boy I tell you what, I still can't believe you!

Corey: Thanks Gary'.

Gary: I'm serious. This calls for a celebration.

Corey: Well they're having a cast party at Bernie's apartment.

Gary: What're we waiting for? You did great, so let's get drunk!

Corey: Ok ok, just give me a sec to chill out, would ya?

John: You got it. Congrats again bud.

Corey: Thanks John. Aren't you glad you finally tore yourself away from that computer? Now we can have a little fun for once?

John: Well, only a little.

Gary: Wait, did you?

John: Yes.

Gary: For real this time?

John: Uh huh.

Gary: And?

John: And what?

Gary: Have the med school police come and beat you for every misspelling yet?

John: Oh shut up.

(All laugh)

Gary: On a more serious note, who's DD tonight?

Jean: Not Corey, it's his big night.

John: I drove last time.

Jean: Guess it's between me and you. I vote you.

Gary: Well that's ok. I drive better drunk.

Jean: Gary!

Gary: What?

Jean: You never drive! It's your turn tonight.

Gary: That's fine, I'll just drink a little..

Jean: That's not the point of a DD. It's either you don't drink, or we walk there.

Gary: It's not too far.

Jean: It's 2 and a half miles.

John: Aw we'll be all right. We need the exercise.

Jean: Oh fine.

Corey: Well I guess that's settled.

Gary: All right then.

John: So, you ready?

Corey: Why don't you guys find something to do, and I'll let you know when I'm ready. I just wanna eat something real quick and then I'm ready.

Gary: Zombies?

John: Set us up! Let me use the bathroom real quick.

Jean (With John in the bathroom and Gary distracted) so what were you gonna tell me?

Corey: (eating a snack) Gary's sitting right there.

Jean: You know how you boys are with your toys. There is nothing in the world right now that could get his attention.

Gary: (to John) Would you hurry up! We're ready!

John: I'm coming, I'm coming.

(The two boys sit down to play)

Corey: (quietly) Well, I have an audition Tuesday...

Jean: That's wonderful!

John: What is?

Corey: Nothing, er, still talking about how good I did.

John: Oh you did great.

Corey: Thanks.

Jean: Sorry. You were saying?

Corey: Well if I make the part, I'll be pretty much set.

Jean: So what's the problem?

Corey: I don't want everybody knowing about it, especially if I don't get it.

Jean: You've never been like this before. What's the big deal?

Corey: Well if I get it, it's a full time gig. I wouldn't really need to stay here.

Jean: Oh.

Corey: Yea.

Jean: Shouldn't you talk to John?

Corey: And if I don't get it? I'll have freaked him out for nothing. No, I'm just gonna play it by ear and see what happens.

Jean: Well either way, I'm really proud of ya.

Corey: Thanks Jean. I just wish I could stay here, even if I get the part. I'm probably just panicking for nothing. I have a lot of competition.

Jean: Well, we'll support you either way.

Corey: Thanks.

Jean: What time's the party start?

Corey: We've got time. It starts in five minutes, but nobody ever shows up on time.

Jean: Very true. Is Scott going to be there?

Corey: Uh oh, does our little Jean have a crush?

Jean: No, I just wanted to know if I should bring my pepper spray or not.

Corey: Really? Scott?

Jean: Total creeper.

John: You telling him about Scott?

Jean: Yup.

Gary: How do you not know yet? (Shuts off the game)

Corey: Well I've been a little busy, what with the play and all. I'll try to keep a better grasp on Jean's love life from now on. Now lemme know what happened.

Jean: Well, we went on our first date and all. It was nice. We went to dinner and then went back to his place to watch a movie. This was all fine

and all, and I liked him enough from meeting him around you Cor'. So we kissed.

Corey: You kissed?

John: They kissed.

Corey: So what's the big deal?

Jean: Well give me a second; I'm getting there. So I was really tired after the movie and it was pretty late, so I slept over.

Corey: On the first date!

Jean: Nothing happened! I ended up sleeping on his couch, and him in his room. I swear!

Corey: Well, ok...

Jean: So I wake up the next morning, and there's flowers on the table with breakfast. This is all fine and sweet and all, but I think flowers are a little much for a first date.

Corey: Well so are sleepovers.

Gary: That's what I said.

Jean: Will you to back off? It was late and I didn't wanna, you know, crash and die on the car ride home. Excuse me for thinking of the rest of my life.

Corey: Ok ok. Take it easy. Is that it?

Jean: If it was, that'd be ok, but it gets bad. So I had class, but he wanted to hang out later that night, so I told him we could. I get there and we're hanging out, and we kiss a little more. That's when Scotty decides we're gonna talk about our relationship.

Corey: He didn't.

Jean: Oh yes he did. He starts asking me, "Why do you like me?" and "Am I a good kisser?" I'm thinking to myself, the second date is not the time for these questions. So, I'm a little creeped out, but not too much. I end up leaving a little later. When I get home, he starts texting me all sorts of "cute" little messages. Smiley faces, kissy faces, smiley winky faces, the works. At this point, after date two, the man is smothering me. So I tell him we are going to fast and should just be friends.

Corey: Well, in all fairness, that's not too bad.

Gary: Just wait, it gets worse.

Jean: As I break it off with him, he asks me what did he do wrong? So I tell him we moved too fast and I just don't wanna date. So he tells me he is willing to wait for me.

Corey: He's willing to what?

Jean: Wait for me, until I'm ready for a mature relationship. So I'm like ok whatever, at least it's over.

Corey: That's not too-

John: Oh it gets worse.

Corey: Oh God.

Jean: So I'm going to bed and I get a text from him, telling me he's been drinking and needs a ride home. I tell him to just crash at his friends house, but he says he doesn't wanna, that he wants to leave and needs a ride, and that nobody else can drive him. So, I tell him he's just going to have to stay the night there, so he tells me he's just gonna go ahead and drive if I don't get him. I told him if he wants to be an idiot, than go ahead, but don't pin it on me. Then he gets mad saying, "Oh you don't want to see me?"

Corey: Well of course you don't, you barely know him!

Jean: Exactly!

Corey: Well that's pretty bad but (noticing Jean's facial expression) Are you kidding me? How can it get any worse?

Jean: Well, I'm sitting in the library at the coffee shop doing a little reading, and here comes Scott. I say hi, because I don't want to be rude to him, and he asks if we can talk. I tell him I'm kind of busy. He tells me he's written me a letter and would like to read it.

Corey: You have got to be kidding me?

Jean: Nope. So Scott starts telling me how he's never felt this way before and how I'm so pretty and how we should just try to work past this and blah blah blah and all sorts of other garbage. So I tell him that he needs to just leave me alone. That if I feel this way on the second date, how far does he expect us to go? This is the end of our "relationship" and he needs to move on. So I get up to leave, and as I'm walking away, he shouts to me, "So, is this really it? Is that really how we're gonna leave this?"

Corey: What'd you do?

Jean: I said, "Yup!" and walked away.

Corey: Oh my God, Scott's crazy!

Gary: Imagine if you all had had a third date!

John: Or worse, how does he take actual break ups?

Corey: Too funny! You sure know how to pick 'em Jean!

Jean: Hey, this one was not my fault!

Corey: Yea yea I know. Still, pretty crazy right?

John: Crazy being the operative word.

Gary: Amen.

Jean: I'm not asking for much, just a guy that doesn't cry on the first date.

Corey: In all fairness, he cried on the second.

John: So I guess you should go back and beg for him back.

Jean: Oh whatever.

John: Anyways, so what's the plan? Are we actually going to walk or is Gary going to finally have to drive?

Gary: We already decided to walk. Where were you?

John: Oh yea! I guess we should start heading out then.

Jean: Oh, I have to get ready before we go.

John: Really Jean? We've been sitting here for how long? And now you have to get ready?

Gary: I kinda have to get ready too.

Corey: I just need to put on a clean shirt and I'll be good to go.

John: Well then you guys go get ready and hurry. I'd like to get there before the party's over.

Jean: Ok I'll be right back. Lemme just run downstairs and change.

Gary: Me too, I left my stuff in your room.

(Jean and Gary exit)

John: So, what's the plan?

Corey: Well, there's one girl I've been talking to. I'm hoping to get a shot with her tonight. She's really cute, but she's got a little bit of a temper on her. I'm fine as long as I don't piss her off.

John: Does she have any friends perhaps?

Corey: I'm sure we can find you a date tonight.

John: All right cool, than I guess I should change too.

Corey: So John, I, uh, gotta tell you something.

John: (Changing) Yea what's up?

Corey: Well, I, er, have this thing coming up...

John: This thing?

Corey: Ok, I've got this audition coming up. And, you see, it's the biggest audition I've ever had.

John: I'm sure you gonna get it. You shouldn't worry about it.

Corey: Well, you see, here's the thing. If I get the part, I kind of have to, er, relocate.

John: Oh.... Well, how far?

Corey: Far.

John: Oh.

Corey: I'm sorry. I won't leave you hanging on the lease or anything.

John: I know.

Corey: You mad?

John: No, I'm, uh, I'm happy for you. You see, we're both going to be great really soon. I'll be in med school, working to be a doctor, and you'll be the rising star you were meant to be. This is really great. Just great.

Corey: Are you sure? Cuz I'm gonna miss you man. You're like a brother.

John: What's with the like a brother? At this point, we are brothers damnit!

And I'll miss you like hell, but we'll visit. It'll be great.

Corey: Yeah, and I'll be able to take you backstage and show you everything after my shows.

John: And you can come in and watch me do surgery. It'll be great.

Corey: I hope so.

John: Forget about it. Let's go out. We'll party tonight to celebrate the fact that we're making it.

Corey: Definitely.

John: (As they exit) So, when you're famous, you are bringing me to meet famous actresses and models right?

Corey: Of course! That's the only reason I'm auditioning. To hook you up with famous ladies.

(Scene)

Scene 4

(The scene opens to a hospital bed. Gary is laying in the bed, with bandages over his head and his leg held at an odd angle. Jean is beside him. John enters the hospital room.)

John: How you feelin'?

Gary: Like hell.

Jean: You are an idiot Gary.

Gary: I still thought I had it.

John: (picking up his chart) It says you broke your hip, cracked your skull, and you have a concussion.

Gary: I'm an overachiever.

Jean: Shut up Gary! You could have been worse!

Gary: Aw Jean, I'm just playing around a little. Lighten up.

Jean: Lighten up? Lighten up? Do you have any idea how much of an idiot you are? You could have died.

Gary: But I didn't so just calm down.

Jean: I wanna know who the hell gave you the idea of skateboarding drunk down the stairs?

Gary: Eh, I guess it's just a drunken mistake.

Jean: I can't believe you!

John: Hey Jean, calm down, there will be plenty of time to tell him how dumb he is in the next couple of weeks. For now, let's just let him rest ok?

Jean: But...

John: No buts, just chill.

Jean: I, I didn't mean, really. I'm sorry. You just scared me.

John: He scared all of us. Let's just let him rest and yell at him in the morning.

Gary: Hey, you think they could get me more of this stuff? (Points to the IV)

John: Morphine?

Gary: Yeah, order me some more please.

John: Ok, I'll see if I can find a nurse.

(John exits)

Jean: You wanna watch some TV Gar'?

Gary: Yeah sure.

(Jean turns on the TV)

Jean: What do you want to watch?

Gary: I don't care; I just want some background noise.

(Jean picks a channel. The two sit in silence for a moment.)

Gary: Hey Jean?

Jean: Yeah?

Gary: I'm gonna be ok right?

Jean: Of course you are hun. You're gonna be just fine. You will, however, have to retire from stairwell skateboarding.

Gary: And right when my career was getting started.

Jean: You will have to stay off you're leg for a long time. I mean, you're not going to be a hundred percent for at least a year, maybe two.

Gary: A year or two? No way!

Jean: Yeah way. John was talking to the doctor. Because it's in the joint, it's gonna be a while before you're ready to go back to normal.

(John enters with a nurse)

Nurse: How's the pain?

Gary: It's not too bad. It comes and goes.

Nurse: How about on a scale of one to ten?

Gary: I'd say it's about a six for my head, and an eight for my hip.

Nurse: Well, I'm going to give a little more morphine. (As she administers the drug) Just let me know if you need anything else, ok sweetie?

Gary: Yes ma'am. Thank you.

Nurse: You're welcome. You were really lucky. There's a boy your age down in the ER who won't ever walk again. Yes, you were extremely lucky. Somebody was watching over you tonight. Well let me know if you need something else, ok sweetheart?

Gary: Yes mum, thankoo.

Nurse: The morphine seems to be working.

Gary: Thankoo for da morphibe. I fell better...(Gary dozes off)

Nurse: He's ok. Just sleepy, bless his heart. He's lucky to have you both.

(Exits)

John: Thank you ma'am.

Jean: Where's Corey?

John: Ya know, I was gonna ask you the same question. I guess he just isn't here yet. Last I saw him was the party talking to Christy. I bet he's just on his way. He didn't know about it until after we called him.

Jean: But that was like half an hour ago. He should be here by now.

John: In all fairness, he did have to walk here.

Jean: Yeah. Are you guys ok?

John: Yeah, great. Why?

Jean: Just curious. He told me about his audition.

John: Oh.

Jean: You two will be fine, no matter what happens.

John: I know, I know. I just don't want to have to live with someone else. It's nice having my best friend right there all the time. I mean I grew up in the land of estrogen. My mom and dad had three sisters trying to get me a little brother. I guess I just always thought of him as that, you know?

Jean: I know. You guys will still be brothers, regardless of what happens.

John: I hope so.

Gary: Hope...so...

John: I still can't believe this guy here. He scared the hell out of us.

Jean: Who told him it'd be a good idea to skateboard down the stairwell?

John: I don't know. It wasn't me. It could have been anybody. It could have been his own idea.

Jean: Yeah, I guess so.

John: What is taking Corey so long?

Jean: I don't know.

John: I don't know what his problem is. I mean, did he finish partying before he left?

Jean: John I'm sure he's just lost or something.

John: I mean it's so like him just to act on a whim.

Jean: What do you mean?

John: He's just wasting his talent on entertainment. Why doesn't he do something useful? I mean he's really going to dedicate his entire life to acting? Really? He's going to end up as just another wasted talent waiting on tables in some diner.

Jean: John what does this even have to do with-

John: I mean the guy was brilliant in high school. His grades were as good as mine all throughout high school. (Corey can be seen outside. Before

walking in, stops due to overhearing John) the guy literally taught me algebra 2. He was always so smart, and now he's going to give it up to act? I always figured he'd go in to law or politics or business, or anything.

Jean: John, I don't think that's why you're upset.

John: I just want the best for my friend, even if he's too stupid to see what that is.

Jean: Stop it John, you don't mean that!

John: The hell I don't! My best friend is going to dedicate his life to being a glorified dancing ape!

Corey: So that's how you really feel huh?

Jean: Corey! I'm so glad you're here!

John: I can't believe you!

Corey: Me? Me? I'm not the one tearing apart your hopes and dreams! I'm not the one criticizing your lifelong goals! I am not the one betraying his best friend on whim!

Jean: Please guys.

John: What took you so long anyway? Nurses throw you a few peanuts for a song and dance?

Jean: Stop it guys.

Corey: For your information, I was outside talking to Christy. By the time somebody told me what happened, you three were gone on the ambulance, and I was forced to jog the 5 miles here, drunk and lost in the middle of the city. What I wanna know is how this has anything to do with my choice of being a, how did you put it, dancing monkey the rest of my life?

Jean: Boys! You are both tired and slightly intoxicated! Gary is hurt. It's been a long night. Why don't you two just bury the hatchet? Just for tonight. We can laugh about everything in the morning. Deal?

John: I'm leaving.

Jean: No John. Where are you going to go?

John: For a walk.

Jean: John stop! Corey, say something.

Corey: What do you want me to say? I'm not the one picking the fight. I just walked in on it.

(John exits)

Gary: (groggy) What's going on? Hey Corey. Where's John going?

Corey: Away.

Gary: Oh. Did I miss something?

Corey: No nothing. How ya feeling?

Gary: Good. When'd you get here?

Corey: Just now.

Gary: Oh, I don't remember falling asleep.

Jean: It's the morphine.

Gary: Yeah, that must be it.

Jean: Corey, you and John can't do this. You two are best friends.

Corey: There's a line you just don't cross. He crossed it.

Jean: He's been drinking all night, he's upset, and he's tired. Just give it a break.

Corey: No. No Jean. A drunk man's words are a sober man's thoughts. He truly does not respect everything I've worked for. I may not be dealing with chemistry and physics and whatever, but I busted my ass to get where I am today. I work as hard as I can every time. And for him to sit there and say those things. To compare me to a chimpanzee begging for peanuts? I'm damn good at what I do. I just, I don't even know what to say. How could he?

Gary: What'd he do?

Jean: Corey..

Corey: No. Not this time. John was my greatest friend growing up, and I have always respected him. I always admired how much he wanted to help people. I love that about him. But to sit there and look down on me like

that? I respect him, and he thinks nothing of me. I have never felt as belittles and as pathetic as I do now. How dare he? Who gives him the right to say I'm nothing? What gave him the audacity to look down on me? I may not be saving lives, but, but...(pulls out phone) No more.

Jean: What're you doing?

Corey: I am officially renouncing our friendship.

Jean: It was one drunken fight!

Corey: No Jean. The sad thing is, you and me are both exhausted and everything he is, Gary is stoned on morphine, and not one of us is tearing each other down. There's no excuse for what just happened. If he truly thinks of me like that, then we are not friends anymore.

Jean: (Looking on his phone) You're deleting him from Facebook?

Corey: He isn't my friend (deletes John) anymore.

Jean: Corey...

Corey: I'm done talking. You want anything from downstairs? I need to go for a walk.

Jean: No, I'm ok.

Corey: Ok (exits.)

(Silence)

Gary: (groggy) Hey Jean. Where's John and Corey? They here yet?

Jean: No Gar'. No they're not.

(Scene)

Scene 5

(The scene opens with Corey in the room, right after the last scene closes. He is sitting on his bed writing. John enters)

John: Hey.

Corey: Hi

John: What're you up to bud?

Corey: Nothing

John:Hey I know we fought last night, but, er, it's no big deal right?

Corey: Sure

John: Ok good.....

(Corey sits at his desk, with his back to John. Thinking nothing of it,

John sits down at his computer.

Jean shows up)

Jean: What's up guys?

John: Nothing just hanging out..

Jean: You ok Cor?

Corey: Yea just hanging out. Like John said.

Jean: Okay.... Well hey, I just wanted to see if you guys were coming to Gary's welcome back party? He can't drink, so we're just doing a little get together.

John: Yea, I was just pressing yes on your invite. Cor hasn't replied yet.

Corey: (clears throat)

John: That's a new picture isn't it? When'd you take that? Huh, that's funny; it's not letting me look at your page. (Pause) There must be something wrong with Facebook.

(Corey lets out a laugh)

Jean: (realizing what's happening) Well I think I better be going.

John: It says I'm no longer your friend on Facebook. We must've accidentally deleted each other or something.

(Corey let's out another noise acknowledging John's statement)

Jean: Um, er, yeah I think I'll go ahead and leave.

John: Maybe it's just a glitch. Stupid computer.

Jean: Well bye guys. Please talk.

(Both boys are lost in their present situation to acknowledge Jean. Jean leaves.)

John: Geez what's going on with this thing?

Corey: Really John? Really?

John: What?

Corey: We get into a fight, you tell me your sick of me, you come back and notice we aren't friends on Facebook, and the computer must've done something? Take the hint!

(John takes a second to absorb this, thinks about it for a second, and finally realizes what happened)

John: Really? You deleted me from Facebook?

Corey: Well, Facebook is a place for my FRIENDS to see what I am up to. If a person is no longer my friend, then why should they be able to look at my personal updates? That just doesn't make sense, now does it?

John: Well, as long as we're Facebook official. (Pause) You know, I honestly think you are blowing this way out of proportion.

Corey: Am I? AM I?

John: What could I have possibly done to piss you off this badly?

Corey: You don't even know why I'm mad at you!

John: Well, I can't look on your Facebook anymore, so no.

Corey: This is so like you. You are so focused on chemistry, biology, and anything that will get you into med school, but you have no idea what an honest human connection is.

John: You know I don't have to deal with this, we're no longer "Facebook official."

Corey: There you go, deflecting again. If you would just show just a bit of an actual feeling, I really don't think we'd even be here. I'm not your book, and I'm not your homework, yet you have no problem taking out all of your stress on me! And it's just not fair!

John: Is this about what happened the other night? I'm sorry I was just stressed...

Corey: ..stressed out and took it out on me, I get it. But I cannot be your vent. And I cannot be your whipping post. I can't pick you up every single time you fall. I lose me by worrying about you. You are stressed all of the time. All day, everyday. 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. And I'm not ignoring it, I'm saying deal with it and move on. Your life is stressful, but should it really stop you from enjoying other aspects of life? You have absolutely no range of emotion, just stress and anger!

John: You know, I wouldn't put it on you if you didn't ask me every time I'm a little pissed, "What's wrong? Can I help? Talk to me." If I talk, you're mad. If I'm silent, you're mad. So what can I do to please you? Just lie to you, tell you it's all ok?

Corey: No, but...

John: But what? You want to know what's on my mind if and when it suits you? Only when I'm fine?

Corey: That's not what I'm saying...

John: Then what are you saying? That I should just bottle it up and hide it away from the world.

Corey: No I....

John: Want me to....

Corey: Would you stop interrupting me damnit! (Silence) What I'm trying to say is that I am your friend, and I care about you. The way you deal with your stress, it's just not good for ya man. You need to spend some time dealing with your emotions, or they are gonna end up killing you. You brute around all day, tearing hair out over some new paper, or project. Today it's chemistry. Tomorrow it's MCAT. Everyday is a different reason for the same stress. And it's obviously tearing you apart. You need to cope with it. Deal with your emotions, instead of just bottling them up and moving on or worse, taking them out on your friends. (Pause) Last night, was I really the one that made you that angry?

John: You have to understand Cor...

Corey: Answer the question. When we fight, are you legitimately angry because of the things I do?

John: Sometimes, yes. I don't live in a land where my emotions need to be displayed to the world. Sometimes I just want to be left alone. Who cares if I'm angry today, and stressed tomorrow? The results are justified by the means. You think anybody cares if I feel a little blue today? I still need to pick up and keep moving. There is no time to stop and fret over anything that is not justified with a purpose.

Corey: What do you mean?

John: Who cares how I feel if I am successful.

Corey: But stress isn't why you succeed, hard work and talent is.

John: I work best under pressure.

Corey: That's an excuse if I ever heard one. Pressure makes people work better, but that doesn't mean you have to be under the gun constantly.

John: Why not?

Corey: BECAUSE IT ISN'T GOOD FOR YOU!

John: And how would you know? Mr. Drama major? Mr. Sensitive type?

Mr. I say a whole lot about what is and what isn't good for you, but I have no clue?

Corey: Are you honestly questioning me as an intellectual?

John: What do you honestly know about anything that isn't from some play? Do you honestly have a practical talent other than copying some other person? You sit here and you criticize me for how I deal with stress, and yet you don't know the meaning of stress!

Corey: Are you kidding me?

John: Not in the slightest. You complain about memorizing a few lines here and there, a little stage jitters. I have to memorize every major anatomical pathway while you memorize Queen Maab, and you want to tell me how to cope with stress?

Corey: I may not understand why something works, but at least I'm in-tune to what the something feels.

John: In-tune? You're obsessed with the "what the something feels."

Corey: John, you are so out of touch with basic human emotion. It's like your missing something

John: Whatever it is, you found.

Corey: You honestly have no respect for what I do, do you? I honestly thought what you said yesterday was out of stress, or drunk, or anything. I thought you meant it, and knew you meant it. But some part of me, some unrealistic, naïve voice in the back of my head kept saying,

he was tired. Or, he was stressed. All night I kept telling myself, “Maybe I jumped to conclusions last night.” Maybe I misunderstood you. Maybe you were just venting. But no, I was right from the get go. You don’t respect me. I may not fix hearts, and legs, or take out tumors, but I give people a chance to escape from reality. To laugh, to cry. To escape the abysmal realities of life. I help people escape their own realities, even for just a moment, and I give them hope. Hope that somebody else has felt things they feel. Hope that somebody else has gone through struggles similar to their own. What are you going to do for a living?

John: You give them all the hope you want. I will provide them a future. I’ll keep them alive and healthy. And they’ll be able to exist.

Corey: That does not give you the right to think yours is more important than mine.

John: Why no Cor’? Without doctors, people die. Without actors, people what? Nothing. Nothing changes whether you’re here or not, so what’s the point?

Corey: You honestly believe that?

John: I do.

Corey: I’ve known you for five years John. We went to high school together. We graduated and went to college together. I have never

doubted your choices because they were yours. Why can't I have the same respect?

(Michelle, the RA, enters)

Michelle: Knock knock? Hey boys!

Boys: Hey Michelle.

Michelle: I heard you guys being a little louder than normal. Is everything ok?

John: Yes Michelle we're fine, now if you'd please...

(John goes to shut the door, but Michelle refuses.)

Michelle: Well as your RA, I want you guys to feel comfortable talking to me at any time. It is my job...

Corey: Okay Michelle, we're fine. Now could you leave us...

Michelle: How about the three of us go and get some grub?

John: Not hungry Michelle.

Michelle: Ice cream? Board Games? How bout a movie night?

John: Oh my God, what the-

Corey: Movie night sounds fun! Why don't you go setup and we'll meet you in your room.

Michelle: Oh yay! (As John pushes her out the door) I'll go set us up! I'll get some popcorn and we'll get your neighbors and (John closes the

door. Michelle is heard walking down the hall) we can do a movie marathon. Oh! I'm going to change into my PJ's. This is going to be so much fun.

Corey: Oh my God, what is wrong with that girl?

John: Does she not understand the word no?

(Both laugh, then an awkward silence.)

Corey: Why can't you respect my choice John?

John: I guess I just can't.

Corey: Well, then I guess this is how it's going to be.

John: I guess so Corey.

Corey: Well, ok then.

(Silence)

John: Well, I've got some homework I need to do. I guess I'll see you later then?

Corey: Yup.

John: All right then. Goodbye Cor'.

Corey: Bye.

(The two share another awkward silence, before John grabs his bag and exits.)

Corey: Prick.

(Corey exits shortly after.)

Scene 6

(The scene opens in another room, which is more of a big open room with various, mismatching chairs placed around. An odd assortment of cheap decorations litters the room. Michelle, the RA, is seen entering carrying an snacks and drinks.)

Michelle: Oh where is everybody? I put fliers up a week ago.

(Michelle busies herself setting up)

I can't believe nobody has showed up yet. It's a mandatory meeting.

That means they can't skip.

(Jean and Gary enter. Gary is in a wheelchair and Mary is pushing him.)

Jean: (to Gary) I mean really, this shouldn't take too long. I'm sure it's just some end of the year housekeeping.

Gary: Then how do you explain this.

Michelle: Oh my gosh! I'm so happy you guys could make it. Help yourself to some drinks and snacks, and I'll go get the music.

Jean: Um, Michelle?

Michelle: Yes?

Jean: I thought this was a mandatory meeting.

Michelle: It is.

Jean: Then why does it look like we are going to a, a,-

Gary: A four year old's birthday party?

Michelle: Well, I just figured we could make the boring end of the year stuff a lot more fun by adding games and snacks and music and stuff.

Jean: Well, you see, here's the thing. We all have finals coming up.

Everybody is studying, and well, we'd all appreciate it if we could, you know, make this quick.

Michelle: Oh you silly. You can't spend all the time studying. You need to take a break once in a while. This will be good for everybody to get out and have some fun.

Jean: Yeah, but---

Michelle: No buts! This is a mandatory meeting. We're just gonna make it a lil more fun, that's all. Now I'll be right back.

(Michelle exits)

Gary: What is wrong with her. I'm ready to just call it a night. I mean nine o'clock meeting on a Sunday? Who does she think I am?

Jean: Gary, calm down. Have you had your meds yet?

Gary: No.

Jean: Now why not? You know how crabby you get when you don't take them.

Gary: I'll be fine. It's just a little pain. Just gimme some Tylenol.

Jean: Gary, please?

Gary: I don't like taking them. They make me feel like I'm not really here.

Jean: It's just until your hip gets better.

Gary: I can manage. How's John and Corey?

Jean: Still not talking.

Gary: Really? It's been weeks! Those two need to get over it.

Jean: You don't think I haven't told them that?

Gary: What the hell are they even fighting about anymore?

Jean: Well John insists that Corey is wasting his life, and Corey says John's a prude that's more worried about books than people.

Gary: So this has nothing to do with one drunken argument, and one moving away?

Jean: Well, I think that's the straw that broke the camel's back. Are we really the only one's who showed up to this? I honestly thought it was mandatory. Let's leave before she get's-

Michelle: I'm back! And look who I found.

(A couple of students enter. None of them are too happy to be there. Corey enters)

Now help yourself to some snacks. I'm gonna turn on some jams.

(Michelle sets up a boom box)

Corey: Hey guys.

Jean: Hey.

Gary: What's up?

Corey: (shrugs) Did she really make her party mandatory?

Gary and Jean: Yup.

Corey: You have got to be kidding me. I don't have time for this.

Jean: You still packing?

Corey: Yeah. After my final on Thursday I'm done. I leave Friday.

Gary: I still can't believe you're leaving. That's crazy.

Corey: Yeah.

Jean: Congratulations again on getting the part. I knew you would.

Michelle: Where's John?

Corey: (laughs)

Jean: He's probably studying in his room. I'll go get him.

Michelle: Ok, we'll wait for you guys.

(Jean leaves)

Michelle: Ok guys. We're gonna start in a sec. Help yourself to drinks and snacks. Gary! How are you feeling?

Gary: Like crap. My leg is sore, I have another headache, and instead of taking my pain pills and passing out, I'm stuck at this stupid party!

Michelle: Aw, I'm sorry, but you must understand, this information is very important.

Gary: And the music and games?

Michelle: I'm just trying to make it more fun.

Corey: Calm down Gary. He's just cranky.

Gary: Where'd Jean go?

Corey: You were here for that. She went to get John.

Gary: Oh yea. Why do we have to be here again?

Michelle: Because it's important information for the end of the year checkout.

Gary: Well that's dumb as hell.

Corey: Gary, just relax.

Gary: I have a concussion.

Corey: I know Gary, you've told me three times today.

Michelle: Is he ok?

Corey: Short term memory loss. He has a hard time concentrating and remembering things lately.

Gary: Is Michelle really gonna make us go to this stupid meeting thing? This is dumb as hell.

Michelle: Gary....(walks away)

Gary: Where's John?

Corey: Probably in his room studying.

Gary: You two ok?

Corey: No, Gar', we're not.

Gary: Why not? What happened? You two are always ok.

Corey: Well Gar', the kid just doesn't respect me or what I do. He tore apart my life goals and decisions, and put himself on a pedestal above everyone else. I don't ever wanna see that kid again.

Gary: That's too bad. Where's Jean?

Corey: She'll be back in a sec.

(Jean enters)

Michelle: Where's John? I thought you left to get him.

Jean: He's not coming.

Corey: Couldn't pry him away from the computer eh?

Jean: Corey. You should go talk to him.

Corey: Why? I can't stand him.

Jean: He just got a letter.

Corey: So? He's moving too eh?

Jean: No.

Corey: What?

Jean: He wasn't accepted. He's freaking out.

Corey: Oh no. (Corey rushes out)

Michelle: Corey! Corey! Am I the only one who understands what mandatory means?

Gary: Oh shut up Michelle! This is dumb as hell.

(The scene changes to John and Corey's room. John's stuff is a mess. John is seen in the room)

John: (reading the letter) Dear Mr. Anderson. We are sorry to inform you? They aren't sorry for any informing! They look forward to crushing people like me. I've busted my ass for years! And for what? For some pompous jackass to apologize for it? I'm sorry to inform you, that you will not be receiving my money then.

(Corey enters, unbeknownst to John)

John: What did I do wrong? Tell me. I don't want an apology, I want to know what I did wrong. Why am I not good enough, huh? Why? I bet they

don't have a reason. I bet I was competing with some rich man's kid. Yeah. I didn't get in because I'm poor. That's discrimination! They'll regret discriminating me! (noticing Corey) Oh, hi.

Corey: Hey John. What's up?

John: Oh nothing, just uh, cleaning up a bit.

Corey: Oh, well, I like what you've done with the place.

John: Yeah, I just figured I'm always so neat. I wanted something different.

Yup. That's it.

Corey: Who's the letter from?

John: Oh, you know. The, uh, school.

Corey: What's it say.

John: Oh the usual. I didn't return a book or something.

Corey: C'mon John. Talk to me.

John: No.

Corey: Really? You can't just put our differences aside for a second?

John: You wouldn't get it.

Corey: How do you figure?

John: Because you've made it. You've been accepted. You get to live out your dream, while I'm stuck sitting on a now useless science degree.

Corey: It's not useless John. I bet you'll get in somewhere else.

John: You get to go of and act. You got your acceptance. All I get is an apology.

Corey: John.

John: No. No Corey. I failed. I'm not good enough to be a doctor. I'm not smart enough. I'm not strong enough. I didn't do enough. You enjoy your dream.

Corey: John. One letter isn't the end. I've seen you pick apart things nobody else could. You're a genius, and the only one's missing out is the school dumb enough to turn you down.

John: You're just saying that. You hate what I do. You told me yourself.

Corey: I never said I hated what you do. I said I didn't like what it did to you. You're the one who made fun of what I'm gonna be doing.

John: Oh c'mon Cor', you know I didn't mean that.

Corey: The hell you didn't.

John: Corey. I don't want you to leave me. You're my best friend. We grew up together. I didn't want you to leave, and I hated the fact that you were accepted. And I hated that I felt that way. You're my friend, and I wanted you to fail so you would stay.

Corey: John.

John: No Cor'. I'm sorry. I failed you as a friend. I let my own selfishness get in the way. I'm, well, I'm proud of you.

Corey: John, after everything you said about how useless my career is? I mean, you told me my job was useless and I was wasting my time.

John: Corey, your show gave me two hours off from the stress that is me. Your shows give me my outlet when I'm freaking out, which for me is always. Why else would I show up to every show. I said some awful things, but I know firsthand what you can do for someone. Life isn't just about what's real. You helped me get through the day, by merely allowing me to escape into fantasy. I know what you do is important. I shouldn't have said anything about it, when I was really just angry that I might not be able to see my best friend anymore.

Corey: Oh c'mon, that's not true.

John: How do you know? It happens everyday. People tell each other that they'll stay friends, no matter what. And then they leave. And they call everyday. Everyday turns into every week, which turns into every month. Before you know it, you're just that one guy I roomed with in college, or you're just that guy I knew in high school. It happens every day Corey.

Corey: Well, I don't know. I just figured we'd be different.

John: I know. And maybe we will be. I was just scared to death that maybe we weren't.

(silence)

Corey: Well, what're you going to do now?

John: I don't know. Ya' think it's too late for me to audition?

(both laugh)

Corey: You couldn't do that.

John: Why not?

Corey: Because you're going to be a doctor. Just not yet.

John: How do you know Corey?

Corey: I just do, ok?