

Jenni Erickson

Cast of Characters

Scott Bowen: 17, Senior- Popular, with bouts of aggression. Unable to swallow his pride. Almost 18.

Devon Locke: 17, Junior - Short and shy. Holds a bit of a Napolean complex with friends.

Scene

An Abandoned Drive-in located in Big Rapids, Michigan.

Time

A Summer evening, Saturday.

The sun is beginning to melt into the horizon. It's warm enough to not need extra layers. The scene is set behind the once-famous Big Rapids Drive-in concession building, which is littered with graffiti. Empty beer cans and cigarette butts are scattered around, their purpose fulfilled. The wall of the concession building is covered with graffiti. Near the edge of the wall, A heart with an arrow through it says "BC + JE" inside of it, sprayed in red paint. The left side is sloppier than the right. In the center of the wall, "HAPPY BIRTHDAY -D," is written colorfully, but poorly (other pieces of interest will be noted throughout).

Through the audience, SCOTT and DEVON enter the scene walking their bikes. DEVON is carrying a backpack. His right arm is lame. He reads the graffiti like poetry, soaking in as much as he can. SCOTT, wearing a sweater, an overcoat, and a blindfold.

DEVON

Oh come on, dude. You haven't even tried. I don't care if it's stupid, just guess.

SCOTT

I don't feel like guessing.

DEVON

What -- You don't even wanna know why I'm making it a surprise?

They set their bikes down, DEVON nudges him with his good arm to prompt him. His lame arm hangs like wet laundry.

SCOTT

(Giving in) Because it's almost my birthday.

DEVON

There you go, Mr. - Almost, 18! When is it, Tuesday?

SCOTT

Tuesday.

DEVON

How cool is that! Sorry the surprise is a little early.

DEVON is lost again in the graffiti, almost forgetting what he was saying.

Come on. Just take a guess. Where are we?

SCOTT

Well, we were biking to the drive-in, and then you put a bandanna over my face, so I'm assuming we're at the drive-in.

DEVON

OK, but *why* are we here?

SCOTT

I don't know.

DEVON

You're so close! I mean, it is *literally* staring you in the face.

He points to a pair of spray-painted eyes on the wall. They are glaring at SCOTT opposite of him.

DEVON

I'll give you a hint. It's the *abandoned* Drive-in.

SCOTT takes the blindfold off.

DEVON

No no no no -- don't! God damn it.

DEVON exhales a sharp breath, drops his backpack to the ground.

SCOTT

Why are we here?

DEVON

Look at the wall!

He starts taking out some cans of spraypaint.

SCOTT acknowledges the "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" graffiti.

You like it? I have stencils in here somewhere so we can have nice looking letters.

SCOTT

How long have you been doing this?

DEVON

I don't know, like, two weeks? I went to the Home Depot in Cadillac to get the paint. Told the department guy I was painting my brother's bike for his birthday. He was all (*mocking*) "Then let me show you how to use it properly," which was pretty cool. I feel like a mix of Banksy and a fuckin' third-grader when it comes to drawing anything, though.

He takes the stencils out. They're brand new.

SCOTT

Huh.

DEVON

There's my first one. Look at that shit.

DEVON points to the right side of the wall, which reads "NOW I AM BECOME DEATH, THE DESTROYER OF WORLDS." in a large, hastily written font.

It's a quote from the guy who made the atomic bomb. I mean, it's from the Bhagavad-Gita, but he quoted it from that after the big nuclear bomb testing.

SCOTT

The Trinity Test?

DEVON

Yeah. (*growling, Batman-esque*) "Now we're all sons of bitches."

SCOTT

What?

DEVON

It's what that one guy said to the other guy after they tested the bomb. I think I wanna throw some *Lycidas* up there. With a fuckin' boat or something.

Beat. DEVON notices the amount of layers SCOTT has on.

DEVON

Aren't you hot? It's still like, 80-something out.

SCOTT

I'm alright.

DEVON

You're sweating. (*Pointing*) You got a sweaty face.

SCOTT stumbles on his words.

SCOTT

I don't know. Don't you ever just -- *like* the outfit you're wearing?

DEVON

No.

Small beat.

SCOTT

Well, sometimes I just like how an outfit works. I don't know. I don't like taking away from a whole.

DEVON

Remember when you beat the shit out of Brian and you made him lose --

SCOTT

What the fuck, Devon?

DEVON

What?

SCOTT

Where'd Cateman come from?

DEVON

What I was *going* to say, was that he can't see out of his left eye because of you, so it's contradictory that you don't like taking away from a whole. I thought it was clever. And to be fair, that was like the meanest thing you've ever done. Ever. So --

SCOTT

You don't think I fucking know that?

A beat.

DEVON

I have a confession.

SCOTT

What?

DEVON

I know everything.

SCOTT tenses up.

SCOTT

What are you talking about?

DEVON

That's why I've brought you here.

SCOTT

No wait, what are you *talking* about?

DEVON

(Mocking a film noir) I know where you've been. I know you were the one who stole the jewels in London all those years ago, and now it's time to *give them back*. *Your time is up.*

Once SCOTT realizes it was a stupid joke, he takes a breath. DEVON slowly walks toward him wielding an imaginary knife.

SCOTT
What are you doing?

DEVON
Taking back what's mine.

He goes in for the kill.

SCOTT
Stop it!

SCOTT awkwardly swats him off with his right arm, and winces.

DEVON
You drive a hard bargain, Chekov.

SCOTT
Devon --

DEVON
Let's paint some shit.

SCOTT
Devon, I kind of want to get out of here. Can we come back some other time?

DEVON
What do you mean some other time? This is your fucking birthday gift you piece of shit! Look at that! It's fucking awesome! I even brought little gloves!

DEVON digs back into his backpack.

SCOTT
I'm not feeling it.

DEVON
Oh come on! We haven't even done anything yet! This is your canvas, man. Like tabula-rasa shit! And you don't have to worry about making it *good*, you're not getting a fuckin' New York Times Bestseller or a Grammy or anything.

He gives up on looking for the gloves. He picks up the can of spray-paint outside of his backpack and starts pointing out various acts of vandalism with it.

SCOTT

Grammys are for music --

DEVON

Look, this guy wrote "GAY." What's gay? Why should I care? Is it an issue that this thing *is* gay? Here, "Jason sux." Like, Jason probably didn't even deserve that -- but somebody fuckin' wrote it.

He laughs at the next one. "GOD IS _____" is painted, and somebody had added the word "PUNK" as the adjective filling the blank.

"God is punk." I mean, that's pretty cool, but I like to think of God as a lonely dude trying to pay child support with the TV on, just missing his mouth when he tries to eat a bag of chips. I think it's called Gnosticism, where the idea of God is --

SCOTT

Devon, You gotta do more with your time than read the overviews of Wikipedia articles and pretend to know shit. It's sad --

DEVON

Fuck you! I read books. I do book stuff. You go to parties and play hockey, so get out of my fuckin' corner. If I was your mom I would have named you Scott "hungover-and-desperate" Bowen. 'Cause that's all I hear out of your stupid mouth.

SCOTT

Fuck you.

The tone of SCOTT's voice strikes surprises DEVON.

DEVON

Um. Ok.

A beat.

So I hope the surprise gift was cool.

SCOTT

It's cool.

DEVON

You leaving next year is gonna suck, man. *(Hesitating)* But at the same time, it's been weird since you've been back from Juvy.

SCOTT

What do you mean?

DEVON

I don't know if it makes any sense, but you're like, always doing stuff and I just kind of watch.

SCOTT waits for him to continue.

There's just times when I feel like we don't click on shit anymore. It's like if you were Batman, I'd be like, Robin's cousin.

SCOTT

Oh, come on.

DEVON

I don't know, you're popular, and you have other friends. I got this.

He shakes his right arm.

You never wonder why we're still friends?

SCOTT

No! (*Thinking*) Not really. You're different. I've got other friends, but they're just *there*. I don't have a lot of really *good* friends - I don't know, most of them are just people I see at school.

DEVON

Do you remember when you told everybody to stop calling me "Roadkill" after the hit and run?

SCOTT

Yeah.

DEVON

Why'd you do that?

SCOTT

People suck.

DEVON

I wonder if they'll bring it up again next year.

SCOTT

Naw, it won't happen.

DEVON

Thanks.

SCOTT

Yeah, most people at school aren't like, *fun*. I usually talk way more than everybody else in a conversation while they kind of, pretend to listen. I don't know.

A pause.

(MORE)

SCOTT (cont'd)

You actually talk more than I do.

DEVON

That's 'cause you're boring. And most people are afraid to say no to you,

SCOTT looks like he remembered something. He feels his right arm.

so they never try to talk while you're talking. Ya idiot.

DEVON laughs, watching SCOTT's reaction.

Are you alright?

SCOTT

What?

DEVON

You're kind of all over the place, man -- And look at this shit!

He points to the birthday graffiti.

It's cool as fuck! And you're all (mocking) "it's cool."

SCOTT

You ever have one of those days where everything's a little out of sync?

DEVON

Yeah.

SCOTT

It's just one of those days.

DEVON

What happened?

SCOTT

I don't know, I haven't been getting --

SCOTT's phone rings. He looks at who's calling and hangs it up immediately.

DEVON

What was that? Mister "I get phone calls because chicks actually like me."

SCOTT is still looking at the phone.

SCOTT

I think it was a telemarketer.

DEVON

I *know* I made you sign up for that national "Don't-Let-Telemarketers-Contact-Me" list after the shit with *Mr. Rondeau's* "bank" trying to get your credit card information, so don't play me like that.

SCOTT

They still call me! And it's only been since I got my new phone. I think they've got the wrong number.

DEVON

They're so persistent, though.

SCOTT

And it's always that one lady, she goes "If this isn't *Mr. Rondeau*, then *who is it?*" I even pretended like she was ordering a pizza the last time she called.

DEVON

That's awesome!

DEVON, almost forgetting the argument.

That's beside the point. You get calls from people whose numbers you don't have *all the time* being all cool and shit.

DEVON's expression shows a motive of mockery while prying for the truth.

So who was that?

as he points to the phone.

SCOTT

I don't know, it had a bunch of zeros and eights in the number! It looked like a telemarketer.

DEVON

Whatever.

DEVON goes up to the wall to take a closer look.

He begins reading a poem written in sharpie.

"If I wrote a list of every girl I've ever loved/ it would look like a memorial wall/ for dead war veterans."

SCOTT

Didn't you say your mom wanted you home soon?

DEVON

I think she said before ten o'clock, 'cause she's fuckin' Mussolini in a sad-woman skin-suit.

SCOTT

I don't want to get caught out here.

DEVON

Oh, This place is always empty. Nothing new's been painted since the last time I was here, anyway. Trying to go to a party?

SCOTT

No! I'm just not feeling it right now.

DEVON

You oughta bring me with you to some cool-kid parties sometime. I can probably get dernk as fernk.

DEVON starts doing a hedonistic dance routine, as if he's practiced it before. His lame arm flops around unsynchronized.

SCOTT

Stop it, I hate your dance. And don't say "dernk."

DEVON pauses his dance.

DEVON

How can I stop saying it if I'm... Already super dernk.

As he continues dancing, he turns his neck the wrong way, resulting in a sharp pain.

Fuck! I forgot, I totally almost got hit by a car again last night. Yeah, look at this.

He reveals his shoulder, which is heavily road-rashed.

SCOTT

Damn.

SCOTT goes up behind him and jokingly slaps it, as if he was patting it.

DEVON

GAH! Don't do that! But yeah, it was around midnight. I was night-biking and I closed my eyes and let go of the handle, and I was in the middle of the road and this car starts turning into my lane and honks - So I had to bail. Totally fucked up my neck. It was super liberating though. Felt like I almost died a little.

SCOTT is silent.
What's wrong, man?

SCOTT
What do you mean "what's wrong?"

DEVON
I feel like I'm talking to myself!

SCOTT
I'm just tired!

DEVON
Doubt it.

SCOTT
I was at Alyssa's thing last night.

DEVON
Gettin' dernk. Doesn't explain the all of the extra layers though.

SCOTT
I think this chick got me sick last night. She was screaming at me, and I specifically remember a drop of spit flying into my mouth.

DEVON
Ew. Why was she screaming at you?

SCOTT
About how much of a dick I am or something.

DEVON
Who was it?

SCOTT
... I don't know. I think she was a freshman.

DEVON
Huh. Where's your necklace?

*He takes a quick check to see if it is on him.
It's not.*

SCOTT
(Irritated) I don't know, I must have lost it last night.

DEVON
What the fuck, dude? You lost your Jesus piece?

SCOTT

I guess.

DEVON

At the party?

SCOTT

Must have.

DEVON

You don't just lose your Jesus piece. Did somebody take it?

SCOTT

I don't know.

DEVON

I'm not a man of God, but I know that you don't just go losing your Jesus piece --

SCOTT

Stop calling it that!

DEVON

Have you tried to find it? Asked Alyssa?

SCOTT

No.

DEVON

(Trying to make a string of alliteration) Was it asinine to ask Alyssa about your ancient artifact that ascended from above?

SCOTT

Shut up.

DEVON

Oh, Come on. alliterations are great.

SCOTT

Alliterations are consonants, vowels are assonance.

DEVON

(In a pseudo-film-noir voice) You win again, Chekov.

SCOTT

Why do you keep calling me that?

DEVON

I don't know, I thought of like, a Bratva in a film noir or something when I came up with the diamond scenario in my head.

SCOTT
Oh.

Beat.

DEVON
Speaking of you being a prissy college frat douchebag, are you done with apps?

SCOTT
For the most part.

DEVON
(Uppity and sarcastically) Are you still considering Cornell?

SCOTT
(Unaffected) Hopefully, but I doubt it. Gotta have really good grades for Cornell. Like, really good.

He takes a breath, considering his situation.
... and out-of-state is awful. I'm banking Ann Arbor 'cause it's super good for Bio and way cheaper. Maybe UC because my dad lives in Chicago, but I probably won't get in there either.

DEVON
Why is Ann Arbor good for Bio? I fucking hate when people are like "UM shits on MSU" or like "Dartmouth has such a good Econ program," when they don't know what they're talking about.

SCOTT
Yeah, people really do just say stuff like that all the time.

DEVON
I still gotta take the SAT before next year.

SCOTT's phone rings again. His eyes dart from phone, to DEVON, to the phone again. He hangs it up, and starts putting his phone on silent.
What the fuck, dude? Did a job go wrong? Owe some money to the fuckin' mob?

SCOTT
Shut up.

DEVON
Suck the president's dick? Who is that?

SCOTT

It's nobody!

Silence. DEVON is taken back by the anger in his voice.

DEVON

Last time you shouted like that was when you beat the shit out of Brian in 8th grade --

SCOTT

(*Sternly*) Why do you keep bringing that up?

DEVON

'Cause the last time I heard you get this mad about something was when you gave one of our friends head trauma.

SCOTT takes a deep breath. SCOTT doesn't like to think that four years of therapy has gone down the drain.

Don't huff at me. Why do you keep hanging up people's calls?

SCOTT

God damn it.

DEVON

What?

SCOTT takes another deep breath.

SCOTT

I hooked up with Jenni Erickson last night.

DEVON

What?! That's crazy! Haven't you liked her since like... forever?

SCOTT

Yeah, uh, 8th grade.

DEVON

Hottest junior at BRHS.

Stating as if it is fact.

SCOTT

It was awful.

DEVON

What do you mean it was awful?

SCOTT

I don't know, that chick who screamed at me was her friend, and she walked in on us. It was fucked up.

DEVON

So you were lying about her getting you sick?

SCOTT

What? I don't know. I feel like shit.

DEVON

I don't like this bit-by-bit disclosure shit, man.

SCOTT

I didn't want to tell you! It just sucked, ok?

DEVON

Is that chick the person on the phone?

SCOTT

Yeah.

DEVON

I'm just trying to think of who she could be. We don't have any new kids.

SCOTT

I don't know! She's probably from Reed City! Just stop asking, all right?

DEVON

Why are you so fucking mad, dude?

SCOTT

I don't know. The whole situation just petered out. And I really like Jenni. So when that girl came in, it fucked everything up.

DEVON

So you don't want to answer her calls?

SCOTT

Well yeah, because she keeps leaving messages where she's just screaming the whole time.

DEVON

Shit. Like what?

SCOTT

I don't want to talk about it.

A beat of silence. DEVON erupts.

DEVON

Take off the fucking layers, Scott!

SCOTT

Why?

DEVON

Why the fuck are you wearing a coat and a sweater in the middle of the summer?

SCOTT

I'm sick! I've got a cold sweat, and my throat hurts. I don't know.

DEVON

I bet you're hiding something ridiculous like a litter of kittens or the ground plans for a bank heist in your stupid coat. Come here.

After setting down the can of spray-paint, DEVON starts walking closer to SCOTT, with a grabbing gesture.

SCOTT

Don't touch me.

DEVON

I'm gettin' grabby.

He tries to lift up the coat with his good hand, grabbing his right arm. SCOTT shoves him away with both hands. DEVON falls down.

SCOTT

Stop it!

Beat.

DEVON

What the fuck was that?

SCOTT

Don't touch me.

DEVON

Help me up you fucking dick!

SCOTT realizes what he's done, and helps him back up.

God damn it, Scott! Whatever the fuck you got under your coat --

SCOTT

I'm leaving.

DEVON

What are you doing?

SCOTT

I can't believe I lost my fucking necklace.

DEVON

Scott, I know this is going to seem out of place, but I'm fucking confused, and kind of scared, and I need to just say this if you're going to leave.

SCOTT starts walking to his bike.

Scott!

He stops moving.

I've thought about it a lot, and the whole Brian thing still scares the shit out of me. I mean, it was you, me, Russ, Nick, and Brian - and Brian told everybody at the table that he was gonna ask Jenni out - and you caved his fucking head in. You were just quiet for a minute before you jumped on him, but he was dead before he hit the fucking floor, dude. And you've got that look again, and it's scaring me --

SCOTT

It's not the same!

DEVON

I know, but it's about Jenni again! You're getting really angry again over Jenni, and I'm trying to say that I'm here to talk about it. Come on.

He goes to pat SCOTT's right arm, and SCOTT shoves him away again with his left, less physically, but he is more visibly angry about it.

SCOTT

Don't touch me!

DEVON

What the fuck happened to you, man?

Silence.

What's wrong with your arm?

SCOTT

What do you mean, "What's wrong with my arm?"

DEVON

You keep telling me not to touch you! You're not taking off your fucking layers and you me down over me specifically trying to grab your right arm, so I can't help but think that you're seriously hiding something under it!

SCOTT

There isn't anything! Fucking look!

He bears the shirtsleeve of his right arm, looks at it, and shies it away after noticing a tiny bit of blood on it.

(whispering) Fuck.

He begins to put his coat back on.

DEVON

Is that blood?

Silence.

What, did you murder somebody? I mean, if I list it off we've got murder, manslaughter, assault, maybe rape --

SCOTT

No!

Silence.

DEVON

Why do you have blood on your arm, man?

SCOTT

Nope. I'm done. I'm fucking done. I'm done.

SCOTT begins to leave.

DEVON

Scott! Scott! Come on! Just talk to me! I'm not going to tell anybody --

SCOTT

I can't even hang out with you without getting fucking interrogated.

DEVON

I can't even talk to you without you wanting to shout and leave whenever I bring up shit!

SCOTT

I went to juvy 'cause of Cateman, ok? I have a criminal record because I liked Jenni enough to do something about it.

DEVON

That's a really fucked up way of looking at it.

SCOTT

I got in so many fights in there, man. I just got into this mode where the punches were mechanical, and I couldn't fucking control them. I didn't get my meds for weeks at a time, so I just kept beating people up, and getting beat up. I was just waiting, and waiting, and waiting, and waiting until I could get out and see Jenni again.

DEVON

Scott --

SCOTT

And when I got out, she didn't even look at me. I was a fucking criminal. I was that kid who beat the shit out of Cateman, so I just started trying to prove her wrong. I started doing everything, getting the grades, and winning shit so she'd notice me.

Beat.

But it doesn't feel like shit winning in front of an empty audience.

DEVON

Scott, you never told me about jail, or how much you liked Jenni before --

SCOTT

I know.

A beat.

I was at Alyssa's place, and she shows up. I've been back for two years, and I haven't seen her at *shit* for parties. Or while she was single. And we started talking, and she was so fucking *pretty*. Fucking gorgeous. I told her everything, and I tried to kiss her, and she said no --

DEVON

Did you stop after that?

SCOTT

I fucking wanted to! I wanted to stop when she said no, but I *couldn't*. I kept trying to kiss her, and she said no, and I kept wanting it --

DEVON

Oh my God --

SCOTT

And I just got madder, and *madder*, and I don't know where I went after that.

DEVON

What, did you rape her?

SCOTT

I don't know! I thought she liked me back.

DEVON

It doesn't sound like she liked you back, dude.

SCOTT

What the fuck am I supposed to say, then? I waited so much to hang out with her. I didn't want to get laid, I just wanted to fucking hang out with her, and I lose my shit.

DEVON

Is that where the blood is from?

SCOTT

I don't know what to say. What do you want to hear? That she scratched me when I beat the shit out her too?

DEVON

Did you?

SCOTT

No!

DEVON

Where's the blood from, Scott?

SCOTT

I don't fucking know.

DEVON

Seriously, where's the blood from?

SCOTT

I don't fucking know! I liked her, Devon. I didn't rape her!

SCOTT looks away.

DEVON

I'm a fucking -- Look at me, Scott. Look at me! I was "Roadkill" before you showed up. I was a piece of shit that nobody wanted to hang out with before you told them to stop. You said one word, and they shut up. Before you were there -- that shit hurt so bad, man.

(MORE)

DEVON (cont'd)

They made every day feel like a fucking Monday. Sophomore year, I left campus to go fucking cry at home on Tuesdays and Thursdays 'cause I had Math with Austin Barrett. He'd give me dead arms and be like "Now you've got two!" I wanted to take my dad's gun and shoot myself in the head if that shit went on for another month, and you stopped it. You saved my life, Scott. You saved my fucking life and now I'm scared that you want to kill me, OK? What the fuck did you do to *her*?

SCOTT

I fucking liked her!

DEVON

You don't abuse people that you like.

SCOTT

I don't mean to! But I keep doing it. I took her skirt off while she was hitting me, and I couldn't stop. I just wanted her for so *long*, and she was right there and --

A beat.

Who the fuck is supposed to teach us this shit?

DEVON

You don't need to get taught how to not rape girls!

SCOTT

Where was my fucking dad growing up, Devon? Why does my mom fucking hate me? Why didn't I figure out how it was supposed to be? I didn't get catch with dad, or fishing or any of that shit. I just played hockey and tried to get good grades so I could do something more than break fucking windows after school. I didn't get *shit* growing up. I didn't get fucking *shit*, OK?

DEVON

You need help, man. You really --

SCOTT

(*Yelling*) Nobody wants to help me!

Silence.

They just want to send me to therapy, and probation officers and community service, and -- and school and clubs and sports so that I get bogged down in shit to do. I've been so goddamn busy being on a fucking conveyor belt that I had to do *something else*.

DEVON

What the fuck do you mean something else?

SCOTT

Anything! I'd get in fights or wake up in my own puke to not think about shit. And I keep fucking up, but --

DEVON

This is a part of you, Scott! Look at you! You hurt people. I mean, fuck. You ruined Brian, and probably Jenni --

SCOTT's phone rings once more, he checks the number.

SCOTT

GOD DAMN IT!

He smashes it on the ground. DEVON jumps back.

DEVON

Was that Jenni on the phone?

SCOTT

Fuck you!

DEVON

She still wants to talk to you? I'm surprised she's even alive --

SCOTT

She keeps telling me she doesn't want the cops to call. She doesn't want her name in the paper, or on the news.

DEVON

She's probably too scared to get the cops involved after you fucked her up so bad.

SCOTT

If I get convicted before I'm 18, Devon, I'm fucking gone. I'm going to jail. I'm trying to *fix* all of this shit right now --

DEVON

How? How could you possibly fix *any* of this? You're not even going to be able to fix your phone!

SCOTT

Shut up.

DEVON

No really, you're supposed to fix this?

SCOTT

We're going to wait until I'm 18 and deal with it. My record gets cleared, and I'll be tried as an adult.

DEVON

What do you mean your record gets cleared?

SCOTT

With battery, I get three strikes. I got one with Cateman. If I go to court on Tuesday instead of Sunday, that'll get cleared. If I get charged before that with what happened with Jenni, they throw out the strikes. I could get life.

DEVON

Then you're just fixing it for yourself! You can't fix shit for Jenni! And it's not like you get a happily ever fucking after once your record's cleared!

SCOTT

I turn 18 in *three days*, Devon. I said that if she wants to charge me, *if*, she wants to charge me, let me be 18 when I'm charged. Before you called me to come here and do all of this stupid shit, I was telling her how much I ruined everything! I know that I hurt her - and I know I ought to go back to jail, I deserve that, but you gotta give me the *chance* to start over.

DEVON

Then why'd you break your phone over having to talk to her?

SCOTT

Shut the fuck up.

DEVON

You told people to stop making fun of me because you said people suck. You know what? You're the most undeserving piece of shit that I know - and you're my best friend.

DEVON starts to walk to his bike.

SCOTT

Where are you going?

DEVON

What am I supposed to do? How am I supposed to sort any of this shit out? Just go home and ignore it? I don't fucking know, but I know Jenni shouldn't sit in a fucking corner and watch her life suck, because I've done that my whole life, and it sucks, Scott. I don't want anybody to have to do that.

He starts to leave.

SCOTT

Don't! Fucking don't!

*He throws DEVON's bike, and grabs DEVON once more.
DON'T!*

He throws DEVON toward the wall.

DEVON

Stop! Fucking stop! Please!

*A beat. DEVON is in full tears, lying near the
wall.*

Fuck you.

SCOTT

Fuck you! Fuck being your friend! Fuck helping you with
shit! I never got what you had. Somebody to look up to,
somebody to fucking help me when I didn't know what to
do. You think I wanted to hurt everybody? Ruin
everything? I had a shitty life while everybody else
got to be fucking normal. You think I didn't want that?

A beat.

You wanna know the worst thing? The worst thing I've
ever had to watch, more than everybody else have a life
without me, was seeing that Jenni Erickson got raped
and I couldn't do a fucking thing about it.

*SCOTT takes his bike and leaves. DEVON is crying,
scattered as the bottles and cigarette butts
around him. Using his good arm, DEVON scoots
himself over to the wall to lean against once
more. He takes his phone out and dials 911. He
stares at the screen, but his fears overwhelm him,
not allowing him to make the call.*

DEVON

GOD DAMN IT!

He throws the phone.

Son of a fucking bitch.

*His first piece, "NOW I AM BECOME DEATH, THE
DESTROYER OF WORLDS," hangs overhead.*

CURTAIN