

BOYS SCENES 13-17

MARCUS

Marcus: Okay, where'd you hide them?

Reader: Hide what?

Marcus: You know what I'm talking about...

Reader: Hmmm...oh, you mean your X-Box 360 game console with all of the games?

Marcus: Yes! You tell me where they are right now!

Reader: Okay, okay. Pushy, pushy. Let me think for a second....

Marcus: Ugh! Sisters are so infuriating!

Reader: Well maybe if brothers weren't such lazy, worthless slobs then we wouldn't have to steal your little toys to make you remove yourself from the indentation you've created in the couch!

Marcus: "Little toys"? That X-Box is worth more than your life!

Reader: Wow, impressive put-down. Maybe your whole brain hasn't turned to mush just yet...

Marcus: Oh, yeah? Well maybe *your* brain hasn't been mushed up....it...you're...whatever.

Reader: Yeah, try not to give yourself an aneurism by thinking too much.

MORGAN

Reader: How's the job hunt going?

Morgan: I don't want to talk about it.

Reader: That bad, huh?

Morgan: I have applied practically everywhere within a 20 mile radius of my house and the only place that has even remotely shown interest is "Laughy's Portrait Palace".

Reader: Huh, never heard of that...

Morgan: Exactly! It's this terrible photography shop for babies and little kids where all the employees have to dress up like clowns to try to get the kids to smile.

Reader: Might be kinda fun!

Morgan: Fun? You call dressing up in full clown garb and makeup and jumping around like a weirdo while kids scream and cry and throw photo props at you "fun"?

Reader: You think if you don't take the job that Mr. Laughy might consider hiring me?

Morgan: It's all yours, buddy!

KYLE

Kyle: Hey Derek, hold on a second.

Reader: Kyle, what's happening?

Kyle: Not much. Hey, I want to talk to you for a sec. I've been kinda worried about you.

Reader: What are you talking about?

Kyle: You've been drinking a lot....

Reader: You know it!

Kyle: Seriously. And now you're drinking at school, hiding liquor in your locker, your car....You need to chill out on that stuff buddy.

Reader: You know what, just leave me alone.

Kyle: You're going to end up like your Dad. Is that what you want?

Reader: Shut up.

Kyle: Okay, you're a big boy. You can make your own decisions. I just wanted you to know I care. We're boys, aren't we? I'm just looking out for you.

TREY

Trey: Principal Honeycutt, let me start off by saying that I have the upmost respect for you and the entire administrative staff here at Gilbert High.

Reader: Oh, really. Is that why you spray painted “Principal Honeycutt is a butt face” on the wall outside of the art room?

Trey: I was simply expressing my artistic ability.

Reader: What about the crickets you let loose in the girls locker room?

Trey: That was an entomology experiment gone awry.

Reader: You hacked the secretary’s Facebook account and uploaded some...interesting pictures.

Trey: Isn’t Photoshop amazing? School pranks are a natural part of a young man’s development. It is a rite of passage so to speak. I’m just trying to have an all-American, healthy, normal high school experience.

Reader: I hope you enjoy your all-American, healthy, normal suspension.

Trey: I’m not sure this is going to help my development.

MARTY

Reader: Marty, I am not going to do your homework anymore. You ask me to come over and study with you and then you end up asking me for all of the answers.

Marty: No I don't. You just help me reason things out and come up with the answers better than if I am by myself.

Reader: How is "what did you get for number 22" helping you reason?

Marty: Well if you tell me what you got for number 22 then I can figure out if I agree with the answer that you came up with. It is a great way to check your work for errors.

Reader: The only error that I've made is to let this go on for as long as it has. If you keep on at this rate you're going to graduate without knowing anything.

Marty: I know lots of stuff.

Reader: Tying a cherry stem in a knot with your tongue is not something you can put on your resume so start reading!

JOHN

John: Are you kidding me? Why do we have to move?

Reader: Your mother and I have decided that we don't feel this area is a good place to raise a family.

John: Well, what about how I feel? This is my home. This is where I have gone to school since I was five years old. All of my friends are here.

Reader: You will make new friends.

John: I don't want to make new friends. Why should I make new friends when I am perfectly happy with the friends that I have?

Reader: John, we have already made our decision. You can either support the family and have a good attitude or you can give us a hard time and make everyone around you miserable.

John: Why shouldn't everyone be miserable? I am. This is not a decision that should have been made without a discussion. I feel like what I feel doesn't even matter.

Reader: It does.

John: Well, please try to include me in decisions that completely change my life.

LANCE

Lance: Will, I'm sorry man. This is all my fault. But we didn't know how to tell you. We didn't want to hurt you.

Will: You made a fool out of me, Lance.

Lance: I know, I did it all wrong. I don't want to lose you as my best friend, Will. We're like the knights of the round table. We're brothers. I'll break up with her.

Will: Don't

Lance: You don't mean that.

Will: Truth is, Jen and I haven't really been in love for a long time. I think we only stayed together because that's what people expected.

Lance: Jen feels terrible too, you know.

Will: I guess this explains why I kept finding cookie crumbs in Jen's car. You're a pig, you know that, right?

Lance: So are we cool?

Will: We're cool.