

someone. I mean not actually, but... (Sigh.) He's got really sexy arms, though. Oh, God.

(WILL watches the movie. He surreptitiously looks out the window to MIKE, then back to the movie. After a moment, MIKE comes back, gets into the car.)

MIKE. Hey.

WILL. What'd they want?

MIKE. Oh, I don't know. They're playing this baseball tournament in a few weeks. It's a summer...thing... They were wondering if I was gonna do it.

WILL. Oh.

MIKE. Yeah, I told them I would. It's fun, I guess. We do it every year, it's just a bunch of guys on teams.

(Pause.)

I told them I was with my girlfriend.

(WILL looks to the backseat - as if looking for the girlfriend. MIKE laughs.)

WILL. She lives far away?

MIKE. Hemingford.

WILL. Oh, so just a quick little... Not bad.

START (Pause. MIKE is still nervous about the friends.)

MIKE. I don't know why they're here, together like that. They don't even like movies. They usually come just to make-out with their girlfriends.

WILL. It is a drive-in. You don't...make-out?

MIKE. Watch this part.

(They watch.)

WILL. Have you had sex with her?

MIKE. Jesus!

WILL. What?

MIKE. Why are you asking me all this stuff?

WILL. I don't know, isn't this what guys talk about?

MIKE. You're a guy. You know...you know...things...you... know... Why don't you have a girlfriend?

(Pause.)

WILL. I don't know.

MIKE. Have you ever had one?

WILL. No.

MIKE. Do you...ever...want a...girlfriend?

WILL. Why are you asking me all this stuff?

MIKE. I don't know, isn't this what guys talk about?

WILL. You're a guy.

MIKE. I know.

WILL. I've had...crushes on...before. But...nothing...

MIKE. Who?

WILL. I'm not telling you.

MIKE. Come on! I promise I won't laugh.

(Silence.)

So you've never...?

(WILL has clammed up.)

And...people at school say...things to you?

WILL. Or pin me down and write a certain word across my forehead with permanent marker.

(Silence.)

MIKE. Can I confess something?

WILL. Oh my god.

MIKE. What?

WILL. Nothing.

MIKE. My girlfriend... She knows what she wants, I mean, that's what I meant before, why you remind me of her. And I don't. I wish I knew.

WILL. I thought you wanted to be a doctor. A brain surgeon, what was it?

MIKE. Yeah, maybe, I don't know

WILL. Do what you want to do.

Scene Four

(It is late the next morning. WILL is sleeping.)

(After a moment, WILL wakes up. He slowly realizes he's completely alone in the room. Everything is gone - including MIKE. He is bewildered.)

WILL. Hello? *(Nothing.)* Hello?

(Finally, after a long moment of nothing,

MIKE enters.)

START

MIKE. You're awake!

WILL. Yeah.

MIKE. I overslept. I'm surprised I didn't wake you up - I've been...in and out like a hundred... The UPS guy got here and I didn't have everything ready - the big moving-out day and... *(Suddenly flirty.)* I guess I was distracted. Your hair looks really great right now... I was dreaming about you and about crossword puzzles all night. You were so big in these little boxes. It was funny.

WILL. I didn't dream at all.

MIKE. No, because you were busy crawling around in *mine*.

(Pause.)

WILL. It was like the *Twilight Zone* when I woke up. Everything in the room had disappeared. You. Your boxes. Weird.

Have you heard that thing that, like, the most important moment in your life is the first time you realize you're alone in the world - like *on your own*? Oh my God, I think I just had that.

MIKE. Well I had to take care of all of this... *(Smiles.)*

Nothing makes me happier than to know that the very last thing I did in this room was wake up with you after... Okay. Get dressed! It's New Year's Day! Hurry up. We'll grab a bite to eat, you'll come to my game - I'll make sure we hurry up and lose just to get it over with, then we'll, I don't know, ever been to a drive-in?

WILL. Do you think it's too late to go to college? Me, I mean?

MIKE. *(Laughs.)* Yes.

WILL. Oh.

MIKE. You have to apply like last year.

WILL. Oh. I should figure it out.

MIKE. Yeah.

WILL. Yeah. *(Pause as WILL considers this.)*

(MIKE moves to WILL - WILL moves away. WILL is pensive.)

It's weird. Like. You. Are. Leaving. Like. *Really.* Like. UPS. Like. I mean. And I'm.

(Beat.)

(New idea.) I should have...

(Moment.)

(New idea.) Or.

MIKE. You okay?

WILL. Yeah. I just. How do you...? You know in movies... people look in newspapers and circle...like...jobs...? With a red marker? Is that *real*? Do people... I mean... I think... *(Resolved.)* I'm gonna go home.

MIKE. I'll take you.

WILL. No. I should. Alone. It's okay.

MIKE. Will. Was it...last night... Did I...?

WILL. No.

MIKE. I didn't mean that you couldn't apply to college. You can.

You should. It's not, like, hard. It was just funny since summer is over.

WILL. Yeah, that's funny.

MIKE. You're not coming to my game?

WILL. I can't.

MIKE. But...

WILL. I'm going. *FUCK.* Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck.

(WILL leaves.)