

42 INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Dickie is pacing around the dorm room with a LIT CIGARETTE in his hand while George is watching him from his own bed.

GEORGE

I dunno how you're doing it man. I would've said something I regret by now.

DICKIE

I genuinely do feel bad about the mom thing- he's not taking it very well, but I just don't care anymore. He says that he's here to help me, but it's totally the other way around.

GEORGE

Yeah, I can tell.

Dickie stops pacing to face George.

DICKIE

It's all like, "Ring ring- Hello?- Hey Dickie want to go to the movies- No Todd I have a date- ring ring- Hello?- Hey it's Todd. Wanna go out for a beer?- No Todd, it's 10am!" Dickie this, Dickie that, It's *constant*, and I have shit to do! He's just like mom- a fucking lowlife bum.

Dickie walks over to his night stand and stares out the window.

DICKIE

He swears up and down that mom was not like that before me but whatever.

Dickie takes a drag of his cigarette and snuffs it out in the ASHTRAY on his NIGHT STAND.