

8 INT. DORM ROOM - EVENING

George lays in his bed, smoking a CIGARETTE while he reads a MAGAZINE.

DICKIE comes into the room, and shrugs off his BAG.

George looks up from his magazine, and gives Dickie a faux solemn nod.

GEORGE
(cigarette in mouth)
Dick.

Dickie salutes him playfully.

DICKIE
George.

GEORGE
Oh yeah, uh Todd stopped by earlier.
Took me by surprise.

George takes a drag from his cigarette and looks back at the magazine.

DICKIE
Ah shit. I forgot he was getting in
today. How did he seem?

GEORGE
Awkward as ever, I gotta be honest.

Dickie laughs and shakes his head.

DICKIE
Yeah, I'm worried about him though.

Dickie kicks off his SHOES, walks over to George, grabs the cigarette from his mouth and takes a drag. George gives him a look.

GEORGE
Man, won't you just get your own?

DICKIE
Nope.

Dickie hands the cigarette back, and flops onto his own bed.

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DICKIE

I think he's taking it really rough.

GEORGE

I'll never understand why. I mean,
there's a reason you were always at my
place growing up.

Dickie just shakes his head and sighs.

DICKIE

He'll only be in town for a little
bit. He's just gotta figure out what
he's gonna do with his life now.

George lets out a scoff. Dickie gives him a knowing look.

George gets up from the bed and puts the cigarette out in the
ASHTRAY.

GEORGE

Well, I know what we're doing tonight.

George reaches out from under his bed and pulls out two
BOTTLES OF LIQUOR.

GEORGE

We better get busy.

George wiggles his eyebrows.

Dickie nods his head toward his bag.

George walks over to Dickie's bag and pulls out a BROWN PAPER
BAG, and then reaches inside it. It's a SIX-PACK OF BEER.