

**READ JOHN PLEASE PERFORM IN A US ACCENT**

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

COREY  
You think I'm weird?

JOHN  
Definitely.

COREY  
No, man. Seriously. Am I like...  
you know... weird?

JOHN  
Yeah, but so what? Everybody's  
weird. You ready for school?

Corey shrugs.

JOHN  
Junior high. You know what that  
means. By next June we'll all be  
split up.

COREY  
What are you talking about? Why  
would that happen?

JOHN  
'Cause it's not gonna be like  
grammar school, that's why. You'll  
be in the college courses. Me and  
Teddy and Vern, we'll all be in the  
shop courses with the rest of the  
morons, making ashtrays and  
birdhouses. You'll meet a lot of  
new guys. Smart guys.

COREY  
Meet a lot of wimps is what you  
mean.

JOHN  
No, man. Don't say that. Don't even  
think that.

COREY  
I'm not going in with a lot of  
wimps. Forget it.

JOHN  
If you don't, then you're stupid.

(CONTINUED)

COREY

What's stupid about wanting to be  
with your friends?

JOHN

It's stupid if your friends can  
drag you down. You hang with us,  
you'll just be another wiseguy with  
crap for brains. You could be a  
real writer someday, Corey.

COREY

Screw writing. I'm not going to be  
a writer. I don't want to be a  
writer. It's stupid. It's a stupid  
waste of time.

JOHN

That's your father talking.

COREY

Bullcrap.

JOHN

Bulltrue. I know what your father  
thinks about you. He doesn't give a  
crap about you. And don't try to  
tell me different. (He pauses and  
softens his tone.) You're just a  
kid, Corey.

COREY

Gee, thanks, Dad.

JOHN

I wish to hell I was your father!  
You wouldn't go around talking  
about taking those stupid shop  
courses if I was! It's like God  
gave you something, all those  
stories you can make up, and He  
said: This is what we got for you,  
kid. Kids lose everything unless  
somebody looks out for them and if  
your folks won't do it, then maybe  
I ought to...

A strained silence settles on the boys and they can't look  
at each other.