

START

BENNY. Goddamn kids. Half of 'em don't even look old enough to drive. *(bristling)* I put my name in, same as anybody. Nothing and nobody says I can't.

J.D. Amen, friend. You got every right.

BENNY. *(defensively flaring)* What you say?

J.D. *(admiringly)* They're scared, that's all. You're a proven entity.

(BENNY's found a friend. He grins and extends his hand.)

BENNY. Benny Perkins.

J.D. J.D. Drew. Where's your better half?

BENNY. My wife, she couldn't make it.

J.D. Why not?

BENNY. That truck I won two years ago? Last February, she loaded it up with her suitcases and her Mary Kay and she drove off. I been driving a '96 Impala ever since. *(a beat)* Old dogs like us, we got to stick together.

J.D. You're the man with the know-how. The *experience*.

BENNY. I am indeed.

J.D. Reckon I could use a little of what you got.

BENNY. You askin'?

J.D. You givin'?

BENNY. You ever study tae kwon do with a Master?

J.D. Huh?

BENNY. You willing to pledge yourself to me the way a young Korean warrior pledges himself to his *Saseong*?

J.D. His who?

BENNY. The way you pledge yourself to your Sherpa, 'fore you climb Everest? "I will eat your *shyakpa*. I will follow in the footsteps of your sacred yak."

(J.D. balks at BENNY.)

J.D. You're talkin' crazy now.

BENNY. Crazy? I'll tell you what's crazy. *Vanity*. *Vanity* that says, "I can get through this alone." Oh, you're fine

STOP