

Jeff & Hunter #3

I - 12 - 87

(To SUSAN:)

I'm sorry this conflicts with your day job...and Jeff you're so [REDACTED] shut down, I can't even talk to you anymore.

JEFF

Careful...language.

HUNTER

Go write your own [REDACTED] show. Jeff. I'm done.

(HUNTER begins to exit.)

SUSAN

Hunter...

HUNTER

Yes, Susan...please say something wacky and clever now.

HEIDI

Hunter!

(HUNTER exits.)

(Blackout.)

Scene 12: Final Phone Call

(Lights up on JEFF and HUNTER on their cell phones. The scene once again mimics their opening phone call positions. It is a late night phone call between two best friends.)

JEFF

Hey.

HUNTER

Hey. Did I wake you?

JEFF

No, I'm playing "RollerCoaster Tycoon 3." I have to build a log flume that has a thrill rating of at least 4.

HUNTER

Can you play and talk?

JEFF

Yeah.

HUNTER

So, I thought the photo shoot went well today. We can do a coffee table book called "When Musicals Crumble." I actually feel better. You know how when you're sick and you're like, "Please don't throw up...please don't throw up"...then you finally throw up and you're all, "I feel better...why didn't I throw up sooner?" I'm just sorry I threw up on you guys.

JEFF

It's okay. I threw up too. We all did a little bit.

HUNTER

Remember that pink sawdust stuff they used in elementary school to sweep up the throw-up?

JEFF

That makes me laugh.

HUNTER

What?

JEFF

You using "throw up" as a noun. "Sweep up that throw-up."

HUNTER

I called the girls so I think we're okay. It's so wild. This all started out as fun times with friends and now it's become this whole huge thing. And I want it to be this thing. I want it to be everything. I want it to solve my career, my finances...

JEFF

Hunter, you can't expect this show to be your golden ticket.

HUNTER

I know. I know that.

JEFF

It's just a show.

HUNTER

(Beat.)

Why do you do that?

JEFF

What?

HUNTER

Just a show? Jeff, I know you. I know that for every hour I spend on the show, you spend ten; blogging, writing new songs, answering fan mail. I know that when you were fourteen, you painted an *Aspects of Love* mural on your bedroom wall. We've both dreamed about this our whole lives and now that it's finally right in front of us, you act like you don't care if it happens.

JEFF

(Directly and honestly.)

Of course I care if it happens! I'm just afraid if I let myself care too much I won't be able to handle being rejected.

(A beat. And then another. Sincerely:)

You know that *Aspects of Love* mural was glow-in-the-dark.