

CAROLINE. Can you stop being charming for like a second?

ANTHONY. Fine. I eat cold hot dogs.

CAROLINE. What?

ANTHONY. Cold hot dogs. Often.

And I never floss. Like ever. And I do *not* think babies are cute I think they look like potatoes. And I kinda cheated on my French final last year. Model Citizen.

CAROLINE. Please. *start*

ANTHONY. Alright. I also dumped my girlfriend that I dated *forever* for this really stupid sophomore on the drill team the first week in high school. No reason. She was just prettier.

CAROLINE. Ok I get it—you're human.

ANTHONY. No no. It was so bad. Mandy posted pictures of us all over Alana's page and tagged her in them, and even though I tried to warn her and dumped Mandy like *that afternoon*, Alana was so humiliated that she took down all her accounts for like a week.

CAROLINE. Whoa.

ANTHONY. *A week*. The first week of high school. Yeah. That was me being such a good guy.

(Pause.)

CAROLINE. Nope. See. You realized your fault which means you learned which means you *are* a stellar human being, you jerk. Why can't you just be pissed off and out of shape like everybody else.

ANTHONY. Why can't *you* just be *not funny* and *totally normal* and *super boring* like everybody else.

CAROLINE. Stop.

ANTHONY. And you're honest. About yourself. Which I'm not always.

CAROLINE. Uhh. YeahRight. You're like the most genuine guy ever.

ANTHONY. Yeah well sometimes one big lie is easier to keep than a bunch of small ones.

(CAROLINE *doesn't know what to make of this.*)

ANTHONY. But you. You are completely yourself. You take these pictures, you're not afraid of yourself, you're way more real than I am. You should have your own TV show. I'd watch it.

(Pause. *Was he flirting? No...yes...undecided.*)

CAROLINE. Well. I'm sure it would be on PBS at like 3am. So. You like the pictures?

ANTHONY. I do.

CAROLINE. I like the close-ups. Textures and light and stuff.

ANTHONY. They're really good.

CAROLINE. Like there's this *beauty* that most of us miss because you can only see it in like...*miniature*.

ANTHONY. Small stuff.

CAROLINE. At least I can't ruin the small stuff.

(Pause.)

ANTHONY. I know it sucks for you. To be in here all the time. I mean I don't *understand*, but I...you know.

CAROLINE. Yeah. Thanks. I just... Like I can't even have fun. Like *fun is hard*. What's the point.

ANTHONY. What's the point of what?

CAROLINE. Anything.

With all the doctors and hospitals and stuff. Everybody is trying to make things "upbeat" and "positive" and it's like *I'm not an idiot I get what you're doing and it's just making it worse*. And my mom—ugh—she worries (well, her support group worries—and boy does she support that group) —anyway—she worries that I'm not being a teenager and that's gonna mess me up and I'm like—Mom, I'm already messed up—and then she says I'm being dark and I'm like—Mom, I'm naturally dark—and she hates that and I say—well you're not the one that's going to die first. And that kinda stops the interaction.

ANTHONY. You're not going to die.

CAROLINE. I might.

ANTHONY. No, you're not. Don't say that. You're not.

CAROLINE. If things don't work themselves out in a hurry.

ANTHONY. Don't talk like that, I'm serious.

CAROLINE. I'm just saying that if it's *going* to happen it should just go ahead— It's like *fix me or kill me already*.

ANTHONY. *Jesus*, Caroline. *What the hell*.

CAROLINE. What.

ANTHONY. You don't mean that. That's not what you mean.

END