

ACT ONE, SCENE ONE

ANDREW is walking on a city sidewalk outside a row of apartments. He is talking on the phone.

ANDREW

So I told the super that it wasn't my fault only half the rent was paid, but I didn't know where the other half went. I said Mason should have paid it because he told me he had. The super said if the bill wasn't paid in full by the end of the week, he'd turn off our utilities. So I had to go into my savings to pay. Again. *(beat.)* I know! I know. The fucking trust fund baby can't pay his rent, but the college student working two full-time jobs and an unpaid internship can. If he doesn't pay me back within the month, I'm gonna be eating one meal a day for the foreseeable future. *(beat.)* Well, I would love to "just move out" but it's not that easy. *(beat.)* Yes, this is what I get for moving in with the first person to offer me an apartment, but Cindy just dumped me and kicked me out of our place. He offered, the rent was good, and it was close to my jobs. How was I supposed to know that he was going to screw me over like this? Besides, he's... weird. *(beat.)* No, not the kind of weird where he'd, like, hurt me or anything, but the kind of weird where I'd find a rotting fish in my moving boxes a week after leaving as some kind of bizzare "fuck you, goodbye." *(beat.)* Yeah, I'll try. It's gonna depend on what he does when I confront him. Last time, he tried to pitch me some awful business idea he'd come up with. *(beat.)* Listen, I gotta go. I'm outside the building now. *(beat.)* Yeah, see you soon. Bye.

We transition to THE APARTMENT. MASON is sitting on the couch with a yellow legal pad, empty Starbucks cups and papers strewn around him. He is working very hard on something, probably muttering to himself and scribbling on the pad. ANDREW enters the apartment. He is more composed, but still visibly annoyed.

ANDREW

Hey man.

MASON

Andrew! I am so glad you're here dude.

ANDREW

How are you? Everything good?

MASON

Splendid, thank you for asking.

ANDREW

You sure about that? You don't look too good, Mason. It smells... weird in here. Like some grimy gamer boy has been camping out in our living room.

MASON

That's the smell of hard work, my friend.

ANDREW

What have you been workin' on, buddy...?

MASON

Oh, you'll know soon enough. *(beat.)* What are you doing back at the apartment anyways? I thought your class wasn't supposed to end for another hour.

ANDREW

Well, about that— I had to leave early because our super called me.

MASON

The super?

ANDREW

Yeah, man. He said that he didn't get half the rent money. And it was past due. And the next time it happens, he'll turn off the water.

MASON

Wow, talk about a stick up his ass. He's bluffing, he won't turn off anything.

ANDREW

Mason, that's not the point. Where's the other half of the rent? You told me you'd paid it.

MASON

Oh, well my money is tied up in investments right now. Very lucrative stuff. Which, coincidentally, is what I'm working on right now. Here, let me show you. *(guiding ANDREW to the table.)*

ANDREW

What... am I looking at here.

MASON

Well, as you know, I'm an entrepreneur. This is my newest venture.

ANDREW

A... human petting zoo?

MASON

Yeah, yeah! It's so new, fresh, never been done before. That's what the public is looking for!

ANDREW

Mason. What the fuck. (*squinting.*) Does this say... "clothes optional?"

MASON

All part of the experience, chap. It's edgy, right up to the line without crossing it, new stuff.

ANDREW

(*shuffling through papers*) "Feeding times: TBD. Guests can bring their own treats or they can purchase food at the McDonald's at the gateway. Note to self, see if McDonald's does partnerships...?"

MASON

Cutting edge, innovative.

ANDREW

So this is what your chunk of the rent is going to? What are you even buying for this thing?

MASON

You know, barbed wire, enrichment activities. The works.

ANDREW

Barbed wire? What is that *for*?

MASON

The obstacle courses, duh.

ANDREW

Mason. We are in the middle of the Bronx. How do you expect to set this up?

MASON

You've heard of rooftop bars, right?

ANDREW

Jesus H. What else do you have here? *(he rifles through the papers.)* Grocery list, unpaid bill notices— a list of potential investors. My name is at the top of the list. *(beat.)* Why is my name at the top of the list?

MASON

Well, you've heard the pitch. Whaddaya say? *(he holds out his hand)*

ANDREW

I think absolutely the fuck not. I do not want to spend more of my very limited savings, which I just had to dip into to cover your half of the rent that you spent on “dive pools with disco lights,” on your absolutely batshit crazy business idea.

MASON

Well, it's not ideal that you're refusing to invest, but since you're such a good friend, I'll change the offer a little bit. Picture this: the first exhibit as soon as you walk in. Neon lights, your name marquee. You are *Andrew The Menacing*, you're posing in a loincloth and holding a club—

ANDREW

You are insane.

MASON

More like *insanely* innovative!

ANDREW

I am leaving.

MASON

You need to get on the ground floor, dude! *(ANDREW attempts to exit.)* You're gonna regret it when Zootopia: Become Human is the biggest name in town!

ANDREW

(checks door, it's stuck.) Mason. This is the absolute worst idea I've ever heard from the worst entrepreneur I've ever met, and if this door wasn't stuck, I would be halfway to Long Island looking for a new roommate right now.

MASON

No no, you don't get to shit on me and my business genius. Remember, Andrew, you owe me. You know who took you in after your girlfriend dumped you and you were about to be homeless? You know whose apartment this really is? Mine.

ANDREW

No, not yours! Your parents! Because they bought it for you. In fact, why don't you ask them to invest in this insane pipe dream? I'm sure they have money to spare, unlike the broke college student.

MASON

(he sniffles dramatically.) They cut me off.

ANDREW

They did?

MASON

Well, not really cut off, they just said they wouldn't finance any more of my business ventures.

ANDREW

You think that's what cut off means? Not giving you money for your "incredibly lucrative" ideas that somehow all fail through no fault of your own?

MASON

(missing the sarcasm.) Exactly. I'm living in squalor, man.

ANDREW

Wow, I didn't think it was possible for you to seem like more of an entitled brat, yet here we are. Just curious, what tipped it over the edge? The movie theater that only shows sequels, or the circus tent manufacturing company that uses tinfoil instead of canvas? Or maybe the website that sent pipe bombs to any address you want, including the Pentagon? That is domestic terrorism, Mason!

MASON

Okay, first of all, I was providing a valuable service to the people.

ANDREW

By "people," do you mean the Unabomber?

MASON

Second, all I have left is my monthly allowance. 9k isn't that much, Andrew. I wouldn't expect you to understand.

ANDREW

You are seriously misinformed about my economic status. And how money works.

MASON

What, you think I haven't earned everything I have?

ANDREW

YES. What is it that you do for work? What is your job?

MASON

I told you! I'm an entrepreneur!

ANDREW

You have got to be kidding me. *(sigh.)* Okay, look, I can't be in here anymore. I'm gonna try to get the door unstuck again and if it doesn't work, I'm calling a locksmith. *(begins fiddling with the lock again.)*

MASON

(petulantly sulking, taking his seat.) It's not easy, being creative, coming up with all the ideas around here. You couldn't do it.

ANDREW

(pauses.) You seriously think that?

MASON

I *know* that. You're about as creative as a wooden plank, fucking accounting major.

ANDREW

If you're so confident about it, then prove it. We'll switch. Live my life for a month. Work my two jobs and unpaid internship, go to my classes, operate on my budget. I'll live yours, and I'll bet you that I can create a business idea that makes more money than all of your failed ideas combined.

MASON

What do I get if I win?

ANDREW

What do you want?

MASON

I want you to convince my parents to fund Zootopia: Become Human.

ANDREW

Okay. And if I win, you pay for a new place for me. A place where I don't have to deal with you as my roommate.

MASON

Shake on it.

(The two men shake hands, lights down.)

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO

Lights up. The living room of the apartment is much cleaner, papers are not strewn around and the Starbucks table is cleaned up. ANDREW sits at the table, tapping on a computer. He looks much less stressed than when we first saw him.

ANDREW

Okay, let's see. Apartment cleaned, check. Bank called, check. Roth IRA deposited, check. Groceries, check. What am I forgetting? Oh, right. Nora is coming at six, so dinner reservations at seven.

The door opens, MASON enters, still in a fast food service uniform. He looks exhausted and mildly haunted.

ANDREW

Well, hello there. How was your first ever morning shift at Subway?

MASON

In a word— odious.

ANDREW

That bad?

MASON

Yes, Andrew. That bad.

ANDREW

What ever happened?

MASON

What didn't happen? First, there were no tips. How am I supposed to live on minimum wage alone? Aren't people grateful for the sandwiches we provide them? And then, a customer yelled at me because I put green peppers instead of pickled banana peppers on her Five Dollar Footlong. She just said "peppers," how was I supposed to know which one she meant? Oh, and we ran out of wax paper to wrap the sandwiches in because whoever closed didn't restock it, so the manager yelled at me too. I didn't get a break even though it was a Four. Hour. Shift. (*he slumps on the couch, very "woe is me."*)

ANDREW

Dude, that's better than most shifts I've had there. If you didn't like that... Well, you haven't even met the Starbucks customers.

MASON

And another thing. Public transportation. Is heinous.

ANDREW

Oh, who did you run into today?

MASON

Well, on the subway, I saw a man rap "The Real Slim Shady" by Eminem and play the song's beat by rhythmically urinating onto a set of bongos. It was 7 AM.

ANDREW

You met Piss Percussion Jerry! Tell him Andrew says hi next time, ask him how his kids like second grade. (*beat.*) Actually, don't talk to him. He'll try to make you follow his SoundCloud account. It's... exactly what you think it is.

MASON

I also touched... something on the pole. I don't know what it was, but my hand was sticky afterwards. It smelled like peach preserves.

ANDREW

Oh, was there an old woman with rainbow knitting needles sitting across from that pole?

MASON

Yes.

ANDREW

So that was Betty. I hope you washed your hands after that, because she puts military-grade tranquilizers in whatever jam she decides to make that week.

MASON
WHY?

ANDREW
She uses it to sleep. Says melatonin doesn't work for her. She told me once that putting it on the poles is giving the public "free samples." Very generous of her.

MASON
Oh, and a little urchin child took my Dairy Queen gift card. Just snatched it out of my hands and ran. I couldn't get my M&M Blizzard! I miss my chauffeur. *(sniffles.)* It's hard out here.

ANDREW
Damn, that's rough. Anyways.

MASON
I bet your first day of my life was so much better. Living in the lap of luxury.

ANDREW
Actually, I kind of had a great day. I cleaned the apartment, prepped meals for the week, handled some of the bills—

MASON
(suddenly fearful) Does that mean you... touched my no-no box?

ANDREW
If by "no-no box" you mean the busted up cardboard box where you keep every bill, paid or unpaid, that you've gotten in the past three years, then yes. It was an absolute mess, but I filed the whole thing.

MASON
At the bottom of the box... did you find the...

ANDREW
Yes... I did. Frankly, I do not want to talk about it.

MASON
Just as well. *(beat)* Did you see that the head is detachable?

ANDREW

Please. Stop talking.

MASON

So, any progress on the business idea front? Remember, that's your end of the bet.

ANDREW

Oh, I remember. I drew up some plans. I think, given the current economic climate and the job market being the way it is right now– (*MASON is fake snoring.*) If you didn't want to hear about it, then why did you ask?

MASON

Fine. Enlighten me.

ANDREW

Well, restaurants are risky right now and so are most entertainment-based businesses. We need something stable. So, I know you might think it's boring or whatever, but I believe our safest bet is a port-a-potty company.

MASON

You cannot be serious.

ANDREW

Think about it! There's so much construction around this area of New York. So many street fairs, and *so* many people. You know one constant with everyone on this planet? People need to pee.

MASON

Just ask Piss Percussion Jerry. I'm inclined to give him credit. His aim was impeccable.

ANDREW

Oh, as always. But back to the main point. It's not a guarantee, but it's smart. Smarter than any of your other businesses.

MASON

About that– I have a stipulation.

ANDREW

A what?

MASON

When we made this deal, we agreed that you would be taking over my life. One thing my life has is *pizzazz*. (*MASON does jazz hands every time “pizzazz” is said. Including when ANDREW says it.*)

ANDREW

I don't follow.

MASON

It all has to have a unique, exciting touch. You know, *pizzazz*.

ANDREW

Mason, I don't know how to tell you this, but *pizzazz* is what got you into this situation. All of your business ideas had *pizzazz*, but none of them ever worked. Port-a-potties aren't glamorous, but they are reliable and dependable. You may not be thrilled about using a port-a-potty, but it will always be there for you in your time of need.

MASON

No. This is my stipulation. There has to be something that sets it apart from other port-a-potty companies, if you're going to put my money towards something so abhorrent.

ANDREW

I don't know how one would add *pizzazz* to a port-a-potty.

MASON

The rules of *pizzazz* are very simple. All you have to remember are the Three G's. Glitter, Gold, and Gasoline. If the first two don't work, use the gasoline to light it on fire. A fire is PEAK *pizzazz*.

ANDREW

Yeah, I don't think the construction workers of New York are in the market for solid gold glittery port-a-potties. Or arson.

MASON

Trust me, Andrew. I'm an entrepreneur.

ANDREW

I will definitely not trust you. They will be normal, regular port-a-potties.

MASON

Then the bet is off.

ANDREW

But we shook on it.

MASON

I don't care. *Pizzazz* or I'm out.

ANDREW

FINE. I will add *pizzazz*. (*beat.*) Do you have to do jazz hands every time you say that word?

MASON

Yes. I had a bad hypnotist. Don't ask.

ANDREW

Fair enough. (*beat.*) Here's my stipulation. If you get one, I get one.

MASON

Okay. Name your price.

ANDREW

You have to get a promotion at one of my jobs or my internship. I don't care which job it is, you just have to rise in the company.

MASON

(*gawking*) Are you deranged? I can't even make a Five Dollar Footlong without measuring the bread to see if it is, in fact, a foot long. There is no way that in a month I will get a promotion there, and DEFINITELY not at Starbucks. That place terrifies me. The Frappuccinos... hellish.

ANDREW

Frappuccinos- that reminds me! (*checks watch.*) Your double at Starbucks starts in 15 minutes. You need to catch the train soon. And your advanced econ class is at 6, so don't miss that!

MASON

Wait, wait, but I didn't even--

ANDREW

Sucks for you! Bye! Bring me back a cold brew! (*he pushes MASON out the door and walks back to the couch, sits. Lights down.*)

ACT ONE, SCENE THREE

Lights up. MASON and ANDREW are in the kitchen of their apartment. MASON is sitting at the table, looking beleaguered in a Starbucks uniform.

MASON

Are you making coffee too?

ANDREW

Yeah, what do you take? Cream and sugar?

MASON

Oh, no no no *no* old chum. I don't take your peasant's brew. I have modifications.

ANDREW

What do you want, like, oat milk or something? We have some in the fridge, I think—

MASON

More on the “or something” end of the spectrum. I have a list.

ANDREW

A list?

MASON

Please hold. *(he searches for the list, taking a comical selection of items out of his apron pocket. Ex— an umbrella, a hot pink wig, two oranges, a set of bedazzled brass knuckles, etc.)*

ANDREW

Mason. In what circumstance would you need to use all this shit in your pockets?

MASON

Oh, my items have come in handy many a time. This bad boy? *(he holds up an object.)* Helped me dodge the draft.

ANDREW

The draft? *(MASON nods grimly.)* How? Why?

MASON

Safer if you don't know. *(beat.)* Oh, and this one? *(he holds up another object.)* Pleasured a lover with this one for hours. Multiple orgasms in seconds, repeatedly. Like the fall of Rome.

ANDREW

HUH?

MASON

Try it sometime. Promise, it won't disappoint.

ANDREW

No.

MASON

You're missing out, but suit yourself. You get the point. What was I doing? Oh, the list. *(he digs for a few more seconds, then procures a crumpled sheet of paper. He begins unfolding it into a comically large sheet.)*

ANDREW

Jesus fuck. What is this, your last will and testament?

MASON

Might as well be. This could very well be the thing that kills me, if it doesn't preserve my body forever. Take a gander. *(he passes the list to ANDREW, who squints as he reads.)*

ANDREW

Holy hell. Two *cups* of sugar?

MASON

Not as sweet as you'd expect it to be.

ANDREW

Salami extract? Where do you even buy that?

MASON

I only do homemade, sport. Nothing like it.

ANDREW

How do you make it?

MASON

Well, you see, if you dehydrate salami in the microwave, it releases a certain substance. It can be viscous or crumbly, but the important thing is the scent. If it smells like acid rain with a slight undertone of feet, you're heading in the right direction.

ANDREW

Oh my God. Have you ever made it here?

MASON

I ask for the kitchen on Wednesdays for a reason.

ANDREW

That's why our microwave has a permanent green ring on the roof.

MASON

No, that's the next ingredient. Salami extract is why the clock always flashes.

ANDREW

So the green ring comes from... *(he turns the list upside down)* I can't read this.

MASON

Diagonal. *(ANDREW turns the list diagonally.)*

ANDREW

This is in Greek.

MASON

Yeah. It's a special product I get shipped from Mykonos. It's illegal in the US because the FDA is full of a bunch of yellow-bellied cowards, but I have a contact.

ANDREW

What's in it?

MASON

Not entirely sure. But it tastes the way winning a game of Scrabble feels, so I keep it in.

ANDREW

Oh my God dude, how are you still alive?

MASON

I ate a lot of wood chips as a kid, I think they absorb the toxins I put in here. *(he taps his head.)*

ANDREW

People should study you in like, a lab or something. You'd be a hit with clinical psychologists.

MASON

Oh, they tried to diagnose me.

ANDREW

With...?

MASON

Doesn't matter, they failed. Not to brag, but I'm the reason there's a DSM-5 instead of a DSM-4.

ANDREW

I'm impressed. Very concerned, but impressed.

MASON

That's my goal.

ANDREW

So wait. Is there even any coffee in this?

MASON

Oh, no, my friend. I think drinking traditional coffee is one of the most evil things you can do to yourself. The caffeine? Unnatural.

ANDREW

Mason. You are drinking a substance that probably measures on the radiation hazard scale. Your intestines are probably glow-in-the-dark. I think caffeine is the least of your worries.

MASON

False.

ANDREW

If you hate coffee so much, why do you call this biohazard "coffee?"

MASON

Well, it's not the taste of coffee I hate. Only the caffeine. This mimics the flavor of a strong cup of coffee almost perfectly with none of the addictive caffeine properties.

ANDREW

There's absolutely no way.

MASON

Absolutely yes way. Try it.

ANDREW

Okay, you know what? I'll try your stupid fake coffee, and when it tastes like crayons or some shit I'll laugh in your face. And maybe call an ambulance.

MASON

Sounds fair, except it won't taste like crayons. It'll taste like the best goddamned cup of coffee you've had in your life.

ANDREW

Get the ingredients. Teach me how to make this thing.

MASON

Will do.

(ANDREW and MASON bustle about the kitchen, pulling mysterious things out of cabinets and the fridge. After a minute of this, they stack up all these objects on the kitchen counter and stare at them.)

ANDREW

Well, what now?

MASON

We follow the recipe.

(They begin to measure out ingredients and mix things together. At the end of this process, there should be a singular mug of the mixture, which is hot pink.)

ANDREW

(wiping sweat from his forehead) Okay, I think that's about it.

MASON

For your first time, not too shabby.

ANDREW

What's the last step?

MASON

Pour it into the coffee pot.

ANDREW

Nuh-uh. There is absolutely no way I'm letting that shit touch *my* coffee pot.

MASON

I make my beverage every day. I've used your coffee pot every day.

ANDREW

That's vile. (*MASON shrugs.*) Oh well. I probably already have some fast-acting mesothelioma from secondhand exposure to this sludge, so it doesn't matter anyways. Pour it in.

MASON

Look at you, loosening your grip. Relaxing a bit.

ANDREW

Yeah, I've been feeling less wound tight lately. Maybe something to do with this weirdo making nuclear waste in my Keurig. (*he pours in the liquid.*)

MASON

I'm glad I could help. (*The machine begins spluttering, a red light begins flashing.*)

ANDREW

What the fuck? Is it supposed to do that?

MASON

All part of the process, chum. (*The blinking and noise abruptly stop, then the machine begins producing a perfectly normal looking cup of coffee.*)

ANDREW

There's absolutely no way. That was flaming magenta and slimy two minutes ago.

MASON

The transformative property of salami extract. (*The machine finishes making the drink.*)

ANDREW

Can I? (*MASON nods, ANDREW takes the mug and sips.*) WOAHH.

MASON
What did I tell you?

ANDREW
That is... the best cup of coffee I have had in a long time.

MASON
Yup.

ANDREW
How did you do this?

MASON
How did *we* do this, darling. And you know— we simply followed the recipe.

ANDREW
Wow. (*he takes another sip.*) Maybe dying an early death is worth it.

ACT ONE, SCENE 4

A few days later. MASON and ANDREW are in their apartment. There is something sitting on the coffee table, covered in a sheet. ANDREW is standing in front of it, as if preparing to present something. MASON is reclining on the couch.

MASON
Well, chum, this better be good. I had to call out of Subway for whatever you're about to do.

ANDREW
As if you wouldn't call out of Subway for any minor inconvenience.

MASON
Touche.

ANDREW
But it will be good. Don't worry. I've been working on port-a-potty designs for the company that incorporate your required level of *pizzazz*.

MASON

And you remembered The Three G's?

ANDREW

Yes. Glitter, Gold, and Gasoline. I did my best to keep all of those in mind, as well as the necessary structural design elements of a port-a-potty and our budget constraints. And I'm gonna hazard a guess to say that I think you'll like what you see.

MASON

Well, get on with it then.

ANDREW

So... Ta-da! *(He whips away the sheet, revealing a scale model of a perfectly normal port-a-potty.)*

MASON

Andrew. What am I looking at here.

ANDREW

It's a-- it's a port-a-potty! Y'know, with *pizzazz!*

MASON

Where is the *pizzazz* here? There is no *pizzazz*.

ANDREW

What do you mean? I added *pizzazz!* It's like *pizzazz* pizzazzed all over this port-a-potty!

MASON

Andrew, have I taught you *nothing?* Where is the pink, the glitter, the romance, the ambience? It's not impressive. It just looks like any old port-a-potty. My five-star rump will not be dropping a deuce in there any time soon.

ANDREW

Okay, you're not sold on the outside. I get it.

MASON

No, I don't think you do. You see, the outside is the *introduction to the inside*. Whoever said "don't judge a book by its cover" was a liar. I decide to read a book based on whether I like the cover. And right now? I don't particularly want to read this port-a-potty.

ANDREW

We can workshop that entire statement later. Let me just show you the inside. I think you'll really enjoy it.

MASON

Alright, lay it on me.

ANDREW opens the door of the model. It's a perfectly normal inside of a port-a-potty, except there is a tiny chandelier hanging from the ceiling.

ANDREW

(very proud of himself) I know, I splurged a little bit, but I thought it added a classy touch. *(beat.)* Well? What do you think?

MASON

(forced) It looks... great... buddy.

ANDREW

You really think so?

MASON

Of course.

ANDREW

You hate it!

MASON

A tiny chandelier? Andrew, it looks like it belongs in a seventh grade girl's locker. It's hideous. Why is it neon green with a zebra print pattern? Why on earth would you think that adds *pizzazz*?

ANDREW

(crestfallen) I don't know, I thought it could—

MASON

Hey, out of curiosity, was that chandelier from Justice, or Claires? Did you get your ears pierced while you were at it? Enjoy your infection, hope that ten dollar pair of nickel plated crescent moon studs was worth it.

ANDREW has begun crying.

Oh. Andrew. I'm so sorry. I didn't—

ANDREW

No, no, you're right. I have bad taste, I make bad decisions. I can't believe I thought I could do this, so so stupid.

MASON

Andrew, it's just—

ANDREW

I never should have taken this risk. So, so stupid.

MASON

Hey, hey. (*He takes ANDREW by the shoulders and sits him down on the couch.*) It's really okay. It's just a mock up, we have plenty of time to revise. You didn't do anything wrong.

ANDREW

I'm so sorry. I've just had such a difficult day, and I was really banking on you liking it.

MASON

I do like it! (*ANDREW gives him a look.*) Okay, look. I think there could be improvements. But it's a great start. And come to think of it, it actually doesn't look like every other port-a-potty. The arch and column details, they're subtle, but they make it look more regal. (*beat.*) Did you come up with the structure yourself?

ANDREW

(*sniffles.*) Yeah. I love architecture. Always wanted to be one. An architect, I mean.

MASON

You never told me that.

ANDREW

Never told anyone. It's not financially viable, really. You never know if you'll have a project or not (*beat.*) If it's not practical, I can't do it. Can't put my savings at risk more than they already are. I can't really afford to take chances. As much as I would love to, I can't be a full-time architect. (*beat.*) So I went into accounting. Someone's always gonna need an accountant.

MASON

Is it about the money, long term? I can help you out, Andrew—

ANDREW

No, no. I wouldn't want you to do that for me. I don't want to owe anyone. This way is just much safer.

MASON

I've never heard you say that you're excited to be an accountant.

ANDREW

Not much to get excited about. But the steady paycheck, the stability. The constant demand for that job. That's what I want. Even if my job isn't what I love to do, well, I'd happily make the trade if it means I get that.

MASON

Do you think you want to be needed? Is that why?

ANDREW

Mason, in order to have a job, yes, I want to be needed.

MASON

No, not just that. *(beat.)* I've never once heard you talk about nice things that any of your girlfriends have done for you. It's just "I planned a picnic in Central Park, I took her out to Chapman's and let her get whatever she wanted even if it meant I didn't eat for the next week, I wrote her a love letter for our three month anniversary." You don't say anything about things they do for you. Not Cindy, not even Nora, who you apparently care about so much. *(beat.)* What has she done to help you with any of this? *(beat.)* Oh. You haven't told her about it, have you?

ANDREW

No, I guess not.

MASON

You can't keep doing this to yourself. You have to stop trying to be this perfect person who swoops in and fills every role that they never asked you to, just because you have to be sure that they won't abandon you. You have needs too, and you're never going to get anywhere without being vulnerable or taking a risk sometimes. *(beat.)* Do you love Nora?

ANDREW

It's really early, I don't—

MASON

Or is she just the safe choice that fits into your safe, risk-free life?

ANDREW

Hey. Easy.

MASON

I have nothing against Nora, Andrew. I'm not attacking her. I just want you to be honest with yourself about what you really want.

ANDREW

She's... great.

MASON

And?

ANDREW

She's really, really—

MASON

Uh-huh.

ANDREW

Nora is so awesome—

MASON

Yeah, and?

ANDREW

She doesn't have to—

MASON

You aren't saying what you need to hear.

ANDREW

Fine. She fits well! There's nothing wrong with that. She's kind, and smart, and has a stable job in the city. How could I ask for anything else?

MASON

You can. You can ask. You can take. You have to start chasing what you *want*, what you've always wanted.

They begin to get closer, as if they are about to kiss.

ANDREW

Mason—

They make prolonged eye contact, saying nothing. They stay like this for a few seconds. Suddenly, ANDREW shakes his head and moves away, as if snapping out of a trance. MASON also steps back, a little shaken up.

ANDREW

We—

MASON

No, I know.

ANDREW

I'm not—

MASON

I know.

ANDREW

It's not—

MASON

I know.

ANDREW

(backing away) Okay, then I'm gonna...

ANDREW grabs the model port-a-potty and sheet and hastily exits. MASON sits with a heavy motion on the couch, staring into nothing. Lights down.