

Start

KELLY. Sam! I thought you were lost forever! You will never believe this.

(She hands SAM a flask.)

SAM. You got laid?

(SAM smells it and drinks.)

KELLY. I mean – yes? But this is so much more important. Did you know that there’s a class here *called* “Sex”?

SAM. I doubt it’s about mating rituals.

KELLY. Mmm. The TA would have me believe otherwise.

SAM. That idiot was a TA?

KELLY. Oh, the tour guide? I dropped him hours ago. We DFMO’d* for a while and then the TA was at the party...

SAM. DFMO’d?

KELLY. Dance floor make out. It’s a thing.

SAM. Way to man-hop.

KELLY. Way to slut-shame. Someday, you too will hit a point where a guy is like, “Let me save you, let me take care of you, let me – like – build you a house, and we’ll have babies,” and that’s when you bolt. Even if you’re mid-orgasm.

SAM. Whatever.

KELLY. Wow. I kind of hate you right now. This is our first – maybe *only* – night of college together and you are actually the worst.

SAM. Come on – I mean. You can’t like this place. Some dude streaked the physics class.

KELLY. That is literally the only way I like physics.

SAM. The whole college machine is a cliché.

KELLY. So is your angst.

SAM. Wait – are you actually going to go here?

KELLY. Where else am I going to go?

SAM. *(Overly passionate, a little drunk.)* Paris? Guatemala? California – you don’t have to conform to some metric

*Pronounced “dee-eff-moed”

of success. You have a car. You have gumption and, and, and drive and – I don't know – Kelly Manning doesn't just *do* what everyone else does. She doesn't follow the same rules. She's otherworldly. She's one of the mad ones.

KELLY. You're drunk.

SAM. I'm not drunk.

KELLY. I like it.

SAM. I'm not drunk.

KELLY. OK, drunky. Let's do it.

SAM. What.

KELLY. Let's go.

SAM. What? Where?

KELLY. Who cares? Let's go be mad like in that book. Like, like burning like candles. Like Jerouac.

SAM. Jack Kerouac?

KELLY. That's what I said. Tell me the part about the candles.

SAM. Uh.

KELLY. Do not pretend you don't have it memorized.

(SAM gives KELLY a look. KELLY returns it. SAM concedes.)

(Time stretches.)

SAM. He said, "The only ones for me are the mad ones –"

["THE MAD ONES"]

(A guitar groove begins.)

"Mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time –"

KELLY.

IF WE'RE GONNA GO, WE GOTTA GO TONIGHT.

SAM. "The ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing but burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars..."

End