

SCENE ONE

A parking garage.

REESE LEVINE, 17, sits in a desk chair outside of a small valet booth. He is wearing khakis, Timberland boots, and a hoodie with a bright red vest over it. The vest says "Valet" down the front, and he has a name tag pinned near the top. Apathetic, effortlessly cool, attractive, on the lacrosse team, posts on Instagram once a month and gets upwards of 400 likes. He is aimlessly spinning himself back and forth in the chair. He has headphones in.

SAM ALEXANDER, 17, enters. He is also wearing khakis and the red vest, but instead of a hoodie he wears a button down shirt and a tie, and he also has on a pair of very beat up running shoes. He has a backpack on which he slings down next to the curb. His speech is halting; he often stutters. He is deeply intimidated by Reese.

Reese does not see Sam for a moment. Sam stands uncomfortably to the side, then:

SAM  
What are you-?

REESE  
Holy shit.

SAM  
Oh, sorry, I thought you saw me.

REESE  
Nah... didn't.

SAM  
Yeah, sorry.

Beat.

SAM (CONT'D)  
I was just wondering what you're listening to.

REESE  
Oh, uh, Drake.

SAM  
Cool.

A significant pause. Sam looks around.

SAM (CONT'D)

Do you know if there's like... more chairs?

REESE

I don't know. I got this one from the office.

SAM

Oh, cool.

Sam goes off the same way he came. He returns a moment later in a desk chair with wheels, pushing himself back over toward Reese. It's slow, he can't figure out the best way to do it. It takes an uncomfortably long time.

SAM (CONT'D)

That office smells like old cheese.  
Ha.

Silence.

SAM (CONT'D)

You're um, you're Reese, right?

REESE

Yeah.

SAM

Cool, I'm Sam, maybe you remember.  
Sam Alexander. Two first names, ha.  
But it's totally okay if you don't.

REESE

We've met?

SAM

Yeah, like a few times. I just don't usually work Tuesdays, so, it makes sense that you wouldn't recognize me. Also I got a haircut like a few weeks ago.

REESE

Oh, my bad.

SAM

It's cool. I have one of those faces that like, looks like other people's I guess. Or like, people have, um, told me that. Ha.

Reese nods and goes back to aimlessly spinning himself.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Has it been busy?

REESE  
Not really.

SAM  
Yeah, I guess Tuesdays must not be too crazy, right? I feel like Sunday is when a lot of check-ins are, but Tuesday feels like a random day, you know?

REESE  
I guess.

SAM  
Yeah, Kenny's taking time off because he tore his ACL.

REESE  
Yeah, he told me.

SAM  
Oh, okay.

Beat.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Well... everything is beautiful at the valet, right?

He laughs.

REESE  
What?

SAM  
It's um, a reference... to A Chorus Line. Never mind.

REESE  
I don't know what that is.

SAM  
It's a musical. The actual line is, "Everything is beautiful at the ballet."

REESE  
Oh.

SAM

It's really good. I mean, it's kind of old, but it's still really good.

A beat.

REESE

Are you, like, gay?

SAM

WHAT? No, no way, that's-- no. I'm not. I'm really not. Seriously, no.

REESE

Relax, dude. It's fine if you are.

SAM

I'm not. Really.

REESE

I'm not like homophobic, chill.

SAM

Yeah, no, me neither.

REESE

It's just like, do people have to shove it in your face?

SAM

No, totally, I know what you mean. It's like, be cool, ha.

A beat.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm not gay, though.

REESE

Okay.

Silence.

Reese stands up and begins to exit.

SAM

Where are you going?

REESE

I'm... going to take a piss.

SAM

Right. Sorry.

He exits.

Sam, alone in his chair, spins for a moment. Then he reaches into his backpack and pulls out a metal puzzle, one of the types that claims to be impossible, you know the ones. He starts to fiddle with it.

Reese returns and sits back in his chair. He is eyeing the puzzle. Then, eventually:

REESE

What is that?

SAM

It's an impossible puzzle.

REESE

Is it actually impossible?

SAM

Nah, people have finished them.  
I've finished one before, but I've  
been stuck on this one for a while.

He continues to fiddle with it. Reese watches intently, his eyes glued to the puzzle. After a moment, Sam notices.

SAM (CONT'D)

Do you... wanna try?

REESE

Nah, it's okay. I probably would  
just like, mess it up.

SAM

Well, I'm not getting anywhere. You  
can try if you want.

He holds it out to Reese. A moment, then Reese takes it. Sam is pleased with this interaction.

SAM (CONT'D)

It's never how you think it's gonna  
be. Like the logical way to undo it  
doesn't usually work.

Reese fiddles with it for a while. No luck. He continues for another full minute, in complete, focused silence. Finally, he gives up and hands it back to Sam.

REESE

Dude, I'd get so frustrated if I  
kept staring at that thing.

SAM  
It actually relaxes me, weirdly.  
Ha.

REESE  
Is this like, what you do?

SAM  
What?

REESE  
Like, for fun?

SAM  
I mean... I do other stuff. What do  
you mean?

REESE  
Wait, where do you go to school?

SAM  
Oh, uh, South.

REESE  
Wait, what? What grade?

SAM  
Junior.

REESE  
What the hell? I go there too.

SAM  
I know.

REESE  
You know?

SAM  
Yeah.

REESE  
How do you know that?

SAM  
You got best smile in the yearbook  
last year.

Beat.

REESE  
Why do you just know that?

SAM  
I'm on yearbook.

REESE  
Oh.

Silence.