

*(The door opens. It's Schultz, with his backpack.)*

SCHULTZ. Hi, guys.

JAMES. Hey, Schultz.

*(Schultz steps inside and puts his backpack down in the corner.)*

SCHULTZ. How were your — did you guys have a good week?

*(Marty and James both nod. Awkward silence for a little while. Schultz unzips his backpack and takes out a little box.)*

SCHULTZ. Ah ... Marty?

MARTY. Mm-hm?

SCHULTZ. I wanted to, uh ...

*(Schultz walks over to Marty and hands her the little box.)*

SCHULTZ. Thanks.

MARTY. Oh, Schultz.

SCHULTZ. For everything. It's been a great class.

MARTY. Should I —

SCHULTZ. Yeah. Open it.

*(Marty rips off the paper and takes the lid off the box.)*

MARTY. Oh wow.

*(She stares at the box's contents.)*

SCHULTZ. Yep.

MARTY. This is really great.

SCHULTZ. Do you already have one?

MARTY. Um ... well, yes, I do, but it's bigger, and not as nice. It's in the living room.

JAMES. *(From across the room.)*

What is it?

SCHULTZ. It's a dreamcatcher.

MARTY. We can put this one ...

I can put this one in the ...

*(Marty trails off. She lifts the dreamcatcher out of the box and holds it up to the light.)*

MARTY. I love the little purple —

SCHULTZ. Ah man. I was hoping you didn't already have one.

MARTY. No. No. I love it. I love it.

*(Marty puts it back in the box.)*

SCHULTZ. The Native Americans used them to uh ...

*(An awkward silence. He has forgotten.)*

MARTY. Thank you so much, Schultz.

SCHULTZ. Maybe it'll help with the night terrors.

MARTY. Mm-hm.

SCHULTZ. Night terror catcher.

*(Schultz looks at James.)*

SCHULTZ. Did she tell you about those?

*(James shakes his head. Blackout.)*