

EVAN. Living at the same address?

JASON. Yeah.

EVAN. The mission?

JASON. Yeah, finally got a bed downstairs.

EVAN. That's real good. I hear that shelter's pretty clean.

JASON. Yeah, but fucking guys steal. Can't have nice stuff. But, um, Father Hunt lets me keep my turtles.

*Jason fidgets. Evan assesses.*

EVAN. So. You gonna tell me what happened?

JASON. What?

EVAN. I know you don't wanna be here. I don't wanna be here either.

JASON. Yeah, whatever.

EVAN. Don't whatever me. I'm not one of your stupid friends, let's be clear about that.

JASON. Whatever.

EVAN. Try me! I'm not playing fucking games. I'll knock you clear into tomorrow, understood? But, fortunately for you I don't have to, you know why? Because I got this pen, and you know what this pen does?

JASON. Yeah—

EVAN. It writes. And, you know what it's gonna write if you don't give me more than one- or two-syllable answers? It's gonna write that you're belligerent, defiant, reluctant to observe protocol. You understand those words, Jason?

JASON. Yeah.

EVAN. *(Voice slowly crescendoes.)* It's gonna write that you have issues with authority that may prove too challenging. This pen could make things very difficult for you, young man. And you know what happens to young men that don't cooperate? ...Huh? ...Huh?

JASON. You asking me?

EVAN. Whatcha think I'm asking myself? Of course I'm asking you, moron! You want me to ask again?

JASON. No. I don't need you to ask again.

EVAN. Very good. A sentence, we're making some progress here. So, what happened?

JASON. I mean...I didn't do shit.

EVAN. So you didn't do shit, but someone did...do shit.

JASON. Psh.

EVAN. And, you gave yourself a black eye and busted lip?

*A moment.*

What happened?

JASON. I got sucker punched.

EVAN. Cuz—?

JASON. I dunno.

EVAN. Some guy just comes up and hits ya. And you, you didn't do nothing?

JASON. Nah. Not really. I was in the bathroom at Loco's.

EVAN. Loco's?

JASON. Yeah, Loco's.

EVAN. I'm sorry? Loco's?

JASON. I can't go to Loco's?

EVAN. We've talked about Loco's. Go on.

JASON. This big fucking biker dude, I don't know'em, like steps up behind me. He's like you were looking at my girl. I am so, like, dude I don't even know who the fuck your girl is. And he's wearing these huge rings, both fucking hands, like medieval biker knight.

EVAN. Hmm.

JASON. And...then he hits me hard, so hard that I swear to God I see stars. Like Bam! My whole face goes numb. Sparky had to pull'em off of me.

EVAN. Just because you looked at his girl.

JASON. I didn't look at his girl, that's why it's so fucked up.

EVAN. And if I ask you to piss in this cup, what's it gonna tell me?

JASON. You don't gotta believe me, but I'm telling ya the / truth.

EVAN. Okay. There's the cup.