

SCHOOLED

By Lisa Lewis

WWE Registration # I281312

SCENE NINE

Andrew's office. Andrew is working at his desk, a little hung over. He tosses back a handful of Excedrin with a cup of coffee. Yellow manila pads and stacks of scripts on the desk and floor. Jake knocks on the open door and enters.

JAKE

Hey?

ANDREW

Hey, Guy.

JAKE

You got a minute?

ANDREW

Just a minute.

JAKE

I wanted to say congrats. I heard you got a new movie in the chute.

ANDREW

Claire tell you that?

JAKE

She talks about you a lot. Says you been a big help on her script.

ANDREW

Glad to hear that.

JAKE

She's always doing that *now* thing.

Andrew laughs.

ANDREW

Homeless guy taught me that. Told me his hands were lethal weapons. The "now" kept him from killing people. Coulda been bullshit.

JAKE

So it's not real meditation?

ANDREW

It's real if it works.

JAKE
Do you do it?

Andrew just smiles.

JAKE
Congrats about the movie. So cool, man. It's got great buzz.

ANDREW
There's always a buzz before you get stung.

JAKE
Yeah, I hear ya.

ANDREW
So what can I do for you?

JAKE
I was wondering if I could buy you a drink, maybe pick your brain on a couple things. I know you're a beer drinker. I know a place that's got great microbrews...

ANDREW
Are you asking me out?

JAKE
Oh, no, I...you're joking.

Andrew nods.

ANDREW
Can't. I gotta pick my daughter up and the traffic on the bridge is gonna be nuts.

JAKE
You have a car in the city?

ANDREW
It's a mini van, but I listen to Zeppelin in it so that's gotta count for something.

Jake jumps on this connection.

JAKE
I love Zep! John Bonham quite simply, the most bad ass drummer to ever get behind a kit.

Andrew nods. He glances at his watch.

ANDREW
So what's up?

Jake grabs a chair across from Andrew.

JAKE

I wanted to ask you... How do I get an agent?

ANDREW

You're probably gonna have to sleep with one.

Jake is taken aback. A beat.

ANDREW

I'm kidding.

(beat)

You think you're ready for an agent?

JAKE

I want to take it to that next level, you know.

ANDREW

What level is that?

JAKE

Have you thought about the production grant?

ANDREW

(laughing)

Have *I* thought about it?

JAKE

I assume you're throwing in for Claire, which is cool, Claire is amazing, but if not, can I submit anything to you? My project is really strong and I'm prepared to start shooting immediately. I could write up a treatment, or if you need more information, whatever it takes? Unless you've already made up your mind...

ANDREW

Ah.

(beat)

Wow. That's a pretty slick pitch.

JAKE

I just want you to know I'm interested. I think I have a great script and -

ANDREW

Does Claire know you're going after the grant?

JAKE

Sure.

ANDREW

Does she know you're coming to me for the nomination?

Jake shifts uncomfortably.

ANDREW

Envy will suck the air out of any relationship.

JAKE

I'll be very happy for her if she wins.

ANDREW

Oh, that's good. Well said. Claire told me you were good.

(Andrew nods to himself,
smirks)

You ever think about moving to LA? You'd do great in LA.

JAKE

You think I should?

ANDREW

With that hair, definitely.

JAKE

Why aren't you there?

ANDREW

I'm not an LA type. Hollywood is full of Jakes, guys like you who got all the chicks in high school. Except in TV, TV's, you know, a buncha nerds.

Jake laughs.

JAKE

I didn't get all the chicks.

ANDREW

Oh, yeah?

JAKE

I did alright. You didn't?

ANDREW

I got one. She had my son when I was 19.

JAKE

Oh, right. Claire told me that.

ANDREW

New York is for guys who look better over forty. Anyway, my kids are in school here and I can't move 'em.

JAKE

I hear ya.

ANDREW

Jake, why'd you take my class?

JAKE

I've always been a fan of your movies.

ANDREW

What do you like about them?

A beat.

JAKE

I think they have real *pathos*. They're deeply psychological.

Andrew senses Claire's line.

ANDREW

Which is your favorite?

JAKE

Devil's Daughter.

Andrew studies Jake.

ANDREW

What's your second favorite?

JAKE

I prefer to look at an artist's *body of work*. The ways in which he subverts his genre. You're so good at pacing.

ANDREW

Pacing.

JAKE

Yeah. Yeah.

Andrew laughs to himself.

ANDREW

Jake, I gotta tell you something. You have a gift.

JAKE

Really?

ANDREW

That's very impressive what you did just now. You're an A-game schmoozer. I'm not. It's a talent I've always been jealous of. I could see it right away in you. A fucking gift.

JAKE

I wasn't schmoozing you...

ANDREW

Since you walked in the door. It's not an insult. It shows hunger, which I appreciate. Claire *isn't* hungry, *she's starving*. Now I find *that* really interesting, cause you never know what someone like that will do.

JAKE

I want the grant as much as Claire does.

ANDREW

Then stop blowing smoke up my ass.

A beat.

JAKE

Fine. Singer's nominating the science fiction dork. What do I got to do to get the nomination from you?

ANDREW

Ah. You think you deserve it more than, Claire?

Jake's not gonna answer that.

A beat.

ANDREW

Lemme tell you something. *The plot is a car*, Jake - the protagonist is the driver of that car. That person's gotta be lead on the pedal, a master at sharp turns. And most of all, Guy, most of all, they've got to be someone I want to *spend time with*. You know what I'm saying?

Jake takes this in.

JAKE

So it's great you like Claire's writing. You've been working with her a lot.

ANDREW

She's very passionate.

JAKE

Isn't it distracting writing at a bar?

ANDREW

Hemingway did it.

JAKE

Hemingway?

ANDREW

You want my advice? Go where the buzz is. Everything's happening in LA.

JAKE

Claire and I have to talk about it. We're moving in together.

ANDREW

Claire didn't mention that.

JAKE

You think she tells you everything?

ANDREW

Hey it's cool. But if I were you, kiddo, I'd take it slow. I see these twenty something guys in my neighborhood, trust me. Pushing strollers, three kids and a puppy pulling them in different directions, looking like they have no idea how they got there.

JAKE

You know what's really hilarious, what cracks me up? These guys in their fifties, with little kids, on their second marriage and heading for a third. Looking like assholes and they don't even know it.

A long beat. They glare at each other.

ANDREW

You're gonna do fine, Guy. You've got Hollywood written all over you.