

**This is Our Youth**



*Denis comes in as Warren knocks drugs onto the floor.*

**Dennis**

What are you doing? What happened?

**Warren**

I knocked the drugs on the floor.

**Dennis**

You did *what*? How bad is it?

**Warren**

It's pretty bad.

**Dennis**

Oh - - GOD! OK - All right - I can't even deal with this right now . . .

**Warren**

Did you sell my stuff?

**Dennis**

Yeah.

**Warren**

Did you have to sell everything?

**Dennis**

Oh yeah.

**Warren**

How much did you get for it?

**Dennis**

I only got nine hundred.

**Warren**

What do you mean?!

**Dennis**

I mean you had a totally inflated idea of what that shit was worth,

so don't make me feel bad about it –

**Warren**

I know exactly what it was worth and that guy just *rooked* you.

*Dennis turns with rage.*

**Dennis**

I am really gonna fuckin' hit you, man! I totally got the best possible deal I could!

**Warren**

Then you shouldn't have sold it!

**Dennis**

You told me to sell it! At least I didn't knock the fuckin' *coke* on the floor, So don't make me feel *bad* about this, man, all right?

**Warren**

I don't really give a shit, man. Why did you sell my fuckin' toy collection for nine hundred dollars?

**Dennis**

So call the guy up and get it back and dig you own fuckin' grave, you little asshole!

I am totally sick of you and your moronic fuckin' self – imposed *dilemma*! I've been dealing drugs for five years and I never once dropped any of it on the fuckin' *floor*! Because I am not an *imbecile*! I cannot believe that you do that, and then you have the nerve to give me shit because I undersold you little *toy* box!

*Pause.*

**Warren**

Why do you have to talk to me that way, man?

**Dennis**

Why do I talk to you that way?

**Warren**

Why do you have to call me an asshole every five seconds?  
I don't like it.

**Dennis**

What do you mean? We call each other shit all the time. Don't start with me, Warren, because all I've been doing for the last two days is like totally trying to help you!

**Warren**

I know you're doing *something*, man.  
But I can barely tell if you're even on my side.

**Dennis**

What are you *talking* about? I'm on your side, I'm totally on your side.

**Warren**

Then why are you always like, reminding me that I haven't even done well with girls for a really long time, man?

**Dennis**

Because-

**Warren**

And like constantly insulting me and like *teasing* me and like telling me how incompetent I am and what a fuck up I am, like this running motif like *every time* we hang out?

**Dennis**

Because you *are* a fuck up. So am I!  
So is everyone we *know*. What is the big deal?

**Warren**

And how come every time I said I liked a girl you immediately say she's got a fat ass

Or like has no tits or she's got a horse face or whatever. You know? ~~Jessica Goldman is the first girl I ever had a chance with who was like clearly good-looking enough that you weren't able to make me feel like a second-rate asshole for wanting to go out with her.~~

**Dennis**

~~You are really making me mad. That's what you're mad about? Because of that time I said that girl Susan has a horse face? That's just the way I talk, man. We all talk that way, it doesn't mean anything. Besides that girl Susan *did* have a horse face, and everybody else could see it. I'm just the only one who says it.~~ And when you're with a really good-looking girl I fuckin' say that. So don't give me this shit and I really am so sick of you after hanging out with you for less than twenty-four hours in a row that I'm like two seconds away from beating the fucking shit out of you, you little fuckin' asshole!

(Pause)

What do you *mean* I 'm not on your side?

**Warren**

I'm sure you love me, man, and you're like totally my personal hero, but I really don't get the feeling that you are.

*A moment. Dennis steps back. His face twists into a stange shape and then he breaks out with a surprising choking sob. He starts crying. This goes on for a moment. Warren watches him coldly.*

**Warren**

What are you crying about?

**Dennis**

What do you *think* I'm crying about?!

**Warren**

I assume you feel bad about something you think has happened to you.

**Dennis**

*No . . .* It's because you said I was your personal hero.

**Warren**

Oh.

*Dennis goes to the kitchenette and blows his nose with a paper towel. Pause.*

**Dennis**

So what are you saying? You want to like, stop being friends with me?

**Warren**

I don't know, man. I'm not like, breaking *up* with you . . .  
I'm not your *girlfriend*.

**Dennis**

So what are you saying?

**Warren**

I don't know.

*Silence.*

**Dennis**

Well . . . I can't really . . .

*Silence.*

**Warren**

Let's just drop it.

**Dennis**

All right.

*Silence.*

**Warren**

Can I have that money?

*Dennis gives Warren the nine hundred dollars.*

**Warren**

Well . . . I'm only eighteen hundred short.

**Dennis**

Well – I'll start moving what's left of this shit today and see how much we can scrape up.

**Warren**  
It doesn't matter.

*Silence.*

**Dennis**  
You wanna smoke pot?

**Warren**  
All right.

~~End scene.~~

Dennis

I can't believe you don't think  
I'm on your side.

Warren

All right, all right. You're on my side.

Dennis

So? What are you gonna do?

Warren

I don't know, man. I guess I'll  
just go home.