

# DYLAN

43.

(CONTINUED): (2)

SIMON  
Has anybody talked to Felicity?

HARRIET  
She was gone after the good-byes and I think she deserves a medal for making it that far.

TOM  
We should probably send her a fruit basket.

SIMON  
Yeah, that should do the trick.

TOM  
Have you talked to Matt?

HARRIET  
Matthew and I broke up.

SIMON  
Over the damn Star Spangled Banner?

HARRIET  
It wasn't over the Star Spangled Banner and it doesn't matter so let's just...not...in any way ever talk about him again.

DAPHNE comes over--

DAPHNE  
Harriet, you want some nice news on a bad night? Matt just won the Writers Guild Award.

HARRIET  
That's wonderful. Really. I'm so happy I could kill myself.

And a young guy, DYLAN, a little too cool for himself--maybe a Jack Black wannabe--speaks out from the other end of the group.

DYLAN  
Hey Harriet. You pray before every show. What happened tonight, did it not work?

Suddenly a sense of humorless tension sets in on the group.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
(beat--laughs)  
Did it not work?

(CONTINUED)

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SCENE ONE

START →  
SCENE

(3)

TOM  
(quietly to HARRIET)  
He's drunk.

DYLAN  
Why'd the sketch get cut?  
(beat)  
Why'd the sketch get cut? Did somebody  
who's going to heaven complain to  
Standards?

HARRIET  
(pause)  
You know what, rook? When you start  
making a contribution to this show you  
can talk to me any way you want. But you  
had two lines tonight and you stepped on  
one of them. So until you either accept  
Jesus Christ as your personal savior or  
make somebody laugh, why don't you go  
drink at another table.

The room is frozen silence for a moment until...

SIMON  
(staring him dead)  
Do exactly as she said.

DYLAN gets up, along with a couple of his friends, and they  
move on...

TOM  
(to HARRIET)  
Were you offended by the sketch?

HARRIET  
I was offended I wasn't in the sketch. I  
thought the writing was of a level we  
haven't had in years, and frankly I was  
surprised that Wes was capable of it.

SIMON  
Are we sure that Wes wrote it?

TOM  
Well it wasn't Ron and Ricky.

SIMON  
You sure?

TOM  
Ron and Ricky suddenly being able to  
write like that would be like me suddenly  
being able to play the cello.

DAPHNE's hanging up her cell phone--

(CONTINUED)

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