

ADICHE: Honestly? I think I'm out of his league and I still want to be friends with someone like him.

ANYA: You're ridiculous.

ADICHE: Can't call him Daddy but I can sure be his brother, you feel me?

ANYA: I don't (pauses) I don't think he's too pretty for you.

ADICHE: The problem, though, Anya, is that I already do and that kind of dirties it beyond repair already.

ANYA: Isn't that sad?

ADICHE: (snickers) Isn't it tragic?

ANYA: What are you going to do about it? You can't let your mind play so many tricks on you, so many that you don't have any fun?

ADICHE: Haven't I told you already? I'm going to drive through these four years at Yale – cause I'm really hype to see what they bring me – and I'm going to drive and drive right off a mystical cliff when I'm 26.

ANYA: And then what?

ADICHE: And then no one will ever be able to find me.

ANYA: Or call you strange.

ADICHE: Or call me insane.

ANYA: You know? I think I know you so well, so inside out and all about your dreams and designs, but there's one question, that no matter how long a monologue you spin, goes unanswered. How can you laugh with all the magic in the world but still take a gun to your head within seconds?

ADICHE: Have you ever put a gun to your head?

ANYA: No, never, not in my dreams.

ADICHE: (somerly) It's a funny feeling.