

SIDE 3: MARIA / MIKEY

MARIA
What's your name?

MIKEY
Mikey. Mikey Griffin.

MARIA
How old are you?

MIKEY
Seventeen.

MARIA
That's too old for "Mikey." I'm going to call you Michael.

(MIKEY is silent.)

MARIA
Would you like to know what you can call me?

MIKEY
(Embarrassed.)
Right, yeah, of course.

MARIA
I'm Maria.

MIKEY
It's, uh, nice to meet you.

MARIA
So, Michael. Are you a junior here at glorious San Pedro High?

MIKEY
I'm a senior, actually.

MARIA
Oh, that's *perfect*, because I'm a junior, and I'm only into older guys.

(MIKEY is mortified. MARIA laughs.)

MARIA

Kidding. I am a junior, though. I actually just moved here. How is it?

MIKEY

It kinda sucks.

MARIA

Yeah, that's the impression I get. It reminds me of Alcatraz. Minus all the water. So what do you do for fun around here?

MIKEY

Uh, homework?

MARIA

You're funny. What's your story, Michael?

MIKEY

My story?

MARIA

Everybody has a personal mythology. Their own symbols. You've got some story.

MIKEY

I doubt it.

MARIA

We can debate it later. Do you have a girlfriend?

MIKEY

(Incredulous.)

No.

MARIA

Yeah, I coulda guessed that. You have a kind face, and I know how teenage girls can be. But it's okay. Anybody who peaks in high school is a dismal failure, bound to be on a downward spiral for the rest of their lives. That's what my aunt says, anyway. And at this point, I think I've seen it enough times to agree.