

CHRISTOPHER

Finally! Action!

GRANDMA PAT

Come on, you ancient woman, let's go.

CHRISTOPHER

Hey! You can't recycle my own insults back onto me!

GRANDMA PAT

I think I just did.

*CHRISTOPHER and GRANDMA PAT exit. STACEY has been lingering with her tray and DARREN approaches her again. He's wearing sunglasses.*

DARREN

I've got my dad's credit card.

STACEY

Oh, right.

DARREN

Which means I can drink whatever I want.

STACEY

Oh. How old are you?

DARREN

*(boasting)*

Sixteen.

STACEY

That's two years too young.

DARREN

Yeah, I know.

STACEY

You know I have to report you if I see you drinking now, right?

DARREN

What? No! No! Don't do that!

STACEY

I'm sorry, it's policy. I could lose my job if I don't. I wish you hadn't told me.

DARREN

Shit! Shit! I'm eighteen. No, I'm twenty-one. Yeah! I just still feel like I'm sixteen!

STACEY

Oh, okay. What year were you born?

DARREN

Uh. Two thousand and...I have to go now.

*DARREN quickly exits.*

STACEY

Okay, bye.

*STACEY giggles to herself.*

*BLACK OUT.*