

Scene 2

Back in Matt's Apartment, MATT is in the chair and BRANDI is standing in the middle of the apartment.

BRANDI

I could have parked it, I know how to drive.

MATT

You've never driven in the city before. Let alone a truck!

BRANDI

I'm a better driver than you. Don't forget I taught you how to drive stick.

MATT

I just...

BRANDI

If you guys hadn't left me down there alone I wouldn't have had to move it!

MATT

I know, I was moving all this stuff in, trying to make everything fit.

BRANDI

Yeah. Not sure how you're going to do that. This place is so tiny.

MATT

Sure. It's a little cozy. But what about the fireplace? People kill for a fireplace!

BRANDI

It's not even real! And where are the closets?

MATT

Closets, this is Manhattan, there aren't any.

BRANDI

(Walks over to fridge)

All you have is this little dorm fridge? You're thirty years old, you should have a grown-up fridge!

MATT

I'm twenty nine. For four more months I'm only twenty nine.

BRANDI

Only! It just seems like you're taking such a step backward. Like you're moving into a dorm room when you should be starting a family. Or at least thinking about it.

MATT

How many times can I explain why I need to do this. It has nothing to do with maturity...

BRANDI

No, it's immaturity.

MATT

Or immaturity. It's about not having regrets, not looking back and wondering, "what if?" or "if only."

BRANDI

You have a dorm fridge!

MATT

Fine. But this isn't a dorm or college.
(TOMMY enters)

TOMMY

(Holding up 2 six-packs of beer)

I have beer!

(Brandi walks to the window and looks out)

MATT

Thanks bro. Put them in the...
(Glances at Brandi and then points at the fridge)

In there.

TOMMY

You guys want one?

MATT

Yeah. Brand? You want a beer?

BRANDI

No thank you.

(TOMMY sets aside two beers and puts the rest in the fridge. Hands one to MATT, then opens his and takes a sip)

TOMMY

You know, with all this beer jammed in there, it reminds me of your dorm fridge! You know, the one you had in college?