BEN. I'm talking about this.

(BEN throws the business card at MATT.)

MATT. Wait. Did you go through my stuff, man?

BEN. No, you left it on my couch, you moron. *(There is an uncomfortable silence. BEN stalks over to the kitchen area and begins eating food loudly, slamming things.)* You should have just told me.

MATT. I didn't know till like two hours ago.

BEN. Not about the play, that doesn't matter,. You should have just told me you didn't want to work on *Catcher*. Then at least I could've started working on it by myself. I would have been done by now.

MATT. Ben.

BEN. But instead, no, you screw around, you go audition for some stupid Sam Shepard play, and you get me excited about a project you know we'll never finish.

MATT. Ben, you can't do *Catcher*. It's a bad idea.

BEN. Why, because you didn't think of it?

MATT. Hey can you listen to me for a minute, I'm saying this to you as a friend. *Catcher* isn't going anywhere, for so many reasons that we shouldn't even get into right now, but come on, you know you're not a writer. You're not supposed to be a writer, you're supposed to be a movie star, you're like this charismatic, action-hero, hang off the side of buildings type of guy.

BEN. Do you think I'm so stupid that I would actually take that as a compliment?

MATT. Ben, I'm being honest. In this industry you have to play to your strengths.

BEN. Oh please Matt, spare me this bullshit know-it-all crap. You with your four lines in some movie-of-the-week, and your god damn Harvard attitude when you didn't even graduate. And you know what—don't tell me about "the industry" and how I should model my career. 'Cause what the hell have you done? Oh right, nothing. All you've done is waste my fucking time!

MATT. I've wasted time? I've wasted your time?

BEN. Yes.

MATT. I made you sit here in this filthy fucking apartment and read easy words to me from a ninth grade book? That's funny Ben that you would say that I've been wasting your time, because I have felt, for like the last ten years that you have been wasting my time. Yeah it's not funny ha ha, it's funny like I want to fuckin' shoot myself.

BEN. Yeah, well don't touch my fucking phone then. It's just that it might have germs on it, since this is such a filthy shithole of an apartment. So maybe you want to get out. In fact, why don't you just get the fuck out.

(BEN knocks some food out of MATT's hands.)

MATT. Right.

(MATT begins to pack his bag and leave, furiously. He reaches for the script.)

BEN. Just get out.

MATT. I'm not gonna leave this here.

BEN. And you're not gonna take it with you.

MATT. Ben, let me explain something for you. The reason