

music, she hears memories. Nostalgia is her favorite drug. It'll probably be mine, too. I hope not.

He finds a shirt he likes. He steps back from the closet and puts it on. He drops the towel.

**16 INT. BEDROOM**

**16**

He walks across the room to his dresser. He opens his underwear drawer. There's an old model of a submarine on the top of the dresser. He picks it up.

**FERRIS**

In eighth grade a friend of mine made a bong out of one of these. The smoke tasted like glue.

He pulls out a pair of underwear. He gets dressed as he speaks.

**FERRIS**

His name is Garth Volbeck. He's a serious outsider. Not a bad guy, I like him. I'm probably his only friend. I do what I can for him. I mean, if I was him, I'd appreciate it. Do unto others, right? Anyway, his mother owns a gas station. His father's dead and his sister's rumored to be a prostitute, which is complete bullshit. She only puts out so people will hang out with her. It's sad but I don't hold it against her. Better to hold it against the guys who use her and don't care about her.

(pause)

My parents never allowed Garth over here. It was because of his family. Mainly his older brother. He's in jail. I could see them not wanting his brother here because he is a registered psycho. I wouldn't want him here.

I once watched the guy eat a whole bowl of artificial fruit just so he could see what it was like to have his stomach pumped. But Garth isn't his brother. It isn't his fault that his brother's screwed-up. A lot of fights with the parents on that point. I always felt for Garth. I was sleeping at his house once and I was laying on the dark worrying that his brother was going to come in and hack me to death with an ax and I heard Garth crying. I asked him what was wrong and he said, "Nothing". ... Nothing was wrong. There was no specific thing he was crying about. In fact, he wasn't really even aware that he was crying. He just cried himself to sleep every night. It was a habit. The guy's so conditioned to grief that if he doesn't feel it, he can't sleep. How could you possibly dump on a guy who has to deal with that kinda shit? My parents acknowledge the trudge of the situation and I'm sure that deep down, they do feel for him but still the guy's banned from our house.

He looks at himself in the mirror on the back of his closet door. He doesn't like what he's wearing. He continues his speech as he disrobes.

#### FERRIS

Unfortunately, now my parents have a legit argument. Garth doesn't need his brother to give him a rep anymore. He's getting one on his own. He's lost. It's over for him. He's eighteen. Gone from school. Gone from life. His legacy is a gas station.