

Correspondence Course

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. BAR - LATE NIGHT

CURT and GEORGE are having a smoke; they're not trashed, but getting there.

CURT
What do you think?

GEORGE
I don't.

CURT
(beat)
The fuck is that supposed to mean? Everybody thinks. Even fuckin' retards think.

GEORGE
Your diction is astounding. Really. Awe-inspiring.

CURT
(poking fun)
My dick?

GEORGE
You're a dick, Curt. Deal with it.

CURT
Fuck you.

GEORGE
That's the spirit. Embrace mediocrity.

CURT
You got some big words, man.

GEORGE
Correspondence course. Last year. Sent me a diploma and everything. You should look into it.

CURT
Nice.

GEORGE
Yeah.

They ash the cigs and head back in.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

They take a booth.

CURT
So what was the story with the
class thing?

GEORGE
Education, man. It's the key.

CURT
To pussy?

GEORGE
To the narrow-minded, sure.

Curt signals the WAITRESS, a young student-looking blonde.

CURT
Yeah, okay.
(to waitress)
Two Dewar's, rocks. And I have a
question.

WAITRESS
Whatcha need, hon?

CURT
(pointing to George)
Does his having a diploma make him
more fuckable?

WAITRESS
(sizes them up)
In comparison to a guy that uses
"fuckable" as a actual adjective,
yes.

CURT
Thank you, sweetie.

She flips him the bird and smiles at George.

GEORGE
See? That's wit. Comes with the
education. I like her.

CURT
(watching her leave)
That's something, but it ain't wit.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

You should give it a try.

CURT

I never did the school thing very well.

GEORGE

Hey, me either, but you're the one still getting the finger instead of using it.

CURT

True.

The drinks arrive.

WAITRESS

Scotch for the schoolboys.

She leaves.

GEORGE

I think I'm in love.

CURT

She's a bitch.

GEORGE

She's intelligent. Order a beer chaser for me.

CURT

You sure I'm not too stupid to play wingman?

GEORGE

Never. Just get her attention.

Curt signals again. She comes back.

WAITRESS

Thought of a comeback already? Wow.

CURT

Funny. Pair of beers, too.

GEORGE

So, you have a diploma?

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS
In the process, yeah.

CURT
Where at?

WAITRESS
Correspondence course.

She leaves.

GEORGE
I think my heart just stopped.

CURT
That's bullshit. Give me the info
on this place.

They finish the Dewar's.

GEORGE
Maybe I should keep it my little
secret. You're making me look
great.

CURT
Go fuck yourself.

GEORGE
Don't need to anymore.

The waitress comes by with a cocktail napkin.

WAITRESS
My name's Shelley.

She slides the napkin in front of George.

WAITRESS (cont'd)
Call me.

She walks away.

CURT
You bastard.

George laughs. They finish their beers.

END