

ROB: Hey, it's Rob. Open up buddy. I know you're there. *(He hands Mike some juice.)* You eat anything today? *(Mike shakes his head.)* Yesterday? You haven't been drinking have you?

MIKE: Hey, I want to apologize for what happened at the Dresden the other night.

ROB: Don't worry about it. Now I have my LA gun story. You should hear the way I tell it to the guys back home. It's an Uzi. You want to talk about it?

MIKE: What's the point?

ROB: Hey, it's been two days, you should call that Nikki girl.

MIKE: Ugh. I'm such an asshole.

ROB: She wasn't you're type anyway.

MIKE: I'm thinking about moving back east.

ROB: Well that's dumb.

MIKE: Why is that dumb?

ROB: You're doing really well Mike.

MIKE: How well am I doing? I host an open mic, I played a fucking bus driver in a movie, big fucking deal, and I have an agent who specializes in magicians. How well am I doing Rob?

ROB: Did you get turned down for goofy?

MIKE: They turned you down?

ROB: Yeah, they went with someone with more theme park experience. I would have killed for that job. You see that's the point Mike, it all depends on how you look at it. You're sitting there telling me that your life sucks, well that must mean that my life is god awful. I mean part of the reason I moved out here was because I saw how well you were doing and I thought that if you could make it then so could I...

MIKE: I didn't make it.

ROB: You have an agent, you got into unions. You know that's your problem man. You only see the things you don't have instead of seeing the things you do have. And those guys are right, you're "money".

MIKE: Then why won't she call?

ROB: Because you left. She's got her own life to deal with and that's in New York. And she's a sweet girl and I love her to death, but fuck her. You got to move on with your life. You got to let go of the past and when you do Mike I promise the future is beautiful. Look out the window, it's sunny everyday here. It's like manifest destiny. Don't tell me we didn't make it, we made it, we're here. Everything that is past is prologue to this. Everything that hasn't killed us only makes us stronger and you know that shit. You're going to get over it.

MIKE: How long does it take? I mean how long did it take you to get over it.

ROB: I don't know. You know how it is man, you wake up everyday and it hurts a little less and then one day you wake up and it doesn't hurt at all. And then one day, and this is the weird part, you realize that you miss that pain.

MIKE: You miss the pain?

ROB: Yeah. For the same reason you missed her, you lived with it for so long.

*(Mike stands up.)*

MIKE: Let's go get something to eat.

ROB: Yeah, alright.

MIKE: You look like shit.