

*(But our focus shifts to the hallway. JONAH closes the door. LIAM points at it.)*

LIAM. I can't stay in there tonight.

JONAH. You can take the pull-out. I don't mind –

LIAM. No, I will not – You're not actually going to visit her at Vassar?

JONAH. I don't know.

LIAM. Jonah.

JONAH. She asked me to.

LIAM. Just cause she asked doesn't mean you have to go.

JONAH. I know.

LIAM. That's not how things work.

JONAH. I know.

LIAM. Jonah.

JONAH. What?

LIAM. You're not going.

JONAH. Uhm, ok.

LIAM. If she tries to –

JONAH. She –

LIAM. If she fucking does her fucking thing, in front of Melody? Fuck. No, we're staying in the apartment.

JONAH. There really isn't any room in there for –

LIAM. So we'll make room.

JONAH. It's just for a night or two –

LIAM. We can stay in the living room.

JONAH. It's set up for tomorrow. The couches aren't – if you start moving things, Mom'll freak –

LIAM. So we'll stay in Mom's office.

JONAH. There's no floor space with the new desk –

LIAM. I'll sleep in the kitchen.

JONAH. Mom said -

LIAM. I'll sleep on Mom and Dad's floor.

JONAH. With Melody?

LIAM. Why not? I don't care.

JONAH. It's just for a night -

LIAM. I'll sleep in the bathroom. I'll sleep with my head against the fucking toilet.

JONAH. You'll survive.

LIAM. Why is that - do you hear the language you use when you talk about her? Survival. If her parents weren't so completely tight-waded stingily totally, just, cheap - because they can absolutely afford a hotel, *absolutely*, but-

JONAH. Some of us have been stuck with her for two days straight and we've survived.

LIAM. Is that a dig at me?

JONAH. No. I'm just saying -

LIAM. It sounded like -

JONAH. No I'm just saying like, you've been here all of five minutes and...

LIAM. And what, Jonah? What?

JONAH. You should just relax, is all.

LIAM. I'm relaxed. Don't tell me to - This isn't a resort don't tell me to relax. Fuck. Just, let's just make some room.