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SF PERUSALS

Samuel French Acting Edition

Matt & Ben

by Mindy Kaling
& Brenda Withers

SAMUEL FRENCH

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Originally produced Off-Broadway by Victoria Lang &
Pier Paolo Piccoli, Stephen Pevner and Jason Hsiao (50%)

MATT & BEN was originally produced Off-Broadway at P.S. 122 by Victoria Lang & Pier Piccoli, Stephen Pevner and Jason Hsiao. The original set designer was James Youmans, original lighting design was by Jeff Croiter, sound design was by Fitz Patton and costume design was by Anne Sung. The Production Stage Manager was Kelly Varley. The production was directed by David Warren starring Mindy Kaling and Brenda Withers.

CHARACTERS

MATT

BEN

SETTING

Somerville, Massachusetts, 1995.
Ben Affleck's apartment.

BACKGROUND

In 1997, boyhood friends Matt Damon and Ben Affleck won an Oscar for their screenplay *Good Will Hunting*. The success of the film had a remarkable impact on the careers of the young actors, turning Matt & Ben into household names overnight.

Scene 1

(The stage is dark.)

MATT. It's stealing!
BEN. Adaptation is the highest form of flattery!
MATT. Imitation?
BEN. Yes, Imitation. Adaptation. Yes.

(We hear a loud thump.
Lights up: MATT sits on a couch, BEN at a desk. They are staring at a brown paper package lying Center Stage. Together they rise and address the audience.)

BEN. Would you believe a package would fall from the sky?
MATT. From the ceiling!
BEN. Into our laps?
MATT. How does a package fall from the ceiling?
BEN. But it did!
MATT. That's the thing—it did!
BEN. Right in front of us!
MATT. *(Singing)* "A brown paper package tied up with string."
BEN. Amazing things do happen…
MATT. All the time…

BEN. We realize this.

MATT. But not magical things!

BEN. Like a package falling from the sky.

MATT. From the ceiling.

BEN. But it happened to us.

MATT. Interior. Ben's apartment. A lazy Saturday in Somerville, Massachusetts. Stage Right we see a desk, a chair, a computer all untouched. Center Stage we've got a second hand couch. Pan left, we see various junk food and ... Ben. Lights up on Ben, alone at the desk.

(MATT exits.)

(BEN is waiting. He faces the keyboard. He types one letter. Deletes letter. Waits some more. He straightens a pile of paper. Waits some more. Etc. etc. etc. We understand BEN is fidgety and anxious, anticipating Matt's arrival.)

(MATT enters with a pizza. He is out of Ben's line of vision, but BEN senses he is there and begins typing voraciously.)

MATT. Hey Ben.

BEN. Hey, Matt. Long time no see. *Long* time … *no* see.

MATT. The craziest thing—I'm walking out of Papa Gino's, and I run into Naomi…

BEN. You're like two hours late man.

MATT. No.

BEN. It's twelve thirty!

MATT. Wow. Well, I was just, uh, picking up the pizza-here, I got extra cheese. Anyway, so I ran into Naomi—

BEN. Who is Naomi?

MATT. Naomi from 10th grade, from Ms. Parson's history

class. Naomi! Lesbian. How do I know this? 'Cause she said, 'Hi Matt, how are you, how's the acting doing?" And I said "Can't complain, Naomi. How are you?" and she goes, "Fine. I work in Radio Shack in Arlington, and I'm a lesbian." Just like that. I know! I know! So I was like: "oh Radio Shack? That's cool." And then I left.

BEN. So it took you two hours to get the pizza?

MATT. Yeah, yeah, you know, talked to Naomi, and the drive there, and the drive back, and to find parking there off 128, and parking here... And I… I had to go to this thing first.

BEN. What thing?

MATT. Nothing, just this audition thing.

BEN. Audition for what?

MATT. For nothing. You don't know Shepard? Sam Shepard?

BEN. Yeah, of course.

MATT. Oh, you do?

BEN. Yeah, he was in *The Pelican Brief*, with the wrinkles? I love that guy. Is he in the play?

MATT. Uh, no he wrote the play. It's this play called *Buried Child*. Won a Pulitzer. Anyway, it doesn't matter. It didn't happen.

BEN. What didn't happen? The audition?

MATT. No, I don't know. We'll see.

BEN. What's the part?

MATT. Vince.

BEN. No, what *kind* of part? Is it good?

MATT. Yeah. No Ben, they were looking for a blonde.

BEN. A dark blonde? 'Cause you're not blonde.

(There is a very long pause.)

(Eventually BEN grabs Matt's backpack and begins to rummage through it. He pulls out a script for BURIED CHILD and chucks it huffily on the couch. He plunges back in and produces a beat-up copy of JD Salinger's CATCHER IN THE RYE. He brings the book to the computer and begins to leaf through it.)

MATT. I mean, that's where I was, man.

BEN. I just needed the book so I could go ahead and get started.

MATT. I'm sorry.

(An awkward pause. BEN turns towards keyboard with book. MATT reclines on couch.)

BEN. Are you gonna help?

MATT. Oh, well, you have the book. *(BEN tosses book to MATT—the throw is a little too hard to be friendly.)* Uh, Okay.

BEN. You read and I'll type.

MATT. Yup. I gotta get something to drink …

BEN. No, no, I got it. Here you go.

MATT. Thank you.

BEN. So, I thought we could get through the Stradlater/ Holden scene that starts with page 37. Why don't you read the dialogue—and slowly this time—and I'll just type it in over here. And, as before, please spell any words you think I might have difficulty with.

MATT. *(Reading)* Thirty-seven? Alright, here we go. Holden: "She had a lousy childhood." Lousey is *(BEN begins to type.)* L-O-U-S-no E-Y "childhood. I oughta go down and say

hello to her at least." *(BEN continues typing.)* New line. Stradlater: "Why the hell don'tcha then, instead of keep saying it?"

BEN. "Why the hell….?"

MATT. Uh… "don'tcha"—D-O-N-apostrophe-T-C-H-A, "then instead of keep saying it?" *(BEN continues to type.)* I can't believe they give out Oscars for this.

BEN. Give out what?

MATT. Oscars. For adapted screenplay. *(BEN types.)* Are you sure it works this way?

BEN. Uh huh.

MATT. This lifting dialogue just directly from the text—

BEN. Uh huh.

MATT. Why exactly are you sure, Ben?

BEN. What?

MATT. I mean you haven't taken any screenwriting classes or anything, right?

BEN. Wait, is this from the book?

MATT. No. I'm talking.

(BEN loudly deletes the last sentence)

BEN. We do not have time for creative talking.

MATT. If it's really this easy, why do you think this movie has yet to be made?

BEN. 'Cause no one's tried.

MATT. It's a pretty popular book, Ben.

BEN. Well, we haven't tried.

MATT. Doesn't it bother you that the best thing you can produce is just a reproduction of someone else's work?

BEN. That I can produce? And you're just hanging out…

MATT. No, I'm helping out. Doesn't matter. It bothers me a little.

BEN. Why? It's a great story.

MATT. It's someone else's story.

BEN. It's famous!

MATT. C'mon!

BEN. It's public.

MATT. It's stealing.

BEN. Adaptation is the highest form of flattery.

MATT. Imitation?

BEN. Yes, Imitation. Adaptation. Yes. *(To audience)* And that's when it happened.

(MATT reaches behind the couch for package; drops it center where it originally landed.)

MATT. *(Whispering)* We didn't know what it was.

BEN. Or where it came from.

MATT. I was scared.

BEN. Matt was scared. *(He shoots MATT a look.)* Really scared.

MATT. For good reason. But then we realized—

BEN. After we searched the entire apartment—

MATT. That there was no one here and we didn't have to *(MATT gets really loud.)* whisper anymore and we could actually talk in our normal voices.

BEN. BUT JUST TO MAKE SURE THERE WAS NO ONE THERE, WE ACTUALLY TALKED A LOT LOUDER THAN NORMAL. "HEY. WHERE'D THIS COME FROM?"

MATT. I DON'T KNOW BUT IT FELL RIGHT NEXT TO

MY GUN!

BEN & MATT. The mystery begins.

(MATT and BEN begin to snap in rhythm.)

BEN. Not ticking.
MATT. Not a bomb.
BEN. Not moving.
MATT. Not an animal.
BEN. Not three dimensional.
MATT. Actually, that's three dimensional.
BEN. No, it's flat.
MATT. It's flat, but it's three-dimensional.
BEN. But it's not, like *three-dimensional*.
BEN & MATT. Where did it come from?
MATT. We searched the entire apartment. Couch!
BEN. Fine.
MATT. Window.
BEN. Fine.
MATT. Ceiling?
BEN. Fine!
MATT. But it fell from the ceiling.
BEN. But I'm looking at the ceiling.
MATT. And?
BEN. Nothing.
MATT. Where did it come from?
BEN. We knew we had to open it. Who would do the honors?

(MATT plunges his hands in his pockets or behind his back.)

MATT. No fucking way.

BEN. So I opened it. *(BEN unwraps the package and reveals a script.)* "*Good Will Hunting*."

MATT. "By Matt Damon..."

BEN. "And Ben Affleck."

MATT. Is this a joke?

MATT & BEN. We wrote a script.

(Lights down.)

Scene 2

(Lights up. BEN sits on the couch. MATT is at the desk reading the script. Ben is eating some chips loudly. He throws one at MATT.)

MATT. Ow.

(Beat. MATT goes back to reading.)

BEN. Done?

MATT. No.

(Beat.)

BEN. You, like, almost finished?

(BEN throws a chip at MATT.)

MATT. Stop, stop, stop. *(Beat. To audience, in a hush)* This is an excellent script. This is the best script I've ever read. If Ben wrote this, if Ben put this here as joke, then I have severely underestimated his talents.

BEN. Hey, hey check this out! *(During Matt's aside to the audience, BEN has chugged an entire bottle of apple juice.)* One motherfucking sip, huh!?

MATT. *(To audience)* Ok, Ben did not write this. *(To BEN)* I'm done.

BEN. It's so good.

MATT. It's really good.

BEN. It's so good. It's so good, it's so good!

(BEN punches MATT in the stomach playfully.)

MATT. Ben, don't hit me.

BEN. I'm sorry.

MATT. I'm littler than you.

BEN. I know! It's so good!

MATT. *(To audience)* It's kind of, like, too good, man.

(MATT sits on couch and misses BEN picking up and dialing the phone.)

BEN. *(On the phone)* Case! Casey. You will not believe what fucking happened to us!

MATT. Ben!

BEN. We're sitting on the sofa and all of a sudden…

MATT. Ben, hang up.
BEN. What?
MATT. Hang up the phone!
BEN. *(To MATT)* Why?
MATT. Hang up the fucking phone!

(A slight scuffle over the phone)

BEN. OK, OK... Uh, Casey there's this weird thing with call waiting, we might get disconnected, beeeeep. Oh my god, Case, it's happening right now! Yeah, it's weird, I gotta talk to you later. I love you, bye. *(He hangs up.).* What the hell was that about? Why are you locking the door?
MATT. You can't tell everyone, Ben.
BEN. He's my brother.
MATT. This is very confusing. We don't need to involve anyone else yet.
BEN. What's confusing?
MATT. Ben, where do you think this script came from?
BEN. The hand of God. Where do you think?
MATT. I also think God. *(Beat)* Don't you find that strange?
BEN. *(Realizing)* Yes.
MATT. It's amazing.
BEN. It's a blessing.
MATT. It's a gift. *(Pause)* Unless…
BEN. Unless what?
MATT. Have you ever done anything really bad?

(Scary piano music begins to play.)
(Lights down)

Scene 3

(Lights up)

BEN. It's not a curse.

MATT. Why not?

BEN. Because it's not.

MATT. It could be a test. Like Job. Who brags about his family and gets plagued by boils and locusts!

BEN. But what do we have to brag about?

MATT. C'mon, look! We're white, we're American, we're male. We were in *School Ties*! Damn.

BEN. It's definitely not a curse.

MATT. No, not a curse, but maybe a test. Think about it—all that you and I want is what?

BEN. Meatball subs.

MATT. Not right this instant.

BEN. Cable TV.

MATT. More long term.

BEN. Sony Playstation.

MATT. Sony Playstation, no.

BEN. I don't know, money, an Oscar, a girlfriend would be nice, Casey to, like, lose his speech impediment.

MATT. Right! Fame, sex, riches, those are all sins! We're supposed to say no to this. We're supposed to take this script and we get rid of it.

BEN. Uh, absolutely not. I hope you're fucking around.

MATT. Think about this. Why do we deserve this?... We don't. It's a test. Don't you see? It's just like Job.

BEN. We're nothing like Job.

MATT. Not literally, but metaphorically. *(BEN stares at him blankly.)* In terms of, like, a metaphor? *(Another blank look from BEN.)* Okay, a metaphor is a figure of speech you use to compare—

BEN. I know metaphors!

MATT. No, right, but if I were to say "like" or "as" than I'd be using—

BEN. I know what a simile is too. I just don't know what you're talking about—since none of that stuff happened to us!

MATT. I know, that's why it's a metaphor! It's not an exact replica of the situation. It's a comparison—

BEN. Yeah, I know what a metaphor is!

MATT. Apparently not!

BEN. What is your problem?

MATT. My problem is that every time I try to talk about something serious—

BEN. You mean something Lala Land—

MATT. Something serious, you don't even have the vocabulary to discuss it.

BEN. That's not true.

MATT. Yes it is. You dismiss everything—every conversation, every discussion, if it has even slightly complex ramifications.

BEN. Okay, Matt, let's have it your way. Let's have Matt Damon Serious Time *(Spooky voice)* Oh, oh Matt, I'm so scared of this spooky little script. I mean, this is, like, paper bound together with a cover on it. What are gonna do? I mean, what are we going to do?!

MATT. Wow. You're proving my point, man, you're just

proving my point. With every word you're proving my point.

BEN. *(Like a robot)* Proving my point, proving my point, proving my point...

MATT. This is not a joke!

BEN. I know that!

MATT. Really.

BEN. Yes, really. And to be honest, I'm not the one who's screwing around here.

MATT. Oh yeah!

BEN. I mean, what is the point of this conversation? We're not gonna throw it away. I'm not. I'm not gonna let you…. Anyway, Matt, if it's a curse, we're cursed. We can't just, like, put it in the garbage and then just the garbage is cursed. Because the garbage is touching the floor of the apartment … where we are standing. Yeah, we could throw the garbage out, but it'll just go to some dump, which will be somewhere near us, and like, still on the Planet Earth, where we live. So yeah, maybe if you want to hover above the crust of the Earth in some rocket ship you've invented or something… *(Confused slightly by his own fuzzy logic)* but… *(Dismissing his argument and moving on)* the point is, we can't run away from this, or fly away from this, whatever it is you want to do. Your name is on it, my name is on it, we have to just deal with it!

MATT. I guess.

BEN. And the curse is always wondering about it later if we don't do it.

(MATT is a bit taken aback at Ben's sudden wisdom.)

MATT. That's true.

BEN. Okay?

MATT. Yeah. It's just—

BEN. Matt!

MATT. Then we need to do it right.

BEN. Of course!

MATT. And that's going to be difficult.

BEN. Oh my God!

MATT. We have to get a director.

BEN. Yes.

MATT. And the right location. And the casting—

BEN. Uh huh.

MATT. Plus a crew! I mean, do you know any grips?

BEN. Nope.

MATT. Do we need more than one grip? Grips?

BEN. I don't know.

MATT. Ben, are you even listening to me?

BEN. Yup.

MATT. No, you're not.

BEN. Well, you're just preaching at my face about how to make a movie. I've been in a movie.

MATT. But you haven't made a movie.

BEN. Neither have you!

MATT. Okay, so we both should be concerned here, about getting it just right, because we should both acknowledge this doesn't happen to everyone—

BEN. Okay, I will. I gotcha.

MATT. You will what?

BEN. I will be perfect. I will make a perfect movie with you.

MATT. That's not what I mean.

BEN. Well then, what do you mean? *(There is a pause, and*

it is clear MATT is being evasive about something in particular.)
WHAT!

MATT. You remember senior year—the talent show?

BEN. Yeah, we rocked that fucker.

MATT. Right. *(To audience*) The senior year talent show.

Scene 4

(BEN exits.)

MATT. My first three years at Rindge I entered the talent show with a Shakespearean monologue and won in a walk. Other kids were doing magic, doing impressions, I was doing Shylock and racking up the gift certificates to Applebee's. Senior year could have been no different, but I'm not one to rest on my laurels. I didn't want a trophy, I wanted a challenge, I wanted a change—

BEN. *(Re-entering with a guitar)* He wanted a girlfriend. Suzanne Puglio, 11th grade class secretary and cheerleader, who thought musicians were hot.

MATT. *(Snatching the guitar huffily)* So senior year I learned to play the guitar. And I picked the perfect song to perform. *Bridge Over Troubled Water*. From the Simon & Garfunkel album of the same name. Copyright Columbia Records1970. Single spent six weeks at number one then goes platinum with more than ten million copies sold. It's dubbed "an anthem of commun-

ion" by *Rolling Stone* magazine, it is an exploration of true friendship that speaks to all who hear it.

BEN. "Sail on, Silver Girl"?

MATT. Yeah, it's a bridge, over troubled water, you sail…

BEN. Yeah, you drive on a bridge.

MATT. True, Ben was only a sophomore, but I thought he could handle it. He was popular, he was charismatic, and he'd gotten surprisingly good with the tambourine.

(We hear a loud crash from offstage.)

BEN. Sorry!

MATT. Plus, the whole song is all about friendship, and, you know, Ben was my best friend. So everything seemed to be lining up.

(A lighting change. We are now at the talent show. MATT steps up to an imaginary microphone.)

MATT. Good evening, Rindge and Latin! How's everyone doing out there tonight? *(Silence)* Okay, I'm going to bring you a little tune here tonight, with the help of my good friend, Benjamin Affleck.

(BEN enters the talent show stage, a la his first night at the Oscars, waving to adoring fans, shit-eating grin, tambourine in tow. Various cheers from the "audience" are heard.)

BEN. Guys, shut the fuck up! *(Smiles and winks, encouraging them to cheer.)*

MATT. That's tremendous, thank you.

(In the following section, MATT sings tenderly, sincerely. BEN accompanies inappropriately on tambourine, growing increasingly enthusiastic, eventually resulting in a mockery of the song.)

MATT. *(Singing)* When you're weary…Feeling Small… When Tears are in your eyes….I'll dry them all….

BEN. *(Singing)* O-o-o-ooh la!!

MATT. *(Singing)* I'm on your side…When darkness falls… And pain is all around…Like a Bridge Over Troubled Water….

BEN. *(Overlapping)* Give it up for my best friend in the world, Mathew Damen!! *(Does a Bill Cosby-ish dance)* What is this dance? How do I even know this dance? But somehow I do … really, really well.

MATT. I will lay me down..

BEN. I will lay YOU down, Jenny Warren! I am not kidding. Meet me in the parking lot after the show.

(Laughter erupts. We understand that MATT has lost control of the situation and BEN is now very much center stage. Raucous laughter continues through this next section.)

MATT. What are you doing?

BEN. What?

(Laughter)

MATT. You're ruining it.

BEN. No I'm not.

(More laughter)

MATT. *(To audience)* That isn't even funny!

BEN. Yes it is. *(Laughter)* They think we're a comedy routine, this is way better.

MATT. We won't even get to finish the song.

BEN. So?

(Laughter)

MATT. "Bridge Over Troubled Water" is a classic opus, a composition designed to touch your soul, it takes an audience by surprise—

BEN. It's gay.

(Laughter)

MATT. What?

BEN. It's retarded.

(Laughter)

MATT. Thanks. *(To audience)* Thanks a lot.

BEN. *(Bowing)* Come on, lighten up, we won! We won! *(To audience)* It was fucking awesome and we won. The point is, we did win.

MATT. Fine, so Ben is funny, right? Ben is tall, dark, handsome. Ben is creative. Ben, for instance, uses the made-up word

"chillaxin" because he senses something missing in just "chilling" or "relaxing".

BEN. I mean don't you?

MATT. But Ben is also careless, he's obnoxious, he's oblivious to the point of being dangerous. Ben is the best friend who sleeps with your prom date...

BEN Suzanne Puglio.

MATT. And doesn't even get why you might be pissed about it. He thinks having manners is uptight, he thinks being sensitive is gay—

BEN. I think we won a forty dollar gift certificate and a trophy. And we would've gotten our photo in the school paper, but Noah Barnes-Nessa, the staff photographer for the Rindge Bugle, one time I said something about his sister, Caroline, that she had put on a little weight—she was pretty and everything, I didn't say she was ugly, but she just put on this weight. All right here. It was an observation. But Noah, he hated me, so he ran a picture of the track team that week instead of us. I think Matt was pretty mad about the photo.

MATT. I don't care about the photo.

BEN. It wasn't my fault, it was Noah!

MATT. Obviously it wasn't your fault. It was Noah. But you called his sister fat. So—

BEN. I didn't say fat. I mean I think I just explained it.

MATT. I don't care. It doesn't matter.

BEN. What?

MATT. It wasn't what we planned.

BEN. So?

MATT. So I learned to play the guitar. I practiced for like six weeks.

BEN. Yeah? Well, you didn't have to work that hard.

MATT. I like to work hard.

BEN. For a high school talent show?

MATT. For everything. Look, Ben, you're a funny guy. People like you. You could've burped the alphabet—which I know you can do—and won. But *we* were supposed to do something together.

BEN. We did.

MATT. No. Not the right way.

BEN. Or maybe just not your way.

MATT. Ben, it was a talent show.

BEN. So?

MATT. So, you won for being you, not for being talented.

BEN. So I'm not talented now?

MATT. Well, I guess at making fun of me, yeah, you are.

BEN. I wasn't trying to make fun of you.

MATT. You weren't trying to do anything. Ben, you can't just coast like this forever. It won't get you anywhere.

BEN. Got us first place.

MATT. It wouldn't get you anywhere serious, it wouldn't get you a job, it wouldn't get you into Harvard.

BEN. I didn't want to go to Harvard.

MATT. Fine.

BEN. Not everybody wants to go to Harvard.

MATT. Not everybody can get into Harvard.

BEN. Thanks.

MATT. Sorry, but I mean you just couldn't get in.

BEN. No, no, thank you. I understand.

MATT. But it's because you don't work hard. You don't try and improve. You can't just get better at things naturally, you

have to practice—

BEN. *(To audience)* There you go.

MATT. I practice things every day.

BEN. Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to witness...

MATT. And practice makes perfect.

BEN. Classic Matthew Damon.

MATT. Practice! Practice! Practice!

Scene 5

BEN. When I first met Matt, it was in drama class at Rindge. we were assigned to do a scene from Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. I was so stoked, because no one rehearsed scenes back then, but Matt really wanted to. So we decided to meet up after school at the track. When I got there, I was ten minutes early. Matt was running sprints. I mean really, really hard sprints. *(MATT runs across the stage with determination and alarming speed.)* I don't think he was finished but he saw me waiting there in the stands and came over. *(To MATT)* Hi!

(MATT enters. He checks his heart rate.)

MATT. *(Mutters)* ...17, 18, 19....

BEN. You were running so hard.

MATT. Just one second. *(He finishes counting.)* Not really. Did you bring the script?

BEN. Yeah.

MATT. So, you're Estragon. I'm Vladimir. Do you do a French accent?

BEN. Not really. I do impressions mostly. *(BEN begins to do an accurate but obscure impression of Danny DeVito's The Penguin from* Batman Returns*, complete with mimed top hat and cane.)* The Penguin? Danny DeVito? From *Batman 2*?

MATT. No, not impressions. But I think if we could do, like, a French accent, we could make it really good. Does anyone in your family speak French?

BEN. Well, not my mom or my dad. But Casey might have taken it for a year.

MATT. For a year?

BEN. But I bet he's really good.

MATT. Well, ask him. Can you memorize lines?

BEN. But we don't need to. We only have to do a reading.

MATT. You can't make eye contact if you have to keep looking back at the book. So go home and memorize it. In a French accent if you can. If you can't, call me up so I won't either.

BEN. *(Joking)* Yeah, we can't one of us be speaking with a French accent and the other not. *(Laughs)*

MATT. *(Not joking)* Yeah, no, we can't.

BEN. OK, I'll really try to do one.

MATT. Later. *(To audience)* Matt always knew exactly what the teacher wanted. He liked me because I worked hard and followed his directions and brought snacks to every rehearsal. But later, I think he thought I was a pretty good actor too, because we kept pairing up. But he made us rehearse. And he was fierce about little things, like body posture and especially, eye contact.

(BEN and MATT stare at each other. BEN squirms and looks away.)

MATT. Come on!

BEN. I can't. I want to laugh.

MATT. Just look into my eyes.

BEN. No, man. This is so gay.

MATT. Look into my eyes.

BEN. No. It's too funny.

MATT. It's ok, man, turn around. Put your eyes on my eyes. Look into my eyes. Look into my eyes. Look at my eyes. Look into my eyes. *(BEN closes his eyes so as not to burst out laughing. MATT grabs his face.)* Open your eyes. Open your eyes. Open them. Look into my eyes. Look into my eyes. Look into my eyes. My eyes. Look at my eyes. Ben, look into my eyes. *(BEN looks into his eyes. They have a legitimate moment of weird connection and truth.)* Good. *(MATT smiles.)* We have to do the scene like that. *(BEN lets out a deep breath.)* You have to breathe though.

BEN. Yeah, I'll work on that.

MATT. That was good. That was really good.

BEN. *(To audience)* Sometimes we would do that for 30-40 minutes. Look into my eyes. Look into my eyes. It was pretty fucking weird but sometimes it worked. And I have to say, to this day, Matt is the only person I have no trouble looking straight in the eye. *(They share a genuine moment of connection.)* You can have the Gatorade, you know.

MATT. It's your last one, so…

BEN. You can just buy me a Porche when we're famous.

MATT. If I'm gonna buy you a Porche, I gotta kill the chips

too.

BEN. Be my guest, if you think your fat ass can take it.

MATT. Wait, do you think my ass is really fat?

BEN. No, Fat Damen.

MATT. What did you say?

BEN. I said, 'No, Matt Damon, I do not think your ass is fat … Damon.'

MATT. You just did it again. You called me Fat Damon.

BEN. No, I didn't. But if I did, that's pretty fuckin' funny.

Scene 6

BEN. Okay.

MATT. Okay what?

BEN. I'm ready. Let's work.

MATT. Really?

BEN. Yes, let's do this.

MATT. We're doing this.

BEN. Oh my God.

MATT. You know what this means.

BEN. I do.

MATT. We're gonna be famous.

BEN. Totally famous.

MATT. I'm gonna meet Steven Spielberg!

BEN. Yeah you are.

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