

Sides—JON  
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VINCE. Why is what you do [for a living] better?!

JON. Why is what I do better?

VINCE. Yeah.

JON. (*Pause.*) What I'm *trying* to do is better because it's an attempt at figuring things out. I would like to, eventually, become good enough at it to the point where I can contribute to a larger debate about why this country is so fucked up. I would like to try and examine why it is that a fifty-whatever-year-old fire chief feels the need to get stoned every night. What is it about life in America that'd driving that urge in him?

VINCE. He *likes* it?

JON. Fine, but then there's something slightly wrong with the fact that someone with that type of responsibility is constantly *high*. There's maybe some sort of symbolism there worth examining.

VINCE. His firehouse happens to have the best record in the city—

JON. Vince — if my house was on fire, I wouldn't want his high ass anywhere *near* it —

VINCE. You're such a fucking bigot! —

JON. The guy has a good record because he's *lucky!* —

VINCE. Says who?

JON. It's obvious! He's living a big, luck-driven lie!

VINCE. What're you — high?

JON. I'm serious —

VINCE. You're making movies about people who rob *Popeye's Fried Chicken!* —

JON. I'm telling a story which aims to resonate the notion of where our society's headed if we're not careful. The only reason it sounds pompous is because I haven't fully honed my skills yet.

VINCE. It doesn't sound pompous, it sounds like you're talking out your ass—

JON. Why?

VINCE. Because you have no idea where society is headed. You're just like everybody else — you're following the latest trend which you hope will get you laid until the trend switches to something else.

JON. (*Wounded...*) You don't like my work?