

smoke...paul and rashid /1/

PAUL: Jesus, you make a lot of noise. Can't you see I'm trying to work here?

RASHID: I'm sorry. They just slipped out of my hands.

PAUL: Why don't you try to be a little less clumsy? It wouldn't hurt, would it?

RASHID: I'm a teenager. Teenagers are clumsy. It's because we're still growing. We don't know where our bodies end and the world begins.

PAUL: The world is going to end pretty soon if you don't learn fast. Look, why don't you make yourself useful? I'm out of cigarettes. Go around the corner to the cigar store and buy me two tins of tobacco.

RASHID: Twenty dollars is a lot of money. Are you sure you can trust me with it? I mean, aren't you afraid I might steal it?

PAUL: If you want to steal it, that's your business. At least you won't be around here making noise. It might be worth it.

PAUL: Jesus Christ. What is it with you? You keep breaking one thing after another.

RASHID: I'm sorry. I was trying to reach for one of the books up there ... And then, I don't know, this whole pile fell on top of me.

PAUL: It just won't work, will it? I sit here for two and a half years without being able to write a word, and then, when I finally get started on something, when it looks like I might actually start writing again, you show up and start breaking everything in my house.