

Boy Meets World: An Affair to Forget
Final Draft

[Cory is standing by the lockers watching a group of guys talking to a gorgeous tall blonde girl. Topanga approaches and stands with Cory, watching on]

TOPANGA

Why are all those guys
talking to Shawn's
girlfriend?

CORY

Well, Shawn and Jennifer
broke up this morning and
look at her – she's already
on the prowl!

TOPANGA

How's Shawn taking it?

CORY

Are you kidding? Shawn is
Shawn. You can't keep Shawn
down!

[Camera zooms out to reveal Shawn slumped on the floor
beside Cory]

CORY

Get up, Shawn.

SHAWN

[forlorn] She dumped me! She
dumped me good. I didn't
even see it coming.

CORY

[kneels down and pats Shawn
sadly] Look what they've
done to my boy!

TOPANGA

[steps over Shawn and kneels
down at his other side]
Look, Shawn, if it's any
consolation, I think you can
do a *lot* better than
Jennifer Bassett.

SHAWN

[mopey] You think so?

CORY

Uh, wait a minute. Topanga,
have you *looked* at Jennifer?

TOPANGA

[turns and looks at
Jennifer, then stands up]
Ok, so she's pretty, she's
tall, she drives a new red
convertible... oh heck, *I'd*
go out with her. [turns to
her locker]

CORY

[to Shawn]

I didn't want to say this
when you were with her, but
if you ask me, Shawn,
Jennifer Bassett is one
stuck-up conceited girl.

SHAWN

[hopeful]

Do you think so?

CORY

Yeah! Nose way up in the
air! And frankly, Shawn, I'm

not so sure it's her real
nose.

SHAWN

You mean —

CORY

Plastic. Just like her
personality. So you're
really not missing out on
anything! [pats Shawn's leg]
So get up! And be Shawn!

SHAWN

[stands up]

Yeah! Yeah, you're right!
[marches confidently over to
Jennifer and taps her on the
shoulder; she turns around]
You know what I think, Jen??
I think you're conceited!
Yeah! That's right!
Conceited! And stuck up!
And...
[falters] ...something about
your nose...

JENNIFER

What about my nose?!
[touches it worriedly]

SHAWN

Um!

JENNIFER

Who said something about my
nose?!

SHAWN

Um!

[Jennifer spots Cory and glares at him]

CORY:

(opens and closes his
mouth hopelessly)

Um!

JENNIFER

[turns back to Shawn,
smirking]

So it was your best friend
Cory who made you say
these... bad, bad things,
mm?

SHAWN

Pfft. Like I'd ever tell
you.

Jennifer runs her fingers through Shawn's hair and kisses him
passionately. Shawn licks his lips thoughtfully.

SHAWN

Cory Matthews; son of Alan
and Amy; grandson of Nana
and Sam.

CORY

[upset]

How could you sell out my
nana?!

JENNIFER

[to Shawn]

You know, I've been thinking. Maybe there could still be something between us.

SHAWN

Uhhh... I-I'd be willing to give that a try! Just as long as, uh, you're not mad at Cory.

JENNIFER

Noooo, Shawn! He's your best friend! How could I ever come between you and your best friend?

Jennifer and Shawn walk off hand in hand. As they pass Cory, Jennifer hisses at him.

CORY

[To Topanga]

Did you see that?!

TOPANGA

Yeah, I saw that.

CORY

What do you think it means?

TOPANGA

Nothing good for you!

[Chubbies. Shawn is already sitting down and Cory enters, sitting opposite.]

CORY

Shawn! Hey. Listen, I was just curious. What does it mean when a girl goes [makes violent hissing sound]?

SHAWN

Cory, c'mon, she was just being playful.

CORY

Playful like a spider when it catches a fly and sucks out its head-meat?

SHAWN

She was upset, y'know, after all those *terrible things* you said about her—

CORY

Shawn! I said them to you! To make my best friend feel better about being dumped. May I speak freely?

[Jennifer enters and approaches, standing behind Cory]

SHAWN

(notices Jennifer)
I don't think that's wise...

CORY

Well maybe I'm just not wise. Jennifer — or should I

say, Zathrak the Undead – is
a stuck-up, manipulative,
cold-blooded, ohh...

Shawn is desperately trying to convey to Cory to shut up

CORY

She's right behind me
anticipating my head-meat,
isn't she?

JENNIFER

Hello, Cory.

CORY

All hail Zathrak...

JENNIFER

Shawn, you and I have been
working *so hard* to make this
relationship work. But there
are some people who only
want to tear us apart, so I
don't think we should allow
those negative presences in
our lives. [pouts] Do you?

SHAWN

Well, now, Jennifer, I'm not
so sure I see it that way.

Jennifer pushes Shawn onto an empty seat, gets on top
of him and they start making out as Cory watches on
curiously

SHAWN

[off-screen]

Wow, suddenly everything is
so clear!

JENNIFER

[off-screen]

Then you see my point?

[Cory looks pained]

SHAWN

Yes! Yes, you're a really
good debater.

Jennifer and Shawn emerge looking ruffled, sitting in
the seat in front of Cory, who can hear everything
they're saying

JENNIFER

So if you wanna be my
boyfriend, I think you
should tell Cory you can't
see him anymore.

SHAWN

But we've been best friends
our whole lives! I mean, how
am I supposed to just say
'Cory, you're out of my
life'?

[Jennifer looks at Shawn seductively]

SHAWN

Ooh, more! [kisses her
again] Cory, could you come
here for a sec??

CORY

[stands up looking hopeful]

Oh maybe this is good news!

Cory runs to where Shawn and Jennifer are making out and his face falls

[Later at Chubbies. Waiters are clearing up and clearly preparing to close; Topanga is standing up and looking down at Cory, who is slumped on the floor looking miserable]

TOPANGA

Get up, Cory.

CORY

He dumped me! He dumped me good! And I'd thought 'Oh, maybe this is good news'!

[Cory's house. Eric is alone in the kitchen getting milk out of the fridge when Amy and Alan come home.]

ERIC

Well it's about time you kids got home, it's almost eleven 'o' clock, I was worried sick! I had Feeny looking for you; I called the police!

AMY

Really?

ERIC

Nah, I didn't even know
you'd left. So, nice time?

AMY

Yes, we went to the theatre!

ERIC

Big musical extravaganza?

AMY

Nope, one woman show.

ERIC:

Juggling?

ALAN

No, there wasn't any
juggling. She sat on a stool
and told the remarkable
story of her life.

ERIC

Oh. Couldn't afford a real
show, huh, Dad?

ALAN

[takes a pair of
tickets from his jacket
pocket and hands them to
Eric]
Excuse me?

ERIC

[looking at the tickets]

Thirty bucks?! You spent
thirty bucks listening to a
lady sitting on a stool?

ALAN

We weren't the only ones.
Three hundred seat theatre –
sold out.

ERIC

[astonished]

Three hundred seats at
thirty bucks a pop?! That's
like... [thinks] ...three
hundred times thirty...

AMY

The show's been sold out for
months, we were lucky to get
seats!

ERIC

[thoughtful]

Sold out for months, huh?
Interesting...

[Presumably later at the house; Eric is alone in the
kitchen typing painfully slowly on a laptop surrounded
by a printer and many screwed up pieces of paper. Cory
enters and reads the piece of paper Eric is clearly
typing from.]

CORY

'Eric Matthews: Look at me,
look at me; a one woman
show'?

ERIC

Oh yeah - *man*. [scribbles out the mistake and corrects it] See for me this would be 'man'.

CORY

[picks up the paper and begins to read it]
So you're writing a play?

ERIC

Yup.

CORY

About... you.

ERIC

Yeah. Y'know, let me bounce the opening off you.

CORY

Let me bounce *this* off you.
[throws the pad at Eric]
Nobody cares!

ERIC

Oh they'll care. They'll care because I'm a human life. [gazes off into the distance] And when you look at my human life there's all these amazing moments that just pop out. Landmark moments that when you put

them down on paper they just
explode off the page: Wake
up, damn you.

[The phone rings and Eric gets up to answer it]

ERIC

[picks up the phone]
Hello? [pause] Uh, nope, no
'Dory' here.

CORY:

[runs to the phone]
It's for me! [takes phone]
Shawn?

SHAWN

[on other end of phone]
You're supposed to call me
Dawn!

CORY

Why, is Jennifer there?

SHAWN

Dennifer. No, she's at the
mall.

CORY

Y'know what, this is
ridiculous. How can you let
some girl tell you you can't
see your best friend? It's
just wrong. D'you hear me?
WRONG!

[It goes silent. Shawn is looking wistful.]

CORY

Shawn? Are you there?

[pause]

SHAWN

Yeah. I was just... [smiles]
listening to the sound of
your voice. Thinking about
the old days...

CORY

I gotta see you!

SHAWN

No! No, we both know that's
impossible.

CORY

Because of... *her*?

[Shawn's face falls]

CORY

You're going to let her
stand in the way of what we
had? Shawn, if you won't see
me then I'm going to come
right over there and see
you.

SHAWN

No! No! Don't come here!

CORY

I will NOT be ignored!

SHAWN

Okay... okay, I'll see you.
But just this once!

CORY

That's all I'm asking for.

SHAWN

The library. Tomorrow
morning. Eight 'o' clock.

CORY

The library it is. Then
I'll... step aside forever.

[Both go to put the phone down, then quickly pick it up again to see if the other one is still on the line. Both are silent, though, and they replace the receivers, disappointed. Cory turns around to find Eric standing behind him with his arms crossed.]

ERIC

I want my own room.

[In the library the next morning. Shawn looks around anxiously and shifts in his seat and pulls towards him a cinnamon bun on a plate. Jennifer walks in unexpectedly.]

JENNIFER

Shawn!

SHAWN

[jumps up]
Jennifer! Uh, how're you
doing? Really!

JENNIFER

I've been looking all over for you. But... what are you doing in the library?

SHAWN

I-I'm studying! Really!

JENNIFER

[pleased, she pulls up a chair and sits down with him]

You see! Now that you don't spend all that time with Cory, you're putting your time to better use. [sees the plate] Who's the cinnamon bun for?

SHAWN

What - what - what - this one here?

JENNIFER

Yeah. The one with the little blue bow and the 'C' on it...

SHAWN

[laughs nervously]
Right! Right, it's got a 'C' on it. Uh... it stands for... 'C [see], I knew you'd be here!'

[hands her the plate and watches regretfully as she takes a bite from the bun]

TOPANGA

[spots the couple of approaches their table]
Hi, Shawn!

SHAWN

Oh, Topanga! Do you know...
[gestures to Jennifer]?

TOPANGA & JENNIFER

[barely look at each other and give a dismissive wave]
Hi.

TOPANGA

I just came from the, uh, classic section. You know. *Classics*. Old favourites?
[Shawn catches on] There's something there you might be interested in.

SHAWN

Oh! Ok! Thank you, Topanga. I'll just go... check out that book then!

VOICE FROM BEHIND THE BOOKCASE

Shawn!

SHAWN

Cory, is that you?

CORY

No, it's the audio book
section, you moron.

[Cory's hidden on the other side of the bookcase, so Shawn
removes a couple of books from the middle shelf so that they can
see each other]

CORY

Hi. I was hoping you'd come
alone.

SHAWN

Yeah, I tried but you-know-
who wouldn't hear of it. I
think she suspects...

CORY

Hey, I understand that
she's important to you.

SHAWN

[nods grimly]
We both knew that this would
happen eventually.

CORY

[nods]
Getting older...

SHAWN

Meeting girls...

CORY

Having relationships with
those girls...

SHAWN

Which means there's less
time for...

BOTH

Best friends to spend time
together.

SHAWN

It's only natural...

CORY

Sure. Natural... Hey,
[grins] that cinnabun was
for me, wasn't it?

SHAWN

[looks down, blushing,
and giggles]
Cory!

[Both go quiet and stare at each other fondly]

CORY

We gotta meet!

SHAWN

But where?

CORY

Paris!

SHAWN

That's the first place
she'd look.

CORY

[sighs]

Well if not Paris, then
where?

SHAWN

Some place no woman would
ever look.

CORY

The Three Stooges!

SHAWN

Er... I don't think that
would work actually...

CORY

Well then, it's simple.
We're just going to have to
find time to sneak off and
talk about sports and stuff.

SHAWN

That's no life!

CORY

It's all we have left...

JENNIFER

Shawn?

[Shawn jams the books back onto the shelf to hide Cory]

JENNIFER

You've been over here for a
long time... Is he here??

SHAWN

Uh... [feigns innocence and
adopts a bad British accent]

'he'?? I have no idea of any
'he' of whom you speakun!

[Jennifer angrily searches the shelves, just missing Cory]

SHAWN

See! I told you there wasn't
anyone there.

JENNIFER

[softens] Fine... Walk me to
French class? [rubs his
neck] Wow, you're tense! Let
me sit behind you and rub
your shoulders.

SHAWN

Yeah, I... I'd like that...
[Jennifer drags Shawn away. Shawn looks miserably back
at Cory, and Cory watches on from behind the bookcase.]

CORY

I used to sit behind him...

**[It's night time at The Matthews' house. Eric comes out
the back door into the garden carrying a book.]**

ERIC

Mr Feeny?

[There's no answer. Eric walks up to the fence.]

ERIC

MR FEENY?!

[Camera pans round to show Mr Feeny just behind the
fence, bending down and doing gardening. He flinches at
the sound of Eric and stands up.]

MR FEENY

I'm right here, Mr Matthews!

ERIC

[grins] Oh. I need you to do me a favour. I need you to read this – it's a play I wrote.

MR FEENY

[looks put off] Really?

ERIC

Yeah! It's a one man show. Four hundred pages all about me! [offers the book to Mr Feeny]

MR FEENY

No, no, no. Don't care.

[Eric's face falls]

ERIC

But this is all about me! I mentioned you in it! Just – listen. [Eric opens the book and reads from it dramatically] 'It's last summer. I'm on my... cross-country road trip, and...'

MR FEENY

[takes the book from him and reads nonchalantly while Eric mouths the words with passion] 'There I was on the dusty, dirty highway. The hot wind howled like a kind of howling, hot, windy thing...' [rolls his eyes] Are you actually going to perform this in front of *people?*

ERIC

Yeah, yeah! I rented out that little theatre on Beck

Street. You know, the one right above the bowling alley? [Mr Feeny nods] That reminds me. [Eric takes a ticket from his pocket and hands it to Mr Feeny] I'd like you to have this complimentary ticket.

MR FEENY

[takes it reluctantly] Ah! Gee.

ERIC

Oh yeah, another thing. If you have any friends that are, like, play... types... if you could do me a favour and maybe sell fifty or a hundred of these...? [takes a wad of tickets from his pocket and gives them to Mr Feeny with a grin] I'd really appreciate it!

MR FEENY

[looks down at the ticket] Thirty dollars each?!

ERIC

Yeah well [leans in conspiratorially] the matinee's twenty-two fifty, but between you and me I kind of pulled back on my performance a little bit.

MR FEENY

[slowly] Well... I can see you've thought this through, so... best of luck and er... [shakes his head] wow.

[Mr Feeny leaves; Eric grins and waves, then goes back into the house.]

[The Matthews' kitchen, later that evening; Cory is in the kitchen, wearing an apron and oven gloves, and removing something from the oven. His parents walk in with the impression that Cory is cooking for Topanga.]

ALAN

Ooh, company, huh?

AMY

Aw it's so adorable, he's been at it all afternoon! Honey, do you need some help?

CORY

Mom, I said dinner was at 6:30 sharp. Here it is, 7:02, and nowhere to be seen.

[Topanga knocks on the back door and enters carrying a pie]

ALAN

There she is! Everything's ok.

AMY

Topanga, you have no idea how much he loves you.
[smiles fondly]

ALAN

We'll just get out of your way... [drags Cory's mum to the living room leaving Cory

and Topanga alone in the
kitchen]

TOPANGA

Sorry I'm late, Cory, the
pie took forever and I
wanted it to be perfect for
your big dinner tonight.

CORY

[smiles]

Thanks... but I'm afraid
we've both wasted our time.

TOPANGA

He'll show up!

CORY

Yeah, he'll show up. In the
meantime I'll just stick my
beef brochettes back in the
oven until they're RUINED!

Cory throws his apron onto the floor

TOPANGA

[sympathetically]

Look, Cory, I've got to go
and have dinner with my
parents, and you have got to
lighten up, Mister.

[Phone rings. Cory looks at it but doesn't move.]

TOPANGA

Aren't you going to get that?

CORY

Oh let him worry for a change!

[Topanga grins and crosses her arms; the phone keeps ringing and Cory is practically bouncing to stop himself from answering the phone]

CORY

Oh, who am I kidding?!
[picks up the phone and takes a deep breath] Hello?

SHAWN

[clearly dressed for tennis]
It's me.

[Pause]

SHAWN

Look, uh...

CORY

You're not coming.

SHAWN

I just can't make it tonight, man.

CORY

I see!

SHAWN

Is that ok?

CORY

Well! If you're asking me am
I hurt – no. I'm not...
hurt...

SHAWN

It's just that Jennifer
invited me to her Country
Club.

CORY

And you couldn't very well
tell her you were having
dinner with me?

SHAWN

Cory, she found my box of
cinnabun receipts...

CORY

I told you to burn those!

SHAWN

I couldn't! And now she
won't let me out of her
sight!

JENNIFER

[off-screen]

Shawn! A court's open!

SHAWN

Look, I gotta go.

[Pause]

SHAWN

I'm sorry...

CORY

I'm... sorry too. But I'm
not hurt!

[Both go to put the phone down, then quickly pick it up again to see if the other one is still on the line. Both are silent, though, and they replace the receivers, again, disappointed.]

CORY

[to Topanga]

He doesn't even like tennis!

TOPANGA

Cory, look at yourself,
you're a wreck! [takes his
hand]

CORY

Don't you see, Topanga,
Shawn doesn't need me
anymore! He's got Jennifer
now.

TOPANGA

Look, Cory, when you and I
first started going out, I
never kept you from seeing
Shawn because I understand
that there's something about
a best friend that no one
can replace.

CORY

[smiles]

You understood that?

TOPANGA

Of course! Why would I spend the entire day baking a pie that I know I'm never going to eat?

CORY

Because you're a sweet girl...

TOPANGA

And Shawn deserves a sweet girl too. A girl who understands that a best friend is part of who you are, and if she doesn't accept your best friend then she's really not accepting you.

CORY

Yeah! So, what do you think I should do?

TOPANGA

I think you should forget about dinner here, clean up the kitchen, and in about an hour go have dinner at Chubbies.

CORY

Why?

TOPANGA

In about an hour. [smiles
and leaves]

On stage, where a spotlight shows Eric sitting on a stool in the middle of the stage, wearing black with his head hidden inside his sweater. His voice is muffled.

ERIC

June 24th... 1978... I...
am... born... Sadat and
Begin win the Nobel Prize...
John Paul Eye-Eye is elected
the new Pope... and a new
dance craze... sweeps the
nation... [presses a button
on a nearby stereo; disco
music plays and a disco ball
is lowered from the ceiling
as Eric strikes the Saturday
Night Fever pose]
Remember? *Remember?*

[Members of the audience get up and leave.]

ERIC

1984, I poo-poo on a bus.
[pauses] Nobody likes me.
[Alan, Amy and Mr Feeny slouch in their seats and nod
off to asleep]

[The back room at Chubbies, by the pool table. Shawn enters still in his tennis gear, and finds Topanga waiting for him.]

SHAWN

Topanga? You, uh, wanted to see me?

TOPANGA

No. Actually there's somebody else who wanted to see you.

[Cory enters sheepishly. Topanga grins, amused, as Shawn and Cory approach each other looking nervous]

TOPANGA

Well I know you two don't get to see each other that often anymore, so I'll just wait outside.

[Topanga leaves]

SHAWN

[smiles]
Some girlfriend.

CORY

[smiles back]
I've always thought so.

SHAWN

So... [gestures to the pool table] Shoot some stick?

CORY

[nods] I'll rack.

SHAWN

I'll break.

CORY

[sets up the table]

Y'know. Shawn... we used to be able to play a game of pool without the spectre of the wicked witch of the west hanging over us.

CORY

Not that I'm saying your girlfriend is a wicked witch or anything...

SHAWN

No. No, of course not.
[watches Cory chalk the end of his own cue]

CORY:

Look, if you're going out with this girl, then... there's gotta be something real nice about her.
[smiles] And I just want you to be happy.

SHAWN

[smiles back]
Thanks. But it's so hard to take you seriously with chalk on your nose.

CORY

Oh! [rubs his nose] Did I
get it?

SHAWN

Nah, let me.

Shawn steps forward and carefully wipes the chalk from Cory's
nose just as Jennifer walks in and catches them

CORY

AHHHH!!!!!!

JENNIFER

Shawn! [glaring angrily]
How could you do this to
me?!

SHAWN

No! No no no no no! This
isn't Cory! This is – this
is cake! [falters] Well,
obviously it's not cake. Not
the kind of cake you're used
to. But – but I can explain!

[Jennifer looks at him sceptically]

SHAWN

No, no I can't!
Hahaha..... Er. How did you
know I was here?

JENNIFER

I got an anonymous tip on
my cell phone.

CORY

But from who? I mean, the only one who knew we were here was...

[gasp] ...Topanga!

TOPANGA

[enters dramatically] Yes! Twas I who made the call!

CORY

But why??

TOPANGA

It's time she knew. That's right, Jennifer. Cory and Shawn have kept their relationship alive despite your EVIL attempt to keep them apart! Because in the end, Jennifer, true friendship is stronger than the lure of a cheap kiss.

TOPANGA

Hey! I'm talking to you up there!

JENNIFER

[turns to face Shawn]
So even though you swore you wouldn't, you've been sneaking behind my back to see *him!*.

SHAWN

[sheepishly]
Yeah, I have.

JENNIFER:

Ugh, I don't have time for this. I'm giving you an ultimatum. It's him, or it's... [grabs Shawn and kisses him seductively] ...me.

SHAWN

[breathless, turns to Cory]
Ok, what've you got?

CORY

[shrugs]
I can't top that. [begins to walk away]

SHAWN

Wait, wait, wait. Hold on. [To Jennifer] Look, Cory's my friend, ok? And so is Topanga. Now if you can't be friends with my friends, then I'm not so sure I want to be friends with you.

[Jennifer crosses her arms with a haughty expression]

SHAWN

We can still kiss...?

JENNIFER

Consider yourself dumped, Shawn.

[Shawn doesn't flinch]

JENNIFER

Did you hear me? I said
you're dumped!

SHAWN

Doesn't bother me this time,
Jennifer. [stands beside
Cory and puts an arm around
his shoulder] Because this
time I'm getting more than
I'm losing.

JENNIFER

Well, I hope you'll be...
very happy together.
[marches off]

Cory stands between Shawn and Topanga and puts his arms around
them both]

CORY

Well, gang, things are
finally back to normal. No
more secrets, no more lies,
no more sneaking around.

SHAWN

Yep! We can do whatever we
want to do together,
whenever we want to do it.

[All stand grinning at each other]

CORY

So! Haha, what do you wanna
do?

SHAWN

I dunno, what do you wanna do?

CORY

[pause] See ya at school?

SHAWN

Yeah, ok! I'll see you at school.

CORY

Ok!

[Both walk off in opposite directions leaving Topanga standing bemused; she smiles and claps her hands together triumphantly]

[Back at the theatre, Eric is still in the midst of his performance.]

ERIC

I'm eighteen... and at a crossroads in my life...
[stands up] ...
crossroads... [points
bizarrely with four
fingers] ...transition...

[Camera cuts to Alan and Amy in the audience; the latter is asleep while Alan taps himself maddeningly on the head with his hand]

ERIC

I am now five again!
Kindergarten. And I don't
know which cubby is mine!
[pause] Crossroads... [walks
to the side of the
stage] ...naptime.

[Camera cuts back to the audience; Mr Matthews is still
hitting himself on the head in boredom. Eric sits back
on his stool and the spotlight reveals Mr Feeny sitting
on a stool next to him]

MR FEENY

[cheerfully] How ya doing?

ERIC

[gloomy] Mr Feeny... why'd
I expect anybody to come and
hear me talk about my life?
My life is meaningless. I
mean, look at this, my own
parents are sleeping through
it!

MR FEENY

Eric, in the play of your
life, all your great scenes
lie ahead of you.

ERIC

[brightens up a bit] So
you're saying in thirty or
forty years, I could write a
play that you'd wanna come
and see?

MR FEENY

No, tonight pretty much
killed any interest I had
before.

ERIC

[nods] Mr Feeny – you know
everything – where does my
life go from here?

MR FEENY

Well now, you have passion,
you have drive... you
certainly have guts. [Eric
smiles] I frankly can't wait
to see what happens to you.

ERIC

So you're not going to tell
me to give up my life as an
actor and go get a college
education?

MR FEENY

Eric, I told you to get a
college education ten
thousand times! I don't have
to tell you anymore.

ERIC

Mm, what about my life as
an actor?

MR FEENY

[looks away and thinks] Get
a college education.

[Eric grins and nods. Camera cuts back to Alan and Amy who've been listening to Mr Feeny and Eric's conversation]

ALAN

Say, this part's pretty good.

AMY

[smiles] Yeah, those two are great together.

[Camera cuts back to the stage, where Eric has his head back inside his sweater and Mr Feeny is rolling his eyes at him]