

INT. SEWERS

MATT and JASON lean up against a wall, calmly talking to one another. ROLAND, meanwhile, is eagerly whittling a stick with his pocket knife.

[...]

ROLAND

(Throwing on his backpack)
Grab your packs - I wanna go in deeper.

MATT

Nah, Roland - I don't want to.

ROLAND

What's the matter?

MATT

I just wanna hang out here for a little while.

ROLAND

C'mon - we haven't explored this whole place yet!

JASON

Dude, this is a sewer. What do you expect to find? All there is, is more sewer.

ROLAND

I mean, yeah. Maybe. I don't know. Don't you wanna explore it anyway?

JASON

Why?

ROLAND

Why? Why not? Like... it may just be a sewer, but it's *my* sewer. It's *our* sewer. Nobody else even knows about this place. That's why it belongs to us.

(Beat.)

So why don't you want to stake it out? Just to say that you could. Just to say that you left no stone unturned. This place is something nobody can take away from me and you. Maybe you're both content with just one corner to sit on your ass, but I want every inch I can take.

MATT

Whatever.

ROLAND

(Coyly backing away in the
direction of the
turnaway)

Look. You wanna sit here? Fine.
I'll just go on. By myself. If
you're alright with that. Cool.

JASON

Fine! Go on!

ROLAND

I am going!

ROLAND takes his time in leaving. After he's gone, MATT and JASON sit around in silence. They feel the awkwardness. MATT coughs and sighs.

JASON

Dammit!

JASON throws on his backpack. MATT looks at him in mild confusion. JASON turns back to MATT and shrugs.

JASON (CONT'D)

We can't just let him go by
himself.