

## The departure

*Andy is sitting at food court table; his demeanour is awkward to be there and there are three coffee cups on the table. Kurt walks up to Andy's table but doesn't sit down.*

Andy: You're late

Kurt: Heyyy, um yeah I just lost my credit card and had to get the manager, had to look for it, it was like a whole thing but its all good now. I'm totally sorted you know, totally good.

Andy: Right, well uh come on

*Andy gestures for Kurt to sit down, Kurt sits down*

Andy: So have you applied for that job at the café yet

Kurt: You know I haven't

*Andy sighs*

Andy: Kurt, I- your given these opportunities and you just don't take them

Kurt: Hey come on I'm going to, I just haven't had the chance like I have a plan and honestly its going great, I'm going really great

Andy: Sure

*Kurt gives Andy a slightly mean look then composes into a chill, relaxed demeanour*

Kurt: Anyway's how have you been the school years almost back, ready to teach 7<sup>th</sup> graders English again

Andy: Yep, um yes I, actually Kurt I wanted to give you something

*Andy reaches into his bag and puts pieces of paper on the table*

Andy: I printed off some of your resumes, thought you could apply to maybe sheepies or connoisseur or some of the shops around.

*Andy gestures to the surrounding shops*

Kurt (loudly then quietly at the end): I told you I've got it sorted; I-I I've got it sorted

Andy: Look I know you think your right but your clearly not. I always see you smoking by the bridge every time I drive past and you just wasting away your life, and your potential

Kurt: My potential what does that even mean, my potential that's just something profound you say to justify my failures, just like mum and dad, just like everyone.

Andy: Kurt, you say you have all these ambitions, all these dreams, and yet you refuse to do anything about them.

There just empty words you tell yourself.

Kurt (muttering quietly): That's not fair

Andy: What was that?

Kurt: That's not fair, you-you know how hard stuff is for me, like-like I can't do you know stuff sometimes

Kurt: I am doing in well in life

Andy: Well obviously you are I can tell from the way you're a broke high school dropout. You know you could have done so well in writing; I mean you still can you just have to work for it.

Kurt: I do want to be a writer, I just, I don't think im good enough

Andy: Kurt I've known you since you were 13 years old, I know your good enough. That kid I knew writing as well as Shakespeare in year 7 is still there, I thought you were amazing then and I still do.

*Kurt looks down and doesn't say anything*

Andy: I'm not saying you need to right the next Great Gatsby tomorrow but maybe just getting a job would be a step in the right...

Kurt: Just stop! Stop trying to make me who I'm not. Maybe I was your best student once, maybe you thought you saw someone in me, but that's not me.

Andy: But it could be! It could be again

If you don't start looking after yourself, I'm not going to keep showing up, its-its just not worth it

Kurt: Oh, I get it, your gonna abandon me, just like everyone else does!

*Andy reaches out and puts a hand on Kurt's arm*

Andy: I don't want to but, sooner all later you going to have to figure this stuff out on your own, I won't always be there

Kurt: What you got lung cancer or something, gonna start a meth business

*Andy laughs and shakes his head in a joking way*

Andy: Afraid not, Kurt I'm...

Kurt: Wait what's going, Andy what's wrong

Andy: Nothings wrong infact it's good news. I got that job at Sydney University I was telling you about.

*Kurt looks scared opens his mouth and shuts it again*

*Andy takes his hand off Kurt and sighs*

Andy: I'm sorry Kurt I know this is going to be hard for you but it's a great job, I couldn't tur it down.

*They are both silent for a while*

Kurt: I don't know what to say, I mean I'm happy for you, I truly am, I just, Andy what am I going to do, if you leave ill have no one, no one left

Andy: I'm sorry Kurt, I am leaving in 2 months, there's nothing I can do, except prepare you for when I leave, that's why I want you to get a job before I leave

Kurt: Andy, please, please don't go, I need you

Andy: You'll be ok Kurt, I promise you, you'll be ok

*Kurt starts lightly taping the table getting louder and louder until he finitely slams his hand on the table*

Kurt: No Andy, I won't be I'll fucking lose it (*Kurt knocks a coffee cup of the table with the bag of his hand*) without you

Andy: Jesus Kurt, calm down, why would that

Kurt: I don't know, I just I don't know I-I can't I-I can't

*Andy stares at Kurt then checks the time*

Andy: I'm really Kurt but I had to pick up Andy jr from soccer, can we please continue this conversation later

*Kurt gives Andy a bitter look*

Kurt: What's the point, you're gonna be gone in 2 months anyway

Andy: Exactly, we should get as much time in it as possible before I leave

Kurt: Whatever, I have to go to, got errands to run and all

Andy: What errands

*Kurt stands up*

Kurt: None of your business, you just got a free ticket out my business you should enjoy it

*Kurt storms off leaving Andy still sitting at the table then burys his head in his hands.*