AUSTIN. Yeah, it's impossible though.
JIM. It's a prison to think things are impossible.
AUSTIN. Okay. I'd like to meet Sir Isaac Newton.
JIM. He'd be good. And Beethoven.
AUSTIN. And Pablo Picasso.
JIM. You don't need a time machine to meet Picasso. He's still alive.
AUSTIN. No. He must be dead a long time.
JIM. Nope. His picture was in the paper around Thanksgiving.
AUSTIN. For what?
JIM. For just still being alive I guess. And I'd like that, too. To be super old. And famous. Like in a Chinese robe and sunglasses.
AUSTIN. Sunglasses are cool.
JIM. Maybe I'm going crazy.
AUSTIN. You are not.
JIM. Everything I do, I don't know why I do it. I'm like a robot. I don't know why I took that bell. Do you feel like you're missing everything?
AUSTIN. Sure.
JIM. Why?
AUSTIN. Because I am. I'm on top of a mountain in New Hampshire in a tiny boys' school run by my freaking uncle.
JIM. Do you wish you were in Vietnam?
AUSTIN. No.
JIM. Me neither.
AUSTIN. I thought you said you wanted to fight in wars?
JIM. Not that war.
AUSTIN. Why not?
JIM. It's the wrong kind of real. And it's too small.
AUSTIN. So what war would be good?
JIM. I don't know. Maybe I want to be French.
AUSTIN. What?
JIM. Like a French officer.
AUSTIN. You do not. The French can't fight.
JIM. Are you serious? Have you ever heard of Napoleon Bonaparte?
AUSTIN. Right. Okay.
JIM. Yeah, I want to be French. I'll wear a cool hat and fight the Spanish.
AUSTIN. Are the French and the Spanish even fighting?
JIM. Not now.
AUSTIN. Did they ever?

JIM. They fought back when there were swords. Back in the seventeenth century.
AUSTIN. Well, you can't fight in the seventeenth century.
JIM. Why not?
AUSTIN. 'Cause it's impossible.
JIM. So what? And I think you're wrong. And I want my girlfriend to bring food and flowers and wine, right in the middle of the battle, and we have a dinner party while the bombs rip through everything.
AUSTIN. Linda Pepe.
JIM. Yeah. I want Linda Pepe to love me so much she doesn't want to live if she can't feed me, even though there's a war.
AUSTIN. You are the craziest person I've ever met.
JIM. Then you should meet more people. I want her to be rich. I want her to be covered with diamonds in a dress with blue stars. And she gets it dirty and torn just to visit me on the battlefield.
AUSTIN. Man, they're going to take you away.
JIM. Where would they take me? The way people see things is so stupid. It's a jail and I want out. I want to bust out.
AUSTIN. You're not going to have to bust out. You're going to get thrown out if they find that bottle. We both are. You'd better get rid of it.
JIM. I will.
AUSTIN. Soon.
JIM. When I'm ready.
AUSTIN. I'm serious. My uncle is a hardass. He will kick you out. You're not back on the block now. *(Jim is stung.)*
JIM. What do you mean? Like sippin' Ripple?
AUSTIN. What?
JIM. I'm not back on the block sippin' Ripple?
AUSTIN. What are you talking about?
JIM. I'm talking about sippin' Ripple or T-Bird or Bali Hai, downin' some shit wine back on the block. You think you're better than me?
AUSTIN. Who said that? *(Jim attacks Austin, pins him down.)*
JIM. You! Say it! What do you think? You're better than me? Huh? Or your uncle? Who's he? Who died and left him king? Nobody's better than me! This is America.
AUSTIN. Get off me!
JIM. No! You four-eyed retard! When are you going to stop fudging your underwear?