

ARTHUR: Nah.
 JAMES: You sure? What was your fight about?
 ARTHUR: No, we didn't have a fight.
 JAMES: He called it a fight.
 ARTHUR: It wasn't a *fight*.
 JAMES: You don't want to say.
 RANDY: No, he doesn't want to say.
 ARTHUR: No, it's not like that, we just . . . it was political.
 JAMES: He made it sound personal.
 ARTHUR: Same thing, man.
 JAMES: No, reason it got me thinking about the writing on your wall there . . . he called you a coward, more than once.
 RANDY: Hey, what is this? Start
 JAMES: What?
 RANDY: You need to interrogate the man? It's obvious he doesn't want to talk about it.
 ARTHUR: It's no big deal.
 RANDY: Why are you forcing him to talk about this?
 JAMES: We're just having a conversation.
 RANDY: Just a conversation—
 JAMES: Arthur and I talk to each other. We've known each other a long time.
 RANDY: Why don't you give people a break?
 JAMES: What do you mean by that?
 RANDY: You've always got to get in everybody's business.
 JAMES: I do?
 RANDY: "Stay in school, Franco." "Tell me why Ray Cockrot called you a coward."
 ARTHUR: —Klapprott—
 RANDY: You're like a fuckin' after-school special. You hear yourself?
 JAMES: Is that bad advice? "Stay in school." Is that *wrong*?
 RANDY: What is this, are you the captain of the starship now? Captain what's-his-fuck on *Deep Space Now*?

JAMES: *Nine! Deep Space Nine*, damn it!
 RANDY: Who gives a fuck?!
 JAMES: You say that shit on purpose!
 RANDY: We can't get along unless you fix everybody, right, Captain?
 JAMES: Hey, Randy.
 RANDY: Arthur just wants to be left alone. He knows we care about him. We don't have to spell that out. I think he knows how we feel. So I think it's pretty clear he's not interested in us! That's clear!

End

(She storms out.)

JAMES: Where did that come from?

(Arthur shrugs.)

This is my job. Solving problems is a part of the job. Settling disputes. I'm just taking care of my business.

ARTHUR: Right.

JAMES: I'm not trying to make myself more important than I am.

ARTHUR: I know.

(James sits, stews.)

JAMES: I hate having people mad at me.

(James exits. Arthur calls into the kitchen.)

ARTHUR: Franco, I blew it. I was almost there and I tightened up. If James hadn't come in. I would've pulled the trigger if James hadn't come in.

(Franco enters with another plate, another donut.)