BOBBY

I can't believe you called Mom.

MARTY

You set the car on fire.

BOBBY

It was an accident. Jesus. I said I’m sorry.

MARTY

Not even noon, and you’re smoking weed. It’s bad enough we have to do this. Why do you insist on making everything worse?

BOBBY

He was very specific: take his ashes to the Temple of the Burning Man and let him go.

MARTY

I’m familiar with his instructions- I was there when he wrote them.

BOBBY

Shut up.

MARTY

Where were you then? Oh, that's right. You were at the movies.

BOBBY

Just shut up.

MARTY

Dad's dying, you go to the movies.

BOBBY

It was a Godfather marathon, and Dad told me to go.

MARTY

Of course he did. Because you couldn't accept the reality of the situation.

BOBBY

Why is it that everything you say sounds like it crept out of your ass, covered in cellophane?

MARTY

Why don’t you go home?

BOBBY

Why don’t you go fuck yourself!

BOBBY grabs the box, holds it over his head.

BOBBY (CONT’D)

I swear to fucking God, I will dump him out right here—

MARTY

Put him down!

BOBBY

At least I didn't leave him alone in a room with a gun in it!

MARTY

You shut up about that! God, I hate you!

BOBBY

I hate you back! You should’ve know better!

MARTY

How was I supposed to know he’d pull a Hemmingway? He asked me to get him a Bible, and I went to get it.

BOBBY

Oh, please. Did you really think our father would ever, ever seek God again?

MARTY

Put him down before you spill him.

BOBBY

I’ll put him down when I get to Burning Man!

MARTY

I am sick of fighting with you! What happened, happened. You need to let it go. I know we’re not buddies anymore. I’ve known that for a long time. But the Old Man wanted us to do this together. We’re going to get through this as quickly and cleanly as possible, and then we can go back to pretending that we don’t know each other for the rest of our lives. Now, please, put him down, and be reasonable.