

Dawson's Creek

Teen - Guy/Girl

[Dawson's room: Joey and Dawson lying on his bed watching a movie. ET is playing, but only can here it.]

Movie: "I'll be right he-e-ere."

Joey: I love this movie. This won the Oscar, didn't it?

Dawson: Gandhi. Spielberg was robbed. This is before he outgrew his Peter Pan syndrome.

Joey: But Gandhi? Why give an Oscar to a movie you can't even sit through?

Mrs. Leery - TV: ...5:00 this morning all the airline's scheduled flights were canceled...

Joey: New do?

Dawson: Yeah. She likes big hair.

Joey: It must weigh a lot. How does she walk upright?

[They laugh, Joey gets up and starts to put her shoes on.]

Dawson: Where are you going?

Joey: Home.

Dawson: Spend the night.

Joey: Can't.

Dawson: Come on, you always spend the night.

Joey: Not tonight.

Dawson: Why not?

Joey: I just don't think it's a good idea for me to sleep over anymore, you know?

Dawson: No, I don't know. Come on, you been sleeping here since you were 7. It's Saturday night.

Joey: Things change, Dawson. Evolve.

Dawson: What are you talking about?

Joey: Sleeping in the same bed was fine when we were kids, but we're 15 now.

Dawson: Yeah...

Joey: We start high school Monday.

Dawson: Yeah...

Joey: And I have breasts.

Dawson: What?

Joey: And you have genitalia.

Dawson: I've always had genitalia.

Joey: But there's more of it.

Dawson: How do you know?

Joey: Long fingers. I got to go.

Dawson: Whoa, , don't hit and run. Come on. Explain yourself.

Joey: I just think our emerging hormones are destined to alter our relationship and I'm trying to limit the fallout.

Dawson: Your emerging hormones aren't developing a thing for me, are they?

Joey: A thing? No, I'm not getting a thing for you, Dawson. I've known you too long. I've seen you burp, barf, pick your nose, scratch your butt... I don't think I'm getting a thing for you.

Dawson: Then what's the problem?

Joey: We're changing and we have to adjust or else the male-female thing will get in the way.

Dawson: What is with this when-harry-met- eighties crap? It doesn't apply to us. We transcend it.

Joey: And how do we do that?

Dawson: By going to sleep. I'm tired.

Joey: That's avoidance.

Dawson: No, it's proof... Proof that we can still remain friends despite any mounting sexual theortatics.

Joey: I don't think it works that way, Dawson.

Dawson: Come on, don't get female on me, Joey. I don't want to have to start calling you Josephine.

Joey: Oh, Josephine this. [She tackles him on the bed, and they start to wrestle]
Ok. I give. Give.

Dawson: We're friends, ok? I mean, no matter how much body hair we accuire.
Deal?

Joey: Deal.

Dawson: And we don't ever talk about this again? Deal?

Joey: You got it. Cool. Cool.

Dawson: Good night, Joey.

Joey: G'night, Dawson.

[They climb under the covers and go to sleep. Dawson rolls on his back and looks up at the ceiling]

Dawson: Why'd you have to bring this up, anyway?