

Jonas: Okay look, I'm gonna say I'm sorry now for what happened up there, but I do not want you to take it as an admission of guilt.

Jonas: That distinction is important.

Jonas: Because I don't think anything that I said was that off-base.

| **Still waiting for the sorry.**

>**Alex:** Well, if you're going to say you're sorry, I guess... the floor is yours.

>**Jonas:** I'm sorry, I am. I didn't mean it to get... that far.

| **You completely lost it!**

>**Alex:** You like completely lost it up there, and for no reason either—I mean, we should be, like...in this together!

>**Jonas:** I know, I know, I-I-I'm sorry. I didn't mean to blow up.

| **You should apologize to Ren!**

>**Alex:** Hey, I was just the girl on the sidewalk watching the car crash happen in slow motion.

>**Alex:** But, you should nip it in the bud with Ren when we get back, just... say you're sorry.

>**Jonas:** Fine. For you, I will apologize to Ren when I see him.

| **[No Response]**

>**Jonas:** So just... sorry for the whole thing. It—I shouldn't have gone in on Ren at all.

Jonas: Look, and I just wanna clear the air too, just so Ren or whoever can't use it as ammo against me, but...

Jonas: You might have heard that I, uh... went to jail at some point?

Jonas: I never went to jail, but I did beat up a guy and get sent to... juvenile detention for it.

Jonas: And I just wanted you to know, so it wasn't like a thing hanging over your head or anything.

| **Why'd you do it?**

>**Alex:** Why'd you—um... why'd you do it?

| **This is the truth?**

>**Alex:** And this... is the truth. You beat up a guy.

| **So you're a creep?**

>**Alex:** Oh, so you're a giant creep. What, did he, like, talk to your sister or something?

>**Jonas:** No! No, it wasn't like that.

| **[No Response]**

>**Jonas:** And I just wanted you to know, so it...

Jonas: Just—my mom got sick, and then she got real sick, and then this kid, Timmy Finster, threw a baseball at my head, and yes he was joking, but... I don't know, I just popped.

Jonas: Yeah, it was as stupid as it sounds.

Jonas: And I'm not gonna defend myself.

| **That's no excuse!**

>**Alex:** Jonas, you know that's no excuse for beating up some random guy. What'd he even do besides through a baseball at you?

>**Jonas:** Nothing, that—that's the thing, I mean, it was stupid.

| **What happened to him?**

>**Alex:** What... happened to the other guy?

>**Jonas:** Hospitalized? Not for a while, but... you know...

>**Jonas:** I tried to visit him, after I got out, but... he wouldn't see me.

| **I think I understand.**

>**Alex:** You... lost control, Jonas, it happens, we... we break sometimes.

Jonas: My mom found out, of course, and... I never really squared it with her in a way that... I don't know.

Jonas: Things never really work out the way you want, you know?

Jonas: But whatever.

| **Are you alright?**

>**Alex:** Are you... are you okay?

>**Jonas:** It's not like I'm sick or whatever, I'm fine.

| **Sometimes they do.**

>**Alex:** Sometimes they do... If you squint. Things line up— not always, but... sometimes.

| **You can say that again.**

>**Alex:** Yeah, well. You're preaching to the choir on that one.

Jonas: I'm not gonna say I'm a good guy, Alex. But I'm trying to be.

Jonas: And that's really about all I can say.

| **You are a good guy.**

>**Alex:** You *are* a good guy, Jonas. I'm a scary judge of people. I'm like a bee, I can sense stuff.

>**Jonas:** [light laugh]

>**Alex:** But I'm serious now. You're a good guy. Okay?

|| **Say, "I'm a good guy."**

>>**Alex:** Say it. "I'm a good guy."

>>**Jonas:** Okay, alright, I'm a good guy, let's... just move on.

|| **Just don't attack me.**

>>**Alex:** Just— you know, don't attack me with a baseball bat or anything.

|| **You are!**

>>**Alex:** You are. I mean it.

>>**Jonas:** Okay, alright, I'm a good guy, let's... just move on.

| **I hope that's enough...**

>**Alex:** Jonas, I— just hope that's enough.

| **I know.**

>**Alex:** I know.