

ME HIM HER

Written by

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**Big Beach**

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A CELL PHONE  
RINGING

CORY  
Brendan, what's up?

BRENDAN  
I have to talk to you.

CORY  
...You are talking to me?

BRENDAN  
I like...I have to have a serious  
talk. Are you in a place you can  
have a serious talk?

INT. IHOP BATHROOM

**CORY Isaacson**, 23, unconventionally good-looking, breezily  
confident but entirely approachable (almost dishevelled,  
even) sits shitting on a toilet.

CORY  
Uh, yeah, definitely.

EXT. BRENDAN'S APARTMENT - BALCONY

**BRENDAN Ehrlick**, 23, conventionally GREAT looking, sharply  
dressed, is out on his balcony in West Hollywood, California,  
looking out the setting sun.

BRENDAN  
I need you to come to LA.

WE INTERCUT  
BETWEEN THEM

CORY  
Oh yeah?

BRENDAN  
I'll pay.

CORY  
What's going on, is everything-

BRENDAN  
(deep breath)  
Cory. I'm gay.

CORY

I know.

BRENDAN

...what?

CORY

You're gay.

BRENDAN

What? How do you know I'm gay, you  
don't know I'm gay-

CORY

I know you're gay.

BRENDAN

*How long have you known I'm gay-*

CORY

Since like...I met you, what,  
freshman year-

BRENDAN

I- But I didn't know-

CORY

So that's like five- almost  
six years-

BRENDAN

*Why didn't you tell me?*

CORY

Why didn't **I** tell **you** your sexual  
orientation?

BRENDAN

I- I just- I thought-

CORY

Dude, you're pretty gay-

BRENDAN

(feminine whine of  
protest)

*What about me is gaaaaaay-*

CORY

I- you- are you fucking kidding  
right now-

BRENDAN

This is a big deal!

CORY

...sort of-

BRENDAN

How can you be so calm about this?  
This is my whole life here-

CORY

What're you talking about?

BRENDAN

Oh my god. Does anyone else know?

CORY

...Yes?...Everybody?

BRENDAN

What!?! HOW!?!

CORY

You're not subtle- all you talk  
about is clothes, and cooking, and  
you spend more time on your hair  
than any guy I've ever met, gay or  
straight-

BRENDAN

But that's not-

CORY

And you always comment on what  
women are wearing-

BRENDAN

Lots of men do that-

CORY

Yeah but you always do it like, you  
know, like "I'd like to be wearing  
that-"

Brendan gasps.

CORY (CONT'D)

You live in West Hollywood, isn't  
that like, the gay place-

BRENDAN

No but- I didn't- I didn't move  
here because I was gay, I wasn't  
gay yet-

CORY

You were always gay-

BRENDAN

I just moved here because the people looked nice!

CORY

Like, yeah, like nice to fuck? Like the men, the gay men looked nice to fuck-

BRENDAN

NO! CORY god...DAMN IT!

CORY

I'm just glad it's finally out, really. How did your parents-

BRENDAN

It's not.

CORY

What?

BRENDAN

It's not out. I'm not out.

Cory leans forward.

CORY

Your parents don't know?

BRENDAN

I haven't told anyone. That's why I want you to come. The new season of my show starts this Sunday and I want to get it out before that. My parents are in town and I'll just get it all done, clean sweep, but I need you to be here for...you know, emotional damage control.

Cory thinks. A guy in a stall near him moans.

CORY

When?

BRENDAN

Now. Tonight.

CORY

Dude, I can't- I'm still figuring out my move-

BRENDAN

You've been moving for *two years*  
Cory. I bought you a ticket.

Someone in the stall next to him flushes.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

Did someone just flush a toilet?

CORY

Yeah, I'm sorry, I'm taking a shit  
in the bathroom at the IHOP on  
Florence street.

BRENDAN

...I love that IHOP.

Cory notices the toilet paper is out. He sighs. Cory looks  
around deep in thought. He bites his lip, and then:

CORY

I guess I'll see you tonight.

BRENDAN

Yes! I love you Cory!  
Everything's all in your email alr-

Cory hangs up. He slowly pushes open the stall door, and  
peeks out. The coast is clear. We watch as he makes an  
awkward hopping run with his pants around his ankles to the  
stall next to his, and pushes open the door.

There's a man on the toilet. They stare at each other.

CORY

I'm not gay. My friend is gay.

There's a long beat.

CORY (CONT'D)

Gimme all your toilet paper.

SLAM TO:

A Boeing 757 taking off.

TITLE: **ME HIM**  
**HER**

INT. HEATHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

**HEATHER Frost**, 23, covered in tattoos, sexy as hell; she's a girl who knows what to wear and how to wear it, leaning towards punk-goth...stripper. She's arm candy for some rich tattoo artist, or rockstar at a douchebag party.

Currently, she's **being SCREAMED AT** by

**GABBI Shaw**, 23, petite and lean, very pretty but doing her best to look androgynously masculine. Gabbi wears a tanktop under a jacket, loose fitting jeans; the quintessential butch lesbian, but with a delicate brightness to her that makes her vulnerable.

GABBI

How could you do this to me? I don't understand! Explain to me, explain to me how you could fucking do this, are you this fucking broken? Are you just a, just a fucking sociopath- I don't understand, I need you to explain it to me. I'm listening,...Explain it to me.

There's a beat.

HEATHER

Gabbi-

GABBI

WHAT!?

HEATHER

I think you should leave.

GABBI

You think I should leave? You think *I should leave*, really?

HEATHER

You know that we're not exclusive, I don't feel like I owe you any kind of-

GABBI

I'm sorry, what.

HEATHER

What?

GABBI

We're not exclusive?

HEATHER

...no?

GABBI

Two years- two fucking years of my  
life-

HEATHER

I told you I didn't- I wasn't ready  
for a relationship-

GABBI

*TWO YEARS AGO. WE LIVE TOGETHER-*

HEATHER

Then you can move out, I just think-

GABBI

You *WHORE*, I *HATE YOU*, I can't- I  
can't even-

HEATHER

I really think you should go,  
you're out of control-

GABBI

You're just gonna- no! You're not  
kicking me out because I'm mad at  
you, I- I have a right- I have a  
*right-*

SMASH TO:

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Gabbi stalks along alone.

GABBI

(muttering)

I have a right- I have a right, I  
have a- I-

Gabbi squats into a ball on the sidewalk and lets out a long,  
angry scream. She slumps down onto her butt, and begins  
sobbing.

INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM

We can't hear anything over INXS's "Listen Like Thieves," and  
it's clear why after a moment: Cory is listening to it on his  
iPod, completely zoned out.



He notices his bag, and steps forward, kneeling a little indian girl in the face.

CORY  
OH! Oh...*jesus*. Oh *jesus*.

SNAP TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - PICK-UP

Cory's waiting for Brendan's car, which pulls up; a cool convertible. Brendan pops open the door, smiling.

CORY  
No fuck that shit get out and hug me. Get out and hug me, there we go.

Brendan and Cory hug.

EXT. THE 405 - NORTHBOUND - MOMENTS LATER

They're driving.

CORY  
So where's the LA part of LA?

Brendan laughs.

CORY (CONT'D)  
What's funny?

BRENDAN  
There just...there are a couple different ones.

CORY  
We've been driving for like twenty minutes. We'd be out of Fort Lauderdale by now.

BRENDAN  
Yep. LA's like a jigsaw puzzle that someone forgot to assemble, all the pieces are...spread out on the floor.

CORY  
Wow, this sounds great.

A passing car honks wildly, and a hot teen girl leans out.

HOT TEEN  
 BRENDAN! WE LOVE YOU!

Her friends scream from inside, and Brendan smiles.

CORY  
 Is that...does that happen often?

SNAP TO:

At an intersection, a bunch of black girls cat-calling at Brendan.

SNAP TO:

Driving on sunset, a limo full of debutantes shouting and yelling at Brendan.

SNAP TO:

At a stoplight, a group of teen girls has approached and Brendan is signing autographs. Cory is just plain annoyed at this point.

SNAP TO:

INT. BRENDAN'S APARTMENT

Brendan's apartment is too-clean, decorated with posters from throughout Brendan's career, from age 12 onwards, starting with some atrocious thing called **HARDHEART HIGH SCHOOL**.

Cory looks from HH/HS to **SUMMER BOYS** (age 14) to **I'M MY DADDY** (featuring a time machine), and the flops down onto a couch, while Brendan goes into the kitchen.

CORY  
 So.  
 (beat)  
 You're gay.

BRENDAN  
 Yes. Maybe. I don't know.

CORY  
 Oh hold on whoa, what? I flew out to LA, you're **gay**. No will she or won't she bullshit, you're gay-

BRENDAN  
 Well I don't know for sure-



BRENDAN  
Right, so?

CORY  
So why gay **now**?

Brendan falters again.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - SANTA MONICA BLVD - NIGHT

Brendan and Cory are strolling along. Brendan wears sunglasses and a hoodie, the classic disguise of the LA actor.

CORY  
Griffin, his name is "**Griffin.**"

BRENDAN  
He works on set for the show, and-

CORY  
Griffin...is a fairy. Interesting.

BRENDAN  
I catch him-

CORY  
-Mythologically confusing, but-

BRENDAN  
-looking at me, and, you know, they talk, everyone in the crew talks, and those bitches all already think I'm gay-

CORY  
-I wonder why.

BRENDAN  
It's not gay to call people bitches.

CORY  
...No comment.

BRENDAN  
But there was talk Griffin was gonna ask me out, and I thought it was funny, and then...he kissed me. On the prop truck.

CORY  
Is that a gay thing?

BRENDAN

No it's a truck where we keep the props! Jesus Cory-

CORY

And then what?

BRENDAN

I don't know , I've been- I mean he's been trying to call me, but I've been ignoring him for a week now-

CORY

But you liked kissing him?

BRENDAN

I- It was like I'd been waiting for a guy to kiss me my whole life and I didn't know until it was dangling in front of my face.

CORY

Really?

BRENDAN

What?

CORY

Nothing.

BRENDAN

And now I just, I think about it, but I'm- I don't know-

CORY

Scared?

BRENDAN

No. I'm not scared. I just want to do this the right way.

CORY

You're not scared.

BRENDAN

No.

Cory looks at Brendan.

CORY

Can I see your phone.

BRENDAN

Oh, uh, yeah.

Brendan hands Cory his phone, and Cory starts pressing buttons.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

And it's the worst possible time, too; I finally have this moment where I'm being taken seriously as an adult actor, and I don't want....You know, there's this shadow, I think-

CORY

What's "The Abbey?"

BRENDAN

What? It's a gay bar, it's around the corner-

CORY

Griffin says he's there right now.

BRENDAN

(infuriated)

What, you *texted him*-

CORY

Around this corner?

Cory starts to head in the direction of the Abbey.

BRENDAN

Wait, Cory, c'mon- you're such a-

CORY

What? We go there, we find Griffin, you ask him out.

BRENDAN

I can't just walk into a- I can't just- I had a plan, I have a way I want this to go, first my parents, then the public-

CORY

He's right there. Why walk thirty emotional miles or whatever when you can walk one? Or something, some better metaphor-

BRENDAN

Cory-

CORY

This is what I am, man, I'm now or never. You brought this on yourself. Now do we balls out, back to college, NO FEAR, or do we go home and eat yogurt, man, you have a shitload of yogurt in your fridge and if that's what you wanna do.

(beat)

Are you a man, or yogurt?

INT. GAY BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Lights flash, music blasts, and it's a great time; fuck it, YOU want to be at this club. It's mostly gay men, but there are some lesbians mixed in.

Cory and Brendan are at the crowded bar, Brendan trying to keep, his face low. Cory's taking a shot, while Brendan ignores his.

CORY

This is spectacular!

BRENDAN

What?

CORY

I've never seen this many gay dudes in one place!

BRENDAN

Yeah, well, welcome to Los Angeles.

CORY

It's so boring back home, man, I never do anything anymore. Like *nothing* like you wouldn't believe it I don't do **anything**, man.

(laughs, chipper)

I packed all my bags in my place to move like two years ago and I haven't even touched them, I've been living out of bags man!

Brendan looks at Cory; what a completely bizarre, kind of creepily sad thing to say.

BRENDAN

...Are **you** okay?

Cory seems to snap out of something.

CORY  
Do you see Griffin?

Brendan looks around tentatively picking up his shot glass, seeing **GRIFFIN**, early 20s, handsome but not gorgeous, kind of hipstery, intellectual looking.

He's on the other side of the bar, goofing off and laughing with his friends.

CORY (CONT'D)  
Is that him?

Brendan turns, hiding his face.

BRENDAN  
Yes.

CORY  
He's not as dreamy as I thought  
he'd be. I went into this afraid  
I'd see this guy, and boom, me gay  
too.

Brendan peeks at Griffin, who abruptly is **BACKLIT AND STRIKES A POSE**. A sexy female voice whispers "**Griffin.**"

BRENDAN  
Well I think he's fantastic.

CORY  
(tugging Brendan towards  
Griffin)  
Then let's just-

BRENDAN  
No, I- not yet, okay, I'm building  
up to it.

CORY  
You got it dude. We've got all  
night.

Cory grabs one of the little kebab swords from behind the bar, and uses it to snag an olive from the garnish tray.

On the other side of the club, Gabbi is sitting over in a booth, staying out of people's way. She's hunched over a beer, almost done.

A **CUTE PIXIE GIRL** comes up.



PIXIE GIRL  
 Hey. You seem down, is there  
 anything I can-

Gabbi just raises a hand: "STOP."

PIXIE GIRL (CONT'D)  
 Okay, well, I'm here all night.

The Pixie wanders off. Gabbi sighs, drains the rest of the  
 beer, and gets up, starting to push through the crowd back  
 towards the bar.

**A timer pops up on-screen, counting down from :45 seconds.**

BRENDAN  
 Can we go?

CORY  
 We've been here two minutes-

BRENDAN  
 I know-

CORY  
 Less than two minutes-

BRENDAN  
 I know, I just-

CORY  
 We're not done here, man, this  
 place is our mecca, we're gonna be  
 here TIL THEY SHUT IT DOWN-

BRENDAN  
 This isn't why I wanted you to come-

CORY  
 Why then? Emotional support? You  
 can get emotional support on the  
 phone, you can get emotional  
 support in an email. You called me  
 here to help blow your stuff up.  
 Boom.

BRENDAN  
 ...You might be right.

CORY  
 So go forth! CONFRONT! Osmose  
 the...juices- or- not that, but you  
 get the-

Brendan stares longingly at Griffin, then shakes his head violently.

BRENDAN

I can't- I can't yet- I'm going to the bathroom, and then we're leaving.

CORY

YOGURT NIGHT. THE YOGURT MAN.  
(laughs)  
Two more tequila shots, por favor!

BRENDAN

How can they gender divide the bathrooms when everyone wants to have sex with everyone, that's anarchy. It's anarchy!

10...9...8...7...

CORY

Brendan. It's cool. It'll be fine.

6...5...4...3...

BRENDAN

It'll be fine.

Brendan pushes away the newly delivered shot, and heads off towards the bathroom. Cory turns to face Gabbi, who's slid into the bar next to him.

...2...1...**BUZZZZZZZZZZ**

GABBI

Hey, is he gonna drink this?

There's a beat, both of them staring at each other blankly.

CORY

What?

GABBI

Your date, seemed like he didn't want it-

CORY

You're vulturing a stranger's drink?

GABBI

It's been that kind of night.

CORY

Oh yeah?

Cory laughs, and glances over at the bathroom door; Brendan's gone for now.

CORY (CONT'D)

What kind of night is that?

INT. GAY BAR - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bathroom is extremely crowded, and TRICKED OUT; it's all red light except a disco-ball that spins on the ceiling. Abba's "Dancing Queen" plays on an endless loop.

Brendan looks miserable.

BACK TO THE BAR

GABBI

(laughing)

-I'm a chef, actually.

CORY

Really?

GABBI

No, I'm- y'know, I'm a cook-

CORY

Is that different?

GABBI

Chefs get the hats, cooks get the grease burns. Hoo-ah.

CORY

You're hardcore.

GABBI

What do you do?

The tequila shots Cory ordered arrive. Gabbi looks at them.

CORY

You're probably gonna wanna take one of those if you're gonna hear about my boring ass job.

GABBI

Now you're buying me drinks?

CORY  
No, I'm handing you a drink, and  
then you're handing me money.  
Capitalism.

GABBI  
You're charming.

CORY  
My time ain't cheap.

Gabbi toasts him, and then takes the shot. Cory laughs and  
takes his.

BACK IN THE  
BATHROOM

Brendan finally gets a stall, shoving his way in, but some  
**ASSHOLE** shoves his way in alongside him.

BRENDAN  
HEY! Dude, what are you-

ASSHOLE  
I thought we could share-

BRENDAN  
Wh-

ASSHOLE  
Hey aren't you Brendan Ehrli-

BRENDAN  
**NO I'M SOMEONE DIFFERENT GET OUT  
GET OUT!**

Brendan shoves the guy out of the stall, and locks the door.  
Outside, the Asshole immediately takes out his cell phone and  
starts tweeting.

BACK TO THE BAR

CORY  
-that's basically it.

GABBI  
So you go somewhere-

CORY  
Yeah, me in my car, driving all  
around Central Florida-

GABBI  
You ride into town-

CORY  
Like a cowboy-

GABBI

-yes, like a cowboy, or My Little Pony-

CORY

-More like a cowboy-

GABBI

-like the world's lamest cowboy, and you do these surveys-

CORY

-Widespread surveys, mainly based around My Little Pony Trivia-

GABBI

-the surveys asking people what they want, and then you report that back to your boss-

CORY

Right, it's about demand. They fly me out to figure out, like if the area needs a Taco Bell, if they're happy with the amount of Taco Bells they have or if they could stand to have like two or three more Taco Bells-

Two more shots arrive.

GABBI

And then your company reports your findings back to the company that owns Taco Bell, and you get paid.

CORY

Right. Just town to town in Central Florida, forever. Been doing it for almost five years. I was supposed to move out here with my friend Brendan, but it...

GABBI

What?

CORY

...It didn't work out. Besides, they need me over there. I've been employee of the month eleven times, I'm head of my division, ya know. "No big deal."

GABBI

It sounds like no big deal.

CORY

Hey. Ouch.

GABBI

I'm sorry, I mean, don't get me wrong, you seem like a cool guy. But when you were little, did you really grow up dreaming of being eleven time Taco world champion?

Cory starts to respond, but then falters and laughs self consciously, thinking.

BACK IN THE  
BATHROOM

Brendan's finished, and he flushes.

Two big guys, drunk and heavily making out, slam up against Brendan's stall door just as he starts to open it. He presses against it a few times, but it won't budge.

He's trapped.

BRENDAN

Guys! Come on...GUYS!

(beat)

*IT'S ANARCHY!*

BACK TO THE BAR

GABBI

Oh my god, every time I hear this song, I pretend that I wrote it about this girl-

CORY

Crazy Bitch by Buckcherry, really-

GABBI

If the shoe fits. I always imagine that I like- have a band, and can play guitar, and sing, and I perform it and she's there and it's like: BAM, DUDE, IN YOUR FACE.

CORY

I actually totally do this all the time.

GABBI

...No way.

CORY

It was worse when I was little.  
Michelle Branch wouldn't have had a  
career.

GABBI

You wanted to have written Michelle  
Branch songs?

CORY

Well I would write them, and then  
this girl Margaret in eighth grade  
would have been like the lead  
singer in the imaginary band, and  
she sings them to me. They're  
about me.

GABBI

Pretending a song was written about  
you is different from pretending  
you wrote it.

CORY

Well, I was an egomaniac.

GABBI

Has anything changed?

CORY

Uh...My height, yeah. I'm taller.

Gabbi laughs. They take another shot.

FLASH TO:

Brendan arriving back at the bar.

BRENDAN

Cory! Cory?

Cory's nowhere in sight. OH SHIT HERE COMES GRIFFIN!

Brendan ducks frantically aside, hiding behind a massive body-  
builder, and takes out his cell.

FLASH TO:

Cory's cell ringing in his back pocket, unnoticed, as he  
performs Shania Twain's "**Man, I Feel Like A Woman**" in a gay  
karaoke bar.

Yes, he apparently left the bar they were at, and oh, there's Gabbi, watching him and cracking up.

Minutes later, Cory's cell is ringing again, but he's watching Gabbi, who's doing a very passionate cover of "Date Rape" by Sublime.

MOMENTS LATER

They're at the bar, drinking. Their forearms are touching on the bar; Gabbi notices, and Cory notices a second later. They make eye contact.

A little arc of fuschia electricity bounces between them.

CORY

Hoooo. Oooh shit.

Gabbi chuckles self consciously, but doesn't move her arm. She moves her pinky up to stroke his hand, still holding eye contact.

CORY (CONT'D)

Okay. I can deal. I can deal with this.

INT. GAY BAR

Brendan, clearly terrified and furious, storms away from the bar...

EXT. GAY BAR - CONTINUOUS

Brendan stomps out-

**-into a storm of flashbulbs.** He's surrounded; he tries to hide his face.

PAPARAZZI

(multiple, yelling)

Brendan! Over here! Having a good night with the boys, Brendan?

How's it feel to be a gay man in Hollywood, Brendan? Smile! Over here!

BRENDAN

*Shit.*



EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD NEIGHBORHOOD - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Cory and Gabbi walk along, laughing. They're back by Gabbi's apartment building.

GABBI

I used to draw a face, on my knee.  
And then I'd sit and talk to my  
knee if I was lonely, and sing to  
it...

CORY

I can't lie, that's pretty bizarre.  
But I can out bizarre you, check  
this out- I figured out in like  
sixth grade, you take your thumb,  
and you use it- in perspective to  
hide a face, and then it looks like  
your thumb has the hair.

GABBI

Whattttt?

Gabbi tries this; we see **IN HER POV** as her thumb now has Cory's hair.

GABBI (CONT'D)

That's incredible.

CORY

Um...Where are we walking?

GABBI

Aaaahhhh...oh shit. I got kicked  
out of my place.

CORY

Is there a story, there?

GABBI

Yeah but not for...now. What about  
you?

CORY

Ahhhh...I'm supposed to be staying  
with my friend, but I have no  
idea...where that is, and I don't-

GABBI

I mean we could get in, drive  
around, see what you recognize-

CORY  
Yeah, definitely, we could try  
that.

GABBI  
(beat)  
I'm way too drunk. Shit, okay,  
this is my car, here, though.

CORY  
Well you want, we could like go in  
the backseat and-

GABBI  
Yeah-

CORY  
Take a nap or something-

GABBI  
Yeah.

IN GABBI'S  
BACKSEAT

It's a little later. The night is quiet. Cory is dozing, as is Gabbi, who's sort of staring at him. She shifts her body, sort of half pretending to be asleep, so that her weight is on him.

Cory clearly doesn't know how to react, but then gets a little forward; a strip of her midriff is exposed by the way she's positioned, and he moves his hand onto it, very slowly moving his fingers over her stomach and hip.

Gabbi gets chills, and then leans up into Cory's neck and very gently kisses it. And again. And again. Cory shifts.

CORY  
You are totally giving me a very  
serious- turning me on-

Gabbi stops for a moment and pulls away, looking at him. She thinks, two emotions very clear: "Am I really doing this" and "I am going to continue doing this."

She leans back in and very slowly licks his neck.

CORY (CONT'D)  
Are you this drunk?

GABBI

No.

(unsure of herself)

I only said I was too drunk...

CORY

That's really good to hear.

Cory grabs Gabbi and pulls her onto him, kissing her deeply, They make out furiously for a moment, then slow down as Cory starts very slowly kissing Gabbi's neck.

Little arcs of fuschia electricity bounce back and forth between them; we see an exterior view of the car, the backseat lit by pink crackling light.

GABBI

I've never done this before.

CORY

In a car?

GABBI

Or whatever-

She kisses him, and again it's passionate, but then slower, gentler, and then abruptly passionate again.

Cory's hands go all over her body; under her shirt, over her back, sliding down the back of her pants, pulling her closer to him, grinding her against him, which Gabbi rapidly takes over.

GABBI (CONT'D)

That feels good.

CORY

Yes.

They kiss again, still humping, more intensely now. Cory undoes Gabbi's pants, and moves his hand down the front of them.

Gabbi gasps as he touches her.

GABBI

*Fuck, okay, fuck- fuck-*

CORY

I can't really move my fingers  
cause-

GABBI

Yeah, okay-

Gabbi pulls her pants down over her legs, hopping off Cory onto the seat next to him. Clumsily trying to get her pants off over her shoes, she kicks Cory in the face.

CORY

*Ow*, okay-

GABBI

I'm sorry, it's okay, It's okay-

Cory moves on top of her, kissing her stomach and ribs, lifting up her shirt, but Gabbi pushes back, hurriedly pulling at his pants, yanking them down, and then climbs on top of him, hitting her head on the ceiling.

GABBI (CONT'D)

Ow- shit-

They go back to kissing, and Gabbi straddles him, still kissing, and Cory's hands again go out of sight. Gabbi gasps, rocking back and forth.

GABBI (CONT'D)

...Are you going to fuck me?

CORY

I- yeah-

They begin kissing again and Gabbi talks her way through it, psyching herself up.

GABBI

You're going to fuck me. You're going to fuck me.

CORY

That is- the plan, yes-

She lifts her hips and comes down onto him, rising up and settling down with a sharp intake of breath.

GABBI

Oh my god- that feels so- *that* feels so- **weird-**

SLAM TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

Gabbi and Cory are asleep in the backseat.

Gabbi wakes up, startled from a dream, and then turns, looking at Cory, still asleep.

She quickly and very visibly goes through a huge range of emotions; regret, relief, excitement, terror, and finally, a calm.

OUTSIDE THE CAR

Gabbi shimmies on her pants. A homeless man, up early, sees her. They make eye contact. The homeless man waves. After a moment, Gabbi waves back, and the homeless man moves on.

Gabbi gets back in the car.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - AN HOUR LATER

Gabbi and Cory are in Gabbi's car. Gabbi looks over at Cory and smiles at him. Cory smiles back at her.

GABBI

Do you want to take a drive?

CORY

Yeah. Yes.

Cory puts his hand in her lap, gripping one of her hands, and she squeezes back. They stare at each other, feeling the connection, unsure what to do about it.

LATER

They're out on the pier. Going on rides, goofing off, having a good time.

SLAM TO:

INT. PACIFIC RIM TALENT AGENCY - WAITING ROOM

Brendan sits in the waiting area of his talent agency. There's only one other person waiting, an older man.

He notices a perky blonde **RECEPTIONIST** staring at him. He raises his eyebrows: "Yes?" She makes kissie-face, "mwa mwa mwa," then bursts into choked silent laughter, muttering "I'm just kiddin', I'm just kiddin'."

Brendan uncomfortably shifts in his seat. The receptionist indicates the other older man, then Brendan, then herself, then pantomimes giving an intense double-blowjob.

Then immediately the silent, self-conscious laughter, and "I'm just kiddin', I'm just kiddin'."

Brendan sits there horrified.

RECEPTIONIST  
 (all business)  
 Brendan, they're ready for you.

INT. PACIFIC RIM TALENT AGENCY - CONFERENCE ROOM

Brendan is sitting across from **STEVE**, mid thirties, in a full suit, calm and measured, and **SCOTTY**, twenties, wearing a bright tie and showing a bright attitude, but not actually very bright.

Across from them, is **CYNTHIA**, early forties, his publicist.

Brendan looks absolutely miserable.

STEVE  
 So it's a pretty serious situation, is what we're saying. This close to the debut of the second season.

SCOTTY  
 If you've been keeping something from us, we'd like to know. Like if you've been keeping from us that you were a gay person.

BRENDAN  
 Look, I haven't been keeping anything from anyone-

CYNTHIA  
 Shah! SHAH! I don't want to hear if you're gay or straight or whatever, it'll ruin you for me.

BRENDAN  
 ...Ruin-

CYNTHIA  
 As your publicist, I'm in a position where you come out as gay, all those cute little teenie boppers you built your career on become a big fat question mark. You deny being gay, you hurt your appeal to the gay market.

BRENDAN  
 The gay...market, I have a gay market-

CYNTHIA

We've known you were gay for ages,  
but we thought it was something you  
had under control.

BRENDAN

Wait you knew- *why didn't you tell  
me?*

There's a beat, his team looking at each other.

CYNTHIA

Why didn't we...tell you?

STEVE

(quickly)  
Gay isn't bad.

SCOTTY

That's not what we're saying.

STEVE

If you're gay, great, great for  
you, there's no hate in this room.  
There's no racis- homophobia or  
whatever, gay is great, gay works  
great, for millions of people.

CYNTHIA

But just showing up at a gay club,  
shouting at paparrazzi, that's not  
how you do it Brendo-

BRENDAN

I didn't shout at any papara-

STEVE

You can't just come out casually.  
It's either a career move or it's a  
secret, and at this point, I don't  
know that it's a safe choice for  
you. Pacific Rim is an A-list  
company, and we're trying to get  
you as many Rim caliber jobs as  
possible.

BRENDAN

I know, I know-

STEVE

Gay guys?

SCOTTY

All gay guys-

STEVE

**Out** gay guys?

SCOTTY

Yes.

STEVE

Not Pacific Rim guys, man. Not big stars. Victims on crime shows; these are not Pacific Rim jobs, these are day players.

CYNTHIA

Character actors. You're a leading man. There are stakes here, Brendan.

SCOTTY

We're not trying to get you in and out in a day, you're not a day player, you're a star. We want all day, three day long Rim jobs.

Brendan blinks.

STEVE

Example of what I'm saying. Have you seen the marketing for the new season? Went up yesterday.

BRENDAN

I've been busy-

STEVE

Turn around.

Brendan slowly turns around in his chair, looking out the window. Outside, on two billboards, are huge character one-sheets for Brendan's show, **HARD TRUTH**.

One shows a grizzled looking Macaulay Culkin, with the caption

**TWISTED** Mind. Opposite that is a poster of Brendan, looking official, holding a gun.

The caption reads:

**STRAIGHT** Arrow.

BRENDAN

(long beat)

Shit.

CYNTHIA

No more risks. Until the premiere, if anyone asks if you're gay, you say: "It's personal."



STEVE  
*You got that?*

SCOTTY  
 "It's personal."

CYNTHIA  
 "It's personal."

BRENDAN  
 It's personal.

STEVE  
*Perfect.*

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER

Cory's on a lift'n'launch ride, only about ten feet tall, with a bunch of kids. Gabbi is watching him happily from the ground as he yells and laughs with the Mexican toddlers.

Something seems to change inside her. The smile slowly fades.

Cory gets off the ride. Gabbi is nowhere to be seen.

CORY  
 Gabbi?

TIME PASSES.

Cory's just waiting around on the pier.

CORY (CONT'D)  
 C'mon man. C'mon. Don't let this...have happened.

Cory takes out his cell phone; it's dead.

LATER

Cory walks up the street in Santa Monica, alone, not really knowing where he's going.

WE FOLLOW CORY  
 OVER THE COURSE  
 OF THREE HOURS  
 AS

He walks all the way home from Santa Monica Pier to West Hollywood, following Santa Monica Boulevard. Nearly ten miles.

Finally, he's outside of Brendan's apartment building.

INT. KRIS AND LAURA'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

The apartment is nice-ish. A little cluttered, but clean.

**LAURA Denny**, mid 20s, petite but with strong, elegant features, is doing jump-rope, sweating in her sweatpants.

**KRIS Pearlman**, early 30s, **BUTCH** with a capital **B** that stands for **BUTCH**, is sprawled out on the couch, legs spread wide, drinking beer and watching Homeward Bound on TV.

There's a knock.

LAURA  
(out of breath)  
Kris, door.

KRIS  
I'm watchin' the Homeward Bound.

LAURA  
Well I don't-

KRIS  
Check it out, these dogs man.  
These dogs, they're...dogs.

LAURA  
Kris, come on, I-

Laura accidentally whips herself in the foot, winces in pain, holds in a shriek of anger, and then limps over to the door, opening it to reveal...

Gabbi.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Hey, where've you been, was your  
phone off-

GABBI  
Heather and I broke up.

LAURA  
I heard.

GABBI  
I...I've had a weird...

Gabbi stops herself, and just stands there, crying.

LAURA  
Aw babe, come in. Come in, come  
on.

Laura leads Gabbi inside.

SLAM TO:

BRENDAN  
*Oh it's FINE!?! IT'S FINE!?!*

INT. BRENDAN'S APARTMENT

Cory is defiant, despite being almost completely in the  
wrong.

CORY  
I didn't mean fine like "okay" I  
just meant-

BRENDAN  
FINE LIKE SEXY!?! FINE LIKE A TOLL  
PAID FOR AN INDISCRETION!?!

CORY  
Brendan-

BRENDAN  
*No it isn't "fine," CORY!*

CORY  
You're overreacting-

BRENDAN  
*You left me alone at a gay bar dude-*

CORY  
I know-

BRENDAN  
*They took pictures man! Pictures  
aren't freaking pictures anymore  
they're the internet they're  
immediate internet thing!*

CORY  
IIT, got it-

BRENDAN

*IS THIS FUNNY!? I'm called in by my managers my agents AND MY PUBLICISTS asking if I'm gay, is that funny!? This is my career! Gay guys don't get Rim jobs!*

CORY

...No comment-

BRENDAN

*IS THAT WHY YOU WERE HERE!? IS THAT WHY I PAID FOR YOU TO COME HERE, TO FUCK MY LIFE?*

CORY

*HEY. EASY. YOU COULD'VE DONE YOGURT, I OFFERED YOU YOGURT NIGHT. But you chose to come with me, I didn't force your hand-*

BRENDAN

(meekly)

Because you give me confidence, man-

CORY

Well maybe if you weren't so scared-

BRENDAN

*I'm not scared I just- I'm not scared, I want to do this in the right way!*

CORY

Oh, right, sorry-

BRENDAN

Where did you go? Why would you leave?

CORY

...I met a girl.

BRENDAN

AUH. AUH. Auh.

CORY

I know I know-

BRENDAN

*In a gay bar!?*

CORY

I think she actually might have-  
been gay...

Brendan's just quiet, completely flustered.

BRENDAN

Do you remember in college that  
night you and I were in Bailey's  
and you just straight up left me  
there? And I had no ride home.  
Why did you do that?

CORY

...because I met a girl!?! Dude do  
you know how long it's been since I  
was even-

BRENDAN

*Yeah, okay, you- I flew you out  
here, Cory. I flew you out here to  
be my friend, okay? I needed a  
friend and I chose you and that  
needs to mean something to you.  
Don't leave me alone with this.*

Cory nods, processing. He's quiet for a moment.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

What's going on with you, really?

Cory's still quiet. Brendan's phone starts ringing. He  
takes it out.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

It's Griffin.

Cory indicates "answer it."

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

(answering)

Hollo?

Cory: "Hollo?"

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

I can barely hear you! Where are  
you? I can't- No I'm- yeah, I saw  
that- It's been weird, yeah-

Cory: "What? What?"

BRENDAN (CONT'D)  
 No, I don't think- I'm pretty busy  
 right now-

CORY  
 What? No you're not. No you're not no  
 you're not-

BRENDAN  
 I- yeah actually, I- Crescent  
 Heights, sure. You're breaking up-  
 a what? Now? No.

CORY  
*Yes.*

Brendan and Cory lock eyes.

BRENDAN  
*Yes. Sure. Okay.*

Brendan hangs up.

CORY  
 We're gonna go see Griffin?

BRENDAN  
 He was super chill, asked if I  
 wanted to talk, he's at some kind  
 of party, I couldn't hear what it  
 was-

CORY  
*YES! YES! YES!* We're happy about  
 this Brendan.

BRENDAN  
 (smiles)  
*Yes. This is why I needed you.  
 Right here.*

They slap hands.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)  
*This is perfect.*

SLAM TO:

BRENDAN (CONT'D)  
*This is a nightmare.*

Brendan and Cory are gridlock-trapped in Brendan's car at an  
 intersection...

Blocked off for a **MASSIVE GAY PRIDE PARADE**. Floats and scantily clad men are everywhere, juggling balls of light, gyrating all over the place. It's insane...

...And actually kind of surreal. Everything's a little too bright, too intense. Guys are doing impossibly high flips and shit. Beautiful.

CORY

(to himself)

Is that possible? That's not possible.

(to Brendan, muttered)

Wait, holy shit, is this a movie?

Brendan's distracted; people are noticing him in the car, pointing and taking pictures.

BRENDAN

Cory this is bad this is bad, I can't- this isn't how I wanted this to happen, this isn't right *this isn't- AHH!*

A gay guy runs up and dances on Brendan's car a little bit, thrusting his crotch against the windshield; Brendan is horrified. Flashbulbs blind him momentarily, and he sees paparazzi.

Brendan freezes, horrified. Cory stares at him, and then opens the door.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

What're you-

CORY

I'm the gay one.

BRENDAN

What are you-

CORY

(hard)

**Brendan, I'm the gay one.**

Cory dives out of the car, leaving a frazzled Brendan behind him, and prances out into the path of the parade, immediately beginning dancing jubilantly with all the super-queens.

We bounce back and forth between Brendan in the car, and Cory in gay dance euphoria.

This gets big applause, and police have to hold back more people from running in, as Cory rips off his shirt and throws it into the crowd, then pushes through and runs, jumping up onto a float with a bunch of poles on it, and starts grinding all crazy on everything.

He notices Griffin in the crowd nearby, watching the parade. Brendan summons up his courage, and opens his car-door-

Only to find an E! News camera crew RIGHT IN HIS FACE.

E! REPORTER

Hi Brendan, enjoying the parade!

BRENDAN

I- uh- *It's personal!*

E! REPORTER

What kind of personal pleasures are you getting from the parade, Brendan?

Brendan glances back at Cory, and, pulling himself together, seizes this moment.

BRENDAN

I- yeah, definitely, it's awesome to see people expressing themselves.

Cory is grinding wildly on some body-builder.

E! REPORTER

Are you expressing yourself here tonight?

BRENDAN

I'm actually here supporting my friend Cory-

He nods over to Cory, who's attempting to lapdance-fight off two security guards trying to pull him off the float.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

-we went to college together, and this is his first time in LA, if you get my meaning but, yeah, it's great, great party, tons of fun. Not a lot of chicks.

The E! Reporter laughs, and Brendan does too, giving a nearby gay go-go dancer an eye-roll for good measure.



Meanwhile, watching from the crowd, Griffin looks horrified. His friend notices.

GRIFFIN'S FRIEND

What's wrong?

GRIFFIN

I think I just seriously fucked up.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT

Something's wrong. The night is weird and wild. Strange winds carry stranger sounds in from the bay.

Gabbi stands on the beach, near the pier. The music from the amusement park is eerie and distorted. The ferris wheel is bent and broken and seems too small, but blown up, recreated in miniature.

HEATHER

Gabbi! Come here, come in the water!

Gabbi turns to see Heather, in a teeny bikini, splashing in the water.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Come in, come play with me!

Gabbi smiles and takes off her shirt, headed into the ocean, but then stops. Under the water, Gabbi can see that Heather's lower body is that of a fish.

She's a siren. And now, closer, Gabbi can see that her face is deformed, and mishapen, super creepy.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

*What's wrong? Why won't you be with me? Am I not good enough for you?*

The Heather monster lurches forward, revealing shark-like teeth.

Gabbi begins quickly backing out of the ocean, but then backs into a **GIANT PENIS** looming on the beach.

GIANT PENIS

**RAAAHHH I'M A PENIS!!!**

GABBI

*AHHHHHH-*

SNAP TO:

Gabbi *snaps awake* on Kris and Laura's couch, breathing hard. She's alone. The room is dark. She tries to recover herself, but then-

KRIS

Who's "Cory"-

GABBI

(startled)

*P...penis...*

Gabbi, breathing hard, stares at Kris, who was in the kitchen eating out of a jar of sweet peppers, realizing what she's just said. Kris stares back.

KRIS

Uh...yeah. Okay.

Kris heads off, while Gabbi collects herself.

EXT. BRENDAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Brendan is out on his porch, looking out over West Hollywood. He sees an older city worker spraying the street down. The spray guy notices him.

They lock eyes. The spray guy points at him. Brendan turns and goes inside.

INT. BRENDAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Brendan heads in.

BRENDAN

I have literally *twenty five* emails from my agency, Cory. TWENTY FI-

Cory sits up on the couch, lifting his laptop.

CORY

Don't be mad.

Cory hits play a video, opening up an E! News hulu blurb. The **Idiot Asshole Reporter** is standing in front of a green screened picture of Brendan.

IDIOT ASSHOLE  
 Boy-Toy Brendan Ehrlick: Not gay?

BRENDAN  
 No way.

IDIOT ASSHOLE  
 The E! cameras were there for the annual West Hollywood Pride parade last night, where we caught up with recently controversial actor Brendan Ehrlick.

They roll an edited down clip of Brendan being not gay, complete with a shot of Cory being very extra gay.

BRENDAN  
 Are you fucking kidding me right now.

They show the guy who danced on Brendan's car, and Brendan looking distressed.

IDIOT ASSHOLE  
 This is Kendra Black, body language expert from UC Northridge, here to help us CSI the sexy.

The E! reporter turns to some **IDIOT BITCH** who directs the green-screen photo like it's a weather map.

IDIOT BITCH  
 Yes you can see here from the angling of the hips, the down-turned corners of the mouth, yes, and the hands, up like he's saying "get this guy off of me," he is not enjoying this.

BRENDAN  
 Of course I'm not enjoying it, that guy smelled like a litterbox-

CORY  
 Shhh-shhhhh.

IDIOT ASSHOLE  
 So you're saying: straight?

IDIOT BITCH  
 Oh yeah, 100%.

The video ends. Brendan's in shock.

BRENDAN  
oh god. It worked, your crazy  
thing worked.

CORY  
HA! AHAHAHAHAHA-

BRENDAN  
I hate Los Angeles.

CORY  
Nah man, you're back to square one.  
This is perfect.

BRENDAN  
I didn't want to come out as  
*straight*, Cory-

CORY  
Jesus christ, I can't win.

Brendan's phone rings, and he answers it without looking at  
it.

CORY (CONT'D)  
(muttered)  
Another convenient phone call.

BRENDAN  
Hello?  
(beat)  
Hi Mom.

His eyes widen. CORY: "Your mom?" BRENDAN: "I FORGOT."

BRENDAN (CONT'D)  
(to Cory)  
Lunch is...yeah, great.  
I...yeaaaaah...

Cory pantomimes death.

INT. KRIS AND LAURA'S APARTMENT

Gabbi is still on the couch, laying prone watching TV. Laura  
walks by, indifferent, and then turns around and kneels down.

LAURA  
You're not going to work.

GABBI  
Called in sick.

LAURA  
Two days in a row?

GABBI  
I don't want to move.

LAURA  
What is going on with you?

GABBI  
...Shit.

LAURA  
Come out with me on my errands?

GABBI  
On your job?

LAURA  
Yes, my job. I'm running all over  
Beverly Hills this morning. It'll  
be fun. Get your mind off  
whatever's got you messed up.

Gabbi sighs.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Cmooooooooooooooooonnnnnnn.

Gabbi smiles weakly.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Brendan and Cory are parking. They stop, but Brendan doesn't  
move.

BRENDAN  
I think I'm freaking out.

CORY  
Why? We don't have to tell them  
right now if you don't want to-

BRENDAN  
We do. Yes we do. I have to. I  
have to say it now or I'll never  
say it, I just- I can't figure out  
how to get it out of my mouth, or  
past my lips, or something-

CORY  
Remind me why this is a big deal?

BRENDAN

This wasn't...You know, when I first started acting, I they thought I think it was just gonna be a kid thing, do some commercials, you know, they're not...stage parents.

CORY

Yeah, I remember. They wanted you to be an engineer, like daddy.

BRENDAN

That's right, but then, I go to college, I grow up, and now I'm an actor. I move to LA, I see them maybe three times a year, and then...Now I'm gay? That'll be it, Cory, that'll be the straw that broke the camel's back.

CORY

Aw c'mon-

BRENDAN

No, it is an old, fragile camel. They still make jokes that after the show is over I'm gonna come home and get married-

CORY

-Dem ain't jokes-

BRENDAN

**NO THEY'RE NOT THEY TOTALLY MEAN IT.** These are middle class republicans from Utah. They're not ready to say the words "our **gay actor** son who **lives in Los Angeles.**"

Cory let's it hang a beat.

CORY

But you're not scared.

BRENDAN

*NO, Cory-*

CORY

Okay, okay, chill. I can tell you a story I think might help.

BRENDAN  
Okay, yes, anything.

CORY  
Well, a couple months ago I went to  
this big party in Fort Lauderdale.  
Crazy house party, people  
everywhere, drunk, just a mess.  
They had like, dancers-

BRENDAN  
Strippers?

CORY  
Yeah strippers they hired to dance  
and shit, and I actually recognized  
one of them as this girl I was in  
like, seventh grade. So I caught  
up to her, when she was outside,  
and I was like "What happened to  
you, man? You had so much  
potential."

There's a pregnant pause.

BRENDAN  
What did she say?

CORY  
She said:  
(sings)  
"What would you do if your son was  
at home, crying all alone on the  
bedroom floor cause he's hungry-"

BRENDAN  
**GODDAMNIT CORY-**

Cory cracks up but then contains himself.

CORY  
Okay, but seriously, I can tell you  
what my mom said. It's always  
helped me.

BRENDAN  
What'd your mom say?

CORY  
She said love, love, don't come  
easy-

BRENDAN  
*CORY ENOUGH LYRICS, man. I need support here, and you say- you say-*

CORY  
 (singing)  
*"I only hear what I want to."*

BRENDAN  
 AHHH! AHHH. AH.

CORY  
 Hey.

BRENDAN  
 What?

CORY  
 You got this.

BRENDAN  
 ...Yeah?

CORY  
 Yeah.

Brendan smiles.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - EXPENSIVE CLOTHING STORE

Gabbi and Laura are going into the store.

GABBI  
 I think I'll wait out here.

LAURA  
 Oh come on, don't be a wuss.

Gabbi nods casually to a group of very hot girls on the other side of the street.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
 Oh. Good to see you're feeling better.

GABBI  
 Baby steps.



EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - RESTAURANT PATIO

**MR. EHRLICK**, 50s, portly and bearded, and **MRS. EHRLICK**, 50s, slim and somewhat frail, are across from Brendan and Cory in a fancy restaurant.

MRS. EHRLICK

That's the problem with Los Angeles, I think, is people live these insular lives in their cars, going from place to place, commuting in these tiny steel houses, and they find themselves disconnected from their fellow human being, not that that's easy to come by anyway these days, anyway Cory are you gay?

Brendan falters.

CORY

Am...*I* gay?

MRS. EHRLICK

Yes, we have Google alerts set up for Brendan. We saw the video.

MR. EHRLICK

That's right. We called your parents, but they said they didn't know anything. Apparently you've been depressed, is that true-

BRENDAN

(quietly)

You've been depressed?

CORY

Called my parents, well, then, I, shit. Wow. Shitwow.

(beat)

Brendan? Are you gonna...step in here?

BRENDAN

I...

CORY

You...

Brendan freezes. He looks to Cory. Cory stares at Brendan's parents. Cory looks back to Brendan. A little Asian boy on the street whips around and looks surprised.

Everyone on the street whips around dramatically and stares at them.

CORY (CONT'D)

Yeah. I'm the gay one. Totes gay.  
And you know what else? I love U2.  
Not ashamed. Fuck it, balls out.

Everyone on the street is like "DAH HH FACEPALM."

MRS. EHRLICK

(touching him  
reassuringly)

We always had a feeling.

MR. EHRLICK

We did, that's right. You always  
seemed so...lost, you know? Ever  
since college, we thought, that's a  
young man who doesn't know what he  
wants.

CORY

Well I do now, I guess. Thanks  
Brendan.

MRS. EHRLICK

How'd you find out? I always  
wonder about that, that moment you  
make the choice.

CORY

The choice, right. Uh...

(beat)

I just figured...being a man...has  
done so much for me...So I thought  
I'd start...doing stuff...for other  
men? I'm just, I'm really dumb,  
along with being gay, too. Really  
dumb. Go figure.

Cory notices Gabbi walking with Laura.

CORY (CONT'D)

Shit.

MRS. EHRLICK

Beg pardon?

BRENDAN

Cory?

CORY

*That's **her**, that's fucking **her** man!*

BRENDAN

*Cory wait wait wait wait-*

Cory scrambles to his feet, knocking the table badly, causing Brendan's food to spill all over him. He hops the patio fence, and begins quickly approaching Gabbi.

Gabbi, realizing what's about to happen, freezes. Cory freezes. ***Gabbi turns and breaks into a run, immediately crashing into some cougars shopping! Cory takes off after her!***

Brendan is left alone with his parents.

MR. EHRLICK

Such a weird guy. You know, Brendan, to be totally honest for a minute there I think we both thought this was about you being gay, or something like that.

Brendan lets out a frantic, terrified laugh; like a circus clown being tickled with a cattleprod. He turns and looks wide-eyed after Cory.

CORY CHASES  
GABBI

Through the flats of Beverly Hills, both of them continually smashing into people and falling down. They are NOT good at running and this is wholly evident via...everything.

Cory finally catches up to her in front of the Beverly Hills sign on Santa Monica, grabbing at her shirt. Gabbi yanks away.

GABBI

*Why the fuck are you chasing me!?*

CORY

*Why are you running from me!?*

They're both extremely winded, and stand there panting loudly, barely able to stay upright.

CORY (CONT'D)

Looks like we could both use some...cardio or somethi-

GABBI

Leave me alone!

CORY

No, I won't, okay!? I'm...mad or something, I'm mad at you-

GABBI

*Leave me alone!*

CORY

You left me in Santa Monica! And I now know that that is VERY FAR from EVERYTHING ELSE-

GABBI

Because I was **done**, Cory-

CORY

You were "done" my ass-

GABBI

Just back off, I'm gay, why would you even come on to me-

CORY

**You** talked to **me**. And I didn't even really know you were gay!

GABBI

How could you not know!?

CORY

Because you seemed into me, I thought maybe you- I don't know-

GABBI

Oh, "I seemed into you-"

CORY

You did.

GABBI

Oh *come on!*

CORY

Yeah especially after the third orgasm-

GABBI

OH **gross!** You're a fucking asshole, that's such a fucking gross thing to say-

CORY

I'm sorry, okay, I'm- you're just being- you're being a dick!

(MORE)

CORY (CONT'D)

I mean yes, okay, you seemed gay, I assumed lesbian, but I don't- I don't feel like I deserve *this*, I mean, I feel attacked-

GABBI

You just chased me for four blocks-

CORY

Because I don't understand why you'd do that to me-

GABBI

You don't understand ***anything!***

A number of tourists and people walking their dogs have surreptitiously begun to watch the confrontation. One guy is clearly filming for youtube.

CORY

Then help me, explain to me-

GABBI

I don't have to! I- don't you comprehend, it wasn't easy, *this wasn't easy!* I've spent the last twenty four years of my life accepting who I am, and finding comfort, and acceptance, even from within myself and now you're- you're *fucking it all up, dude!*

CORY

You're the first person I've really been interested in *forever-*

GABBI

Good for you!

CORY

I don't get how doing something that we both want to do is-

GABBI

*I DON'T WANT TO DO IT, CORY.*

CORY

Yes you do-

GABBI

*NO, ASSHOLE.* Do you know how many  
guy friends I have, none, anymore,  
that's how many, because every guy  
friend I've made in the last ten  
years always is just secretly  
fucking in love with me, and  
getting all intense when I don't-  
*I'm **gay**, Cory, I'm not-*

CORY

Why does it have to be about that?

GABBI

*...What.*

CORY

Listen, just take my number, okay,  
I'm in town two more days-

GABBI

I'm not taking your number-

CORY

*Just take it,* and I'll leave you  
alone, I promise, I'll leave you-

GABBI

I DON'T WANT YOUR NUMBER, DOUCHEBAG-

CORY

THREE OH FIVE-

GABBI

I DON'T WANT YOUR NUMBER-

CORY

THREE OH FIVE-

GABBI

IS THAT THE AREA CODE OR THE START  
OF THE NUMBER?

CORY

AREA CODE! *THREE OH FIVE TWO SIX  
ONE ONE EIGHT ONE EIGHT!*

Gabbi finishes writing it down in her phone.

GABBI

*WHAT'S YOUR LAST NAME?*

CORY  
*ISAACSON!*

Gabbi types for a moment.

GABBI  
*FUCK YOU! FUCK OFF!*

Gabbi awkwardly shoves him, he shoves her back. She shoves him again, slower and weirder this time.

CORY  
*YOU'RE SHOVING ME JUST TO TOUCH ME!*

Gabbi shrieks in frustration and storms away. Cory, exhausted, collapses onto his butt in the grass. He looks over and sees an older Hawaiian woman looking at him.

He shrugs. After a moment, she shrugs too.

Cory looks back towards Beverly Hills, and starts the long walk back to the restaurant.

IN BRENDAN'S CAR

Brendan and Cory drive in silence. Cory looks at Brendan, who's driving in silence.

CORY (CONT'D)  
 Are you gonna talk, or...  
 (beat)  
 It could've gone better.

BRENDAN  
 You literally *ran* away. You left me there for an hour.

CORY  
 I couldn't figure out how to get back, it was like a once in a lifetime thing-

BRENDAN  
 It's all coming full circle now, isn't it.

CORY  
 Did that with some friends of mine once, could never look them in the eyes again-

BRENDAN  
 You're a shitty friend.

CORY

Hey, whoa-

BRENDAN

I yelled at you about it before,  
and you didn't even apologize, but  
now I'm just gonna talk to you  
about it, and see if it gets  
through.

Brendan pulls over.

CORY

Easy easy, what are the odds I'd  
see her again, like one in three  
million-

BRENDAN

*That's not the problem Cory.* The  
problem is that you left me at that  
bar in the first place. That I  
need you and you've treated this  
like some kind of vacation.

CORY

I've just been a little distracted,  
it's been- *nuts*, okay, I've been  
confused-

BRENDAN

There was no point in your time  
here **HELPING ME** that you should've  
gotten laid, Cory-

CORY

It was more important than that,  
this was special-

BRENDAN

You know, in college you always did  
exactly what you wanted, and that  
was like the main thing that was  
cool about you, you just went for  
shit.

CORY

Yeah with my shy famous friend,  
sure-

BRENDAN

And then after college we were  
supposed to move to Los Angeles-



CORY

Not this, c'mon-

BRENDAN

And you bail on me at the last possible second *why, why Cory?* Oh, because you can't leave your job? You hate your job-

CORY

I don't hate-

BRENDAN

*Yes you do, you've got no friends, you live in your piece of crap Honda and eat Taco Bell every day!*

Cory's silenced.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

And then two years later when I need you suddenly you're funloving Cory on another adventure, **no**. Well guess what you're a grown ass man and there comes a time when you're supposed to be on someone else's side, not just yours, where you make sacrifices and you don't just put yourself first because it's what you want in the moment. You can't be the star of your movie every day, sometimes you're a supporting character and I **needed you and you won't stop letting me down**.

CORY

Were you always this much of a pussy or is this a new LA thing-

BRENDAN

*What.*

CORY

You can yell at me in your car and make me feel like shit all you want, bottom line **YOU KEEP PUSSYING OUT**. You could've come out at the bar, you could've come out at the parade, you could've come out at lunch but **you keep fucking it up**, I'm here, I'm supporting you-

BRENDAN

You can't even spend a whole day  
with me without disappearing after  
some lesbian!

CORY

Hey she is not *some lesbian* she's-

BRENDAN

*No! NO! You don't get to be  
defensive now-*

CORY

Why the hell not, it's not my fault  
you're too chicken to handle your  
gay shit, *is that why you invited  
me, so you could blame me-*

BRENDAN

*This isn't an argument you're  
supposed to fight back in! WE'RE  
HAVING THE SAME FUCKING FIGHT.  
AGAIN.*

Cory's phone buzzes. Brendan just stares at him.

Cory checks his phone. One message, from mom. MOM: "U R  
GAY?" Then another one. "I HEARD U B GAY LETS TALK."

Brendan slouches down in his seat.

CORY

Brendan-

BRENDAN

Are you even sorry?

Cory's silent, frustrated.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

*Are you sorry?*

CORY

It's more complicated than-

BRENDAN

No, dude. Just...Get out. I need  
a break from you.

CORY

But I don't know where we are-

BRENDAN

(points)

Santa Monica, Westwood, Century  
City, Hollywood, Los Feliz,  
Glendale, Culver City, Downtown,  
Silverlake, there, you're situated.

CORY

...Seriously?

BRENDAN

...Yeah.

Cory gets out of the car.

CORY

Seriously?

BRENDAN

Yes.

Brendan drives away. Cory sighs.

CORY

Seriously.

Cory starts walking.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY

Gabbi and Laura are walking up the hallway.

LAURA

So you're just not gonna talk to  
me. You run off for forty minutes,  
am I your valet, is this your  
hotel?

GABBI

I said I was sorry, what do you  
want-

HEATHER

GABRIELLE.

Laura and Gabbi turn to see Heather standing up the hallway  
from them.

GABBI

*FUCK OFF!*

Heather begins stalking rapidly towards them, her heels clicking loudly on the wood floor, as Laura opens her door, and Gabbi *shoves Laura in, dives inside and slams the door.*

INT. KRIS AND LAURA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Gabbi presses herself against the door, locking it.

LAURA  
I'm gonna-

GABBI  
Yeah.

Laura heads off into the apartment. We intercut outside and inside as Gabbi and Heather talk.

HEATHER  
Gabrielle, it's me.

GABBI  
Yeah, I know.

HEATHER  
I didn't like how we left it.

GABBI  
You didn't respond to any of my texts.

HEATHER  
Well-

GABBI  
Or my calls-

HEATHER  
I was busy, I was-

GABBI  
*Busy-*

HEATHER  
I was emotional. You understand, I'm a fragile person, and when someone is cruel to me, the way you were cruel to me, it's-

GABBI  
How was I cruel to you? EVER?

HEATHER

You judged me, were always judging me-

GABBI

When?

HEATHER

When you found out I'd been having sex with DeAnne, you were very cruel to me, you judged me, and you shouted at me, I'm a fragile person, I need to be treated with care and love, not aggression and derision. You made a mockery of the trust I had put in you just because you were mad at me, you treated me poorly like you didn't even care how I was feeling, you-

GABBI

(flatly)

I slept with someone.

HEATHER

*...Oh my god.*

(long beat)

*You fucked someone, it's only been a day-*

GABBI

I know-

HEATHER

*How could you be so heartless?*

(beat)

*How could you detach your love so easily from mine?*

GABBI

*You slept with people while were still together!*

HEATHER

*Don't make this about me! YOU  
FUCKING BITCH! RAAAAAHHHHH-*

Heather does a bipolar Jekyll/Hyde **LIGHTNING** quick, and begins punching and kicking the door. Gabbi flinches, scared.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

YOU ARE SOULLESS! I'D SPIT IN YOUR  
FACE FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME!

(MORE)

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
 HOW COULD YOU TREAT ME LIKE THIS!?  
 YOU ARE A TRULY HORRIBLE PERSON,  
 YOU'RE A MONSTER, YOU'RE A  
 SOCIOPATH, **CRETIN**, YOU'RE A FUCKING  
 SLUT, I HATE YOU-

KRIS  
 That's enough.

Kris pushes Gabbi out of the way.

KRIS (CONT'D)  
 Heather you don't get out of here  
 right now I'ma be forced to take  
 action.

HEATHER  
 FINE! CALL THE POLICE! SEND ME TO  
 JAIL I DON'T CARE IF THAT'S WHAT  
 YOU THINK I DESERVE!

KRIS  
 I'm not talking about the cops, I'm  
 telling you I will come out there  
 and split your goddamn head open  
 like a watermelon, comprende?

HEATHER  
**FUCKKK YOUUUU-**

Kris **SLAPS THE DOOR VIOLENTLY SEVERAL TIMES**, and Heather  
*shrieks in fear*, running away down the hallway like a scolded  
 cat.

GABBI  
 You- you didn't have to-

KRIS  
 The fuck I didn't.

EXT. LOS FELIZ BLVD - TWILIGHT

Cory walks along, pulling his jacket up, steeling himself  
 against the cold. He bumps into someone.

Looking up, he can see that it's a very **OLD MAN**. There's  
 something odd about him, standing in the streetlight.

CORY  
 Sorry, I'm a klutz.

OLD MAN  
 It's all right.

There's a silence. The light flickers.

CORY

So-

OLD MAN

I know you.

CORY

Ha, dude I don't think so.

OLD MAN

No, I do, I know you.

CORY

I'm actually from Florida, do you come from around there?

OLD MAN

...I've been there. I've been a lot of places.

(beat)

I've been alive a long, long time.

CORY

You think you know me?

OLD MAN

Yes. I've known you a long time. I've known you since before you were born.

CORY

Oh...okay.

OLD MAN

I've been alive a long long time.

CORY

...Gotcha.

The two of them stand there looking at each other, Cory clearly uncomfortable.

OLD MAN

Do you have anything for me?

CORY

What?

OLD MAN

Do you have something I can take with me, as a souvenir.

(MORE)

OLD MAN (CONT'D)  
 Because I finally met you. I've  
 been waiting to meet you.

CORY  
 I...

The man stares at Cory, who tries to decide how to react. The night suddenly seems very quiet; no sounds from the cars, no ambient anything.

CORY (CONT'D)  
 Sure, here.

Cory takes out the little tooth-pick sword from his drink at the gay-bar. He cautiously hands it to the old man, who very suddenly moves towards him, snatching it away.

CORY (CONT'D)  
 Is that...is that good?

OLD MAN  
 It's good.  
 (beat)  
 You're very lucky you had something  
 for me, Cory. I'd have hated to  
 take...something else.

CORY  
 Yeah...right on, man.

OLD MAN  
 Hah. Hahahahaha. Hah.

The Old Man turns, and walks away, sticking the sword in his pocket. The sound **ABRUPTLY** comes back in, startling Cory.

He shakes his head, shaking it off, and then looks around. Up high above, he can see the Griffith Park Observatory, glowing out over Los Angeles.

Cory stares at it. It's beautiful.

He heads off up into Griffith Park.

INT. KRIS AND LAURA'S APARTMENT

Gabbi's in the living room, wiping tears. Kris is in the kitchen, eating devilled eggs out of a styrofoam container. Laura's already talking-



LAURA  
 SAY SOMETHING. YOU CAN'T JUST  
 SILENCE ME WITH SILENCE, THAT'S NOT  
 HOW IT'S GONNA WORK, GABBI!

Gabbi snorts back tears loudly.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
 That's it. We're having an  
 intervention. KRIS. HELP ME  
 INTERVENTION GABBI.

KRIS  
 (without looking up)  
 ...nah.

GABBI  
 Laura, come on-

LAURA  
 Why does Heather think you fucked  
 somebody? And what the hell was  
 that today, you run off and come  
 back crying-

GABBI  
 ...I did, I slept with someone.

LAURA  
 WHAT WHOA. FINALLY. I have been  
 telling you *for years* that once you  
 broke up with Heather you would get  
 SWARMED with chicks, and  
 now...now...what's that face?

Gabbi is making a very strange face indeed.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
 ...Was it someone I know?

GABBI  
 No.  
 (quietly)  
 It was a guy actually-

Laura spit takes, and then coughs for a full fifteen seconds,  
 spluttering up vitamin water.

LAURA  
 A guy!?! KRIS! KRIS!

KRIS  
 I heard.

LAURA  
*Why!? WHO!?*

GABBI  
 This guy Cory, from Florida.

LAURA  
 (under her breath)  
**Florida!**

GABBI  
 I totally fucked him over yesterday  
 too and ditched him in Santa Monica-

KRIS  
 Damn.

GABBI  
 Just because I don't know what the  
 hell I'm doing, I saw him today in  
 Beverly Hills that's why I ran-

LAURA  
 Why would you do **that** in the first  
 place!?

GABBI  
 I just wanted to, in that moment I  
 just- you know that moment, you've  
 had it, where it's like, you just  
 want the person, and like none of  
 the other stuff matters, you just  
**want them-**

KRIS  
 (quietly)  
 Hell yeah she does.

LAURA  
*Kris. Come on.*  
 (to Gabbi)  
 Had you ever- with a guy-

GABBI  
 ...No.

LAURA  
**You lost your virginity-**

GABBI  
 I lost my virginity when I was  
 fifteen Laura-

LAURA  
NOT *TECHNICALLY!*

GABBI  
Why, because of the penis?

LAURA  
Oh my god, *the penis!* **THE PENIS!**  
(beat)  
Did you- put it in your mouth-

GABBI  
What!?! No!  
(beat)  
Sort of-

LAURA  
*Where did he- I mean-*

GABBI  
In a McDonalds hamburger wrapper-

LAURA  
Stop! WHAT. STOP.

Kris, over by the fridge getting a beer, stands, chuckling.

KRIS  
What's your hang-up, Laura?

LAURA  
What? Are you not hearing this?

KRIS  
I don't see why you're flippin' out  
so hard, so what, maybe she's bi.  
Would you think different of me if  
I'd been with a few Asian guys?

LAURA  
If you'd been with a guy- *wait, a  
few Asian guys? What? That is WAY  
TOO SPECIFIC-*

KRIS  
All right, calm down. Gabbi, you  
like this guy, you should call him.  
Better than that fuckin' jack-off  
Heather, yeah? You've got nothing  
to lose. Don't be such a goddamn  
**baby.**

LAURA  
I don't even know you.

KRIS  
You love this. Alla this.

Kris and Laura are kissie face. Gabbi sits deep in thought.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - NIGHT

Cory walks alone up a very dark trail, headed towards the observatory. He hears what sounds like a growl from the bushes, and stops, looking into them.

A **BIZARRE KOREAN MAN** in what appears to be a onesie jogs past him.

CORY  
Hey, is it safe to be out here at night-

BIZARRE KOREAN MAN  
YEAH MAN TOTALLY FINE.

They stand there for a moment, the Korean guy jogging in place.

BIZARRE KOREAN MAN (CONT'D)  
HEY MAN YOU GOT AN iPHONE?

CORY  
No-

BIZARRE KOREAN MAN  
GET ONE MAN! WOO!  
(turns, running)  
LIVIN' IT UP.

Cory watches him go, then turns, looking out at Los Angeles. The view is incredible. The stars are on the ground, and the sky is only darkness.

Cory sighs, and takes out his phone, dialing Brendan.

INT. BRENDAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Brendan is playing video games and crying. He doesn't even notice the phone ring.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - CONTINUOUS

Voicemail picks up.

CORY

Hey, I don't know if you're even gonna get this, with the reception up here, but....Yeah, what I did, what I've been doing is messed up, and I know you're like "fuck Cory" this'n'that but...I don't know, But I...**I'm unhappy, dude.** After college I had all these plans and ideas about what I was gonna do, and who I was gonna be, and they all just kinda fell apart.

(beat)

Remember when I applied to all those jobs out here, and I didn't get any of them? Well that did something to me, you don't even know.

(beat)

I think I got scared. I got scared that I'd come out here, and just be three steps behind you, just another part of your famous guy entourage, and I got afraid, and I bailed, I bailed because I was scared of being...I don't know, nobody? Back home, at my job, I'm somebody. I was too scared to start all over again.

(beat)

I don't know. This trip has been nuts. I love you, man. We're gonna work it out.

(beat)

Callllll me.

Cory wipes away a tear, and sighs, staring out at LA.

He takes a few steps, but then bends down to tie his shoe, and then notices a sound. He looks up.

A massive **mountain lion** has walked into the path in front of him.

The lion stares at Cory. Cory stares at the mountain lion. It snarls. Cory doesn't move, kneeling there helplessly.

The mountain lion takes a step forward.

Cory's phone rings.

The mountain lion snarls and hisses in fear, and then runs off into the underbrush. Cory stays frozen for a bit, then answers his phone.

CORY (CONT'D)  
Hello?

GABBI (ON PHONE)  
...Hi Cory.

CORY  
...Hi Gabbi.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Cory walks up to one of the room doors at the Holiday Inn on Sunset. He knocks, waits, and Gabbi answers. They stand there staring at each other.

CORY  
LA is fuckin' weird.

GABBI  
Yeah?

CORY  
I went for a walk through Hollywood and I saw all these crazy people, and hookers, and then I walked up north and it got all foresty and I met this guy who I think maybe was the devil? I don't know, but then I saw this crazy building, and a mountain lion, it was really-

GABBI  
Sounds weird-

CORY  
*S'fuckin' weird, yeah.*

They stand there staring at each other.

CORY (CONT'D)  
So is this your place?

GABBI  
No, I just...Got it so we could talk. I'm staying with friends-

CORY  
Talk, yeah.

GABBI  
Yeah.

A beat.

CORY

My face is like being pulled  
towards your face right now by  
invisible wires do you feel that.

GABBI

...I...We shouldn't.

CORY

Why not?

Gabbi is silent for a long time. Gabbi straightens herself awkwardly, mutters something incoherent, and then looks back up at Cory.

GABBI

(beat)

Go for it.

They kiss. It's the most sensual, romantic kiss you've ever seen. Everything goes to slow motion, and fuschia electricity crackles in the air-

Cory pulls away, pink electricity crackling between their lips.

CORY

Okay whoa.

GABBI

Yeah.

CORY

Okay.

GABBI

Okay.

Cory shoves Gabbi up against the door frame, kissing her, her neck, her shoulders, running his hands up her body under her shirt, but Gabbi hops up onto him, throwing him off balance in a burst of **bright fuschia electricity-**

-he clutches for the door-

-slamming it closed.

The night is quiet again. After a moment, the little Indian girl Cory kneed in the face at the airport walks by the door, but then stops.

There is a rhythmic thumping against the door coming from the inside. The little Indian girl stares at the door, confused.

After a moment, her mother calls her, and she turns to go to her-

But falls flat on her face. She stands up, trying to play it cool, glances back at the door one last time, and then runs off to her mother.

EXT. BRENDAN'S APARTMENT - BALCONY

Brendan's out on the balcony, drinking white wine from the bottle. He's listening to the last of Cory's voicemail. He sighs, and sets down the phone.

BRENDAN

You don't get it CO-REE. I'm with you. I don't know who I am any more.

His phone rings, startling him. We split screen to reveal **MACAULY CULKIN**, running on a treadmill in his **HOME GYM**. There are cats everywhere.

MACAULY CULKIN

What's up my boo?

BRENDAN

Oh,, hi Mac, what's-

MACAULY CULKIN

So are you totally fuckin gay right now or what? You gettin buttfucked right now?

BRENDAN

I- uh-

MACAULY CULKIN

Just cause you like to fuck dudes doesn't make you gay, man, I fuck all sorts of stuff and no one thinks I'm gay, I feel totally normal.

(to a cat)

CUNT YOU GET DOWN OFF THAT TABLE!  
Sorry, yellin at my cats! Can't let cats in the gym, boo, they piss! **THEY PISS GODDAMNIT!**

BRENDAN

Did you need something?



MACAULY CULKIN

Press event tomorrow at eight AM, .  
 Get that junket in, get your junket  
 on, take your junk out, don't take  
 your junk out, that'll get you in  
 trouble, then the party at night  
 and we both take our junks OUT, HEY  
**YOU FUCK! GET OFF THE FREEWEIGHTS!**  
**YOU PISSING PIECE OF SHIT!** Bright  
 and early tomorrow morning! CHA-  
 ZAP! Stay gay!

Culkin hangs up. Brendan slumps down on the porch.

CLOSE ON:

A television showing an ad for something called the "baby muzzle," showing a confused looking baby being muzzled by a glitzy blonde.

We

ZOOM OUT

To reveal that the television is floating in the air in a black void, very near to the hotel bed where Cory and Gabbi lay, intertwined in post-coital intimacy, that special bodies as one thing you only get after good sex.

We zoom out to reveal that the bed is floating about a hundred feet up in the black void, over where it should be in the hotel room far below.

You know that thing. Where time seems to stop existing and the bed is it's own world and it's just you and them. That wonderful thing.

Cory is gently rubbing Gabbi's back. He reaches over and uses the remote to turn off the TV, sending it plummeting back down to the hotel room.

He notices Gabbi staring at him, near tears.

CORY

What?

GABBI

...This is really nice. Ugh, this is too nice, I like this *too much*.

CORY

What's too nice? You like what?

GABBI

This, all of this. I'm still- I haven't worked things out with my other...I just feel really comfortable around you. It's like you're not even a person.

CORY

Oh, that sounds...great.

GABBI

Yeah.

There's a beat.

CORY

So that was amazing then, it wasn't just me. Because that was crazy great, that was the best time I've ever had doing a sex anything.

Gabbi laughs, but then goes quiet. Cory raises his eyebrows, and she laughs again.

GABBI

...It's not just you. I'm not at the- I don't know if I'm down to like, talk about all that- part of it, yet- I'm still thinking about-

CORY

No, no problem.

(beat)

There's shit going on. This is a thing.

Gabbi laughs, flattered, but then rolls over and looks at him for a moment, summoning up courage.

GABBI

Listen, dude, the person I was with...I was with this girl Heather for a while, like, years, multiple years and she was just...she was a liar. In the worst way, where she'd just....she hooked up with other people. A lot. And she'd flirt in front of me, and then somehow she would make *me* feel bad for being mad about that, and she just constantly-

(beat, realizing)

She made me feel like shit. She let me think I was shit.

CORY

Sounds like a real asshole.

GABBI

What I mean is I- there's still a lot of stuff going on, in here, and I haven't dealt with any of it yet. I don't know what this is, this **you** thing, and I don't- I don't want to mess it up either but I can't- I don't know. I don't know. Idunnoidunnoidunno.

CORY

That was a lot of I don't knows. God you sound like Brendan.

GABBI

Who's Brendan?

CORY

...My best friend. On Earth. He's the reason I came to LAaaaaaaa...

Cory rolls over, groaning.

CORY (CONT'D)

He and I are not doing well right now.

GABBI

Why not?

Cory rolls back over, looking at her.

GABBI (CONT'D)

What's that face?

Cory is making a very strange face indeed.

CORY

Maybe you can help.

GABBI

Me? How?

CORY

Were you scared to come out? What helped you?

GABBI

It's a gay thing?

CORY  
It's a gay thing.

GABBI  
Ughhh...Cory I can't just do gay-  
magic and make things fine for him,  
that's not how it works, it's  
internal-

CORY  
I'm desperate. I'm in hail-mary  
mode.

GABBI  
...I'll think about it, but-

Cory smiles.

CORY  
...oh god...what's happening to  
me...Gabbi! Help- something is-

Cory struggles wildly as he lowers his body down hers,  
bringing his head to her crotch.

CORY (CONT'D)  
I can't stop- I- oh god- mmmrmph!

Gabbi laughs, and then gasps in delight.

EXT. THE SKY

Brendan is soaring through the air, riding on the back of a  
griffin (think Never Ending Story) through an idyllic  
storybook sky. Flying above the clouds, he looks down at a  
magical kingdom far below him.

BRENDAN  
This is amazing! Thank you for  
doing this for me, Griffin!

GRIFFIN GRIFFIN  
(in ridiculous cartoon  
voice)  
No problem, Brendan!

BRENDAN  
What's that down there?

GRIFFIN GRIFFIN  
That's the Palace of Self-  
Acceptance! And there, to the  
north, is the Gay Market!

BRENDAN

It all looks so beautiful from up here!

GRIFFIN GRIFFIN

Why don't you go down **for a closer look!**

BRENDAN

No, I-

The griffin releases him, and he plummets, **screaming, down towards the Gay Kingdom!**

SLAP TO:

Brendan *snaps awake in bed, breathing hard.* He looks around...

**TO SEE THAT HIS BED IS STILL PLUMMETING DOWN TOWARDS THE GROUND-**

SLAP TO:

Brendan *snaps awake on his couch, bleary eyed, dropping the wine bottle off his chest.*

EXT. BRENDAN'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Brendan is walking towards his car, when he's **SUDDENLY TACKLED BY CORY**, and wrestled into the trunk of Gabbi's car. **SLAM!**

IN THE TRUNK

Brendan fumbles around and find the trunk light. In the trunk, they've left him a bottle of water, a coloring book and some crayons.

BRENDAN

CORY! CORY GODDAMN IT!

U2's "**Where The Streets Have No Name**" begins to blast through the car.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

**NO CORY! NOT U2 CORY! DON'T DO THIS! GODDAMN IT DON'T DO THIS!**

WE MOVE INTO A  
MONTAGE

As Gabbi and Cory drive out of urban LA, through the valley, finally out and up into the desert. Cory appreciates the crazy sights out here, the cattle, the weird middle of nowhere houses, but not as much as he appreciates Gabbi.

SLAM TO:

The trunk pops open revealing Cory and Gabbi, and Brendan **flings his crayons into their faces and jumps out into-**

EXT. VASQUEZ ROCKS - MORNING

The towering natural rock formations spire up in the midmorning sky all around them. Desert spans out on all sides.

Brendan doesn't notice or care, he takes off his shoe and *throws it at Cory*, who dodges, so he *throws the other shoe*, then his wallet, then his cell phone, and his keys-

CORY

Brendan- jesus- slow down-

Brendan pulls off his shirt and throws that too, then his pants, then yells a few times, standing there in underwear.

BRENDAN

Cory, *what the hell*, man.

GABBI

Cory says you're having some trouble with gayness.

BRENDAN

(to Cory)  
*Really?*

CORY

We brought you here because Gabbi thought maybe she could help you to get a better look at yourself.

BRENDAN

What are you supposed to be, lesbian yoda? What cause she's gay she's gonna magically fix everything, Cory you *fucker-*

GABBI

Suck my balls.

BRENDAN

WHOA. CORY.

GABBI

You let your friend come out of the closet for you to your parents. That's goof-ass.

BRENDAN

(ignoring her)

I'm missing the press junket, FUCK. Cory this is a mess, you can't just-

Brendan looks around at the supremely alien landscape.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

Where the hell are we?

There's a beat of silence.

GABBI

We gonna go for that walk, or what?

EXT. VASQUEZ ROCKS - BIG PEAK

Brendan, still in his underwear, sits scowling on the highest peak of Vasquez rocks, Gabbi sitting next to him. The sun is rising.

It's beautiful.

GABBI

You wanna hear some selfish shit?

BRENDAN

I've been hanging out with Cory for the last few days, I think I've heard enough-

GABBI

No, that's his selfish shit for him, this selfish shit is all yours.

BRENDAN

Thrill me.

GABBI

I'm of the maybe somewhat controversial opinion that there is no such thing, objectively, as an unnecessary secret.

(MORE)

GABBI (CONT'D)

My whole personality has, for a pretty long time, been based on repressing how I feel about things, and I've come to realize that that can work pretty good for a person if they do it right.

(beat)

But keeping the wrong secret can be toxic. And it can start messing with you from the inside, especially if it's a **you** secret, and doesn't involve anyone else. It's like letting a piranha into your fish tank, it starts shredding everything around it, and eventually you go a little crazy, and if you don't let it out, you go fucking- *fucking nuts*-

BRENDAN

I'm already **GOING FUCKING NUTS-**

GABBI

Then why don't you let it out-

BRENDAN

**BECAUSE I'M SCARED, OKAY!? I'M SCARED.**

Brendan screams out at the desert plains.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

*I'M A PUSSY, I'M A COWARD. YOU CAUGHT ME. I'M AFRAID.*

(beat)

*Fuck.*

GABBI

(quietly)

Afraid of what?

Brendan groans.

BRENDAN

...What'm I afraid of.

(long silence)

I'm afraid that my career will fall apart. It's been my whole life. I'm afraid my fans will turn on me. I'm afraid I'll be a joke. I'm afraid people are going to look at me different-



GABBI

Fuck *people*-

BRENDAN

My parents, people I love, my family. I have no idea how I'm supposed to establish who I am all over again to everyone I know, I'm afraid I'll lose what I am, I'm afraid I'll change, I'm afraid that this is something wrong with me, like- not wrong but it can't have crept up on me like this.

(beat)

**I'm afraid I won't be me anymore.**

Brendan is nearly hyperventilating, but something seems to strike him.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

I'm...afraid...I won't be *me* anymore?

(beat)

What?

GABBI

-Hadn't said that one outloud?

BRENDAN

That's so stupid. What am I doing?  
I **am** me.

He looks to Gabbi.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

I **am** me.

(laughs)

Holy shit.

(screaming out at the  
desert)

**I AM ME! IT'S STUPID BUT THAT'S  
REAL SHIT, SO FUCK EVERYTHING!**

Standing at the edge of the rock, overlooking the kingdom of Earth, Brendan throws his arms up to the sky.

On the soundtrack, we hear the opening to "**Circle Of Life**" from The Lion King. It's epic. This is awesome.

Gabbi looks up at Brendan, who turns, breathing hard, exhilarated.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)  
...Can I use your cell phone?

DOWN BY THE  
BOTTOM OF THE  
ROCK

Cory is facing off with a rabbit. Gabbi comes down to him.

CORY  
What happened?

GABBI  
I don't know yet. Are you really  
leaving tomorrow?

CORY  
...Yeah.

GABBI  
I think you and me should talk,  
about this- about what this is-

CORY  
I thought you weren't ready.

GABBI  
...I don't know if I am.

CORY  
You wanna go climb to that rock up  
there and just make out and rub  
each other for like...foreseeable  
future?

Gabbi looks up at the rock.

GABBI  
Yeah, actually, I- that  
sounds...yeah okay.

TIME PASSES.

The Ehrlick's rental car comes up into the park, driving in  
past the rocks, parking on the dirt.

Mr. and Mrs. Ehrlick get out, clearly confused.

Cory and Gabbi notice them from where they sit on a rock far  
away.

CORY  
Well that's interesting.

The Ehrlick's look around, confused. Brendan appears on a rock high above them, framed by the late afternoon sun.

He yells something, inaudible, waving his arms.

The Ehrlicks look at each other, even more confused now.

MRS. EHRLICK

What? Where are your clothes?

BRENDAN

I'm gay!

MR. EHRLICK

You're...gay?

BRENDAN

Yes! I'm gay! I'M GAY! And I've been gay, all along!

**MWAHAHAHAHAHAHA-**

CUT TO:

Cory and Brendan are sitting high on a rock, drinking Coronas. Brendan's clearly deep in thought.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

It got...supervillain-y.

CORY

Supervillain-y, really-

BRENDAN

More supervillain-y than I'd intended, yeah-

CORY

You're a supervillain who made their son gay.

Brendan smiles out at the desert.

CORY (CONT'D)

So how'd they take it.

FLASH TO:

The Ehrlicks screaming up at Brendan.

MRS. EHRLICK

We know you're gay!

MR. EHRLICK  
 It's okay, buddy! We've been  
 waiting for this since you were  
 fifteen!

BRENDAN  
 (long beat)  
 You knew I was gay?

MRS. EHRLICK  
 Yes honey!

BRENDAN  
**WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME!?**

The Ehrlicks exchange a look.

MR. EHRLICK  
 Why didn't **we** tell **you** you were  
 gay?

Brendan stands there, frustrated.

BACK TO:

CORY  
 And then they just left?

BRENDAN  
 Yeah. I think they were a little  
 pissed at the...yknow, method, and  
 there's gonna be a longer  
 discussion...or something...

CORY  
 ...You okay?

BRENDAN  
 I'm fine. Dude, I'm really,  
 completely, and totally fine.

CORY  
 "A great weight has been lifted."

BRENDAN  
 "A great weight has been lifted."  
 Exactly.

Somewhere down below them, Gabbi manages to overturn a  
 massive boulder, which goes crashing down the cliffs.

GABBI  
 WHOOOOOOOOOOO! FUCK YEAH!  
 ANARCHYYYYY!

Brendan and Cory watch her celebrate.

BRENDAN  
She's...pretty **spectacular-**

CORY  
Yep. Yep yep yep yep.

Brendan lays backwards, on the rock, looking at the sky.  
Cory lays back too.

CORY (CONT'D)  
So, like, when you jerk off. You  
think about guys?

BRENDAN  
Most of the time, yeah.

CORY  
"Most of the time."

BRENDAN  
Like occasionally....Very rarely,  
sometimes I think about Ashley, or  
Erin-

CORY  
Those are girls.

BRENDAN  
-Jessica Alba-

CORY  
Definitely a girl.

BRENDAN  
Yeah. I don't know man.

CORY  
But you're like 99% gay though.

BRENDAN  
Right.

CORY  
Except for girls you've already had  
sex with.

BRENDAN  
...and Jessica Alba.

CORY  
Okay, just do me a favor and be  
full gay, okay-

BRENDAN  
Hey Cory.

CORY  
What?

BRENDAN  
You're a great friend.

Cory starts to respond, but then goes silent, and just smiles. Brendan laughs, and checks the time.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)  
Shit, it's five. We've gotta get  
back to LA for the party.

CORY  
Good day, better night.

The music on the score has a dark sting.

BRENDAN  
Uh oh.

CORY  
Yeah that was a creepy musical cue.

BRENDAN  
Stuff's gonna go wrong.

CORY  
Foreboding, yeah.

SLAM TO:

The outside of a soundstage, that's been converted to a party venue for the premiere venue. Sexy people everywhere, drinking, dancing. Big posters for Brendan's show are everywhere, running alongside a red-carpet.

Cory's at the edge of the carpet with Brendan, security stops him.

BRENDAN  
Go to the other end, go around.

CORY  
Got it, boss.

Brendan turns from Cory, straight into Cynthia.

BRENDAN  
Ah!

CYNTHIA

You going to be able to handle this without it blowing up in our faces?

BRENDAN

What like I've I've never done a red carpet before?

CYNTHIA

We're right on the edge here, Brendan, don't act cute. You missed the junket this morning, you've still got rumors going all over the place, and there's some insane doctored picture of you in your underwear standing on a cliff going around-

Brendan seems to have a lightbulb moment.

BRENDAN

It's not doctored.

CYNTHIA

What?

BRENDAN

The picture isn't doctored. I took off all my clothes and stood on a cliff.

Cynthia stares at him, uncertain how to react.

Brendan turns, and starts walking the carpet, getting pictures taken. He notices his parents at the far end. They wave at him excitedly, and take a picture.

Brendan stares back, bewildered, as a microphone is shoved in his face.

REPORTER

Hey Brendan, excited about the season?

BRENDAN

Ha, well, I already know all the twists, so I'm more proud than excited.

REPORTER

Any comment on all the gay rumors swirling around you recently?

Time stops for a moment.

Brendan looks at his parents, smiling at him, proud of their successful, brilliant, handsome son. He looks and sees his best friend Cory in the crowd, who shrugs at him.

Time unfreezes.

BRENDAN  
Only that they're one hundred  
percent true, Eric.

REPORTER  
...what?

BRENDAN  
I'm gay. Try not to panic.

The entire focus of the red carpet becomes about Brendan. The flashbulbs of two dozen cameras go off in rapid fire, illuminating Brendan, smiling and looking sexy as hell.

But Brendan's overwhelmed, he's hyped, he's psyched. He jumps the velvet ropes and rushes up to his parents, embracing them, laughing and crying.

They hug him back, laughing, his dad self-consciously so, but Jesus Christ, what a photo op. Brendan turns and kisses Cynthia on the mouth, MWA!

Cory and Gabbi are at the edge of the red carpet, watching Brendan, Cory looking through his giftbag.

GABBI  
That was fucking awesome.

CORY  
Check it out, they gave us yo yos  
and herbal facewash.

Gabbi notices Heather on the red carpet, posing, having pictures taken. An air raid siren goes off, building in intensity, and then-

CORY (CONT'D)  
Who's that?

GABBI  
It's my ex.

CORY  
What? Your ex? Like your two days  
ago ex, what's she doing here?



GABBI

She's hot, she likes parties, they invite girls like her to stuff like this.

Heather sees Gabbi, and immediately hurries away, beginning to sob, dropping her jacket. Gabbi watches her go.

GABBI (CONT'D)

Her jacket-

CORY

Is a trap, Gabbi.

GABBI

I should say *something*.

CORY

You don't have to.

GABBI

We were together for years, I owe her-

CORY

You don't owe her anything. Forget her jacket. It's just a stupid jacket.

GABBI

...It's her favorite...

CORY

C'mon. Really?

Gabbi stares at Cory, then winces and shakes her head, pulling away from him, going and getting Heather's jacket and heading off after her. Cory groans.

BRENDAN

DID YOU FUCKING SEE THAT!? AHHHHH!

Brendan embraces Cory, hugging him as more cameras flash; they follow him now.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

I feel like I just fuckin'- SUPER POWERS, CORY!

Cory nods and smiles half-heartedly.

CORY

Gabbi's talking to her ex.

Brendan glances over at where Gabbi and Heather are talking by the edge of the party.

BRENDAN

Oh, yeah. Shit.

(quickly, still energetic)

No, no, Cory, c'mon, look at me!

We're up, let's stay up! Fuck them, we're gonna get through it, right?

CORY

I- yeah-

BRENDAN

Let's go get a drink!

CORY

I don't have any money-

BRENDAN

Come on, hooker, I'm about to introduce you to the concept of an "open bar" and change your life forever.

Brendan pulls Cory into the event.

INT. HARD JUSTICE PREMIERE - MOMENTS LATER - IT'S AWESOME

Lights, people dancing, having fun, drinking, lots of very very sexy girls in minidresses, like a TON OF THEM, crazy lights...

If you've ever been to one of these things, you know how nuts they are. If not, learn.

A super **DOOFY LOOKING GUY** is doing some really bad breakdancey type stuff, clearly high on coke, to impress some models.

DOOFY LOOKING GUY

I GOT MY OWN DAMN YACHT MAN, ME AND LEO GO OUT ON THE YACHT EVERY WEEKEND, POP CHAMPAGNE AND DO IT, WE DO IT OUT THERE MAN, DO YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, WE FEEL FREE DOIN IT

Cory and Brendan are over at the bar, Cory wolfing down drinks.

CORY

You were right! This is awesome!  
DRINK FASTER! AND MORE!

BRENDAN

You okay?

CORY

I'M GREAT! I'm leaving tomorrow  
morning! I have a million emotions  
running through my head at once!  
It's gonna explode!

BRENDAN

Yeah that's...great!

CORY

This music is loud!

MEANWHILE, OUT  
IN A COURTYARD

Heather and Gabbi are talking. Heather's calmer than we've  
seen her, giving an impression of sincerity that just might  
be...sincere.

HEATHER

All I'm saying is we never talked.

GABBI

We talked-

HEATHER

No we fought, it was in the moment,  
it was heated, it wasn't who either  
of us want to be, yelling and  
screaming and calling each other  
names. That's not us, that's never  
been us.

GABBI

I- I want to talk to you. I miss  
you, I do, I just- agh I shouldn't  
have said that- I, you...I'm just  
so mad at you-

HEATHER

And I understand that, and deserve  
it, but I want a chance to talk  
about it. I want a chance to  
really just, get it all out there,  
between us, and be really, truly  
honest with each other.

(beat)

(MORE)

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Haven't we earned that, for each other? Don't all the things we've shared earn us some time, some real time to figure it out?

Gabbi, is clearly conflicted, shifting and looking around.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I don't know where you've been, I don't know who you've been with, I-

GABBI

(in a breathless rush)

There's this guy from Florida and I don't know, we- I've just been hanging out with him-

HEATHER

That's fine, it's okay. I understand-

GABBI

No, it's not, you're right- I just jumped right into this with him and he leaves tomorrow anyway, I- I've been making a lot of bad decisions, I think, or questionable decisions- bad decisions, and you're right, I didn't end us, or figure us out. You're right.

Heather smiles sadly, and touches Gabbi's arm. They hug, and we can see little bolts of pink electricity crackle between them.

BACK INSIDE

Cory is staring at all the girls butts. Brendan looks at him and smiles, and the doofy looking guy suddenly pops up between them.

DOOFY LOOKING GUY

YOU BRENDAN DO YOU REMEMBER ME IT'S ME SKYLER

BRENDAN

No, sorry.

DOOFY LOOKING GUY  
 YO MAN I GOT A LOT OF PROJECTS  
 GOING ON YOU SHOULD THINK ABOUT  
 GETTING INTO SOME OF THEM, LIKE I  
 KNOW YOU'RE BUSY AND HAVE A TV SHOW  
 AND YOU'RE TOO BIG TIME FOR ME AND  
 WHATEVER BUT I'VE GOT MONEY FROM  
 ECUADOR TO MAKE SOME REALLY  
 INTERESTING FILMS-

BRENDAN  
 Yeah, great, but...no.

Gabbi pulls Cory away, over to by the bathrooms, where it's quieter.

GABBI  
 Cory, there's something we need to  
 talk about.

CORY  
 Well, there's a lot-

GABBI  
 No I mean there's a specific- I  
 can't be with you, tonight. I  
 really want to, I do, I really  
 enjoy you, I enjoy talking to you,  
 I enjoy being with you, but I can't-

CORY  
 Oh shit, don't, don't-

GABBI  
 Don't what?

CORY  
 You're using your adult, platonic,  
 comforting voice, and you're making  
 an adult, platonic, comforting  
 face, I know what this means-

GABBI  
 Cory, come on, don't-

CORY  
 No man, I just want you to keep  
 using your real voice, I don't want  
 the break-up voice. I want the bed  
 voice back, I want the real voice,  
 c'mon-

GABBI

Listen, I need to do what's right  
for me right now. You're a really  
truly wonderful guy, and I-

CORY

(slightly panicked)  
*Thatsnottherealvoicethatsnotthereal  
voice*

GABBI

And I really like you, I do. This  
is a hard, confusing time for me,  
you know? It's a mess, and you had  
to know that. I don't know. I  
just don't know what I want.  
You're a great friend, and you  
always will be.

Cory looks around, thinking.

CORY

No, you're right. You're totally  
right, of course. I know that this  
whole thing- me, him, her, it's  
been like a sort of big tornado,  
and I know that you- are going  
through a lot, and you're probably  
right, we just met at the wrong  
time, or something. I know that  
you really care about her, despite  
what she did, and- I know I'm not  
really a viable option,  
realistically, so, I...I  
understand.

GABBI

You're a great person, Cory.

Gabbi embraces him in a friendly around the ribs hug, and  
smiles. As she does this, a hot-water-boiling whistle begins  
to emit from Cory.

Gabbi looks up, confused.

CORY

Can you excuse me for a moment.

Cory turns and walks off through the crowded club, as steam  
begins to flood out from under his collar, out his ears and  
nose.

Brendan sees him, and grabs him by the arm.

BRENDAN

*Come on.*

Gabbi goes to Heather, who smiles, embracing her. Gabbi, in this hug, suddenly doesn't look sure.

Meanwhile Brendan pulls Cory away, through the club, out to the

COURTYARD

Cory yanks away from Brendan. Cory paces around furiously as they talk, wildly gesticulating with his rum and coke.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

What the hell happened in there?

CORY

***She fuckin' dumped me man-***

BRENDAN

You weren't even together-

CORY

But she dumped me anyway, I didn't even know she could do it until she did, and for that- for that evil goth pin-up model, what the **balls-**

BRENDAN

Look it doesn't matter if it was for her ex, or someone new, listen to me- it doesn't matter if it was for the worst person in the world, or the best, she did what she felt like she needed to do to be happy-

CORY

NO! Okay, NO! I don't want to be complicated! I'm sick of feeling like I'm too smart or screwed up or stupid or anything to just go after what feels good. I want to know what I want, I want to not be so afraid of making a mistake that I stop myself from chasing something that pulls me in, and I don't care if the relationship is doomed, I don't care if all relationships are doomed, when you feel something and you want it and you- you don't care stopping yourself and holding back and being a fucking grown up, *it's all bullshit!* **THIS ISN'T FAIR!**

(MORE)





CORY

It's not a real chain, it's just a metaphor.

BRENDAN

Don't you think that's sort of on the nose-

As Cory approaches, Heather yanks Gabbi backwards with the chain, to her bosom.

GABBI

Cory, I thought you understood, just please, go. We had a nice thing, but Heather and I- I love her, Cory, we-

CORY

*Christ are you hearing yourself?*

The chain tugs.

GABBI

She's not bad, she's just-difficult, she's got problems and I shouldn't leave her alone, it's selfish of me-

CORY

*YOU DON'T WANT THIS. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT, SURE, BUT YOU DON'T WANT THIS. YOU CAN'T. YOU JUST CAN'T.*

Gabbi stares at him for a moment, and then steps out of the way between Heather and Cory. Heather turns, smiling. She holds an unopened redbull in one hand.

It's a serious bossfight reveal as Gabbi backs up.

HEATHER

I wanted to tell you that you don't mean anything.

CORY

What?

HEATHER

To Gabbi. She's like a leaf in the wind, she just does what she thinks people want her to do. You made her feel appreciated, and she needed that, so you she fell on your dick.

(MORE)

HEATHER (CONT'D)

But you should know that it doesn't mean anything. She **used** you.

Cory looks to Brendan, like "are you fucking kidding."

HEATHER (CONT'D)

She's a baby. And she needed a pacifier. To *suck* on.

CORY

Wow, you are- I have known you for ten seconds and you are just completely awful already.

Cory draws a sword; rapier, the old pirate kind. Heather, in response, draws a sword of her own. Everyone at the party backs up.

People begin muttering "sword fight, sword fight" "should we call the cops?" "no I think it's mostly a metaphor sword fight." "oh it's symbolic I get it." "yeah but with real swords though." "so yeah call the cops." "no I already did."

BRENDAN

Wait! **STOP!**

CORY

*This was your idea, Brendan.*

BRENDAN

Yes, but I thought it was just gonna be an emotional- an emotional confrontation- **Swords!?** That's- we can't- HEY!

Brendan, infuriated turns to the director of the film **Me Him Her**, who is sitting with all of his crew and A and B camera nearby, filming them.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

Are you just gonna let this happen?

The director thinks, then shrugs.

DIRECTOR

Fuck it.

Heather **SCREAMS** and charges Cory, and they begin to engage in what you, and the audience, will recognize as one of the finest sword fights in film history.

They fight literally *throughout the entire party as they argue*; swordfight choreography is hard as fuck to write out in script form though, so just trust that there's awesome shit happening this whole time and pay attention to what they're saying.

HEATHER

You're a fling, you're not even a rebound! You fill her head with all this "do what you want" stuff but all you really want is for her to *want you!*

CORY

Is that wrong of me? Is she not allowed to want anyone other than you-

HEATHER

She did it because she's got low self esteem, and you played on that-

CORY

No, okay, FUCK THAT. You're a bad person, man, and not even the cheating bugs me, it's the shit you're saying now- you're a manipulator-

HEATHER

Oh I'm a bad person? Who the fuck are you, you don't even know her-

CORY

People like you are the scum of the earth man, cause you believe your own shit!

Cory accidentally slashes wide, and slices the **DOOFY LOOKING GUY** across the face. He goes down hard.

CORY (CONT'D)

Oh shit- sorry dude-

*Heather attacks full force!*

CORY (CONT'D)

AGH! YOU FART!

HEATHER

Gabbi you're going to let him talk to me like this?

(MORE)

HEATHER (CONT'D)

After all we shared, the truest and deepest love, emotions that most people don't ever feel but once in a life time-

CORY

How do you manage to pull off being psychotic and corny at the same time!?

HEATHER

You could never understand me! I have a thousand reasons to be the woman I am!

CORY

-Well guess what, **they're all bullshit and you suck!**

Cory duels Heather out the front door into

THE PARKING LOT

Dragging Gabbi with them.

CORY (CONT'D)

You hurt people, and you're piece of shit, and she's outgrown you, fucking DEAL WITH IT.

Cory bashes the sword out of Heather's hands, disarming her and holding her at swordpoint.

HEATHER

*Well I-*

CORY

*DEAL WITH IT. Don't speak, I wanna see you just stand there an absorb-*

Heather **SMASHES CORY IN THE FACE WITH HER CLOSED CAN OF REDBULL**. The impact is violent and surprising, bloodying Cory's nose and mouth.

BRENDAN

*Oh, oh jesus christ-*

Cory staggers backwards, dropping his sword, as Gabbi stands there in shock.

CORY

*You fuckin- a fucking soda can-*

HEATHER  
You're fucking right, faggot,  
what're you gonna do about it-

BRENDAN  
*What the hell is wrong with you-*

HEATHER  
Fuck you bitch, I don't-

Cory suddenly lunges at Heather, and Brendan blocks him, holding him back.

CORY  
**I'M GONNA FUCKIN KILL YOU**

HEATHER  
*OH WHAT YOU'RE GONNA HIT A GIRL?*

CORY  
NO I'M GONNA...**KILL YOU** BRENDAN LET  
ME GO-

BRENDAN  
NO CORY-

CORY  
*SHE'S FUCKIN'- OSAMA BIN LADEN- I  
HAVE TO- DESTROY HER-*

HEATHER  
*OH YEAH BIG MAN, BIG FUCKIN' MAN  
GONNA BEAT UP A GIRL. Fuckin' do  
it, hit me right here, see who the  
fucking cops believe you pus-*

Gabbi **DECKS HEATHER IN THE FACE.**

Heather goes down flailing.

**Gabbi draws a sword.** Heather, shocked, scrambles and picks up hers as Gabbi *attacks!*

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
You fucking white trash- **abusive-**  
fake lesbian-

GABBI  
**FUCK YOU HEATHER!** There's no such  
thing as fucking fake lesbian!  
(MORE)

GABBI (CONT'D)

I can be whatever I want, and no one is going to tell me who I am, not straight people, not gay people, and certainly not you, *you fucking **crazy skank!***

Gabbi uses the chain to her advantage, knocking Heather down and starts wailing on her blade, filled with righteous anger, totally beating the crap out of her.

It's like Luke at the end of Return of The Jedi up in this bitch.

GABBI (CONT'D)

I am *who I AM!* I don't care what you or anyone else thinks! You're too fucked up for me to help! I love you, but the way I move on isn't by forgiving you, it's by **staying angry and letting you go!**

Gabbi *shatters* Heather's sword, then slices apart the chain, before she tosses aside her sword, disgusted. Heather sits there, shaking, staring up at Gabbi, crying and jawing wordlessly.

HEATHER

*You're so...mean.*

GABBI

God I can't believe I hated myself enough to deal with your shit.

(to Cory)

Let's get out of here.

Cory looks to Brendan, who nods. The three of them turn away, but then Brendan looks back to Heather, who's mumbling furious to herself and fumbling in her purse, *yank out a can of pepper spray and blasts it at Gabbi and Cory-*

Brendan **shrieks** and

IN SLOW MOTION

Reaches out and **grabs the spray-top of the pepper spray**, effectively diving on the grenade. The pepper spray **BLASTS HIM AND SPLASHES BACK INTO HEATHER'S FACE-**

BRENDAN

(raspy, choking)

**AHHH! WHYYYY-**

HEATHER

(MONSTROUS AGONY)

**REREAREAHHAEHHERYEHHRHEEEE**

There are more people noticing now, coming over; this is bad.

COR

*Come on, let's go, let's go-*

Cory and Gabbi grab Brendan and they all start sprinting out across the parking lot.

Heather, left alone, starts flailing wildly, and accidentally punches the side of a car, breaking her hand.

HEATHER

*Arghhhhh!**(long beat)*

*It's not fair. No one is ever fair to me. I'm the victim here. I'm the one who needs help-*

BYSTANDER

Hey do you need any-

HEATHER

***FUCKKK YOOOOUUUU***

INT. GRIFFIN'S APARTMENT - 4 AM

Griffin is woken up but a loud knock at the door. He's groggy, but he gets up and goes to the door.

He looks through the keyhole, and then quickly opens the door.

Brendan stands there looking BEAT TO SHIT.

GRIFFIN

Jesus christ, Brendan, what happened to you?

Brendan, punched in the throat and sprayed with mace, speaks in a disturbing, throaty voice.

BRENDAN

A lot. I need to-

GRIFFIN

Wait- about the parade, I didn't know- I thought, since you were at the bar, maybe you were already coming out, and then I saw what happened online, and I got embarrassed, and awkward, and-

BRENDAN

No, you were right.

GRIFFIN

What?

BRENDAN

I'm out, I came out. On the red  
carpet tonight. I just-  
(does a flourish)  
Boom, gay. Surprise, world.

There's a beat, and Brendan and Griffin both start laughing.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

I've had a crush on you for months.  
I want to ask you out on a date.

GRIFFIN

Now?

BRENDAN

Yes. Not the date now, but yes.  
I'm asking. Now.

Griffin looks past Brendan down to the car, where he sees Cory and Gabbi, who are playing with one of the complimentary yo-yo's.

GRIFFIN

I...Sure. Yes.

BRENDAN

Okay. Great. Here, have this  
bottle of herbal facewash. I'd  
kiss you, but I'm a disgusting  
monster.

Brendan walks down the stairs, back to the car, but Griffin stops him, and gives him a light kiss on the lips.

Brendan grabs him and kisses him full on the mouth, sexy; fuschia electricity *crackles around them*.

Brendan grins, looking puffy and scary, and hurries down to the car. He tries to hi-five Cory, but he's still blind and they end up hitting each other in the face.

INT. BRENDAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Cory, Brendan and Gabbi are laying in a sort of loose pile on the couch, watching TV.

Well, Cory is. Brendan and Gabbi are asleep.



Cory stares at Gabbi while she sleeps.

CORY  
I wish I could read your mind.

GABBI  
Maybe you can.

Gabbi smiles, and squeezes his hand.

EXT. BRENDAN'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - MORNING

Brendan, his face still a little swollen from his injuries, goes out onto his balcony, and sees the older city worker spraying the street down. The spray guy notices him.

They lock eyes. The spray guy points at him.

Brendan nods, and points back at the spray worker. The spray worker nods approvingly. "Yeah, you did it." Brendan goes inside.

EXT. THE 405 - SOUTHBOUND - MORNING

Brendan's driving Cory to the airport. Gabbi sits in the back with Cory, and they clutch each other's hand. Gabbi tears up, but then quickly wipes it away.

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DEPARTURES

Brendan pulls over to let Cory out, popping the trunk. Cory gets out and meets Brendan there. Cory gets his back, and slams the trunk.

BRENDAN  
That was-

CORY  
Crazy.

BRENDAN  
Crazy.

CORY  
You're coming back for winter  
break, right?

BRENDAN  
Why don't you come here?

CORY  
It's not that easy, I'm-

BRENDAN  
Scared?

CORY  
...I'm not scared.

Brendan looks at Cory, self conscious and vulnerable, and smirks.

BRENDAN  
I love you Cory.

CORY  
Yeah, well, I love you more, so I guess I win.

BRENDAN  
Why are you doing this?

CORY  
What?

BRENDAN  
Why go back?

CORY  
I have to, my job, I-

BRENDAN  
Really?

Cory looks around.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)  
You know, I listened to your voicemail.

CORY  
...oh yeah?

BRENDAN  
Yeah. You should know...if you came out here, you wouldn't be starting from nothing.  
(beat)  
You wouldn't be alone.

Cory falters, clearly processing this. He looks around self-consciously.

CORY  
Yeah well...See you soon.

BRENDAN  
See me sooner, watch Hard Truth  
Wednesdays on FX.

Cory laughs, and goes up onto the sidewalk, where he sees Gabbi. They're both quiet. Cory walks up to her, and they lean against each other, silently.

GABBI  
This is okay.

CORY  
Yeah, this is good, this is totally  
fine.

GABBI  
This was the only- yeah, this was  
the only-

Cory grabs Gabbi and kisses her; fierce at first, but then slower, sadder, both of them realizing they're crying as they turn it into a hug.

GABBI (CONT'D)  
Why are we crying we shouldn't be  
crying-

CORY  
Right because this is was just a  
casual-

GABBI  
Casual hook up thing I know-

CORY  
And yet we're both crying-

GABBI  
And just standing here-

CORY  
Yeah this doesn't feel casual-

GABBI	CORY
No it doesn't these is really dramatic-	Not dramatic, it's not it just- it's intense-

GABBI  
Yeah, it feels...I feel freaked  
out.

CORY

Me too, I feel... I mean what if I don't- see you again- I don't want that to just now be the last time I kiss you, with all the tears and snot now, it's not-

GABBI

No that was a fine kiss. I just- it's not a last kiss, there's- we'll see each other again.

CORY

How?

GABBI

Don't say how. We'll...we will we just will.

CORY

You're gonna go, date someone, and I'm gonna-

GABBI

Dude stop.

CORY

Okay.

GABBI

Okay.

They hold hands for a moment, squeezing goodbye, and then walk off in different directions.

And then about a second later they rush back to each other, embracing back into another tearful make-out session.

CORY

Okay we really have to.

GABBI

Okay okay-

CORY

It isn't over, okay? It isn't...We've got time.

Gabbi, after a beat, nods. They separate again, sobbing.

GABBI

Are you happy?

CORY

What?

GABBI

There. Are you happy there?

Cory's quiet, and Gabbi shakes her head, sobbing, and gets into the car. We follow Cory through the airport, crying.

WE MOVE INTO A  
MONTAGE

Eventually Gabbi's home. Cory's on the plane. They're both crying. They're gone. But they can still feel that pull, that pink electricity that yanks you from right under the solar plexus.

Maybe it'll fade. But sometimes the fade is even more painful than the break.

The montage continues, as we see

DAWN IN LOS  
ANGELES

The Bizarre Korean Man is jogging up Runyon canyon. "Whoo!" He shouts as he passes some jogging models, scaring the shit out of them.

The little shocked Asian boy is brushing his teeth in the mirror, proud of himself. He practices his "shocked" face, and laughs.

The Little Indian Girl is between her parents up Hollywood Boulevard, looking at the stars on the walk of fame. She trips and falls on her face, and begins to cry.

Her mother picks her up, and they walk together, past a poster for the new season of **HARD JUSTICE**. She smiles into her mother's shoulder.

Santa Monica Pier. Griffith Park Observatory. Vasquez rocks. The motel room Cory and Gabbi stayed in that night.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. FLORIDA - CORY'S APARTMENT BUILDING

We can see Cory sitting alone on his bed through the window.

INT. CORY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Cory sits in his mostly empty apartment. Indeed, he's living out of suitcases. He stares at them, sitting on his bed, deep in thought.

INT. CORY'S OFFICE - NIGHT - DAYS LATER

Cory sits in his office, finishing a report. He finishes, slamming closed his laptop. He stares up at his eleven employee of the month plaques.

He sighs, and looks around.

CORY

Fuck this.

INT. THE ABBEY - NIGHT

The Abbey, a super fun gay club in WeHo, is jumping off the hook. Kris and Laura are cuddling by the bar; Brendan, in sunglasses, grabs them more drinks.

Gabbi meanwhile, is dancing close and sexy with that pixie cute girl from earlier. Lots of women eying her.

She breaks from the dance, laughing and smiling flirtatiously, and then makes her way to the bar. As she does, she gets a text.

**HEY. GABBI.**

Gabbi's eyes widen and she smiles nervously, then more legitimately as she reaches the bar.

LAURA

What's up?

Gabbi shows her the phone. Laura actually smiles, but then the phone vibrates again. She stares at it, and then shows it to Gabbi.

**I QUIT.**

**SEE YOU IN TWO WEEKS?**

Gabbi stares at it, her face totally unreadable, but the hint of a smile touches the sides of her mouth and-

EXT. CORY'S OFFICE - PARKING LOT

Cory is standing out in the parking lot, in the near darkness, watching his employee of the month plaques burn in a bonfire.

The phone in his hand buzzes.

**FUCK.**

**YES.**

Cory smiles, chuckles, and *jumps into the air!*

Freeze on Cory's Victory jump!

Unfreeze!

Cory comes crashing back down onto the asphalt, hitting his tailbone really hard.

CORY

OW! FUCKING- AHH JESUS, MY ASS!  
WHAT IS THAT!? WHAT IS THAT  
ABOUT!? I WAS DOING MY JUMP!  
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO FREEZE ON THE  
JUMP, IT'S INSPIRING-

SLAM TO BLACK.

THE END.

**AFTER THE CARDS...**

INT. E! NEWS BULLETIN

They're showing a picture of Brendan.

E! REPORTER

-and E! News was live on the scene  
to catch every minute.

They show footage of Brendan coming out and hugging his parents. There's also footage of him hugging Steve and Scotty, who look perturbed, but hesitantly happy and supportive.

E! REPORTER (CONT'D)  
 Now that the dust has settled,  
 you've gotta wonder who he thinks  
 he is. An A list player like  
 Ehrlick coming out just reeks of a  
 publicity grab.

IDIOT ASSHOLE  
 Yeah, I mean, does anyone really  
 care if Brendan Ehrlick is gay?

SLAM TO BLACK.

**MIDWAY THROUGH THE CREDITS...**

We are treated to promos for the new season of **HARD JUSTICE**, as well as an online video entitled "**LESBIAN FREAK OUT REMIX**," featuring Gabbi and Cory's fight in Beverly Hills, glitch-beat edited and set to thumping techno music.

This was what the guy filming for youtube made.

**AFTER THE CREDITS...**

EXT. MALIBU - LONELY BEACH - SUNSET

The **DOOFY LOOKING GUY** who Cory accidentally slashed at the premiere party is on his knees on the beach, looking into the sunset.

He now has a giant, scary scar across his whole face. He looks forlorn and miserable. A single tear drops down his face.

OLD MAN (O.S.)  
 I know you feel lost, and alone,  
 like there's nothing to hold on to.  
 But I can give your life new  
 meaning, a new purpose.

The Doofy Looking Guy looks up, and sees the Old Man standing on the sand next to him. He offers the doof Cory's toothpick sword.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)  
**Revenge.**



He takes the sword, which abruptly ***extends into a real blade!***

The Doofus wipes his tear, and, with a nasty sneer, takes the Old Man's hand.

SLAM TO BLACK ON  
THE OLD MAN'S  
EVIL LAUGH