

queer asfolk

EPISODE 408

Teleplay By
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queerasfolk

EPISODE 408

CAST LIST

BRIAN KINNEY.....Gale Harold
MICHAEL NOVOTNY.....Hal Sparks
JUSTIN TAYLOR.....Randy Harrison
TED SCHMIDT.....Scott Lowell
EMMETT HONEYCUTT.....Peter Paige
LINDSAY PETERSON.....Thea Gill
MELANIE MARCUS.....Michelle Clunie
BEN BRUCKNER.....Robert Gant
VIC GRASSI.....Jack Wetherall
HUNTER.....Harris Allan
SAM AUERBACH.....Robin Thomas
and as
DEBBIE NOVOTNY.....Sharon Gless

GUEST CAST

RECOVERY NURSE	LIBERTY DINER #1
SALESMAN	LIBERTY DINER #2
BRET SANGER	MIDDLE-AGED QUEEN
CARL HORVATH	HAROLD
CYNTHIA	GOLDICOCKS
JACOB	OFFICER MAKOWSKI
PRESTON	TONY
MIRANDA	DRIVER

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1 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

1

SHIRTLESS BOYS crowd the dance floor to a REMIX of Jerry Lee Lewis's "Great Balls of Fire." FIND BRIAN, dancing shirtless in the sea of men, being pawed and worshipped by his fans.

ADMIRERS

Brian Kinney's a god/The best fuck I've ever had/Perfect nine-incher/Perfect balls/Brian Kinney's perfect -- perfect -- perfect --

Suddenly a hand spins Brian around. It's VIC.

VIC

Well, look who it is. *

BRIAN

Vic -- what the fuck are you doing here? *

VIC

I believe that's my line.

BRIAN

Sorry --

VIC

Shall we take it again?

(beat)

What the fuck are you doing here?

BRIAN

We're in Babylon, aren't we?

VIC

In case you forgot, the great Writer-in-the-Sky recently wrote me out. Permanently. *

BRIAN

Then -- where are we? *

VIC

You've got one of two choices. *

Brian looks again: SEES all the boys are in white. *

BRIAN

If this is your heaven, it must be my hell.

VIC

Now what kind of attitude is that -- considering we have so much in common?

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

BRIAN

Like what?

VIC

Well, it ain't two testicles!

As Babylon bubbles with laughter:

VIC (CONT'D)

Turned out you were everything you never wanted to be, kiddo. Old, diseased and imperfect.

*

FANS

Old! Diseased! Imperfect!

Jerry Lee Lewis YELPS "Goodness, gracious! Great Ball of Fire!"

RECOVERY NURSE (V.O.)

Mr. Kinney --?

CUT TO:

2

INT. HOSPITAL - RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

2

Brian is lying on a bed in recovery, dressed in a hospital gown, an I.V. still in his arm. He slowly opens his eyes.

RECOVERY NURSE

Mr. Kinney, you're in recovery. How do you feel?

BRIAN

(groggily)

I'm having a ball.

CUT TO:

3

EXT. STREET - DAY

3

MICHAEL and BEN are about to mount their bikes, on their way out for the day. Michael is dressed in a sports jacket and tie.

MICHAEL

I can't tell you how much I'm not looking forward to this.

There's a thinly disguised edge to Ben's voice:

BEN

Meeting a big, Hollywood director?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Going shopping with my mother.

BEN

At least she's getting out of the house.

MICHAEL

And I get to sit in a dressing room with a bunch of women parading around in girdles and bras, telling her which outfit looks best.

BEN

Judging from TV, I thought it's one of the few things us queers are good for. *

HUNTER bounds out with his bike, takes note of Michael's attire.

HUNTER

Fabulous duds, dude!

MICHAEL

Get on your bike and shut up.

As they RIDE down the street:

HUNTER

If Brett Keller makes "Rage" into a movie, are we gonna be rich? *

MICHAEL

Beyond our wildest, most improbable dreams.

HUNTER

Right on!

(to Ben)

Then we get to spend all his money.

(back to Michael)

Can you get me an autographed picture of Cameron Diaz? She's fuckin' hot! *

MICHAEL

Wouldn't you rather have one of Leonardo or Toby?

As he peels off, Ben calls:

BEN

Learn something!

(then to Michael)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (2)

3

BEN (cont'd)

I've got to stop by the post office,
mail off a couple more manuscripts.

MICHAEL

Good luck.

BEN

(a bit obligatory)

You, too.

Ben starts to bicycle off.

MICHAEL

Hey, don't I get a kiss?

Ben bicycles back, gives him a quick peck.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Thanks --

As he watches Ben go:

CUT TO:

4

INT. LIBERTY DINER DAY - DAY

4

It's a busy morning. Too many customers, not enough help. Poor JUSTIN is being pulled in all directions. He finally makes his way over to TED and MELANIE with their breakfast orders.

MELANIE

It's about time. We only ordered
yesterday.

TED

What'd you have to do, send to France
for my omelette?

JUSTIN

Sorry, guys -- things're nuts without
Debbie. I don't know how she does it.

*
*

TED

It takes an iron hand to control all
these limp wrists.

MELANIE

Hey, where's my side of bacon?

JUSTIN

Shit. I mean -- comin' right up!

As he charges away:

(CONTINUED)

TED

I thought Jews didn't eat pork.

MELANIE

They waive that law for pregnant
lesbians second Tuesday of each month.

Ted nods as Brian enters in a designer suit and very cool
sunglasses.

BRIAN

Greetings, serfs and vassals.

He joins them in the booth.

TED/MELANIE

Brian --! Welcome home! *

MELANIE

How was your trip?

BRIAN

Infuckin'credible! I hope you, too,
will one day be able to experience the
wonders of Ibiza. The sea, the beach --

TED

-- "the men"?

BRIAN

Did I not mention that?

MELANIE

For someone who's just been to sunny
Spain, you're not very tan. *

BRIAN

Rained practically every day. But I
found plenty to do indoors. *

Just then, Justin arrives with Mel's side order.

JUSTIN

Here's your bacon, dry and crisp -- *

He sees Brian: They exchange a look, then finally: *

JUSTIN (cont'd)

You're back. *

BRIAN

And you're still here. *

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

I said I'd be, didn't I? So how was your trip?

*
*
*

MELANIE

The weather sucked.

*
*

TED

But so did the men.

*
*

JUSTIN

I'd love to hear more, but I've got to get to class.

*

As Ted takes a last big bite of his breakfast:

*

TED

And someone else better get his ass to the office before his boss has his head.

*
*
*
*

He races out, Melanie calling:

*

MELANIE

Don't worry -- I'll finish it for you.

Melanie grabs his plate, as Brian intercepts Justin.

*

BRIAN

Want a lift?

JUSTIN

That's okay -- I'm sure you've got more important things to do.

*
*
*

CUT TO:

5 EXT. CAMPUS / INT. BRIAN'S CAR - DAY

5

Brian drives, Justin sits beside him, silent. Finally:

*

BRIAN

I was going to send you a postcard --

*

JUSTIN

But the post office was on strike.

*

BRIAN

I meant to call --

*

JUSTIN

But the battery died, and you didn't have your re-charger.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

Justin gives him a look. *

JUSTIN (CONT'D) *

You don't have to make up reasons or
excuses -- you're a lousy liar, anyway. *
I just hope you got "whatever it was"
out of your system. *

BRIAN

(eyes on the road)

It's out, all right.

Brian pulls up in front of campus. STUDENTS walking by.
Justin grabs his bag, starts to get out. Brian pulls him
back. A beat, then:

BRIAN (cont'd)

By the way -- I missed you. *

JUSTIN

Prove it.

Brian turns Justin's face to his, kisses him.

JUSTIN (cont'd)

You'll have to do better than that.

Brian kisses him again.

JUSTIN (cont'd)

I'm still not convinced.

Brian kisses him again. Long and hard.

JUSTIN (cont'd)

Okay, I believe you.

He gets out of the car.

BRIAN

See you tonight?

JUSTIN

If I'm in town.

BRIAN

Going somewhere?

Justin grins. *

JUSTIN

Hollywood.

5

CONTINUED: (2)

5

As he heads toward campus, Brian removes his sunglasses. For the first time, we see how exhausted he looks.

*
*

CUT TO:

6

EXT. MONUMENT SHOWROOM - YARD - DAY

6

DEBBIE's shopping for a memorial stone. Michael and EMMETT trail after her.

DEBBIE

Too small. Too plain. Too fancy.

MICHAEL

(to Emmett)

When she said she wanted to go shopping, I thought it was to look at dresses.

EMMETT

Well, look at it this way. At least she doesn't have to try them on, and you don't have to zip them up.

Debbie stops at a mammoth monument sporting a giant sculpture of Gabriel, blowing his trumpet.

DEBBIE

This is the one. This is it!

MICHAEL

Jesus, Ma, it's like -- Mt. Rushmore.

As a SALESMAN comes over:

SALESMAN

Ah, my favorite.

EMMETT

Bet he says that about all the tombstones --

SALESMAN

The Angel Gabriel, welcoming God's children to the Heavenly Gates.

MICHAEL

Hope she doesn't want to buy the children, too.

DEBBIE

So how much does one of these things run?

(CONTINUED)

SALESMAN

Twenty-seven thousand.

MICHAEL

For a hood ornament?

SALESMAN

It's solid marble, sir. Guaranteed to last forever.

EMMETT

At that price it better.

MICHAEL

Ma, you're not serious. *

DEBBIE

(cutting him off)

Your uncle was a size queen -- he'd have loved it. *

MICHAEL

I'm sure he'd be perfectly happy with a simple headstone --

DEBBIE

The kind they put on a pauper's grave? No fuckin' way! Everybody who comes to Lakeview Cemetery's gonna know how much Vic Grassi was loved by his family!

MICHAEL

And how do you plan to pay for it?

DEBBIE

I'll cash in my retirement fund. Take a third out on the house. Pick up a couple of extra shifts at the diner -- *

EMMETT

You practically work twenty-four seven as it is.

MICHAEL

Ma, this is insane. I'm not going to let you spend your last cent --

DEBBIE

And since when do you tell me what I can and can not do? This is for my brother and it's my money. I'll spend it any goddamn fucking way I please!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

DEBBIE (cont'd)
(to the salesman)
Wrap it up!

*

CUT TO:

7 INT. SIDNEY BLOOM GALLERY - DAY

7

LINDSAY is with a CUSTOMER, standing in front of a French Impressionist nude.

LINDSAY
Note in particular the luminosity of
the skin tones, giving the young woman
an almost ethereal quality --

SAM AUERBACH, a small piece of medical tape across his nose,
steps up beside them.

AUERBACH
(to the client)
If you're in the market for a French
Impressionist girlie painting, nobody
did titties and be-hinds better than
Renoir.

*
*
*

The customer flees.

LINDSAY
I was just about to sell that!

AUERBACH
Sentimental piece of horseshit.

He barks orders to his buxom assistant, Miranda, who is
carrying a stack of sketches:

AUERBACH (cont'd)
Put 'em down right there, Miranda.
Good girl. Now go get me a ham and
cheese on rye.

He watches her jiggle off.

LINDSAY
If anybody knows about "titties and
be-hinds", it's you.

*

AUERBACH
Easy, killer. I don't want another pop
in the kisser.

LINDSAY
Don't tell me it still hasn't healed.

(CONTINUED)

AUERBACH

Actually, I just wore this to make you feel sorry for me.

He rips off the band-aid.

LINDSAY

(amused, in spite of herself)
It almost worked. So, what's all this -
- ?

AUERBACH

I've decided to let you show my stuff. *

LINDSAY

But why, after I punched you --? *

Just then, his cell RINGS. He answers.

AUERBACH *

What?

(angrily)
I already gave you money, you heartless bitch! If you want more, go out and work the streets like the whore that you are!

(he clicks off)
My wife. We're estranged.

LINDSAY

I gathered.

AUERBACH

All my ex-wives and I are estranged.

LINDSAY

I'm not surprised.

AUERBACH

You know, if I had any brains, I'd be a lesbian, like you.

LINDSAY

Why's that?

AUERBACH

All the pussy you want, and no overhead.

LINDSAY

(laughs)
You're remarkable!

AUERBACH

So I've been told -- mostly by greedy wives and goldiggers. You have no idea what a pleasure it is to finally meet a woman who for once wants absolutely nothing from me, except to show my work. By the way, you know how to cook?

*
*

LINDSAY

I happen to be an excellent cook.

AUERBACH

You think one of them even knew how to turn on a stove? So when're you inviting me home to dinner?

*

CUT TO:

INT. THE HIPPEST RESTAURANT IN PITTSBURGH - DAY

FIND Michael and Justin, being wooed over a power lunch by BRETT KELLER, handsome, sexy, dynamic gay film director.

*

BRETT

When I first saw Rage, I said -- finally someone's created an honest-to-God gay superhero -- not one of those two-dimensional closet cases -- who's out, who's got a boyfriend, who actually fucks!

*
*
*
*
*

MICHAEL

We figured as long as we're doing it, we might as well go all the way.

*
*

BRETT

And you have! You've given every kid who's ever been bullied, who's had to keep his true identity a secret but who's somehow managed to survive, his own crusader, his own crusader, his own role model. I only wish there'd been something like this when I was growing up.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

MICHAEL

Thanks Mr. Keller.

*

BRETT

Brett. And I should be thanking you.

*
*

MICHAEL

However, we do have some concerns.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

That someone might want to be change things.

*
*
*

BRETT

You mean like making Rage straight?

(laughs)

I'll personally chop the dick off of any studio executive who tries!

(moving in)

I want this film to be as dark, gritty, edgy, as your comic. As for Rage, every actor in Hollywood's going to want to play him.

*
*
*

MICHAEL

I thought a lot of straight actors won't take gay parts.

BRETT

No one's going to turn this down. So who do you picture -- Johnny, Ashton, Matt?

*
*
*

JUSTIN

Brian.

BRETT

Brian?

JUSTIN

My boyfriend.

MICHAEL

And my best friend. We based the character on him.

*

BRETT

Is he as gorgeous as Rage?

*

MICHAEL

Some people think so.

JUSTIN

Most people think so.

BRETT

I've got to meet him.

(to Justin)

Just to get an idea.

*

MICHAEL

How about tomorrow night? We could all go to Babylon.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED: (2)

8

JUSTIN

It's a dance club. They're having a
Wet Willie Contest.

*
*

BRETT

Who said there's nothing to do in
Pittsburgh!

*
*

His cell phone BLEEEEPS.

*

BRETT (cont'd)

Sorry --

(answering)

Colin!

(mouthing to them)

Farrell.

(into phone)

Hey, how'd you like to put on a pair of
tights and fly through the sky?

Michael and Justin look at each other, slightly dazed. As
the waiter pours them champagne:

CUT TO:

9

OMITTED

9

10

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

10

Debbie's putting some new buttons on her waitress' vest.
Emmett tries to tempt her with a tray of food.

DEBBIE

Whaddya think of this?

EMMETT

"Speak softly and carry a big dick"
Cute. How about "Eat this".

DEBBIE

(searching)

Where do you see that one?

EMMETT

(re: the tray)

Right here.

DEBBIE

No thanks, honey.

EMMETT

Would you eat a little something?

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

Maybe later.

He shrugs, starts to take the tray away. Debbie pops up, grabs it from him.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Here, let me do that. I'm a little rusty -- oughta get back in shape for tomorrow.

EMMETT

Are you sure you want to go back so soon? Maybe you should give yourself more time.

DEBBIE

Vic's angel's not gonna pay for itself. He's going to have the best looking grave in that cemetery --

Just then, the doorbell RRRRINGS.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Who the hell's that? Probably my son trying to talk me out of it again. Well, you can tell him -- never mind, I'll tell him myself!

Emmett answers the door, surprised to see CARL HORVATH standing there.

EMMETT

Do I detect a detective? *

HORVATH

Hi, Emmett --

DEBBIE

I don't give a shit what you say, Michael, I'm not --
(she stops)

Carl.

HORVATH

Hello, Debbie.

DEBBIE

We -- uh -- we got your flowers. That was very thoughtful of you, to remember Vic. *

HORVATH

He was a nice guy. *

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

Forgive me -- I haven't had time to write a note --

HORVATH

Don't trouble yourself, I understand.

An awkward beat, then:

EMMETT

Would you like to come in? We have some fruit cake left over from Christmas.

He leads a confused-looking Horvath in.

DEBBIE

Emmett lives here now. Gotta have someone buggin' the shit outta me.

HORVATH

Actually, I stopped by to see if you'd like to go out, grab a bite.

EMMETT

Talk about angels! She'd love to -- wouldn't you, Deb? Just have her back by a decent hour.

DEBBIE

Thank you, Carl, but I'm starting back to work at the diner tomorrow. So -- maybe some other time.

She excuses herself, goes upstairs. As Emmett and Carl watch her go:

CUT TO:

11 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

11

Justin is excitedly telling Brian about his lunch, as Brian is getting undressed.

JUSTIN

He loves it, fucking loves it -- thinks it's genius!

Brian offers a weary smile.

BRIAN

That's nice.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

And he swears that no matter what, the characters'll be exactly like they are in the comic -- hard-ass, edgy and queer!

BRIAN

Great.

JUSTIN

And wait'll you hear this. When I told him that we based Rage on you, he said, "I want to meet this guy!" So we made plans to go to Babylon tomorrow night. Contingent, of course, on your availability.

BRIAN

I'll have to get my tights back from the cleaners.

Brian bends down to take off his pants. He appears to be sore and stiff.

JUSTIN

Hurt yourself?

BRIAN

Must've sprained a muscle when I was in Ibiza.

JUSTIN

I can guess which one.
(then, noticing)
You know, you look really tired.

BRIAN

Just jet lag.
(then snapping his fingers)
I'm fabuloso, senor!

JUSTIN

Wish I could say the same about those shorts. *

Brian heads off to the bathroom in his baggy briefs.

JUSTIN (cont'd)

(calls, naughtily) *
And don't play with yourself in the shower, I've got -- "other plans"! *

He whips off his shirt as the phone RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN (cont'd)
(calling)
You want me to get that? Brian? *

Brian can't hear him above the shower. The machine picks up.

BRIAN'S VOICE
Leave me a message.

BEEP.

DOCTOR'S VOICE (ON MACHINE)
Hello, Mr. Kinney, this is Dr.
Markowitz from the Johns-Hopkins
Oncology Center.

Hearing that, Justin moves closer to the machine.

DOCTOR'S VOICE (cont'd)
I'd like to discuss your post-surgery
options, so please call me at 410-555-
4832. *

BEEP. Justin stands there for several terrified beats.

JUSTIN
Brian --? *

He heads for the shower, but suddenly changes his mind, stops, uncertain what to do. Then he spots Brian's half-unpacked travel bag. He goes over, quickly opens it, starts searching. He pulls out a couple of bottles of prescription pills. As he reads the labels:

CUT TO:

12 INT. MELANIE & LINDSAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

12

Lindsay, Melanie and dinner guest, Sam Auerbach, are finishing dessert.

AUERBACH
-- so when I told my dear Aunt Fay that I'd love to paint her something for her eightieth birthday, she said, "Sammy, I've never liked your paintings, but the bedroom could sure use a fresh coat."

The gals crack up.

MELANIE
Sounds like my Aunt Rita!

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

Well, you know what they say -- your family never appreciates your work.

MELANIE

Not in this house. I love Lindsay's paintings.

AUERBACH

(surprised)

You paint?

Lindsay shoots Melanie a look -- thanks a lot. Then:

LINDSAY

I -- dabble.

AUERBACH

Why didn't you say so?

LINDSAY

That's like saying to Jonas Salk, "I've been working on a vaccine in my basement."

MELANIE

She's far too modest, so I'll boast for her.

LINDSAY

Mel --!

MELANIE

Shut up. She studied at Carnegie-Mellon, had her work in a couple of exhibits --

AUERBACH

I'm impressed.

LINDSAY

Don't be. That was years ago.

MELANIE

We just built her a new studio --

LINDSAY

Which I've barely used.

MELANIE

Why don't you show Sam --?

LINDSAY

No! Absolutely not!

(CONTINUED)

AUERBACH

(to Melanie)

She's obviously very shy about anyone seeing her work, which I totally understand.

LINDSAY

Thank you, Sam.

AUERBACH

But I say, get over it! Every artist is a self-centered, egomaniacal fascist. So spare me the modesty shit.

CUT TO:

13 INT. MEL & LINDSAY'S HOUSE - LINDSAY'S STUDIO - CONTINUOUS 13

Sam studies a couple of Lindsay's mostly abstract paintings leaning against the wall. He takes his time, giving them thoughtful consideration.

LINDSAY

(whispering to Melanie)

I'm so embarrassed -- humiliated.

MELANIE

Come on -- how many times do you get a famous artist to critique your work, share his creative insight?

(then)

What do you think, Sam?

AUERBACH

Pretty colors.

*

Lindsay and Melanie exchange a look.

LINDSAY

That's it?

AUERBACH

I like that doodle in the corner. Cute.

LINDSAY

"Cute".

(to Melanie)

I think Sam's seen enough.

AUERBACH

But don't listen to me -- what the fuck do I know about other people's art? I just make my own.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

MELANIE

Fair enough --

AUERBACH

More important -- what do you think?

Lindsay regards her canvasses for a beat, then:

LINDSAY

I think they're academic, derivative, uninspired. Which is pretty much why I stopped painting.

AUERBACH

There must be something that inspired you once --

Melanie goes to a cabinet or drawer, takes out a sketch (charcoal, or pen & ink).

MELANIE

There's this. I love this.

LINDSAY

There was this old homeless man I passed every day on my way to class. His face was lined and haunted, as if he were staring at death -- or worse -- the failure of his life. I don't know why, but I had to sketch him.

Sam studies it, doesn't say anything.

CUT TO:

14 INT. RED CAPE COMICS - DAY

14

Michael is assembling a new Rage display. A life-size figure, holding a sign with both arms overhead that heralds: "9". Justin comes in, distressed.

MICHAEL

Hey --! What do you think? A daily countdown until the new issue of Rage comes out.

Justin doesn't say anything. Stares at the figure.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

What's wrong? You don't like him?

Justin doesn't answer. Then abruptly:

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

Did you know?

MICHAEL

(confused)

Huh --?

JUSTIN

Did. You. Know.

MICHAEL

Know what?

JUSTIN

About Brian!

(then)

He didn't go to Ibiza.

MICHAEL

Well where did he go -- South Beach?
Cancun?

JUSTIN

Johns Hopkins.

(off Michael's look)

It's a hospital in Baltimore.

MICHAEL

I know what it is. What was he doing
there?

A beat, then:

JUSTIN

There was a message from a Dr.
Markowitz on his machine. Checking up
on his surgery -- and to discuss follow-
up treatment. So I called the hospital
to find out who Doctor Markowitz is.
He's an oncologist who specializes in
testicular cancer.

As if things weren't bad enough:

MICHAEL

Oh, God --

JUSTIN

I went through his bag. I found
Vicodin, antibiotics --

MICHAEL

Holy shit.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN
So you really didn't know?

Michael shakes his head.

JUSTIN (cont'd)
Well if he didn't tell you and he
didn't tell me -- who did he tell?

MICHAEL
My guess is, no one.

JUSTIN
(in disbelief)
That he has cancer?

MICHAEL
If he'd wanted us to know, he would've
told us!

JUSTIN
So what're we supposed to do? Keep our
mouths shut? Act like we don't know
anything?

MICHAEL
If that's what he wants -- that's
exactly what we do.

CUT TO:

15 INT. KINNETIK - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

15

Brian is heading up a staff meeting, pacing back and forth.
Ted and CYNTHIA are there, along with JACOB, from the art
department, PRESTON, a copywriter, as well as some other
EMPLOYEES.

BRIAN
Endovir's sales are up eighteen percent
since we launched the new campaign,
they want to re-book for the next issue
of "Heat," as well as add "Gay Today"
and "Living with H.I.V." Ted, we need
rates.

TED
Right on it --

BRIAN
We're also going to need a new campaign
after this round --

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

JACOB

I already have some sketches for you to look over.

PRESTON

And I've got copy to go with them.

BRIAN

Nice going. Now what about Brown Athletics? Did they get the contracts back?

CYNTHIA

Came in yesterday with a ten grand deposit.

TED

Already in the bank --

Brian reaches to pour himself a glass of water, suddenly gets dizzy, grabs the table to keep from falling over.

TED (cont'd)

Brian, you okay?

CYNTHIA

Brian -- ?

BRIAN

Would you excuse me --

As he exits, and the others exchange a look of concern:

CUT TO:

16 INT. KINNETIK - BRIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

16

Brian manages to reach the couch, practically collapses. Ted comes in, goes to him.

TED

Brian -- ?

BRIAN

I'm fine --

TED

You sure as hell don't look it. You practically fainted --

BRIAN

I'm just a little tired from the trip, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

TED

Maybe you should go home. We can finish this up tomorr--

BRIAN

(snapping)

I said I'm fine! Now let's finish the goddamn meeting!

Brian forces himself to his feet, heads to the door.

TED

You don't have to be so testy.

Brian stops, gives him a look, then exits.

CUT TO:

17 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

17

The diner is packed. Debbie's back in force, doing her lunch hour skirmish. As she delivers food to a table:

DEBBIE

One Pink Plate, one meatloaf --

LIBERTY DINER #1

(correcting her)

Pot pie.

DEBBIE

Pot pie. Sorry, honey. First day back and all.

She takes back the meatloaf, then calls out:

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Who the fuck had the meatloaf?

From another table:

LIBERTY DINER #2

Meatloaf!

DEBBIE

(delivering it)

Whatcha do -- switch tables?

She starts on her way, stops, a little disoriented. We HEAR what Debbie hears: NOISES in the diner. LOUD, PIERCING, REVERBERATING. Debbie shakes them off -- as Emmett comes in, goes over to her.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

How's my favorite Personal Service Professional -- except, of course, for Carlos at the House of Massage?

DEBBIE

I'm doing fine. Aren't I, guys?

EMMETT

I just thought if you're done, I'd escort you home.

DEBBIE

That's tray gal-lant. But I'm not off until seven-thirty.

EMMETT

(checks the time)
That's only half an --

DEBBIE

A.M. I took another shift.

Just then, A MIDDLE-AGED QUEEN pipes up:

MIDDLE-AGED QUEEN

Who do you have to fuck to get service around here?

EMMETT

Me. Which means you're going to be waiting for a llllllllong time.

DEBBIE

(to Her Majesty)
What can I do for you, honey?

MIDDLE-AGED QUEEN

I'm the pea soup -- remember?

DEBBIE

Right.

She starts back to the pick-up window when a diner, HAROLD, 50's, intercepts her.

HAROLD

Debbie --? I'm Harold -- I was a friend of Vic's. I just wanted to tell you how sorry I was to hear of his --

Placing orders on a tray, she cuts him off.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

Thanks.

But he continues.

HAROLD

He was always saying what a great relationship you two had. How he looked up to you. That you were more than a sister -- you were his best friend.

*

*

She hoists the tray.

DEBBIE

I've gotta get this order over to --

HAROLD

I know it must be difficult right now, but at least you have the comfort of knowing how much he loved you.

DEBBIE

I fuckin' said I'm busy --!

He looks at her, surprised, leaves. Debbie stands there, hearing the NOISES. LOUD. REVERBERATING. This time they don't stop. They get LOUDER. Debbie seems frozen to the spot, unable to move. She starts to shake. Then she drops the tray with an enormous clatter. The diner goes SILENT. Emmett rushes to her:

EMMETT

Deb --? Debbie --?

She doesn't answer. Just stands there.

CUT TO:

18 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - DAY

18

Debbie sits in her robe. Michael is with her. Emmett brings her a mug of hot tea.

EMMETT

I told her it was too soon --

DEBBIE

I got a little shaky, that's all. Didn't have my sea-legs back yet. I'll be better tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

You're not going back tomorrow. Or the next day. You're going to take a few weeks off.

DEBBIE

The hell I am!

EMMETT

Would you calm down, Deb? We're only looking out for your best interest.

DEBBIE

I know what my best interest is -- and that's to work, so I can pay for Vic's monument.

MICHAEL

That doesn't mean you have to kill yourself!

DEBBIE

You don't understand! You don't have a fuckin' clue!

MICHAEL

Then why don't you give me a fucking hint!

But she refuses. Sits there, silent.

CUT TO:

19 INT. HOTEL - AUERBACH'S SUITE - NIGHT

19

Auerbach's brightly colored sketches and drawings for the mural are strewn all over the living room. Lindsay and Sam looking them over.

LINDSAY

They're all so vibrant, so dynamic -- I don't know which to choose.

AUERBACH

Pick 'em all! You'll make more money.

LINDSAY

A simple -- and practical -- solution.

She starts to carefully gather them up, as he studies her.

AUERBACH

You know, you surprise me.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

Oh?

AUERBACH

To look at you, no one would ever suspect --

LINDSAY

That I'm a lesbian?

AUERBACH

That a beautiful blonde could also be smart, honest, funny -- and supremely talented.

LINDSAY

It's not that uncommon.

AUERBACH

It's not?

LINDSAY

How many women have you actually bothered to know -- or let know you -- before you fucked them? Or married them?

He laughs. She has a point.

LINDSAY (cont'd)

As for my "talent" -- judging from your response, I'd say it was anything but supreme.

AUERBACH

That's where you're wrong. The drawing you did of that homeless man --

LINDSAY

I haven't done anything like that in years.

AUERBACH

You should.

LINDSAY

Maybe some day.

AUERBACH

Why not now?

LINDSAY

"Now" I'm too busy being a wife, a mother. Then there's my job --

(CONTINUED)

AUERBACH

Spare me the excuses, lady! If you're an artist, nothing stops you. I could be going down in a plane or taking a dump, or screwing my latest mistress and I'd still reach for a pad.

Which he does. Tossing it to her:

AUERBACH (cont'd)

Here! Draw something!

LINDSAY

Now? What am I supposed to draw?

AUERBACH

Whatever the hell inspires you. A chair, an apple --

LINDSAY

(looks around, then)

You?

AUERBACH

Me?

LINDSAY

You.

AUERBACH

Fine!

He starts pulling off all his clothes.

LINDSAY

What're you doing?

AUERBACH

What's it look like?

LINDSAY

Wait! Sam! You don't have to --

Too late. He stands before her, naked.

AUERBACH

There! The human body. It's inspired artists for centuries.

LINDSAY

(staring)

I -- don't believe it.

(CONTINUED)

AUERBACH
(glancing down)
Few do!
(he lights a cigar, strikes a
pose)
Well don't just stand there gawking.
Draw something!

As she picks up a pencil:

CUT TO:

GOLDICOCKS

A drag queen dressed up like Shirley Temple with blonde
sausage curls. She's standing in front of a line of hunky
men in speedos. As she finishes spraying the crotch of one
of them, revealing his huge cock: *

GOLDICOCKS
My --! What a big cock you have!

We are in:

20 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

20

Where the Wet Willie Contest is under way. FIND Brian and
Justin in the audience, watching.

JUSTIN
(re: contestant's package)
Holy fuck! Is that thing real?

BRIAN
It's real, all right. But you can put
your eyes back in your pants -- he's a
bottom.

If Brian weren't leaning against the bar, looking tired and
not too well, Justin would slug him. Instead:

JUSTIN
Why don't we get out of here?

BRIAN
The night's still under 30.

Just then, Michael comes over to Brian, grabs him in an
embrace that's a little too tight and a little too long.

MICHAEL
Hey!

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
Ow! You play hard.

MICHAEL
How are you? I mean -- how was the trip?

BRIAN
I almost didn't come back. *

MICHAEL
We would've missed you. *

BRIAN
You still might. *

Ben comes over with Brett Keller. *

BRETT
This has to be him.
(to Justin)
Looks just like Rage.

MICHAEL
Brian, this is Brett Keller. *

BRIAN
The Boy Wonder of Hollywood.

BRETT
Sounds like him, too. *

The winner of the Wet Willie Contest is proclaimed.

GOLDICOCKS
And the big -- and I do mean BIG Winner
of this year's Wet Willie Contest -- is
Marco! *

Everybody cheers. MUSIC kicks in.

BRIAN
In addition to this year's BIG winner,
there're also some BIG losers. Think
I'll go console them.

As they watch him go:

MICHAEL
(to Justin)
Why'd you let him come here? He should
be home resting.

JUSTIN

(pissed, frustrated)

How was I supposed to stop him when I'm
not supposed to know?

*
*

As Justin follows Brian:

BRETT

This is some place. I want to recreate
it exactly for the movie.

MICHAEL

(to Ben)

See? What did I tell you?

(then, to Brett, proudly)

You know, Ben's a writer, too.

BRETT

Screenplays?

BEN

Books. I just finished a novel.

BRETT

What's it about?

BEN

It's a love story between two men, set
in Paris in the thirties.

BRETT

Period pieces are a tough sell.

BEN

I wasn't planning to sell it.

(adding)

Besides, I'm sure it's not your thing.

*

BRETT

And what is?

BEN

Mindless entertainment for twelve-year-
old boys.

MICHAEL

(trying to stop him)

Jesus, Ben --

BRETT

No, I'd like to hear what he has to
say. Please continue.

BEN

Considering you're gay, and that you pretty much have the power to do anything you want -- one would think you might do a project with some relevance, some social responsibility.

As Michael fumes at Ben, we:

RAMP TO:

THE DANCE FLOOR

Where Justin finds Brian dancing with one of the BIG losers. He's trying his best to put up a brave front, but it's obvious he's exhausted.

JUSTIN

Brian --

BRIAN

What?

JUSTIN

I'm not feeling too well. I think it may be food poisoning.

BRIAN

You better go home.

JUSTIN

Would you mind going with me? Please?

Brian looks at him for a beat, then to the BIG loser:

BRIAN

Guess you lose again.

As Brian puts a weary arm around Justin to lead him off the dance floor -- and Justin quietly puts an arm around Brian:

CUT TO:

21 INT. MICHAEL & BEN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

21

Michael and Ben are undressing, getting ready for bed.

MICHAEL

"Relevance! Social Responsibility!"
How could you insult him like that?

BEN

The guy's a phony, a fraud. An untalented hack.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

That may be your opinion, but he happens to be one of the most successful directors in Hollywood!

Ben gives a dismissive grunt.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

There's nothing wrong with being successful!

BEN

As long as you don't sell out.

MICHAEL

Who's talking about selling out?

BEN

Don't be naive. You think Brett Keller's successful because he maintained his artistic integrity?

*

MICHAEL

He loves what he does and he's damn good at it.

*

BEN

You should fit in perfectly out in Hollywood.

A beat, then:

MICHAEL

You know, I may not be the brilliant, uncompromising genius you are -- but you know what I think? I think this has nothing to do with "artistic integrity". I think it's that you're jealous. That someone wants to turn our comic into a big movie, and no one'll touch your novel!

*
*
*
*

BEN

And I think maybe you should sleep someplace else tonight.

*
*

CUT TO:

22 INT. MICHAEL & BEN'S APT. - HUNTER'S ROOM - NIGHT

22

Hunter lies in bed, awake. He's heard the whole thing. He also hears the front door SLAM.

CUT TO:

23 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

23

Brian, exhausted, can barely unbutton his shirt. Justin comes over.

JUSTIN
Let me help --

BRIAN
I can do it --

JUSTIN
I know you can --

Justin continues to help him. Brian allows it.

BRIAN
I thought you had food poisoning.

JUSTIN
Guess it was just a tummy ache.

He unzips Brian's pants, lets them drop. Brian falls onto the bed. Justin stares at him, scared shitless, wanting to say something, but he can't. He crawls in beside him, lies there.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Tell me about Ibiza.

BRIAN
It was as if I'd died and gone to homo heaven. Beautiful guys, all dressed in white. And everywhere you went, it smelled like lemon-scented air freshener.

JUSTIN
Sounds great.

BRIAN
I even fucked a matador.

JUSTIN
No shit.

BRIAN
Ole --

Brian falls asleep. As Justin moves over, puts his arms around him, holds him tight.

CUT TO:

24 INT. TED'S CONDO - DAY

24

START ON Michael sound asleep on the sofa. Ted comes into frame, whispers to him:

TED
Mi-kee! Time to get uh-up or you'll be
late for schoo-ool! *

MICHAEL
Uhhhh -- *

TED
Get your ass in gear -- now!

MICHAEL
(opening his eyes)
That's just how my mother used to wake
me.

TED
Did she also bring you capuccino and a
chocolate croissant?

He sets them down as Michael rouses himself, yawns. *

MICHAEL
Thanks for letting me crash -- *

TED
You can come home to Mama any time you
want.

MICHAEL
Careful, or you might have a permanent
house-guest.

TED
I'm sure when you go home, you and
Ben'll fall into each other's arms,
then you'll kiss and make up --

MICHAEL
Not until he stops acting like a
jealous asshole. *

TED
I did the same thing when Emmett's
party-planning took off. The more
successful he got, the more I felt like
an even bigger loser. *

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Maybe I should just forget the whole thing. *

TED

Are you nuts? How many times does an opportunity like this come along? BZZZZZZZ! Time's up. Never!

MICHAEL

But if it's going to cause this many problems -- *

TED

You can't be a failure to make your relationship a success. *

MICHAEL

Thanks, Mama. *

As Michael chews on the croissant and Ted's advice: *

CUT TO:

25 INT. POLICE STATION - HORVATH'S OFFICE - DAY

25

Horvath sits at his desk, Emmett perches on the corner, just the way Barbara Stanwyck would've.

EMMETT

She and Vic had this huge fight. Then he died. Now she thinks he'll never forgive her, so she threw him a posthumous Christmas party, which must be a first. But the angel broke, so she bought him a headstone with a life-size figure of Gabriel tooting his trumpet -- definitely not the sort of blow-job Vic was interested in.

HORVATH

Whoa, slow down. I'm not following -- *

EMMETT

The point is, no one can get through to her. Not me, not Michael. But something tells me -- sure as I know there's a shirt in your closet that's a better match for those polyester pants than the one you've got on -- you can. *

HORVATH

Didn't seem so the other day. *

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

EMMETT

Debbie's no different than any gay boy
at a time like this, she needs a man.

*
*

CUT TO:

26 INT. RED CAPE COMICS - DAY

26

Brett Keller is like a kid in a comic book shop as he FINDS --

*

BRETT

Captain Astro Number Thirteen! I've
been trying to find this on eBay for
months!

He brings it over to Michael and Justin at the counter, tries
to pay.

BRETT (cont'd)

How much do I --?

MICHAEL

No, please -- it's our gift to you.

*

Just then, a DRIVER comes in the shop.

DRIVER

Excuse me, Mr. Keller -- we need to get
you to the airport if you're going to
make your flight.

*

BRETT

Be right there.

(then to Michael and Justin)

I'll be in touch, guys --

MICHAEL

Thanks, Brett --

JUSTIN

For everything.

BRETT

And if Colin or Ashton can't play Rage -
- we'll get Brian!

And he's out the door. The moment he's gone, their smiles
fade.

MICHAEL

How's he doing?

*

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

Still pretending that everything's fine. And I'm still pretending I don't know.

(he slams something, angrily)

Fuck this shit! I'm going to tell him.

MICHAEL

(firmly)

No. You can't.

(then)

He wants it this way.

JUSTIN

That's easy for you to say! He's not your boyfriend. You don't love him!

Michael doesn't say anything. Justin knows he's gone too far. Finally:

MICHAEL

I love him enough to honor his wishes. I hope you'll do the same.

CUT TO:

27 INT. MELANIE & LINDSAY'S HOUSE - LINDSAY'S STUDIO - NIGHT 27

Lindsay stands at her easel, lost in her work, unaware Melanie's entered and is watching.

MELANIE

It's been a long time.

Lindsay turns, smiles.

LINDSAY

Since when?

MELANIE

Since I've seen you so happy.

LINDSAY

Guess I forgot.

MELANIE

I'm glad you remembered.

LINDSAY

Thanks to a certain madman friend of mine.

Melanie walks over, SEES what Lindsay's painting: a nude from the drawing she made of Sam.

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

(laughs)

Oh! My! God! Did he pose for you like that? *

LINDSAY

With nothing but a cigar!

MELANIE

He really is mad!

LINDSAY

In a wonderful-infuriating-generous-self-centered sort of way.

Melanie glances at her for a beat -- then smiles:

MELANIE

I'm glad he's inspired you.

(then)

Don't come to bed too late.

LINDSAY

I won't.

Melanie exits. Lindsay stares at her drawing of Auerbach. It makes her smile, laugh, feel something -- deeply. As she returns to her work:

CUT TO:

28 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

28

Brian and Michael lie back on Brian's bed, passing a joint, empty Chinese food cartons strewn about. Suddenly: *

BRIAN

Brenda Hurley!

MICHAEL

Who?

BRIAN

Brenda Hurley, a.k.a. "Brenda the Hurler". I've been trying to think of her name all day.

MICHAEL

Christ! What made you think of her?

BRIAN

Your last foray into Show Biz.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Let's hope this time I don't have to be
hosed down. *

BRIAN

Tell me the story, Mikey! *

MICHAEL

You already know the story.

BRIAN

I don't care. Tell it to me again. *

He puts his head in Michael's lap. Michael sighs, gives in. *

MICHAEL

It was the Junior Class production of
"Our Town". Somehow, I landed the part
of George, and Brenda was Emily. It
was that tender moment in Act Two, when
they share their first kiss --

BRIAN

And she puked all over you!

MICHAEL

She had the flu.

BRIAN

It flew all right!

He howls.

MICHAEL

That's when I decided it was not an
actor's life for me.

BRIAN

But now Hollywood calls. "Rage -- the
Movie"!

Michael gently strokes Brian's hair. *

MICHAEL

He wouldn't exist if it weren't for
you.

(then)

You coming to the premiere?

BRIAN

Why wouldn't I?

Michael looks at him for a beat, doesn't answer. Finally: *

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

I want it to be at that theater -- you know the one -- with all the movie stars' footprints. Wouldn't it be cool if we could put our footprints in cement? Brian and Michael, immortalized forever. You -- and me --

*
*
*

He suddenly bursts into tears.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Shit --!

*
*

BRIAN

Michael? Mikey --?

MICHAEL

I'm sorry --!

*

BRIAN

For what? What is it?

*

Michael finally looks up. Confesses.

*

MICHAEL

I know.

*

Brian wasn't expecting that. He doesn't say anything, lets Michael continue.

*

MICHAEL (cont'd)

I know you didn't go to Ibiza. You went to Johns Hopkins. You had surgery for -- oh, God! If I lose you, I don't know what I'll do!

*

*

He sobs as Brian grabs Michael to him, holds him tight.

BRIAN

Hey. I'm okay. They got it all out. Now they're going to zap me with their X-ray gun -- just like Rage -- and I'll live for fuckin' forever. You're not going to lose me. You understand?

*

*

*

*

Michael shakes his head yes, then:

MICHAEL

I wasn't supposed to tell you -- I made him agree not to --

*

*

BRIAN

Who?

*

MICHAEL

Justin. He heard the message from your doctor on your answering machine. Then he found your pills. Then he called the hospital -- Jesus, Brian --!

As Brian continues to hold him, taking this in:

CUT TO:

29 INT. MICHAEL & BEN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

29

Ben's making dinner, Hunter's playing with his Gameboy.

BEN

Dinner's almost ready. Why don't you set the table?

HUNTER

For two or three?

Ben looks at him, curiously.

BEN

Three.

HUNTER

Then Michael's coming back?

BEN

Of course he's coming back.

HUNTER

I heard you guys fighting last night.

BEN

We weren't fighting. We were having a disagreement.

HUNTER

You were "disagreeing" really loud.

BEN

Sometimes couples do that.

(beat)

Anyway, it doesn't concern you.

HUNTER

The fuck it doesn't. What happens to me if you guys break up?

Ben goes to him.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Hey. Nobody's breaking up -- okay?

HUNTER

Just asking -- in case I need to make other arrangements.

BEN

You're staying right here, pal. With us.

*
*

He give him a squeeze as Michael comes home. There's a moment of hesitation, then:

MICHAEL

Hey.

BEN

Hey --

MICHAEL

(he goes to Ben, hugs him)
I'm sorry about last night.

BEN

Me, too.

HUNTER

Apology accepted. Now you guys can fuck and make-up.

Ben hands Michael a Fed-Ex envelope.

BEN

By the way, this came for you.

HUNTER

What'd you get?

MICHAEL

(opening it)
Brett sent the option agreement. And an autographed picture for you of Cameron Diaz.

*
*

HUNTER

Tight!

BEN

So, you're going to do it?

A beat, then:

MICHAEL

Yeah. We're going to do it.

*

HUNTER

I'm stoked!

BEN

Congratulations.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

HUNTER

Let's eat!

As Ben places the casserole on the kitchen table:

CUT TO:

30 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

30

Debbie watching TV in her robe -- The Shopping Channel --
when the DOORBELL CHIMES.

DEBBIE

(calling)

Emm --!

(no response)

Fuck.

*

She goes to answer, discovers:

*

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Carl --

*

*

HORVATH

Busy?

DEBBIE

Actually, you just saved me from
ordering a faux zebra rug on the
Shopping Channel.

*

HORVATH

May I come in?

*

DEBBIE

I'm really not up for --

(then)

I look like shit.

30 CONTINUED:

30

HORVATH
(smiles)
I've seen you first thing in the
morning, remember?

CUT TO:

31 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

31

Debbie and Horvath nurse their cups of coffee at the kitchen table.

HORVATH
It must've been a shock, losing him
like that -- so unexpected.

DEBBIE
You could say that.

HORVATH
So much left unsaid.

DEBBIE
That, too.

HORVATH
I understand.

Debbie looks at Carl for a beat, then:

DEBBIE
I was a fuckin' asshole, Carl. I said
horrible things. Things I can never
take back. Things I'll never be
forgiven for. You know what that's
like?

*
*
*

Carl takes a moment before answering.

*

HORVATH
When Celia -- my wife -- died, she'd
been in the hospital for three months,
lingering, suffering. Lung cancer.

DEBBIE
I'm sorry --

HORVATH
She was so scared to die alone. She
made me promise I wouldn't let that
happen. So, I stayed with her, day and
night. Slept in that goddamn chair in
that goddamn hospital room, listening
to her gasping for breath.

*
*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

HORVATH (cont'd)

One night, I was so angry -- at the chair, the hospital, the doctors, her for smoking -- I went and had a drink. Actually, I had so many I lost count.

(beat)

When I got back, she was dead. She died while I was out getting sloshed.

Debbie reaches over, takes his hand.

HORVATH (cont'd)

I broke my promise, and my Celia died alone. And I beat myself up for a long time, Debbie. Thinking she'd never forgive me. But it was me who wouldn't forgive me. She knew I loved her. And if she were still here she'd say, "Carl, what the hell're you doin'? Get over it already!"

(beat)

Same with your brother. He knew how much you loved him.

Debbie starts to cry.

DEBBIE

I'll never get to say I'm sorry --

HORVATH

He knows, sweetheart. He knows.

As he takes her in his arms:

CUT TO:

32 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

32

Justin walks into the loft, carrying a stack of DVD's. Brian lies on the bed, smoking a cigarette. As Justin walks over:

JUSTIN

Hey --

No answer.

JUSTIN (cont'd)

I rented some movies. Thought we could stay in and --

BRIAN

What'd you bring? "Terms of Endearment"? "Love Story"? "My Boyfriend Has Cancer"?

A beat, as Justin absorbs the news. Finally:

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

Why didn't you tell me?

Brian goes over to him, furious, in a rage.

BRIAN

Maybe because I didn't want you to know! Maybe because it's none of your fucking business!

*
*

JUSTIN

I'm your partner!

*

BRIAN

Not anymore. I don't want you here. Now get the fuck out.

Brian pushes him toward the door.

JUSTIN

Cut it out!

BRIAN

I said, get the fuck out!

JUSTIN

I love you -- I want to help --!

*

Brian pushes Justin out the door.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Brian -- don't!

BRIAN

Out! Out! Out!

*

As Brian slams the door shut:

FADE OUT.

THE END