

THE BOYS IN THE BAND

Screenplay by

MART CROWLEY

CHARACTERS

MICHAEL	Thirty, average face, smartly groomed.
DONALD	Twenty-eight, medium blond, wholesome American good looks.
EMORY	Thirty-three, small, frail, very plain.
LARRY	Twenty-nine with a starkly simple sense of individual style and color in his clothes. Dark eyes, dark hair, moustache, extremely handsome.
HANK	Thirty-two, tall, solid, athletic, attractive.
BERNARD	Twenty-eight, Negro, tall, gaunt, nice-looking, dressed in Ivy-League clothes.
COWBOY	Twenty-two, light blond, muscle-bound, too pretty.
HAROLD	Thirty-two, dark, lean, strong limbs, unusual semitic face.
ALAN	Thirty, aristocratic Anglo-Saxon features.

THE BOYS IN THE BAND

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY - LATE DAY

SERIES OF NON-MATCH ZOOM SHOTS:

FROM HELICOPTER ALTITUDE ZOOM-IN on heart of Manhattan Island with a low late Spring sun hanging in the West.

CUT TO:

ZOOM IN PROGRESS from atop a skyscraper, closing down into the glass and steel canyon.

CUT TO:

ZOOM IN PROGRESS from lower building, closing down on rush hour street traffic at 57TH ST. AND 5TH AVE. INTERSECTION.

CUT TO:

EXT. 57TH ST. AND 5TH AVE. - LATE DAY

ZOOM IN PROGRESS at street level, closing in on crowds crossing the street as traffic signals change. Suddenly, MICHAEL bolts into view, frantically darting in and out of the milling mob, clinging to an Arden for Men shopping bag and a Georg Jensen box.

SERIES OF HAND HELD SHOTS

of Michael, dashing up 5th Ave., across the intersection, across 57th St. to the north entrance of Bonwit Teller.

EXT. BONWIT TELLER - LATE DAY

NEW ANGLE

as Michael pushes through revolving door. CAMERA SLOW ZOOMS THROUGH STORE WINDOW to pick him up as he rushes into the Pierre Cardin Boutique.

EXT. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT - LATE DAY

ZOOM IN on Eastern Airlines Shuttle touching down.

INT. PLANE

Hand-held SHOT vibrating with landing contact, picking up ALAN, belted to his seat, looking out window.

EXT. BONWIT TELLER - LATE DAY

THROUGH WINDOW, Michael signing sales check, receiving a clothes box from CLERK, rushing back onto street (LENS PULLING BACK WITH HIM), and hailing a taxi.

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - LATE DAY

From the top of an overpass CAMERA ZOOMS IN on a Volkswagen in snarled traffic. Through the windshield DONALD is anxiously looking at his watch. He pulls out of the middle lane in front of a large truck whose DRIVER blows his horn, yells and gesticulates heatedly.

EXT. LA GUARDIA - TAXI ZONE - LATE DAY

as Alan gets in a cab and it pulls away.

INT. SCHOOL GYM - BASKETBALL COURT

A skeleton team of high school boys makes its way down the court, defending their star player, HANK. He shoots, makes a basket, winning the game. The kids go wild.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as they rush to congratulate him, jumping about him, as he pulls his way to the sidelines, over to a wall phone. The boys continue past toward the showers as he dials.

EXT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING - MADISON AVE. - LATE DAY

ZOOM IN CLOSE ON WINDOW TO FRAME:

An advertising Artist's cubicle complete with goose-neck lamp and drawing board, and telephone. LARRY spins round in a swivel stool, picks up the phone. The Exterior street noises cover his lip movements -- but he looks at his watch, nods affirmatively, hangs up. A moment later, a mini-skirted GIRL swings past him and he slaps her on the behind. She giggles, ruffles his tie.

INT. KING OF THE SEA GOURMET - LATE DAY

Michael gets out of taxi, rushes inside, over to refrigeration case displaying cracked crab on ice.

INT. EAST RIVER TUNNEL

Donald driving at break-neck speed, anxiously observing his watch, shifting gear, passing a car in no-passing zone.

EXT. Emory coming out of produce shop w/ poodle

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY (MAIN BRANCH 5TH AVE.)

SLOW ZOOM THROUGH main reading room, CLOSING ON checkout window and BERNARD, processing a book. He looks to a wall clock. It is 5:30 p.m.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - LATE DAY

as taxi pulls up, Alan gets out, goes inside hotel.

EXT. 3RD AVE. - LATE DAY

Michael is strolling past Cinema I and Cinema II, arms filled with the Arden bag, the Jensen box, the Cardin clothes box and gourmet sack, gazing up at marquee, perusing wall ads.

EXT. SHERIDAN SQ. AREA VILLAGE - LATE DAY

as tiny, top-down, foreign sports convertible driven by the mini-skirted girl artist, pulls up. Larry hops out, clinging to his large leather sketch portfolio. She drives away, he goes inside apartment house.

EXT. 42ND ST. - LATE DAY

CLOSE ON poodle, urinating on a litter can. CAMERA PANS up leash to FRAME, EMORY. CAMERA begins to TRUCK with him as he pulls the dog along the vulgar thoroughfare, furtively eyeing the various hustler-types draped in doorways, hanging on fire hydrants, etc. One of these is COWBOY but Emory pays no more attention to him than the rest and passes on.

EXT. GARAGE PARK - LATE DAY

as Donald pulls in the Volkswagen, gets out. CAMERA pans him as he races next door into professional building.

INT. SUBWAY

Hank, hanging on a hand strap in a crowded train.

EXT. 5TH AVE. PUBLIC LIBRARY - LATE DAY

as Bernard races down steps, runs to catch an uptown bus.

EXT. 3RD AVE. IN THE LOW SIXTIES - LATE DAY

Michael stops at a corner flower vendor, buys several bouquets.

EXT. SHERIDAN SQ. APARTMENT HOUSE - LATE DAY

as Larry comes outside, wearing a different outfit, carrying two gift-wrapped packages. He looks up and down the street impatiently, checks his watch, waits a moment, moves off around the corner. CAMERA PULLS BACK and HOLDS him in a LONG SHOT as he walks down the street and enters Julius' Bar.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL ROOM - LATE DAY

Alan comes away from the window, sits on bed, picks up phone, dials.

EXT. EAST SIXTIES BROWNSTONE - LATE DAY

Michael goes up steps from street, lets himself in with key.

INT. 3RD FLOOR LANDING AND CORRIDOR

as Michael turns up the stairs from the second floor. A muffled O.S. phone ring can be heard. CAMERA DOLLIES BACK with him as he rushes round the third floor banister and on up the stairs to a partition-wall and door at the top of the fourth floor. The phone continues to ring. He fumbles frantically with his keys, juggling packages and flowers. Finally, in exasperation, he throws down everything into a heap on the stairs, quickly opens the door, darts O.S., inside the apartment. CAMERA HOLDS on open door and mess on stairs.

MICHAEL

(answering phone O.S.)

Hello, hello, hello, hello, hello!

(a beat. The phone is
slammed down.)

Merde!

INT. ALAN'S HOTEL ROOM - LATE DAY

as he hangs up, gets up, goes to his open travel bag, takes out his dinner clothes, hangs them on a closet door hook.

INT. 5TH AVE. BUS - LATE DAY

The bus is crowded, moving uptown. Bernard is clinging to a chrome pole. He catches sight of someone looking at him, CAMERA PANS TO INCLUDE, THREE GIRLS (two white, one Negro) eyeing him. He smiles. They giggle. Two look away, one continues to smile back. He looks away.

EXT. SHERIDAN SQ. - LATE DAY

as Hank emerges from the Subway stairs. CAMERA TRUCKS WITH HIM down the street, HOLDS as he enters the apartment building.

EXT. OFFICE BLDG. - LATE DAY

as Donald comes dejectedly outside, crosses the street to the Parking garage. CAMERA PULLS IN as he goes to a wall phone, dials.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATE DAY

inside front door, SHOOTING ONTO STAIRS as Michael gathers up the abandoned parcels. Phone rings. He picks up the last bag, steps up the stairs, comes inside, kicking the door shut.

CAMERA PULLS BACK WITH HIM as he moves through a semi-darkened room, goes through a swinging door.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE DAY

Michael drops packages onto kitchen counter, picks up wall phone.

MICHAEL

Hell-O!

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - LATE DAY

Donald is handing attendant his parking stub.

DONALD

What do you recommend for a catatonic fit
in a parking garage?

INT. KITCHEN - LATE DAY

MICHAEL

Ask your doctor. Did you just call a minute ago?

DONALD (O.S.)

No. That's why I'm calling now.

MICHAEL

It must have been Harold.

DONALD

My doctor just cancelled. Can I come over?

MICHAEL

You're about a day and a half early! I just got in and I don't think I'm ready for you yet. Why'd the prick cancel?

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DUSK

DONALD

A virus or something. He looked awful. Just as I rushed in, threw myself on the couch and vomited-out how depressed I am, he said, "Donald, I have to cancel tonight -- I'm just too sick."

INT. KITCHEN - LATE DAY

MICHAEL

Why didn't you tell him you're sicker than he is?

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - LATE DAY

DONALD

He already knows that.

MICHAEL

Okay, come on over. And pick up some ice.

DONALD

Please, Michael, don't give me any responsibility. At this moment I can't deal with anything weightier than the directions to your apartment.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE DAY

MICHAEL

(looking at empty ice
trays in sink)

If you want a cold martini when you get
here you better ~~deal~~ with some ice.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - LATE DAY

DONALD

I'll deal with some ice.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

. And hurry up!

DONALD

I thought you said I was too early.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE DAY

MICHAEL

You heard what I said. You're too early!
Hurry up! G'bye-ai-ai.

He hangs up, moves to tear the paper from the cracked crab, place it inside the refrigerator. He quickly gathers up the Arden bag and the Cardin box and exits through the swinging door.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - LATE DAY

Donald is staring blankly at the dead phone. He hangs up, moves to the car-receiving lane as the Volkswagen is pulled up by an attractive young PARKING ATTENDANT. He gets out, leaves the door open.

CLOSER

as Donald hands him the parking stub and money and their eyes meet briefly, quickly. A hint of a smile crosses each face. Donald breaks it, gets inside the car, drives away.

INT. JULIUS' BAR GREENWICH VILLAGE - LATE DAY

Rock music blasts from a juke box. Larry is the center of attention of laughing, jabbering group of MEN some of whom are still dressed in their working suits, having after-five cocktails.

Hank enters. Larry sees him, stops laughing. Hank turns and goes outside.

EXT. WEST 10TH ST. - LATE DAY.

Hank is standing on the corner in front of the bar. Momentarily, Larry comes outside, carrying the gifts.

LARRY

I was just having a quickie.

HANK

You said you'd meet me at home.
This is home to you, isn't it?

LARRY

I beat you there. There was no point in just waiting on the street so I thought I'd just have one and . . .

HANK

You could have waited inside.

LARRY

I could've done a lot of things. Like not bothered to buy your present to Harold.

(He shoves a gift-wrapped box in his ribs.)

HANK

What is it?

LARRY

A sweater.

HANK

Great choice with it getting hotter every day.

LARRY

I guarantee you, it'll get colder.

HANK

(starting to walk)

Let's get a taxi.

LARRY

Let's get two!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hank flags a cab. It stops.

HANK

Shut up and get in.

They get inside the cab; it drives off.

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY (5TH AVE.) - LATE DAY

Donald pulls the Volks into a "No Parking" zone, gets out, races up the steps toward the building.

EXT. LEXINGTON AVE. LIQUOR STORE - LATE DAY

Bernard goes inside, over to a red wine display -- takes two bottles, heads toward a clerk.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - LATE DAY

This room and his bath were once either servants' quarters or attic storage rooms in the original house. The ceilings are lower and the walls slant as enclosed inside a Mansard roof. Michael is now dressed in a robe and slippers, putting the lid on a box marked, "Georg Jensen." He takes some colorful paper and ribbon and begins to wrap it. The phone rings. He goes to it.

MICHAEL

Hello?

There is a click.

INT. ALAN'S HOTEL ROOM - LATE DAY

Alan, now dressed in dinner clothes, quickly hangs up.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - LATE DAY

Michael hangs up, quickly re-dials, waits. Ringing tone can be heard once, twice . . .

INT. HAROLD'S APT. - LATE DAY

CLOSE

on phone ringing and ringing and ringing. There is a louder O.S. sound of running shower.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA DOLLIES AWAY from phone, TRUCKS past a doorway into:

INT. HAROLD'S BATH

CAMERA CONTINUES TRUCK IN CLOSE over a basin with flat area crammed with cosmetic jars and bottles, PULLS UP to an open medicine chest also crammed with tubes and instruments and a large Band-Aid box. PULLS DOWN and CONTINUES MOVE across a toilet closet whose top is laden with more creams and ointment containers. CAMERA CONTINUES across a towel rack on which is hung a large towel with a monogram consisting of a crown, below which is written "Princess Hal." CAMERA CONTINUES across TO HOLD on a shower curtain, behind which a male shadow is visible and from behind which steam pours. The sound of the water now almost completely drowns out the phone ringing.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - LATE DAY

The ringing tone continues. Michael hangs up.

EXT. STREET (LOW EAST SIXTIES) - LATE DAY

Donald pulls the Volkswagen into a space, gets out, carrying an airlines zipper bag, a stack of books and a plastic sack of ice, heads for steps leading to Michael's brownstone. He bounds up them, finds the front door open, goes inside and up interior stairway.

INT. MICHAEL'S BATH - LATE DAY

He is standing before a mirror, drying his hair with a hand dryer. He clicks it off, listens, hears his door buzzing.

INT. BEDROOM - LATE DAY

He comes out of bath, crosses the room, goes into a tiny hallway and down the stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE DAY

It is dark and unseen as CAMERA HOLDS TIGHTLY on Michael as he comes down the stairs, goes to the door beneath them, opens it to reveal Donald.

MICHAEL

How'd you get inside?

(CONTINUED)

DONALD

(bounds in, shoves
ice bag at Michael)

The street door was open.

MICHAEL

You wanna drink?

DONALD

(already halfway up
stairs)

Not until I've had my shower. I want
something to work-out today -- I want
to try to relax and enjoy something.

Michael takes the ice through the swinging door into the kitchen.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - LATE DAY

Donald dumps his zipper bag and books on the bed, sits on it, starts
to remove his sox and shoes.

Michael enters.

MICHAEL

I see you managed to deal with the
library. Or did you meet a book
mobile on the way?

DONALD

Ha - Ha - Ha - Ha - Ha. Excuse me.

Donald gets up, goes past Michael into the Bathroom, taking his
zipper bag with him.

MICHAEL

You see Bernard there?

DONALD (O.S.)

No.

INT. BATHROOM - LATE DAY

Donald unzips the bag, takes out a bottle of pills, fills Michael's
tooth glass with water. Michael enters.

MICHAEL

You in a blue funk because of the
doctor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

(swallows some pills)

Christ no. I was depressed long before
I got there.

MICHAEL

(crosses to pick up
Arden bag)

Well, this'll pick you up. I went shopping
today and bought all kinds of goodies.
Sandalwood soap . . .

DONALD

I feel better already.

MICHAEL

(producing articles)

Your very own toothbrush because I'm sick
to death of your using mine.

DONALD

How do you think I feel?

MICHAEL

You've had worse things in your mouth.
(holds up a cylindrical
can)

And, also for you . . . something called
"Control." Notice nowhere is it called
hair spray -- just simply, "Control."
And the words, "For Men," are written
about thirty-seven times all over the
goddam can!

DONALD

It's called Butch Assurance.

MICHAEL

Well, it's still hair spray -- no
matter if they call it "Balls"!

Donald laughs, goes into the bedroom. Michael moves to the medicine
cabinet, opens it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (Cont'd)

It's all going on your very own shelf which is to be labeled: Donald's Saturday Night Douche Kit. By the way, are you spending the night?

INT. BEDROOM - LATE DAY

Donald takes off his shirt, lies down on the bed.

DONALD

Nope. I'm driving back. I still get very itchy when I'm in this town too long. I'm not that well yet.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

That's what you say every week-end.

DONALD

Maybe after about ten more years of analysis, I'll be able to stay one night.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Maybe after about ten more years of analysis you'll be able to move back to town permanently.

DONALD

If I live that long.

MICHAEL

(enters)

You will. If you don't kill yourself on the Long Island Expressway some early Sunday morning. I'll never know how you can take-up on martinis and make it back to the Hamptons in one piece.

DONALD

Believe me, it's easier than getting here. Ever had an anxiety attack at sixty miles an hour?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Why didn't the prick call you and cancel?
Suppose you'd driven all this way for
nothing.

DONALD

Why do you keep calling him a prick?

MICHAEL

Whoever heard of an analyst having a
session with a patient for two hours on
Saturday evening?

DONALD

He simply prefers to take Mondays off.

MICHAEL

Works late on Saturday and takes Monday
off -- what is he, a psychiatrist or a
hairstylist?

Donald gets up off the bed.

DONALD

Actually, he's both. He shrinks my head and
combs me out.

He exits into the bathroom.

DONALD (O.S.)

Besides, I had to come in town to a
birthday party anyway. Right?

Michael starts to put on his trousers.

MICHAEL

You had to remind me. If there's one
thing I'm not ready for, it's five
screaming queens singing Happy Birthday.

INT. BATHROOM - LATE DAY

Donald goes to the basin, picks up his new toothbrush, removes it
from box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

Who's coming?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

They're really all Harold's friends.
It's his birthday and I want everything
to be just the way he'd want it. I don't
want to have to listen to him kvetch about
how nobody ever does anything for anybody
but ~~himself~~ *themselves*.

DONALD

(brushing his teeth)

Himself.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Himself. I think you know everybody anyway --
they're the same old tired fairies you've
seen around since the day one. Actually,
there'll be eight counting Harold and you and
me.

DONALD

Are you calling me a screaming queen or a
tired fairy?

MICHAEL

(enters)

Oh, I beg your pardon -- seven tired screaming
fairy queens and one anxious queer.

DONALD

You don't think Harold'll mind my being
here, do you? Technically, I'm your
friend, not his.

MICHAEL

(coming over to the
basin)

If she doesn't like it, she can twirl on it. 1
Listen, I'll be out of your way in just a
second. I've only got one more thing to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEW ANGLE

as Donald steps aside, Michael comes up in front of the basin mirror.

DONALD

Surgery, so early in the evening?

MICHAEL

Sunt! That's French, with a cedilla.
I've just got to comb my hair for the
thirty-seventh time. Hair -- that's
singular. My hair, without exaggeration,
is clearly falling on the floor. And
fast, baby!

DONALD

You're totally paranoid. You've got
plenty of hair.

MICHAEL

What you see before you is a masterpiece of
deception. My hairline starts about here.
(indicates his crown)
All this is just tortured forward.

DONALD

Well, I hope for your sake no strong
wind comes up.

MICHAEL

If one does, I'll be in terrible trouble.
I will then have a bald head and shoulder-
length fringe.

CLOSER

He runs his fingers through his hair, holds it away from his scalp,
dips the top of his head so that Donald can see. Donald is silent.

MICHAEL (Cont'd)

Not good, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

Not the greatest.

MICHAEL

It's called getting old. Life is such a grand design -- spring, summer, fall, winter, death. Whoever could have thought it up?

DONALD

No one we know, that's for sure.

MICHAEL

Well, one thing you can say for masturbation -- you certainly don't have to look your best.

DONALD

(laughs)

Will you get out of here!

Michael slips out of his robe, flings it at Donald. Donald puts on the robe, takes off his pants and shorts.

INT. BEDROOM - LATE DAY

Michael goes to a chest, takes out a sweater, pulls it on.

MICHAEL

What are you so depressed about? I mean, other than the usual everything.

DONALD (O.S.)

I really don't want to get into it.

MICHAEL

Well, if you're not going to tell me, how can we have a conversation in depth?

DONALD (O.S.)

Up yours!

Michael sits on bed, takes a shoe horn, puts on Gucci loafers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL
(Southern Accent)
Why, Cap'n Butler, how you talk!

CLOSE DONALD

as he appears in the doorway.

DONALD
It's just that today I finally
realized that I was raised to be a
a failure. I was groomed for it.

CLOSE MICHAEL

looks up, listens.

MICHAEL
You know, there was a time when you
could have said that to me and I
wouldn't have known what the hell you
were talking about.

DONALD

as he comes in, sits on the bed.

DONALD
Naturally, it all goes back to Evelyn
and Walt.

MICHAEL
Naturally. When doesn't it go back to
Mom and Pop. Unfortunately, we all had
an Evelyn and a Walt. The crumbs! Don't
you love that word -- crumb? Oh, I love it!
It's a real Barbara Stanwyck word.

MICHAEL

as he jumps up, starts to imitate Stanwyck's frozen-lipped Brooklyn
accent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (Cont'd)
 "Cau'll me a keab, you kr-rumm."

DONALD
 Well, I see all vestiges of sanity for
 this evening are now officially shot-to-
 hell.

MICHAEL
 Oh, Donald, you're so serious tonight!
 You're fun-starved, baby, and I'm eating
 for two!

Starts to pose and sing.

MICHAEL (Cont'd)
 "Forget your troubles, c'mon get happy!
 You better chase all your blues away.
 Shout, 'Hallelujah!' c'mon get happy . . . "

CLOSE DONALD
 not buying it.
 CLOSE MICHAEL
 stops.

MICHAEL
 What's more boring than a queen doing
 a Judy Garland imitation?

DONALD
 (stands)
 A queen doing a Bette Davis imitation.

He exits into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - LATE DAY

Donald enters, takes his electric razor out of his zipper bag, plugs
 it in, starts to shave.

Michael enters, comes over, pulls the cord out of the plug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Meanwhile, back at the Evelyn and Walt Syndrome.

DONALD

(replugs the razor)

America's Square Peg and America's Round Hole.

MICHAEL

as he puts the john top down, sits.

MICHAEL

Christ, how sick analysts must get of hearing how mommy and daddy made their darlin' into a fairy.

DONALD

(shaving)

It's beyond just that now. Today I finally began to see how some of the other pieces of the puzzle relate to them.

(he unplugs the razor)

Like why I never finished anything I started in my life . . . my neurotic compulsion to not succeed.

DONALD

as he puts the razor back in the zipper bag, crosses to sit on the edge of the tub.

DONALD

I've realized it was always when I failed that Evelyn loved me the most -- because it displeased Walt who wanted perfection. And when I fell short of the mark she was only too happy to make up for it with her love. So I began to identify failing with winning my mother's love. And I began to fail on purpose in order to get it. I didn't finish Cornell -- I couldn't keep a job in this town. I simply retreated to a room over a garage and scrubbing floors in order to keep alive. Failure is the only thing with which I feel at home. Because it is what I was taught at home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Killer whales is what they are. Killer whales. How many whales could a killer whale kill . . .

DONALD

A lot. Especially if they got them when they were babies.

WIDER

Michael suddenly gets up, tears off his sweater, throws it in the air letting it land where it may, exiting into the bedroom.

DONALD

Hey! Where're you going?

MICHAEL

To make drinks! I think we need about thirty-seven!

INT. BEDROOM - LATE DAY

Michael goes to the chest, pulls out another sweater, starts to pull it on. Donald enters.

DONALD

Where'd you get that sweater?

MICHAEL

This clever little shop on the right bank called Hermes.

DONALD

I work my ass off for forty-five lousy dollars a week scrubbing floors and you waltz around throwing cashmere sweaters on them.

MICHAEL

The one on the floor in the john is vicuna.

DONALD

I beg your pardon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

You could get a job doing something else. Nobody holds a gun to your head to be a char-woman. That is, how you say, your neurosis.

DONALD

Gee, and I thought it's why I was born.

MICHAEL

Besides, just because I wear expensive clothes doesn't necessarily mean they're paid for.

DONALD

That is, how you say, your neurosis.

MICHAEL

I'm a spoiled brat, so what do I know about being mature. The only thing mature means to me is Victor Mature who was in all those pictures with Betty Grable.

NEW ANGLE

as Michael poses and sings a la Grable.

MICHAEL

"I can't begin to tell you how much you mean to me . . . " Betty sang that in 1945. '45? -- '43. No. '43 was "Coney Island" which was re-made in '50 as "Wabash Avenue." Yes, "Dolly Sisters" was in '45.

DONALD

How did I manage to miss these momentous events in the American Cinema? I can understand people having an affinity for the stage -- but movies are such garbage, who can take them seriously?

MICHAEL

Well, I'm sorry if your sense of art is offended. Odd as it may seem, there was no Shubert Theatre in Hot Coffee, Mississippi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

However, thanks to the silver screen, your neurosis has got style. It takes a certain flair to squander one's unemployment check at Pavillion.

MICHAEL

What's so snappy about being head over heels in debt. The only thing smart about it is the ingenious ways I dodge the bill collectors.

DONALD

Yeah. Come to think of it, you're the type that gives faggots a bad name.

MICHAEL

And you, Donald, you are a credit to the homosexual. A reliable, hardworking, floor-scrubbing, bill-paying fag who don't owe nothin' to nobody.

DONALD

I am a model fairy.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Michael takes up where he left off with wrapping Harold's birthday gift.

MICHAEL

You think it's just nifty how I've always flitted from Beverly Hills to Rome to Acapulco to Amsterdam, picking up a lot of one night stands and a lot of custom-made duds along the trail, but I'm here to tell you that the only place in all those miles -- the only place I've ever been happy -- was on the goddam plane.

NEW ANGLE

He finishes the gift, throws it on the bed, moves to another part of the room, looking out a window which overlooks a terrace below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Bored with Scandinavia, try Greece. Fed up with dark meat, try light. Hate tequila, what about slivovitz? Tired of boys, what about girls -- or how about boys and girls mixed and in what combination? And if you're sick of people, what about poppers? Or pot or pills or the hard stuff? And can you think of anything else the bad baby would like to indulge his stupid, empty, boring, selfish, self-centered self in? Is that what you think has style, Donald? Huh? Is that what you think you've missed out on -- my hysterical escapes from country to country, party to party, bar to bar, bed to bed, hangover to hangover, and all of it, hand to mouth!

(A beat)

Run, charge, run, buy, borrow, make, spend, run, squander, beg, run, run, run, waste, waste, waste! And why? And why?

Michael looks at Donald. He is silent.

MICHAEL

Finis. Applause.

He exits into the bathroom. Donald doesn't move for a second, then follows.

INT. BATHROOM - LATE DAY

Michael is standing absently before the basin. Donald hesitates, walks over to him, puts his arms around him. It is a totally warm and caring gesture.

MICHAEL

There's nothing quite as good as feeling sorry for yourself, is there?

DONALD

Nothing.

MICHAEL

(a la Bette Davis)

I adore cheap sentiment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEW ANGLE

as he breaks away, crosses to the door.

MICHAEL

Okay, I'm taking orders for drinks.
What'll it be?

DONALD

An extra-dry-Beefeater-martini-on-the-
rocks-with-a-twist.

MICHAEL

Va benissimo!

He exits. Donald slips out of robe, steps inside the shower, turns on the water.

INT. TAXI - DUSK

Larry leans forward to the driver, as the car heads uptown on Third Ave.

LARRY

Will you stop on the corner of
52nd and Third?

Driver nods.

HANK

What for?

LARRY

I told Emory we'd pick him up.
He said he'd be downstairs.

HANK

Oh, Jeezzz . . .

EXT. THIRD AVE. (BETWEEN 52ND ST. AND 53RD ST.) - DUSK

ANGLE ON EMORY

leaning against a lamp-post, eyeing all the passersby, clinging to a foil-covered casserole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEW ANGLE

as the taxi pulls over to him. He sees it, lifts his arm behind his head in a camp pose.

LARRY
(leaning out window)
Might know you'd be working the streets.

EMORY
You want my body, you're gonna have to pay for it!

Larry gets out, holds car door open.

LARRY
Are you kidding? The last time I saw an ankle like that it had a *note message* attached to it. Get in.

Emory comes over, gets in next to Hank.

INT. CAB - DUSK

Emory takes his index fingers, stretches his eyelids.

EMORY
Hi, big boy, you like Chinese laundress?

HANK (dully)
Hello, Emory.

EMORY
No tickee, no nooky.

ANOTHER ANGLE

with the cab driver looking back at them, slack-jawed.

INT. ALAN'S HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

He picks up the phone, dials, waits while it rings.

INT. MICHAEL'S KITCHEN

He has turned on some lights and is outside, beyond a kitchen dutch door, in a tented section of the terrace, preparing a buffet table with candles.

The wall phone is ringing. He comes inside, singing "Acapulco."

MICHAEL

(answering it)

Backstage, "New Moon."

(a beat)

Alan! My God, I don't believe it! How are you? Where are you?

INT. ALAN'S HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

ALAN

(swallows)

The Plaza. I just got in.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Is Fran with you?

ALAN

I'm here on business. Listen, what are you doing tonight?

INT. MICHAEL'S KITCHEN - DUSK

Michael is filling the ice bucket while talking, getting out silver, napkins, etc.

MICHAEL

Oh, I'm all tied up tonight. Sorry, tonight's no good for me.

ALAN (O.S.)

Oh, I'm tied up, too, but maybe I could just come by for a drink?

MICHAEL

You mean now?

(a beat)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN (O.S.)

Yeah.

MICHAEL

Well, Alan, ole boy, it's a friend's birthday and I'm having a few people . . .

ALAN (O.S.)

Oh.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry I can't ask you to join us -- but -- well, kiddo, it just wouldn't work out.

INT. ALAN'S HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

ALAN

Is it placecards?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

No, no, it's not. It's just that -- well, I'd hate to just see you for ten minutes and . . .

Alan has begun to break down.

. . . Alan? Alan? What's the matter?

ALAN

Nothing.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Are you -- are you crying?

ALAN

Michael. I've got to see you about something. Right away.

INT. MICHAEL'S KITCHEN - DUSK

MICHAEL

Oh, Alan, what's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN (O.S.)

Nothing. Nothing.

MICHAEL.

Listen, come on over.

ALAN (O.S.)

But you're busy.

MICHAEL

It's perfectly all right. Come on over and have a quick drink, okay?

*moment
decides to have
him come*

ALAN (O.X.)

Okay.

MICHAEL

Alan . . . are you all right?

ALAN (O.S.)

Sure. Sure. Same ole Address?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

ALAN (O.S.)

Okay.

There is a click. Michael slowly hangs up the phone, stares blankly into space.

NEW ANGLE

as the swinging door flies open and Donald strikes a pose.

DONALD

Well. Am I stunning?

Michael looks up.

MICHAEL

(tonelessly)

You're absolutely stunning. You look like shit, but I'm absolutely stunned.

DONALD

(enters)

Your grapes are, how you say, sour.

MICHAEL

Listen, you won't believe what just happened.

DONALD

Where's my drink?

MICHAEL

I didn't make it. I've been on the phone.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Donald takes the ice bucket out of the sink, carries it over to a tray of liquor bottles, opens a wall cabinet, takes out an Old Fashioned glass, starts to make himself a Martini.

MICHAEL

My old room-mate from Georgetown just called.

DONALD

Alan what's-his-name?

MICHAEL

He's up here from Washington and he's on his way over here.

DONALD

Well, I hope he knows the lyrics to Happy Birthday.

MICHAEL

Listen, asshole, what am I going to do? He's straight. And Square City!

("Top Drawer" accent through clenched teeth)

I mean he's rally vury proper. Awfully good family.

DONALD

(Same accent)

That's soooooo important.

MICHAEL

(regular speech)

I mean they look down on people in the theatre - so whatta you think he'll feel about the freak show I've got booked for dinner?

DONALD

(sipping his drink)

Christ, is that good.

NEW ANGLE

as Michael takes the tray of cracked-crab out of the refrigerator.

MICHAEL

Went some cracked crab?

DONALD

Not just yet. Why'd you invite him over?

Michael gets out dishes and cocktail forks for the crab.

MICHAEL

He invited himself. He said he had to see me. Immediately. He absolutely lost his spring on the phone.

DONALD

Maybe he's feeling sorry for himself too.

MICHAEL

Great heaves and sobs. Really boo-hoo-hoo-time -- and that's not his style at all. I mean he's so pulled-together he wouldn't show any emotion if he were in a plane crash. What am I going to do?

DONALD

What the hell do you care what he thinks?

MICHAEL

Well, I don't really but ...

~~DONALD~~

DONALD

Or are you suddenly ashamed of your friends?

MICHAEL

Donald, you are the only person I know of whom I am truly ashamed. Some people do have different standards from yours and mine, you know. And if we don't acknowledge them, we're just as narrow-minded and backward as we think they are.

DONALD

You know what you are, Michael? You're a real person.

MICHAEL

Thank you and fuck you.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Michael crosses to set the dishes and forks on a tray, picks up the crab dish, sets it on the tray, takes a piece of crab and nibbles on it.

MICHAEL

Want some?

DONALD

No thanks. How could you ever have been friends with a bore like that?

MICHAEL

Believe it or not there was a time in my life when I didn't go around announcing that I was a faggot.

DONALD

That must have been before speech replaced sign language.

MICHAEL

Don't give me any static on that score. I didn't come out until I left college.

DONALD

It seems to me that the first time we tricked we met in a gay bar on Third Avenue during your junior years.

MICHAEL

Cunt.

DONALD

I thought you'd never say it.

MICHAEL

Sure you don't want any cracked crab?

DONALD

Not yet! If you don't mind!

MICHAEL

Well, it can only be getting colder.

He sweeps up the tray containing the crab and the dishes and exits out the kitchen door onto the tented area of the terrace. Donald shakes his head, sips his drink.

EXT. STREET IN LOW SIXTIES EARLY EVENING

Outside Michael's brownstone. CAMERA PICKS UP Alan, slowly walking

down the sidewalk, looking up toward the fourth floor apartment. He is dressed in black tie, carries a light black raincoat.

There is the rumble of thunder.

CLOSER ALAN

Indecisive. He goes to the base of the brownstone steps, hesitates, turns, walks back out to the street curb, waits.

EXT. (INT.) TENTED AREA OF TERRACE EARLY EVENING

This "tented" area is really the end of the terrace next to the door to the kitchen and the French windows leading into the L-shaped living room, which has been "decorated" by means of a canvas awning overhang and swag tie-backs. The exposed brick of the house and the neighboring common walls have been painted white and hung with potted plants. There is a grouping of iron terrace couches, chairs, and low tables and another grouping of dining table and straight-back chairs.

ANGLE SHOOTING TOWARD HOUSE FACADE

with Michael arranging the cracked crab on an iron coffee table. Donald can still be seen through the door inside the kitchen.

There is a rumble of thunder, a flash of summer lightning.

CLOSER MICHAEL

surprised by the lightning, straightens from the coffee table, comes to the edge of the awning overhang, looks out and up at the sky, sips his drink.

MICHAEL

Well, that's all we need -- for it to rain.

Donald comes outside, carrying the tray of glasses and ice and mixes over to a rolling bar cart.

DONALD

If you insist on al fresco living you'd best move back to Beverly Hills.

MICHAEL

Even in a palm-lined sewer it's cold and it's damp.

DONALD

And that's why you're a tramp.

MICHAEL
What time is it?

DONALD
I don't know. Early.

MICHAEL
Where the hell is Alan?

DONALD
You want some more club soda?

MICHAEL
What?

DONALD
There's nothing but club soda in that
glass. It's not gin -- like mine.
You want some more?

MICHAEL
No.

WIDER ANGLE

as Michael takes a carton of cigarettes from rolling bar, goes
about tables, checking the cigarette boxes, opening fresh packs
and placing them inside.

DONALD
I've been watching you for several Saturdays
now. You've actually stopped drinking,
haven't you.

MICHAEL
And smoking too.

DONALD
And smoking too. How long's it been?

MICHAEL
Five weeks.

DONALD
That's amazing.

MICHAEL
I've found God.

DONALD
It is amazing -- for you.

MICHAEL
Or is God dead.

DONALD

Yes, thank God. And don't get panicky just because I'm paying you a compliment. I can tell the difference.

MICHAEL

You always said that I held my liquor better than anybody you ever saw.

DONALD

I could always tell when you were getting high - one way.

MICHAEL

I'd get hostile.

DONALD

You seem happier or something now -- and that shows.

CLOSE MICHAEL

quietly appreciative, turning to go into the kitchen.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

DONALD

What made you stop - the analyst?

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Michael starts to assemble liquor bottles - pour half-filled ones into other half-filled ones, break cellophanes on new ones, etc., ordering them onto the already present tray.

MICHAEL

He certainly had a lot to do with it. Mainly, I just didn't think I could survive another hangover, that's all. I don't think I could get through that morning - after ick attack.

DONALD

(enters)

Morning-after what?

MICHAEL

Icks! Anxiety! Guilt! Unfathomable guilt - either real or imagined -- from that split second your eyes pop open and you say, "Oh, my God, what did I do last night!" and ZAP Total Recall!!

DONALD
Tell me about it!

MICHAEL
 Then, the coffee, aspirin, Alka-seltzer,
 Darvon, Daprisal, and a quick call to
 I.A. -- Icks's Anonymous.

DONALD
 "Good morning, I.A."

MICHAEL
 (pantomiming phone)
 "Hi. Was I too bad last night? Did I
 do anything wrong? I didn't do anything
 terrible, did I?"

DONALD
 (laughing)
 How many times! How many times!

NEW ANGLE

as Michael goes to the refrigerator, removes some lemons, goes to
 a carving board, starts to slice them, put them on a dish.

MICHAEL
 And from then on, that struggle to live
 'til lunch when you have a double Bloody
 Mary -- that is, if you've waited until
 lunch -- and then you're half-pissed
 again and useless for the rest of the
 afternoon.

He hands the dish of sliced lemons to Donald, goes to pick up the
 liquor tray, head outside.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE - EARLY EVENING

Michael carries the tray to the rolling bar. Donald follows.

MICHAEL
 (en route)
 And the only sure cure is to go to bed
 for about thirty-seven hours but who
 ever does that. Instead, you hang on
 'til cocktail time, and by then you're
 ready for what the night holds - which
 hopefully is another party where the
 whole goddam cycle starts over.
 (a beat)
 Well, I've been on that merry-go-round
 long enough and I either had to get off
 or die of centrifugal force.

DONALD

And just how does a clear head stack up with the dull fog of alcohol?

MICHAEL

Well, all those things you've always heard are true. Nothing can compare with the experience of one's faculties functioning at their maximum natural capacity. The only thing is .. I'd kill for a drink.

The wall panel buzzes in the living room.

DONALD

Joe College has (finally) arrived.

MICHAEL

(exiting)

Suddenly, I have such an ick!

NEW ANGLE

as he rushes inside through the French windows, Donald goes to the bar to refreshen his drink. A moment later, Michael pops back out onto the terrace.

MICHAEL

Now listen Donald ..

DONALD

Michael, don't insult me by giving me any lecture on acceptable social behavior. I promise to sit with my legs spread apart and keep my voice in a deep register.

MICHAEL

Donald, you are a real card-carrying cunt.

INT. DINING-STUDY AREA OF L-SHAPED LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

CAMERA PULLS BACK with Michael as he comes through the French windows, through the book-lined dining-study area adjacent to the swinging door to the kitchen. Donald can still be seen behind him, on the terrace, receding into the distance.

CAMERA PANS Michael through the heavily shadowed room over to the front door, PULLS IN CLOSE as he tears it open ..

EMORY (O.S.)

ALRIGHT, THIS IS A RAID! EVERYBODY'S UNDER ARREST!

WIDER ANGLE

as Emory burst in, giving out with a loud raucous laugh, kissing Michael on the cheek.

EMORY

Hello, darlin'! Connie Casserole.
Oh, Mary, don't ask.

MICHAEL

(weary already)
Put it in the kitchen, Emory.

EMORY

(spotting Donald outside)
Who is that exotic woman out yonder?

Larry and Hank enter.

MICHAEL

Hi, Hank, Larry. Go on outside.

They say, "Hi," shake hands. Michael looks down the stairway, closes the door.

NEW ANGLE

CAMERA PULLING BACK with Emory as he comes through the dining-study area out onto the terrace.

EMORY

(to Donald, en route)
My dear, I thought you had perished!
Where have you been hiding your
classically chisled features?

DONALD

Hi, Emory. I don't live in the
city anymore.

Donald turns to look back inside as the others approach.

CLOSE DONALD

seeing Larry.

INT. DINING-STUDY AREA - EARLY EVENING

CLOSE LARRY

seeing Donald, stopping.

MICHAEL
(to Larry, Hank, re.gifts)
Here, I'll take those.
(to Emory outside)
Where's yours, Emory?

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE EVENING - EARLY EVENING

WIDER ANGLE

as Hank and Michael come outside. Emory goes through the Dutch door into kitchen.

EMORY
(exiting)
It's arriving later.

CLOSE HANK

turning back to see Larry still standing in the dining area.

HANK
Larry!

LARRY
What?

HANK
Give Michael the gift!

NEW ANGLE

as he quickly comes outside.

LARRY
Oh. Here.
(to Hank)
Louder. So my mother in Philadelphia
can hear you.

HANK
Well, you were just standing there
in a trance.

MICHAEL
You both know Donald, don't you?

DONALD
Sure. Nice to see you.
(to Hank)
Hi.

HANK
(shaking hands)
Nice to meet you.

MICHAEL
Oh, I thought you'd met.

DONALD
Well ...

LARRY
We haven't exactly met, but we've ..
Hi.

DONALD
Hi.

HANK
But you've what?

LARRY
.. Seen .. each other before.

MICHAEL
Well, that sounds murky.

HANK
Where?

WIDER ANGLE

as Emory exits the kitchen onto the terrace.

EMORY
(loud aside to Michael)
I think they're having their first
fight.

LARRY
The first one since the last one.

MICHAEL
(re Emory)
Where'd you find this trash?

LARRY
Third Avenue, leaning against a
lamp post.

EMORY
With an orchid behind my ear and
big wet lips painted over the
lipline.

MICHAEL
Just like Maria Montez.

DONALD
Ohhh, pleeeeeease!

EMORY
(to Donald)
What have you got against Maria --
she was a good woman.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as he exits to kitchen, Michael takes prominence in the group.

MICHAEL
Listen everybody, this old college friend
of mine is in town and he's stopping for
a fast drink on his way to dinner somewhere.
But, listen, he's straight, so ..

LARRY
Straight! If it's the one I met, he's
about as straight as the Yellow Brick
Road.

MICHAEL
No, you met Justin Stuart.

HANK
I don't remember anybody named Justin
Stuart.

LARRY
Of course you don't, dope. I met him.

MICHAEL
Well, this is someone else.

DONALD
Alan McCarthy. A very close total
stranger.

MICHAEL
It's not that I care what he would think
of me, really - it's just that he's not
ready for it. And he never will be.
You understand that, don't you, Hank?

HANK
Oh, sure.

LARRY

You honestly think he doesn't know about you?

MICHAEL

If there's the slightest suspicion, he's never let on one bit.

ANGLE ON EMORY

as he exits the kitchen onto the terrace.

EMORY

What's he had, a lobotomy?

He continues through the group, exits through the French windows into the partment. Everybody laughs, changes positions.

NEW ANGLES:

EXT. (REAL OUTDOOR LOCATION) TERRACE - NIGHT

The open area out beyond the awning with neighboring apartment buildings and lower gardens in view.

MICHAEL

I was super careful when I was in college and I still am whenever I see him. I don't know why, but I am.

DONALD

Tilt.

MICHAEL

You may think it was a crock of shit, Donald, but to him I'm sure we were close friends. The closest. To pop that balloon now just wouldn't be fair to him. Isn't that right?

LARRY

Whatever's fair.

MICHAEL

Well, of course. And if that's phoney of me, Donald, then that's phoney of me and make something of it.

CLOSE TWO SHOT as Michael glares at Donald nose to nose.

DONALD

I pass.

MICHAEL

Well, even you have to admit it's much simpler to deal with the world according to its rules and then go right ahead and do what you damn well please. You do understand that, don't you?

DONALD

Now that you've put it in layman's terms.

Donald moves OUT OF FRAME ..

CAMERA PANS WITH MICHAEL

as he paces ..

MICHAEL

I was just like Alan when I was in college. Very large in the dating department. Wore nothing but those constipated Ivy League clothes and those ten-pound cordovan shoes.

.. he has come up beside Hank. CAMERA HOLDS as he realizes how Hank is dressed.

No offense.

HANK

Quite alright.

MICHAEL

I butched-it-up quite a bit. And I didn't think I was lying to myself. I really thought I was straight.

NEW LOW ANGLE

SHOOTING UP TO FRAME an upstairs window above the awning as Emory raises it, leans out.

EMORY

Who do you have to fuck to get a drink around here?

REVERSE HIGH ANGLE

SHOOTING DOWN on Michael.

MICHAEL

Will you lite somewhere.

Emory closes the window. Michael turns back to group ..

Or I thought I thought I was straight.
I know I didn't come out till after I
graduated.

DONALD

What about all those week-ends up
from school?

MICHAEL

I still wasn't out. I was still in
the "Christ-Was-I-Drunk-Last-Night-
Syndrome".

LARRY

The what?

MICHAEL

The Christ-Was-I-Drunk-Last-Night-
Syndrome. You know, when you made
it with some guy in school and the
next day when you had to face each other
there was always a lot of shit-kicking
crap about. "Man, was I drunk last
night! Christ, I don't remember a
thing!"

WIDER ANGLE

as everyone laughs. Donald steps into FRAME.

DONALD

You were just guilty because you were
Catholic, that's all.

MICHAEL

That's not true. The Christ-Was-I-
Drunk-Last-Night Syndrome knows no
religion. It has to do with
immaturity. Although I will admit
there's a high percentage of it
among Mormons.

NEW ANGLE

as Emory comes outside, through French windows, joins the group.

EMORY

Trollop.

MICHAEL

We all somehow managed to justify our actions in those days. I later found out that even Justin Stuart, my closest friend -

DONALD

Other than Alan McCarthy.

MICHAEL

(a look to Donald)

- was doing the same thing. Only Justin was going to Boston on week-ends.

Emory and Larry Laugh.

LARRY

(to Hank)

Sound familiar?

MICHAEL

Yes, long before Justin or I or God-only-knows how many others came out, we used to get drunk and "horse around" quite a bit. You see, in the Christ-Was-I-Drunk-Last-Night Syndrome, you really are drunk. That part of it is true. It's just that you also do remember everything.

NEW ANGLE

general laughter.

MICHAEL

Oh God, I used to have to get loaded to go in a gay bar!

DONALD

Well, times certainly have changed.

MICHAEL

They have. Lately, I've gotten to despise the bars. Everybody just standing around and standing around - it's like one eternal intermission.

HANK
(to Larry)
Sound familiar?

EMORY
I can't stand the bars either. All
that cat-and-mouse business - you
hang around staring at each other
all night and wind-up going home
alone.

MICHAEL
And pissed.

CLOSE LARRY.

LARRY
A lot of guys have to get loaded
to have sex.

He quickly looks to Hank.

CLOSE HANK
unamused.

LARRY
.. So I've been told.

MICHAEL
If you remember, Donald, the first
time we made it I was so drunk I
could hardly stand up.

DONALD
You were so drunk you could
hardly get it up.

MICHAEL
(mock innocence)
Christ, I was so drunk I don't
remember.

DONALD
Bullshit, you remember.

MICHAEL
(sings to Donald)
"Just friends, lovers no more .."

EMORY
You may as well be. Everybody
thinks you are anyway.

DONALD

We never were - really.

MICHAEL

We didn't have time to be - we got to know each other too fast.

The door buzzer sounds in the living room.

.. Oh, Jesus, it's Alan! Now, please everybody, do me a favor and cool-it for the few minutes he's here.

EMORY

Anything for a sis, Mary.

MICHAEL

That's exactly what I'm talking about, Emory. No camping!

EMORY

Sorry.

(deep, deep voice to Donald)

Think the Giants are gonna win the pennant this year?

→ DONALD:
"fuckin' A MAC"

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael hurries inside, crosses to the front door, opens it to reveal Bernard, carrying his birthday gift and two bottles of red wine.

MICHAEL

Bernard! Is the downstairs door open?

BERNARD

It was, but I closed it.

MICHAEL

Good.

(closes the door.)

(re.the bottles of wine)

I'll take those. Everybody's outside. Put your present with the others.

ANOTHER ANGLE DINING-STUDY AREA

as Michael goes through swinging door into kitchen, Bernard continues OUT OF FRAME toward the terrace.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE - NIGHT

As Bernard comes outside.

CLOSE EMORY

seeing him, giving out with a big scream!

EMORY

Oh, it's only another queen!

BERNARD

And it ain't the Red one, either.

EMORY

It's the queen of spades!

EXT. STREET IN LOW SIXTIES - NIGHT

Alan walks down the opposite side of the street from Michael's brownstone., He pauses, looks up at the top floor.

CLOSER

as he makes a decision, turns, walks briskly down the street.

EXT. 2nd AVENUE NIGHT

as Alan comes around the corner, enters a bar. Another flash of heat lightning.

INT. 2nd AVENUE BAR - NIGHT

Alan orders a double rye from the bartender, crosses to a phone booth, enters, deposits a coin, dials.

INT. KITCHEN NIGHT

Michael gets out a cork screw. Larry enters, Michael hands him both a bottle of red wine and the opener.

Emory and Bernard can be seen through the kitchen door outside under the tented section of the terrace.

EMORY

Anybody ever tell you you'd look divine in a hammock, surrounded by louvres and ceiling fans and lots and lots of lush tropical ferns?

BERNARD

You're such a fag. You take the cake.

He moves off, out of sight.

The phone rings. Michael moves to it.

MICHAEL

Hello?

ALAN
(O.S.)

Hi.

EMORY

(entering kitchen)

Oh, what about the cake - whose job was that?

LARRY

Mine; I ordered one to be delivered.

MICHAEL

Alan?

EMORY

How many candles did you say put on it -- eighty?

ALAN

(O.S.)

Michael, I ..

MICHAEL

.. What? Wait a minute. There's too much noise. Let me go to another phone.

He presses the hold button, starts outside through the kitchen door.

LARRY

(to Michael)

Did the cake come?

MICHAEL

No.

LARRY

Jesus, I'd better call. Okay if
I use the private line?

MICHAEL

(exiting)

Sure.

Larry crosses to wall phone, presses free line button, picks up
the receiver, dials information.

LARRY

Could I have the number for the
Marseilles Bakery in Manhattan?

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE - NIGHT

Michael quickly comes over by Donald who is standing near the
rolling bar cart, talking to Bernard.

MICHAEL

Donald, will you bartend, please?
Alan's on the phone.

DONALD

What's up?

MICHAEL

Do I know?

He heads inside through the French doors - stops, turns back ..

Listen, everybody, there's some
cracked crab there. Help
yourselves.

He continues inside. Donald shakes his head, crosses to the bar.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE - NIGHT

DONALD

Is everybody ready for a drink?

NEW ANGLE

Emory popping outside from the kitchen.

EMORY

Ready! I'll be your topless
cocktail waitress!

He flips up his sweater.

BERNARD

Please spare us the sight of your
sagging tits.

EMORY

What' re you having, kids?

HANK

Is there any beer?

DONALD

(to Emory)

In the refrigerator.

EMORY

Beer! Who drinks beer before dinner?

BERNARD

Beer drinkers.

He exits into the kitchen.

DONALD

That's telling him.

EMORY

Truckdrivers do. Or .. or wall-paperers.
Not school teachers. They have sherry.

HANK

This one has beer.

EMORY

Well, maybe school teachers in
public schools.

He spins round, goes into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Larry is re-dialing. Bernard has opened the refrigerator and
removed a can of beer. He is opening it when Emory enters.

EMORY

How can a sensitive artist like you
live with an insensitive bull like that?

LARRY

I can't.

BERNARD

Emory, you'd live with Hank in a minute, if he'd ask you. In fifty-eight seconds. Lord knows, you're sssensitive.

EMORY

Why don't you have a piece of watermelon and hush-up!

He jerks the beer can out of Bernard's hand, exits onto the terrace. Larry slams down the phone.

LARRY

Shit. They don't answer.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE - NIGHT

Emory sweeps outside, gives the beer to Hank, bats his eyes. Hank turns away.

DONALD

What're you having, Emory?

BERNARD

(exiting the kitchen)

A pink lady.

EMORY

A stinger on-the-rocks, please.

Donald passes him a drink for Bernard, he takes it. Bernard holds out his hand, Emory slaps it, then gives him the drink.

LARRY

(exiting from the kitchen)

Well, let's just hope.

EMORY

Order please.

LARRY

Vodka and tonic.

EMORY

(swinging over to the bar)

A vod and ton, comin' up!

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael is on the phone.

MICHAEL

No, Alan, don't be silly. What's there to apologize for?

INT. 2nd AVENUE ~~BAR~~ PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

CLOSE ON ALAN

very composed, very business-like.

ALAN

I just feel like such a fool. I could shoot myself for letting myself act that way. I'm so embarrassed I could die.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MICHAEL

But Alan -- if you were genuinely upset - that's nothing to be embarrassed about.

ALAN

(O.S.)

All I can say is -- please accept my apology for making such an ass of myself. I'm sorry for disturbing you.

MICHAEL

It's okay. It's just as well that you're not coming. There're people here - it wouldn't be a good time to talk. What about lunch tomorrow?

INT. 2nd AVENUE BAR PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

ALAN

Okay, would you like to come to the hotel? What about the Oak Room at one o'clock?

MICHAEL

(O.S.)

Great. I'll be there.

ALAN

And listen, can you just forget tonight? Pretend it never happened. I know I have. Okay?

MICHAEL
(O.S.)

Alan, forget it, will you?

ALAN

See you tomorrow.

He hangs up, steps out of the booth, crosses to bar, downs the double jigger of rye, breathes deeply.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael hangs up, thinks a minute.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as he catches sight of himself in a mirror, comes over to it to check his hair, notices his sweater, decides he doesn't like the way it looks, begins to take it off.

INT. DINING-STUDY AREA - NIGHT

Larry is at a book-shelf, leafing through some record albums. He selects one, puts it on a KLH record player which is also located on one of the shelves.

NEW ANGLE

as he begins to string the stereo speakers outside through the French windows. He hands one to Bernard to place strategically.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE - NIGHT

Bernard passes Emory. Larry goes back into the Dining-Study area, starts a rock record.

BERNARD

Yeah, baby, let's hear that sound.

EMORY

A drum-beat and their eyes sparkle
like Cartier's.

Bernard finishes placing the speaker, snaps his fingers, moves a bit in time to the music.

NEW ANGLE

as Michael exits the French windows, carrying Donald's stack of books.

MICHAEL
(to Donald)

Here. Don't get these mixed up
with mine. He's not coming.

DONALD
He'll never know what he missed.

Donald takes the books over to where Bernard is standing, puts them
on the table with the speaker.

BERNARD
Read any new libraries lately?

DONALD
One or three. I did the complete
works of Doris Lessing this week.
I've been depressed.

BERNARD
I never see you anymore.

DONALD
You must not work in Circulation.

BERNARD
Oh, I'm still there -- every day.

DONALD
Well, since I moved, I only come
in on Saturday evenings.

HANK
Looks like you stock-up for the
week.

BERNARD
Are you kidding -- that'll last him
two days.

EMORY
It would last me two years. I still
haven't finished "Atlas Shrugged"
which I started in 1912.

BERNARD
Some people eat, some people drink,
some take dope ..

DONALD
I read.

MICHAEL

And read and read and read. It's a wonder your eyes don't turn back in your head at the sight of a dust jacket.

HANK

Well, at least, he's a constructive escapist.

MICHAEL

Yeah, what do I do -- take planes. No, I don't do that anymore. Because I don't have the money to do that anymore. I go to the baths. That's about it.

EMORY

I'm about to do both. I'm flying to the West Coast --

BERNARD

You still have that act with a donkey in Tijuana?

NEW ANGLE

as everyone laughs. Michael exits through the terrace door into the kitchen. Emory crosses to sit beside Hank on a wrought iron settee.

EMORY

I'm going to San Francisco on a well-earned vacation.

LARRY

No shopping?

EMORY

Oh, I'll look for a few things for a couple of clients but I've been so busy lately, I really couldn't care less if I never saw another piece of fabric or another stick of furniture as long as I live. I'm going to the Club Baths and I'm not coming out til they announce the departure of TWA one week later.

BERNARD

You'll never learn to stay out of the baths, will you. The last time Emily was taking the vapors, this big hairy number strolled in. Emory said, "I'm just resting." and the big hairy number said, "I'm just arresting!" It was the vice!

Everyone laughs.

EMORY

You have to tell everything, don't you.

Donald crosses to give Emory his stinger.

Thanks, sonny. You live with your parents?

DONALD

Yeah. But it's alright -- they're gay.

CLOSER EMORY AND HANK

as Emory roars, slaps Hank on the knee. Hank gets up, moves away. Emory stops laughing.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Michael is taking out plates, silver, etc., and putting them on a tray.

Donald enters.

DONALD

What happened to Alan?

MICHAEL

He suddenly got terrible icks about having broken down on the phone. Kept apologizing over and over. Did a big about-face and reverted to the old Alan right before my very eyes.

DONALD

Ears.

MICHAEL

Ears.

WIDER ANGLE

as Emory enters from the terrace, carrying the crab on ice.

MICHAEL (contd.)

Well, the cracked crab obviously
did not work out.

He reaches for it.

EMORY

Just get away if you don't want
your hand slapped. I'm about to
have some, but I want to pour
the water off.

He goes to the sink, drains the melted ice, exits back onto the terrace.

MICHAEL

It's really very good.

CLOSE MICHAEL

giving Donald a look.

MICHAEL

I don't know why everyone has such
an aversion to it.

DONALD

Sometimes you remind me of the
Chinese water torture.. I take
that back. Sometimes you remind
me of the relentless Chinese
water torture.

MICHAEL

Bitch.

He exits through the swinging door.

INT. DINING-STUDY - NIGHT

Hank is browsing through the book-shelves, Larry is busy with the
records, as Michael comes through the swinging door followed by Donald.

HANK

I wonder where Harold is.

MICHAEL

I called earlier and there was no answer -- maybe I should try again.

Emory has set the crab down on the terrace coffee table, comes through the French windows. Michael goes to the desk phone, dials.

EMORY

Yeah, where is the frozen fruit?

MICHAEL

(to Donald)

Emory refers to Harold as the frozen fruit because of his former profession as an ice skater.

EMORY

She used to be the Vera Hrubá Ralston of the Borscht Circuit.

CLOSE MICHAEL

on phone.

MICHAEL

You know how long it takes him to get ready.

EMORY

D.A. or B.Y.

DONALD

What's D.A. or B.Y.?

EMORY

Operator lingo for 'doesn't answer' or 'busy'.

MICHAEL

He's not answering.

INT. HAROLD'S APARTMENT.

TIGHT on the phone ringing. CAMERA PANS UP TO FRAME the door to the apartment closing. CAMERA CONTINUES AROUND the dimmed room, now curiously layered in smoke.

INT. DINING-STUDY - NIGHT

Michael hangs up.

MICHAEL
Maybe he's on his way.

The record changes. Bernard starts to dance. Michael motions Hank to help him push a small dining table aside.

WIDER ANGLE

of them starting to dance as Emory goes to Larry.

BERNARD
(to Michael)
If your mother could see you now
she'd have a stroke.

MICHAEL
Got a camera on you?

The door panel buzzes. Emory lets out a yelp.

EMORY
Oh my God, it's Lilly Law!
Everybody three feet apart!

Michael goes into the wide section of the L-shaped living room, presses the button.

NEW ANGLE

as Emory shyly pushes through the swinging door, holds it open, hides behind it. Larry turns down the record player. Donald exits onto the terrace through the French windows:

CLOSE MICHAEL

at front door as he opens it, pokes his head out.

POV SHOT

a DELIVERY BOY with a large pastry box, coming up the stairs.

MICHAEL
(leaning back in the room)
No it's the delivery boy from the
bakery.

LARRY
Thank God.

INT. STAIRWELL

As Michael fishes in his pocket for some change.

EMORY
(O.S.)

Ask him if he's got any hot cross
buns!

CLOSE MICHAEL

expressionless.

CLOSE DELIVERY BOY

eyeing the door quizzically.

MICHAEL
(gives him some coins)
Thank you; goodnight.

He goes back inside.

INT. DINING-STUDY

Emory boldly coming out from behind the swinging door.

EMORY
(slaps Bernard on the
behind)
Ask him if he's got any black bottom
pie.

HANK
Come on, Emory, knock it off!

BERNARD
You can take her anywhere but out!

He goes out through the French windows.

EMORY
(to Hank)
You remind me of an old maid
school teacher.

HANK
You remind me of a chicken wing.

He exits onto the terrace.

EMORY
I'm sure you meant that as a
compliment.

NEW ANGLE

as Michael goes past Emory into the kitchen with the cake box.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE - NIGHT

WIDER ANGLE

as Larry turns the music up again, comes outside.

LARRY

Hey, Bernard, you remember that thing
we used to do on Fire Island?

He starts to do a kind of "Madison".

BERNARD

That was "in" so far back I think I've
forgotten.

EMORY

I remember.

He pops out, starts doing the steps. Larry and Bernard start to follow.

LARRY

Yeah. That's it.

NEW ANGLE

as Michael comes out the kitchen door.

MICHAEL

Well, if it isn't the Geriatrics
Rockettes.

He starts to try to join in with them. Donald comes to sit on the
arm of a wrought iron chair, sip his drink, watch in fascination.
Hank goes into the kitchen.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

as the Delivery Boy comes outside the brownstone door, leaving it ajar.

WIDER ANGLE

as he bounds down the steps, jumps into Marseilles Bakery delivery
truck, and pulls away to reveal Alan coming across the street.
CAMERA PANS Alan up the brownstone steps, through the front door.

EXT. (INT.) TENTED AREA OF TERRACE - NIGHT

with the dancers in full swing.

INDIVIDUAL CUTS

of each of them as they continue turning and slapping their knees and heels and laughing and ad-libbing with abandon.

INT. BROWNSTONE CORRIDOR LANDING - NIGHT

BACK TO ALAN

as he rounds the third floor landing, continues up to Michael's door.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE - NIGHT

THE GROUP

dancing wildly.

INT. STAIRWELL

ALAN

ringing buzzer

INT. KITCHEN

HANK

getting another beer out of the refrigerator with the dancers seen beyond, through the open door. The buzzer sounds. He hears it, opens his beer. It rings again. He goes to the kitchen door, sees everyone is too involved with the music to have heard the buzzer.

He exits through the swinging door.

INT. DINING-STUDY - NIGHT

As Hank comes through, the dancers now seen through the French windows.

CAMERA PULLS BACK with Hank as he crosses to open the door and reveal Alan.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE

THE GROUP

more joyous than ever, turning and laughing and clapping their hands.

ANGLE WIDENS

As Alan comes outside, followed by Hank.

CLOSE MICHAEL

as he suddenly looks up, stops dead.

DONALD

as he turns to see what Michael has seen, slowly stands.

ALAN

stunned. Hank moves off in the b.g. into the Dining-Study, stops the music.

EMORY LARRY BERNARD

come to out-of-step halts, look up to see what's happened.

INDIVIDUAL CUTS

as they all quickly disperse.

FINALLY MICHAEL

coming forward.

MICHAEL

I thought you said you weren't coming.

ALAN

I .. well, I'm sorry ..

MICHAEL

(forced lightly)

We were just -- acting silly ..

ALAN

.. Actually, when I called I was in a phone booth round the corner. My dinner party isn't far from here. And ..

MICHAEL

Emory was just showing us this .. silly dance.

CONTINUED:

ALAN

. . . well, then I walked past and
your downstairs door was open and . . .

TIGHTER EMORY AND MICHAEL

as Michael presents him . . .

MICHAEL

This is Emory.

Emory curtsies.

CLOSE MICHAEL

glaring at him, turns back to Alan with a fixed smile.

MICHAEL

Everybody, this is Alan McCarthy.
Counterclockwise, Alan: Larry, Emory,
Bernard, Donald, and Hank.

They all mumble, "Hi," "Hello."

. . . would you like a drink?

ALAN

Thanks, no. I . . . I can't stay . . .
long . . . really.

MICHAEL

Well, you're here now, so stay. What
would you like?

ALAN

Do you have any rye?

MICHAEL

I'm afraid I don't drink it any more.
You'll have to settle for gin or scotch
or vodka.

DONALD

Or beer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN

Scotch, please.

NEW ANGLE

as Michael starts for bar. Donald intercepts it.

DONALD

I'll get it.

He goes to bar.

HANK

(forced laugh)

Guess I'm the only beer drinker here.

ALAN

(looking around the group)

Whose . . . birthday . . . is it?

LARRY

Harold's.

ALAN

(looking from face
to face)

Harold?

BERNARD

He's not here yet.

EMORY

She's never been on time in her . . .

Michael shoots Emory a withering glance.

He's never been on time in his . . .

MICHAEL

Alan's from Washington. We went to
school together. Georgetown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE EMORY

chewing a hangnail.

EMORY

Well, isn't that fascinating.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Donald crosses, hands Alan his drink.

DONALD

If that's too strong, I'll put some water in it.

ALAN

(takes a quick gulp)

It's fine. Thanks. Fine.

HANK

Are you in the government?

ALAN

No. I'm a lawyer. What . . . what do you do?

HANK

I teach school.

ALAN

Oh. I would have taken you for an athlete of some sort. You look like you might play sports . . . of some sort.

HANK

Well, I'm no professional but I was on the basketball team in college and I play quite a bit of tennis.

ALAN

I play tennis, too.

HANK

Great game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN

Yes. Great.

(A beat. Silence.)

What . . . do you teach?

HANK

Math.

ALAN

Math?

HANK

Yes.

ALAN

Math. Well.

EMORY

Kinda makes you want to rush out and
buy a slide rule, doesn't it.

MICHAEL

Emory. I'm going to need some help with
dinner and you're elected. Come on!

EMORY

I'm always elected.

BERNARD

You're a natural born domestik.

EMORY

Said the African queen! You come on too --
you can fan me while I make the salad dressing.

MICHAEL

glaring a phony tight smile.

MICHAEL

Right this way, Emory!

(CONTINUED)

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Michael pushes the dutch door to the kitchen aside for Emory and Bernard to enter. As soon as they are inside, Michael slams the top half of the door closed, but as the bottom half is still open, everything they say is heard:

MICHAEL

(inside kitchen behind
door)

You son-of-a-bitch!

EMORY

What the hell do you want from me?

The bottom half of the door is slammed, cutting-off any further sound.

NEW ANGLE

on Hank and Alan and Larry.

HANK

Why don't we all sit down.

ALAN

. . . Sure.

He and Hank move to a wrought iron couch under the awning, Larry moves off in the b.g., inside the dining-study area where Donald has taken his books.

INT. DINING-STUDY - NIGHT

LARRY

Hi.

DONALD

. . . Hi.

Hank and Alan can be seen outside on the terrace. Hank is watching Larry.

ALAN

I really feel terrible -- barging in
on you fellows this way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY
(to Donald)
How've you been?

DONALD
Fine, thanks.

HANK
(in the b.g., to Alan)
. . . . Oh, that's okay.

DONALD
(to Larry)
Oh . . . just fine.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE - NIGHT

REVERSE

with Larry and Donald in the b.g., Hank and Alan in the f.g.

ALAN
(to Hank)
You're married?

Larry hears this, turns to look out at them. Hank turns his attention to Alan.

HANK
What?

CLOSE ALAN

pointing to wedding band.

ALAN
I see you're married.

CLOSE HANK

twisting the ring.

HANK
Oh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEW ANGLE

including Michael who comes outside from the kitchen, glances into the dining-study to see Larry and Donald.

MICHAEL

(glaring at Donald)

Yes. Hank's married. Donald, ~~don't~~ *Cope*
with some ice.

INT. DINING-STUDY - NIGHT

Donald gets the message, moves away . . .

DONALD

(to Larry)

Excuse me.

He goes to the swinging door, pushes it, bumps it against Emory, who is eavesdropping.

EMORY (O.S.)

Oooooowwww!

Donald tries it again, pushes it wide to reveal Emory, rubbing his head. Donald enters, the door swings closed.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE - NIGHT

ALAN

(to Hank)

You have any kids?

HANK

Yes. Two. A boy nine, and a girl seven.
You should see my boy play tennis -- he
really puts his dad to shame.

ALAN

I have two kids, too. Both girls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK

Great.

MICHAEL

How are the girls, Alan?

ALAN

Oh, just sensational.

(shakes his head)

They're something, those kids. God,
I'm nuts about them.

HANK

How long have you been married?

ALAN

Nine years. Can you believe it,
Mickey?

MICHAEL

No.

ALAN

Mickey used to go with my wife when we
were all in school.

MICHAEL

Can you believe that?

ALAN

(to Hank)

You live in the city?

LARRY

Yes, we do.

WIDER

as Larry comes outside, over to couch next to Hank.

ALAN

Oh.

HANK

I'm in the process of getting a divorce.
Larry and I are -- room-mates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Yes.

ALAN

Oh. I'm sorry. Oh, I mean . . .

HANK

I understand.

ALAN

(gets up)

I . . . I . . . I think I'd like another
drink . . . if I may.

MICHAEL

Of course. What was it?

ALAN

I'll do it . . . if I may.

He gets up, starts for the bar. Suddenly, there is a loud O.S. crash!
Alan jumps, looks toward the swinging door.

ALAN (Cont'd)

What was that?

NEW ANGLE

as Donald enters with the plastic ice bag.

MICHAEL

Excuse me. Testy temperament out in
the kitch!

Michael exits through the swinging door.

ANGLE AT BAR

as Alan continues to the bar -- starts nervously picking-up and putting-
down bottles, searching for the scotch.

HANK

(to Larry)

Larry, where do you know that guy
from?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

What guy?

HANK

(re.Donald as he comes
out swinging door,
through dining-study)

LARRY

I don't know. Around. The
bars.

DONALD

Can I help you, Alan?

ALAN

I .. I can't seem to find
the Scotch.

DONALD

You've got it in your hand.

ALAN

Oh. Of course. How stupid
of me.

CLOSE DONALD

as he watches Alan fumble with the Scotch bottle and glass.

DONALD

Why don't you let me do that?

ALAN

(gratefully hands him both)
Thanks.

DONALD

Was it water or soda?

ALAN

Just make it straight -- over ice.

NEW ANGLE

as Michael comes out of kitchen door.

MICHAEL

You see, Alan, I told you it wasn't
a good time to talk. But we ..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN

It doesn't matter. I'll just
finish this and go ..
(he takes a long swallow)

LARRY

Where can Harold be?

MICHAEL

Oh, he's always late. You know
how neurotic he is about going
out in public.

LARRY

Why is that?

WIDER

as Emory breezes in with an apron tied around his waist, carrying
a stack of plates which he places on a wrought iron table.

EMORY

Why is what?

LARRY

Why does Harold spend hours getting
ready before he can go out?

EMORY

Because she's a sick lady, that's why.

He exits to the kitchen. Alan finishes his drink.

MICHAEL

Alan, (as I was about to say, we can
go in the bedroom and talk.

ALAN

It really doesn't matter.

MICHAEL

Come on. Bring your drink.
(starting into dining-study)

ALAN

I .. I've finished it.

MICHAEL

Well, make another and bring
it upstairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Donald picks up the scotch bottle and pours into the glass Alan has in his hand.

Michael has entered the apartment.

ALAN
(to Donald)
Thanks.

DONALD
Don't mention it.

ALAN
(to Hank)
Excuse us. We'll be down in a minute.

HANK
Sure. Sure.

LARRY
H'll still be here.

A beat, Alan goes through the French windows inside the apartment.

NEW ANGLE

HANK
(to Larry)
What was that supposed to mean?

LARRY
What was what supposed to mean?

HANK
You know.

LARRY
You want another beer?

HANK
No. You're jealous, aren't you?

Hank starts to laugh. Larry doesn't like it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

I'm Larry -- you're jealous.

EXT. (REAL OUTDOOR LOCATION) TERRACE - NIGHT

as Larry crosses out to the end of the terrace where Donald has gone.
CAMERA PULLS BACK with him, leaving Hank to recede in the b.g.

LARRY

Hey, Donald . . . where've you been
hanging out these days? I haven't
seen you in a long time.

Hank goes in through the dutch door into the kitchen.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

as Michael looks out the window to see:

P.O.V. SHOT

Donald and Larry out on the tip of the terrace, talking intimately.

CAMERA PULLS BACK into the bedroom as Michael draws a curtain across
the window.

ALAN

(looking out front
dormer windows)

This is a marvelous apartment.

MICHAEL

It's too expensive. I work to
pay rent.

ALAN

(turning back to
face Michael)

What are you doing these days?

MICHAEL

Nothing.

ALAN

Aren't you writing any more?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

I haven't looked at a typewriter since I sold the very very wonderful, very very marvelous screenplay which never got produced.

ALAN

That's right, the last time I saw you you were on your way to California --or was it Europe?

MICHAEL

Hollywood. Which is not in Europe nor does it have anything whatsoever to do with California.

ALAN

I've never been there but I would imagine it's awful. Everyone must be terribly cheap.

MICHAEL

No, not everyone.

Alan laughs. A beat. Michael sits on the bed.

MICHAEL (Cont'd)

Alan, I want to try to explain this evening . . .

ALAN

What's there to explain? Sometimes you just can't invite everybody to every party and some people take it personally. But I'm not one of them. I should apologize for inviting myself.

MICHAEL

That's not exactly what I meant.

ALAN

Your friends all seem like very nice guys. That Hank is really a very attractive fellow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

. . . Yes. He is.

ALAN

We have a lot in common. What's his room-mate's name?

MICHAEL

Larry.

ALAN

. . . What does he do?

MICHAEL

He's a commercial artist.

ALAN

I liked Donald, too. The only one I didn't care too much for was -- what's his name -- Emory?

MICHAEL

Yes. Emory

ALAN

I just can't stand that kind of talk. It just grates on me.

MICHAEL

What kind of talk, Alan?

ALAN

Oh, you know. His brand of humor, I guess.

MICHAEL

He can be really quite funny sometimes.

ALAN

I suppose so. If you find that sort of thing amusing. He seems like such a goddam little pansy.

Silence. A pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN (Cont'd)

I'm sorry I said that. I didn't mean to say that. That's such an awful thing to say about anyone. But you know what I mean, Michael -- you have to admit he is effeminate.

MICHAEL

He is a bit.

ALAN

A bit! He's like a . . . butterfly in heat! I mean there's no wonder he was trying to teach you all a dance. He probably wanted to dance with you!

(pause)

Oh, come on, man, you know me -- you know how I feel -- your private life is your own affair.

MICHAEL

No. I don't know that about you.

ALAN

I couldn't care less what people do -- as long as they don't do it in public -- or -- or try to force their ways on the whole damned world.

MICHAEL

Alan, what was it you were crying about on the telephone?

ALAN

All I can say is -- please accept my apology for making such an ass of myself.

MICHAEL

You must have been upset or you wouldn't have said you were, and that you wanted to see me . . . had to see me and had to to talk to me.

(CONTINUED)

ALAN
Michael, please.

MICHAEL
Is something wrong between you
and Fran?

ALAN
Listen, I've really got to go.

MICHAEL
Why are you in New York?

ALAN
I'm dreadfully late for dinner.

MICHAEL
Whose dinner? Where are you going?

ALAN
Is this the loo?

MICHAEL
Yes.

ALAN
Excuse me.

WIDER

as he quickly goes into the bathroom, closes the door.

CLOSE MICHAEL

He remains silent, sits down, stares silently into space.

EXT. (REAL OUTDOOR LOCATION) TERRACE - NIGHT

CLOSE LARRY AND DONALD

having a hearty laugh as raindrops suddenly start to fall.

DONALD
Oh, no!

There is a roll of thunder.

NEW ANGLE

as they head back under the awning.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE - NIGHT

as Larry takes a handkerchief out of his pocket, wipes the drops off the tip of Donald's nose.

LARRY

You have a raindrop on the tip of
your classically chiseled feature.

DONALD

Oh. Thanks.

Donald & Larry together.
Emory comes out of the kitchen door, discovers them ..

EMORY

What's-going-on-out-here-oh-
Mary-don't- ask.

He puts a salt cellar and pepper mill on the buffet table, moves
off to enter the apartment through the French windows.

LARRY

(re.rain)

Look. Now its's stopped.

Hank comes out of the kitchen, carrying the two bottles of Bernard's
red wine.

.. Oh, Hank, why don't you
come and join us.

HANK

Now that's an interesting suggestion.
Whose idea is that?

DONALD

(innocently)

Mine.

LARRY

(to Hank)

He means in a conversation.

BERNARD comes out from the kitchen, carrying four wine glasses.

EMORY

(to Bernard)

Where're the rest of the wine glasses?

BERNARD

Ahz workin' as fas' as ah can!

EMORY

They have to be told everything.
Can't let 'em out of your sight.

He breezes out of the kitchen.

NEW ANGLE

as Donald leaves Larry's side and goes to the coffee table, helps himself to the cracked crab.

Hank puts the wine on the buffet.

INT. LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Larry comes inside, meanders over to a piano, starts to play.

CLOSER.

as Hank enters, comes over to him.

HANK

I thought maybe you were abiding by
the agreement.

LARRY

We have no agreement.

HANK

We did.

LARRY

You did. I never agreed to anything!

WIDER INT. LIVING ROOM NIGHT

as Michael comes down the stairs. Donald enters from the terrace, has a crab claw in his fingers, raises it to Michael.

DONALD

To your health.

MICHAEL

Up yours.

DONALD

Up my health?

BERNARD

(enters)

Where's the gent?

MICHAEL

In the gent's room. If you can all
hang on for five more minutes, he's
about to leave.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the door buzzes. Michael crosses to it.

LARRY

~~(stops playing)~~

Well, at last!

CLOSE AT DOOR

as Michael opens it to reveal COWBOY, a muscle-bound young man,
briefly glimpsed earlier on 42nd Street, wearing boots, tight
levis, a calico neckerchief, and a cowboy hat. Around his wrist
there is a large card tied with a string.

COWBOY

(singing fast)

"Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday, dear Harold,
Happy birthday to you."

And with that, he throws his arms around Michael and gives him a
big kiss on the lips.

WIDER

Everyone stands in stunned silence.

MICHAEL

Who the hell are you?

NEW ANGLE

on Emory as he swings in from the kitchen.

EMORY

She's Harold's present from me and
she's early!

(quick to Cowboy)

And that's not even Harold, you idiot.

COWBOY

You said whoever answered the door.

EMORY

But not until midnight!

(Quickly to Group)

-- he's supposed to be a midnight cowboy!

DONALD

He is a midnight cowboy.

MICHAEL

He looks right out of a William
Inge play to me.

EMORY

(to Cowboy)

.. Not until midnight, and you're
supposed to sing to the right person,
for Chrissake! I told you Harold has
very, very, tight, tight, black curly
hair.

(referring to Michael)

This number's practically bald!

MICHAEL

Thank you and fuck you.

BERNARD

It's a good thing I didn't open the
door.

EMORY

Not that tight and not that black.

COWBOY

I forgot. Besides, I wanted to get
to the bars by midnight.

MICHAEL

He's a class act all the way around.

EMORY

What do you mean -- get to the bars!
Sweetie, I paid you for the whole
night, remember?

COWBOY

I hurt my back doing my exercises and
I wanted to get to bed early tonight.

BERNARD

Are you ready for this one?

LARRY

(to Cowboy)

That's too bad, what happened?

COWBOY

I lost my grip doing my chin-ups
and I fell on my heels and
twisted my back.

EMORY

You shouldn't wear heels when you
do chin-ups.

COWBOY

(oblivious)

I shouldn't do chin-ups -- I got a
weak grip to begin with.

EMORY

A weak grip. In my day it used to
be called a limp wrist.

BERNARD

Who can remember that far back?

MICHAEL

Who was it that always used to
say, "You show me Oscar Wilde in
a cowboy suit, and I'll show you
a gay caballero."

DONALD

I don't know. Who was it who
always used to say that?

MICHAEL

(Hall, Hepburn voice)
I don't know. Somebody.

LARRY

(to Cowboy)

What does your card say?

WIDER

as Cowboy holds up his wrist, crosses to him.

COWBOY

Here. You read it.

LARRY

(reading card)

"Dear Harold, bang, bang, you're
alive. But roll-over and play
dead. Happy Birthday, Emory."

BERNARD

Ah, sheer poetry, Emmy.

LARRY

And in your usual good taste.

MICHAEL

Yes, so conservative of you to
resist a sign in Times Square.

CLOSE EMORY

glancing toward stairs.

EMORY

Cheese it! Here comes the
socialite nun.

MICHAEL

Goddammit, Emory!

NEW ANGLE

as Alan comes down the stairs into the room.

Everybody quiets.

ALAN

Well, I'm off .. thanks, Michael,
for the drink.

MICHAEL

You're entirely welcome, Alan.
See you tomorrow?

ALAN

.. No. No, I think I'm going to
be awfully busy. I may even go
back to Washington.

EMORY

Got a heavy date in La Fayette Square?

ALAN

What?

HANK

Emory.

EMORY

Forget it.

ALAN

(sees Cowboy)

Are you .. Harold?

EMORY

No, he's not Harold. He's
for Harold.

Silence. Alan lets it pass.

NEW ANGLE

as Alan turns to Hank.

ALAN

Goodbye, Hank. It was nice to meet you.

HANK

Same here.

(they shake hands)

ALAN

If .. if you're ever in Washington --
I'd like for you to meet my wife.

LARRY

That'd be fun, wouldn't it, Hank.

EMORY

Yeah, they'd love to meet him - her.
I have such a problem with pronouns.

ALAN

(quick, to Emory)

How many esses are there in the
word 'pronoun'?

EMORY

How'd you like to kiss my ass --
that's got two or more esses
in it!

ALAN

How'd you like to blow me!

EMORY

What's the matter with your wife?
She got lockjaw?

WIDER

as Alan lashes out, lunges at Emory, grabs him, throws him back
into the Dining-Study area, attacks him fiercely.

INT. DINING-STUDY - NIGHT

CLOSER

as Alan falls on top of him, beating him.

ALAN

Faggot, fairy, pansy, queer, cocksucker!
I'll kill you, you goddam little mincing
swish! You goddam freak! FREAK! FREAK!

Pandemonium! Alan has quickly beaten Emory to the floor before
anyone has recovered from the surprise and reacted to move.

EMORY .

Oh, my Go d, somebody help me!
Bernard! He's killing me!

NEW ANGLE

as Bernard and Hank rush forward.

CLOSER EMORY

screaming, blood gushing from his nose.

HANK

Alan! ALAN! ALAN!

EMORY

Get him off me! Get him off me!
Oh, my God, he's broken my nose!
I'm bleeding to death!

CLOSE HANK

who, with one great, athletic move, forcefully tears Alan off him, drags Alan backward into the living room.

CLOSE BERNARD

quickly bending over Emory, putting his arm around him, lifting him, leading him out onto the terrace, lays him on the settee.

BERNARD

Somebody get some ice! And a cloth!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE ON LARRY

quickly closing the front door, rushing across the room, through the dining-study alcove, out onto the terrace.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE - NIGHT

EMORY

Oh, my face!

BERNARD

He busted your lip, that's all.
It'll be alright.

Larry returns with the ice bucket and bar towel. Bernard wraps some cubes in the cloth, holds them to Emory's mouth.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ANOTHER ANGLE

Hank has gotten Alan down on the floor. Alan relinquishes the struggle, collapses, moaning and beating his fists on the carpet.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

still standing in the same spot in the center of the room, immobile.

ANGLE ON DONALD

crossing past Cowboy.

DONALD
(indicating terrace)
Would you mind waiting out there
with the gifts?

WIDER

as Cowboy moves through the dining-study out onto the terrace
where the gift-wrapped packages have been put, observes Emory's
emergency first-aid.

The front door buzzes.

Donald continues across the room to open it.

CLOSE HAROLD

leaning against the jamb.

DONALD
Well, Harold! Happy Birthday!

WIDER

as he enters, moves over by the dining-study area.

CLOSE HAROLD

turning to look blankly at Michael.

CLOSE MICHAEL

blankly returning the look.

DONALD
You're just in time for the floor
show which, as you see, is on the
floor.

(to Cowboy)
Hey, you, this is Harold.

INT. DINING-STUDY AREA - NIGHT

as the Cowboy steps inside, comes over to Harold.

COWBOY

"Happy Birthday to you,
Happy Birthday to you,
Happy birthday, dear Harold,
Happy Birthday, to you".

and he throws his arms around him, gives him a big kiss, breaks away. Harold reads the card on his wrist, begins to laugh.

CLOSE DONALD

looking to Michael

CLOSE MICHAEL

surveying Alan and Hank in the living room, Harold and Cowboy in the Dining-Study and Emory and the rest on the terrace.

WIDER TRACKING SHOT

CAMERA DOLLYING BACK WITH MICHAEL as he leaves the living room, crosses through the dining-study, goes out onto the terrace.

EXT. (INT) TERRACE - NIGHT

as Michael comes outside, goes to the rolling bar cart, pours a glass of gin .. raises it to his lips .. downs it all.

CLOSE DONALD

coming outside, watching him.

CLOSE HAROLD

laughing and laughing and laughing.

INT. DINING-STUDY - NIGHT

WIDER ANGLE

as Michael comes up to the French windows, glass in hand.

MICHAEL

What's so fucking funny?

Harold stops laughing, Cowboy moves back out onto the terrace, beyond Emory, Bernard and Larry, out to the farthest point in the open space.

HAROLD

(unintimidated: quick hand
to hip)

Life. Life is a goddam laff-riot.
You remember life.

NEW ANGLE

as Larry comes through the French windows, carrying the bloody cloth and ice bucket through the swinging door into the kitchen.

LARRY

(en route)

Happy Birthday, Harold.

MICHAEL

(to Harold)

You're stoned and you're late!
You were supposed to arrive at
this location at approximately
eight-thirty-dash-nine-o'clock!

HAROLD

What I am, Michael, is a thirty-two
year old, ugly, pock-marked Jew
fairy -- and if it takes me a while
to pull myself together and if I
smoke a little grass before I can
get up the nerve to show my face
to the world, it's nobody's goddam
business but my own.

(instant switch to chatty tone)
And how are you this evening.

ANGLE WIDENS

as he goes past Michael out onto the terrace. Michael comes inside
the dining-area to look into the living room.

POV SHOT INTO LIVING ROOM

Hank is lifting Alan onto the couch.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE - NIGHT

Harold sweeps over to where Bernard is helping Emory up off the
settee.

EMORY

Happy Birthday, Hallie.

HAROLD

What happened to you?

EMORY

(groans)

Don't ask!

HAROLD

Your lips are turning blue --
you look like you been rimming
a snowman.

EMORY

(points inside to Alan)
That piss-elegant kooze in there
hit me!

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

coming outside as Alan and Hank can be seen in the b.g. through the
French windows.

MICHAEL

Careful, Emory, that kind of talk
just makes him s' nervous.

Alan can be seen covering his ears.

HAROLD

(goes to look back inside)
Who is she? Who was she? Who
does she hope to be?

EMORY

Who knows, who cares!

DONALD

(coming outside)
His name is Alan McCarthy.

MICHAEL

(goes to bar, refills
his drink)
Do forgive me for not formally
introducing you.

HAROLD

(sarcastically
to Michael)
Not the famous college chum.

MICHAEL

(takes an ice cube out of
his glass, throws it at
Harold)
Do a figure eight on that.

HAROLD

Well, well, well. I finally
get to see dear ole Alan after
all these years. And in black
tie too. Is this my surprise
from you, Michael?

LARRY

(exiting kitchen)

I think Alan is the one who
got the surprise.

DONALD

And, if you'll notice, he's
absolutely speechless.

EMORY

I hope she's in shock! She's
a beast!

MICHAEL

(pointing out to the end
of the terrace)

That's your surprise.

Harold turns to look out toward the open part of the terrace.

P.O.V. SHOT

Cowboy, leaning against the brick balustrade.

LARRY

Speaking of beasts.

CAMERA TRUCKS TOWARD Cowboy SHOOTING BETWEEN Emory and Harold as
they advance toward him, exchanging the following:

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT

EMORY

From me to you, darlin'. How do
you like it?

HAROLD

Oh, I suppose he has an interesting
face and body -- but it turns me
right off because he can't talk
intelligently about art.

EMORY

Yeah, ain't it a shame.

HAROLD

I could never love anyone like that.

EMORY

Never. Who could?

HAROLD

I could and you could, that's who could! Oh, Mary, she's gorgeous!

EMORY

She may be dumb, but she's all yours!

HAROLD

In affairs of the heart there are no rules! / Where'd you ever find him?

EMORY

42nd Street. It was Rae's idea.

MICHAEL

(to Donald)

Rae is Rae Clark. That's R-A-E. She's Emory's dike friend who sings at a place in the Village. She wears pin-striped suits and bills herself, "Miss Rae Clark - Songs tailored to your taste".

EMORY

Rae's a fabulous chanteuse. I adore the way she does "Down in the Depths on the Ninetieth Floor".

MICHAEL

The faggot national anthem.

Turns, exits to the kitchen, singing "Down in the Depths".

HAROLD

(to Emory)

All I can say is thank God for Miss Rae Clark. I think my present is a super surprise! / I'm so thrilled to get it I'd kiss you but I don't want to get blood all over me.

EMORY

Ohhh, look at my sweater!

HAROLD

Wait'll you see your face.

BERNARD

(leading him inside)
Come on, Emory, let's clean
you up. Happy Birthday, Harold.

HAROLD

(smiles)

Thanks, love.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE - NIGHT

EMORY

My sweater is ruined!

MICHAEL

(exiting to kitchen)
Take one of mine in the bedroom.

DONALD

The one on the floor is vicuna.

BERNARD

(to Emory)

You'll feel better after I bathe
your face.

Bernard leads Emory into the dining-study area through the French
windows.

NEW ANGLE

as Harold comes under the awning, goes to sit on the settee.

HAROLD

Just another birthday party with
the folks.

WIDER

as Michael returns with a wine bottle and a green crystal white
wine glass, pouring en route.

MICHAEL

Here's a cold bottle of Pouilly-Fuisse
I bought especially for you, kiddo.

HAROLD

Pussycat, all is forgiven. You
can stay. No. You can stay.
but not all is forgiven. Cheers.

MICHAEL

I didn't want it this way, Hallie.

HAROLD

(indicating Alan)
Who asked Mr. Right to celebrate
my birthday?

DONALD

There are no accidents.

HAROLD

(referring to Donald)
And who asked him?

MICHAEL

Guilty again.

HAROLD

Always got to have your crutch,
haven't you.

DONALD

I'm not leaving.

He goes inside through the French windows.

HAROLD

Nobody ever thinks completely
of somebody else. They always
please themselves, they always
cheat, if only a little bit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LARRY

(referrring to Alan)
Why is he sitting there with his
hands over his ears?

DONALD

I think he has an ick.
Donald looks at Michael -- Michael returns it, steely.

HANK
 (to Alan)
 Can I get you a drink?

LARRY
 How can he hear you, dummy, with
 his hands over his ears?

HAROLD
 (entering)
 He can hear every word. In
 fact, he wouldn't miss a word
 if it killed him.

Alan removes his hands from his ears.

What'd I tell you?

ALAN
 I .. I .. feel sick. I think ..
 I'm going to .. throw up.

HANK
 This way.

HAROLD
 Say that again and I won't have
 to take my appetite depressant.

CLOSE ALAN

looking desperately toward Hank. .

HANK
 Hang on.

WIDER

as Hank pulls Alan's arm around his neck, lifts him up, takes him
 up the stairs.

HAROLD
 Easy does it. One step at a time.

INT. BATH - NIGHT

BERNARD
 There; feel better?

EMORY
 Oh, Mary, what would I do without
 you?
 Emory looks at himself in the basin mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

I am not ready for my close-up,
Mr. De Mille. Nor will I be for
the next two weeks.

Bernard picks up Michael's sweater off the floor.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hank and Alan are midway across the room.

ALAN
I'm going to throw up! Let me
go! Let me go!

He tears loose of Hank, bolts forward.

ANGLE ON EMORY

just coming out of the bathroom as he and Alan meet head-on. Emory
lets out a scream.

EMORY
Oh, my God, he's after me again!

Emory recoils as Alan whizzes past into the bathroom, slamming the
door behind him.

Bernard, who has been shut in the bathroom with Alan, opens the door,
comes into the bedroom to face Hank.

HANK
He's sick.

BERNARD
Yeah, sick in the head. Here,
Emory, put this on.

Hank enters the bath, chuts the door.

EMORY
Oh, Mary, take me home. My nerves
can't stand anymore of this tonight.

Emory takes the sweater from Bernard, starts to put it on.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Harold flamboyantly takes out a cigarette, takes a match from a striker.

HAROLD
TURNING ON!

With that, he strikes the match and lights up. Through a strained throat ..

Anybody care to join me?

He waves the cigarette in a slow pass.

MICHAEL
Many thanks, no.

Harold passes it to Larry who nods negatively.

LARRY
No, thank you.

HAROLD
(to Cowboy who enters)
How about you, Tex?

COWBOY
Yeah.

CLOSE COWBOY

as he takes the cigarette, makes some audible inhalations through his teeth.

MICHAEL
I find the sound of the ritual
alone, utterly humiliating.

Cowboy exits through the swinging door.

LARRY
I hate the smell poppers leave
on your fingers.

HAROLD
Why don't you get up and wash
your hands.

NEW ANGLE

as Emory and Bernard enter.

EMORY
Michael, I left the casserole in
the oven. You can take it out
anytime.

MICHAEL
You're not going.

EMORY
I couldn't eat now anyway.

HAROLD
Well, I'm absolutely ravenous.
I'm going to eat until I have
a fat attack ..

Emory starts for swinging door, Michael blocks him.

MICHAEL
(to Emory)
I said, you're not going.

HAROLD
(to Michael)
Having a cocktail this evening,
are we? In my honor?

EMORY
It's your favorite dinner, Hallie.
I made it myself.

BERNARD
Who fixed the casserole?

EMORY
Well, I made the sauce!

BERNARD
Well, I made the salad!

LARRY
Girls, please.

MICHAEL
Please what!

HAROLD
Beware the hostile fag. When he's
sober he's dangerous, when he drinks,
he's lethal.

MICHAEL
(referring to Harold)
Attention must not be paid.

HAROLD
I'm starved, Em, I'm ready for some
of your Alice B. Toklas' opium baked
lasagne.

EMORY

Are you really? Oh, that makes me
so pleased maybe I'll just serve
it before I leave.

He goes to pick up chafing dish stand with a burner, exits out onto
the terrace toward the buffet table.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE - NIGHT

MICHAEL

(following)

You're not leaving.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

LARRY

(to Bernard)

We better help. We don't need
a nose bleed in the lasagne.

BERNARD

When the sauce is on it you
wouldn't be able to tell the
difference anyway.

Harold starts for the swinging door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

coming inside through the French windows, across the dining-study
and over to bolt the front door.

MICHAEL

(proclamation)

Nobody's going anywhere!

INT. DINING-STUDY

CLOSE HAROLD

who has just come through the swinging door from the kitchen.

HAROLD

(crossing to Michael)

You are going to have schmertz
tomorrow you wouldn't believe.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MICHAEL

May I kiss the hem of your
schmata, Doctor Freud?

COWBOY

What are you talking about?
I don't understand.

DONALD

He's working through his Oedipus
complex, sugar. With a machete.

COWBOY

Huh?

NEW ANGLE

as Hank comes down the stairs.

HANK

Michael, is there any air spray?

HAROLD

Hair spray! You're supposed to be
holding his head, not doing his
hair.

HANK

Air spray, not hair spray.

MICHAEL

There's a can of floral spray
right on top of the john.

HANK

Thanks.

Hank goes back upstairs.

HAROLD

(to Michale)

Aren't you going to say, "If it
was a snake, it would have bitten
you"?

MICHAEL

(indicating Cowboy)

That is something only your
friend would say.

HAROLD
(to Michael)
I am turning-on and you are
just turning.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alan is lying on the bed in the f.g., Hank is in the b.g., in the bathroom, spraying it with an aerosol can.

He goes to the basin, wets a cloth, comes into the bedroom over to the bed.

NEW ANGLE

as he removes a cloth from Alan's forehead, replaces it with the fresh one.

CLOSE ALAN

silently looking at him.

WIDER

as Hank gets up off the bed, starts to straighten his tie, goes over to a chair to pick up his suit coat, goes back into the bathroom, washes his hands, dries them, rolls down his sleeves.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON HAROLD

sitting down on the settee, crushing out the "roach" into an ashtray, replacing it in his pocket.

HAROLD
(to Donald)
I keep my grass in the medicine cabinet. In a Band-Aid box. Somebody told me it's the safest place. If the cops arrive you can always lock yourself in the bathroom and flush it down the john.

DONALD
Very cagey.

HAROLD
It makes more sense than where I was

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

keeping it -- in an oregano jar in the spice rack. I kept forgetting and accidentally turning my hateful mother on with the salad.

(a beat)

But I think she liked it. No matter what meal she comes over for -- even if it's breakfast -- she says, "Let's have a salad!"

COWBOY

(to Michael)

Why do you say, I would say, "If it was a snake it would have bitten you"? I think that's that what I would have said.

MICHAEL

Of course you would have, baby. That's the kind of remark your pint-size brain thinks of. You are definitely the type who still moves his lips when he reads and who sits in a steam room and says things like, "Hot enough for you?"

COWBOY

I never use the steam room when I go to the gym. It's bad after a work-out. It flattens you down.

MICHAEL

Just after you've broken your back to blow yourself up like a poisoned dog.

COWBOY

Yeah.

MICHAEL

You're right, Harold. Not only can he not talk intelligently about art, he can't even follow from one sentence to the next.

CLOSER

as Harold gets up, comes over to Cowboy.

HAROLD

But he's beautiful. He has
unnatural, natural beauty.

(quick palm upheld)

Not that that means anything.

MICHAEL

It doesn't mean everything.

HAROLD

Keep telling yourself that
as your hair drops out in
handfuls.

(quick palm upheld)

Not that it's not natural for
one's hair to recede as one
reaches seniority. Not that
those wonderful lines make all
the difference in the world
because they add so much
character.

MICHAEL

Faggots are worse than women
about their age. They think
their lives are over at thirty.
Physical beauty is not that
god-damned important!

HAROLD

Of course not. How could it be --
it's only in the eye of the
beholder.

MICHAEL

And it's only skin deep --
don't forget that one.

HAROLD

Oh, no, I haven't forgotten that
one at all. It's only skin deep
and it's transitory too. It's
terribly transitory. I mean, how
long does it last -- thirty or
forty or fifty years at the most --
depending on how well you take

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

care of yourself. And not counting, of course, that you might die before it runs out anyway. Yes, it's too bad about this poor boy's face. It's tragic. He's absolutely cursed!

(takes Cowboy's face
in his hands)

How can his beauty ever compare with my soul? And although I have never seen my soul, I understand from my mother's rabbi that it's a knock-out. I, however, cannot seem to locate it for a gander. And if I could, I'd sell it in a flash for some skin-deep, transitory, meaningless beauty!

MICHAEL

(makes sign of the cross
with his drink in hand)

Forgive him, Father, for he knows not what he do.

Michael goes over to the bar makes another drink.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hank comes out of the bathroom, turns out the light. CAMERA PULLS BACK WITH HIM as he crosses the darkened room. There is a roll of thunder and a few flashes of lightning which momentarily make Alan visible on the bed.

As Hank reaches the door to the stairs, Alan speaks ..

ALAN

Hank?

HANK

Yes?

ALAN

I .. I ... nothing.

HANK

Take it easy, Alan.

He goes out of the room, down the stairs.

CLOSER ALAN

lying alone in the darkness. Harold's voice can be heard downstairs ..

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE = NIGHT

ANGLE ON HAROLD

as he comes over to Michael who is leaning on the Dutch door to the kitchen. Emory, Bernard, and Larry are working inside in the background.

HAROLD

Michael, you kill me. You don't know what side of the fence you're on. If somebody says something pro-religion, you're against them. If somebody denies God, you're against them. One might say that you have some problem in that area. You can't live with it and you can't live without it.

Emory barges through the Dutch door, carrying the casserole.

EMORY

Hot stuff! Comin' through.

MICHAEL

(to Emory)

One could murder you with very little effort.

HAROLD

(to Michael)

You hang on to that great insurance policy called "The Church".

MICHAEL

That's right. I believe in God and if it turns out that there really isn't one, okay. Nothing lost. But if it turns out that there is -- I'm covered.

NEW ANGLE

as Bernard comes outside carrying a huge salad bowl. He puts it down, lights table candles.

EMORY

(to Michael)

Harriet Hypocrite, that's who
you are.

MICHAEL

Right. I'm one of those truly
rotten Catholics who gets drunk,
sins all night, and goes to Mass
the next morning.

EMORY

Gilda Guilt. It depends on
what you think sin is.

MICHAEL

Would you just shut-up your
god-damn minty mouth and get
back in the god-damn kitchen!

EMORY

Say anything you want -- just
don't hit me!

He exits back into the kitchen as Larry comes outside with silverware.

MICHAEL

Actually, I suppose Emory has a
point -- I only go to confession
before I get on a plane.

BERNARD

Do you think God's power only
exists at thirty thousand feet?

MICHAEL

It must. On the ground I am God.
In the air, I'm just one more
scared son-of-a-bitch.

(a beat)

BERNARD

I'm scared on the ground.

COWBOY

Me too.

(a beat)

That is, when I'm not high on
pot or up on acid.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Hank comes out through the French windows.

LARRY
(to Hank)

Well, is it bigger than a
breadstick?

HANK
(ignores last
remark; to Michael)
He's lying down for a minute.

HAROLD
How does the bathroom smell?

HANK
Better.

MICHAEL
Before it smelled like somebody
puked. Now it smells like
somebody puked in a gardenia
patch.

LARRY
And how does the big hero feel?

HANK
Lay off, will you.

CLOSE EMORY

as he exits the Dutch door with a basket of napkin-covered rolls,
deposits them on the table.

EMORY
Dinner is served!

NEW ANGLE

as Harold comes to the buffet table.

HAROLD
Emory, it looks absolutely
fabulous.

EMORY
I'd make somebody a good wife.

CONTINUED:

Emory serves pasta, Bernard serves the salad, pours wine.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

as he goes to the bar, makes another drink.

BACK TO EMORY

EMORY (Cont'd)

I could cook and do an apartment and
entertain . . .

He grabs a long-stem rose from an arrangement on the table, clenches
it between his teeth, snaps his fingers and strikes a pose.

Kiss me quick, I'm Carmen!

CLOSE HAROLD

just looking at him blankly, passing on. Emory takes the flower out
of his mouth.

EMORY (Cont'd)

One really needs castenets for that
sort of thing.

MICHAEL

And a getaway car.

ANGLE ON HANK

as he comes up to the table.

EMORY

What would you like, big boy?

LARRY

Alan McCarthy, and don't hold the mayo.

EMORY

I can't keep up with you two --

(indicating Hank,
then Larry)

-- I thought you were mad at him --
how he's bitchin' you. What gives?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Never mind.

EXT. (REAL OUTDOOR LOCATION) TERRACE - NIGHT

WIDER ANGLE

as Hank moves out to take a seat on one of the chaises in the open air area.

ANGLE ON HAROLD

also moving out to an unoccupied chair and side table.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE UNDER AWNING - NIGHT

ANGLE ON COWBOY

as he comes up to the buffet table. Emory gives him a plate of food. Bernard gives him a glass of wine.

COWBOY

What is it?

LARRY

Lasagna.

COWBOY

It looks like spaghetti and meatballs sorta flattened out.

DONALD

It's been in the steam room.

COWBOY

It has?

MICHAEL

(contemptuously)

It looks like spaghetti and meatballs sorta flattened out. Ah, yes, Harold -- truly enviable.

HAROLD

As opposed to you who knows so much about haute cuisine.

(a beat)

Raconteur, gourmet, troll.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXT. (REAL OUTDOOR LOCATION) TERRACE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON LARRY

as he takes a plate of food, goes to sit on the brick balustrade.

COWBOY

It's good.

HAROLD

(quick)

You like it, eat it.

MICHAEL

Stuff your mouth so that you can't say anything.

HAROLD

Turning.

WIDER

with Donald and Bernard in the b.g. at the buffet, under the awning.

BERNARD

(to Donald)

Wine?

DONALD

No thanks.

MICHAEL

Aw, go on, kiddo, force yourself. Have a little vin ordinaire to wash down all that depressed pasta.

HAROLD

Sommelier, connoisseur, pig.

NEW ANGLE

as Donald takes the glass of wine, moves out into the open, leans against the wall, eats his food.

In the b.g. Emory hands Bernard a plate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNARD

(to Emory)

Aren't you going to have any?

EMORY

No. My lip hurts too much to eat.

MICHAEL

(crosses to table,

picks up knife)

I hear if you puts a knife under de
bed it cuts de pain.

HAROLD

(to Michael)

I hear if you put a knife under your
chin it cuts your throat.

EMORY

Anybody going to take a plate up to Alan?

MICHAEL

The punching bag has now dissolved into
Flo Nightingale.

LARRY

Hank?

HANK

I don't think he'd have any appetite.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON ALAN

reacting to the conversation about him, gets up off the bed. CAMERA
FOLLOWS WITH HIM as he goes over to the window which overlooks the
terrace, pushes the curtain aside. CAMERA CLOSSES IN TIGHT so that
the group below can be seen.

Michael is standing up on a chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Ladies and Gentlemen . . . Correction:
Ladies and Ladies. . .

Alan drops the curtain across FRAME.

EXT. (OUTDOOR LOCATION) TERRACE - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE ON MICHAEL

standing on chair.

MICHAEL

. . . I would like to announce that you
have just eaten Sebastian Venable.

CLOSE COWBOY

confused.

COWBOY

Just eaten what?

MICHAEL

Not what, stupid, who. A character in
a play. A fairy who was eaten alive. I
mean the chop-chop variety.

COWBOY

Jesus.

HANK

Did Edward Albee write that Play?

MICHAEL

No. Tennessee Williams.

HANK

Oh, yeah.

MICHAEL

Albee wrote "Who's Afraid of Virginia
Woolf?"

LARRY

Dummy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK

I know that. I just thought maybe he wrote that other one, too.

LARRY

Well, you made a mistake.

HANK

So I made a mistake.

LARRY

That's right, you made a mistake.

HANK

What's the difference? You can't add.

COWBOY

Edward who?

MICHAEL

(to Emory)

How much did you pay for him?

EMORY

He was a steal.

MICHAEL

He's a ham sandwich -- fifty cents any time of the day or night.

HAROLD

King of the Pig People.

Michael gives him a look.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE UNDER AWNING - NIGHT

as Donald returns his plate to the buffet.

EMORY

(to Donald)

Would you like some more?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

No, thank you, Emory. It was very good.

EMORY

Did you like it?

COWBOY

I'm not a steal. I cost twenty dollars.

Bernard returns his plate.

EMORY

More?

BERNARD

(nods negatively)

It was delicious -- even if I did make it myself.

EMORY

Isn't anybody having seconds?

HAROLD

(coming toward the buffet)

I'm absolutely desperate to keep the weight up.

CLOSER

as Bernard bends to whisper something in Emory's ear. Emory nods affirmatively.

WIDER

as Bernard crosses to Cowboy and whispers in his ear. The Cowboy returns his plate to the buffet and follows Bernard into the kitchen.

EXT. (LOCATION) TERRACE - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

(parodying Harold)

You're absolutely paranoid about
absolutely everything.

HAROLD

(returning)

Oh, yeah, well, why don't you not tell
me about it?

MICHAEL

You starve yourself all day, living on
coffee and cottage cheese so that you can
gorge yourself at one meal. Then you feel
guilty and moan and groan about how fat you
are and how ugly you are when the truth is
you're no fatter or thinner than you ever
are.

EMORY

Polly Paranoia.

Emory moves to the coffee table to take Hank's empty plate.

HANK

Just great, Emory.

EMORY

Connie Casserole, no-trouble-at-all-oh-
Mary, D.A.

He returns to buffet.

MICHAEL

(to Harold)

. . . And this pathological lateness.
It's downright crazy.

HAROLD.

Turning.

MICHAEL

Standing before a bathroom mirror for hours
and hours before you can walk out on the
street. And looking no different after
Christ knows how many applications of
Christ knows how many ointments and salves
and creams and masks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

HAROLD

I've got bad skin, what can I tell you.

MICHAEL

Who wouldn't after they deliberately take a pair of tweezers and deliberately mutilate their pores -- no wonder you've got holes in your face after the hack-job you've done on yourself year in and year out!

HAROLD

(coolly but definitely)

You hateful sow.

MICHAEL

Yes, you've got scars on your face--but they're not that bad and if you'd leave yourself alone you wouldn't have any more than you've already awarded yourself.

HAROLD

You'd really like me to compliment you now for being so honest, wouldn't you? For being my best friend who will tell me what even my best friends won't tell me. Swine.

MICHAEL

And the pills!

(announcement to group)

Harold has been gathering, saving and storing up barbiturates for the last year like a god-damn squirrel. Hundreds of nembutals, hundreds of seconals. All in preparation for and anticipation of the long winter of his death.

Silence.

But I tell you right now, Harold. When the time comes, you'll never have the guts. It's not always like it happens in plays, not all faggots bump themselves off at the end of the story.

(CONTINUED)

HAROLD

What you say may be true. Time will undoubtedly tell. But, in the meantime, you've left out one detail -- the cosmetics and stringents are paid for, the bathroom is paid for, the tweezers are paid for, and the pills are paid for!

CLOSE BERNARD

as he sticks his head through the Dutch door, nods to Emory, and disappears.

WIDER

as Emory darts to the light switch inside the French windows, plunges everything into darkness, except for the light from the tapers on the buffet table, and begins to sing, "Happy Birthday".

Immediately, Bernard pushes the Dutch door open and the Cowboy exits the kitchen carrying a cake ablaze with candles.

Everyone has now joined in .. "Happy Birthday, dear Harold, Happy Birthday to you." This is followed by a round of applause.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

as he turns, goes to the bar, makes another drink.

EMORY

Blow out your candles, Mary, and make a wish!

MICHAEL

(to himself)

Blow out your candles, Laura.

The Cowboy has brought the cake over in front of Harold. He thinks a minute, blows out the candles.

More applause; some flashes of lightning.

EMORY

Awww, she's thirty-two years young!

WIDER

Bernard has brought in cake plates and forks.

Emory has returned inside the French windows, turned the terrace lights on again.

The Cowboy returns the cake to the buffet table and Bernard begins to cut it and put the pieces onto the plates.

NEW ANGLE

HANK

Now you have to open your gifts.

HAROLD

Ohh, do I have to open them here?

EMORY

(bringing gifts)
Of course you've got to open them here.

(he hands one to Harold
who begins to rip off
the paper)

HAROLD

Where's the card?

EMORY

Here.

HAROLD

Oh. From Larry.

(he finishes tearing
off the paper)

It's heaven! Oh, I just love
it, Larry.

NEW ANGLE

as Harold holds up a graphic design -- a large scale "deed" to Boardwalk, like those used in a Monopoly game.

COWBOY

What is it?

HAROLD

It's the deed to Boardwalk.

EMORY

Oh, gay pop art!

DONALD
(to Larry)
It's sensational. Did you
do it?

LARRY
Yes.

HAROLD
Oh, it's super, Larry. It goes
up the minute I get home.

Harold throws his arms about Larry, gives him a hug.

COWBOY
(to Harold)
I don't get it -- you cruise
Atlantic City or something?

MICHAEL
Will somebody get him out of
here!

CLOSER

Harold has torn open another gift, takes the card from inside.
The gift is a sweater which Larry bought for Hank.

HAROLD
Oh, what a nifty sweater! Thank
you, Hank.

HANK
You can take it back and pick out
another one if you want to.

HAROLD
I think this one is just nifty.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Donald goes to the bar, makes himself a brandy and soda.

BERNARD
Who wants cake?

EMORY
Everybody?

DONALD

None for me.

MICHAEL

I'd just like to sleep on
mine, thank you.

WIDER

as Hank comes over to the table, Bernard gives him a plate of cake,
passes another one to the Cowboy, and a third to Larry.

BACK TO HAROLD

who has torn the paper off another gift, suddenly laughs aloud.

HAROLD

Oh, Bernard! How divine! Look,
everybody! Bejewelled knee-pads!

He holds up a pair of basketball knee-pads with sequin initials.

BERNARD

Monogrammed!

EMORY

Bernard, you're a camp!

MICHAEL

Y'all heard of Gloria de Haven and
Billy de Wolfe? Well, dis here is
Rosemary de Camp.

BERNARD

Who?

EMORY

I never miss a Rosemary de Camp
picture.

HANK

I've never heard of her.

COWBOY

Me neither.

HANK

Not all of us spent their childhood
in a movie house, Michael. Some
of us played baseball.

DONALD
And mowed the lawn.

EMORY
Well, I know who Rosemary
de Camp is.

MICHAEL
You would. It's a cinch you
wouldn't recognize a baseball
or a lawnmower.

CLOSE ON HAROLD

who has unwrapped his last gift. He is silent ..

Pause ..

HAROLD
Thank you, Michael.

CLOSE MICHAEL

MICHAEL
What?

Turns to see the gift.

Oh.
(a beat)
You're welcome.

Michael finishes off his drink, returns to the bar.

LARRY
What is it, Harold?

(a beat)

HAROLD
It's a photograph of him in a
silver frame. And there's an
inscription engraved and the
date.

BERNARD
What's it say?

HAROLD
Just .. something personal.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE UNDER AWNING - NIGHT

Michael spins round from the bar.

MICHAEL

Well, Bernard, what do you say
we have a little music to liven
things up!

BERNARD

Okay.

He goes inside the dining-study through the French windows.

EMORY

(coming over)

Yeah, I feel like dancing.

MICHAEL

How about something good and
ethnic, Emory -- one of your
specialties like a military
toe-tap with sparklers.

EMORY

I don't do that at birthdays --
only on the Fourth of July.

NEW ANGLE

as Emory goes inside and over to Bernard who has put on a Burt
Bachrach tune. They start to dance slowly.

LARRY

Come on, Michael.

MICHAEL

I can only lead.

LARRY

I can follow.

MICHAEL

No, thanks.

(holds up his glass)

I'm going to sip this one out.

He moves away. Larry goes to Hank. Hank nods negatively, Larry
turns, goes inside the Dining-Study.

EXT. (LOCATION) TERRACE - NIGHT

Michael walks out from under the awning, past Hank, out further, past Harold and Cowboy, out to the end of the terrace and leans on the balustrade.

NEW ANGLE

as Harold comes up to Cowboy.

HAROLD

Come on, Tex, you're on.

Cowboy stands, but he is a washout as a dancing partner and Harold gives up, pushes him away and goes into the Dining-Study. Cowboy wanders over to pick up some discarded birthday wrapping paper and ribbon, and play with it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE

SHOOTING THROUGH the apartment from front to back. Emory and Bernard are dancing and drinking in the f.g. Harold enters the French windows in the b.g., comes over to Larry.

CAMERA PULLS IN TIGHT as he lights up another joint, passes it to Larry who accepts this time, passes it to Emory who gives it to Bernard.

WIDER

as Larry and Harold start to dance. Cowboy enters from the terrace and Bernard now passes the cigarette to him.

EXT. (LOCATION) TERRACE - NIGHT

Michael is leaning against the brick balustrade, contemplating the gardens below. Hank comes over to him, Michael looks up.

HANK

Am I interrupting anything?

MICHAEL

No. It's Time-out for the Young'uns. That's my team.

HANK

The Young'uns?

MICHAEL

It's a quaint old southern red-neck expression for child ^{person} ~~person~~. Usually used derogatorily -- meaning they are burdensome or bratty.

HANK

And that's your side -- how you think of yourself?

MICHAEL

Well, don't you agree -- it's gotten pretty immature out.

HANK

Maybe you just shouldn't drink.

MICHAEL

How very astute. Wanna hear something else astute? Alcohol is a depressant.

HANK

Well, what do you know.

MICHAEL

I know that. But a lot of people don't. They think it's an Up. It's really a Down. Just look -- if you drink enough of it, it'll stop all bodily functions.

HANK

Is that your team's goal?

MICHAEL

Probably. *Because it would be a very immature thing to do* and what you see before you is a thirty year old infant. My Evelyn was determined to keep me a child forever and she did one helluva job of it. And my Walt stood by and let her do it.

HANK

I thought your mother was named Anabel.

MICHAEL

She was. And she was married to Marshall. But I prefer Evelyn and Walt. Man, that's backbone department.

Hank laughs. CAMERA PULLS IN CLOSER as scene becomes more intimate.

MICHAEL

My Evelyn refused to let me grow up. And it was all done in the name of love -- what she labelled love, and probably sincerely believed to be love, when what she was really doing was feeding her own need -- satisfying her own loneliness.

(a beat)

She made me into a girl-friend dash lover.

(a beat)

Together we went to every goddam cornball movie that was ever made. I picked out her clothes for her and told her what to wear and she'd take me to the beauty parlor with her and we'd both get our hair bleached and a permanent and a manicure. And Walt let this happen!

NEW ANGLE

as Michael walks around the terrace.

MICHAEL (contd.)

And she convinced me that I was a sickly child who couldn't run and play and sweat and get knocked around -- oh, no! I was frail and pale and, to hear her tell it, practically female. I can't tell you the thousands of times she said to me, "I declare, Michael, you should have been a girl." And I guess I should have -- I was frail and pale and bleached and curled and bedded down with my hot-water bottles and my dolls, and my doll clothes and my doll houses! And Walt bought them for me!

ANOTHER ANGLE

as he continues with increasing speed.

.. and she nursed me and put Vicks salve on my chest and cold cream on my face and told me what beautiful eyes I had and what pretty lips I had. I She bathed me in the same tub with her until I grew too big for the two of us to fit, and she made me sleep in the same bed with her until I was fourteen years old -- until I finally flatly refused to spend one more night there.

(a beat)

And do you know, until this day she still says, "I don't care if you're seventy years old, you'll always be my baby." And can I tell you how that drives me mad! Will that bitch never understand that what I'll always be is her son -- but that I haven't been her baby for twenty-five years!

(a beat)

And don't get me wrong. I know it's easy to cop out and blame Evelyn and Walt and say it was their fault.. that we were simply the helpless put-upon victims. But I've dropped enough dough on the couch to know that in the end, you are responsible for yourself. And I guess -- I'm not sure -- but I want to believe it -- that in their own pathetic, dangerous way, they just loved us too much.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as a strong wind comes up, blowing the colored wrapping paper and paper birthday napkins along the terrace in spiral patterns.

HIGH FULL ANGLE

SHOOTING DOWN on the terrace from a comprehensive point on a taller neighboring building as the paper is hurled out into space, the awning and tablecloth whip and snap in the wind and a hard torrential wind begins.

Michael and Hank run for the apartment.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

as Larry leaves Harold to close the front apartment windows as water pours down outside them.

Emory and Bernard are still doing a slow dance. Cowboy is stretched out on the floor. Harold passes him a joint, he takes a few puffs, lies back down. Harold wanders over by the stairs as Michael and Hank come inside, closing the French windows.

Michael goes, turns up the music, crosses toward Larry, puts his arms about him.

SERIES OF ANGLES

on them dancing.

Suddenly there is a flash of lightning, and all the lamps go out; the music grinds down to a halt. Everyone reacts verbally.

CLOSE HAROLD

in the darkness, lights a match. It illuminates Alan's feet, standing beside Harold on the stairs. Harold raises the match to his face.

HAROLD

Wanna dance?

Suddenly, the lights come back on. The music grinds up.

CLOSE EMORY

seeing Alan.

EMORY

Uh-oh. Yvonne the Terrible is back.

CLOSE MICHAEL

MICHAEL

Oh, hello, Alan. Feel better?
This is where you came in, isn't it?

Alan starts to cross directly to the door.

MICHAEL (contd.)

Breaking away.

Excuse me, Larry ..

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Alan reaches the door and starts to open it; Michael intercepts, slams the door with one hand, and leans against it, crossing his legs.

Don't rush off in such
inclement weather. You'll
never get a cab.

HAROLD

Revolution complete.

Michael slowly takes Alan by the arm, walks him slowly back into the room.

MICHAEL

.. You missed the cake -- and you
missed the opening of the gifts --
but you're still in luck. You're
just in time for a party game.

NEW ANGLE

They have reached the phonograph. Michael rejects the record.
The music stops, the dancing stops.

Michael releases Alan, claps his hands.

MICHAEL (contd.)

.. Hey everybody! Game time!

Alan starts to move, Michael catches him gently by the sleeve.

HAROLD

Why don't you just let him
go, Michael?

MICHAEL

He can go if he wants to --
but not before we play a game.

EMORY

What's it going to be -- movie
star gin?

MICHAEL

That's too faggy for Alan to play -- he wouldn't be any good at it.

BERNARD

What about Likes and Dislikes?

WIDER

Michael lets go of Alan, takes a pencil and pad from the desk.

MICHAEL

It's too much trouble to find enough pencils, and besides, Emory always puts down the same thing. He dislikes artificial fruit and flowers and coffee grinders made into lamps -- and he likes Mabel Mercer, poodles, and "All about Eve" -- the screenplay of which he will then recite verbatim.

EMORY

I put down other things sometimes.

MICHAEL

Like a tan out of season?

EMORY

I just always put down little "Chi-Chi" because I adore her so much.

MICHAEL

If one is of the masculine gender, a poodle is the insignia of one's deviation.

BERNARD

You know why old ladies like poodles -- because they go down on them.

EMORY

They do not.

LARRY

We could play B for Botticelli.

MICHAEL

We could play Spin the Botticelli,
but we're not going to.

(a beat)

HAROLD

What would you like to play,
Michael -- The Truth Game?

Michael chuckles to himself.

MICHAEL

Cute, Hallie.

HAROLD

Or do you want to play Murder?
You all remember that one, don't
you?

MICHAEL

(to Harold)

Very, very cute.

DONALD

As I recall, they're quite similar.
The rules are the same in both --
you kill somebody.

MICHAEL

In affairs of the heart, there are
no rules. Isn't that right, Harold?

HAROLD

That's what I always say.

MICHAEL

Well, that's the name of the game.
The Affairs of the Heart.

COWBOY

I've never heard of that one.

MICHAEL

Of course you've never heard of it --
I just made it up, baby doll. Affairs
of the Heart is a combination of both
the Truth Game and Murder -- with a
new twist.

HAROLD

I can hardly wait to find out what that is.

NEW ANGLE

as Alan starts to move.

ALAN

Mickey, I'm leaving.

MICHAEL

(firmly, flatly)

Stay where you are.

HAROLD

Michael, let him go.

MICHAEL

He really doesn't want to. If he did, he'd have left a long time ago -- or he wouldn't have come here in the first place.

ALAN

(holding his forehead)

.. Mickey, I don't feel well!

MICHAEL

(low tone, but distinctly articulate)

My name is Michael. I am called Michael. You must never call anyone called Michael, Mickey. Those of us who are named Michael are very nervous about it. If you don't believe it, try it.

ALAN

I'm sorry. I can't think.

MICHAEL

You can think. What you can't do -- is leave. It's like watching an accident on the highway -- you can't look at it and you can't look away.

ALAN

I .. feel .. weak ..

MICHAEL

You are weak. Much weaker than I think you realize.

(acknowledgment of homosexuality)
(triumphant)

ANOTHER ANGLE

as he takes Alan by the arm, leads him to a chair, slowly, deliberately, pushes him down into it.

MICHAEL (contd.)

Now! Who's going to play with Alan and me? Everyone?

HAROLD

I have no intention of playing.

DONALD

Nor do I.

MICHAEL

Well, not everyone is a participant in life. There are always those who stand on the side-lines and watch.

LARRY

What's the game?

MICHAEL

Simply this! We all have to call on the telephone the one person we truly believed we have loved.

HANK

I'm not playing.

LARRY

Oh, yes you are.

HANK

You'd like for me to play, wouldn't you?

LARRY

You bet I would. I'd like to know who you'd call after all the fancy speeches I've heard lately. Who would you call? Would you call me?

MICHAEL

(to Bernard)

Sounds like there's, how you say, trouble in Paradise.

HAROLD

If there isn't, I think you'll
be able to stir up some.

HANK

And who would you call? Don't
think I think for one minute
it would be me. Or that one call
would do it. You'd have to make
several, wouldn't you? About
three long distance and God-only-
knows how many locals.

COWBOY

I'm glad I don't have to pay the
bill.

MICHAEL

Quiet!

HAROLD

(loud whisper to
Cowboy)

Oh, don't worry, Michael won't
pay it either.

MICHAEL

Now, here's how it works.

LARRY

I thought you said there were
no rules.

MICHAEL

That's right. In Affairs of the
Heart, there are no rules. This
is the god-damn point system!

WIDER

No response from anyone. A beat.

MICHAEL (contd.)

If you make the call, you get
one point. If the person you
are calling answers, you get two
more points -- if somebody else
answers, you get only one. If
there's no answer at all, you're
screwed.

DONALD

You're screwed if you make
the call.

HAROLD

You're a fool -- if you screw
yourself.

MICHAEL

.. When you get the person whom
you are calling on the line -- if
you tell them who you are, you get
two points. And then -- if you tell
them that you love them -- you get a
bonus of five more points!

HAROLD

Hateful.

MICHAEL

Therefore you can get as many as
ten points and as few as one.

HAROLD

You can get as few as none -- if
you know how to work it.

MICHAEL

The one with the highest score
wins.

ALAN

Hank. Let's get out of here.

EMORY

Well, now. Did you hear that!

MICHAEL

Just the two of you together.
The pals .. the guys .. the
buddie-buddies .. the he-men.

EMORY

I think Larry might have
something to say about that.

BERNARD

Emory.

MICHAEL
 (re; last remark)
 The duenna speaks.

NEW ANGLE

as he crosses to take the telephone from the desk, brings it to the group.

So who's playing? Not including
 Cowboy, who, as a gift, is neuter.
 And, of course, the voyeurs.
 (a beat)
 Emory? Bernard?

BERNARD
 I don't think I want to play.

MICHAEL
 Why, Bernard! Where's your
 fun-loving spirit?

BERNARD
 I don't think this game is fun.

HAROLD
 It's absolutely hateful.

ALAN
 Hank, leave with me.

HANK
 You don't understand, Alan. I can't.
 You can .. but I can't.

ALAN
 Why, Hank? Why can't you?

LARRY
 (to Hank)
 If he doesn't understand, why don't
 you explain it to him?

MICHAEL
I'll explain it.

HAROLD
 I had a feeling you might.

MICHAEL
 Although I doubt that it'll make
 any difference. That type refuses
 to understand that which they do

MICHAEL (contd.)
not wish to accept. They reject
certain facts. And Alan is
decidedly from The Ostrich School
of Reality.

(a beat)

Alan .. Larry and Hank are lovers.
Not just room-mates, bed-mates.
Lovers.

ALAN

Michael!

MICHAEL

No man's still got a room-mate when
he's over thirty years old. If
they're not lovers, they're sisters.

LARRY

Hank is the one who's over thirty.

MICHAEL

Well, you're pushing it!

ALAN

.. Hank?

(a beat)

HANK

Yes, Alan, Larry is my lover.

ALAN

But .. but .. you're married.

WIDER

Michael, Larry, Emory, and the Cowboy are sent into instant
gales of laughter.

HAROLD

I think you said the wrong thing.

MICHAEL

Don't you love that quaint little
idea -- if a man is married, then he
is automatically heterosexual.

(a beat)

Alan -- Hank swings both ways -- with
a decided preference.

(a beat)

Now. Who makes the first call? Emory?

EMORY
You go, Bernard.

BERNARD
I don't want to.

EMORY
I don't want to either. I
don't want to at all.

DONALD
(to himself)
There are no accidents.

MICHAEL
Then, may I say, on your way
home I hope you will yourself over
an embankment.

EMORY
(to Bernard)
Go on. Call up Peter Dahlbeck.
That's who you'd like to call,
isn't it?

MICHAEL
Who is Peter Dahlbeck?

EMORY
The boy in Detroit whose family
Bernard's mother has been a
laundress for since he was a
pickaninny.

BERNARD
I worked for them too -- after
school and every summer.

EMORY
It's always been a large order
of Hero Worship.

BERNARD
I think I've loved him all my life. But
he never knew I was alive. Besides,
he's straight.

COWBOY
So nothing ever happened between
you?

EMORY

Oh, they finally made it -
in the pool house one night after
a drunken swimming party.

LARRY

With the right wine and the right
music there're damn few that
aren't curious.

MICHAEL

Sounds like there's a lot of Lady
Chatterly in Mr. Dahlbeck, wouldn't
you say, Donald?

DONALD

I've never been an O'Hara fan
myself.

BERNARD

.. And afterwards, we went swimming in
the nude in ~~the dark with only the~~
~~moon reflecting on the water.~~

DONALD

Nor Thomas Merton.

BERNARD

It was beautiful.

MICHAEL

Now romantic. And then the next
morning you took him his coffee and
Alka-seltzer on a tray.

BERNARD

It was in the afternoon. I remember
I was worried sick all morning about
having to face him. But he pretended
like nothing at all had happened.

MICHAEL

(looks at Donald)

Christ, he must have been so drunk
he didn't remember a thing.

BERNARD

Yeah. I was sure relieved.

MICHAEL

Odd how that works. And now, for
ten points, get that liar on the
phone.

(a beat)

CLOSE BERNARD

as he picks up the phone, dials.

LARRY

You know the number?

BERNARD

Sure. He's back in Grosse Pointe,
living at home. He just got
separated from his third wife.

CAMERA PANS GROUP

as they all watch Bernard put the receiver to his ear, waits ..

A beat. He hangs up quickly.

EMORY

D.A. or B.Y.?

MICHAEL

He didn't even give it time to
find out.

(coaxing)

Go ahead, Bernard. Pick up the phone
and dial. You'll think of something.
You know you want to call him. You
know that, don't you? Well -- go
ahead. Your curiosity has got the
best of you now. So .. go on, call
him.

A beat.

BACK TO BERNARD

as he picks up the receiver, dials again. Lets it ring this time.

HAROLD

Hateful.

BERNARD

.. Hello?

INSERT Continuation
D.A. or B.Y. let. from plan

MICHAEL

One point.

He efficiently takes note on the pad.

BERNARD

Who's speaking? Oh .. ~~Harrison~~ *Mrs. Dahlbeck*

MICHAEL

(taking note)

One point.

BERNARD

.. It's Bernard. -- Francine's boy.

EMORY

Son, not boy.

BERNARD

.. How are you? .. Good. Good.

Oh, just fine, thank you. -- *Mrs. Dahlbeck*~~Harrison~~ .. is .. Peter .. at home? -- Oh. Oh, I see.

MICHAEL

(shakes his head)

Shhhhhiiiiii ...

BERNARD

.. Oh, no. No, it's nothing important. I just wanted to .. to tell him .. that .. to tell him I .. I ..

MICHAEL

pop into FRAME

MICHAEL

(prompting flatly)

I love him. That I've always loved him.

BERNARD

.. that I was sorry to hear about him and his wife.

MICHAEL

No points!

BERNARD

.. my mother wrote me. -- Yes. It is. It really is. -- Well. Would you just tell him I

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

BERNARD (contd.)
called and said .. that I was ..
just .. very, very sorry to hear
and I .. hope .. they can get
everything straightened out. --
Yes. Yes. Well, goodnight. --
Goodbye.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

as he hangs up slowly. Michael a definite line across his pad,
makes a definite period.

MICHAEL
Two points total. Terrible.
Next!

NEW ANGLE

as Michael whisks the phone out of Bernard's hands, gives it
to Emory.

EMORY
Are you alright, Bernard?

BERNARD
(almost to himself)
Why did I call? Why did I
do that?

LARRY
(to Bernard)
Where was he?

BERNARD
Out on a date.

MICHAEL
Come on, Emory. Punch in.

CLOSE EMORY

as he picks up the phone, dials information.

A beat.

EMORY
Could I have the number, please --
in the Bronx -- for a Delbert Botts.

LARRY

A Delbert Botts! How many can there
be?

BERNARD

Oh, I wish I hadn't called
now.

EMORY

.. No, the residence number,
please.

He waves his hand at Michael, signaling for the pencil.

Michael hands it to him. He writes on the white, plastic
phonecase.

EMORY (contd.)
(into phone)

.. Thank you.

(a beat)

And he indignantly slams down the receiver.
I do wish information would
stop calling me, "Ma'am"!

MICHAEL

By all means, scribble all over
the telephone.

WIDER

as Michael snatches the pencil from Emory's hands.

EMORY

It comes off with a little spit.

MICHAEL

Like a lot of things.

LARRY

Who the hell is Delbert Botts?

EMORY

The one person I have always
loved.

(to Michael)

That's who you said ^{to} call,
isn't it?

MICHAEL

That's right, Emory Board.

LARRY

How could you love anybody
with a name like that?

MICHAEL

Yes, Emory, you couldn't love
anybody with a name like that.
It wouldn't look good on a place
card. Isn't that right. Alan?

NEW ANGLE

as Michael slaps Alan on the shoulder. Alan is silent.
Michael snickers.

EMORY

I admit his name is not so good --
but he is absolutely beautiful. --
At least, he was when I was in High
School. Of course, I haven't seen
him since, and he was about seven
years older than I even then.

MICHAEL

Christ, you better call him quick
before he dies.

EMORY

I've loved him ever since the first
day I laid eyes on him which was
when I was in the fifth grade and
he was a senior.
-- Then, he went away to college
and by the time he got out, I was
in high school, and he had become
a dentist.

MICHAEL

(with incredulous disgust)
A dentist!

EMORY

Yes. Delbert Botts, D.D.S. And
he opened his office in a bank
building.

HAROLD

And you went and had every tooth
in your head pulled out, right?

EMORY

No. I just had my teeth cleaned,
that's all.

ANGLE ON DONALD

as he turns from the bar with two drinks in his hands.

BERNARD

(to himself)

Oh, I shouldn't have called.

MICHAEL

Will you shut-up, Bernard! And
take your boring, sleep-making
icks somewhere else. Go!

CLOSE MICHAEL

as he extends a pointed finger toward the steps. Bernard takes
the wine bottle and his glass and moves toward the stairs,
pouring himself another drink on the way.

EMORY

I remember I looked right into his
eyes the whole time and I kept
wanting to bite his fingers.

HAROLD

Well, it's absolutely mind-boggling.

MICHAEL

Phyllis Phallic.

HAROLD

It absolutely boggles the mind.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Donald brings one of the drinks to Alan. Alan takes it,
drinks it down.

MICHAEL

(re: Donald's action)

Sara Samaratan.

EMORY

.. I told him I was having
my teeth cleaned for the Junior-
Senior Prom for which I was in

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

EMORY (contd.)

charge of decorations. I told him it was a celestial theme and I was cutting stars out of tin foil and making clouds out of chicken wire and angel's hair.

(a beat)

He couldn't have been less impressed.

COWBOY

I got angel's hair down my shirt once at Christmastime. Gosh, did it itch!

EMORY

.. I told him I was going to burn incense in pots so that white fog would hover over the dance floor and it would look like heaven -- just like I'd seen it in a Rita Hayworth movie. -- I can't remember the title.

MICHAEL

The picture was called "Down to Earth". Any kid knows that.

COWBOY

.. And it made little tiny cuts in the creases of my fingers. Man, did they sting! It would be terrible if you got that stuff in your ..

(a beat)

I'll be quiet.

EMORY

He was engaged to this stupid-ass girl named Loraine whose mother was truly Supercunt.

MICHAEL

Don't digress.

EMORY

Well, anyway, I was a wreck. I mean a total mess. I couldn't eat, sleep, stand up, sit down, nothing. I could hardly cut out silver stars or finish the clouds for the Prom. So I called him on the telephone and asked if I could see him alone.

HAROLD
Clearly not the coolest of
moves.

CLOSE DONALD

as he looks at Alan

CLOSE ALAN

as he looks away.

EMORY
He said okay and told me to come
by his house. -- I was so nervous
my hands were shaking and my voice
was unsteady. I couldn't look at
him this time -- I just stared
straight in space and blurted out
why I'd come. -- I told him ..
I wanted him to be my friend. I
said that I had never had a friend
who I could talk to and tell
everything and trust. I asked him
if he wouldn't be my friend.

COWBOY
You poor bastard.

MICHAEL
SHHHHHHHHHH!

CLOSER EMORY

EMORY
He said he would be glad to be my
friend. And anytime I ever wanted
to see him or call him -- to just
call him and he'd see me. And he
shook my trembling wet hand and I
left on a cloud.

MICHAEL
One of the ones you made yourself.

EMORY
And the next day I went and bought
him a gold-plated cigarette lighter
and had his initials monogrammed on
it and wrote a card that said,
"From your friend, Emory."

HAROLD
Seventeen years old and already big
with the gifts.

COWBOY

Yeah. And cards too.

EMORY

.. And then the night of the Prom I found out.

BERNARD

Found out what?

EMORY

I heard two ~~girls I knew~~ *and another girl* giggling together. They were standing behind some god-damn corrugated cardboard Greek columns I had borrowed from a department store [and had draped with yards and yards of god-damn cheesecloth.] Oh, Mary, it takes a fairy to make something pretty.

MICHAEL

Don't digress.

EMORY

This girl who was telling the story said she had heard it from her mother -- and her mother had heard it from Loraine's mother.

(to Michael)

You see, Loraine and her mother were not beside the point.

(back to group).

Obviously, Del had told Loraine about my calling and about the gift.

(a beat)

Pretty soon everybody at the dance had heard about it and they were laughing and making jokes. Everybody knew I had a crush on Doctor Delbert Botts and that I had asked him to be my friend.

(a beat)

What they didn't know was that I loved him. And that I would go on loving him years after they had all forgotten my funny secret.

WIDER

A pause ..

HAROLD

Well, I for one, need an insulin injection.

MICHAEL

Call him.

BERNARD

Don't, Emory.

MICHAEL

Since when are you telling him what to do!

EMORY

(to Bernard)

What do I care -- I'm pissed! I'll do anything. Three times.

BERNARD

Don't. Please!

MICHAEL

I said call him.

BERNARD

Don't! You'll be sorry. Take my word for it.

EMORY

What have I got to lose?

BERNARD

Your dignity. That's what you've got to lose.

MICHAEL

Well, that's a knee-slapper! I love your telling him about dignity when you allow him to degrade you constantly by Uncle Tom-ing you to death.

CLOSE BERNARD

coming face to face with Michael.

BERNARD

He can do it, Michael. I can do it. But you can't do it.

MICHAEL

Isn't that discrimination?

BERNARD

I don't like it from him and I don't like it from me -- But I do it myself and I let him do it. I let him do it because it's the only thing that, to him, makes him my equal. We both got the short end of the stick -- but I got a hell of a lot more than he did and he knows it. I let him Uncle Tom me just so he can tell himself he's not a complete loser.

MICHAEL

How very considerate.

BERNARD

It's his defense. You have your defense, Michael. But it's indescribable.

WIDER

as Emory quietly licks his finger and begins to rub the number off the telephone case. Michael struts about the room.

MICHAEL

(to Bernard)

Y'all want to hear a little polite parlor jest from the liberal Deep South? -- Do you know why Nigras have such big lips? Because they're always going, "p-p-p-p-p-a-a-a-h!"

The labial noise is exasperating with lazy disgust.

DONALD

Christ, Michael!

MICHAEL

(tears the phone away
for Emory)

I can do without your god-damn spit
all over my telephone, you nellie
coward.

EMORY

I maybe nellie, but I'm no
coward.

(starts to dial)

Bernard, forgive me. I'm sorry;
I won't ever say those things
to you again.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Larry brings the phone to Emory who takes it, starts to dial.

CLOSE MICHAEL

watching triumphantly.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Bernard pours another glass of wine.

(a beat)

EMORY (contd.)

B.Y.

MICHAEL

It's busy?

EMORY

(nods)

Lorraine is probably talking
to her mother. Oh, yes,
Delbert married Lorraine.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, you'll have to forfeit
your turn. We can't wait.

NEW ANGLE

as he takes the phone, hands it back to Larry who takes it and
starts to dial.

HAROLD
(to Larry)

Well, you're not wasting any time.

HANK
Who are you calling?

LARRY
Charlie.

CLOSER

as Emory gets up, jerks the phone out of Larry's hands, falls to floor.

EMORY
I refuse to forfeit my turn!
It's my turn and I'm taking it!

MICHAEL
That's the spirit, Emory! Hit that iceberg -- don't miss it!
Hit it! God-damnit! I want a smash of a finale!

EMORY
Oh, God, I'm drunk.

MICHAEL
A falling-down-drunk-nellie-queen.

HAROLD
Well, that's the pot calling the kettle beige!

MICHAEL
(snapping; to Harold)
I am not drunk! You cannot tell
that I am drunk! Donald! I'm
not drunk! Am I!

DONALD
I'm drunk.

EMORY
So am I. I am a major drunk.

MICHAEL
(to Emory)
Shut up and dial!

EMORY
(dialing)
I am a major drunk of this or
any other season.

DONALD
(to Michael)
Don't you mean, shut up and
deal.

EMORY
.. It's ringing. It is no
longer B.Y. -- Hello?

MICHAEL
(taking note)
One point.

EMORY
.. Who's speaking? Who?
Doctor Delbert Botts?

MICHAEL
Two points.

EMORY
Oh, Del, is this really you?
-- Oh, nobody. ~~You don't know~~
~~me~~ You wouldn't remember me.
I'm just a friend. A falling-
down drunken friend. Hello?
Hello? Hello?
(he lowers the receiver)
He hung up.
(Emory hangs up the telephone)

MICHAEL
Three points total. You're
winning.

EMORY
He said I must have the wrong
party.

WIDER

as Bernard gets up, goes into the kitchen.

HAROLD

He's right. We have the wrong party. We should be somewhere else.

EMORY

It's your party, Harold. Aren't you having a good time?

HAROLD

Simply fabulous. And what about you? Are you having a good time, Emory? Are you having as good a time as you thought you would?

CLOSER LARRY

takes the phone.

MICHAEL

If you're bored, Harold, we could sing Happy Birthday again -- to the tune of Havah Nagelah.

CLOSE HAROLD

taking out another cigarette.

HAROLD

Not for all the tea in Mexico.
(he lights up)

HANK

My turn now.

LARRY

It's my turn to call Charlie.

HANK

No. Let me.

LARRY

Are you going to call Charlie?

MICHAEL

The score is three to two.
Emory's favor.

CLOSE ALAN

getting up.

ALAN

Don't Hank. Don't you see --
Bernard was right.

HANK

(firmly to Alan)

I want to.

(a beat. He holds out
his hand for the phone)

Larry?

(a beat)

LARRY

(gives him the phone)

Be my eager guest.

COWBOY

(to Larry)

Is he going to call Charlie
for you?

CLOSE LARRY

as he breaks into laughter.

Hank starts to dial.

LARRY

Charlie is all the people I
cheat on Hank with.

DONALD

With whom I cheat on Hank.

MICHAEL

The butcher, the baker, the
candlestick maker.

LARRY

Right! I love 'em all. And
what he refuses to understand --
is that I've got to have 'em
all. I am not the marrying kind, and
I never will be.

HAROLD

Gypsy feet.

LARRY
Who are you calling?

MICHAEL
Jealous?

LARRY
Curious as hell!

MICHAEL
And a little jealous too.

LARRY
Who are you calling?

MICHAEL
Did it ever occur to you that
Hank might be doing the same
thing behind your back that
you do behind his?

LARRY
I wish to Christ he would.
It'd make life a hell of a
lot easier. Who are you
calling?

HAROLD
Whoever it is, they're not sitting
on top of the telephone.

HANK
Hello?

CLOSE COWBOY
butting-in.

COWBOY
They must have been in the tub.

MICHAEL
(snaps at Cowboy)
Eighty-six!

WIDER

as Cowboy goes over to a far corner, sits down.

BERNARD enters, uncorking another bottle of wine.

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (contd.)
(taking note)
One point.

CLOSE HANK

on phone.

HANK
.. I'd like to leave a
message.

MICHAEL
Not in. One point.

HANK
Would you say that Hank called.
-- Yes, it is. Oh, good evening,
how are you?

LARRY
Who the hell is that?

HANK
.. Yes, that's right -- the message
is for my room-mate, Larry. Just
say that I called and ..

LARRY
It's our answering service!

HANK
.. and said ...I love you.

MICHAEL
Five points! You said it! You get
five god-damn points for saying it!

ALAN
Hank! Hank! .. Are you crazy?

HANK
.. No. You didn't hear me
incorrectly. That's what I said.
The message is for Larry and it's
from me, Hank, and it is just as I
said -- I .. love .. you .. Thanks.
(he hangs up)

MICHAEL

Seven points total! Hank,
you're ahead, baby. You're way,
way ahead of everybody.

ALAN

Why? .. Oh, Hank, why? Why did
you do that?

HANK

Because I do love him. And I
don't care who knows it.

ALAN

Don't say that.

HANK

Why not? It's the truth.

ALAN

I can't believe you.

HANK

(directly to Alan)
I left my wife and family for
Larry.

ALAN

I'm ~~not~~ really not interested
in hearing about it.

CLOSER ALAN

turning away, looks out window with rain pouring down outside.

MICHAEL

Sure you are. Go ahead, Hankola,
tell him all about it.

ALAN

No! I don't want to hear it.
It's disgusting!

HANK

Some men do it for another woman.

ALAN

Well, I could understand that.
That's normal.

HANK

It just doesn't always work out that way. No matter how you might want it to. And God knows, Alan, nobody ever wanted it more than I did. I really and truly felt that I was in love with my wife when I married her. It wasn't altogether my trying to prove something to myself. I did love her and she loved me. But .. there was always that something there ..

DONALD

You mean your attraction to your own sex?

HANK

Yes.

ALAN

Always?

HANK

I don't know. I suppose so.

EMORY

I've known what I was since I was four years old.

MICHAEL

Everybody's always known it about you, Emory.

DONALD

I've always known it about myself too.

HANK

I don't know when it was that I started admitting to myself. For so long I either labelled it something else or denied it completely.

MICHAEL

Christ-was-I-drunk-last-night.

CLOSER HANK

as he relates the following:

HANK

And then there came a time when I just couldn't lie to myself anymore .. I thought about it but I never did anything about it. -- I think the first time was during my wife's last pregnancy. [We lived near Hartford -- in the country. She and kids still live there. --] Well, anyway, there was a teacher's meeting here in New York. She didn't feel up to the trip and I came alone. And that day on the train I began to think about it and think about it and think about it. I thought of nothing else the whole trip. And within fifteen minutes after I had arrived I had picked up a guy in the men's room of Grand Central Station.

ALAN

(quietly)

Jesus.

HANK

I'd never done anything like that in my life, and I was scared to death. But he turned out to be a nice fellow. I've never seen him again and it's funny I can't even remember his name anymore.

(a beat)

Anyway. After that, it got easier.

HAROLD

Practice makes perfect.

HANK

And then .. some time later .. not very long after, ~~Larry was in Hartford and we met at a party my wife and I had gone in town for.~~ *I met Larry at a party*

Come

CLOSE LARRY

giving him a look

HANK

That was two years ago.

LARRY

Why am I always the god-damn villain in the piece! If I'm not thought of as a happy-home wrecker, I'm an impossible son-of-a-bitch to live with!

HAROLD

Guilt turns to hostility. Isn't that right, Michael?

MICHAEL

Go stick your tweezers in your cheek.

LARRY

I'm so fed up to the teeth with everybody feeling so god-damn sorry for poor shat-upon Hank.

EMORY

Aw, Larry, everybody knows you're Freda Fickle.

~~EMORY~~ LARRY

I've never made any promises and I never intend to. It's my right to lead my sex life without answering to anybody -- Hank included! -- And if those terms are not acceptable, then we must not live together. -- Numerous relations is a part of the way I am.

CONTINUED:

EMORY

You don't have to be gay to be a wanton.

LARRY

By the way I am, I don't mean being gay -- I mean my sexual appetite. And I don't think of myself as a wanton. Emory, you are the most promiscuous person I know.

EMORY

I am not promiscuous at all!

MICHAEL

Not by choice, by design. Why would anybody want to go to bed with a flaming little sissy like you?

BERNARD

Michael!

MICHAEL

(to Emory)

Who'd make a pass at you -- I'll tell you who -- nobody. Except maybe some fugitive from the Braille Institute.

BERNARD

(to Emory)

Why do you let him talk to you that way?

HAROLD

Physical beauty is not everything.

MICHAEL

Thank you, Quasimodo.

LARRY

What do you think it's like living with the god-damn gestapo! I can't breathe without getting the third degree!

MICHAEL

Larry, it's your turn to call.

LARRY

I can't take all that let's-be-faithful-and-never-look-at-another-person-routine. It just doesn't work. -- If you want to promise that, fine. Then do it and stick to it. But if you have to promise it -- as far as I'm concerned -- nothing finishes a relationship faster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAROLD

Give me librium or give me meth.

CLOSE BERNARD

intoxicated now

BERNARD

Yeah, freedom, baby! Freedom!

LARRY

You gotta have it! It can't work any other way. And the ones who swear their undying fidelity are lying. Most of them, anyway -- ninety percent of them. They cheat on each other constantly and lie through their teeth. I'm sorry, I can't be like that and it drives Hank up the wall.

HANK

There is that ten percent.

LARRY

The only way it stands a chance is with some sort of an understanding.

HANK

I've tried to go along with that.

LARRY

Aw, come on!

HANK

I agreed to an agreement.

LARRY

Your agreement.

MICHAEL

What agreement?

LARRY

A menage.

HAROLD

The lover's agreement.

LARRY

Look, I know a lot of people think it's the answer. They don't consider it cheating. But it's not my style.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK

Well, I certainly didn't want it.

LARRY

Then who suggested it?

HANK

It was a compromise.

LARRY

Exactly.

HANK

And you agreed.

LARRY

I didn't agree to anything. You agreed to your own proposal and informed me that I agreed.

COWBOY

I don't understand. What's a me ... menaa ...

MICHAEL

A menage a trois, baby. Two's company -- three's a menage.

COWBOY

Oh.

HANK

It works for some.

LARRY

Well, I'm not one for group therapy. I'm sorry, I can't relate to anyone or anything that way. I'm old-fashioned -- I like 'em all, but I like 'em one at a time!

MICHAEL

(to Larry)

Did you like Donald as a single side attraction?

CLOSE LARRY

directly

LARRY

Yes. I did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE - DONALD

standing to face Larry.

DONALD

So did I, Larry.

LARRY

(to Donald, re. Michael)

Did you tell him?

DONALD

No.

MICHAEL

It was perfectly obvious from the moment you walked in. What was this big song and dance about having seen each other but never having met?

DONALD

It was true. We saw each other in the baths and went to bed together but we never spoke a word and never knew each other's names.

EMORY

You had better luck than I do. If I don't get arrested, my trick announces upon departure that he's been exposed to hepatitis!

MICHAEL

In spring a young man's fancy turns to a fancy young man.

LARRY

(to Hank)

Don't look at me like that. You've been playing footsie with the Blue Book all night.

DONALD

I think he only wanted to show you what's good for the gander is good for the gander.

HANK

That's right.

LARRY

(to Hank)

I suppose you'd like the three of us to have a go at it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK

At least it'd be together.

LARRY

That point eludes me.

HANK

What kind of an understanding do you
want?

LARRY

Respect -- for each other's freedom. With
no need to lie or pretend. In my own way,
Hank, I love you, but you have to understand
that even though I do want to go on living
with you, sometimes there may be others. I
don't want to flaunt it in your face. If it
happens I know I'll never mention it. But if
you ask me, I'll tell you. I don't want to
hurt you but I won't lie to you if you want
to know anything about me.

BERNARD

He gets points.

MICHAEL

What?

BERNARD

He said it -- he said, "I love you," to Hank --
he gets the bonus.

MICHAEL

He didn't call him.

DONALD

He called him. He just didn't use the
telephone.

WIDER ANGLE

as Larry crosses between them into the kitchen, pushes open the swinging
door, leaves it standing wide, takes the wall phone off the hook, dials.

MICHAEL

Then he doesn't get any points.

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD

He gets five points!

MICHAEL

He didn't use the telephone -- he doesn't
get a god-damn thing!

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO A WIDER ANGLE

to include the group in the living room as the phone starts to ring.
Larry, who can still be seen inside the kitchen, stretches the wall
receiver cord until he is in the swinging door jam.

LARRY

It's for you, Hank.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Hank goes to the phone, presses the second line button, answers it.
Everyone is silent.

HANK

Hello?

BERNARD

One point.

LARRY

Hello Hank.

BERNARD

Two points.

LARRY

. . . This is Larry.

BERNARD

Two more points!

LARRY

For what it's worth, I love you.

BERNARD

Five points bonus!

HANK

I'll . . . I'll try.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

I will, too.

He hangs up. Hank hangs up.

WIDER

as Hank rushes up the stairs. Larry hangs up, comes out of the kitchen, sees him go, but does not follow.

BERNARD

That's ten points total!

EMORY

Larry's the winner!

HAROLD

Well, that wasn't as much fun as I thought it would be.

EMORY

Who do you have to fuck to get some coffee around here?

CLOSE MICHAEL

MICHAEL

THE GAME ISN'T OVER YET!
-- Your turn, Alan.

Michael gets the phone, slams it down in front of Alan.

MICHAEL (Cont'd)

PICK UP THE PHONE, BUSTER!

WIDER

As Emory comes over, Michael pushes him away.

EMORY

Michael, don't!

MICHAEL

STAY OUT OF THIS!

EMORY

You don't have to, Alan. You don't have to.

CLOSE ALAN

turning from window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN

Emory . . . I'm sorry for what I
did before.

(A beat.)

EMORY

. . . Oh, forget it.

MICHAEL

Forgive us our trespasses. Christ, now
you're both joined at the goddamn hip! --
You can decorate his home, Emory --

(to Alan)

-- and he can get you out of jail the next
time he's arrested on a morals charge.

(a beat)

Who are you going to call, Alan?

(no response)

Can't remember anyone? Well, maybe you
need a minute to think. Is that it?

(no response)

HAROLD

I believe this will be the final round.

COWBOY

Michael, aren't you going to call anyone?

HAROLD

How could he? -- He's never loved anyone.

CLOSER MICHAEL

as he sings the classic vaudeville walk-off to Harold

MICHAEL

"No matter how you figger,
It's tough to be a nigger,
(indicates to Bernard)
But it's tougher
To be a Jeeew-ooooo-oo!"

DONALD

My God, Michael, you're a charming host.

(CONTINUED)

HAROLD

Michael doesn't have charm, Donald.
Michael has counter-charm.

WIDER

as Larry crosses to the stairs.

MICHAEL

Going somewhere?

Larry stops, turns to Michael, who comes after him.

LARRY

Yes. Excuse me.

He turns, goes up the stairs.

MICHAEL

You're going to miss the end of the game.

LARRY

(pauses on stairs)

You can tell me how it comes out.

MICHAEL

I never reveal an ending. And no one
will be re-seated during the climactic
revelation.

LARRY

With any luck I won't be back until it's
all over.

He turns, continues up the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark, illuminated only by occasional flashes of lightning.

CLOSE LARRY

as he enters, looks about, sees Hank sitting on the edge of the bed.

P.O.V. SHOT

Hank sitting on the edge of the bed, his face buried in his hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Larry closes the door, goes over to him, kneeling down before him.

CLOSER

as Larry reaches up, pushes Hank's hands away, puts his own hands about Hank's face.

EXTREME CLOSE

as he rises on his knees, kisses Hank. Hank responds, pulls him up onto the bed and OUT OF FRAME. CAMERA HOLDS ON window with rain falling outside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON MICHAEL AND ALAN

with Michael whispering into Alan's ear.

MICHAEL

What do you suppose is goint on up there?
Hmmm, Alan? What do you imagine Larry and
Hank are doing? HMMMMMM? Shooting marbles?

EMORY

Whatever they're doing, they're not hurting
anyone.

HAROLD

And they're minding their own business.

MICHAEL

And you mind yours, Harold. I'm warning you!

CLOSE - HAROLD

cool and calm

HAROLD

Are you now? Are you warning me? Me?
I'm Harold. I'm the one person you don't
warn, Michael. Because you and I are a
match. -- And we tread very softly with
each other because we both play each other's
game too well. Oh, I know this game you're
playing. I know it very well. And I play
it very well. -- You play it very well too.
But you know what, I'm the only one that's better
at it than you are. I can beat you at it.
So don't push me. I'm warning you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE MICHAEL

as he starts to laugh defensively.

MICHAEL

You're funny, Hallie. A laff-riot. Isn't he funny, Alan? Or, as you might say, isn't he amusing? He's an amusing faggot, isn't he? Or, as you might say, freak. -- That's what you called Emory, wasn't it? A freak? A pansy? My, what an antiquated vocabulary you have. I'm surprised you didn't say sodomite or pedarist.

(a beat)

You'd better let me bring you up to date. -- Now it's not so new but it might be new to you --

(a beat)

Have you heard the term, "closet queen"? Do you know what that means? Do you know what it means to be "in the closet"?

EMORY

Don't, Michael. It won't help anything to explain what it means.

MICHAEL

He already knows. He knows very, very well what a closet queen is. Don't you, Alan?

CLOSE - ALAN

facing Michael.

ALAN

Michael, if you are insinuating that I am homosexual, I can only say that you are mistaken.

CLOSE - MICHAEL

MICHAEL

Am I?

(a beat)

What about Justin Stewart?

ALAN

. . . What about . . . Justin Stewart?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

You were in love with him, that's what about him.

(a beat)

And that is who you are going to call.

ALAN

Justin and I were very good friends. That is all. [Unfortunately, we had a parting of the ways and that was the end of the friendship. We have not spoken for years. I most certainly will not call him now.]

MICHAEL

According to Justin, the friendship was quite passionate.

ALAN

What do you mean?

MICHAEL

I mean that you slept with him in college. Several times.

ALAN

That is not true!

MICHAEL

Several times. One time, it's youth. Twice, a phase maybe. Several times, you like it!

ALAN

IT'S NOT TRUE!

MICHAEL

Yes it is. Because Justin Stewart is homosexual. He comes to New York on occasion. He calls me. I've taken him to parties. Larry "had" him once. I have slept with Justin Stewart. And he has told me all about you.

ALAN

Then he told you a lie.

(A beat)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

You were obsessed with Justin. That's all you talked about morning, noon and night. You started doing it about Hank upstairs tonight. -- What an attractive fellow he is and all that transparent crap.

ALAN

He is an attractive fellow. What's wrong with saying so?

MICHAEL

Would you like to join him and Larry right now?

ALAN

I said he was attractive. That's all.

MICHAEL

How many times do you have to say it? How many times did you have to say it about Justin -- what a good tennis player he was -- what a good dancer he was -- what a good body he had -- what good taste he had -- how bright he was -- how amusing he was -- how the girls were all mad for him -- what close friends you were.

ALAN

we . . . we . . . were . . . very close . . . very good . . . friends. That's all!

MICHAEL

It was obvious -- and when you did it around Fran it was downright embarrassing. Even she must have had her doubts about you.

ALAN

Justin . . . lied. If he told you that, he lied. It is a lie. A vicious lie. He'd say anything about me now to get even. He could never get over the fact that I dropped him. But I had to. I had to because . . . he told me . . . he told me about himself . . . he told me that he wanted to be my lover. And I . . . I . . . told him . . . he made me sick . . . I told him I pitied him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(a beat)

MICHAEL

You ended the friendship, Alan, because you couldn't face the truth about yourself. You could go along, sleeping with Justin, as long as he lied to himself and you lied to yourself and you both dated girls and labeled yourselves men and called yourselves just fond friends. But Justin finally had to be honest ~~about the truth~~, and you couldn't take it. You couldn't take it and so you destroyed the friendship and your friend along with it.

NEW ANGLE

as Michael goes to the desk, and gets address book.

ALAN

No!

MICHAEL

Justin could never understand what he'd done wrong to make you cut him off. He blamed himself.

ALAN

No!

MICHAEL

He did until he eventually found out who he was and what he was.

ALAN

No!

MICHAEL

But to this day, he still remembers the treatment -- the scars he got from you.

WIDER

as he puts address book in front of Alan on coffee table.

ALAN

NO!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Pick up this phone and call Justin and apologize and tell him what you should have told him twelve years ago. Call him.

CLOSER

as he picks up the phone, shoves it at Alan.

ALAN

NO! HE LIED! NOT A WORD IS TRUE!

MICHAEL

Call him!

Alan won't take it.

MICHAEL (Cont'd)

All right, then, I'll dial!

HAROLD

You're so helpful.

CLOSER - ALAN

Michael starts to dial, Alan grabs the phone.

ALAN

Give it to me.

Alan hangs up for a moment, lifts it again, starts to dial.

WIDER

as everyone watches in silent attention.

BACK TO ALAN

as he finishes dialing, lifts the receiver to his ear.

ALAN (Cont'd)

. . . Hello?

MICHAEL

One point.

ALAN

. . . It's . . . it's Alan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

One point.

ALAN

. . . Yes, yes, it's me.

MICHAEL

Is it Justin?

ALAN

. . . You sound surprised.

MICHAEL

I should hope to think so -- after twelve years! Two more points.

ALAN

I . . . I'm in New York. Yes. I . . . I won't explain now . . . I . . . I just called to tell you . . .

MICHAEL

THAT I LOVE YOU, GOD-DAMMIT! I LOVE YOU!

ALAN

I love you.

MICHAEL

You get the god-damn bonus. TEN POINTS TOTAL! JACKPOT!

ALAN

I love you and I beg you to forgive me.

MICHAEL

Give me that!

He snatches the phone from Alan.

MICHAEL (con'd)

Justin! Did you hear! Did you hear what that son-of-a-bitch said!

CLOSE MICHAEL

speechless for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (Cont'd)

. . . Fran. Fran, it's you!

(a beat)

Well, of course, I expected it to be you! . . .

(a beat)

How are you? Me too. Yes, yes, . . . he
told me everything. Oh, don't thank me. Please

. . . Please . . .

(a beat)

I'll . . . I'll put him back on.

(a beat)

My love to the kids . . .

ALAN

. . . Darling? I'll take the first plane
I can get. -- Yes. I'm sorry too. Yes, yes
. . . I love you very much.

WIDER

as he hangs up, stands up, crosses to the door, stops.

CLOSER

as he turns around, surveys the group.

ALAN (Cont'd)

Thank you Michael.

He opens the door and exits.

Pause.

CLOSE COWBOY

breaking silence

COWBOY

Who won?

DONALD

It was a tie.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

as he collapses on the sofa.

NEW ANGLE

as Harold crosses over to him.

(CONTINUED)

HAROLD

(calmly, coldly,
clinically)

Now it is my turn. And ready
or not, Michael, here goes.

(a beat)

You are a sad and pathetic man.
You're a homosexual and you
don't want to be. But there is
nothing you can do to change it. --
Not all your prayers to your
God, not all the analysis you can
buy in all the years you've got
left to live. You may very well
one day be able to know a
heterosexual life if you want it
desperately enough -- if you pursue
it with the fervor with which you
annihilate -- but you will always
be homosexual as well. Always,
Michael. Always. Until the day
you die.

WIDER

as he turns, gathers his gifts, goes to Emory. Emory stands up
unsteadily.

Oh, friends, thanks for the
nifty party and the super gift.

(he looks toward the
Cowboy)

It's just what I needed.

CLOSE EMORY

as he smiles. Harold gives him a hug, spots Bernard sitting on
the floor, head bowed.

.. Bernard, thank you.

(no response)

(to Emory)

Will you get him home?

EMORY

Don't worry about her. I'll take
care of everything.

CLOSE HAROLD

as he turns to Donald.

HAROLD

Donald, good to see you.

DONALD

Good-night, Harold. See you again sometime.

HAROLD

Yeah. How about a year from Shevuoth?

WIDER

as Harold goes to the Cowboy.

Come on, Tex. Let's go to my place.

(a beat)

CLOSE HAROLD

at door which the Cowboy opens for them.

HAROLD

Oh, Michael .. thanks for the laughs. Call you tomorrow.

(no response)

(a beat. Harold and the Cowboy exit.)

NEW ANGLE

Emory, frail as he is, manages to pull Bernard's arm around his neck, gets him on his feet.

EMORY

Come on, Bernard. Time to go home.

Oh, Mary, you're a heavy mother.

BERNARD

(practically inaudible mumble)

Why did I call? Why?

EMORY
Thank you, Michael. Goodnight,
Donald.

DONALD
Goodbye, Emory.

Donald opens the door and Emory virtually carries Bernard out.

EXT. STREET IN LOW EAST SIXTIES - NIGHT

The rain has stopped and the street is slick and glossy.

CLOSE ON HAROLD

hailing a taxi.

HAROLD
(turns to Cowboy)
Are you good in bed?

COWBOY
Well .. I'm not like the
average hustler you'd meet.
I try to show a little
affection -- it keeps me from
feeling like such a whore.

WIDER

as the cab pulls up, Harold opens the door for Cowboy. He
gets in, Harold follows.

HAROLD
(to driver)
Tudor City -- and step on it.

The cab pulls away -- CAMERA PANS TO FRAME Emory helping Bernard
down the brownstone steps.

BERNARD
Why .. why .. did I do that?

EMORY
It's alright, Bernard. Everything's
alright. I'm going to take you for
some coffee and see you to your door
and everything's going to be alright.

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND HOLD THEM IN A FULL SHOT as Emory leads him off down the sidewalk toward 3rd Avenue.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON MICHAEL

beginning a low moan that increases in volume -- almost like a siren. Suddenly he slams his open hands to his ears.

MICHAEL
(in desperate
panic)

Donald! Donald! DONALD!"
DONALD!

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Donald puts down his drink, rushes to Michael.

CLOSER

as Michael is now white with fear and tears are bursting from his eyes. He begins to grasp his words.

MICHAEL (contd.)
Oh, no! No! What have I done!
Oh, my God, what have I done!

Michael starts to writhe. Donald grabs him, cradles him in his arms.

DONALD
Michael! Michael!

MICHAEL
(tears pouring forth)
Oh, no! NO! It's the beginning!
The anxiety! OH, NO! No! I feel
it! I know it's going to happen.
Donald!! Donald! Don't leave.
Please! Please! Oh, my God, what
have I done! Oh Jesus, I can't
handle it. I won't make it!

DONALD
(physically subduing
him)
Michael! Michael! Stop it! Stop
it! I'll give you a Valium --
I've got some in my pocket!

MICHAEL
(hysterical)
No! No! Pills and alcohol --
I'll die!

DONALD
I'm not going to give you the
whole bottle! Come on, let
go of me.

MICHAEL
(clutching him)
NO!

DONALD
Let go of me long enough for
me to get my hand in my pocket!

MICHAEL
Don't leave!

WIDER

as Michael quiets a bit, lets go of Donald enough for him to
retrieve the small plastic bottle from his pocket, and open it
to give Michael a tranquillizer.

DONALD
Here.

MICHAEL
(sobbing)
I don't have any water to swallow
it with!

DONALD
Well, if you'll wait one god-damn
minute, I'll get you some!

NEW ANGLE

as Michael lets go of him, he goes to the kitchen, gets a glass
of water. Michael collapses on the couch.

Donald returns with glass.

Your water, your Majesty.
(a beat)
Michael, stop that god-damn crying
and take this pill!

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Michael straightens up, puts the pill into his mouth amid choking sobs, takes the water, washes it down, returns the glass to Donald.

MICHAEL

I'm like Ole Man River -- tired of
livin' and scared o' dyin'.

Donald puts the glass back on a table, comes back to the couch, sits down.

CLOSER

as Michael collapses into his arms, sobbing.

Pause ..

DONALD

Shhhhhh. Shhhhhh. Michael.

Shhhhhh. Michael. Michael.

Donald rocks him back and forth .. he quiets.

Pause ..

MICHAEL

.. If we .. if we could just ..
learn not to hate ourselves so much.
That's it, you know. If we could
just not hate ourselves just quite
so very, very much.

DONALD

Yes, I know. I know.

(a beat)

Inconceivable as it may be, you used
to be worse than you are now.

(a beat)

Maybe with a lot more work you can
help yourself some more -- if you
try.

Michael straightens up, dries his eyes on his sleeve.

MICHAEL

Who was it that used to always say, "You show me a happy homosexual, and I'll show you a gay corpse."

DONALD

I don't know. Who was it who always used to say that?

MICHAEL

And how dare you come on with that holier-than-thou attitude with me! "A lot more work", "if I try", indeed! You've got a long row to hoe before you're perfect, you know.

DONALD

I never said I didn't.

MICHAEL

And while we're on the subject - I think your analyst is a quack.

Michael is sniffing -- Donald hands him a handkerchief -- he takes it and blows his nose.

DONALD

Earlier you said he was a prick.

MICHAEL

That's right. He's a prick quack. Or a quack prick, whichever you prefer.

INT. DINING-STUDY - NIGHT

Donald crosses to the French windows, pushes them open.

DONALD

(en route, heaving a
sigh)

Harold was right. You'll never
change.

MICHAEL

Come back, Donald, Come back,
Shane.

Donald stops, turns back ..

DONALD

I'll come back when you have
another anxiety attack.

He exits onto terrace

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE - NIGHT

He goes to the bar, which is windblown with rain -- takes the
brandy bottle, pours himself a drink.

WIDER

as Michael comes outside.

MICHAEL

I need you. Just like Mickey
Mouse needs Minnie Mouse --
just like Donald Duck needs
Minnie Duck. Mickey needs
Donnie.

DONALD

My name is Donald. I am called
Donald. You must never call
anyone called Donald, Donnie ..

MICHAEL

(grabs his head, moans)

Ohhhh... icks! Icks! Terrible
icks! Tomorrow is going to be

~~"Bad Day at Black Rock." A~~
~~day of nerves, nerves, and more~~
~~nerves.~~

an ick-picked day.

EXT. (OUTDOOR LOCATION) TERRACE - NIGHT

Michael wanders out amid the inundated wreckage of the party and the rain.

CAMERA PANS OVER a split awning, a drenched dining table with plates of half-eaten food, and the salad bowl and casserole and cake, all with water standing in them. IT PASSES ON OVER soaked cushions and sopping birthday wrapping.

MICHAEL

Do you suppose there's any possibility
of just flushing this apartment?

DONALD

Why do you think he stayed, Michael?
Why do you think he took all of that
from you?

MICHAEL

There are no accidents. He was begging
to get killed. He begged for somebody
to let him have it and he got what he
wanted.

DONALD

He could have been telling the truth --
Justin could have lied.

MICHAEL

Who knows? What time is it?

DONALD

It seems like it's day after tomorrow.

EXT. (INT.) TERRACE - NIGHT

Michael turns, goes through the hutch door into the kitchen, looks at
a clock.

MICHAEL

It's early.

CAMERA DOLLIES ACROSS THE TERRACE TO FRAME him as he passes through
the swinging door into the dining-study. . .

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He goes to a closet, takes out a raincoat. In the b.g., Donald can
be seen entering the French windows, carrying the brandy bottle and
glass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

What does life hold? Where're you going?

MICHAEL

The bedroom is occupado and I don't want to go to sleep anyway until I try to walk-off the booze. If I went to sleep like this, when I woke up they'd have to put me in a padded cell -- not that that's where I don't belong.

(a beat)

And . . . and . . . there's a midnight mass at St. Malachy's that all the show people go to. I think I'll walk over there and catch it.

DONALD

(raises his glass)

Well, pray for me.

MICHAEL

(indicates bedroom)

Maybe they'll be gone by the time I get back.

DONALD

Well, I will be -- just as soon as I knock off that bottle of brandy.

MICHAEL

Will I see you next Saturday?

DONALD

Unless you have other plans.

MICHAEL

No.

He turns to go.

DONALD

Michael?

MICHAEL

(stops, turns back)

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

174.

DONALD

Did he ever tell you why he was
crying on the phone -- what it was
he had to tell you?

MICHAEL .

No. It must have been that he'd left
Fran. -- Or maybe it was something else
and he changed his mind.

DONALD

Maybe so.
(a beat)
I wonder why he left her.

(A pause.)

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

at door.

MICHAEL

As my father said to me when he died in
my arms, "I don't understand any of it.
I never did." Turn out the lights when
you leave, will you?

CLOSE DONALD

nods.

CLOSE MICHAEL

looking at him for a long silent moment, then he opens the door and
exits.

INT. DINING-STUDY - NIGHT

Donald goes to his stack of books, selects one, pours himself another
brandy, goes to a chair, sits down, and starts to read.

EXT. STREET IN LOW EAST SIXTIES - NIGHT

as Michael comes out of the brownstone and down the steps to the sidewalk.

NEW ANGLE

as he approaches 3rd Ave. He passes OUT OF FRAME, CAMERA HOLDS momentarily
on the window of a corner coffee shop as Emory can be seen inside, pouring
a cup into Bernard.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. THIRD AVENUE - NIGHT

WIDE ANGLE

on Michael as CAMERA PULLS UP AND BACK as he meanders off down the wet street and is eventually lost in the traffic.

FADE OUT.

THE END