

"NOBODY'S PERFECT"

Written by: Robert Tutak

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FADE IN:

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Lunch break. People are milling around.

TEO and KAREN maneuver through the crowd holding hands. Both -- 20, East Village types with black clothes, dyed hair, tattoos, and lots of body piercing.

TITLE:

PART ONE:

TEO

INT. JOSHUA'S OFFICE/HALLWAY - DAY

Teo and Karen bump into a corpulent PROFESSOR THOMPSON.

At the entrance to the office, Karen pecks Teo on the cheek and gives him a push toward the office. He enters. She waits outside.

INT. JOSHUA'S OFFICE - DAY

JOSHUA GOLDBERG, 40, neatly groomed, dressed up and buttoned up, grabs a huge bouquet of flowers and shopping bags stuffed with gift boxes, and is headed for the door, when Teo pops in.

TEO

Professor? Hi!

Joshua winces, then flashes a big, fake grin.

JOSHUA

Teo! What a surprise! Come in!

TEO  
(advancing)  
Do you have a second?

JOSHUA  
Uh...

TEO  
(retreating)  
That's okay. Sorry to bother you.

JOSHUA  
Is it a quick question?

Teo advances once more, a storyboard in hand.

TEO  
I'm shooting next week... and...

JOSHUA  
I'd love to!

TEO  
(ecstatic)  
Thanks, professor!

Joshua snatches the storyboard from Teo's hand, but doesn't even glance at it.

JOSHUA  
But... I'm running reeeeeally late.  
And...

TEO  
(deflated)  
I hate to take up your time.

Joshua hands the storyboard back to Teo.

JOSHUA  
Monday? At noon? During my office  
hours?

TEO  
(brightens; turning to  
leave)  
I appreciate it, professor! No, wait!  
I've a class at 12:15.

JOSHUA

Tuesday?

TEO

Tuesday's cool!

JOSHUA

No! Tuesday's not good. Monday at 11:00?

TEO

Cool! Thanks, professor!

JOSHUA

Actually, make it 11:30!

TEO

That's even better!

JOSHUA

Very well then! Monday! 11:30!

TEO

11:30! I appreciate it, professor!  
I'll see you Monday at 11:30!

JOSHUA

11:30! See you! Bye-bye.

Teo heads for the door.

JOSHUA

So, how many setups do you have?

Teo stops dead in his tracks, turns around.

TEO

Oh... actually...

He dashes back, spreading the storyboard in front of Joshua.

TEO

I was going to do it in a master-shot!  
No inserts! You remember my story?

Teo grabs a chair and drops into it, his leg inadvertently rubbing Joshua's knee. Joshua shifts uncomfortably, sneaks a peek at Teo.

TEO

(rapt)

A female student and a professor.  
She's pregnant by him. She's coming to drop the ball. He doesn't know that.  
He's in for a big surprise.

Joshua withdraws his knee, gets an eyeful of Teo.

TEO

She approaches his office. An over-the-shoulder shot of her.

As Teo babbles, we see...

FULL SCREEN IMAGES - JOSHUA'S OFFICE

An over-the-shoulder shot of the PREGNANT FEMALE STUDENT (Karen) approaching the entrance to Joshua's office. Her BOYFRIEND (Teo) pecks her on the cheek and gives her a push toward the office. She enters. He waits outside.

TEO (V.O.)

We see the professor through the half-open door.

In his office, PROFESSOR (Joshua) neatly groomed, dressed up and buttoned up, grabs a huge bouquet of flowers and shopping bags, and is headed for the door, when Pregnant Female Student (Karen) pops in.

TEO (V.O.)

'Professor, hi, do you have a second?'  
He notices her, winces, then flashes a big, fake grin: 'Karen! What a surprise!' Blah, blah, blah.

INT. JOSHUA'S OFFICE -DAY

Joshua slowly shifts his leg back, brushing Teo's thigh. His eyes burn into Teo. Teo meets Joshua's gaze, blushes. Something subtle passes between them.

TEO

(hemming and hawing)

Then he sees she's pregnant. Panics.  
Uh... uh... Speaking of pregnant. I'd  
need your sculpture...

JOSHUA

Huh? Sculpture?

TEO

The pregnant woman. In the bedroom.  
From Bali. It'd symbolize the  
pregnancy.

Joshua pulls his leg back in panic. He is caught off  
guard.

JOSHUA

Mali!!!

TEO

What? What did I say? Mali!

JOSHUA

No!!! You said, Bali! How many times?  
Mali! You never listen! That's your  
problem! Always...!

TEO

I swear, I said Mali! You didn't hear  
it! In the bedroom!

JOSHUA

It's not in the bedroom!

TEO

What? Kept falling off that damn  
shelf, huh?

He pulls up his T-shirt, revealing a scar on his lower  
abdomen.

TEO

(pointing)

Don't worry. Almost healed!

Joshua panics; he grabs Teo's T-shirt and jerks it down,  
inadvertently brushing his bare skin.

TEO  
(blushing; ticklish)  
Ouch! C'mon! Go easy, professore!

A mischievous smile lurks in the corner of his lips.  
A wicked sparkle in his eye.

JOSHUA  
(losing ground)  
You... you... arrogant, impertinent  
snot!

TEO  
Blah, blah, blah. A senior moment,  
huh? I won't damage that stupid  
sculpture!

JOSHUA  
That's not my sculpture! You know  
that!

TEO  
Could you talk to him?

JOSHUA  
Sure. And what am I supposed to tell  
him?

TEO  
He hates me! I know that! He doesn't  
own you!

JOSHUA  
Nobody owns me! I love him!

TEO  
That's not what you told me! Why did  
you lie to me?

JOSHUA  
Teo! Please!

TEO  
You said...!

JOSHUA  
I said -- end of discussion! The  
consultation's over!

TEO

Say what...? What consultation?

JOSHUA

You've heard me!

TEO

We're having a fucking argument not  
a...!

The door opens and the corpulent Professor Thompson barges in. Under the sweetest of smiles lurks a truly mean bitch.

JOSHUA

(raising his voice)

Watch your mouth!!! You...!!!

PROFESSOR THOMPSON

(with a strong British  
accent)

Ello cock! Old fruit! I hope I'm not  
barging in.

(about Teo)

Randy here was looking for you all over  
campus.

JOSHUA

Oh, really?

TEO

Teo! I'm not Randy, professor  
Thompson.

PROFESSOR THOMPSON

O, pardon me, dear.

(back to Joshua)

I told Randy here you might be outside  
puffing on a fag. Or out to lunch --  
nibbling meat balls or sticky buns.

(to Teo)

His favorites.

JOSHUA

(smiling sweetly; ready to  
slam the door into her  
face)

A stroke of genius, Mary.

PROFESSOR THOMPSON

Are you okay, old chap? You look a bit queer today. Oh, well, the end of the semester -- what a drag.

(handing him a lollypop)

Here, I brought you a little sucker.

JOSHUA

(enthusiastically; about Marry while pushing her out)

Oh, thank you, Mary! I love suckers!

PROFESSOR THOMPSON

(to Teo)

Fagging for your professor, huh, Randy? He's a wonderful chap, isn't he?

TEO

I'm not Randy.

PROFESSOR THOMPSON

On location, he personally knocks every electrician up in the morning. Then gives each of them a ride... back home.

Joshua pushes her out.

PROFESSOR THOMPSON

(picking up a pencil with an eraser from his desk)

Oh, dear! A rubber! I love chewing on the rubber when I get excited... grading papers. Don't you?

Angry, Joshua shoves Professor Thompson out of the office and shuts the door behind her.

JOSHUA

(smiling)

Thank you, Mary!

She pops her head back in.

PROFESSOR THOMPSON

(embarrassed)

Oops! Your emotions show, old chap.

She then leaves, slamming the door angrily.

JOSHUA

(back to Teo; angrily)

I told you not to come here! Ever again!

(beat)

I'm sorry. I made a mistake. I shouldn't have... I apologized... I... I...

Joshua paces back and forth. Teo gets up to leave.

TEO

I'll come back on Monday.

JOSHUA

No! I told you!

TEO

To talk to you about my storyboard.

JOSHUA

I'll be busy!

TEO

During your office hours!

JOSHUA

Don't push it, Teo!

TEO

I'm your student, professor!

JOSHUA

I said -No! And I suggest you change your story!

TEO

You liked it.

JOSHUA

It's pretentious!

TEO

I've followed your every fucking instruction!

JOSHUA

You shouldn't have!

TEO

But...

JOSHUA

Some people'll never make it!

TEO

Oh.

JOSHUA

A matter o' talent! Talent! Ever  
heard this word?!

TEO

Yes.

JOSHUA

Really?

TEO

From you!

JOSHUA

Oh.

TEO

The first time you fucked me!

JOSHUA

Uh... Sorry...

TEO

That's okay.

Silence. Teo picks up his bag and the storyboard.  
Moves to the exit, but doesn't leave.

JOSHUA

What?

TEO

Nothing.

JOSHUA

So?

TEO

I got tested.

Joshua's legs buckle under him. An expression of horror on his face. He sinks into the chair. Teo smiles faintly.

TEO

Don't worry. I'm negative. I'm quitting. Won't bother you anymore. No talent. Bye.

Joshua is paralyzed. His eyes are on Teo as he leaves.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Teo charges through the crowd. Karen trails behind him.

TEO

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! That queen thinks she's all that, and more!

KAREN

Oops, forgot to take you medication today, sweetie, huh?

TEO

Fagots! Fags! Faggotry!

KAREN

Wow! Wow! Wow! Sweetie! No need to go postal! You're already the front-runner in the Jesse Helms-look-alike contest.

TEO

Hate'em! Hate'em! Hate'em!

KAREN

Chill out, you bigoted homophobe, Jesse, I mean, sweetie!

TEO

Bite me, Karen! Okay! I hate every single faggot on the planet, but that doesn't make me a homophobe!

KAREN

Okay, sweetie! I'm not saying you're, like, a homophobe! You're not! Or, like, you're losing your cool. You're cool, but...

Teo stops abruptly. Karen bumps into him.

KAREN

Ouch!

TEO

Okay! I'm a fucking homophobe! So what? I hate fags! Every single one of them! I mean -- I don't! No, really! I love them! Seriously! I do! From the bottom of my heart! More than I love myself!

(drawling)

Gosh! I hate myself so fucking much!

He slumps, resigned, onto the bench. Karen sits next to him, musing. She spots Joshua shambling with a hobbling duck-like gait across the quad.

KAREN

(squinting; philosophically)

He's a dick!

TEO

No shit! How do you know? No, he isn't!

KAREN

A dick! Pure bred!

TEO

You don't know him.

KAREN

Sweetie, if it looks like a dick, and it walks like a dick, and it quacks like a dick, guess what, it's a dick, duh! Quack, quack, quack!

TEO

A duck.

KAREN

Huh?

TEO

A duck, not a dick!

KAREN

A dick, sweetie, not a duck! What are you smoking?

TEO

(resigned)

Whatever. A duck. The grand queen of all screaming ducks. Gush, I've a crush on a duck!

KAREN

A dick.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - AFTERNOON

A cab pulls over and--laden with bags and flowers-- Joshua pours out of the cab. He bumps into a passerby; his bags and the bouquet scatter all over the sidewalk.

Stupefied, Joshua gapes at the passerby: E.R. WHITE, a Jamaican-American man, 28, who towers over him. Joshua recoils, dwarfed by E.R.'s dagger look; his face twists in pain.

JOSHUA

Ouch!

He flounces around, picking up his bags, boxes, and the bouquet from the sidewalk. E.R. glowers at him.

E.R.

What? What are you looking at?

JOSHUA

Nothing...

Joshua staggers then jostles through the doors into the...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING/LOBBY

E.R. follows close behind.

E.R.  
Nothing what?

Joshua quickens his step, but gets entangled in his bags and stumbles. E.R. trails him.

Joshua rushes into the elevator car and hits the 15TH FLOOR button. The doors jerk and begin to close.

E.R. jostles his arm in between the closing doors blocking them. The doors slide open. Flickers of mutual repulsion crisscross over the elevator threshold.

Joshua cringes. He edges to the front of the car and hits the 15TH FLOOR button again. The doors jerk and begin to close.

E.R. gapes at the doors shutting in his face then strikes with force, muscling his way inside the...

ELEVATOR - DAY

They acknowledge one another with a grimace, stand as far from one another as possible, and ignore each other ostentatiously.

The elevator doors close with a chime -- discreet yet discrete. The elevator starts.

E.R.  
(to himself; low-key)  
Shmuck.

JOSHUA  
(to himself; low-key)  
Shlong.

E.R.  
Dirty old man.

JOSHUA  
Pansy.

E.R.  
Chicken butcher!

JOSHUA

Sissy.

E.R.

Baby-snatcher!

JOSHUA

Nancy. Floozy.

Blue in the face, E.R. turns to Joshua.

E.R.

What! Floozy?! How dare you?! You're  
a floozy! A loose woman! A slut!  
You...! You...! You...!

He snatches from Joshua his magnificent bouquet of flowers and whips Joshua with the flowers till the last petal.

E.R.

You...! You...! Gosh, I'd kill you!

He hands back the stump of the bouquet.

Covered with petals, Joshua goggles at E.R. He comes to himself, snatches his bag from the floor and extracts a large box. Opens the box carefully -- a big fancy cake sits inside; "HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, HONEY" is written across the cake. Joshua smirks at E.R., swings the cake and splashes it all over E.R.'s face.

JOSHUA

Be my guest!

He gives E.R. a broad smile. E.R. returns the smile, wiping the cake off his face, then clutches Joshua by the throat. They sway, lose their balance, and smash against the control panel on the wall.

Sparks shoot from the panel.

The elevator jerks... then stops.

The lights dim.

The alarm RINGS.

The elevator is stuck between floors.

Joshua lets go of E.R. They both gape around in shock.

E.R.

Oh! Oh, no!

E.R. hits the CALL CANCEL button; EMERGENCY STOP; DOOR OPEN; DOOR CLOSE; 15TH FLOOR, every single button on the panel. To no avail. Then he hits the panic button. He spins around, banging his head on the walls, the doors. He is having a panic attack, tinged with claustrophobia.

E.R.

No! No! No! Noooooo!

He crosses his legs.

E.R.

(pounding on the doors)

Hello! Anybody there! Open up! This is not funny! I need to use the bathroom!!!

INT. TEO'S PLACE - DAY

Karen reads from the PERSONAL section of the VILLAGE VOICE.

KAREN

(reading)

"Seeking young bottom. I'm 57, 5'4", 220lbs. A top ready for fun..."

She eyeballs Teo. He rolls his eyes.

KAREN

Gee, 220lbs. And a top! Nay, you're not, like, a suicidal bottom or anything. You, like, don't even look suicidal.

Teo is in the this-is-the-end-of-the-world position -- a round shouldered slouch, with head thrust forward and stomach sticking out.

KAREN

Oh, my god! Listen!  
(reading)

"Summer is coming! Let's get together for some wild, kinky, non-stopping, and wet kind of fun all summer long."

A glitter of hope sparkles in her eyes. Teo puts it out with his glare.

KAREN

Nay. Maybe not.

(reading; burbling)

"Handsome, mature, caring man invites spiritual, sensitive, loving, big hearted guy with lots of love to share wonderful exciting committed love..."

Teo yanks the paper from her, fuming, and junks it in the garbage can.

TEO

Sex! Sex! Sex!!! Nothin' but fucking sex!

She rescues the paper.

KAREN

Wait a minute!!! That's not what you think, sweetie!

(reading; drawling)

"Spiritual! Sensitive! Loving...!"

TEO

I said - No!

KAREN

Get a clue, sweetie! Unless you, like, wanna be an asexual, anti-social hermit for the rest of your life because of the dick.

TEO

The duck. But not like this! It's humiliating!

KAREN

People do it!

TEO

Desperate and pathetic!

KAREN

My brother did it!

TEO

Sorry.

KAREN

Like, an exceptionally desperate and pathetic individual!

TEO

See!

KAREN

But you? You're not desperate! You're F.I.N.E. -- Fucked up! Insecure! Neurotic! And emotional!

TEO

(momentarily neurotic)

No! No! No! Karen, shut up! I'm not neurotic! Just forget it!

KAREN

Okay! Okay! Whatever! You're right. Forget it! Let's go to the movies.

TEO

What do you mean?

KAREN

I mean, you should, like, spend the rest of your life a lonely loony loveless and sexless. A drump! Whatever! It's, like, best for you. I'm sure, you'll be happy.

She disposes of the paper in the garbage.

TEO

Wait a minute!

He picks up the paper.

KAREN

Forget it. That's, like, really not for you, sweetie.

TEO

Why not?

KAREN

That's, like, humiliating. You're, like, better than that.

TEO

Okay! I'll do it.

KAREN

Really?! That's awesome! Fucking fantabulous!

TEO

But... only if you do it too!

KAREN

No way! I don't need some freaking jerk stupid airhead-ass from Deadfish, Idaho! I'm happy!

TEO

Karen, people do it.

KAREN

Desperate and pathetic!

TEO

Your brother did it -- I mean --

KAREN

Exactly my point! He got a big woman with a mustache!

TEO

Mustache?! I hate mustaches! And I hate faggots! I've forgotten all about it!

He dumps the paper in the trash. Karen rescues it again.

KAREN

Okay! Okay! You win! I'll do it!

TEO

All right! That's fucking cool!

ELEVATOR - DAY

Joshua and E.R. sit on the floor, wedged in the opposite corners of the car.

E.R.  
(mumbling under his nose)  
Diaper fetishist!

JOSHUA  
Nancy!

E.R.  
I'm not talking to you! You! Baby-robber!

JOSHUA  
Pansy!

E.R.  
Helloooo! I said I'm not talking to you! You, dirty old man!

JOSHUA  
Pussy!

E.R.  
(covering his ears)  
Tra - la - la - la! I can't hear you!

JOSHUA  
Fine!

Joshua makes himself comfortable, opening a book and turning on a CD player. Low bass tones filter through the headphones. Immersed in his reading, he forgets about E.R. E.R. glares at him.

E.R.  
(pointing at the CD player)  
Would you be so kind as to...! Hello!

JOSHUA  
(reading; with a blank stare)  
Huh?

E.R.

Your ghetto blaster! The boom-box!  
You're ear-bashin' me! Turn it off!

Joshua shrugs and resumes the reading. E.R. pulls the headphones off Joshua's head.

E.R.

Hellooooo!!! I'm talking to you! You!

JOSHUA

What?

E.R.

Where did you get that bubble gum music! From that jail-bait-toy-boy-little-slut?!

JOSHUA

Don't call him that.

E.R.

And what am I supposed to call him? A poor, innocent boy?

JOSHUA

He's confused...

E.R.

Confused? Found his way to our bedroom alright!

(making a gesture indicating  
an anal intercourse)

Through the back porch! Wasn't confused there.

JOSHUA

He stopped by my office today.

E.R.

Wagging his tail? Got confused again?

JOSHUA

E.R., he's my student.

E.R.

Precisely my point! You belong in the slammer! In bracelets!

JOSHUA

He wanted to talk. It's called counseling, you know.

E.R.

Counseling! Tutoring! What else do you call it? You, pervert!

JOSHUA

Well, fine, sometimes we call it an oration as well, because oral skills are involved. Happy?

E.R.

(wink, wink)

So? Did you "talk?" What did he "say?"  
Did you speak Greek?

JOSHUA

He's head over heels in love with me.

E.R. rolls his eyes.

JOSHUA

I hope he doesn't do something stupid. Something I'd regret.

E.R.

Oh, bastard!

JOSHUA

Stop calling him...!

E.R.

You!!! You're a bastard!!! Poor boy.

JOSHUA

Don't poor-boy him!

E.R.

You abused him!

JOSHUA

Aw, please! We were two consenting adults!

E.R.

You were in a position of power! You took advantage of him!

JOSHUA

He knew very well what he was doing. He's smart! Believe me! A little slut!

E.R.

Don't call him that! He's a minor! Virtually a baby! Raped by his geriatric teacher, a cradle-snatcher, and disposed of like a shitty diaper!

JOSHUA

I did it for you! For us!

E.R.

Oh, how very moving! Give me a diaper... I mean, a tissue, I'm going to cry!

Joshua extracts a small box and hands it to E.R.

JOSHUA

Ta-dam!

E.R.

What? What is it?

JOSHUA

(about the box and the mutilated flowers)

It was supposed to be a surprise. This... and... this.

E.R. softens.

E.R.

Oh, no! That's not for me, is it?

He attempts to rip the wrapping off the box, but gets entangled in the ribbon.

JOSHUA

Happy anniversary, honey!

He moves to kiss E.R., but E.R. ducks the kiss.

E.R.

Oh, no, no, no! You think you can get away with it!

But then he manages to get the damn wrapping off the box and opens it. Two rings glitter in the box.

E.R.

Oh, no!

JOSHUA

I'm sorry. I love you -- that's all I can say -- and I hope you can forgive me.

E.R.

(choking up)

I... I... I am... I'm not... I don't...  
I... How sweet! You remembered!

He kisses Joshua. They embrace.

E.R.

And as for forgiveness... Uh... I'll think about it!

They laugh.

ELEVATOR - LATER

E.R. and Joshua kneel in front of each other, holding hands.

JOSHUA

On the first day toward Shabbat, the... day of December, in the year five thousand seven hundred sixty since the creation of the world, Joshua and E.R. renewed this covenant with each other.

E.R.

We promise to consecrate ourselves, one to the other; to love, honor and cherish each other; to work together to create a home committed to deeds of lovingkindness.

JOSHUA

We promise to try always to bring out  
in ourselves and in each other  
qualities of forgiveness, compassion,  
and integrity.

E.R.

All this we take upon ourselves to  
uphold to the best of our abilities.

Joshua takes out the ring from the box. They slip the  
rings on each other's fingers.

JOSHUA

I, Joshua Jacob, take you, Eric Roy, to  
be my lawful wedded husband.

E.R.

Will you love, respect and honor me  
through our years together?

JOSHUA

I will.

E.R.

Do you promise to love and cherish me  
in sickness and in health...

JOSHUA

...for richer for poorer, for better  
for worse...

E.R.

...and forsaking all others, keep  
yourself only unto me!

JOSHUA

(nodding)

...and, forsaking all others, keep  
myself only unto you, for so long as we  
both shall live! I do.

E.R.

I do, too.

JOSHUA

I now pronounce us husband and husband.  
You may now kiss the groom.

They cuddle themselves into each other's arms.

E.R.

I love you.

JOSHUA

I love you, too.

They kiss.

EXT. STRAIGHT BAR - DAY

Karen is seen from afar storming down the street.

At the entrance, a BOUNCER and his FRIEND drink beer, talking the guy talk. Bouncer is big and manly; Friend - short and ugly.

BOUNCER

(patronizingly)

Let me tell you, myboy. First you buy her a drink, then you hold her hand... chicks love that hands-holding bullshit!

Friend drinks in Bouncer's every word.

FRIEND

(nodding with admiration)

Oh... Aha... oh, really? Wow!

BOUNCER

And then, if you're lucky, you get to...

He makes a gesture imitating copulation.

BOUNCER

(wink, wink)

So did you get to hold hands yet, he, he, he?

FRIEND

(blushing)

No... yes... I mean... Okay, we didn't hold hands...

BOUNCER

Ha, ha, ha!

FRIEND

...we moved straight to...  
(the gesture imitating  
copulation)

BOUNCER

(disappointed)

Oh!

FRIEND

(blushing)

What was I supposed to do? She was in  
a hurry. She said guys waste time on  
that hands-holding bullshit.

Karen jostles through them. The Bouncer checks her out.

BOUNCER

(faltering)

Chicks like that hands-holding  
bullshit. This chick does. I know  
chicks.

KAREN

Pervert!

INT. STRAIGHT BAR - DAY

There is a young WOMAN and a GUY at the bar. The Woman  
is fuming.

GUY

(to the Woman; while winking  
at a female Bartender)

Honey, it was a peck only.

WOMAN

A French peck! Is that why your  
tongue's so exhausted.

GUY

(putting his arm around her)

But honey...

She shoves his arm off and buzzes off --

WOMAN

You pecker!

-- crashing her big boobs against hurtling Karen.

Beer in hand, Teo motions Karen.

TEO

You look great, sis!

Pissed, she plops down on the chair in front of him.

KAREN

(mumbling)

I hate women!

TEO

So? How's your new boy? When are you guys getting fucking married? Am I invited? Talk to me! Don't make me guess! Can't wait! No! Don't tell me! Let me guess!

She wipes traces of the Woman's breast off her face -- Lady Macbeth style.

KAREN

Why is this place so fucking straight?!

Teo gazes around the bar, marveling; breathes in its stinky air -- a blend of spilled beer and urine.

TEO

And straight it is! Isn't it beautiful! Women! Beer! Everything a real man needs!

Karen glowers sullenly at several straight couples making out in the corners. She frowns.

KAREN

Sure. Where's the bathroom? I wanna puke.

TEO

No roving eyes! Wanton looks!  
Cruising! No faggots! A queer-free  
space!

As he says that, Teo catches sight of a HANDSOME GUY who makes eyes at him while spooning a woman. He does a double take, then averts his eyes.

TEO

(blushing; to Karen)

So? How was he? Extremely fucking handsome? An off-spring of Brad and Leo?

Karen sighs.

TEO

(ogling Handsome Guy)

Why'd you care 'bout looks anyway. Superficial bullshit! Filthy rich? Bill-fucking-Gates?

KAREN

Like hasn't seen a nickel in years.

TEO

Titanically intelligent? A genius? Fucking Einstein???

Karen shrugs.

TEO

(ogling Handsome Guy;  
blushing)

So far so good. Sounds like a perfect fucking date.

KAREN

(fuming)

Like no chemistry! Nothing! He could've, like, stripped naked right in front of me and I would've, like, puked, and puked, and puked, ad nauseam.

Handsome Guy gives Teo a broad wink. Teo chuckles, returning the wink.

TEO

Don't worry, sis! Next time! Wow!  
It'll be so fucking hot! You're gonna  
get third degree burns! And we're  
gonna hafta call a fucking ambulance!

Karen shrugs.

Handsome Guy and his woman stroll toward the exit.  
Handsome Guy shoots his eyes at Teo and "inadvertently,"  
brushes Teo's arm.

TEO

I-fucking-love this place! I really  
do!

KAREN

I hate it! Too straight!!!

TEO

That's exactly what I love about it!

ELEVATOR - DAY

The partially damaged cake is crowded with five regular-  
size long candles. Joshua lights them up.

E.R.

Make a wish, honey.

They're ready to blow the candles. But Joshua pulls  
back, deep in thoughts.

JOSHUA

Oh, well, you're right, I suppose.

E.R.

What?

JOSHUA

I am guilty. I took advantage of him.

E.R.

There was nothing you could do, honey.

JOSHUA

I abused my position.

E.R.  
Position? What position? You,  
pervert!

JOSHUA  
Of power.

E.R.  
Oh! Power? What power?

JOSHUA  
Authority.

E.R.  
Authority? What idiot told you that?  
You were as powerless as they come. An  
old man driven by his libido.

JOSHUA  
But...

E.R.  
He had you on a leash, honey, like a  
drooling Pavlovian dog. Took advantage  
of your age. A little slut!  
Necrophilic!

JOSHUA  
E.R.!

E.R.  
Okay, okay. Gerontophiliac!

E.R. is ready to blow the candles.

JOSHUA  
But I did have power over him.

E.R.  
Hon, whatever you had over him, it may  
have been long and hard, but it wasn't  
power. Unless you insist on calling it  
that way.

Again E.R. is ready to blow the candles.

JOSHUA  
He looked up to me. Sought my  
guidance.

E.R.

Oh, stop that figurative speech. He was horny, that's all! Let's talk straight!

JOSHUA

You? Straight?

E.R.

You wanted to give him a head start on his "project," hands-on. But he gave you a hard time--a sign of growing pains. And you got caught with your pants down... no pun intended, no double talk!

E.R. watches Joshua playing with a candle, feeling its phallic shape. He loses it.

E.R.

Now! The candles are dripping. Are we going to blow them or what?

They blow the candles.

INT. STRAIGHT BAR - DAY

Teo breezes in, bright and early, inspecting the bar. Does a double take seeing Karen sulking at a table. He pecks her, but without attention, busy canvassing the bar.

TEO

So? Why are you so early, sis? Didn't work out, huh? Ugly? Didn't smell nice?

KAREN

An off-spring of Brad and Leo. And I looove his smell.

TEO

(a quick glance at her)  
No chemistry! Fucking nothing! He could've stripped in...

KAREN

A nuclear bomb! If I didn't activate my anti-nuclear devices, the world would be a handful of radioactive dust now.

Another double take; then back to "search-lighting" the bar.

TEO

(knocking on his skull)

No brains! Fucking zero! Null!  
Zilch! Nothing! A flower pot!

KAREN

Einstein meets the Dalai Lama. But we had, like, a major-major disagreement on Kierkegaard's comments on Descartes.

TEO

(puzzled; looking at her for the first time)

Huh? Fucking what?

KAREN

Comments. He's nuts 'bout Descartes' Cogito ergo sum. The Cartesian principle of methodical doubt gives like more weight to reflection -- thought -- than it kinda does to act -- will. It, like, totally inverts the relationship between thought and will. Not, like, cogito ergo sum, but I act ergo sum! Descartes's cool and stuff, but, like, Kierkegaard's passé!? I can't believe that crap! What do you think?

TEO

Uh...

KAREN

Never mind. A trust fund kid. Does some charity work though. Not a total parasite.

Teo's jaw hits the floor with a loud thud.

KAREN

Kinda nuts 'bout me. Popped the question! Fucktrageous!

The search of the bar yields no results. Teo is angry and disappointed.

TEO

(yelling)

Soooo?! Aren't you supposed to be on your honeymoon now, princessa? Your fucking Rolls Royce's waitin' for ya to take you to the airport and private-jet you to a private island in the private Pacific!

Karen shrugs.

TEO

What? What's wrong?

KAREN

He's straight!

TEO

What?

KAREN

Straight! Like a freaking bamboo! See! I knew you'd be shocked.

TEO

Karen! That's a perfect coincidence! You're looking for a boyfriend! Straight guys're good for you.

KAREN

But I hate straight guys! I, like, don't know what to do with them.

TEO

I'll teach you some tricks.

KAREN

And a homophobe.

TEO

What?

KAREN

A H-O-M-O-P-H-O-B-E! Never heard that word before?

TEO

Tell him you're straight. You're straight, he's straight -- a match made in heaven.

KAREN

But I, like, hate homophobes! He says, he, like, doesn't understand why gays flaunt their sexuality. Sex's a private matter! Sex! A private matter! Can you believe that?

TEO

(not outraged)

Noooo! Outrageous.

Enters Handsome Guy and sits at a table nearby. He gives Teo a naughty wink. Teo blushes. His face lightens up. He's besides himself.

KAREN

I was, like, about to grab his beautiful, silky homophobic hair and smack his adorable homophobic face and, like, kick his gorgeous, homophobic body in the balls!

TEO

(ecstatically; high-fiving her)

Wow! Baby! Yeah! My girl! I'm soooo prouda you! Now, go get the sucker! That son-of-a-bitch straight gorgeous genius!

KAREN

(breaking down crying)

But... like... I dunno... He'll hate you.

TEO

Karen, baby, don't be silly. He's marrying you, not me.

KAREN

But I can't, like, I dunno...

TEO

You don't have a crush on me, by any chance, do you?

KAREN

You mean, on a fag? Me? That's a good one! Ha, ha, ha. In your dreams, sweetie.

TEO

Good. Don't worry, sis. We're like this. No fucking straight guy--no matter how gorgeous--will ever come between us! I mean...

KAREN

Deal! I love you too, sweetie!

She throws herself all over him, kissing and hugging. The Patrons -- clearly mistaking them for a straight couple -- break into a loud, if rather savage, applause.

PATRONS

Wow! Wow! Wow!

KAREN

(frightened by it;  
evacuating)

This place is, like, retarded. Let's, like, go some normal place, sweetie.

Teo clearly enjoys his newly found straight attention. MACHO GUY at the adjacent table turns to Teo.

MACHO GUY

Yo, man! Go for it, man! You know what I'm sayin'!

TEO

What's up, man!

Macho Guy and Teo high-five each other. Teo wrist-limps it, betraying his gay affiliation.

TEO

Oops!

He follows retreating Karen, flashing his teeth to save his ass.

TEO

(to Macho Guy)

Yo, man, I gotta bag ass outa this place but fast! Catch you later!

Backing out, he stumbles and falls straight into Handsome Guy's arms. Handsome Guy whispers loud enough for everybody to hear.

HANDSOME GUY

Faggot!

Sudden silence descends onto the bar. The Patrons turn heads; dagger looks. A buzz flies across the bar.

PATRONS

Faggot! Faggot! Faggot!

A beer bottle SMASHES against the wall two feet from Teo's head. Silence.

TEO

I... I... I... gotta...

He clears out in a blink of an eye. Leaving behind the debris of broken beer bottles and beer glasses; air filled with the smell of beer, urine and cigarettes.

INT. CAFE BAUDELAIRE - DAY

Nymphets, sex goddesses, cuties and trendies studiously posed over heavily flavored Lattes, sprinkled with a touch of chocolate and cinnamon. Sporting ribbed body shirts, fishnet tanks, sleeveless denim shirts, sexy spandex mesh tops, side split shorts, torn jeans.

Roving eyes, goo-goo eyes, bedroom eyes. Ogling. Scoping each other, taking stock of each other. Itching to get laid.

MARLENE DIETRICH IMPERSONATOR is on stage, singing.

MARLENE DIETRICH

IMPERSONATOR

(singing)

"When I fall in love, it'll be for ever  
-- or I'll never fall in love -- again  
--"

Teo sneaks into the Cafe, covered up to the neck with a thick sweat shirt and long pants.

He gets an occasional eye, mostly - the cold shoulder. He looks around in search of a table. Catches sight of VINNI who sits alone, sipping cafe Latte. Their eyes meet. Vinni does a double take, shock on his face. He gushes toward Teo with his arms spread wide.

VINNI

Oh, no!!! I can't believe it! Look at you, girl! Long time no see!

Teo opens his arms. Vinni charges past Teo--shoving him out of the way--to BOBBIE who is behind him. Bobbie and Vinni double-air-kiss each other.

VINNI

So happy to see you! I missed you, girl! Where've you been hiding yourself?

BOBBIE

What a surprise!

With his arms frozen up in the air, Teo looks ridiculous.

VINNI

You look faaaab! Great tan!

BOBBIE

Oh, thanks, dear. It's residual.

VINNI

So? How's life treating you?

BOBBIE

Fabulous! And you?

VINNI

Fantastic! I was talking about you with my friends the other day.

BOBBIE

Oh, dear! No! Really!

VINNI

I told them about that night.

BOBBIE

No! Not that night! How could you!  
You bad girl!

VINNI

Of course not that night, silly you!  
That was some night! Wow!

BOBBIE

Shut up! I'm getting goose bumps!

VINNI

Hot, hot, hot! Sizzling!

BOBBIE

Shut up! You, bitch!

VINNI

No! About the night at the "Palace."  
He, he, he!

BOBBIE

Oh, dear, that night! He, he, he!  
What night? I don't go to the  
"Palace." It sucks!

VINNI

You were drunk, you, silly girl! And  
you passed out! You remember? That's  
how we met.

BOBBIE

No! No! No! We met at Tony's.  
Hello!

VINNI

Tony's? Who's Tony? You mean Tony,  
the bouncer? At the "Palace?"

BOBBIE

Tony, the bouncer? Who's Tony, the  
bouncer? You mean Bruce! Bruce, the  
bouncer! Tony's a pizza joint!

VINNI

A pizza joint?

(beat)

Hey, Johnny... it's Johnny, right? No,  
no! Don't tell me -- I remember --  
Steve! Right?

BOBBIE

Oh, dear! Bobbie!

VINNI

Bobbie! Right! I knew it! Sorry,  
Bobbie.

BOBBIE

That's okay.

VINNI

No! Johnny! I mean -- Bobbie! I'm  
really sorry!

BOBBIE

(searching for Vinni's name)

Forget it, dear... uh...

VINNI

Vinni!

BOBBIE

Right. Vinni.

Vinni spots someone O.S.

VINNI

Oh, no! I can't believe it! Johnny!

BOBBIE

Johnny who? Johnny, the bouncer?

VINNI

Bobbie, I've gotta say Hi to my best  
friend Johnny. But we've got to go out  
sometime.

BOBBIE

Sure. That's a date.

VINNI

Call me. You still have my number?

BOBBIE

You bet.

VINNI

Love ya. Take care of yourself.  
You're the best.

BOBBIE

Love ya too, dear. Great seeing you  
again!

They hug and double-air-kiss as passionately as they did at the beginning. Vinni walks away, turns back to Bobbie, making a gesture reminding him to call, then gushes to Johnny.

VINNI

Johnny! Oh, no! I can't believe it!  
Long time no see! Look at you, girl!  
You look fabulous!

He passes by Teo at the counter, who orders a cappuccino with steamed milk on top of foamed milk and a touch of whip cream, sprinkled with cinnamon and decorated with chocolate-caramel biscuit.

INT. CAFE BAUDELAIRE - LATER

At a table, Teo peels himself out of the sweat shirt, revealing a skeletonsque body in a tank top. He opens a book and begins reading, flipping the pages vigorously, laughing and crying by turns, oblivious to the world.

Vinni towers over Teo, bares his teeth.

VINNI

Hi!

TEO

Hi.

VINNI

Oh, you speak English? Where are you  
from?

TEO

Long Beach, California.

VINNI  
(about Teo's look)  
But you, uh... you...

TEO  
Born in Bangkok.

VINNI  
Bangkok! No! Wow! Bangkok! I love  
Bangkok!

TEO  
Really?

VINNI  
Totally! I always wanted to go to  
Bangkok. It's so beautiful over there!

TEO  
Yes, it is. Have you ever been to  
Thailand?

VINNI  
No. And you?

ELEVATOR - DAY

The cake is almost finished. E.R. snuggled up happily  
in Joshua's arms.

JOSHUA  
It was the beginning of the semester.  
He was late for class.

E.R.  
And you gave him an A for the  
extracurricular activities the night  
before?

JOSHUA  
No! He was completely unprepared!  
Drowsing through the class! I gave him  
an F!

E.R.  
What did you expect? He was busy!

JOSHUA

That's exactly what he said. A congenital liar!

E.R.

What time did you finish your Bible study?

JOSHUA

A quarter off ten. He had ample time to do his homework.

E.R.

You should've let him go early!

JOSHUA

I kicked him out. He wanted to stay even longer! I told him it wasn't a boarding school. The consultation was over.

E.R. giggles.

JOSHUA

What?

E.R.

Nothing!

More giggles.

JOSHUA

What is it?

E.R.

Are we gonna have a little consultation? You and me. You could teach me some of your tutorial tricks! Be my headmaster!

JOSHUA

Me? I know nothing about the subject matter! He tutor me! Gave me a crash course.

E.R.

Did you have to take a placement test to get in?

JOSHUA

Sure.

E.R.

Written?

JOSHUA

Oral. Multiple choice.

E.R.

What was your score?

JOSHUA

Oh, I scored high! Believe me!

E.R.

You greasy grind! Is he any good?

JOSHUA

A prodigy. A wunderkind. Got Ph.D. in adult education. Currently in a postdoctoral program.

E.R.

Wow!

JOSHUA

Belongs to the school of progressive education.

E.R.

What's that?

JOSHUA

Instruction that rejects rote learning and strict discipline in favor of individual stimulation.

E.R.

Some discipline is necessary, though. Corporal punishment, for example.

JOSHUA

Okay. Okay. I'll give you a drill and a small presentation using audiovisual aids.

E.R.  
You! You're bad!

INT./EXT. ELEVATOR SHAFT/ROOFTOP - DAY

As they chatter, we leave them alone and travel through the ceiling hatch into the narrow well of the elevator shaft. The small box of the elevator car vanishes down below. We climb up the shaft all the way to the rooftop, emerging from the dark, claustrophobic tunnel to a panoramic view of Manhattan.

We look around, admiring the magnificent view, then peer over the edge of the rooftop and zoom in on a human ant down below scrambling to get across the street through the traffic.

The ant's name is JOHN NOVAK, Caucasian of East-European descent, 29, born and raised on Long Island. He disappears into the entrance of a high-rise apartment building.

TITLE:

PART TWO:

FRÉDÉRIC

INT. FRÉDÉRIC AND JOHN'S APARTMENT - DAY

John storms into the apartment, changes from jeans to shorts, grabs a bite of sausage from the fridge, and slumps down in front of a computer ready to relax and play a game.

FRÉDÉRIC GUCCI, French Canadian, Caucasian, 35, his coat on, follows John around the apartment.

FRÉDÉRIC  
(with French accent)

So?

JOHN

No!

FRÉDÉRIC

You can do it.

JOHN

No, I can't!

FRÉDÉRIC

Come on!

JOHN

(playing a computer game)

Can't you see I'm busy?

FRÉDÉRIC

Just for a couple of hours. We'll take him to dinner and to the movies.

JOHN

Why are you such a bleeding heart?  
Didn't you say you had a migraine?

FRÉDÉRIC

He's our friend.

JOHN

Your friend!

FRÉDÉRIC

(angrily)

Whatever! It's just a stupid movie!  
What's the big deal?

JOHN

So you go, if it's no big deal!

FRÉDÉRIC

He likes you!

JOHN

Exactly!

FRÉDÉRIC

What? What are you...? No! You're not suggesting...?

JOHN

Me? No! Never!

FRÉDÉRIC

I can't believe that! He's suicidal!  
Can't think straight, and you...

JOHN

That explains his actions...

FRÉDÉRIC

You feel he wants something from you,  
right?

JOHN

Maybe...

FRÉDÉRIC

Maybe you want something from him!

JOHN

What? That's absurd!

FRÉDÉRIC

Projecting your own feelings!

JOHN

That's outrageous! How can you say  
that?

FRÉDÉRIC

Is that's why are you're afraid to go  
out?

JOHN

I'm not afraid! I'm tired! I can't  
believe that!

FRÉDÉRIC

I saw you--the way you were looking at  
him.

JOHN

What? What way? When?

FRÉDÉRIC

Yesterday. You had that special look  
on your face.

JOHN

You know, just forget it! Let's just  
not talk about it!

FRÉDÉRIC

No, really...

John, angry, grabs his jeans and puts them on. He grabs his jacket.

JOHN

Okay! Okay! Forget it! Let's go!  
This's getting silly! Let's go, and  
just forget it!

They leave the apartment SLAMMING the door loudly.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Frédéric, John and E.R. White (whom we know from the elevator) maneuver awkwardly in the tight space between the rows. Frédéric plops down in the aisle seat, forcing John to take the middle seat, next to E.R.

Teo and Karen are in the audience.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - LATER

The show is in progress. The lights from the screen flicker on the spectators' faces.

John, seated in between Frédéric and E.R., rests his arm on the armrest, brushing E.R.'s arm inadvertently. He blushes and pulls back; shifts closer to Frédéric, holds Frédéric's hand.

E.R. takes advantage of the space vacated by John; he spreads his arm comfortably on the armrests, moving dangerously close to John. John fidgets nervously.

FULL SCREEN IMAGES - COUNTRY HOUSE

We see a country house. Inside the house, a messy room stuffed with old furniture. Balcony doors open onto a voluptuous garden. Soft light filters through the white curtains which billow in the wind. The church bell tower peers through the bloom of the garden.

It is a sunny, serene Sunday noon; the middle of summer.

Suddenly the church bells strike, startling the serenity of the moment. The bells toll, calling on the faithful to gather for the high noon mass.

A sudden commotion in the room. An Older Boy--twenty something--rushes into view naked, frantically searching for his undergarment, stumbling while trying to put his black pants on.

Then a Younger Boy--very pretty, eighteen years of age--lazily sits up into view. He smiles as he slowly puts his white shirt on.

The bells keep calling persistently. Naggingly.

Already in his white shirt and pitch black pants, Older Boy grabs a long, black robe. Trying to button up the unruly robe, he charges out of the room through the balcony doors--the black tail of the robe flying in the wind. He rushes toward the church and the calling bells. Chicken fly in panic when he runs through the garden behind the house.

The Younger Boy saunters out of the room dreamily, softly. Smiling. He is not in a rush. His robe is in disarray.

Older Boy is an organist in the church; Younger Boy--a choir boy.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

John fidgets. He shifts back and wedges into the corner of his seat on E.R.'s side.

E.R. touches John inadvertently with his arm. Then quite deliberately. John reciprocates.

They feel each other up with arms and elbows, sneaking secret looks at each other. The sexual tension crackles between them. It's getting hot.

Glued to the screen, his eyes teary, Frédéric is unaware of the goings-on between E.R. and John. He squeezes John's hand.

Alarmed, John and E.R. shift away from each other. They are at a loss, regaining their breath and cooling off. Amused by the movie, Frédéric doubles up with laughter.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Frédéric, John and E.R. exit the theater. Walking down the street.

FRÉDÉRIC

So, did you like it?

John and E.R. exchange clueless glances.

E.R. & JOHN

Uh... uh...

FRÉDÉRIC

I loved the film in the house with a view on the garden! Pretty erotic.

E.R.

Uh... uh... the garden?

FRÉDÉRIC

With the choir boy and...

JOHN

Erotic?

FRÉDÉRIC

Don't tell me you didn't feel vibes in your crotch?

JOHN

You're sick.

E.R.

(doesn't have a clue)

With a view on the garden?

FRÉDÉRIC

Yes, the garden!

E.R.

Uh... uh...

FRÉDÉRIC

That was the best film in the program!  
What were you guys doing? Playing with  
each other?

JOHN

Maybe.

FRÉDÉRIC

I thought so.

JOHN

Oh, really?

FRÉDÉRIC

Just kidding!

JOHN

(sarcastically)

Gee, I thought you were serious.

E.R.

Guys! Guys! The garden! Oh, oh, that  
one! I know which one! The garden,  
right?

FRÉDÉRIC

Yes. The garden!

E.R.

Yeah, the garden!

JOHN

(to E.R.)

Didn't he say, the park?

FRÉDÉRIC

No, I said the garden.

E.R.

Yeah, I thought you said, the park.

FRÉDÉRIC

No, I said, the garden!

JOHN

You may've thought "the garden," but  
you said "the park."

FRÉDÉRIC

Why would I say "the park?"

JOHN

A Freudian slip.

FRÉDÉRIC

A Freudian slip of the tongue?

JOHN

You said it was erotic, right? That's how you got Freud mixed up into it.

FRÉDÉRIC

What does Freud have to do with the park?

JOHN

The garden, not the park. See, you did it again.

FRÉDÉRIC

Oh! Stop it! That's silly!

E.R.

Guys! Guys! Yeah! Wow! That was erotic! I loved it! It gave me goosebumps all over! Extremely erotic!

FRÉDÉRIC

What?

E.R.

What, what?

FRÉDÉRIC

What was so erotic?

E.R.

The film in the house with the view on the park, I mean, the garden, I mean... whatever.

He blushes.

EXT. FRÉDÉRIC'S CAR - DAY

John, Frédéric and E.R. approach Frédéric's car. The back seat is full of clutter. No room for passengers.

JOHN

Oh, no!

FRÉDÉRIC

Sorry guys.

JOHN

I told you to clear it out!

FRÉDÉRIC

I need it for tomorrow. He'll sit on your lap.

JOHN

There is no room!

FRÉDÉRIC

Don't worry! He doesn't bite.

E.R.

Guys! Guys! It's OK! I can take the subway!

FRÉDÉRIC

(about John)

No way! He can take the subway, if he needs so much room!

E.R.

No, really...

FRÉDÉRIC

You'll be perfectly safe! Don't worry! He won't bite!

John and E.R. exchange knowing glances and get into the car. E.R. sits on John's lap.

FRÉDÉRIC

(approvingly)

See.

INT. FRÉDÉRIC'S MOVING CAR - DAY

Frédéric is in the driver's seat. E.R. sits on John's lap, his body pressing tightly against John's. They take full advantage of the situation. Frédéric snaps out of his thoughts.

FRÉDÉRIC

So? How's it? Are you enjoying it?

John and E.R. are caught off guard.

JOHN & E.R.

(panicking)

What?

FRÉDÉRIC

Take it easy, guys. That's an innocent question.

Frédéric smiles, eyeing John and E.R. glued to each other.

FRÉDÉRIC

Actually, you look pretty cute together.

E.R. and John blush.

FRÉDÉRIC

What, if we taught Josh a lesson? An anniversary surprise.

E.R.

Great idea! Let's teach the bastard a lesson!

FRÉDÉRIC

Played a little game. Just in time for the surprise party.

JOHN

What game?

FRÉDÉRIC

(giggling)

I know it's a silly idea. And you're not gonna like it.

JOHN

Come on! What is it?

FRÉDÉRIC

Josh takes E.R. for granted. We've got to remind him what he stands to lose.

JOHN

How?

FRÉDÉRIC

Make him jealous.

JOHN

You don't want E.R. to have a fling, do you?

FRÉDÉRIC

(laughing)

Why not?

E.R.

What? You want me to throw myself on the first guy I come across? Just to make the bastard jealous?

FRÉDÉRIC

Not for real of course. It's just a game.

E.R.

No way! Forget it!

FRÉDÉRIC

Why? That's never once failed, in the history of mankind.

E.R.

That's sick!

JOHN

I agree! Totally!

E.R.

See!

JOHN

But it could actually work.

FRÉDÉRIC

Thanks! For once, we agree on something!

John and Frédéric laugh and high-five each other.

E.R.  
You guys're sick! Both of you!

JOHN  
Let's go to a bar and find somebody for E.R. now. We can bring him to the party!

FRÉDÉRIC  
No, not in a bar. That'd be sick!

E.R.  
How about a handsome prince on a white horse?

FRÉDÉRIC  
No, seriously.

E.R.  
Oh, no prince?

FRÉDÉRIC  
Let's keep it clean. Among friends.

E.R.  
Among friends? You mean, you and me?!  
Ugh!

FRÉDÉRIC  
No, god! That'd be incest, brother.

JOHN  
Then who?

They both look at John.

JOHN  
What? No! You don't mean?!

FRÉDÉRIC  
Why not?

E.R.  
(giggling hysterically)

Wow!

JOHN  
(blushing)

No way!

FRÉDÉRIC  
It's only a game! At the party, I'll  
tell Josh...

JOHN  
Tell what?

FRÉDÉRIC  
That I caught you, guys... You know...

JOHN  
No, I don't.

FRÉDÉRIC  
Or that I suspect you, guys...

JOHN  
No! That's sick!

FRÉDÉRIC  
Why? It's a joke, for god's sake!

JOHN  
That's totally sick! E.R. is right.

E.R.  
Actually! I'm kinda changing my mind.

FRÉDÉRIC  
We'd do our friend Josh a favor. Teach  
him a lesson!

E.R.  
(giggling hysterically)  
I like that! I can see his face!  
Brother, you're a genius!

JOHN  
You guys're sick! Both of you!

FRÉDÉRIC  
It takes a lot of effort to sustain a  
relationship.

JOHN

You mean, cheating! You sustain a relationship by cheating?

FRÉDÉRIC

Hey! Take it easy! I'm not asking you to actually do it!

E.R.

(disappointed)

Oh, no.

FRÉDÉRIC

You better not!

JOHN

And what, if we did?

FRÉDÉRIC

What?

JOHN

If we actually got caught in the act!

E.R.

(giggling hysterically)

You and me! Wow!

JOHN

As a favor to our friend Josh!

FRÉDÉRIC

That's sick!

JOHN

Why? You wanted to teach him a lesson!

E.R.

Right!

FRÉDÉRIC

That's really sick! You guys are sick!  
Both of you!

JOHN

Then don't push it.

FRÉDÉRIC

You would not do something like that.

JOHN

Don't be so sure.

FRÉDÉRIC

I am. Sorry to disappoint you. I trust you completely. Both of you.

JOHN

Playing games!

FRÉDÉRIC

All's fair in love and war.

JOHN

I hate games!

FRÉDÉRIC

Okay! Okay! Forget it! It was a joke.

E.R.

(disappointed)

Guys! Guys! The plan is off! Shut up! Both of you!

Pause. They drive in silence.

EXT. CAFE BAUDELAIRE - DAY

Frédéric pulls over in front of the cafe. E.R. clammers out of the car. Exchanges nostalgic looks with John.

E.R.

(ogling John)

Thanks, guys! I had a great time!

FRÉDÉRIC

Are you sure you don't wanna come?

E.R.

Positive! I can't stand you, guys. A happy couple. Too depressing.

FRÉDÉRIC

Think about it.

E.R.

Uh-uh. The more I think, the nastier  
the thoughts I get.

FRÉDÉRIC

What thoughts?

E.R.

See a happy couple... do something  
about it... spoil it!

They laugh.

JOHN

Be our guest.

FRÉDÉRIC

Poor E.R. Come here!

He gathers him in his arms and gives him a big hug.

FRÉDÉRIC

Everything'll be fine.

JOHN

We're going to throw a monster blast  
surprise party, bigger and better than  
ever before.

FRÉDÉRIC

Remember, we're here for you. If you  
need anything, to talk, hang out.  
Anything.

E.R.

(ogling John)

I know. Thanks, guys. You're the best!

John looks on as E.R. enters Cafe Baudelaire. Marlene  
Dietrich Impersonator's voice is heard from the cafe  
singing.

MARLENE DIETRICH

IMPERSONATOR (O.S.)

(singing)

"When I fall in love, it'll be for ever  
-- or I'll never fall in love -- again  
--"

John shuts the door and Frédéric pulls away.

INT. FRÉDÉRIC'S MOVING CAR - DAY

JOHN  
Sounds like fun.

Frédéric hits the brake.

FRÉDÉRIC  
Do you want to stay?

JOHN  
No, of course not! Don't be silly.

FRÉDÉRIC  
I'd be happy to have you out of my  
sight.

JOHN  
Why don't you stay?

FRÉDÉRIC  
You've got to be kidding!

JOHN  
Why not? Get over your phobia! He's  
your friend.

FRÉDÉRIC  
Our friend. He likes you as much as  
me.

JOHN  
Here you go again! Why are you doing  
this to me?!

FRÉDÉRIC  
What?

JOHN  
Stop it!

FRÉDÉRIC  
Stop what?

JOHN  
Stop pushing it! Cut it out!

FRÉDÉRIC

Pushing what? Look. I'm not sure what your problem is. But I don't appreciate you yelling at me. All I was asking...

JOHN

And I said "no!"

FRÉDÉRIC

I didn't hear.

JOHN

Several times! Hello!

FRÉDÉRIC

Fine. You won't hang out with him. I won't ask you again. I promise. No need to raise your voice.

JOHN

But you keep pushing it.

FRÉDÉRIC

Just trying to help my friend. What's wrong with that? Tell me! What?

JOHN

I don't know... Nothing... I guess...

INT. CAFE BAUDELAIRE - DAY

E.R. enters.

Marlene Dietrich Impersonator is on stage, singing.

MARLENE DIETRICH

IMPERSONATOR

(singing)

"When I fall in love, it'll be for ever  
-- or I'll never fall in love -- again  
--"

On his way to the counter, E.R. passes by Vinni chatting with his best friend JOHNNY.

JOHNNY

My father came out of the closet last month.

VINNI

What? Ugh! How disgusting!

JOHNNY

Tell me about it!

VINNI

Your mother must just luuuuve it!

JOHNNY

Actually, she does. She's been cheating on him for fifteen years.

VINNI

Oh.

JOHNNY

But I hate it! He steals all my dates!

VINNI

What a disgrace!

JOHNNY

Tell me about it!

VINNI

If my father...! No! I don't wanna even think about it! I would've disowned him! Would've said: "You're a disgrace to the family! You're not my fa--"

Vinni pauses, as he sees a middle-aged man entering the cafe.

VINNI

Dad? Dad! What're ya doin' here?

Vinni rushes toward his Father. He passes by Teo at a table, immersed in the reading. Further back, we can see E.R. at the pay phone dialing a number.

INT. FRÉDÉRIC AND JOHN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

John--in his jacket on--anxiously pacing back and forth.  
Phone receiver in hand.

JOHN

Do it for me!

FRÉDÉRIC

I can't! I hate bars!

JOHN

Don't do this to me!

FRÉDÉRIC

My head is killing me!

JOHN

Please! It's important!

FRÉDÉRIC

Go! He's waiting!

JOHN

I'm begging you! Only for a while!

FRÉDÉRIC

Don't leave him alone!

JOHN

It'll be fun!

FRÉDÉRIC

Leave me alone! I hate having fun when  
I have a migraine.

JOHN

(to the phone)  
He doesn't feel well.

He takes off his jacket.

FRÉDÉRIC

Go! Go! Go! Get out of here!!!

JOHN

(hurting)  
Frédéric!

Frédéric embraces John.

FRÉDÉRIC

Sorry. I want you to enjoy yourself.

JOHN

I will, if I stay here!

FRÉDÉRIC

But I want to be alone. Please! I'll be fine! Don't worry.

JOHN

Hundred percent?

FRÉDÉRIC

Five hundred.

JOHN

Okay! Okay! I'll go. Just to get outta your face. Since you hate me being here so much.

John hugs and kisses him.

JOHN

I love you. I want you to know that.

FRÉDÉRIC

Love you too.

JOHN

You mean it?

FRÉDÉRIC

Of course!

JOHN

Of course what?

FRÉDÉRIC

Of course -- I love you! What's wrong with you?

JOHN

I don't know. Just checking.

Frédéric shoves John toward the door.

FRÉDÉRIC

Have fun! Say Hi to E.R.

An enthusiastic John kisses Frédéric.

JOHN  
You're an angel!  
(to the phone)  
Coming!

He picks up his jacket...

JOHN  
Be back in half an hour. Get some  
rest! I'm gonna miss you!

...and is gone in no time at all.

INT. CAFE BAUDELAIRE - EVENING - A SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Marlene Dietrich Impersonator is on stage.

MARLENE DIETRICH  
IMPERSONATOR  
(singing)  
"When I fall in love, it'll be for ever  
-- or I'll never fall in love -- again  
--"

B) Teo is at a table reading a book.

C) John and E.R. dancing.

D) Resting.

E) Drinking.

F) Dancing again. Oblivious to the world. Their hands  
clasped together. Their eyes burning into each other.  
Sparkling.

G) E.R. goes to the men's room. John follows.

INT. CAFE BAUDELAIRE/MEN'S ROOM - EVENING

They forget themselves, wedged in between the stalls and  
the urinals. Unable to take their eyes off each other.

John's hand strays behind E.R.'s ear. His lips stroke  
E.R.'s cheek.

This is a touch, a brush, a peck on the cheek only...  
Nothing more...

E.R. turns away from the temptation, runs out of the  
men's room.

John stays behind -- disappointed and hurting.

He snaps out of the trance at the sound of flushing  
toilet. Looks around. Notices a woman at the urinals--  
sexy tight body dress, high heels--urinating in the  
upright position: the Marlene Dietrich Impersonator.  
She/he winks to John.

MARLENE DIETRICH  
IMPERSONATOR

Go for it, honey!

INT. FRÉDÉRIC AND JOHN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

John turns the key to the apartment and opens the door  
gently so the spring lock won't snap too loudly.

As the door opens, E.R. rushes to the bathroom, holding  
his crotch. John closes the door gently and tiptoes  
to...

INT. FRÉDÉRIC AND JOHN'S APARTMENT/THE BEDROOM

Frédéric is sound asleep, his eyes covered with  
protective patches. John tiptoes out of the bedroom  
to...

INT. FRÉDÉRIC AND JOHN'S APARTMENT/THE CORRIDOR

closing the bedroom door gently as E.R. steps out of the  
bathroom.

JOHN  
(whispering)  
He's fine -- thanks God -- fast asleep  
-- won't wake up until tomorrow.

They move to...

INT. FRÉDÉRIC AND JOHN'S APARTMENT/LIVING-ROOM

JOHN

Those migraines last forever -- he  
can't sleep. Can't even blink an eye.

John strokes E.R.'s hand. E.R. blushes.

JOHN

I feel so bad. He suffers and I can't  
help him.

INT. FRÉDÉRIC AND JOHN'S APARTMENT/LIVING-ROOM - LATER

John serves E.R. a cup of freshly brewed tea.

JOHN

Be careful -- it's hot.

E.R.

I like it hot.

They giggle nervously, sitting opposite each other,  
unable to take their eyes off one another. Their  
breathing becomes unrhythmic, accelerated. An invisible  
force draws them closer. They kiss. Gently, slowly,  
cautiously. Afraid to startle this moment by a sudden  
move.

The bedroom door opens. Frédéric walks in, apparently  
sleepwalking. He stops and observes the kissing John  
and E.R. They don't notice him.

He then shuts the bedroom door loudly and kicks a small  
stand in the hallway as if stumbling on it.

FRÉDÉRIC

Oh, shit!

E.R. and John are startled; they jolt away from each  
other. John rushes to Frédéric's rescue.

JOHN

Are you okay? We didn't wake you up,  
did we?

FRÉDÉRIC

No, no!

JOHN  
We didn't mean to.

FRÉDÉRIC  
I wasn't sleeping.

E.R.  
No, really! The last thing we wanted  
was to wake you up.

FRÉDÉRIC  
(to E.R.)  
Oh! Hi! How was Cafe Baudelaire?

E.R.  
Great! Fabulous!

JOHN  
Terrible! Crowded. Noisy.

E.R. is surprised at John's response.

JOHN  
I was right I didn't want to go out.  
Here.

John leads Frédéric to the sofa.

FRÉDÉRIC  
No, no, guys. Don't want to butt in.  
You'll be fine without me.

JOHN  
We're just talking... Nothing  
important!

E.R.  
About your migraine!

John shoves the tea he prepared for E.R. to Frédéric.

JOHN  
Here. Drink it. Just made it.

E.R.  
(offended)  
For you.

FRÉDÉRIC

Thanks.

E.R.

Careful! It's hot!

FRÉDÉRIC

I like it hot.

E.R.

Oh, you too? That makes two of us.

JOHN

How's your migraine?

FRÉDÉRIC

Don't worry. I'm fine. Oh!!! Didn't sleep a wink.

JOHN

Don't worry? Of course, I worry. I worried all freaking night!

FRÉDÉRIC

You should've had some fun.

JOHN

I couldn't, damn it! I worried about you!

E.R.

Yup. He worried alright. I can testify to that.

JOHN

Of course, I did!

E.R.

That's exactly what I said.

JOHN

What do you know?  
(to Frédéric)  
Listen -- I did worry!

FRÉDÉRIC

Of course, you did! I know that.

E.R.  
Absolutely! Never stopped worrying.  
Not even in the men's room!

John and E.R. exchange knowing looks.

JOHN  
(to E.R.)  
I'm warning you!

FRÉDÉRIC  
Don't worry. You worried, didn't you?

JOHN  
Of course, I did!

FRÉDÉRIC  
So? Nothing to worry about!

Frédéric moves closer to E.R.

FRÉDÉRIC  
How much did he worry?

E.R.  
Oh, you don't wanna worry.

FRÉDÉRIC  
(seductively)  
Don't worry.

E.R.  
Oh, boy! He was this close to French-  
kissing his sanity good-bye!

FRÉDÉRIC  
French-kissing? Hmmm. Like this?

Frédéric French-kisses E.R.

E.R.  
Ummmmmmmm.

JOHN  
Guys! Guys! Frédéric! I did worry!  
I swear! I always do! You know that!

E.R.  
(kissing Frédéric)  
No! No! It was more like this...

FRÉDÉRIC  
Ugh!

E.R.  
Tell me about it.

They laugh.

JOHN  
Okay! Never mind! I don't worry!  
Never did! Why would I? Go ahead!  
Ruin everything! What do you care!

FRÉDÉRIC  
What was that?

E.R.  
What?

FRÉDÉRIC  
Voices. Did you hear something?

E.R.  
What voices?

FRÉDÉRIC  
Nah. I thought. Never mind. I  
should've warned you.

E.R.  
About his French-kissing?

FRÉDÉRIC  
No. That too. His little thing.

E.R.  
His little thing?

FRÉDÉRIC  
(pointing to his crotch)  
You know. His petite, dwarfish,  
runtish, peewee, teeny-weeny thing.

They burst laughing.

E.R.

The best things come in small packages,  
huh?

Laughing, they high-five each other.

JOHN

(trying to be sarcastic)

Whadaya, whadaya! Whad a great sense a  
yuma!

E.R.

Yeah, you're right!

FRÉDÉRIC

What?

E.R.

I've heard it!

FRÉDÉRIC

A voice?

E.R.

Uh-huh.

FRÉDÉRIC

It'll go away. You see -- that's my  
fault. Never told him the truth.

E.R.

You mean -- about --

FRÉDÉRIC

Yeah, 'bout the teeny-weeny ding-  
dong...

E.R.

Didn't want to hurt him?

FRÉDÉRIC

Yeah. Always acted as if that thing  
was monstrous, gigantesque,  
immeasurable...

E.R.

...monumental, towering, mountainous,  
titanic!

They roar with laughter.

FRÉDÉRIC

Sorry. Didn't mean to spoil your little matinee. Did you like it?

E.R. looks on confused.

FRÉDÉRIC

You did make babies, didn't you? Hanky-panky. How was it?

E.R.

Uh...

FRÉDÉRIC

No!!! Don't tell me! Didn't you get laid? Screw him? Dip your dildo?

JOHN

Knock it off, Frédéric!

FRÉDÉRIC

Nooooo! Not even five-minute shack up? bang bang? rumpy-pumpy? slam bam thankee ma'am?

JOHN

(seriously)

Bundle of laughs!

FRÉDÉRIC

A blow job? Com'on, I'd understand that! A stiff cock has no conscience!

E.R. blushes.

FRÉDÉRIC

Didn't you kneel at the altar to play the organs? Sink your teeth into it? Polish the knob! Blow the whistle?

E.R.

Uh...

JOHN

Shut up!

FRÉDÉRIC

Not even a dry hump leg fuck college style? Cop a feel? You were coldcock all night long?! Didn't lay your hand on his crown jewels?

JOHN

Ha, ha, ha! You've brought down the house!

FRÉDÉRIC

(to E.R.)

Oh, you poor Camille, proudly carrying the torch! I bet you creamed your pants waiting for something to happen.

JOHN

Diarrhea of the mouth.

FRÉDÉRIC

He's an easy make, a charity girl, up for grabs, joy boy, a floozy, always chippy, Dial-A-Dolly-Service. He lives for a fuck, and he'd die for a fuck.

JOHN

Well, go ahead! Fuck it up!

FRÉDÉRIC

And you couldn't get laid?

Turning to John.

FRÉDÉRIC

What's wrong with him?

John seizes the opportunity.

JOHN

I told you I didn't want to hang out with him! But you pushed! And pushed!

FRÉDÉRIC

All I wanted was to help a friend. Thanks for being my best friend! With friends like you, who needs enemies?

JOHN

Only if you didn't push...

FRÉDÉRIC

(pointing to John)

Take him! Be my guest! What's mine is yours. Take everything! Please! In the name of our friendship! Whatever it takes to make you happy -- my boyfriend, my relationship, let it be! You're my best friend! A friend in need is a friend indeed.

E.R. listens in silence, blushing. He then leaps to his feet.

E.R.

I... I'm... It's getting... I've got to go.

Averting his gaze, he stumbles out of the apartment. Silence.

John turns to Frédéric -- guilt is his middle name.

JOHN

I'm sorry. I'm such an idiot.

FRÉDÉRIC

Big time.

JOHN

Hey, it's okay to disagree!

FRÉDÉRIC

We've got to talk.

JOHN

I know... tomorrow... you'll never forgive me?

FRÉDÉRIC

I will. If you forgive me.

JOHN

You, silly? You're a living saint. Come on... let me desecrate you a little...

FRÉDÉRIC

Please... I must explain... you creep!

JOHN

Later.

FRÉDÉRIC

But...

JOHN

Okay, okay, you're forgiven!  
Everything! Now...

John rips his shirt off and unzips his pants, leading  
Frédéric to...

INT. FRÉDÉRIC AND JOHN'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM

The lights are dimmed. Walking backwards with his pants  
down, John trips and falls.

JOHN

Oh, shit!

He sees a suitcase in front of him.

JOHN

Oh, no! No! You're not going to bail  
out on me now? Please! Don't!

He grows desperate.

JOHN

Hey, baby, I'm sorry. I know I've  
screwed up big time! I'll make it up  
to you! Please!

Frédéric shakes his head 'no'.

JOHN

(about the suitcase;  
jokingly)

This's my suitcase. You should've  
asked before taking it.

FRÉDÉRIC

I was going to. You didn't give me  
time.

JOHN

Just kidding! Cheer up! You're not  
goin' anywhere! We'll work it out!

He snaps the suitcase open -- examines its contents.  
Cracks open the closet - it's empty. He begins to  
understand -- these are his clothes; he is the one  
that's moving out.

John looks at Frédéric with reproach.

FRÉDÉRIC

You forgave me. Remember? Everything.

JOHN

I thought -- it'd work both ways. Love  
means forgiveness!

FRÉDÉRIC

Uh-uh. Trust. It means trust.

JOHN

(snapping)

Nothing happened between me and him!  
Why are you making such a big deal out  
of it?

FRÉDÉRIC

A lot more happened... than you  
think...

JOHN

I swear!

FRÉDÉRIC

(his migraine)

Please.

JOHN

(after a beat)

Fine!

John stuffs the clothes back into the suitcase. Drags  
the suitcase out of the bedroom and to...

INT. FRÉDÉRIC AND JOHN'S APARTMENT/CORRIDOR

JOHN

Did you pack my blue shirt?

FRÉDÉRIC

Huh?

JOHN

You know! The goddam blue shirt with green stripes! From you! On our anniversary!

FRÉDÉRIC

Oh...

JOHN

When you told me how much you loved me! That I was the most important person in your life! And that we'd never split! No matter what! Even if one of us slept with an army of soldiers! The entire fucking Marine Corps and the U.S. Navy combined! With every fucking shipman in the Atlantic Fleet the Pacific Fleet and the Third Fleet! On every US Aircraft Carrier Battleship Warship and...

FRÉDÉRIC

In the cleaners.

JOHN

What?

FRÉDÉRIC

The blue shirt with green stripes. It's in the cleaners. I'll send it to your sister.

JOHN

My sister?

FRÉDÉRIC

She knows you're coming.

JOHN

I didn't plan to see my sister!

FRÉDÉRIC

She's waiting for you.

JOHN  
I don't wanna see my sister!

FRÉDÉRIC  
(touching his temple)  
Please...

JOHN  
Sure. Sister, can't wait to see you!  
Yonkers, here I come!

He picks up the suitcase and, stumbling, pushes it through the door.

Frédéric closes the door behind him. Leans against the door.

INT./EXT. FRÉDÉRIC AND JOHN'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM

Through the window, he observes John downstairs hailing a cab. Several cabs pass by, none stops. Finally, a cab pulls over and John gets in. The cab pulls away.

Frédéric looks around the bedroom confused. It is empty. And messy. And cold. Piercing silence.

A sudden sadness descends upon him. He tries to shrug it off. To no avail. It covers him with a gray blanket.

He plops down on the bed. Touches the sheets. Smiles, as they remind him of John. He lays down, hugging the pillow.

Hides the face in the pillow, smelling it. It smells John.

INT. CAFE BAUDELAIRE - NIGHT

Marlene Dietrich Impersonator is on stage, singing.

MARLENE DIETRICH  
IMPERSONATOR  
(singing)  
"When I fall in love, it'll be for ever  
-- or I'll never fall in love -- again  
--

Frédéric saunters in.

Teo spots Frédéric out of the corner of his eye, drops his eyes, blushing.

Frédéric makes his way to the counter. Orders coffee. Vinni sneaks behind him.

VINNI

Hi.

FRÉDÉRIC

Oh, hi.

VINNI

Haven't seen you here before.  
Visiting?

FRÉDÉRIC

Sort of.

VINNI

Just arrived?

FRÉDÉRIC

Leaving tomorrow.

VINNI

Are you French?

FRÉDÉRIC

Uh-huh.

VINNI

No! Really? That was the wildest of  
guesses! Eiffel Tower! Back to Paris?

FRÉDÉRIC

Quebec. French Canadian.

VINNI

Wow! Quebec! I love Quebec! It's so  
beautiful over there! I always wanted  
to go to Quebec! I'm Vinni.

FRÉDÉRIC

Frédéric.

VINNI

Frédéric! Wow! Very nice! Must be French. French Canadian? Great to meet you!

FRÉDÉRIC

Same here, Vinni. Bye.

Frédéric walks away, leaving Vinni puzzled.

VINNI

Oh.

Frédéric sits at the table next to Teo's. Teo blushes, flipping the pages even more vigorously. Never once taking his eyes off the book, he is fully aware of Frédéric's proximity.

The guys take notice of Teo. Some eyebrows are raised, some comments whispered, and some chuckles heard.

Frédéric smiles, pointing to Teo's book.

FRÉDÉRIC

Uh... excuse me...

Teo looks up dazed and disoriented. Surprised to see Frédéric.

TEO

Oh, sorry, but... no, thanks. Nothing personal, but...

(about the book)

This's too fascinating!

He plunges back into the reading.

FRÉDÉRIC

(after a pause)

Uh...

Teo looks at Frédéric again.

TEO

Oh, you again? When did you come back?

Frédéric takes Teo's book, turns it up-side-up -- it was up-side-down -- and puts it back in Teo's hands.

FRÉDÉRIC

Now.

Teo blushes. Chuckles.

TEO

Oh, gee, thanks. Haven't noticed. Too busy reading.

(checking the print)

That looks better. That must've been Karen. I'll kill her!

FRÉDÉRIC

Huh?

TEO

My friend Karen. I caught her going through my books. And here we go -- she must've turned it up-side-down.

(checking the cover page)

What is it anyway? Murder mystery?! Ugh! I hate murder mystery!

He drops the book like a hot potato. Chortles. It's contagious. Frédéric guffaws.

TEO

Laughing at me?

FRÉDÉRIC

Smiling at you.

EXT. CAFE BAUDELAIRE - NIGHT

Teo and Frédéric leave the cafe.

TITLE:

PART THREE:

TEO & FRÉDÉRIC

FRÉDÉRIC

What now?

TEO

Dunno, home. It's late.

FRÉDÉRIC

Walk?

TEO

Uh-uh. Too cold. This's a dangerous neighborhood.

Teo begins walking, Frédéric follows.

FRÉDÉRIC

Do you wanna have coffee?

TEO

Everything's closed.

FRÉDÉRIC

Right.

TEO

There's a place down the street open 24 hours.

FRÉDÉRIC

Do you want to come to my place?

TEO

No!

FRÉDÉRIC

That's okay.

TEO

My place isn't far from here. We can have coffee there.

FRÉDÉRIC

I don't know...

TEO

No problem!

FRÉDÉRIC

I wouldn't know...

TEO

Forget it!

(beat)

Okay. But I can't stay long. I've got to do some work.

FRÉDÉRIC

And I've got to pack.

INT. FRÉDÉRIC AND JOHN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Teo sits at John's computer playing a computer game, totally immersed in it.

TEO

So, where's he?

FRÉDÉRIC

Who?

TEO

Your roommate.

FRÉDÉRIC

Oh... Uh... Visiting with his sister.

Frédéric approaches Teo from behind, kisses him gently.

TEO

(working the computer  
joystick)

I'm going home! My work.

FRÉDÉRIC

Sure -- go for it!

TEO

You don't want me to stay?

FRÉDÉRIC

I'd l-o-o-o-o-o-ve you to, but your work.

Frédéric unbuttons Teo's shirt. Totally preoccupied with the game, Teo barely acknowledges his presence.

TEO

Do you pick up people every night?

FRÉDÉRIC

Told you -- my first night -- and the last -- I'm leaving.

TEO

Why me?

FRÉDÉRIC

They were closing, and there was nobody else around.

TEO

Gee, thanks.

Kissing, Frédéric works his way down Teo's neck. Teo scores a direct hit.

TEO

A'right! A'right! Yeah!

Suddenly, he closes his eyes, moans and faints into Frédéric's arms; they slide to the floor.

INT. FRÉDÉRIC AND JOHN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Teo is back at the computer, playing the game vigorously; his clothes in disarray.

Frédéric enters, half naked, wet after having taken a shower; he kisses Teo on the neck.

FRÉDÉRIC

Thanks.

TEO

(playing the game)

Don't mention it. What time is your flight?

FRÉDÉRIC

11:00 a.m. Will you come visit me?

TEO

Too far.

FRÉDÉRIC

Thanks a lot.

TEO

You can come visit.

FRÉDÉRIC

You wish.

TEO

(checking the time)

Shit! My storyboard!

He drops the joystick, fixes his clothes and leaves.

He runs down the stairs to the subway.

INT. TEO'S PLACE - MORNING

Teo is in bed fast asleep. The phone RINGS. Teo picks it up.

TEO

(into phone)

Hello?

FRÉDÉRIC (V.O.)

I don't know what to do! Go or stay?

TEO

Do what you want!

FRÉDÉRIC (V.O.)

Will you see me, if I stay?

TEO

Listen! Stay if you want, but I need to do my storyboard! I haven't done anything for the past two days!

FRÉDÉRIC (V.O.)

Okay -- okay! Just shut up!

TEO

It has to be your decision!

FRÉDÉRIC (V.O.)  
I've decided! I'm going!

TEO  
What time are you leaving?

FRÉDÉRIC (V.O.)  
In two hours.

TEO  
I'll be right over.

FRÉDÉRIC (V.O.)  
Don't bother -- your storyboard.

TEO  
Later.

Teo springs out of the bed and rushes to the bathroom.

INT. FRÉDÉRIC AND JOHN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The doorbell RINGS. Frédéric buzzes Teo in. They kiss in the doorway. Kissing, they stagger into the bedroom, stumble over partially packed suitcases and land safely on the bed. Begin to disrobe.

TEO  
(kissing)  
Good, you've got them packed at least.

FRÉDÉRIC  
I haven't.

TEO  
What time are you leaving?

FRÉDÉRIC  
Twelve o'clock.

TEO  
(kissing)  
Shit, we've got no fucking time to waste.

FRÉDÉRIC  
Watch your language!

TEO

Hey, don't be such a professore...

INT. FRÉDÉRIC AND JOHN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Teo sits at John's computer playing a computer game; his clothes is in disarray.

TEO

(checking the time)

Shit! Fifteen minutes!

He gets up in a rush.

FRÉDÉRIC

I'm not leaving.

TEO

What? But you said --

FRÉDÉRIC

You said -- It's got to be my decision  
-- nobody else's --

TEO

But my storyboard! I've got to work!  
I'm spending too much time with you!

FRÉDÉRIC

Aw, shut up! I'm leaving tomorrow at  
1:45 p.m.

TEO

Oh --

FRÉDÉRIC

Now go and do your storyboard.

TEO

Right.

Teo fixes his clothes and leaves.

He rushes down the stairs to the subway.

INT. TEO'S PLACE - DAY

Teo rushes in. Drops down on the bed. Looks around.  
Picks up the phone.

TEO

(to the phone)

Do you want to have coffee?

FRÉDÉRIC (V.O.)

Now? What about your storyboard?

TEO

Half an hour. You've got to pack  
anyway.

FRÉDÉRIC

Okay -- half an hour -

INT. CAFE BAUDELAIRE - DAY

They drink coffee. Marlene Dietrich Impersonator is on  
stage, singing.

MARLENE DIETRICH

IMPERSONATOR

(singing)

"When I fall in love, it'll be for ever  
-- or I'll never fall in love -- again  
--"

TEO

I didn't tell you, but I have a  
boyfriend -- sort of. He's a great  
guy, confused. He's got a boyfriend.  
Whatever. I think I love him. But --  
He says it's a mistake. I don't know  
what to do.

FRÉDÉRIC

(jealous)

Sorry, I can't hear a word of what  
you're saying.

TEO

(pissed)

Forget it!

FRÉDÉRIC

No, seriously --

TEO

Just forget it!!!

FRÉDÉRIC

(about the Impersonator)

I'm only telling you that she's  
overdoing it, and I can't hear a word  
of what you're saying -- that's all --

Teo clams up.

FRÉDÉRIC

Okay, listen, your life's your life.  
You've got to solve your own problems -  
- your boyfriends, etc. --

TEO

How are we supposed to be friends?  
Friends talk, share their lives, their  
problems!

FRÉDÉRIC

-- their boyfriends --

Frédéric and Teo continue drinking their coffee in  
silence.

FRÉDÉRIC

Do you want to come to my place?

TEO

You can come to my place. You won't  
get lost.

INT. TEO'S PLACE - LATER

Teo and Frédéric are in bed -- just finished making  
love. Pages with Teo's unfinished storyboard are  
scattered on the floor.

TEO

Let's go for a drink.

FRÉDÉRIC

How about your storyboard?

He picks up a page from the floor--the front page of the storyboard Teo showed to Joshua.

TEO

Later.

INT. CAFE BAUDELAIRE - LATER

They drink. Silence.

FRÉDÉRIC

Do you want to come to my place?

Teo finishes his drink and gets up. They walk out of the bar.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Frédéric holds Teo's hand.

TEO

But I won't stay long.

FRÉDÉRIC

You have to do your storyboard.

TEO

(laughing)

How did you know?

INT. FRÉDÉRIC AND JOHN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Teo plays the computer game. Frédéric strokes his hair.

FRÉDÉRIC

You should go now, finish your storyboard. Come to see me tomorrow. Before I leave.

Teo nods "yes."

TEO

Uh-huh.

Frédéric touches Teo's face - they kiss and lie down.

INT. FRÉDÉRIC AND JOHN'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Frédéric finishes packing. Teo, in boxers and a T-shirt, sits at John's computer playing a game.

FRÉDÉRIC

You can go now. You don't have to wait.

TEO

I'll come with you to the airport.

FRÉDÉRIC

You're supposed to work.

TEO

Later, don't worry.

The doorbell RINGS.

EXT. FRÉDÉRIC AND JOHN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Teo helps Frédéric with his suitcases downstairs.

They load the luggage into the car trunk.

TEO

Done?

FRÉDÉRIC

Done.

They exchange uncertain smiles. Teo wants to get into the car. Frédéric stops him.

FRÉDÉRIC

No. I feel funny.

Frédéric gathers Teo in his arms, gives him a quick peck on the cheek. They would kiss, but can't -- the limo Driver looks on.

A quick stroke of the hands. With that stroke, Frédéric passes on to Teo a folded napkin.

FRÉDÉRIC

Call me.

TEO

Uh-huh.

FRÉDÉRIC

I'll call you.

TEO

Uh-huh. Call me when you arrive.

Frédéric gets into the car, slams the door, looks back, waving to Teo. Teo waves back and waits.

The limo pulls off -- Frédéric is gone.

Teo unfolds the napkin. There is a phone number scribbled on it and: "THANKS, LOVE - FRÉDÉRIC."

INT. TEO'S PLACE - DAY

Teo is on the phone. In front of him -- the napkin with "THANKS, LOVE - FRÉDÉRIC" and the phone number.

A three-chime busy signal is HEARD followed by a PRE-RECORDED MESSAGE.

PRE-RECORDED MESSAGE

We're sorry, your call cannot be completed as dialed. Please check the number and dial again. We're sorry, your call cannot be completed as dialed. Please check the number and dial again.

He hangs up and dials again. The three-chime signal is HEARD again followed by the PRE-RECORDED MESSAGE.

PRE-RECORDED MESSAGE

We're sorry, your call cannot be completed as dialed. Please check the number and dial again. We're sorry...

He hangs up the phone. Glances at it, as if expecting it to ring. To no avail. He lays down on the bed.

The phone rings, startling Teo. He picks it up.

TEO  
(excited)  
Hello!

KAREN (V.O.)  
So? Did he call, sweetie?

TEO  
(disappointed)  
Oh, no. Not yet.

KAREN (V.O.)  
He will, sweetie. I'm, like, positive,  
he will.

TEO  
I'm sure, he will.

KAREN  
He, like, didn't sound like a dick,  
sweetie.

TEO  
Yeah. More like a duck.

ELEVATOR - DAY

The bottle of wine is half empty. Tipsy, Joshua raises his glass, banging a pen against the bottle -- calling for attention.

JOSHUA  
(as if addressing a large  
gathering)  
Many of us who are here tonight can  
well remember that day five years ago  
when we drunk a toast to the future  
happiness of Joshua and E.R. It is  
more than obvious that our good wishes  
at that time have served them well, and  
therefore I would like to ask that all  
of you--old friends and new--rise and  
drink with me to another five years of

the same love and happiness that Joshua  
and E.R. have already shared together.  
Happy anniversary, honey.

E.R.  
Happy anniversary.

JOSHUA  
A votre santé!

E.R.  
Salud!

JOSHUA  
L'Chayim!

E.R.  
Na zdorov'e!

They drink.

JOSHUA  
Speaking of which. What's upstairs?

E.R.  
Upstairs? Beats me.

JOSHUA  
Are they still waiting?

E.R.  
Waiting? Who? For what? Nobody's  
waiting.

JOSHUA  
For the party!

E.R.  
What party?

JOSHUA  
The surprise party!

E.R.  
What surprise party?

JOSHUA  
You're supposed to help them?

E.R.

Who?

JOSHUA

John and Frédéric! With the party!

E.R.

John and Frédéric? With the party?  
After what happened? Are you out of  
you mind!

JOSHUA

(enthusiastically)

Really? Great news! So, maybe, we  
don't have the stupid party this year!  
Let's go -- and party!

E.R.

Go where? Right now?

JOSHUA

I don't know. Where we can be alone  
for a change, and enjoy it!

Getting ready to leave.

E.R.

Wow! Wow! Wow! Wait a minute! Where  
do you think you're going? We've got  
forty people waiting upstairs!

JOSHUA

What? Who? For what?

E.R.

For the party!

JOSHUA

What party?

E.R.

The surprise party! Hello!

JOSHUA

(disappointed)

Oh, no! You, liar!

E.R.

I didn't know what you were talking about.

JOSHUA  
(mimicking)  
Surprise! Surprise!

Joshua jumps to his feet, acting out a welcoming ceremony.

JOSHUA  
Oh! Thank you, dear! Whatta surprise!  
We'd have never expected it! It means  
sooooo much to us! You don't even know  
how fucking much!

E.R. joins in. They hug and kiss each other doing "awwas," "ahs," and "ohs"; enthusiastic air smacks -- lip-to-lip and cheek-to-cheek; utter "kiss kiss" as they perform the rite.

E.R. & JOSHUA  
Hello, sweetie! Surprise! Surprise!  
What a pleasure! You've made it! Oh,  
you little bitch! Kiss, kiss! It's so  
nice to see you again! How're you?  
Kiss, kiss! Hi, girl! Look at you!  
Alive and kicking, huh? Kiss, kiss!  
Hi, honey! You look faaaab! Thank  
you, darling! Hello! Hi! How awe ya?  
How you be? How ya doin'? Aloha!  
Halloa! Hello there! Hey-ho! Hi ya!  
Hola! Hullo! How do? Howdy? Howdy-  
doody?

E.R.  
Love ya! Love ya! Love ya!

JOSHUA  
Fuck ya! Fuck ya! Fuck ya!

E.R.  
We love ya all!

JOSHUA  
We fuck ya all! We're tired of seeing  
your stupid faces every year! Fucking  
up our anniversary!

Tired, they drop down to the floor.

ELEVATOR - LATER

Joshua and E.R. are drunk, snuggled up happily in each other's arms. Empty bottles of wine and glasses litter the floor. E.R.. sights.

E.R.

(elated)

Oh, gosh, I feel so...so...so...so...  
oh I dunno...so...so...so...

JOSHUA

I know. I feel exaaaaaaaaaactly the  
same.

E.R.

A home away from home.

E.R. looks at the elevator doors with concern.

E.R.

I hope this damn thing never moves.

JOSHUA

No way! It took them two months to fix  
a freaking leaking pipe in the  
bathroom!

(about the elevator)

Five months, at the minimum!

The elevator jerks. Then again. The main light goes  
on. The alarm goes off. The elevator moves.

They spring up to their feet.

E.R.

Oh, No! What's wrong? Call 911! Now!  
Do something! Stop it!

E.R. hits the EMERGENCY STOP button. The elevator keeps  
moving. Then the ALARM button. To no avail.

JOSHUA

Not this one!

E.R.

Why don't you do it yourself! You  
idiot! You always know better!

They push all the buttons on the panel -- one by one.  
Nothing works. The elevator keeps moving.

E.R.

(pounding on the doors)

Hello! Anybody there! Stop it! This  
is not funny! Help! Stop it! Right  
away!

The elevator is swiftly moving up, trying to make up for  
the delay. The display above the doors reads: 13...  
14... 15...

JOSHUA

Guests Alert! Surprise! Surprise!  
(military style)  
Atteeeeeention!!!

They both snap into attention stamping their feet  
loudly.

E.R.

Smiiiiiiiile!!!

Fake, big smiles flash on their drunken faces. The  
elevator stops. A long, painful, pregnant silence  
before the doors open.

JOSHUA

Ready! Fire! Surprise! Surprise!

The doors open. Silence. E.R. and Joshua -- standing  
at attention, heads up, eyes fixed on the ceiling,  
waiting. It takes a moment before they realize the  
truth: the hallway is empty; nobody is here to greet  
them. Their grins turn into grimaces of embarrassment.

E.R.

(clearly disappointed)

Oh, well...

JOSHUA

(mumbling)

Stand at ease.

They step out of the elevator. Check the hallway again. Look around the corner. Tiptoe through the hallway with an eye out for the guests.

INT. JOSHUA AND E.R.'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

They sneak into the apartment. No signs of life or a party. Nobody around. Disappointed, they flop down on the couch...

E.R.

Oh, well...

...when a loud...

GUESTS

Surprise!!! Surprise!!!

...startles them. They jump to their feet, as Guests--led by John--emerge from the adjacent room, holding a banner that reads: HAPPY ANNIVERSARY! JOSH AND E.R.!

GUESTS

(singing)

Happy anniversary -- happy anniversary  
-- happy anniversary dear Joshua and  
E.R., happy anniversary to you --

The Guests surround them, popping champagne, raising glasses.

E.R.

(genuinely scared)

Oh! No! You're going to give me a  
heart attack!

JOSHUA

Whatta surprise! How did you know?  
How nice! Thank you!

E.R.

Oh, gosh! You've scared me to death!  
You!

Genuinely surprised and moved to tears, E.R. and Joshua hug and kiss the Guests doing "awwas," "ahs," and "ohs";

enthusiastic air smacks -- lip-to-lip and cheek-to-cheek.

E.R. & JOSHUA

Oh! Thank you! Thank you so very much! Whatta surprise! You remembered! Wow! We wouldd'a never expected it! No, really, that's a total surprise! How did you guys know? Thanks a lot! It means so much to us! Thanks so very much. Thanks. Thank you for coming! It's so nice to see you all again! How're you? Kiss, kiss! Look at you, girl! Thank you, my dear! Wonderful! That's faaaaabulous! Wow! Hi, honey! You've made it! Hello, sweetie! What a pleasure! Kiss, kiss! Hi, girl! Alive and kicking, huh? Kiss, kiss! Oh, you little bitch! Honey, you look faaaab! Thank you, darling! Love you too! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Hello! Hi! How awe ya? How're ya? How ya doin'? Hello there! Howdy? Howdy-dooddy? How's everything? How you be? Hullo!

E.R.

(to John)

Did you hear from him?

JOHN

Uh-uh...

E.R.

Where is he? In Canada?

JOHN

No idea.

E.R.

Bastard.

JOHN

And I don't think we're gonna hear from him any time soon.

FRÉDÉRIC

Hi guys!

Frédéric walks in. Ill at ease.

E.R.

Oops.

FRÉDÉRIC

Sorry I'm late! Couldn't get the  
elevator! Some idiot pressed the wrong  
button, paralyzing the entire system!

John turns away. He doesn't want to talk to Frédéric.  
Frédéric approaches E.R.

FRÉDÉRIC

Happy anniversary.

They are both uncomfortable.

FRÉDÉRIC

Listen... Could we just forget all  
about it?

E.R.

Forget?

FRÉDÉRIC

I know. Let's say--forgive. You won't  
forget, I understand.

E.R.

Forget what?

FRÉDÉRIC

Oh.

Initially puzzled, then playing along.

FRÉDÉRIC

Did I say forget? I forgot! Ha, ha,  
ha...

(holding his hand out to

E.R.)

Thanks. It takes a real friend.  
Friends again?

E.R. doesn't reciprocate, leaving Frédéric's hand  
suspended in midair.

E.R.

Don't get me wrong, "my friend." I'd love to remember and cherish every moment of what a monumental asshole and son-of-a-bitch you were.

FRÉDÉRIC

Oh, you do remember?

E.R.

No, I don't. If I did, I'd have to remember my fall from grace as well. So?

He gives Frédéric a loving hug, flashing a big smile.

E.R.

Thanks for coming, honey. I'm soooo happy to see you again!

FRÉDÉRIC

(laughing)

Better the devil you know than the devil you don't.

Joshua approaches.

JOSHUA

(about Frédéric)

Here he is! We thought you were lost to us.

E.R.

A bad penny always turns up.

JOSHUA

(to E.R.)

Be nice to Frédéric.

E.R.

I am! He's my best friend.  
(whispering into Frédéric's ears)  
Unless he spills the beans.

INT. TEO'S PLACE - DAY

Teo and Karen. The napkin with "THANKS, LOVE - FRÉDÉRIC" and the phone number in his hand.

Teo is on the phone again. The three-chime signal is HEARD again followed by the PRE-RECORDED MESSAGE.

PRE-RECORDED MESSAGE

We're sorry, your call cannot be completed as dialed. Please check the number and dial again. We're sorry, your call cannot be completed as dialed...

Teo droops, devastated. He rests his head on Karen's shoulder.

TEO

Sometimes, I imagine I'm straight.  
We're married.

KAREN

Yuck! Yecch!

TEO

Four kids, two dogs and a cat.

KAREN

Ugh! You're a pervert, sweetie.

TEO

A nice house in the suburbs. In-laws.  
Life would've been so much easier.

KAREN

Sweetie, you're, like, grossing me out!

TEO

A woman and a man together have the  
right smell, the smell of a new born  
baby.

KAREN

Yak, yak, yak, yackety-yak!

TEO

Two guys together smell too much  
cologne. The world without women would  
be such a depressing place.

KAREN

Sweetie, cut it out! Where do you, like, get those sick ideas? Ugh!

TEO

Know what? Come to think about it, I've never kissed a woman.

KAREN

Ugh. You're creepy!

TEO

At least you don't run a risk of kissing an unshaven woman.

KAREN

Exactly! It's like kissing a snake!

He smiles, challenging her to let him kiss her.

KAREN

No! You're, like, toooooootally sick, sweetie! Are you sure?

He nods "yes," smiles, waiting. She raises her hands to heaven.

KAREN

See, what I have to put up with!

(excited)

Okay! Okay! You creep!

She shuts her eyes tight and gathers her lips together in a small fold, puckering up. He moves closer. She opens her eyes.

KAREN

But you're gonna hate it!

TEO

Shut up, Karen, will'ya!

He brings his lips closer. She trembles with joy. He then pulls back, laughing.

TEO

Nay! I was kidding. I'm a faggot, I hate women! A fag is a fag is a fag is a fag.

KAREN  
(disappointed)  
See! I told you!

They cuddle up into each other's arms; feel very comfortable together. He scrutinizes her face, as if seeing her for the first time.

He touches her nose, eyes, lips. Kisses her on the cheek. Then on the lips. Then again. And again. More passionately.

INT. CAFE BAUDELAIRE - DAY

The night is coming to a close. Marlene Dietrich Impersonator sings "WHEN I FALL IN LOVE" to an empty bar. A lonely fellow at the bar echoes her, off tune and dispassionately. It's Vinni.

MARLENE DIETRICH  
IMPERSONATOR  
(singing)  
"When I fall in love, it'll be for ever  
-- or I'll never fall in love -- again  
--"

VINNI  
(frowning; to himself)  
"For ever!" Bullshit!

JIMMY sits at the opposite end of the bar, sipping his lonely drink, drowning the bug.

JIMMY  
Yeah!

VINNI  
They should go to jail for that lie!

JIMMY  
Exactly!

VINNI  
Life without a parole with a guy who says he can't live without you, but dumps you the next day!

JIMMY

Exactly! He doesn't deserve you, he says! You're too good for him!

VINNI

You'd only suffer with him! And he doesn't want you to suffer!

JIMMY

Exactly!

VINNI

He'd rather suffer himself... by dumping you, than to see you suffer with him!

VINNI & JIMMY

(crescendo; in unison)

So he dumps you! For your own good! And suffers! Poor thing!!!

JIMMY

Exactly!!!

Vinni gives Jimmy a curious look.

VINNI

Hmmm, let me guess, six months ago?

JIMMY

Six and a half, tomorrow!

VINNI

With a bastard who's wasted three most precious years of your life?

JIMMY

Three and a half! Yesterday!

VINNI

Out of thirty five planned?

JIMMY

Thirty seven.

VINNI

Very ambitious.

Vinni hops closer to Jimmy, tips his glass to him.

VINNI

Common furniture, joint checking  
account in the family oriented credit  
union, cats?

JIMMY

No, no cats. He hated cats.

VINNI

A real bastard!

JIMMY

Exactly!

VINNI

We had cats. It made things so much  
more difficult and messy. A custody  
battle and all that. Melissa had a  
nervous breakdown.

JIMMY

Poor cat!

VINNI

Uh-uh. Melissa's a fish. We put them  
through hell! True love! Never again!

JIMMY

Exactly! The sooner you get over it,  
the better!

Vinni tips his glass to Jimmy.

VINNI

Down with true love! True love, no  
more!

JIMMY

Exactly! Down with it! Once and for  
all! For ever! Never again!

They down the contents, then gesture for two more  
drinks. The Bartender pours two drinks and they down  
them.

VINNI

Love! Commitment! Relationship!

JIMMY

Soul-mates! Chemistry!

VINNI & JIMMY  
(in unison)  
Buuuuuuullshit!!!

They high-five each other again.

JIMMY  
Exaaactly!

VINNI  
(astonished)  
I've never met a person like you! I  
mean -- ever -- in my life!

JIMMY  
Me neither!

VINNI  
Who thinks like me and feels like me!

JIMMY  
Exaaaactly!

VINNI  
A soul-mate!

VINNI & JIMMY  
Exaaaaaactly!

They high-five each other again. Vinni gives Jimmy a  
broad wink.

VINNI  
What're you up to tonight, girl?

JIMMY  
Wow! You tell me!

He gives a little pig laugh, oink, oink, oink.

JIMMY  
Let me rush back home to make room for  
your slippers under the bed!

Vinni holds Jimmy back.

VINNI

No! No slippers, honey! We've got  
time for slippers!

JIMMY

Wow! No slippers!

VINNI

Let's get wild tonight!

JIMMY

Exaaaactly! Wow! I'm getting  
butterflies!

VINNI

Me too!

JIMMY

What's your name?

VINNI

Vinni! Hoboken, New Jersey!

JIMMY

Jimmy. Staten Island!

VINNI

Jimmy and Vinni!

JIMMY

Wow! That's soooo cute!

VINNI

Do you have saving or checking only?  
What checking? Basic checking?

JIMMY

Checking plus!

VINNI

Wow! My cats're gonna love you! And  
Melissa! She'll have an orgasm when  
she sees you!

The final tunes of "When I fall in love..." are heard.  
Jimmy and Vinni tip their glasses again and join in,  
singing along.

JIMMY & VINNI

(singing)

When I fall in love, it'll be fore  
ever, or I'll never fall in love again  
--

INT. JOSHUA AND E.R.'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frédéric approaches John; he squirms pierced by John's  
stiletto look.

John walks away. Frédéric chases him. Bumping into the  
guests, they charge through the apartment; ending up in  
the bathroom, the only quiet place to talk.

FRÉDÉRIC

We need to talk!

JOHN

There's nothing to talk about.

FRÉDÉRIC

It's important! I can explain  
everything.

JOHN

Uh-uh.

FRÉDÉRIC

I'm sure you want to know what  
happened?

JOHN

Couldn't care less.

FRÉDÉRIC

I want you to know the truth! The  
whole truth and nothing but the truth!

JOHN

I'm not interested!

FRÉDÉRIC

I analyzed what happened, played a  
little Freud on myself, and...

JOHN

Can't hear a word...

FRÉDÉRIC

It was about Marc.

JOHN

Marc? What do you mean, Marc?

FRÉDÉRIC

Yes, Marc.

JOHN

What does Freud, I mean, Marc has to do with us? Nothing!

FRÉDÉRIC

Everything! You were going to dump me sooner or later.

JOHN

That's absurd!

FRÉDÉRIC

I overreacted, yes, but I was scared of rejection.

JOHN

You're paranoid!

FRÉDÉRIC

Didn't want to get hurt again. Somehow I didn't enjoy it the first time around... with Marc.

JOHN

I'm not Marc!

FRÉDÉRIC

You acted like him. I had an eerie sense of déjà vu.

JOHN

Oh please!

FRÉDÉRIC

I couldn't take another rejection. I had to do something.

JOHN

Like throwing me out, right?

FRÉDÉRIC

At least I could say I wasn't rejected.  
It was my initiative.

JOHN

You, you, you! It's all about you!

FRÉDÉRIC

No, it isn't!

JOHN

How about me? You didn't give a damn  
about me!

FRÉDÉRIC

I did.

JOHN

You did? That's why you threw me out?

FRÉDÉRIC

No.

JOHN

Why did you throw me out?

FRÉDÉRIC

Because I wanted you back.

JOHN

Excuse me?

FRÉDÉRIC

I threw you out, because I wanted you  
back, you idiot!

JOHN

I wasn't going anywhere.

FRÉDÉRIC

(pointing to E.R.)  
You fucked him.

JOHN

What? No!

FRÉDÉRIC

Yes, you did! Over and over again!

JOHN

I did not! You know that!

FRÉDÉRIC

You fucked him every time you looked at him! And you hardly ever took your eyes off him!

JOHN

No, no, no! That's not true!

FRÉDÉRIC

Yes, yes, yes! Never stopped fucking him! Fucked him even when you slept with me!

JOHN

I did not!

FRÉDÉRIC

You did! Time and time again! Night after night!

JOHN

Nooooo!!!

FRÉDÉRIC

In your mind!

JOHN

Okay, in my mind. But not physically.

FRÉDÉRIC

A mere technicality. All that was left was the physical act.

JOHN

(raising his voice)

Which did not happen!

FRÉDÉRIC

(raising his voice)

Only because I entered the living room that night!

A pause.

JOHN

Okay! But I was going to stay with you, no matter what.

FRÉDÉRIC

Tormented, tempted, suffering. A sorry sight.

JOHN

So what?

FRÉDÉRIC

I didn't want you that way!

JOHN

That's why you threw me out!

FRÉDÉRIC

I was trying to help you make up your mind.

JOHN

Oh, really? I couldn't do it myself?

FRÉDÉRIC

No, you couldn't! Your desire...!

JOHN

My desire! Blah, blah, blah! Maybe it wasn't just about my desire?

FRÉDÉRIC

Oh, sure, project on me!

JOHN

You were acting weirdly, like there was something on your mind!

FRÉDÉRIC

'cause there was!

JOHN

See!

FRÉDÉRIC

I was scared to death that you were going to fuck him!

JOHN

You wanted me to fuck him!

FRÉDÉRIC

That's absurd! Why would I want it?

JOHN

You felt trapped!

FRÉDÉRIC

I was devastated, and...!

JOHN

And you wanted out!

FRÉDÉRIC

I was fighting for our relationship!  
You were out of control!

JOHN

You did nothing to stop me!

FRÉDÉRIC

Nobody could stop you!

JOHN

Did you try? You didn't even try!

FRÉDÉRIC

I did, but you acted up like a horny little boy who wants a new toy and won't stop until he gets it!

JOHN

So you put the toy right in my hand!  
Right? To feed my desire!

FRÉDÉRIC

To free you from it!

JOHN

Huh? Come again?

FRÉDÉRIC

It's true! Naughty boys only desire the toys they can't have! Once they possess them, they no longer desire them!

JOHN

Great!

FRÉDÉRIC

Don't you understand? I was trying to help you! The only way to liberate you from the desire was to fulfill it!

JOHN

And have a great excuse to break up with me for being naughty. And throw me out of the house!

FRÉDÉRIC

Look, if I wanted to break up with you, I'd just break up.

JOHN

No, you wouldn't!

FRÉDÉRIC

Nothing would stop me!

JOHN

Your own guilt would! Nice guys like you don't break up a loving relationship for a one-night stand! Your great-guy image would suffer!

FRÉDÉRIC

I did not want to break up! Period!

JOHN

Okay, fine, you didn't want to break up! You just wanted to slut around! But you needed an excuse to blame it on me! You plotted everything!

FRÉDÉRIC

And you acted as my willing accomplice! I couldn't ask for a better excuse than the one you gave me!

JOHN

So there was something! I was right!

FRÉDÉRIC

No, of course not! You're so fucking unfair! Unable to cope with your own guilt, and trying to turn the tables on me,! How can you do that!

JOHN

Okay, I'm sorry. I'm confused. I didn't mean to make wild accusations.

FRÉDÉRIC

Okay... well... uh... listen... There was something...

JOHN

I knew it.

FRÉDÉRIC

I was upset. Jealous. Hurting.

JOHN

And you wanted out as soon as possible!

FRÉDÉRIC

No, I wanted to be with you. But...

JOHN

But what?

FRÉDÉRIC

But I had to make sure there was no life after you.

JOHN

I'm all ears.

FRÉDÉRIC

I didn't want to feel stuck in the elevator for the rest of my life.

JOHN

What do you mean?

FRÉDÉRIC

Some people get stuck in the elevator,  
moving neither up or down. Didn't want  
that to happen to us.

JOHN

Something happened! I was right. You  
met somebody! Did you sleep with him?

FRÉDÉRIC

No! Nothing happened!

JOHN

The truth! Tell me the truth!

FRÉDÉRIC

I was alone! That's what happened.

JOHN

I said, the truth!

FRÉDÉRIC

That's the truth! And that was  
terrible.

JOHN

What was so terrible?

FRÉDÉRIC

The whole experience after you left. I  
don't ever want to go through it again.

JOHN

After you threw me out.

FRÉDÉRIC

Listen, I made a mistake. Nobody's  
perfect. I'm sorry I hurt you. I  
missed you so much. I want you back.  
That's the truth!

JOHN

Uh-uh.

FRÉDÉRIC

I acted like an asshole, a jerk, an  
idiot! I should never have done what I  
did. It was the worst thing I've ever  
done.

JOHN

Now you're regretting it.

FRÉDÉRIC

No, I'm not. I'm glad I did it.

JOHN

You didn't have to.

FRÉDÉRIC

I did. Otherwise I'd never know...

JOHN

What?

FRÉDÉRIC

How much I need you. How much I love you. How much I want to be with you. How much our relationship means to me.

JOHN

You're weak.

FRÉDÉRIC

Never felt stronger.

JOHN

You should learn how to control your desire. You... you...!

FRÉDÉRIC

Look, call me what you want, but I love you. Now I know that. With every fiber of my body. It feels wonderful. There's not a shadow of doubt. I love you.

JOHN

I hate you!

FRÉDÉRIC

I want you back.

JOHN

I don't think so.

FRÉDÉRIC

Please!

JOHN

Too late.

FRÉDÉRIC

It's not too late!

JOHN

I don't know. Not now. I'm not ready.

FRÉDÉRIC

I'll wait. Whenever you are ready...

JOHN

I will never be. Something has died in me. I've crossed the point of no return.

FRÉDÉRIC

I understand. I'll be waiting anyway. All I want you to know is that I love you.

JOHN

I really don't know.

FRÉDÉRIC

Call me, if you need somebody to do your laundry, groceries, clean up the apartment, whatever. I'll do anything.

JOHN

It may never happen...

FRÉDÉRIC

Fine. I'll be waiting. I'm not going anywhere. In the meantime, I'll be working on my desire. Learning how to control it.

He turns around to leave. John hesitates.

JOHN

Uh... uh...

FRÉDÉRIC

What?

JOHN

Let me know... if you need a hand.

FRÉDÉRIC

A hand?

JOHN

Uh... I can probably help you.

FRÉDÉRIC

Help me?

JOHN

Working on your desire. I can teach you how to control it.

FRÉDÉRIC

Are you sure?

JOHN

No, but I can give it a try.

FRÉDÉRIC

Thanks. Wonder whether you know anything about desires.

JOHN

Uh-uh, not much. Never had one.

FRÉDÉRIC

I figured.

They laugh and embrace.

FRÉDÉRIC

I love you.

JOHN

Love you too.

INT. TEO'S PLACE - DAY

Teo and Karen are on the sofa. Silent. Stiff.

TEO

Sorry.

KAREN

Don't be! Really, sweetie! It was a killer! Fierce, fabulous! You're, like, by far the greatest lay I've ever had!

TEO

(embarrassed)

Karen, nothing happened!

KAREN

What do you mean nothing happened? I had orgasm four times! Oh, okay, three.

TEO

How did that happen?

KAREN

When you first touched me, then when you first kissed me, and then... uh...

TEO

Yes?

KAREN

Okay, okay! So I had two only! So what? Okay, so I didn't have any. Big deal!

TEO

(embarrassed)

Karen, please.

KAREN

A woman and a man, what an odd couple.

TEO

How 'bout a sex change?

KAREN

What? No! You, a straight woman? Ugh! I hate straight women!

TEO

You! Moron!

KAREN

Me?

TEO

You like guys! Right? You're the poster boy of the queers. A very cute one!

KAREN

(flattered)

Really? Would you, like, like, you know... Would you, like...

TEO

Wow!

KAREN

Really? Like... like...

TEO

Positively!

KAREN

(proudly)

Wow! I always felt like a true faggot trapped in a woman's body. Need to start going to the gym though!

She assumes a macho guy's posture.

KAREN

Oh, oh! I'm already getting a hard on!

TEO

(seductively)

Me too! Handsome!

They look at each other the unmistakable way the star-crossed lovers do. They touch. And kiss. And kiss again. And start undressing. Begin to make love.

INT. JOSHUA AND E.R.'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM

John and E.R. maneuver among the guests, serving hors d'oeuvre and drinks.

Through the half-open door, Joshua and Frédéric are seen talking in the bedroom. E.R. eavesdrops on them every time he happens to pass by the door.

JOHN

So how much did you pay him?

E.R.

Pay whom?

JOHN

Your wonder boy.

E.R.

Oh.

JOHN

Was he cheap?

E.R.

Cheap? Sure.

JOHN

How much?

E.R.

Guess.

JOHN

\$200.

E.R.

Sure. Guess again.

JOHN

\$250.

E.R.

Sure.

JOHN

What? How much? No!!!

E.R.

Yes! \$500!

JOHN

\$500?

E.R.

Uh-huh! \$500!

JOHN

What a sucker.

E.R.

I'm telling you. He's a smooth operator.

JOHN

You bet. For that kind of money!

E.R.

The more you grease it, the better the ride is!

JOHN

Did you at least enjoy it?

E.R.

Every second of it.

JOHN

What did he do?

E.R.

I've no idea.

JOHN

What?!

E.R.

But whatever he did, it was great. The thing got stuck just in the right place.

JOHN

You have no idea?

E.R.

And for long enough to bring it to the climax.

JOHN

No, I'm not hearing it!

E.R.

Next time, I'll be willing to pay even more!

JOHN

Next time? You're planning next time?

E.R.

Worth every penny.

JOHN

I can't believe it! Your life was in danger, and you don't even know what he did to you?

E.R.

I think he blew the fuse or something.

JOHN

Blew the fuse!? That's all? Just blew the fuse. For \$500!

E.R.

Actually, I don't know. Does the elevator have a fuse? I've no clue.

JOHN

Beats me.

E.R.

Maybe he just switched off the main breaker. And then switched it back on.

JOHN

Whatever. What a sucker! A sucker! Every super's a sucker! Our super's the same.

They pass by the half-open door to the bedroom. Joshua and Frédéric are seen inside.

INT. JOSHUA AND E.R.'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

Joshua and Frédéric are talking. The pregnant woman sculpture from Mali looks down on them.

JOSHUA

How did it feel?

FRÉDÉRIC

I hated every minute of it.

JOSHUA

Then why did you do it?

FRÉDÉRIC

Why?

JOSHUA

You've got everything you need.

FRÉDÉRIC

I don't know. To feed the demons.

JOSHUA

Huh? Demons?

FRÉDÉRIC

You have to feed the demons to keep the angels alive.

JOSHUA

But you used him!

FRÉDÉRIC

I know...

JOSHUA

Did you talk to him?

FRÉDÉRIC

No.

JOSHUA

Call him! Explain!

FRÉDÉRIC

I'm not ready yet.

JOSHUA

Do you have his phone number? What's his name? Do you want me to talk to him?

FRÉDÉRIC

No! Are you crazy?!

He gets agitated, inadvertently knocking the pregnant woman sculpture from Mali off the shelf. The sculpture lands on his head.

FRÉDÉRIC

(massaging his forehead)

Ouch! Do something with this damn thing! Someone might get hurt!

JOSHUA  
(thinking about Teo)  
Someone already did...

E.R. (O.S.)  
Dear? The guests!

E.R. barges in, beckoning Joshua impatiently.

E.R.  
What're you doing?! The two of you!  
Conspiring?

He pulls Joshua away, looking daggers at Frédéric.

E.R.  
(to Frédéric)  
I'm sorry, but he's very busy. He  
doesn't even know how busy he is.

E.R. drags Joshua out of the bedroom.

JOSHUA  
Relax... everything's under control.  
He was telling me an interesting story.

E.R.  
A story? What story?

JOSHUA  
Demons, lust, desire, passion,  
betrayal. Stuff that you know nothing  
about.

E.R.  
Demons?

JOSHUA  
You know, guys with horns in the wrong  
places.

E.R.  
Bastard. Listen, it's not true what he  
told you. I can explain everything.

JOSHUA

What? You don't know what he told me.

E.R.

I don't. But I know it's a total lie!  
Complete fabrication. I love you.  
That's all that matters.

INT. TEO'S PLACE - LATER

They are on the sofa. Silent and stiff again.

KAREN

Listen! Sweetie! I don't give a shit  
about fucking sex! Don't need that  
bullshit! Sex's overhyped! I've had,  
like, enough sex for the rest of my  
days. I don't care if I never get laid  
again.

TEO

You're just saying that!

KAREN

No! As a matter of fact, I hate sex!  
It makes me nauseated! Sex!? Never  
ever again, ugh! You can touch me and  
you'll see! It doesn't do anything to  
me! Touch me! Go ahead, touch me! I  
don't care!

He touches her, and she immediately starts to make  
noises -- moaning.

KAREN

Ummmmmmmm...

TEO

You've got to face the blues, sis. You  
need a straight guy. No faggot will  
ever be good for you.

KAREN

No way! Sweetie, you're perfect for  
me. We don't need some stupid jerk of a

guy to boost our self-esteem! I'm  
secure. I love myself. And you.

Teo softens.

KAREN

We're happy together, aren't we? And  
we'll be together. Always.

TEO

Okay! That's a deal!

KAREN

Alright!

They high-five each other. The phone rings. Teo picks  
it up.

TEO

Surprise, surprise! I'm awfully glad  
to hear from you. Good bye!

FRÉDÉRIC (V.O.)

No!

TEO

What do you want?

INT. JOSHUA AND E.R.'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frédéric is on the phone. What follows is an INTERCUT  
between Frédéric and Teo.

FRÉDÉRIC

To explain...

TEO

Where are you?

FRÉDÉRIC

At my friends...

TEO

Where?

Frédéric looks on at Joshua and E.R. Outside the door,  
we see E.R. and Joshua wrapped in a loving,  
reconciliatory embrace.

FRÉDÉRIC

You don't know them. At a party... an anniversary p...

TEO

(sarcastically)

Anniversary? Whose anniversary?  
Yours? Or some other poor bastard's?

FRÉDÉRIC

The latter...

TEO

In Canada? Morocco? Or Australia? I  
called the fucking number!

FRÉDÉRIC

I know, I know... that's why I'm  
calling.

TEO

I know! To explain and to apologize!  
But be quick! Your phone bill is gonna  
go through the roof! You should've  
called collect!

FRÉDÉRIC

I'm in the city.

TEO

In the city? When did you get back?

FRÉDÉRIC

I never left.

Teo is at a loss for words. The silence hangs between  
them.

FRÉDÉRIC

Hello? Are you there?

TEO

(after a pause)

No. I'm not. Wrong number.

Teo hangs up.

INT. JOSHUA AND E.R.'S APARTMENT - LATER

FRÉDÉRIC

Hello! Hello! Shit!

He replaces the handset, then picks it up and dials again.

INT. TEO'S PLACE -DAY

Teo picks up. An INTERCUT.

TEO

Hello?

FRÉDÉRIC

Listen...

TEO

I told you...!

FRÉDÉRIC

(snapping)

Wait!

(firing fiercely as a semi-automatic)

I have a lover! We've been together for five years! I'm sorry! It was a mistake! But you're a great guy!

TEO

Please... save your breath...

FRÉDÉRIC

I love him! Did you ever love anybody? You did! You do! You told me so! Then you should understand! You don't get married in a bar! But I'm glad I've met you! And if we could be friends.

TEO

Sure. We're friends. The best of friends.

FRÉDÉRIC

Good!

TEO

But do our friendship a favor.

FRÉDÉRIC

Anything.

TEO

Don't ruin it. Don't call me ever  
again.

FRÉDÉRIC

Oh.

Teo hangs up.

INT. JOSHUA AND E.R.'S APARTMENT

Silence. Frédéric looks at the handset -- expecting  
some explanation. All he can hear is the signal of  
broken connection. He replaces the handset. Joshua  
enters.

JOSHUA

(excitedly)

So?

FRÉDÉRIC

What?

JOSHUA

Did you talk to him? How's he? How're  
your demons? Are you okay?

FRÉDÉRIC

(pensively)

I'm fine, thanks. But the demons...  
They've just made such assholes of  
themselves. They feel terrible.  
Wouldn't wanna be in their skin.

He leaves the room.

Alone in the room, Joshua checks out the phone.  
Wrestling with his thoughts.

Suddenly, he digs into the front pocket of his pants and  
pulls out a piece of paper torn out of a college ruled  
notebook. On it--a phone number scribbled  
unintelligibly.

E.R. is outside the door observing Joshua.

Joshua stares blankly at the piece of paper. Then at the phone. Picks up the handset... dials slowly. Waits -- contemplating the signal. And waits. The phone keeps ringing, but nobody answers it.

INT. TEO'S PLACE -DAY

Teo and Karen are cuddled up on a sofa -- Teo nestling his head on her shoulder. The phone keeps ringing. They ignore it -- as if it wasn't happening. Finally, she gives in.

KAREN

Are you sure, sweetie? Or do you, like, want me to...

TEO

I told the bastard... to go fuck himself...

KAREN

(cool and casual)

Okay... just checking...

The phone keeps ringing like crazy.

INT. JOSHUA AND E.R.'S APARTMENT

holding a receiver to his ear. Signs of wear show on his face. Tension begins to erode his calm. He shifts his body from one leg to the other. Clears his throat.

INT. TEO'S PLACE -DAY

The phone rings persistently. Teo shifts impatiently. Rolls his eyes.

KAREN

Are you, like, really sure, sweetie?  
'Cause I could, like...

She extends her hand for the receiver.

TEO

No!

She pulls back her hand.

KAREN

Okay, sweetie... I just, like...

Teo rolls across the bed and snatches the handset.

TEO

(angrily to the phone)

I told you! Go fuck...

He stiffens. Then softens. His voice relents.

TEO

(an incredulous smile)

Oh... Hi!

INT. JOSHUA AND E.R.'S APARTMENT

who clears his throat, staring at the pregnant woman sculpture from Mali. In a dry little voice.

JOSHUA

We didn't finish... our consultation today... I... I... was thinking about your storyboard... and... and...

E.R. is outside the door observing Joshua, eavesdropping on the conversation. He enters the bedroom, sits next to Joshua, smiles to him and holds his hand. Joshua reciprocates. They sit together embraced.

INT. TEO'S PLACE -DAY

Teo sits up. New energy enters his system. A quick gaze at Karen. An INTERCUT.

TEO

Oh, no... nothing important...

(beat)

Sure... when? Oh. Sure. Monday's fine. What time?

JOSHUA

11:00? In my office.

TEO

Cool. 11:00 is fine.

JOSHUA

Actually, make it 11:30.

TEO

That's even better.

JOSHUA

Good. Monday then. 11:30.

TEO

11:30. Monday.

JOSHUA

11:30. See you. Bye-bye.

TEO

Bye-bye. Monday at 11:30.

Joshua is ready to hang up.

TEO

I've got this great idea for a film!

JOSHUA

Oh. Really.

TEO

It starts with a still photo...

JOSHUA

Great.

TEO

Like the one you have... In your  
bedroom... Balcony doors opened on a  
voluptuous garden...

INT. JOSHUA AND E.R.'S APARTMENT -DAY

who looks at a large still photo hanging above the bed.  
It features a country house; a sunny, lazy Sunday noon;  
the middle of summer. Balcony doors opened on a  
voluptuous garden.

TEO'S VOICE OVER

We see a messy room inside the house  
stuffed with old furniture. Soft light  
filters through white curtains  
billowing in the wind...

FULL SCREEN IMAGES - COUNTRY HOUSE

The church bell tower peers through the bloom of the  
garden. Silence.

Suddenly the church bells strike, startling the serenity  
of the moment. The bells toll, calling on the faithful  
to gather for the high noon mass.

A sudden commotion in the room. An Older Boy--twenty  
something--rushes into view naked, frantically searching  
for his undergarment, stumbling while trying to put his  
black pants on.

Then a Younger Boy--blond, pretty, eighteen years of  
age-- lazily sits up into view. He smiles as he slowly  
puts his white shirt on.

The bells keep calling persistently. Naggingly.

Already in his white shirt and pitch black pants, Older  
Boy grabs a long, black robe. Trying to button up the  
unruly robe, he charges out of the room through the  
balcony doors--the black tail of the robe flying in the  
wind. He rushes toward the church towers and the  
calling bells. Chicken fly in panic when he runs  
through the garden behind the house.

The Younger Boy saunters out of the room dreamily,  
softly. Smiling. He is not in a rush. Still waking  
up. His robe is in disarray.

INT. TEO'S PLACE -DAY

Karen pouts. Teo hangs up the phone, springs out of the  
bed fixing his clothes. Ready to leave -- he looks back  
at Karen, still in bed, frowning.

TEO

So? Come on!

KAREN

You go.

TEO  
You come with me.

KAREN  
No.

TEO  
Karen! I need you!

KAREN  
You do?

TEO  
Of course! Don't you know that? What  
would I do without you?

KAREN  
Oh, okay... okay...

A faint smile shining through the gloom on her face,  
Karen rolls off the bed and gets ready to leave. He  
puts his arm around her...

TEO  
You're my girlfriend, aren't you!

...and -- arm-in-arm -- they walk out of the room.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Lunch break. People are milling around.

Teo and Karen maneuver through the crowd holding hands.

INT. JOSHUA'S OFFICE/HALLWAY - DAY

Teo and Karen bump into the corpulent Professor  
Thompson.

At the entrance to the office, Karen pecks Teo on the  
cheek and gives him a push toward the office. He  
enters. She waits outside.

TEO (O.S.)  
Professor? Hi!

JOSHUA (O.S.)

Teo! What a surprise! Come in!

FADE OUT.

THE END