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# 4th Man Out

By Aaron Dancik

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Today's the day.

This is it.

Whew.

All right guys, I wanna talk  
to you about something.

Umm...

This isn't easy for me,  
but I'm...

I'm turning 24 today,  
and I think it's just time  
I told you the truth.

What I mean is...

Okay so the thing is that, uh...

Hey Martha, how are you?

Adam, I hope  
you like blueberries.

Oh wow. Thanks.

You didn't have to do all this.

Oh, nonsense.

It was no trouble at all.

It's just leftovers  
from church group this week.

Oh yeah?

It's so nice to have a good  
strong man like yourself  
- that enjoys my cooking.

- Oh, thank you.

Oh and you're still free  
next Saturday, right?

Oh, Saturday?

My niece is definitely  
coming this time  
and I have told her  
all about you.

Oh yeah, about that,

I am actually...

Saturday is not really  
good for me.

- Oh, you must.

- Okay, but...

- You must.

- Well there's...

- You have to.

- Can I...  
- You'll be thrilled to do it.  
- You know that's...  
It's got to happen, I tell you.  
- - Oh wait, did  
I catch you at a bad time?  
Oh no, it's just, it's Chris.  
He's just, he's picking me up.  
Oh you boys  
don't get in any trouble.  
Don't do anything  
the good lord wouldn't do.  
Okay. Thanks.  
Thanks for these.  
Oh I have to see Chris.  
I can't do it.  
I've gotta see him.  
Hi, Chris.  
Hey, Martha.  
You have got to bang  
your neighbor, man.  
It is the least you can do.  
Nah, it's not like  
I'm keeping her tupperware.  
Besides, she's trying  
to set me up with her niece.  
Dude, then bang  
the frickin' niece, man.  
What are you waiting for?  
I don't think  
I could do that, man.  
- The thing is... dude, I don't  
wanna hear your excuses.  
You're too damn nitpicky.  
That's why  
you're on a cold streak.  
I don't care  
how busted this chick is,  
give her your dick  
and keep the muffins coming.  
Yeah.  
It's gonna be an awesome night.  
He's 25  
trying to stay alive

trying to pay rent  
trying to survive  
no dollars in my pocket  
yeah I'm losing my mind  
yeah I'm trying  
to pay rent  
where I'm from it's summer  
when it's raining  
I'm so used  
to everyone complaining  
I'm the one complaining  
trying to make some money  
so I can see the ladies  
statue of Liberty,  
what you gonna give to me  
woo woo  
whoa  
whoa  
- Just take the shot.  
- Oh, another miss.  
- Fee-fi...  
- You only get two shots dude.  
- Fo-fum.  
- Yes!  
- What's up fuckfaces?  
- Get in here, homos.  
We leave for the bar in an hour,  
I want you blacked out  
by then, all right?  
Especially you, birth day boy.  
Yeah.  
What's the rush?  
That rush is that I haven't  
had a Saturday off  
in over a month...  
Michelle, or from work?  
- Uh from both, dude.  
- Uhh.  
And I am going to savor  
every minute of it.  
By being hung over all day?  
Yeah, of course.  
How'd you like that video  
we sent you, huh?

Oh, yeah. She was  
a real screamer, man.  
And then that dude like dropped  
a dq blizzard on her face.  
Yeah, I could never  
finish those.  
It was almost as bad as the one I  
dropped on Ortu's mom's face  
last night.  
- Hey, watch the eye.  
- Domination.  
Oh, Adam.  
You wanna get gay?  
What?  
You want a shot?  
- I'll get gay.  
- I'll get gay.  
Oh, y... yeah, sure.  
Birth-gay.  
Birth-gay shots.  
Birth-gay shots.  
Boys, there are  
some good-looking girls  
here tonight.  
Best of luck to all of you.  
Happy birthday, Adam.  
- Cheers.  
- To Adam.  
- All right.  
- So, uh...  
Holy tits.  
You gotta be fucking  
kidding me, dude.  
You guys are so lucky you  
don't have girlfriends, man.  
Look at those bombs.  
You just bury your face in them  
and be totally fine with it.  
Yeah, I don't think  
she'd be totally fine with it.  
You don't think  
they're together, do you?  
I think so, man.  
I don't think they're together.

Okay, so, um... what I was saying before is- is she looking?

- Uh, no. Look I'm...

- What about now? What about now?

Vascular as hell, bro.

Never mind.

Jeez, man.

- What's going on with you?

- Nothing.

You seem weird.

No. It's...

It's just, um...

- What?

- Um...

The girl to your right in the Fanny pack, she's totally eye-fucking you.

Yeah, right now.

I'll be right back, boys.

I got a champ.

Oh yeah, just a quick...

Quick selfie.

Is this Prada?

Uh, yeah.

Actually it is.

It cost like \$2,000.

I've never touched anything that expensive before.

I'm sorry.

Oh my god, you guys.

We need to dance, now.

We need to dance right now.

We absolutely do need to dance.

Hey, Adam. You need to dance.

Right now.

I've got a dance partner for you, right here.

- You do?

- Uh, hi.

Hey, Adam. This is Adam, my dancing friend.

Oh my god. You're hot.

- You're drunk.  
- No, I'm not.  
He's great in bed too.  
Real giver.  
How do you know?  
What? You don't sleep  
with your best friends?  
That's selfish.  
- Okay.  
- Very selfish. I'm sorry.  
Why don't you guys  
make out right now?  
Mm-hmm.  
Okay. We'd love to.  
- Should we make cut right now?  
- Um...  
We'll do it, if they  
do it kinda thing.  
- Ye... um...  
- I'm waiting.  
You see the thing is,  
we've both been drinking.  
- Yeah, we've been drinking so...  
- It'd be cheap.  
Cheap. Very cheap.  
Cheap, if we made out.  
I really have to pee.  
Oh, fuck yeah.  
Hey. Did you just  
take a picture of me?  
Umm...  
I...  
He was, uh...  
He was...  
Snapping that guy's unibrow.  
You think you're fucking  
TMZ or something,  
taking fucking pictures of me?  
I can't tell if he's  
surprised or mad.  
Hey. You got beef,  
we can step outside.  
Fuck that, it's cold outside.  
Yeah, man.

Not all of us  
wore our favorite  
leather jacket to the bar.  
I said, let's step outside.  
What's wrong  
with you? Come on.  
Don't be a pussy.  
You can do this.  
Dude...  
Don't yell at the little guy.  
Just take a breath.  
Relax your toes.  
It'll come.  
So you did take a picture  
of my sister's chest.  
You let your sister  
dress like that?  
That's your sister?  
What's wrong with you?  
- Whoa!  
- Oh!  
Chris!  
Chris!  
Listen, I know  
this isn't the right time,  
but...  
I wanted to say that...  
Fuck these chicks, we gotta go.  
Unibrow guy got crazy.  
Let's get out of here.  
Whoa.  
- Okay.  
- I'm so sorry.  
- Oh my god.  
- It's okay. It's okay.  
You're fine.  
- I'm gonna call you, okay?  
- Okay.  
- All right.  
- See ya.  
I'm sorry.  
No, don't be sorry.  
I scared him away.  
I mistreated his friend.



I'm a terrible friend.

Chris.

- Chris.

- Hmm.

I'm gay.

Okay, man.

No-

I like guys.

Hmm?

I'm gay.

Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

You okay?

You all right?

Fuck man.

Yes, yeah. I'm fine.

It's...

That's not you.

It's the excessive alcohol.

What the hell's going on?

I'm hurt, man.

Adam's gay.

I gotta take a shit.

I... I should

just head out.

- No, no, no, no.

- No, no. It's cool. I'm gonna go.

- It's okay. Let you guys soak it in.

- No, Adam. No, dude.

No... Adam.

Adam, it's fine, man.

What the hell,

is he fucking with us?

Adam can't be gay, the

dude eats steak every day.

He was eating out

Dorothy CUDA in the 8th grade.

Dorothy fucking cu da.

I once saw him rebuild

the entire engine

on a '68 mustang.

Was that before

or after he ass-banged you?

Okay. Dude.

Too soon.

I forgot I didn't drive.  
So you're really...  
Gay, huh?  
Yeah.  
- Cool. Cool.  
- Cool.  
You've had sex  
with women before.  
You dated Courtney for a year.  
Cried when she broke up  
with you.  
Yeah.  
But that was like,  
that was like two years ago.  
I mean, who have  
I been with since?  
I mean, I just thought you  
had really oddly high standards  
in women.  
I do. They just need  
to be dudes.  
So...  
Why didn't you tell me before?  
Well, I tried to tell  
you guys last night.  
No man, I mean like,  
way the fuck before.  
I don't know.  
- Your parents know?  
- No. God no.  
It's hard enough  
telling you guys.  
- - Believe me,  
I wanted to tell you before.  
I wanted to tell you  
for, like, ever.  
You know?  
I didn't want things to  
be weird between us.  
Hey, nothing's  
gonna change, man.  
I promise.  
What do we even talk about now?  
I just can't believe

you didn't know.  
It was so obvious.  
- You knew?  
- I mean, come on.  
He's a good looking guy  
and he's never tried  
to fuck any of my friends.  
So? That doesn't  
mean anything.  
My friends are hot.  
You know, you should  
invite him over  
- for a threesome. I'm sure he'd love that.  
- Oh, sure.  
Oh that's  
a great idea. Yeah.  
Let me call him up right now.  
No, I'm serious.  
You know, he wants you, right?  
Shut up.  
No, he doesn't want me.  
Now, just get hard  
because I have a date tonight.  
- Oh yeah, with who?  
- Just some guy.  
- Oh.  
- Why?  
- Are you jealous?  
- Not at all.  
- Should I be?  
- Okay, well just take your pants off.  
And don't touch my face,  
because I feel like  
I'm starting to break out.  
Oh.  
Hey Paul.  
Dude, I guarantee you a hot-ass  
MILF drives this thing, man.  
For sure.  
Actually, you know what?  
I think she used to drive it,  
now, the daughter drives it.  
Oh yeah.  
Give that a whiff man.

I'm thinking 19.  
Strawberry blonde.  
Volleyball player maybe.  
Take a rip.  
Get deep.  
Tell me I'm wrong.  
Hey, come on. Get back to work here.  
Lets go.  
Ronnie, we're checking  
the fucking mirrors, man.  
Let's go, out of the car.  
See, this one's broke.  
I'm glad I checked this one.  
This one was fucked up.  
Think he's gonna show?  
It's poker night.  
He'll be here.  
All right, boys.  
Last card.  
Man, so, uh, Chris,  
you ever call  
that Fanny pack girl?  
Ah, no.  
What's the matter'? Afraid your  
fuck buddy's gonna get upset?  
Me and Jess are not buddies.  
We don't even like each other.  
So what's the problem?  
I can't remember  
that chick's name, dude.  
I drunkenly saved it  
in my phone like an idiot.  
Let me see that.  
I'm really good with this stuff.  
- Train.  
- Train?  
You saved her name  
in your phone as "train."  
Ah, I raise 20.  
Damn it, if you didn't  
get that ten on the river,  
I could've sucked you dry.  
Oh yeah.  
Hey, uh. Can I see

your phone?  
Mm-hmm.  
Sucked it dry.  
All right, boys.  
Daddy's all in.  
Let's see what you got.  
Stop that.  
Cut it out, man.  
Come on, stop.  
- Stop, just...  
- What?  
But dude, cut it out!  
I got two eights.  
Okay?  
I call.  
Aw, damn.  
Fuck this.  
- Oh that's probably Tracy.  
- Hmm?  
Well, if it starts t-r-a,  
it's you know,  
probably Tracy, right?  
Yeah.  
Yeah, I could see her  
being a Tracy.  
Yeah.  
Okay, I'm gonna head out.  
Uh, I'll see you guys tomorrow.  
Tomorrow?  
Yeah, you guys  
are gonna come over  
for the hockey playoffs, right?  
Oh yeah. Yeah,  
see you then, man.  
Cool.  
Okay.  
He definitely wants to fuck me.  
This is all your fault.  
My fault?  
Yeah, with  
your Saint gay rom, and EDM.  
You're the one  
who turned Adam gay.  
Are you fucking serious?

You're the one who goes to all  
these Taylor swift concerts.  
First of all,  
t-swift is a singing angel.  
Mister skinny jeans  
and ladies' deodorant.  
I've got sensitive underarms.  
It's not a secret.  
Oh yeah, that's right. You do  
take bubble baths with th e...  
Dude, you're the one who  
dragged us to see "les mis."  
Oh fuck you, man.  
"Les mis" is a classic.  
- Why don't you tweet about it?  
- You don't have time to tweet  
'cause you're too busy  
sucking Adam dry.  
Oh, you were the one  
eye-fucking him all night.  
Okay, he was eye-fucking me.  
That's not what I saw, GAYLORD.  
You're full of it.  
I'm not a GAYLORD.  
I own a fantasy football team  
and I like "die hard."  
Hey guys.  
Guys, stop. Stop.  
We shouldn't blame anybody.  
He was obviously born gay.  
No, no.  
It's fine guys.  
Okay? I'll take the fall  
on this one.  
He... I'm too good looking.  
No, it's nobody's fault.  
Because there's  
nothing wrong with him.  
He's the same guy, right?  
Right?  
Another play by Stafford.  
Perfect getting by him.  
Myers passes up the wing  
to McGINN,

turns inside, gets slammed  
into the board side wall.  
30 seconds left to go  
on the power play down.  
- Great start so far by the SABRES.

Boyle to Casey.

Pushes it up the ice.

Looks for McGINN,  
taken away by Smith.

Goal, rangers!

And the game is all tied up.

The rangers time  
of backing it in  
and the game is all tied up.

Can someone just say  
something, please?

Uhh.

So...

Um, you really like  
the cock, huh?

As much as you like strippers.

No one can be that gay.

Sorry.

- No, it's fine.

Just say it, please.

I know you guys  
don't mean anything by it.

You guys have been saying  
shit like that for years.

You sure?

Yeah.

No one can be that gay.

Yeah.

Gay.

- Gay.

- Gay.

It's empowering.

Coming.

Oh my god.

You guys watching porn again?

- Holy fuck.

- Yeah, I know.

Fur a gay dude, he sure can't  
take a goddamn picture.

Dudemingle?

"Hey cutie, can't wait  
for tomorrow night"?

Think they banged?

I mean, I'd fuck this guy.

Put it away, Adam's coming...

Yeah, on BRADSTAWS lower back.

Good one.

- Icing.

- Aw, come on.

You... you can't blow  
the whistle that quick.

So fucking gay...

No offense, Adam.

No offense for what?

Well you said something  
about the gays.

And then you apologized to Adam.

Yeah. Adam doesn't like when we use  
profanity in his house, Martha.

He cannot stand that shit.

Ah! Sorry, Adam.

- No offense, Adam.

- Sorry, buddy.

I... I had no idea

he was so pious.

I'm gonna take him  
to my church group sometime.

Oh, what is this?

I wouldn't try to...

The ba'll'ery's dead.

I think my niece has one.

Oh, it's neat.

I can...

- Yeah, I'll take that.

- Than ks Martha.

It was really great.

Appreciate it.

- Uh. Umm...

- You all right?

Yeah, I cleaned it for you.

It's all clean now.

Oh no, nothing. I just feel a  
little faint, that's all.



I think I'm gonna go lay down.  
You know, it's getting late.  
Decent people lay down  
when it's late.  
Okay.  
Decent, that's what I'm doing,  
'cause I'm decent.  
What?  
Menopause, man.  
It's a bitch.  
My mom slapped a kid  
at Macy's once.  
Hey. Sorry.  
Uh, "Ghostbusters" was on.  
Totally lost track of time.  
Okay.  
All right.  
So, Brad...  
When did you take  
that profile picture?  
I'm sorry.  
That's not me.  
Oh.  
It's a little dishonest.  
Blah.  
You know, but I felt like we had  
this real connection online.  
And I didn't wanna run the risk of  
not getting to know you better,  
'cause of something  
as shallow as looks.  
Right?  
You're not shallow are you?  
So, how's your friend feeling?  
- Kim.  
- Yeah.  
She said she's never  
drinking again.  
- Never?  
- Yeah.  
Wow. So...  
Friday, then?  
Yeah, probably, Thursday.  
Probably Thursday.

Okay.

Um, actually on Thursday  
it's karaoke night  
at the rail.

Mm.

You should come.

- I should.

- Yeah.

And bring your friend.

Adam, was it?

Yeah, it was.

Are you inviting me on a date?

Yeah, like a...

Like a group...

- A group gathering.

- It's fun.

Yeah, it will be fun.

I would love to go.

I don't think that Adam  
and Kim are gonna work.

Why? 'Cause she puked  
everywhere?

No.

He's gay.

- He's gay?

- Yeah.

- Are you serious?

- He's gay.

So, the two of you actually  
have slept together then?

No, that was a joke.

I didn't even know  
that he was gay,  
until he woke me up and told me  
the next morning.

Were you in bed together?

This is going great.

- Yeah, it's...

- | love this place.

It's cool.

- Oh, I got this.

- No, we can split it.

Oh no, you can make  
it up to me later.

Now what do you say  
we get out of here  
and head back to my place?  
You're gonna love my basement.  
I got it totally pimped out.  
Xbox 360.  
Have you ever heard huey  
Lewis and the news on vinyl?  
You wanna take me  
to your basement?  
It'd be fun.  
Oh, did you want one of these?  
It's all right, it's ROPEX.  
It's really great  
for, you know...  
It's made me feel  
so uncomfortable,  
like having a gay guy around  
it's makes all us feel...  
Oh my god.  
What is wrong with you?  
- What do you mean?  
- Your friend just came out of the closet.  
Do you have any idea  
how hard that is?  
Yeah. It's been  
very hard.  
That's what  
I'm trying to tell you.  
No. Not for you.  
For him, you moron.  
Oh my god.  
Your best friend just told you  
how his life  
is gonna change forever.  
And all you're concerned about  
is how it made  
poker night awkward.  
Well, and the hockey game.  
I'm kidding. Let's-  
Let's change the subject.  
These mo-jitos  
are really good.  
I know what you're thinking,

a basement.  
Real romantic, right?  
Mm-hmm.  
I'm telling you,  
it's totally discreet.  
Not even my wife  
is allowed down there.  
Shit, man, that's...  
That's awesome.  
I would love to.  
But I just...  
I have to go water my plants.  
Water your plants, huh?  
How does that one go?  
Uh, you tilt your head  
to the side.  
- Oh, okay.  
- Yeah.  
Keep your eyes shut.  
And then...  
And then what?  
So how was your date last night?  
Aw, dude.  
Long story short,  
Tracy thinks  
I'm a giant asshole.  
Oh, man. I thought girls  
liked giant assholes.  
Not this one, man,  
she is different.  
Adam, are you good?  
Are you happy?  
Yeah.  
I guess so.  
I figured.  
You seem happy.  
I told you that nothing  
was gonna change...  
You guys are trying.  
Appreciate it.  
You know, things could've  
been a lot worse with Tracy.  
I doubt it.  
- Really?

- Yeah.

Was she 45, and married?

Did she want to take you

to her basement

and make you her sex slave?

What?

Dude, what happened to you?

Nothing happened.

At least you have

Jess, I mean...

I just want someone.

What are you talking about, man?

You're a good looking guy,

I'm sure you've broken

a million guys' hearts.

Not really.

I mean, Scott lombardi,

but that was six years ago.

- Scott lombardi?

- Yeah.

No. When you were

helping him fix his Camaro?

Oh yeah...

Yeah... yeah.

Oh, wow.

Yeah, but that was high school.

I mean, think about

how many girls

you guys have been with

since then.

Yeah.

We need to cheer him up, guys.

He's not happy.

I don't think

he's been happy for a while.

Okay, well... I'm still

not gonna let him fuck me.

Nick. Nobody wants

to fuck you.

You're just...

Now you're being a liar.

Guys, can we take

this seriously?

I mean, do you have any idea

what a depressed gay man  
is capable of?  
Writing a shitty emo song.  
Winning a Tony.  
Yeah, true.  
But loneliness sucks.  
I mean, what if Nick was lonely?  
If hypothetically, Nick  
was a sad, lonely person...  
- Yeah. -'Cause he pushes  
people away with his anger.  
Fuck you, man. I'm-i plowed three  
and half girls this last month.  
- It's more than you plowed in the last...  
- Half?  
Okay, but Adam  
is a real person...  
Fuck you guys,  
I've got feelings.  
Well, then prove it.  
Instead of turning everything into  
a fucking "your mom" joke.  
Okay. What do you want  
us to do?  
Yeah, there's like...  
There's like a...  
The grinding kind of noise.  
Yeah, it's, uh...  
It's the head gasket.  
It's definitely the head gasket.  
Oh, yeah. That's what  
I thought it was.  
Yeah. Yeah. I'm fucking with you.  
Just change your oil.  
Hey, can I...  
Can I ask you a question?  
Yeah.  
What's up?  
What's power bottom?  
Do you really wanna know?  
- Yeah.  
- No, no. Fuck it. I can't.  
You're just gonna make  
a bunch of ass jokes.

Uh...

So, you read  
any good books lately?  
Any literature?

Uh, yeah.

I mean I read  
an article about Kinsey.  
Pretty good.

What's... what's Kinsey?

What's Kinsey?

He's a sex scientist.

Never heard of him?

No.

You want me to send it to you?

Yeah. Yeah.

Yeah, that'd be...

Yeah, I wanna... yeah I'd  
really love to read that.

What don't you understand?

- You just swipe right if they're hot.

- Okay.

You swipe left  
if they're busted.

All right, and then what?

Then you send them a message.

Sample.

And there's always grindr too.

Yeah, but that's only if you  
want to try to have butt-sex  
like five minutes from now.

The fuck is grindr?

How do you know what grindr is?

How do you know what grindr is?

Okay, I don't-i just don't think  
that apps are gonna work.

Well, you have to give it  
a chance, man.

Put yourself out there.

Flirt with them,  
but play hard to get.

Let them know  
that you're into them,  
but make sure  
you don't text last.

Yeah, no, that's easy  
for you guys.  
I have to walk up to a guy,  
and wonder like,  
oh am I gonna  
get punched in the face?  
And you guys can just walk  
up to any girl you want.  
Yeah, but then we  
have to hang out with girls.  
Just once, I'd like to go out  
to a nice dinner and a movie  
and not have to hold in  
a fart the whole time.  
You fart around Michelle  
all the time.  
Well it took two years of farting in  
a tupperware to get to that point.  
So gross.  
Ortu's right, man.  
As a gay man, you have  
the ultimate advantage.  
You're a fucking dude.  
It's easy to get another guy  
'cause you know exactly  
what dudes like to do.  
Yeah.  
Yeah. Right?  
Go with your instincts.  
What do guys do again?  
You got that love  
that rises like the sun  
raise it up,  
raise it up, raise it up  
you got a diamond  
in the rough  
and I can't  
get enough  
raise it up,  
raise it up, raise it up  
I wanna make  
you go wild  
and watch you glow  
in the light



you feed that something  
inside of me  
the devil sent me away  
to break you  
out of your cage  
I'll get you higher  
than you'll ever be  
yeah

I was under the ground  
when you turned  
it around  
raise it up,  
raise it up, raise it up  
and I'm counting on you  
to carry me through  
raise it up,  
raise it up, raise it up  
and I am living  
my dream

watching you move  
till you scream  
god only knows  
what you do to me  
- It's a nice place.  
- Yeah, yeah.  
It's good.

So, uh, your tinder profile  
said that "SCARFACE"  
is your favorite movie?  
Yeah. Yeah, it's one  
of my favorites.

Fucking right on, bro.  
I hate these queers  
who think that being gay  
is an excuse to have no balls.  
I'm gay, but I love  
"scar face."

- Yeah.  
- No.  
I fucking live it.  
This was a terrible idea.  
I mean, don't you feel it?  
Everyone is staring at us.  
Uh, I don't see

anybody staring at us.  
Just take a picture,  
why don't ya?  
It's like she's never seen  
two guys share a meal together.  
It's like, sharing a meal.  
- Tony would've hated this place.  
- I'm sorry, who?  
Tony, my ex-boyfriend.  
Oh.  
So dark, and so mysterious.  
Yet, still real.  
I don't even know  
why we broke up.  
Can't imagine why.  
"Say hello  
to my little friend."  
You like that?  
You think you're so tough?  
Oh, she's looking  
at me over there.  
- Yeah.  
- She doesn't like that one.  
I... no, no, no, no. Sorry.  
Nothing against you.  
We're just doing "SCARFACE."  
First date over here.  
You want one  
of my French fries, bro?  
It's just like a little phase  
that I'm going through.  
I do a lot of girls too.  
- Yeah...  
- so...  
you look like you would.  
Thanks.  
He had the most fantastic cock.  
Well he did.  
It was this big.  
I don't really know  
what I'm gonna get.  
I'm probably just gonna  
get a beer.  
Yeah, so many choices.

I think me too.

Uh, so your profile says  
you're into gardening.

Yeah.

Yeah, it's just something  
I used to do with my mom.

I should probably know  
what these are,  
but I have no clue.

I definitely don't.

You know,

I always wanted to try that  
but everyone says  
it's for old people.

- Yeah, I don't know why everyone says that.

- Yeah, I don't get it.

Yeah I mean, I'm 24, but I  
don't have to wait until I retire  
to get fresh  
vine ripened tomatoes.

You know?

I want them now.

You wanna get nachos?

Uh, yeah.

I'd love some.

Two nacho

platters on a first date.

What were you thinking?

First nice guy I meet,  
and I almost make him pass out.

Fuck that arrogant prick, man.

He's not nice.

If you can't enjoy the smell  
of another man's farts,  
then you don't want  
to know that man.

It's not that big of a deal.

It's just my parents,  
they, uh...

They smelled it too?

Wait, they were there?

No, my parents invited me  
over to dinner tonight.

Oh, wow.

Well, that's awesome man.

What's Karen making?

Maybe I'll stop by.

I'm gonna tell them.

- Oh.

- What?

Well, good luck with that.

I'm sure they're  
gonna understand.

Maybe you guys could come.

- Uh... this was tonight?

- Yeah.

No, tonight I'm doing a...

Michelle and I have groupon.

I... I would...

Yeah, I would come over,  
but, you know, I'd probably...

Just say something stupid  
and make it way worse.

Yeah.

What about you, Chris?

My parents love you.

Maybe, you know,  
like, make it easier.

- Of course, man.

- Okay.

So Adam, how are things?

Mom, I'm gay.

I'm sorry man, can I  
just be your dad again?

No, I need to be ready  
for anything.

And don't be afraid  
to be mean, I can handle it.

That's why I have  
these note cards.

Meaner, okay.

- Yeah.

- Got it.

Mom, I'm gay.

What? That's disgusting.

How could you do this to me  
after I brought you  
into this world?

Anderson Cooper.  
I'm a terrible mother.  
Um... Ricky Martin.  
I'm a terrible mother.  
Neil Patrick Harris.  
Neil Patrick Harris.  
What? Are your notes just  
a list of famous gay dudes?  
No, I have lesbians too.  
Okay. Forget the list, dude.  
Just be honest.  
What's the worst  
that could happen?  
My mom has a heart attack  
and my dad freaks out  
'cause I'm never gonna  
give him grandkids.  
Jesus, man.  
You're gay.  
Not sterile.  
And your dad collects  
antique clocks,  
he'll understand.  
Yeah.  
Yeah.  
Sorry to keep everybody waiting.  
For your cooking, Karen,  
I would wait all night  
if I had to.  
- Chris.  
- I'll tell you, this salad is incredible.  
How is everything?  
You still dating Jessica?  
Yeah... sometimes.  
- Okay.  
- Mm-hmm.  
What about you, Adam? When am  
I gonna see you with a nice girl?  
Gee mom, I don't know.  
- Lindsay has a boyfriend. Did she tell you?  
- No.  
- Actually mom, we broke up last week.  
- Good.  
He's been trying to Snapchat me

nonstop since.

I hate Snapchat.

If he gives you any trouble,  
let me know, okay?

Adam and I will take care of it.

Yeah.

Chris, do you think Jessica  
has someone for our Adam?

You know what? You may be  
on to something there, Karen.

What about Dorothy Cuba'?

Didn't you two have a thing?

Uh, yeah. We went

to junior prom,

like six years ago.

- You two were so cute together.

- You were.

Did I tell you that I ran  
into her mother

- at the grocery store the other day?

- Nope.

Yeah, and she told me  
that Dorothy is back in town,  
and she's single, you know.

Great. So...

So...

Make yourself available.

It feels like forever since  
you broke up with Courtney.

It's time to move on.

Get yourself back out there.

Yep. You're right.

And, uh, actually, I...

I have have been.

It's true. He's actually been  
going on a lot of dates lately.

Meeting some interesting people.

Yep.

Anything serious?

Uhh, no.

I don't wanna sound like one  
of those crazy old mothers  
that does nothing but hound  
her son for grandkids.

It would just be nice  
to see you with someone.  
And what if I never  
meet somebody?  
You will. You're gonna  
meet a great girl.  
- Sooner than you think.  
- No, I'm not.  
Because...  
I...  
I...  
Elton John.  
What's rocket man  
have to do with anything?  
So you're going  
on a double date?  
Yeah. I think  
Adam's excited about it.  
Yes.  
Aw. Hey, why didn't you  
ever set me up  
with any of Jess's hot friends?  
You banged two and then  
never called them again.  
Okay, they never called  
me either so...  
What... what am  
I supposed to do?  
Oh. One second, boys.  
I'll get it.  
Hey Martha.  
Hello, Chris.  
Just dropping this off for Adam.  
Could you see that he gets it  
before it's too late  
in the eyes of god?  
Yeah. Yeah, of course.  
Thank you.  
Ortu, I hope you're hungry.  
Oh fuck. Free cake.  
Oh.  
What the hell is camp leviticus?  
I think it's one of those  
conversion camps for gay dudes.

If you wanna make  
a gay dude straight,  
you gotta show a little  
more cleavage on that cake.  
Actually, according to  
an article I was reading,  
the apa has no proof that a  
change in sexual orientation  
is even possible.  
Hey man, sorry.  
We kinda outed you to her.  
Oh, I don't care.  
She thinks we're all gay.  
Wait a minute.  
You have a date tonight,  
and you're wearing  
those pants with those shoes?  
And that loose shirt?  
You can't even see your abs.  
So I tell the curator,  
you see the name on the wall?  
This is my gallery.  
If I want to submit a 15x8,  
I'm gonna submit a 15x8.  
And that shut him up...  
So fast.  
I bet it did.  
Uh, what do you paint exactly?  
Mostly abstract post-modern  
deconstructionalism,  
peppered with neoclassical  
ideologies.  
Wow, that's a lot.  
So Jess tells me  
you're a mechanic.  
Yeah. Yeah,  
I do mostly everything.  
Small repairs,  
tune-ups.  
- Great mechanic.  
- Than ks, man.  
God, how do you do it?  
You're going through life  
everyday, never creating art.



I couldn't imagine.  
Yeah. Yeah, I know  
exactly what you mean.  
You know,  
I actually sketch everyday.  
I just don't have  
the talent that you have.  
We should check out my gallery  
sometime. Maybe I can inspire you.  
After you have to go to  
this GORDITOS place,  
and across the street  
is this fabulous boutique.  
I'd take some of my other  
girlfriends there,  
but they don't have  
the body for the place.

- Oh.

- I said it.

- Oh, stop.

- I just said it.

- You said it.

- There it goes.

You just said it.

I gotta take you  
to taco bell sometime,  
they've got  
this fabulous new gordita.

Oh, really? Wow.

- Do I have the body for it?

- You do.

- Oh, thank you.

- You just said it.

- I said it.

- You said it.

Marc do you wanna come  
outside and smoke with me?

I wanna hear all about  
this boutique.

Oh, usually I'd say no,  
but two MARGS  
and I start smoking  
like a little hot tamale.

Oh. Wow.

He seems...

- Non-threatening...

- I hate him.

Okay.

Oh, Adam.

Nice to see you here.

Is this the reason  
you're not texting me back?

Uhh... no.

No, it's not what it looks like.

Oh no, we're not dating.

- Oh, I'm sorry.

- Yeah.

Sometimes I fly off the handle.

Sorry about that.

- We're engaged.

- What?

Right, Chris?

Oh, this is Brad.

Brad, remember I was  
telling you about him.

- Oh honey duder, this is BRADSTAR?

- Yeah. Mm-hmm.

BRADSTAR,

it is a pleasure to meet you.

No, I'm not gonna  
shake your hand.

I could've given you everything,  
you know that right?

You toss me aside  
for nothing but a gigolo.

- Whoa, whoa...

- A pretty face.

He's not a gigolo.

He's awesome.

He's my best friend.

What's going on here?

Who the hell are you?

Marc Peters, Adam's date.

Uh, yeah.

Okay, I see.

So, apparently  
I'm the only guy here  
who you're not fucking,

is that right?

Why didn't you tell me  
you're into group stuff, silly?

- Well...

- Right?

We could go down  
to my basement, all of us.

- It'd be fun.

- Ooh.

- A group thing.

- Yeah.

Think about it,  
text me later, okay?

Okay.

Well, I should have  
seen it before,  
it's so obvious,  
with your perfect hair,  
and those,  
"look at my crotch," jeans.  
Mm, and you should see him dance  
when he gets two MARGS in him.

Right?

They're not...

Fine, call it bisexual. If  
it helps you sleep at night.

Okay. Okay,

this is enough.

I don't know what's  
going on, Chris.

Tell Marc that you and Adam  
haven't slept together.

Yeah, tell him.

Well... I guess we didn't do  
a whole lot of sleeping.

No, we definitely did not.

Well, maybe like  
a little bit, like...

- Naps

- like in between.

Yeah, but mostly it was  
just going at it.

Marc, you have  
no idea how good it is.

I mean, I hate even talking about it over dinner.

- But...

- Yeah, don't brag.

I would die if I couldn't create fabulous multiple orgasms with you every night.

Oh, that means the world to me.

Oh, thanks for the invite, Jess. But I can tell when I'm not wanted.

What? Really?

My boy e-Zach is DJING at the "UNSH-UNSH" bar tonight and I was gonna get going anyway.

- Oh, it was really nice to meet you.

- Yeah.

Kiss, kiss.

Ew, ew.

Great headband.

- Ew.

- Ew, ew, ew.

- Kiss kiss.

- What kind of gay are you?

You are hating on your own kind.

Yeah, I don't hate him because he's gay.

- No, he hates him 'cause he sucks balls.

- Yeah.

Oh, you are such an asshole.

I'm an asshole?

You're an asshole for making us hang out with this guy.

What made you think Adam would ever like that prick?

Well, Adam's gay.

And he's gay.

So what else is there?

Uh, attraction, mutual interests...

Not being a giant, raging douchebag.

Oh, that's on your list too?

Well, since you two

have so much in common,  
why don't you fuck him tonight?  
Because we're over.  
Whoa, okay, Jess.  
We're kidding.  
Fuck.  
I'll be right back.  
Ahh.  
Hold on. Hold on.  
Hold on.  
I'm sorry, okay?  
We're kidding.  
We're just joking around.  
Mm, maybe you are.  
But Adam's not.  
You know, you probably  
shouldn't joke around.  
You're only screwing  
with his head.  
What are you talking about?  
Chris, I told you  
this would happen.  
Adam likes you.  
Adam does not like me.  
I know what I'm talking about.  
I'm a girl,  
I notice these things.  
Adam didn't  
even give Marc a chance.  
He barely even looked at him  
because he was too busy  
staring at you all night.  
No, it's because looking at Marc  
makes you want to murder someone.  
Mm. Okay. Okay, fine.  
Don't believe me.  
But when you wake up  
one morning,  
tied to your bed with  
Adam's tongue in your ass,  
don't come crying back to me.  
Hey, man.  
There you are.  
You wanna get gay?

What?

I got some two shots.

You want one?

Yeah.

Yeah, sure.

- Cheers, man.

- Cheers, dude.

- Oh.

- Ah.

God, it does not get any easier.

No, but can we have two more?

Boo.

Ahh.

You should do it.

- No.

- Yep.

- No.

- Yeah.

- No.

- You should do it, you should call her.

Abso-frickin-lutely not.

- No, seriously. You should call her.

- Never again, man.

I don't care how hot she is,

or how good

of blow jays she gives...

- No.

- She's a crazy bitch.

I'm not talking about Jess,

I'm talking about Tracy.

Oh. No, man.

I already blew that one.

If I call her now, I'm

just gonna look desperate.

Besides man, girls like her

do not go for guys like me.

Girls like what?

You talk about her

like she's perfect.

You don't even know her.

Oh, I know her.

I know her.

I know that she's got

enough balls

to wear a Fanny pack to a bar.  
She's cool enough  
to like MOJITOS,  
and "Ghostbusters."  
She's funny, smart...  
Aww, man.  
Now you sound like the gay one.  
Fuck you.  
Okay. Just fucking  
call her, dude.  
Hey, Tracy.  
It's, um...  
It's Chris.  
All right.  
Hey Tracy, uh, it's Chris...  
Um...  
- Hey.  
- Hey...  
I'm not here right now,  
so just leave me a message,  
and I'll call you right back.  
Um...  
I'm just calling...  
To make sure  
that you...  
You didn't...  
No one, no one bother, um...  
Uh, that everything  
worked out just fine...  
That even...  
Um, just calling  
to wish you a happy day.  
- - Anyways...  
Cute voicemail.  
Uh, it's Chris. Bye.  
Here you go, dude.  
Nothing cures a hangover  
like a hit of DOOBER.  
Thanks.  
What'd you guys do  
last night anyway?  
Went on a double date  
with Chris.  
- Gay.

- Really?  
Yeah, I mean, think about  
what can you not do  
on a double date?  
You can't get your fuck on.  
Am I right?  
Did you fuck her?  
You didn't fuck her.  
- Did you fuck her?  
- No. No.  
- You dirty dog.  
- Did not fuck her.  
See that's what I'm saying.  
- - See, next time,  
bring her to your house. All right?  
So it's just the two of you.  
Rent a horror movie,  
clean the bathroom,  
put some candles out, man.  
They appreciate that stuff.  
- Put a tie on...  
- Hello?  
You know what I mean'? Also  
get the lube going before she-  
hey, got any visine?  
Why? Ryan's not  
coming back?  
Uh, yeah. No, I just...  
It's a customer.  
I don't wanna look  
unprofessional.  
But then I'm telling you,  
ten minutes...  
- You got any gum?  
- Your shorts are gonna be off.  
Gum? How hot  
is this girl, man?  
You know what,  
never mind. Forget it.  
Hey...  
- How's it going?  
- Good. Can I help you with something?  
Yeah, I think something's  
wrong with my car.



It's been overheating a lot  
and sometimes it just  
shuts off completely.

Ah, yeah. Sounds like  
it could be your radiator.

Let's just pop it open.

Eh...

- Pop this.

- I can get it.

It's sometimes a little tricky.

Oh. Sorry.

Oh, no. By all means.

Okay.

- Oh.

- I'll get that.

- Thanks.

- No problem.

You know what,  
it could be your DC inverter.

Really?

Uh, yeah.

What's a DC converter?

It's an inverter.

It's this.

It's what...

Makes your car work.

Oh yeah, they have arrived.

The official invites  
to papa Ortu's fourth  
of July barbeque bash.

See you there,  
and see you there.

And you better RSVP this time.

Fuck that, you know I'm going.

Why do I need to RSVP?

'Cause my dad's sick and tired  
of running out of ribs.

If you don't RSVP,  
you don't get any ribs.

Whoa, slow down, tiger.

What's up with you?

I think I met someone.

Seriously?

Who?

Well, I don't know  
his name exactly,  
but we had a moment.  
A moment? Like where  
was this, in a truck stop?  
No. How do you know so much  
about gay things?  
No. He... I don't  
even know if he's gay.  
Don't you have gaydar?  
Well, kind of.  
If you had gaydar, you'd know  
that Nick loves the cock.  
So what did this gentleman's  
pants look like?  
- Could you see his ankles?  
- Uh...  
Was he, like, wearing  
a tank top?  
Were his nipples pierced?  
Yeah, what about his underwear,  
did it have a brightly  
colored elastic band?  
Super jacked?  
He was a normal gay,  
with like earth-tone colors.  
Full length pants.  
No nipple piercings.  
I couldn't really see  
his underwear,  
but it was probably  
And he had muscles,  
but not, like, too muscley.  
He was probably,  
he was like a normal dude.  
Ooh.  
Uh...  
Oh. How did  
he eat a banana?  
How would you eat a banana?  
Like put the whole thing in  
and pull out just the peel.  
Okay, then that's  
exactly... I don't know.

- He was just...

- Guys, guys.

Guys, it says... it says  
that people in north Korea  
aren't even allowed  
to eat bananas.  
They don't know what...  
They don't know they exist.  
I did not know that. Wow.

**Okay, look. All:**

is that this guy,  
he was super friendly.  
And at some point we like had  
eye contact for two seconds.  
Two seconds?  
That's nothing.  
That's just like being  
a polite gentleman.  
Like look...  
See. I'm not gay.

- That's not two seconds.

- You wanna do two seconds?

- Two seconds.

- Here we go.

One Mississippi.

Two Mississippi.

I can't do it.

- He's so gay.

- Oh wow. Weird tickle.

See, I... so, he's gay?

He's gay.

I think you're in luck.

He's super gay, man.

All right. Cool.

I met someone.

Are you wearing Cologne, dude?

Yeah, it's to hide  
the pot smell.

Did you smoke pot today  
without me?

Are you... is this what  
these bananas are for?

Who do you think

drives this car?

Um...

I don't know,  
it's a hybrid, dude.

It's got a "save the whales"  
bumper sticker.

Probably some  
gay-ass hippy.

- Really? You think so?

- Oh yeah.

Adam. Triple-a  
just called.

Some girl locked her keys  
in the car over in hillside.

Black wrangler.

I need you to go now.

- Oh.

- Ron, I'll do it man.

Did she sound 'i8 on the phone?

Why so you can get  
stoned for two hours  
and jerk off

in the Wendy's bathroom?

Once. Hey,  
that one time.

Yeah, it's all it takes.

Here. Better get  
over there, Adam.

- Oh I was... -I need you right now.

Let's go.

Um... 'Kay.

You're all set.

Thanks for coming in.

Than ks again, thank you.

Oh, hey. Hey.

- Hi.

+ll.

Is there something wrong  
with the car still?

No.

You just, um...

You forgot your chapstick.

Oh.

Did you take this

from my glove box?

No.

Okay. Yeah, I did.

But I was just...

It was an accident.

I didn't use it or anything.

I just smelled it.

Oh...

Okay.

Thanks.

I'm gonna go here.

Me too.

See ya.

I smelled it?

Oh, you fucking idiot.

I smelled it?

Adam, what' d you smell, dude?

Was it that girl?

Was she here?

Oh, I bet her titties

were out today,

it's so hot out.

Did you see them?

Were they big?

Pleasant? Normal?

Medium size?

I don't know titties.

I'm gay.

- Hey.

- Hey, man.

Wash your hands

and put on a clean shirt.

What for?

Oh shoot, they're early.

Who's early?

Adam, why don't you put on one

of your father's shirts?

- Chris, do you mind answering the door, please?

- Whatever you say, Karen.

Why do I have to change?

Your mom invited Dorothy CUDA and

her mother over for dinner tonight.

What? Why?

Why did you do that?

Relax.  
Don't be nervous.  
Dorothy likes you.  
Her mother told me so.  
Yeah, well what if  
I don't like Dorothy CUDA?  
How could you not  
like Dorothy CUDA?  
Uh, well, there's  
a lot of reasons why  
I couldn't like Dorothy CUDA.  
Welcome, welcome.  
Father O'Malley. Martha.  
What are you doing here?  
What are you doing  
out of bed, Adam?  
What?  
Now, I'm not here to impose.  
I know this is a difficult time.  
So enjoy your last meal  
with your family.  
I can give last rites  
afterwards.  
Last rites? Why would  
you give my son last rites?  
He's about to die.  
Isn't he?  
- What?  
- No.  
I'm... I'm sorry, father  
but it's worse than death.  
It's a matter  
of eternal damnation.  
Adam, what on earth  
is she talking about?  
I'm gay, mom.  
That is not funny.  
Do not joke like that  
in front of father O'Malley.  
I'm serious.  
I'm gay. I'm gay.  
I like guys.  
But...  
What about Dorothy CUDA?

- What about Dorothy...  
- She's on her way.  
I don't understand why  
you don't understand this.  
I'm gay. I'm gay.  
Like... like...  
Mmm.  
So stop forcing  
Dorothy CUDA on me.  
Adam,  
I was eating that.  
Oh, seriously? You're upset  
about a frickin' sausage?  
Oh, come on.  
No, dude.  
The night is set.  
We're going to Duffy's.  
What about Adam?  
We will be there  
for him... at Duffy's.  
Come on guys.  
How many strip clubs  
have we dragged Adam to?  
Okay, that's irrelevant.  
How many dollars has he shoved  
down skanky Russian  
breasts for you?  
And how many times has he  
fixed your piece of shit car?  
- My car is not a piece of shit.  
- It's a piece of shit.  
When Adam came out, I told him,  
I promised him that  
nothing was gonna change.  
I think we've been pretty  
fucking cool about that.  
We've done a descent job,  
but it's not good enough.  
Things should change.  
He needs this, boys.  
He needs us.  
So where we going?  
Oh, you're serious...  
You're not gonna tell me?

Okay.  
All right.  
Are we really gonna...  
Seriously?  
Remember, don't make  
eye contact with anyone.  
Never leave each other's sight.  
No matter what.  
Wait for us.  
Can we get four buds?  
Uh, actually, can you make  
those vodka sodas?  
We're in a gay bar.  
Vodka sodas it is.  
There's actually  
some girls here.  
We didn't come  
all the way downtown  
for you to be looking at girls.  
Yeah, man. You better  
get at least eight dudes'  
phone numbers tonight,  
and they better  
be fucking adorable.  
- Cheers.  
- Cheers.  
First time  
in a... okay. Nice.  
Act like you've  
been there before, boys.  
Uh, should we dance?  
Um, no. I'm good.  
Aw man, how are you going  
to meet anybody  
with your back  
up against the bar?  
Let's go.  
I'll hold down. Make  
sure no one roofies us.  
So much for sticking together.  
Come on, baby.  
Bring your "a" game.  
It's weird.  
- Like?



- Relax.

Feel the groove, man.

There we go.

Yeah? Okay.

- You look hot.

- All right, thanks.

You look really, really good.

- Shake your dick, let's go.

- All right.

Show him how it's done, man.

Show him how it's done.

Whoa.

There you go.

Shot, please.

Wait for me, guys.

- Adam?

- Hi, what are you doing here?

- Hi.

- Are you-wait one second.

Um, Chris.

- Hey.

- What are you doing here?

I'm here with my brother  
and his boyfriend.

And they' re really hitting  
it off with your friend.

They sure are.

Look, the voicemail  
that I left you...

- What?

- The voicemail I left the other night.

I'm sorry, I don't know what...

It's fine.

Don't worry about it.

Let's just dance.

Okay.

So that's the last time

I order a hotdog in a gay bar.

So how was your guys'  
fist time in a gay bar?

I was just dancing.

That is all.

Honestly, I thought  
it'd be a lot gayer.

I'm kinda disappointed.

It was good.

It was really good.

It was good.

So how'd you two meet?

Actually we worked at the same office for years.

I was already out to everyone there, Steve wasn't.

So things developed rather slowly.

Eight months of asking to borrow his hole-puncher, I thought he'd get the hint.

So there's just one thing that I still can't wrap my head around...

How does a gay man let his sister walk out in public with a Fanny pack on?

What?

- A lot of testosterone.

- Nice.

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry, Tracy.

I can do better, trust me.

Wait, what did you call me?

- Tracy.

- Who's Tracy?

Hmm?

Who isn't Tracy?

Okay, I'm kidding.

I'm kidding.

Trainy, Tracy, Trainy.

Just doesn't...

It's so funny.

Trainy? You think that my name is Trainy?

He's kidding.

He does... he does that.

Like calls

people "Trainy."

- Hey Trainy.

- He called me train for five years.

He called me Trainy  
tranny when I came out.  
- He's a train guy.  
- Yeah.  
Wait, so what is my name?  
Could we have the check?  
I love this part.  
Yeah, me too.  
That guy's as ugly as you.  
Hey, shut up.  
Tricia.  
Maybe it's tricia.  
Maybe.  
Should I text her that?  
No, it's like 4am.  
Uh, yeah.  
You're right.  
Only bad things can happen.  
You get any dudes'  
numbers tonight?  
- No.  
- What?  
I was too busy dancing  
with you guys.  
Oh my god.  
We were totally  
cockblocking you.  
Yeah, it's okay.  
I had a really fun time.  
Yeah, me too.  
Me too.  
The fuck, man?  
I thought you were...  
Oh man, I'm sorry.  
- I should go.  
- No man, don't go.  
I'm sorry, I was...  
I'm drunk.  
I thought... you don't...  
Uh, Chris?  
What's happening?  
Just give me a minute.  
What's wrong with it?  
Nothing's wrong with it.

Just stop talking,  
- you're making it worse.  
- I'm sorry.  
I've just never been  
with a man who...  
A man who what?  
I'm a little drunk.  
Just...  
Ahem...  
Maybe if we put it  
in your mouth...  
No, it's not  
your fucking birthday.  
Just suck on it.  
- Why don't you have Adam suck it?  
Jesus.  
Fuck you.  
Wha...  
I was just joking.  
- Why are you so mad?  
- I'm not mad.  
Wait. He didn't,  
did he?  
No, he didn't.  
Did Adam suck your cock?  
No he didn't fucking  
suck my dick.  
Jesus Christ.  
- And you liked it, didn't you?  
No, just stop talking about it.  
How 'bout that?  
Fine.  
You have one new voice message.  
First voice message.  
Hey Chris, it's me.  
I can't believe that happened.  
I'm so fucking sorry,  
I'm an idiot.  
I'm... I was drunk.  
And I just...  
I don't know what I thought  
but can you just  
call me back, please?  
Message deleted.

Hey man, where the fuck are you?

We're playing

flag football at four.

Uh, yeah, I don't know, man.

Is Chris gonna be there?

What? What's going

on with you two?

He asked me the same thing?

Well, what'd you say?

I said, "yeah. Our undefeated  
season is on the line."

Yeah. Yeah,

I'll totally...

Yeah, man.

Okay. See you then.

You made a career

of composure

she needs you to steer,

she's hungover

he needs you to hear

listen closer

it's time

to come down

mm

and all the things

you've accomplished

they cover the length

of your office

where I am the wall,

worn out worthless

I lean on the ground

Victor

you are not

who you said you were

you said you were

when we met

mm

winner

you are losing

your loved ones

oh, your loved ones

chip by chip,

bet by bet

- I'm really glad you called.

- Yeah.

What are you doing  
for the fourth of July?  
'Cause you should come over.

My wife makes the most  
amazing potato salad.  
And I could totally sneak  
some down to you  
after the fireworks.

Oh... I don't know. I think  
I'm gonna go to a party.

Okay, really? 'Cause you  
don't sound so sure.

Yeah, it's just...

I usually go with Chris,  
my ex-fiancee.

But I don't know.

I don't think he wants me there.

Okay.

What, does he own you?

- He owns you?

- No.

Who cares what he thinks.

I do.

So you've still got it real bad  
for this guy, don't you?

He must really know  
how to get you off good.

No, man. Why? No. Not  
everything's about sex.

Okay, then what's it about?

I miss him.

Does he know how you feel?

'Cause you gotta communicate.

Communication is the key to  
any healthy relationship  
oh really?

And how would you know?

How would I know? I've been  
happily married for 17 years.

That's how I'd know.

What do you say

we go in the bathroom  
and suck each other off?

It smells really good in here.  
What did you guys  
have for dinner?  
Is that what you came over

**at 10:**

to talk about?  
I'm really sorry  
if you're ashamed of me.  
Is that what you think?  
We're ashamed of you?  
I'm not ashamed of you.  
I'm pissed off.  
You kept a whole part  
of your life from us.  
How long have you known?  
I don't know, like...  
- Like ten years.  
- Ten years?  
Oh my god.  
I should've known.  
A mother should  
know these things.  
I didn't even know.  
I just...  
I just knew  
that I felt different.  
And I didn't know  
why boobs were so cool.  
You still could've told me.  
I wanted to, but I just...  
You always mentioned  
girlfriends.  
I thought you were shy.  
I am.  
I'm gay.  
And I'm shy.  
Well, I don't care.  
I don't care  
if you're the gayest,  
shyest kid in all of America.  
You're my son.  
And I love you.  
I love you too.

Just don't ever do that  
to one of my sausages again.  
Okay.  
Honey, is there anything  
you want to add?  
I'll get the iced tea.  
I... heard the Ortu's are  
getting the good fireworks  
this year.  
Shipped all the way from China.  
Yeah. I don't think  
I'm gonna go.  
Did you forget to rsvp?  
'Cause you know you can't get  
the good ribs unless you rsvp.  
Yeah, that's what I hear.  
I screwed up.  
I screwed up big time, dad.  
Just keep being yourself.  
And if you get hungry tomorrow,  
you can have some of my ribs.  
Okay?  
Yeah.  
Let's go, Chris.  
Our reservation  
is in less than 30 minutes.  
Okay, 30 minutes is plenty of  
time to get to cheesecake factory.  
Adam.  
Hey.  
Dorothy CUDA.  
Wow. You look great.  
- Thank you.  
- How are you?  
- Really good.  
- Good.  
Yeah. How are you?  
Good. I'm good.  
I'm gay now. In case my  
mom didn't tell everybody.  
She did.  
I... I heard.  
- I'm sure.  
- Yeah.



Is it true,  
you shoved a sausage  
down your...  
Yep. Yep.  
- Yeah?  
- I did that.  
Happens to everybody.  
Right?  
Does it?  
Do you wanna go to the party?  
Yeah. Yeah.  
Let's do it.  
I've got some things  
I'm working on  
doing my best  
but freaking out  
should I even  
keep trying  
Okay, I'll see ya.  
Am I the only one  
that feels  
the world is stepping  
on my heels  
Dude, did you really just do a  
casual slow-mo walk up in here  
with Dorothy cu da?  
Are you straight now?  
No. Definitely,  
definitely still gay.  
Thank god. So you're gonna put  
in a good word for me, right?  
Oh, she's way out  
of your league, Nick.  
What do you know,  
you're with that idiot.  
Yeah. Happy fourth  
of July, dipshits.  
Welcome to the Ortu's'.  
Baby, you like my outfit?  
You're so sexy.  
Just like a burly  
Benjamin Franklin.  
Oh, did you guys know Benjamin  
Franklin died of syphilis?

Fact. He did.  
Hey, well worth the risk.  
So do you guys know  
where Chris is?  
Mm. I texted earlier, but  
he's being flaky as shit, so...  
Uh, yeah. I haven't talked  
to him for a while,  
but I'm sure he's gonna show up.  
What's going on  
with you two guys?  
Dude, it's  
freakin' Jess. Okay?  
She's got him by the balls.  
Power of the pussy.  
You have no idea  
how dangerous it could be.  
Have you guys  
fucking read MacBeth?  
Can you please  
turn the radio down?  
I can't even think.  
Is that a prius  
with two kayaks on it?  
Who the fuck cares?  
And a "save the whales"  
bumper sticker.  
What are you doing?  
The cheesecake factory is on  
the other side of the mall.  
Do me a favor,  
hand me that hockey stick.  
Huh. I am not walking  
all the way over there.  
Chris, I am sick  
of your bullshit.  
Get back  
in the car, limp-dick.  
We're going to be late.  
Jessica, I think  
we should break up.  
Forever.  
Sorry about this.  
Maybe not.

All right.

Hey, is she looking?

No, man.

Fuck you, man.

Aw, fuck.

Hey. I'm sorry  
about the other day.

- The sausage thing.

- Oh, it's okay.

Cookie?

- Go ahead, take two.

- Okay.

Today we're all  
on the same side.

- Whose, god's?

- Oh, no.

Don't be silly.

America's.

Do you think your gay lovers  
would want some cookies?

What did you call us?

Oh, is that chocolate chip?

Ooh, oatmeal raisin.

The vegetable of cookies.

- Here you go, man.

- Thank you very much.

Attention.

Attention everyone.

I've got an announcement.

Are the ribs ready?

No father O'Malley,  
they're not ready yet.

I promise you won't  
miss out this year. Okay?

If we could just get the music  
turned down a little bit,

I just want to say something.

Guys?

You guys know  
what that means, right?

What's up, Chris?

- Hey.

- Hey beautiful.

How are you?

What am I fucking wood here?  
Hey, man.  
You came.  
Yeah, well, I RSVP'D, so...  
Where's Jess?  
Ah, we broke up.  
What does that mean? You're  
not gonna fuck her anymore?  
I don't think I could  
fuck her if I wanted to.  
That's awesome, man. You can  
do way bet-fer than Jess.  
What's that supposed to mean?  
You guys weren't  
right for each other.  
You didn't even like her.  
How do you know how I feel?  
You don't know shit.  
Don't talk to me like that.  
You said you hated her.  
You told me you were straight  
our whole fucking lives  
- and then you tried to make out with me.  
- What? When did that happen?  
No, I thought you were  
trying to kiss me...  
- Man, fucking get over it.  
- Get over it?  
I was sad and desperate, I  
would've tried it with anybody.  
I'm not anybody, dude.  
I'm your best fucking friend.  
- Hey. Hey. Hey.  
- I'm so sorry  
- that my being gay inconvenienced you.  
- Hey, guys...  
Why didn't you tell me  
you were gay  
20 fucking years ago?  
I was three.  
Jesus, come on.  
The ribs are ready.  
Dad, terrible timing, okay.  
I'm sorry.

Look, guys. Cheer the fuck up.

It's fourth of July.

We're here gathered today to  
celebrate our country's independence.

Red, white and blue.

Ribs, beer, friends,  
family, whatever.

But the most important thing  
to me right now is that

I don't wanna be  
independent anymore.

Michelle Valentino,  
can we stop fucking around,  
and make me the  
luckiest man that ever lived?

Will you marry me?

- Yes.

- Good answer.

Do I know what I'm doing?

I don't know.

Ahh.

You're gonna be an Ortu.

Congratulations.

Dad, please put the ribs down.

Holy shit.

Did that just happen?

Yeah.

Jesus, man. How long have  
we not been hanging out?

I don't know, man.

A really fucking long time.

Hey. Happy fourth of July.

What are you doing here?

Um, Adam invited me actually.

Surprise.

Sorry, I don't think you  
guys have been introduced.

Chris. This is Rachel.

Rachel. This is Chris.

It's nice to meet you, Rachel.

We're getting married!

Are you gonna be okay?

That must have come  
as quite a shock to you.

You two looked  
so happy together.  
Seriously.  
This is gonna change everything.  
Hey guys.  
What's going on?  
Did we miss anything?  
Oh, don't worry, Karen.  
The party's  
just getting started.  
May I have this dance, mom?  
- What do you say, Rachel'?'  
- What just 'cause you know my name now,  
you think I'm gonna  
dance with you?  
Well, it is dance party.  
Okay, we'll see what you got.  
Hey, Nick.  
Do you wanna dance?  
Yes.  
So, Adam. When are we  
gonna see you with a nice boy?  
I don't know, mom.  
And told me apart  
so I could begin  
ooh, ooh  
I'm on my way  
I'm on my way  
ooh, ooh  
I'm on my way  
I'm on my way  
I see it, I feel it  
I'm going,  
I'm on my way  
there was a scum  
brushing my skin  
you told me apart  
so I could begin  
ooh, ooh  
I'm on my way  
I'm on my way  
I see it, I feel it  
I'm going,  
I'm on my way

I can't believe we burned  
through \$89g worth of fireworks  
in 1 2 minutes.

It's money well spent.

Yeah.

Man, I'm really sorry

- about everything.

- No, you don't have to be sorry, man. I'm sorry.

- No, you guys have been really cool about this whole time.

- Adam.

- I was stupid and I didn't even mean to.

- I shouldn't have acted like

- it was such a big deal. -I was

lonely, and if I could take it back,

- I would. But I can't

- it wasn't a big deal.

- It was my fault...

- So, can we just forget that...

How did that feel?

Honestly'?

Like kissing my brother.

- You sure?

- Yeah.

- Dude, it's okay.

- No, I'm...

Listen, I'm sure.

Are we good?

Yeah, man.

We're good.

Good.

Told you he wanted

to fuck me most.

You never listen, Chris.

I guess I never met

a real life gay dude before.

I went to high school with a couple

of guys that used to make out,

but that was just for weed.

And then one time at a party,

they gave each other handy's.

That was just for, um...

Actually, those two guys

might have been gay.

- Yeah, I think they were gay.

- Yeah.

Hey, Ronnie.

I got it.

- Eat your sandwich.

- See that?

- Hey.

- Hey.

Do you remember me?

I came in about a month ago.

Yeah. Definitely

remember you.

Uh, is everything all right?

Yeah. Everything's great.

Actually until somebody  
smacked this off my car.

No way.

Seriously?

Who would do that?

I have no idea.

I mean, you don't  
need it to drive, but...

If you want,

I can put it back on.

It just quiets the exhaust.

It would take a couple minutes.

Yeah.

That'd be great.

Yeah? Okay.

I'm Adam, by the way.

Matt.

Matt. Cool.

Very cool.