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# The Last Straight Man

By Mark Bessenger

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[music playing]

[cheering]

Where's the groom?

What's, your name, honey?

Cooper.

AnYbOdY 90'! a quarter?

Yes, somewhere.

I got some quarters

for ya right here.

Wait.

Wait.

Wait.

Wait.

Wait, I got more.

- Oh, I got more.

I got--

Yes.

Yes, please.

It's raining!

[cheering]

Explain to me Why

housekeeping isn't doing this?

Because they don't

come until morning.

And I'm not sleeping

in this mess.

It's like a junkyard

in June in here.

Damn, it's hotter than

a-- help me out here.

Satan's armpit.

Uh, aluminum sweater.

Pepper spray douche.

Take your pick.

Uh, yeah.

Any of those will work fine.

Thanks.

You're staying here tonight?

I thought you were

crashing at casa de Cooper.

Well let's see.

A tiny couch with your

family snoring nearby,

or a plush, king size bed?  
Not a tough decision.  
Besides, it's paid for.  
And after planning this  
unseeingly exhibition  
of bare boobery, I  
think I'm entitled.  
I bet you are.  
And thanks, by the way.  
I had a good time.  
So tomorrow?  
Lewis, I'm really sorry  
about the best man thing.  
It's OK.  
I mean, we've only been  
buds since junior high,  
and you've known this  
guy, what, a week now?  
OK.  
OK.  
Sorry, sorry, sorry.  
But Belinda asked if her  
brother could be best man.  
What was his name again?  
Tweaky?  
Twitchy?  
Ted.  
I noticed he  
got really excited  
about the pattern  
in the bathroom,  
until he realized it was talc.  
Still, I think  
half of it's gone.  
I know, man, but--  
And hey, the stripper's  
studying to be a therapist.  
We could have done  
an intervention  
while she was picking  
the quarter of your nose  
with her pussy.  
Listen, you.  
She's trying to integrate

him back into the family.  
Using your wedding?  
Yes.  
Did you even tell her who  
you wanted to be best man?  
Well--  
That's what I thought.  
T-minus one day  
and counting until  
complete vaginal submission.  
I promise I will  
make it up to you.  
How?  
Name it.  
You better get off me.  
I don't know.  
You're very comfortable.  
If you don't get off  
me, I'm going to fart.  
And it is not going to be quiet.  
And it is not  
going to be pretty.  
Go ahead.  
Serenade me.  
It's my last night  
as a free man.  
It's kind of late.  
Can I stay here too?  
Uh, don't you want  
to be with Belinda?  
Not for the wedding.  
Bad luck.  
Remember?  
What, what about your tux?  
Ted has it.  
He can pick me up  
in the morning.  
Yeah, if he can get  
here without snorting  
all the carpet freshener  
out of the hallway rugs.  
Why didn't you let the  
stripper give you a lap dance?  
Uh, more beer?

I stopped drinking  
beer two hours ago.  
Tequila shots.  
Oh, hell no.  
You can't be drinking  
beer like a pussy  
when I'm slugging tequila.  
And how exactly does  
a pussy drink beer?  
Glug, glug, glug, slug-  
And you want tequila.  
Pour asshole.  
And?  
YOu?  
Toast rne.  
Demanding little shit.  
Toast me or I'll tell  
your mother the stripper  
made you bowling ball her  
in front of everybody.  
Bowling ball?  
OK.  
OK.  
To Cooper.  
May your hair never  
fall, your dick  
always rise, and your kids never  
call your brother-in-law daddy.  
[laughing]  
But seriously, Coop.  
Be happy-  
And to you, Lewis.  
May you get everything  
that you want.  
Another.  
Another.  
Cooper, no.  
My blood is 90% tequila already.  
It's my bachelor party, Lewis.  
OK, fine.  
But let's just sip these, OK.  
I need to slow down.  
OK.  
Seriously, I'm sorry about

the whole best man thing.  
I call three questions.  
What's that?  
We ask each other  
three questions.  
No subject is off limits.  
Lying is not-  
Lying?  
Lying is not allowed.  
What?  
What are you doing?  
Well, obviously, I've wandered  
into a pre-teen slumber party.  
You're certainly  
dressed for it.  
There is one thing I been  
wanting to ask you since you  
came into town a week ago.  
What?  
OK.  
Question one.  
What is the wildest thing that  
you have ever done sexually?  
Are We really going there?  
I'm about to  
commit myself to one  
woman for the rest of my life.  
I need here some hot, sexy  
shit before I tie a noose  
around my dick and hang myself.  
You first.  
That's against the rules but--  
Too many to think of just one?  
I got it.  
Do you remember in  
high school that day  
in January when  
we got snowed in?  
Yeah, yeah.  
We all had to sleep  
in the gymnasium.  
Yeah, we slept on  
the Wrestling mats.  
Yeah, yeah.

Right, right.

Remember how they  
had everybody just  
mixed up, girls with the boys?  
Everyone was just  
scattered around.

Yeah.

OK, so I wake up in  
the middle of the night,  
and Michelle Berenger is rubbing  
my dick through my jeans.

What?

I look around.

Everybody's asleep,  
even all the teachers.

So I pull the old redwood  
out, and she goes down on me.

Timber!

Holy shit.

She was like a anaconda, man,  
swallowing a bigger anaconda.

That's ballsy of her.

Yeah.

I swear that her jaw unhinged  
right there in the middle  
of 200 sleeping students.

Did you ever see her again?

No.

I found out later she was my  
third cousin or something.

But that was your second  
question, by the way.

So answer mine.

Um, OK.

Remember Tom and  
Linda from college?

Mm hm Yeah, sure.

OK.

One night-- oh my god.

I can't believe I'm  
telling you this.

One night, uh, I was at  
their place for dinner.

And they been

married nine months.  
And Linda breaks out the tarot  
cards to read my fortune.  
And she just says all  
the usual bullshit.  
You know, I'm gonna be  
successful, well liked,  
et cetera.  
Then she says I'm  
going to experience  
a big change in my life.  
She asked if she can read my  
palm to get a better clue.  
So she's tracing with  
her fingers my lifeline,  
my heart line.  
Yeah, Whatever.  
And then, her hand slides  
down past my Wrist, up my arm,  
until it's sliding  
over my shoulder.  
What was Tom doing?  
Watching with a  
big grin on his face.  
And then, we all just  
end up on the floor.  
What happened?  
Did, did you fuck her?  
Uh, yeah.  
Did he?  
We both did.  
We both did.  
Wha--?  
At the same time?  
Details now.  
OK, well Tom and  
I laid on the floor,  
and scooted against each other.  
Then, he put his legs  
over mine and held  
our dicks close together.  
And she, she sat on us.  
Who poked what?  
He went for.



I went aft, if you'll pardon  
the [inaudible] terms.  
Fuck me.  
Where was I?  
I don't know.  
Getting head in the  
middle of a flash mob?  
Are you bullshitting me?  
No.  
Cause when we lie, the  
relationship is over.  
It's all true.  
Damn.  
That is a whale of a tale.  
Shots.  
Shots.  
Another story.  
Something Weirder, wilder.  
Uh, uh, you first.  
In the form of a  
question, please.  
What's something else you've  
clone that's sexually crazy?  
Come on.  
The dog licked my balls once.  
Does that count?  
Ew!  
No!  
Why did you let the  
dog lick your balls?  
Well, I didn't let him.  
He caught me by surprise.  
What were you doing so  
the dog could-- never mind.  
Come on.  
Something else.  
I got nothing.  
Bullshit.  
How do you top a  
blowjob in the middle  
of a 200 person sleepover?  
Everything else  
pales by comparison.  
What about something

with your fiance?

Strictly coloring

inside the lines there.

My turn.

Question two.

What have you done sexually  
that would shock me?

I better not.

What?

No fair.

Why?

I don't want you  
to think badly of me.

I think you're an  
asshole already so spill.

[Sigh]

We're just telling stories here.

I promise, there's nothing you  
could say that will make me  
feel any differently about you.

All right.

The Tom and Linda story, I  
didn't tell you everything.

OK.

So Linda's kissing me.

Tom's getting undressed.

And then, she kissed him.

And then, he, he kissed me.

Tom kissed you?

Yes.

Then, we all just started  
kissing, and making out,  
and fell to the floor.

And then, well, then

I, I sucked his dick.

What was it like?

What?

Question three.

What was it like sucking a dick?

It was good.

Fun.

Easy.

Pussy on a stick.

Look, I'm bisexual.

I've known it for a long time.  
I'm sorry I never told you.  
I just, I didn't know how.  
I have to piss.  
Fucking tequila.  
Put some porn on.  
[moaning]  
Seen it.  
Seen it.  
Are you kidding me with this?  
Yes.  
Ooh, yeah.  
Get that pussy wet, yeah.  
Seen it.  
- (ON TV) Oh.  
- Put something else on.  
This is all the  
straight porn I have.  
Bullshit.  
It is.  
Everything else is  
from my personal stash.  
I don't care.  
Just put something in.  
Now if this is too much  
for you, just say so.  
Just push play, grandma.  
Let's go.  
(QN TV) Oh, yeah.  
[moaning] Oh  
Oh, fuck yeah.  
Oh.  
Oh.  
Oh, yeah.  
[moaning] Oh, yeah.  
I didn't know  
guys could do that.  
(ow TV) Uh huh.  
Gotta piss again.  
[moaning sex sounds]  
(QN TV) Fuck.  
Oh, yeah.  
Tough to piss when  
you got a hard on.

That guys dick is huge!  
So how big are you?  
I don't know.  
I never sized it.  
YU?  
Never sized mine either.  
Too bad I don't  
have a tape measurer.  
You don't have  
a tape measurer?  
Sorry.  
All the times to  
forget my Christian  
Siriano portable sewing kit.  
Well when you see a guy in  
the movie who's the same size  
as you, point him out.  
OK.  
Him.  
No way.  
No fucking way.  
Yeah.  
Pretty close.  
That is a whale of a tale.  
You aren't that big.  
No way.  
Maybe I should show you.  
I think you're right.  
I've never touched  
another guy's dick before.  
It's OK.  
You can if you want to.  
Do you want to?  
Yeah.  
I've never sucked a cock before.  
You can if you want to.  
Do you want to?  
Yeah.  
No teeth.  
What?  
You're not using any teeth.  
- Do you want me to?  
- No.  
No.

I just-- you're  
really good at this.  
Sure you never done this before?  
L\lrn mm.  
Take your pants off.  
I've had too much to drink.  
I don't even know if  
I can get hard again.  
Let me worry about that.  
Is it OK?  
Yeah.  
That was close.  
Lewis one.  
Whiskey dick, zero.  
What's the matter?  
Let me kiss you.  
I don't want to do that.  
You just had my  
dick in your mouth.  
You won't let me kiss you?  
It's just different.  
How?  
Kissing is more intimate.  
I want to save that.  
OK.  
I want to do you again.  
Sure.  
[moaning]  
What time is it?

**6:**

I should get up.  
I gotta shower.  
Yeah, cause the Wedding's  
in about five hours.  
I knew the affair was  
doomed from the beginning.  
Jeff had a beautiful wife,  
two handsome children, and  
a thriving peanut plantation.  
He would never  
give him up for me.  
And truly, he would  
be a fool to do so.

But he had planted a seed in me.  
A seed that burned deep within.  
I must have him.  
Whatever it takes.  
Gideon.  
That was fast.  
More of a rinse.  
OK, I know this is stupid.  
But I have to ask.  
Did we do anything unsafe?  
We gave Ted the  
key to the minibar.  
I'm serious.  
Don't worry.  
You're fine.  
It was just intro  
to homo sex 'I01.  
Did I pass?  
The oral exam, yes.  
OK.  
Good.  
Just wait till we get  
to the advanced classes.  
Lewis, this can  
never happen again.  
Do you want to pray?  
What?  
Does this mean you  
don't want the 50 bucks?  
No.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm just not used to so  
much drama from my tricks.  
You're such a dick.  
The word you're looking  
for is John, not dick.  
Now go put something pretty on,  
and let's get some breakfast.  
Lewis, can you set your phaser  
to serious for one minute?  
OK, let's hear it.  
Here what?  
L'm not gay.  
I like women.

I was just, dot, dot, dot.

Choose from the following.

A, curious.

B, drunk.

C, horny.

Followed up by and there was a willing mouth in the room so.

Lewis, I liked it.

OK?

I wouldn't have done it otherwise.

But I'm getting married today.

Oh, I should've made that choice D.

Look, I'm not gonna freak out or run away.

And I'm not gonna say that we can't be buddies anymore.

You're my best friend.

And if anything, this just made me feel closer to you.

Except for the kissing.

Well I got to save something for my wife.

OK.

She can have your feet.

I don't like feet.

Feet are suspicious.

They never look you in the eye.

Lewis, it was fun.

And I'm glad that it was with you.

But once is enough.

You can't stop at just one.

Think of me as your personal bag of potato chips.

You both make my fingers greasy.

Good one, straight boy.

Hey, Ted?

Yeah, it's Cooper.

I need you to come pick me up.

I'm still at the hotel.

Yeah, I got drunk

and passed out.  
All right.  
OK.  
All right, I'll meet you  
out front in a few minutes.  
Bye.

**L 90':**

Fflends?  
Of course.  
With benefits?  
Ass.  
OK, kiss me goodbye.  
How about a hug?  
I'll take it.  
See you later?  
Yes, you will.  
Your nose smells like tuna.  
Love you, Lewis.  
Love you, Coop.  
[music playing]  
What are you doing?  
Testing my camera skills.  
Are we changing professions?  
No, I thought I'd make a  
sexy video with the wife.  
I just wanted to  
test it out first.  
I'll erase it.  
That's an expensive sex toy.  
I got it for the baby.  
The baby needs a sex toy?  
The birth.  
I'm recording the birth.  
That's your idea  
of a sexy video?  
Or is it just the third  
act of a story arc?  
Dick.  
The wife liked your  
latest book, by the way.  
They all say that.  
When's it due?  
In a couple of weeks.



Congratulations!  
Thanks.  
Let's drink a toast.  
Shots.  
You go ahead without me.  
What?  
We have to drink a toast.  
Come on.  
[inaudible].  
Uh, yeah.  
Tell me When.  
That's, that's great.  
Yeah, too much.  
That's the point.  
Here.  
To my son.  
You know the sex?  
Yeah, for awhile now.  
You didn't say anything.  
Are you excited?  
Not yet, but  
I'm getting there.  
Get off.  
I meant about the baby.  
Being a father.  
Having a son.  
[Sigh]  
I'm so excited, I  
could shit a crowbar.  
H 9Y-  
All new fathers get nervous.  
What if I sit on him?  
[chuckle]  
Why would you sit on him?  
Well not intentionally.  
I want to be a good dad, Lewis.  
The best.  
I have to be.  
Cooper, you're a  
sweet, loving man.  
You're gonna be a great dad.  
You think so?  
Of course.  
I just don't want to

fuck him up in the head.  
Then, Wait till  
he's 30 before you  
tell him daddy's a cock sucker.  
I don't know what's bouncing  
around in that spinning raffle  
basket of the head of yours.  
Do you remember  
when my dad left?  
Yeah, soon after  
we became friends.  
He never said goodbye.  
He just left.  
I thought it was me, that I did  
something wrong, even today.  
It's like he pushed a dirty  
thumbprint into my brain  
that won't go away.  
You're gonna be an  
awesome dad, Coop.  
The best.  
Thanks, Lewis.  
You always say the  
intelligent thing.  
Yes, I know.  
I had a very handsome  
younger brother.  
When we were kids, people  
would look at him and say,  
you are so cute.  
And then, they'd look  
at me and say, uh,  
you must be the smart one.  
Hey, we can't all be a  
[inaudible] Somebody's gotta  
be Kate Jackson.  
Camera.  
Take your shirt off.  
You really are a perv.  
You know that?  
You must like it.  
Four years later, and you  
haven't skipped an anniversary.  
Pants.

Fourth anniversary.  
That's fruit, isn't it?  
I'd answer that, but I  
think you'd be insulted.  
Get in bed.  
Hey, I want another drink.  
YOu?  
I'm good.  
Here.  
Tkethat  
OK.  
Coop, what do you  
tell your wife?  
What do you mean?  
Well every year for  
the past four years,  
We've met in this  
same hotel room.  
It's the day before  
your anniversary.  
What does she think?  
I tell her one of my buddies  
is sick and in the hospital.  
I have to go see him.  
So far, four of my closest  
imaginary friends have died.  
Belinda doesn't strike  
me as being stupid.  
She's not.  
She's just trusting.  
You sure you don't  
want another drink?  
Why do you drink  
so much before?  
Before?  
Before.  
It relaxes me.  
Why do you need to be relaxed?  
Give.  
Lie back.  
Play with yourself.  
Do you have a preference  
as to which hand?  
No more talking.

Do it.  
What are you gonna  
do with this tape?  
We're gonna watch it.  
Then what?  
Then, we're gonna fuck.  
Thought you didn't fuck.  
I'm gonna fuck you.  
You're not gonna fuck me.  
And here, I didn't  
get you anything.  
Talk to me.  
What do you want me to say?  
Sexy things.  
Just don't make  
me call you big Jar  
Jar Rat Nuts like last time.  
Come on.  
OK.  
Do you like what you see?  
Yeah.  
Does it turn you on?  
Fuck yeah.  
Don't you wanna pan down?  
No.  
A dick is a dick.  
Your face is sexy.  
Show me how much I turn you on.  
Cooper.  
Yeah.  
Cooper.  
Yeah.  
Cooper.  
Come close?  
Yes.  
Yeah, I'm--  
[phone ringing]  
Shit.  
Don't cum yet.  
[phone ringing]  
Who is it?  
The Wife.  
[phone ringing]  
Aren't you gonna get it?

No.  
Now where were We?  
No, I'm not in the mood.  
Oh, come on.  
No, sorry.  
Don't pout.  
Who's pouting?  
Well if I had  
to guess, I'd say  
it's the guy sitting in the  
chair with the frowny face.  
You're mistaken.  
I don't think so.  
Come here.  
Come here.  
I'm sorry.  
I love our annual get-togethers.  
I really do.  
But you can't expect  
me to throw wood  
when I know you're  
pregnant Wife is calling  
wondering where you are.  
She's not here, Lewis.  
You are and I am.  
Us.  
One day a year.  
Let's just hit the pause  
button on our lives.  
Just turn the lights off  
on the world for one day.  
We have one day to grind,  
and sweat, and moan,  
and not care about anything.  
But--  
It gets crazy at  
the store, Lewis.  
I have to control the stock.  
Control the staff.  
Control the deliveries.  
I'll have the father  
in law hovering over me  
scowling at everything I do.  
You write romance novels.

You create characters.  
You pick the words  
that they say.  
Don't you want to  
take one day a year  
and just say, fuck it, I want  
to lie in bed and screw all day?  
I'm not in a relationship.  
I don't have to be the grownup.  
Well I don't want to  
be the grown up either.  
And soon, that's  
all I'm gonna be.  
Your turn.  
- What do you want me to do?  
- Get on your knees.  
Good.  
I like you like that.  
What do you want me to do?  
Call me sir.  
Ha!  
Hey, you said you don't  
want to be the grown-up?  
Do it.  
Call me sir, or I'll start  
describing Bristol Palin naked.  
Fucking-- OK.  
What do you want me to do, sir?  
May I touch myself, sir?  
Yes.  
Wait, Coop.  
Sure you want me to  
be feeling like this?  
[doorbell]  
Who is it?  
Housekeeping.  
I'm sorry for the  
interruption, sir.  
I started my shift late.  
Oh, uh, that's OK.  
Um, uh, the room's fine.  
Uh, I'll be as quick as I can.  
It'll only take a few minutes.  
Um, OK.

Uh, just, just please  
be as fast as you can.  
Yes, sir.  
Would you like me to  
make your bed, sir?  
No!  
No, it's, it's OK.  
Thanks.  
I'm all done, sir.  
Oh, um, great.  
Thank you.  
Have a nice stay with us.  
If it gets any better, I don't  
think I'll be able to stand it.  
Did we get that?  
Ha fucking ha.  
Shut up.  
You liked it.  
Sometimes I think  
you're certifiably insane.  
I'm just kicking up my heels.  
I wish you would.  
Ha fucking ha to you.  
I got something for you.  
Oh you do, do you?  
I know it's not your birthday,  
but I got you a present.  
Lucky me.  
Why don't you try it on?  
See if it fits.  
Oh, I think it'll fit.  
You know my size.  
No undies.  
Somebody's being adventurous.  
Shut up and suck me.  
Yes, daddy.  
Lewis, just, just  
don't say that.  
No, I'm sorry.  
It's my bad.  
[phone ringing]  
Damn it!  
Oh for fucks sake.  
[phone ringing]

Is it you're wife again?  
It doesn't matter.  
Now where you going?  
Shrivel city.  
Is that anywhere  
near Bonerville?  
Not today it isn't.  
I went commando for this?  
What do you want me to do?  
You know this is a situation  
we have to face sometimes.  
I didn't get upset last year  
when your mom kept calling.  
She was having a heart attack.  
No, she wasn't.  
She over-blended  
her Activia smoothie  
and was having gas cramps.  
She was curled up on  
the floor of her shower  
in the fetal position.  
Calling your name and  
farting into her Life Alert.  
Seriously, who drinks a  
smoothie in the shower?  
The point is she  
thought she was dying.  
And so did you?  
If your ass had teeth, you  
would've bitten my dick off.  
So why didn't you go?  
Shots.  
I stashed this  
away just in case.  
Oh!  
The good stuff.  
Oh, forget those.  
You're a regular boy scout.  
I remember when  
I practically had  
to force you to drink with me.  
I know you too well.  
Yeah?  
H 9Y-



Have you ever done  
a kissing shot?

No.

What is it?

I pour a shot into my  
mouth, push it into yours,  
so we share it.

Gross.

Oh, come on.

Try it!

Or does your sense  
of adventure just  
stop at not wearing underwear?

That's kissing.

Only better with liquor.

Lewis, how many times  
do I have to say it?

No kissing, even with booze.

Listen.

You won't let me fuck you.

I think the least I  
deserve is a kiss.

One lousy kiss.

Not an insurmountable request  
for three years of penetration.

Fuck, OK.

Really?

With booze.

Now this is an  
anniversary present.

Of course, it's not fruit.

Shut up and pour.

Belly up to the bar.

Well, make your move, cowpoke.

Yeah.

I know.

That was some strong stuff.

Want another one?

No.

No.

Can you admit you  
felt something just now?

Like what?

I don't know.

A Spark!  
I don't like kissing, Lewis.  
I told you that.  
Yeah but--  
[vibrating phone sound]  
I don't even kiss the Wife.  
Do you remember what  
I said the first time  
you wanted to kiss me?  
Yeah.  
You said it was too intimate.  
You wanted to save it.  
You never asked me  
who I was saving it for.  
I had three better  
questions that year.  
But I assumed you were  
saving it for your Wife.  
So did I.  
But even when We were dating,  
that peck at the wedding,  
I knew that it wasn't for her.  
What wasn't for her?  
The intimacy.  
The person I could  
share my soul with.  
Be one with.  
I mean, don't get  
me wrong, buddy.  
I love her.  
I, I really do.  
I mean, she's gonna be  
the mother of my kid.  
But she's not my other half.  
She doesn't complete me.  
Complete you?  
Has the Lifetime channel gone  
Clockwork Orange on your ass?  
No.  
The wife, she has these  
romantic audio books.  
She listens to them  
before we go to sleep.  
One of yours once.

Have you ever fucked  
to a Harlequin romance?  
I fucked on a  
Harlequin romance.  
I got tapped at the library.  
So you're afraid of intimacy?  
Of finding intimacy,  
especially now.  
I'm married, Lewis,  
with a kid on the way.  
What happens if  
I find the person  
that I'm supposed to be with?  
Think about it.  
And you think it might be me?  
Wait.  
Are you afraid it might be me?  
You sure do make a  
lot of dramatic exits  
for a straight guy.  
I call three questions.  
Shit.  
Not now, Lewis.  
Fuck.  
Rules of three questions.  
The game can be initiated  
once a year, at any time,  
by either player.  
No refusals.  
No time-outs.  
- Cmp  
- Your game.  
Your rules.  
- OK.  
Go.  
We've been together in the  
Leviticus sense four times now.  
Question one.  
Shoot.  
Do you consider  
yourself gay or bi?  
Neither.  
I'm straight.  
But you can fit more of

my cock down your throat  
than a porn star.

You jackhammer my  
butt like it's payday  
at the construction site.

Question two.

How can you consider  
yourself straight?

Question one.

How can you consider  
yourself bi?

What are you talking about?

After my bachelor party, you  
said that you were bisexual.

But since then, every  
relationship you've told  
me about has been with dudes.

What gives?

It's an evolution from  
straight, to curious,  
to bisexual, to gay.

I call it the  
Elton John Parkway.

I just got off at the  
Ricky Martin exit.

So you're 93V-

Yeah.

And you're straight.

Yeah But I can admit I'm gay.

Why can't you be gay?

Why-

I like women, Lewis.

I always have.

I just like to suck  
dick once in awhile.

Have you had sex with  
any men other than me?

No.

Why do you think I meet  
you here every year?

To get all those urges  
out of my system.

I'm a gay pressure valve.

No.

You're my best friend.  
I couldn't do it  
with anybody else.  
You know what I think?  
I think you're bisexual  
with a preference for women.  
Can we agree on that?  
50/50, so to speak.  
Well this is  
definitely a mood killer.  
I'm just trying to  
figure out how you  
justify what it is We do here.  
Why do we need to justify it?  
Let's just have some fun and  
leave all that heavy shit  
outside in the real world.  
Uh, I believe you're the one  
dragging the real world in here  
with this I won't kiss mantra.  
If you truly believe that this  
hotel suite was fantasy land,  
a kiss wouldn't mean anything.  
Hell, throwing your legs  
up wouldn't mean anything.  
Being bi--  
- Straight.  
--Wouldn't mean anything.  
Can we just drop it?  
All I want is a little  
oral sex, mano a mano.  
Not for me to be staring  
at ink blots while I do it.  
I thought I was the comic  
and you were the straight man.  
Nest, you'll say  
I have daddy issues.  
Well-- sorry.  
You got your Freud  
in my Dr. Ruth.  
You got your Dr.  
Ruth in my Freud.  
Shots?  
No.

You got two more  
questions to ask me.  
I don't feel like playing.  
Come on.  
What's your favorite color?  
How about some music?  
Whatever.  
[music playing]  
Hey, do you recognize this?  
It's the song the Wife and I  
danced to at the reception.  
Come on, Lewis.  
It's four years ago.  
[music playing]  
This is nice.  
Yes, it is.  
[music playing]  
I would have bet  
you didn't have  
a romantic bone in your body.  
You can put this  
in one of your books.  
You have my permission.  
Thank you.  
All I want is  
10% of the gross.  
This scene is too  
sappy for a book.  
It's better suited for a  
drippy, melodramatic play or  
some dopey, independent film.  
You're selling us short.  
No, I'm not.  
You're selling somebody short.  
So how about them Cubs.  
Shut it.  
You're not a bad dancer.  
Where'd you learn that?  
When you have  
two older sisters  
that look like your  
father, you learn to dance.  
Dip?  
Nicely done.

And you?

My grandma, Rose.

Did I ever meet her?

No.

She lived alone in a  
big house in Salem.

On the second floor, at the end  
of the hall was a locked door.

And whenever I'd ask  
her what was inside,  
she'd put finger to her lips.

Ssh.

And one day when  
we were alone, she  
showed me this old fashioned key  
hanging from a thin blue ribbon  
around her neck and said,  
Lewis, would you like to see  
what's in the secret room?  
I almost peed myself waiting  
for her to unlock that door.

So?

What was inside?

Another bedroom.

That's it?

No.

This one was really fancy  
with a big canopy bed,  
frilly curtains on the  
Windows, pink wallpaper,  
an antique dressing  
table, and there  
was a huge fireplace  
with crying cupids carved  
into the marble mantelpiece.  
And along one wall, stacked  
from the floor almost  
to the ceiling, where hatboxes.  
Towers and towers of hat boxes.  
Grandma Rose told  
me to look inside.  
So I took one down,  
removed the lid,  
and inside was a human head.

What?

OK, you're paying attention.

Dick.

Inside was a hat, of course.

It was purple felt with  
feathers and beads.

It looked brand new.

And with it was  
a paperback book.

A romance book.

It was the same in  
every box I opened.

Hats and books.

Grandma Rose told me that after  
Grandpa died, every few months,  
she'd go into town and  
buy a hat and a book.

Then, after dinner, she'd  
sit at the dressing table,  
put on her makeup, her  
best dress, the hat,  
and sit in a chair by the  
window reading her stories.

Her favorite hat was pale pink  
with cream colored pearls.

And her favorite book was called  
Tales of True Love and Romance.

Whenever we were alone,  
we'd go to the secret room,  
put on our hats, and  
dance to the radio.

When she died, I  
packed up her things.

I tore up the house looking  
for the key to that room.

I was afraid it had  
been buried with her.

But finally, I found it.

It was the first time I'd  
opened the room by myself.

And I was so nervous,  
my fingers trembled.

But it looked the  
same, exactly the same.



But when I opened  
one of the hat boxes,  
it was empty, except for  
a page torn out of a book.  
Her favorite book.  
I opened every single box, Coop.  
I wanted to find the  
pink hat with the pearls.  
But they were all empty.  
All empty except for  
pages torn from tales  
of true love and romance.  
That's when I noticed  
in the fireplace,  
underneath the crying cupids,  
a scorched set of pearls  
and a mound of ashes.  
She'd burned her hats.  
All of them.  
On the mirror of her  
dresser, she taped a picture  
of herself holding the book.  
She looked sad.  
On the back she'd  
written, you can't find  
love in a locked room, Lewis.  
You can read about life,  
or you can live it.  
Be happy-  
Grandma Rose.  
Or you can write about it.  
Come on, Lewis.  
Let's live.  
[whispering] Coop, are you?  
[whispering] Yeah, yeah.  
Just, just do it.  
[whispering] OK.  
Breathe.  
Just breathe.  
How does it feel?  
Sorry.  
Sorry.  
Lewis.  
What?

Lewis, take it out.  
Take it out.  
Oh god.  
COOper?  
Hey, COOP?  
What?  
It's OK, dude.  
Shit happens.  
That's not funny.  
Look, it's my fault.  
I should've prepped you.  
How?  
Let me in.  
OK.  
Now tell me when the  
water's lukewarm.  
Empty this out, and  
refill it with tap Water.  
LA tap water?  
You'll be fine.  
Now, put the cap back on.  
See the nozzle?  
Yeah.  
OK, bend over.  
What?  
You heard me.  
Grab your ankles and open wide.  
Aah.  
Wrong end.  
- That's fucking cold.  
- Be a man.  
Until five minutes  
ago, I was a man.  
OK, now sit.  
Can I have some  
privacy, please?  
Rinse and repeat.  
Justin stood above her.  
The sun behind his head  
making his long, flowing hair  
normally the color of wheat glow  
with the brilliance of gold.  
Lorelei felt her  
heart beating rapidly,

mindful of every single  
bead of sweat on her breast.  
I give myself to you,  
my dear, Justin said.  
His voice deep and echoing  
as if from inside a barrel.  
From this moment on, I am  
yours, as you are mine.  
Our names branded in fire  
on each other's souls.  
[toilet flushing]  
Sound of success.  
How do you feel?  
Like somebody opened  
a water park in my ass.  
Do you still want to do it?  
I didn't come this  
far to give up now.  
Wait.  
On your back.  
I'll show you.  
What do you know?  
They do look you in the eye.  
Look at me.  
How is it?  
Does it feel good?  
I'm guessing yes.  
You feel so good, Coop.  
I never thought  
this would happen.  
Lewis.  
You're so tight.  
Lewis.  
It's like fucking a keyhole.  
Lewis!  
What?  
Will you shut the hell up?  
Oh, yeah.  
Right there.  
[moaning sex sounds]  
Oh, shit!  
[moaning sex sounds]  
Lewis.  
Lewis!

Get off of me!  
[vomit sounds]  
COOper?  
You all right?  
Coop?  
[toilet flushing]  
Are you OK?  
[vibrating phone sound]  
Motherfucker!  
Hello?  
I wasn't near my phone.  
Why?  
When?  
Is she OK?  
And what about,  
what about the baby?  
All right.  
Which hospital?  
OK, yeah.  
All right.  
All right.  
I'm on my way.  
Is everything OK?  
Of course not, Lewis.  
When you hear the word hospital  
in a phone conversation,  
it's never OK.  
It was the wife.  
The baby came prematurely.  
How are they doing?  
It was iffy for a while.  
But yeah, they're both fine.  
I never meant for  
things to get this far.  
Promise me something, Lewis.  
What?  
Promise me that We will  
never do this again, ever.  
We can still meet up  
for dinner or drinks.  
Or a good cigar?  
Yeah.  
I love you, Lewis.  
Love you, Coop.

I'm adad!  
[music playing]  
Fuck.  
[phone ringing]  
Hello?  
Hey, Lewis.  
It's Coop.  
Hey, buddy.  
Where are you?  
Um, I've been here  
for two hours.  
How are you, Lewis?  
It's good to hear your voice.  
You too.  
Uh, what number is this?  
I didn't recognize it.  
It's the home phone.  
I lost my cell.  
So where are you?  
What's keeping you?  
Um, look Lewis, I'm  
not coming this year.  
Why not?  
My sister is visiting.  
Her family's here.  
[sigh] You can't get away?  
I'm just having  
trouble with this.  
I feel guilty.  
Then, you should jump  
in your car and come over.  
I've got the cure for  
your guilt right here.  
What's that?  
Your favorite  
whiskey and cigars.  
You're making me-- you're  
making this hard for me.  
Literally, I hope.  
God, Lewis.  
No, I have to be strong.  
The double blended whisky?  
Of course.  
I can't, Lewis.

I'm sorry.  
We'll have to  
forget it this year.  
It's not fair to the  
wife, to my family,  
and it's not fair to you.  
How is it not fair to me?  
I just don't want to give you  
the wrong impression, you know.  
Sometimes I feel like you  
think this is going somewhere,  
and it can't.  
Have I ever said I wanted  
anything more than what We do?  
Well, no.  
Then, Why would  
you think I do?  
Wait.  
Do you?  
No, no.  
That's not it.  
I have to be a grown up now.  
You know, a wise man once  
said to me let's just take  
one day a year and say fuck it.  
Let's lie in bed  
and screw all day.  
Whatever happened to that guy?  
Somehow, he got  
stuck with a wife,  
a kid, a mortgage, and a badly  
timed sense of responsibility.  
Tell you what.  
Why don't we just go  
out to dinner tonight?  
Some steaks.  
Some wine.  
Let's just hang  
out and catch up.  
That's harmless, right?  
No sex?  
No sex.  
That sounds OK.  
And at dinner, if our legs

happen to touch and I rub  
my calf against yours,  
there's nothing wrong  
with hand-job under the table.

Right?

Damn it, Lewis.

Would you really do that?

Oh, you know I would, buddy.

I'd make you bite  
your lip and sweat.

Oh, fuck.

What are you wearing?

Jeans and a t-shirt.

Are your jeans  
around your ankles?

They are now.

Oh, hold on.

What did you do?

Locked the bedroom door.

Keep talking.

What would we be  
doing if I was there?

I'd pull your shirt off.

Then, I'd slowly rub my  
hands across your chest,  
pinching your nipples, and  
holding you close against me.

Yeah.

Are you hard?

Yeah.

Are you?

Oh yeah.

Is it out?

Yeah.

Don't stop.

I can feel you against  
me, hard and throbbing.

Ah, yeah.

I'd take it in  
my hand and stroke  
it, like you're doing now.

My hand is warm and firm.

Can you feel it?

Yeah, I can.

I'd pull you  
close and kiss you.  
I don't do that.  
Hey, it's a fantasy.  
You'll kiss a monkey  
if I want, so shut up.  
OK, fuck it.  
Kiss me.  
Stick your tongue in my mouth.  
I'd push you back  
on the bed and grab  
your legs, pushing them back.  
Give it to me, Lewis.  
I want it.  
I'd grease us both  
up and push into you.  
Give it to me, Lewis.  
I can take it.  
[deep breathing]  
I'm still screwing you  
watching the look of lust  
on your face.  
Faster, dude.  
Go faster.  
I need it bad.  
Do you, Coop?  
Do you need it bad?  
Yeah, I do.  
I dream about us sometimes.  
Come on, Lewis.  
Pound me.  
Beg me for it.  
Please, Lewis.  
Please, take me.  
It's yours.  
It fucking belongs to you.  
Shit.  
I'm close.  
You gonna juice me?  
Lewis, you gonna--  
Hello?  
Uncle Cooper, are  
you on the phone?  
Uh, you bet, Todd.



What's up, buddy?  
Who are you talking to?  
My friend, Lewis.  
Do you remember him?  
No.  
Never mind.  
My sister's boy, Lewis.  
[Sigh]  
- Hey, Todd.  
How you doing, kiddo?  
Fine.  
Say, Todd Meister, hang  
up so Lewis and I can talk.  
OK?  
What you gonna talk about?  
Grown up stuff.  
OK, bye.  
Bye, Todd.  
[laughing]  
That was intense.  
I know.  
Does your sister homeschool?  
Cause her kid almost  
got an education.  
Ba bing!  
No, I meant before.  
That was really hot.  
Yeah, it was.  
Do you really dream  
about it, Coop?  
Sometimes.  
You're smiling, aren't you?  
Maybe.  
Prick.  
Why?  
Well, what a short journey  
it's been from I don't get  
fucked to fuck me harder.  
Faster!  
[laughing]  
You are a dick.  
Apparently, one  
you dream about.  
Repeat

Dick.  
So you want to  
come and be abnormal?  
Coop?  
Are you there?  
[sniffling]  
What's wrong?  
I wanted to see you, Lewis.  
I really did.  
I miss you.  
I'm so fucking stupid.  
Hey, hey-  
Don't worry about it.  
I try to do the right thing.  
But then, I talk to  
you and, suddenly,  
you're the right thing.  
Well why, Why don't  
you come over then?  
And it's still early.  
Shit.  
I'd like to.  
I really would.  
But I can't.  
I already have plans at home.  
Sorry.  
It's OK, really.  
You miss a year.  
So there's always next year.  
Isn't there?  
We'll see.  
I gotta run.  
Love you, Lewis.  
Love you, Coop.  
[music playing]  
Well here we are, sir.  
Yes, I know.  
I come here every year.  
Oh, you must really  
like our hotel.  
It has its charms.  
Would you like me to take  
the bag to the bedroom, sir?  
Uh, no.

No, thanks.  
Uh, um.  
Very well, sir.  
I'll just leave it right here.  
Great.  
This is for you.  
Thank you, sir.  
Enjoy your stay.  
I always do.  
So how've you been?  
Fine.  
Yourself?  
Can't complain.  
How's business?  
Very good.  
I just hired four new guys.  
That's great.  
Take your shoes  
and socks off, Lewis.  
Get comfortable.  
Kids doing well?  
OK.  
What's all this about?  
What do you mean?  
You've been here  
for five minutes.  
Normally, by now, my legs  
would be over your shoulders.  
And you'd be screaming  
rap lyrics into my face.  
This isn't the type  
of behavior I've  
come to expect from the man  
that seduced me eight years ago.  
Well now, that's a  
whale of a tale, cowboy.  
You seduced me.  
And don't you forget it.  
Figured that out, did you?  
I guess you are the smart one.  
Dick.  
On the other hand, maybe  
you're not so smart after all.  
Here's a hot guy--

Reasonably attractive.  
Don't kid yourself.  
Hot guy lying naked  
in bed, all for you,  
and you don't seem interested.  
Oh, I'm interested.  
I brought a new toy.  
I saw.  
I figured we could play  
Arizona interrogation.  
In a minute, maybe.  
Just follow the 80 proof road.  
You have come a  
long way, haven't you?  
Three steps forward.  
And you're two steps back.  
It never used to be this hard to  
get you in between the sheets.  
But the last few years--  
are you bored with me?  
No.  
Then, what is it?  
Things are different now.  
Fuck it.  
All right.  
Handcuff me.  
Yes, sir.  
No, I call you sir.  
You got it.  
I assume there's a key?  
Over there.  
Hey!  
Get rid of that stupid thing.  
Mood buster.  
That's bronco buster.  
Did you bring condoms, partner?  
No.  
Well, how are we gonna--  
I don't want to use them.  
What?  
I don't want to  
use them this time.  
I don't know.  
Come on, Lewis.

Please.  
[Sigh]  
Where's the lube?  
I am rinsed, and  
buttered, and ready to play.  
Now ride me like a  
teacup at Disneyland.  
Fuck.  
Have you got bigger?  
Maybe.  
You sure haven't gotten tighter.  
Fuck you.  
[heavy breathing]  
Talk to me, sir.  
Do you like it?  
You're the best, Coop.  
The best I've ever had.  
How's it feel?  
Great!  
Awesome.  
You like my cock in your ass?  
Oh, I love it, sir.  
I love it.  
I love you.  
Say that again.  
I love your cock in my ass.  
Don't!  
Don't you kiss me like that.  
Like what?  
A distraction.  
You kissed me to change the  
subject, you little bastard.  
Looks like playtime is over.  
Lewis, can you  
take these cuffs off?  
Lewis.  
Listen, Lewis, let me go!  
Where do you see  
us in '10 years, Coop?  
Still meeting here in  
this room every '12 months?  
Why not?  
Things change.  
Like what?

I call three questions.  
Damn.  
I'm invoking.  
Ask.  
Question one.  
You say things are different  
now, that things changed.  
We've been messing  
around for years.  
Messing around.  
What's different?  
I have a boyfriend now.  
So.  
So?  
So?  
You've got the balls to say so?  
How many times over  
the last eight years  
have I heard you moan  
regrets like a Tennessee  
Williams heroine?  
Oh, I'm cheating on my Wife.  
Oh, I feel so guilty.  
Oh.  
Now fuck me.  
I have a boyfriend now.  
I'd think you'd feel  
a little empathy.  
But that's different.  
And just how is  
that different?  
Wife and children.  
Rock solid relationship.  
Not like a boyfriend.  
Why?  
Is it abnormal?  
Of course not!  
It's just unbalanced.  
A boyfriend is not the same  
level of commitment as a wife.  
Oh because gay  
relationships aren't  
as valid as straight  
relationships.

No!

I mean, yes.

What I mean is, if you had  
said girlfriend instead  
of boyfriend, other than  
wondering whether I was living  
in a parallel  
universe, I would have  
had the exact same reaction.

Boyfriends is little  
winks when you  
think that nobody's looking.  
It's a quick hand job  
at the movie theater.

Wives is, meatloaf again?

Is there gas in my car?

Or can you not scratch your  
balls when my mother is home?

That's all I meant.

Yeah but, whenever you had  
doubts, I threaded that needle.

Think you could do the same?

You always said that it  
shouldn't matter to me.

So then, why should  
it matter to you?

That's another question.

My turn.

Question one.

Have you slept with  
any men other than me?

You asked me that years ago.

Well you've had a lot of  
time for that answer to change.

Well?

No.

OK, question two.

Why--

Wait, Wait, Wait, Wait.

I feel like there  
should be more to that.

There isn't, Lewis.

The answer is no.

All right?

Question two.

You say that it shouldn't matter that I cheat on my Wife. Why then should it matter that you cheat on your boyfriend?

It's different.

He's sick.

Do you mean?

Ah, shit, Lewis!

How could you do that?

How could you be with somebody who could give you something?

What about the year you gave me crabs?

They weren't crabs!

They were lice!

The wife got them from the kids at school.

It's acceptable.

I don't know.

I'm not the one scratching my balls in front of my mother in law. Turn off your scanner, Coop.

You're safe.

I wouldn't have done what we just did unless I was 100% absolutely sure.

But there's a risk.

Sex is risky, Coop.

Always.

What's his name?

New boyfriend.

- That's another question.

Just, just answer it.

Bernie.

His name is Bernie.

OK, my turn.

Question two.

Have you ever thought of leaving your wife?

Yes.

Uh, elaborate please.

I answered your question.



Not to my satisfaction.  
That's not a  
requirement of the game.  
Fine.  
Question three.  
No, no, no.  
It's my turn!  
Yeah, yeah.  
After this.  
Question three.  
Why am I the only guy  
you've ever had sex with?  
There's got to be one or two  
other guys more attractive  
than I am out there.  
Maybe I like the smart ones.  
Seriously.  
Lewis, I've always felt that  
there was a spark between us.  
I don't know.  
I can't explain it.  
Something about  
you has always made  
my skin tingle when we touch.  
My heart pounds when I  
think about you naked.  
Every expression on your face  
is chiseled into my memory.  
I don't know why.  
It just is.  
And you are the only man  
that's made me feel like that!  
So am I 93V?  
Am I bisexual?  
If I was, wouldn't I feel  
like that for another man?  
I don't!  
Just you!  
Only you.  
But you said you loved me.  
God!  
I do, Lewis!  
I love you so much!  
This, this was supposed

to be the night, man.  
The night?  
[Sigh]  
The night!  
The night!  
The night I told you I  
wanted us to be together.  
I've known that you wanted this.  
I've known it for a long time.  
You got a wife, Coop.  
And children.  
It would destroy them.  
They need you.  
But don't you need me?  
I used to.  
But now--  
You've got Bernie.  
Yeah.  
Look at me.  
We've always been able  
to read each other.  
Question three.  
Are you telling me the  
truth about Bernie?  
Yes.  
So your answer for me is--  
Cooper, remember when  
you told me about your dad  
leaving, how it made you feel?  
Why would you do  
that to your kids?  
You're not your father.  
You're not gonna do  
this to your family.  
And soulmate or not,  
they are your family.  
They love you.  
That's more important than us.  
That sounds like one  
of your \$3.95 paperbacks.  
\$4.95!  
\$13.95 hardcover.  
I beg your forgiveness.  
Seriously, I'm sorry.

For what?  
You've got someone.  
I've got someone.  
L'm haPPY-  
YUu?  
Yeah, as long as  
you're a part of my life.  
I better go.  
Go now.  
You know, you can keep these.  
Thanks.  
Next year.  
We'll see.  
Love you, Lewis.  
I love you, Coop.  
Why is our love  
impossible, Stephen asked.  
We are meant to be one.  
It is not our destiny,  
Jenny replied.  
I will not be the one  
to destroy your family.  
They love you.  
And if that is meant to be  
and we are not, so be it.  
[knocking]  
Good evening, sir.  
May I bring this in?  
I didn't order anything.  
Compliments of the house, sir.  
Wow, this looks amazing.  
But it's way too much  
food here for one person.  
Oh, I just got off work, sir.  
You were my last  
delivery of the night.  
Would you care for  
some dessert, Bernie?  
Thank you.  
Uh, my name's  
Lewis, by the way.  
Yes, I know.  
Very nice to meet you, sir.  
Oh, it looks like you've

already got something to drink.

Open her up.

I've always hated whiskey.

[music playing]