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Dorian Blues

By Tennyson Bardwell

He died ten years ago,
and I still find...
...its good to talk about it sometimes.
I find it's good to
talk about everything.
My therapist says
I overdo that.
That I overanalyze.
Of course, she's bulimic so
let's not get too preachy.
But the first thing you
should know about me: I'm gay.
I'm gay, and what's more,
a stereotypical gay.
Always loved fashion,
hated sports...
...and though it doesn't
always work to clich...
...it did in my family
where there was me...
...and there was my
kid brother, Nicky.
He wouldn't look at another
guy except to ask for a beer...
...was our school's star
quarterback, great student.
When they say high school are
the best years of your life...
...there talking about
his life, not mine.
Look at that smile like he
grew up in a blue jeans ad.
Hey whoa, hold on a sec
Nick, let 'em take you in.
Thanks.
Really had to
twist his arm, huh?
See, confidence for my
brother was never an issue.
I don't care if its
with women, guys...
Oh, great, company.
Yeah, don't ask me her name.
Yeah, Hi.

How are ya?
Good to see ya.
No, it's OK Nick.
Go on, play.
I envied him, 'cause
he was so normal.
Dad loved normal.
There's Dad now,
fixin' the old set.
Dad was usually
in a foul mood.
This, actually is one of
his more spiritual moments.
And there's mom,
rolling those pennies.
This is about 14
years back now.
The funeral I showed you
is still a few years off.
This is where we start.
Bush, the father, was
in the White House.
I was a senior in high
school, my brother, Nicky...
...a Junior, and Dad was
in his raging prime.
Of course it
wasn't all yelling.
There was the dinner hour,
when we discussed politics...
...or, more accurately,
Dad discussed, we agreed.
There was an unwritten
rule in our house:
You did not disagree
with my father directly...
...especially about politics.
So, to exert your
individuality you simply...
...agreed with him in the most
original way you could find.
Well, that was our mistake in
giving up Vietnam was that we...
...gave the communists the

idea that we didn't have...
...the resolve for a long fight.
U h, and that our free press
was always going to undermine us.
Well put.
Well put.
You know N icky, you make more
sense than men twice your age.
I mean doesn't he,
doesn't he?
Good job, son.
But as this particular dinner
continued, and Dad went on...
...certain of everything,
something very nerve-wracking...
...began to happen to me.
For the first time in my life,
I began to get the urge to disagree.
The more I fought the urge,
the more it grew, and grew, until...
I disagree.
I'm sorry.
What was that?
I said, I disagree?
I think you're wrong.
- Oh, I forgot the applesauce...
- No, no, no sit.
- It's right in the refrigerator.
- No, sit.
Everyone in our house has a
right to their own opinion.
So what's yours, Dorian?
You tell us exactly
what I'm wrong about.
N ixon.
I don't think he was
a good president...
I think he was a bad
president and a bad man.
I think what Dorian
means here is...
I meant what I said, Nick.
Why?
Why was N ixon a

bad president?

Well he wasn't honest.

Oh.

Well, was Kennedy honest?

Kennedy?

Yeah, uh, was

John F. Kennedy honest...

...with the way he won

the election in 1960.

You know, with Cook

County Illinois and...

...the West Virginia Primaries?

Well, I'm sure he

wasn't always honest...

I don't think any

politician is.

Well then I'm legitimately

confused because if they were...

...both dishonest why

do you hate N ixon...

...and have a picture

of J FK on your wall?

A lot of reasons.

- You thought JFK was great.

- Right.

Well then, your criterion for

greatness can't be honesty...

...otherwise by your own

admission you'd be a hypocrite.

I'm not a hypocrite.

No, no.

I, I know.

That's what I'm struggling with,

because without you being...

...a hypocrite your

argument makes no sense.

Kennedy wasn't a

paranoid schizophrenic.

Oh, N ixon is a paranoid

schizophrenic.

I think so.

- So this is an expert opinion.

- Expert?

Well, yeah.

I mean that's a rather
sophisticated psychological term;
...paranoid schizophrenic.
So I was wondering if, if you
have any experience in the field.
A psychiatric degree that
qualifies you to make...
...such a conclusive diagnosis
on a man you've never met.
No.

Maybe you think because you
have a few emotional problems...
...of your own it makes you sort
of an honorary doctor of the stuff.

Discussion over.

Potatoes please.

You know, I will give you one
piece of advice via another...
...great American president;
Abraham Lincoln...

...who said:

quietly and have them think...

I have nothing intelligent to
say rather than open my mouth...

...and remove all doubt.

I got shot down,

but it was worth it...

'cause it jarred something.

Later that night,

I had an epiphany:

For the first time in my life,

I realized I was gay.

Not just confused, or going

through a phase but actually gay.

That night I came out

of the closet to myself.

But this only

made things worse.

I was anxiety-ridden

out of my mind.

I needed to talk to someone.

But there was no one in

my family I could go to.

I didn't have any
friends in high school.
High school.
Finally in my desperation
I ended up downtown...
...at social services where I met
with a part-time social worker...
...with a few issues of his own.
You mind if I drink?
U h, no.
We're not, you know,
really supposed to drink.
Look if you're having
a bad day, I...
I am having a bad day,
because this morning...
...my girlfriend and
I of two years... Split.
Oh, I'm sorry.
You wanna know the truth?
I think after the
initial shock wears off...
I'm really gonna see this
as a blessing, really.
Because this woman was
on my case from day one.
I mean making demands
and nagging me and...
...you know what she wanted
me to do last week?
She wanted me to enroll
in one of these... Uh...
...what do you call it...
anger management courses.
How'd you feel about that?
Pissed me off.
Because it's not about anger,
it's about changing me.
You know, about
changing my clothes...
...and my friends and my... You
know, I have a motto, alright?
If you're not happy with me,
exactly the way I am...

...then you can leave.

- So she left.

- Yeah she left.

Anyway, what can we at the
Family Mental Health Clinic...

...do for you today?

I heard you can provide
low-rate therapists?

Maybe someone who specializes
in sexual orientation issues.

Sexual...

Someone who thinks
he might be gay.

Oooh.

Hmm... Here you go,
a Doctor Mitchener.

Therapy for... what you got.

- Is this the lowered rate?

- Yeah.

I guess I can't
afford therapy.

Totally overrated
anyway, believe me.

Look pal, whatever's
bugging you...

...just hash it out with
someone in your own life.

That usually works.

- Really?

- Yeah.

Well I suppose I could
try talking to my mother.

If you're mother's a good thing
in your life then that's great.

Mine wasn't in mine.

But then she died.

Things are looking up.

- Mom?

- Yes, sweetie?

I need to talk.

Then you sit right
there and talk.

Thank you.

- What are you doing?

- Seeing what we're out of.
I can do this and
listen to you.
Talk to me.
Mom.
Mom.
Mom, I'm afraid I'm different.
God made us all
different honey...
...to keep life interesting.
- You, he made moody.
- That's not all he made me.
Look Mom, I've gotta face it.
I'm not like the
other guys at school.
You never wanted
to be like them.
You called them Neanderthals.
True, I didn't want to be like
them but maybe I wished...
...too hard because now
I'm not like anyone.
I find myself envying
the Neanderthals.
Well, you know how
I feel about envy.
Envy's not the point.
Ok, just one second now
let me as you something.
- OK.
- Let me just ask this.
All right.
Last week I bought chocolate
chip cookies and nobody ate them.
Should I not get chocolate
chip ever again...
...and just stick with oatmeal?
Is that what you're
all trying to tell me?
The only difference between
my mother and the Berlin Wall?
Some people got
past that wall.
Well, that night I decided someone

was going to hear me say it.
So before Nick left for this big party I made him the lucky someone.
Don't freak out.
Please, don't freak out.
Thank you for not freaking out.
How many people have you told this to?
- Nobody.
- Don't. Ever.
Do you understand me?
Don't ever talk like this around anybody.
Jesus Christ man, if Dad ever heard this shit...
...he'd bury you in the basement.
I'm not telling Dad.
But I think some people suspect already.
Who?
Well, some guys at school maybe.
Who at school?
Who cares, N icky?
This is who I am.
- I cannot hide it forever.
- This is not who you are.
You do not have a clue who you are.
You've always been the most confused...
...screwed up individual...
I've been confused about this.
Oh man, don't cry.
- Stop crying, Dorian.
- I'm not.
Dude.
OK.
OK.
Look, I promised Kev Halen that I'd get there early...
...and help him set up so, um,

why don't you come...
...have a few beers we'll clear...
No, that's OK.
You go.
I'm fine, really.
Go.
Dorian this a lot for me to
digest right now, all right?
Look, I know you like
to talk about stuff.
This is a big one, so
as soon as I get back...
...we'll stay up as late as you want,
talk as late as you want, all right?
Thanks.
You need to talk now,
don't you?
- Mmm-hmm.
- OK.
So we talked.
And when the phone started
ringing and the whole school...
...wanted my brother
at the party...
...he told Mom to tell
them he was sick.
We had our own party.
Got drunk, played poker for
Aunt Bette's Easter money...
...told jokes about Mom
and Dad till it hurt.
Turned out to be
a great night.
Truly classic.
The kind of night
that makes you thinkl...
...maybe high school really are
the best years of your life.
- Can I help you?
- Yeah.
We were just wondering if you could
give us the definition of a word.
Dictionaries out of print?
Well, you know we thought

it would be easier...
...to ask a smart person.
What word?
U h, what was that again guys?
Oh yeah, yeah.
It was, um homo... Homosexual.
Could you tell us how you
would define the word; homosexual?
And then maybe use
it in a sentence.
I would define it as someone
you're deathly afraid of.
So... Should we be
afraid of you?
Come on, that is so rude when
somebody is talking right to you.
We're not talking.
Listen, faggot.
I don't know who you think
you're dealing with.
Look out, Cal.
Hey.
Aw.
Shit, man.
Hey, N ick, I was just
messing with him.
Yeah?
That's all you ever do, Cal.
You know, there's a lot more
to life than messing with people.
You ought to branch
out a little bit.
See what I mean?
People suspect.
Just keep denying it.
Remember what H itler said.
You tell a lie long
enough and loud enough...
...eventually they'll
believe it.
So your advice is
be more like H itler?
You know what I mean.
Yes.

Stay in the closet.
Yeah, and lock the door.
What you writing?
Just, uh, my own journal.
All your private thoughts?
- Like what?
- Like, private.
So what?
Tell me one.
No, uh thanks.
- Wanna hear one of mine?
- No.
I mean, uh, I'm sure yours
are great but it's just...
...mine are more than
enough right now.
Bunch of Neanderthals.
Take the last train
to Clarksville, ##
and I'll meet you
at the station. ##
You can be there
by four thirty, ##
'cause I made
your reservation. ##
Don't be slow. ##
Oh, no, no, no. ##
Oh, no, no, no! ##
Dee, dee, dee, dee, dee, dee. ##
Dee, dee, dee, dee, dee, dee. ##
Dee, dee, dee, dee, dee, dee,
dee, dee, dee. ##
Take the last train
to Clarksville, ##
and I must hang up the phone. ##
I can't hear you in this
noisy rail road station all alone. ##
I'm feeling low. ##
Oh, no, no, no. ##
Oh, no, no, no! ##
Hey, where'd you
disappear to after school?
What are you, my keeper?
No, I was just looking

for you, that's all.
Don't look for me.
What are you
getting stupid for?
Hey, you know something?
You look kind of guilty.
Did you do something wrong?
Get out of here.
Hey, did you
do something... Gay?
We connected in this
like, sci-fi moment.
It was like...
Yes.
We're both alike, we're
both "homo senturions. "
Both aliens.
Do you feel like
an alien, Dorian?
Yes.
Do you?
Not any more.
- How long did it take you.
- A few years maybe.
Well, uh, I don't
have a few years, doc.
I've got to go to
N YU in the fall.
You've got to get
me adjusted and now.
Plus, I can't afford
all of these sessions...
I'm dipping into my
savings for this.
Relax.
We'll do our best.
Oh, there's a
great doctor line;
"relax, we'll do our best".
Usually followed by
"Sorry, we did all we could. "
What do you love most
about yourself, Dorian?
U h, I have a good heart.

And what do you
dislike the most?
Um, my anxiety.
What do you love the
most about your father.
Oh, I see the questions get
progressively more difficult.
Why don't you tell
him that you're gay?
Because, it would be the
ugliest moment of my life...
...and I am not that strong.
See that dummy over there?
- Know who that is?
- My father?
Very good.
I'd like for you to go over there
and tell him that you're gay.
Just... Talk to him.
Hey Dad.
What?
He says now's
not a good time.
Hey Dad, this is
Dr. Mitchener.
- I'm not here.
- Oh, all right.
Dad, I've been seeing
this Dr. Mitchener...
...and he... Uh, he's a doctor
of psychology, I think.
U h, right, not an M.D. Uh...
I don't know why he
didn't go all the way.
OK.
Annoying, isn't he?
Yeah, but he's not
going to speak...
...he's just going to listen.
All right.
Dad, I just wanted you to
know that I am...
...ummm... Uh...
Dad, umm...

Got some work to do, huh?
Did you ever get to spend any
time alone with your father...
...just you and him?
Well... There was the time
he taught me how to drive.
- Know what you did wrong?
- No.
- You were driving too fast.
- No, Dad.
I was going the speed limit.
That speed limit is for
experienced drivers...
...under ideal conditions.
Not you, on a wet road.
To be fair, it is
nerve-wracking...
...for any parent to teach
their child to drive.
I don't know, he
also taught N icky.
I got to tell you, N icky... You have
the reflexes of a race car driver.
Doesn't he?
Doesn't he?
I want you to explore this
first major anxiety episode.
- You were seven.
- Yes.
You initially went to your
mother with this fear.
- Mommy?
- Yes sweetie?
- I'm scared.
- What are you scared of?
Going to war.
But there is no war, honey.
Vietnam's over.
Mrs. Tilly says there's
always another war...
...and then maybe I'm old enough.
If there's another war,
then you don't have to go.
Really, how come?

Cause we would all pack our bags
and move straight up to Canada.

- Where's Canada?

- Up north.

And they don't have
wars there, just moose.

- What is it?

- Dad's coming.

So, don't want to
go to war, huh?

Amen.

I can understand.

So what do you think instead?

Going up to Canada?

Mom says Canada

doesn't have wars.

No, no, they don't have wars.

They don't have wars
because they have us.

We're their line of defense
against the Communists.

But, what do you think might
happen if the Communists...

...ever got wind of the fact
that all our young men...

...would rather run up to Canada
than stay and defend this country?

They might get it into their
head that they could just...

...have Texas and Oklahoma,
just for the asking.

And then Virginia,
Pennsylvania...

...then New York and at that
point what would stop them...

...from running right on
up into Canada as well...

...looking for the likes of you,
and shooting you...

...right in the belly?

No, you're not
going to Canada.

You're going to war.

And you may get killed, but

you'll get killed like a man...
...for your country.
Dad, I'm gay.
I love you.
It's a common development.
I thought that's
what you'd say.
What did you want me to
say, that I love you too?
Maybe.
All right, Dorian.
I love you too.
Not like that, not like
you love all of mankind...
...and I just happen to
be one of them.
Besides the fact that
you're a virgin, craving...
...a first experience and that
you feel safe with me...
...besides those things, what
exactly do you love about me?
I guess that's
pretty much it.
I'm still flattered.
However, I do not under any
circumstances sleep with my clients.
Could you maybe refer
me to someone who does?
Forgive me father, it's been
awhile since my last confession...
...and uh, I've done some
of the usual sins, I guess.
I've disrespected my father
which to be honest...
I don't think I'm ever
going to stop but uh...
...something bigger this time,
I kind of had sex.
Well, that's a serious sin, but it
is common within your age group.
With a guy.
- Pretty big sin, huh?
- Yes it is.

Why?
Why is it a sin?
Go back to your side.
I don't want to go
back to my side.
Please Father.
Come on, you know it's me.
It's a sin because it
says so in the Bible...
...and the Bible is
the word of God.
But how do you know every bit
of it is the word of God.
I know it on faith.
A faith which comes from
years of research and prayer.
Both of which I suggest
you begin immediately.
I don't know, Father.
I'm not convinced I've
done anything wrong.
If you didn't do
anything wrong...
...then why do you suppose you
feel so guilty about it?
What's guilt prove?
I mean, I feel guilty when
there's mud slides in Ecuador.
Even if it weren't wrong,
would you really like to...
...live a life style which means
you could never get married...
...never have children?
No, I want children.
Then you haven't
thought this through.
But maybe I don't
get children.
Don't be so sure.
Often with a little
prayer and effort...
...those in your situation find
that they can desire women.
- Really?

- Absolutely.

I've been counseling
for years.

The first man I talked to was
convinced he couldn't be helped.

Today he lives in Ohio with
his wife of fourteen years...
...and their nine children.

- Nine?

- Amen, nine.

He called them his own
little baseball team.

Even got them uniforms.

You should see them,
they're cute as hell.

Hello, Dr. Mitchener?

This is Dorian Legatis.

I just wanted you to know I
won't be needing any more sessions.

I've found another path.

But I wish you luck on
your journey and... Amen.

- I love you, Dad.

- Ah.

Nicky.

Nicky.

- What?

- I can't do it anymore.

- Do what?

- It's wrong to be gay...

...to act on it, anyway.

It's even wrong to have some
of the gay thoughts I'm thinking.

It's wrong to even think?

Yes.

"Thou shalt not covet. "

It's the tenth commandment:

Thou shalt not covet...

...thy neighbor's wife,"

let alone thy neighbor.

- What have you been reading?

- The Holy Bible.

What the hell are you
reading that for, man?

I haven't read that
since grade school.
Well, you should.
It's mostly about straight
sex, and believe me...
...you're in some deep shit too.
- Well, we're all sinners, right?
- Yes, that's right.
So then I'll keep on sinning
till I'm like, thirty...
...and then I'll repent
and take up golf.
Isn't that how it works?
But what if you don't
live till thirty?
What if you die
tonight in your sleep?
Look, Dor, if I'm so
screwed being straight...
...then what are you worried
about being gay for?
Cause I decided that
I want to have kids.
Oh, well that's over.
Don't say that's over, don't
you dare say that's over...
...it's what I want more than
anything in the whole world.
- All right, all right.
- I want kids.
Shhh.
And not just one or two of
them, a whole mess of them...
...my own little baseball team.
- Base... You hate baseball.
- Yes, but I love uniforms.
So I need your help.
I want you to teach me
how to think straight.
You want me to teach you?
Yeah, I want to turn this
around so bad and I've been...
...thinking that if someone
like you could teach me...

...how you think sexually, you know,
maybe I could reboot my brain.

- You want to turn this around?

- Yes.

- Seriously?

- I've never been more serious.

Cause I have had some
thoughts on this.

You have?

Absolutely, I mean I didn't
want to push them on you...

...but if you're coming to me
I'll shoot straight with you.

I think I can get this
monkey off your back.

I knew it.

Tell me what I have to do.

- Now?

- Yes, now.

We're both up, start helping
me get this monkey off now.

Oh, thank you, thank
you, thank you.

Oh my God, wouldn't it be
fabulous if this were just...

...the answer to the
whole problem?

First things first,
don't ever say fabulous.

- No?

- No, it's not a straight word.

Oh.

Never heard one of my
friends say fabulous.

- Oh, OK.

- Well what do I say instead?

U h, say...

...awesome.

OK.

It's awesome.

That would be awesome.

- OK.

- It's awesome, man.

Good.

I know, it feels good,

I like it.

- It's fucking awesome.

- That's it.

Yeah.

All right, let's go
down to the basement.

What are we going to
do in the basement?

We're gonna fight.

- Did you say fight?

- Yup.

- Actually fight.

- Actually, physically fight.

You're going to teach
me how to fight.

No, not teach, just fight.

If you happen to pick up
some pointers along the way...

...good for you.

I don't understand.

See you want me to help you,
this is how we start.

We mix it up, mano y mano.

OK, but I think

we're short a mano.

See that's just it.

You're a pussy.

- You've always been a pussy.

- Ouch.

This is for real?

Can't be straight if
you're a chicken shit.

I'm not a chicken shit.

Stand up.

Ok.

Now drive your elbow back.

The other one.

There you go.

OK.

OK, tough guy, you
wanna see something?

Please.

- You want to see what I've got?

- I'm waiting.
- You might be surprised.
- Surprise me.
Come on, Dorian,
it was just a jab.
I didn't see it coming.
OK, OK, relax, relax,
elbows in, take it easy...
...just breathe.
Ah-ha!
Faked you out, jock boy!
Not hurt at all.
Oh, what's the matter Rambo?
Hurt your little thumb?
You sneaky little...
Sneaky?
I don't think sneaky's
a straight word, bro.
Try ballsy.
Aaaaaah!
Diiiiieeee!
Oooh, shit!
You alright?
Dor?
Dor?
Look, I am trying to
help you, alright?
- So please don't embarrass me.
- Embarrass you?
Look at what I'm wearing.
Will you stop milking that?
Milk?
It was a concussion!
- And there was blood!
- It was an accident!
Just forget about it and concentrate
on acting like a real guy.
Kiss me here, 'cause I've
got the dirt on you my dear. ##
It's your turn to hurt so kiss me
here I'm gonna make you pay. ##
What's your name?
Tiffany.
##... And it's clear

you're not too brilliant. ##
Kiss me here, go
on and make my day. ##
Oh... Oh my... Easy,
I'm nursing a concussion.
- You like her?
- I like her shoes.
No, her.
Do you like her?
Actually, I think
she's quite sensuous.
Excellent.
Where have you been?
I've been sitting here...
Been talking to that
dancer, Tiffany.
- She's agreed to help us out.
- What does that mean?
It means she's gonna
sleep with you bro.
Tonight.
- You're full of it.
- No, I'm serious.
- I don't believe you.
- Believe it, Dor.
She gets off work at two,
you show up at her place at 2:30...

...by 2:

virgin shit is over.
- This is for real?
- Totally for real.
Oh, my God.
Oh, my God.
Well, to tell you the truth I
don't know how I feel about this.
Feel great about it,
all right?
And do us both a favor,
don't over think it.
- I won't, but I'm just so...
- No, you got to do this, Dor.
This is what's gonna
make the difference.

- I hope so but...

- No buts, OK?

- OK.

- OK?

Yeah, OK!

Wow.

Wow.

So I guess she kind
of liked me, huh...

I mean enough to
want to, you know...

Yeah, for a hundred
bucks she liked you fine.

What?

You paid her a hundred bucks.

Hey relax, this
is totally on me.

Oh my God, N icky.

It's not the money,
it's the principle.

What principles have you got?

You're between
this and sodomy.

You set me up with a hooker.

She's not a hooker, she's a dancer
who does some of this on the side.

- So she's a part-time hooker.

- She's a lovely, sensuous girl.

- You said so yourself.

- All right!

So my first time will
be with a lovely...

...sensuous dancer
named Tiffany.

Well, uh... Just so you know,
it's a stage name.

These dancers pick sexy
sounding names for the dancing.

- What's her real name?

- Bunny.

Come on in.

- You're all sweaty.

- Oh, I'm sorry.

It's all right.

U h, I have deodorant on,
just not antiperspirant.

It's OK.

I, I didn't want to
wear this for this.

- Should I throw it out?

- Yeah.

Can I get you something
cold to drink?

U h, does it cost extra?

- No.

- Sure.

- Getting ready?

- No, uh.

It's OK.

Stay.

You know, I don't
mind that you're gay.

No, no.

What I mean is, I'm usually
not attracted to the guys I'm with...

...so, um, if you're not attracted
to me then everything's even.

That's not it, it...

What?

It's just, I can't believe
what I've been reduced to...

...someone who has to
pay for a sex life.

I mean, I'm a romantic.

How long have you
been doing this?

About a year.

Why do you need
the money so badly?

You got a crack
habit or something?

No, no nothing like that.

Actually, I'm saving to
move down to New York.

Really? What are you going
to do down there?

- Try and be a singer.

- You sing?

And dance. I do some
vocal impersonations.
Wow, you're multi-talented.
I wish I had one talent.
I'm sure you have one.
Not unless you
count melancholy.
Got a gift for that.
- Who do you do?
- Excuse me?
You said you
impersonate singers?
Oh... A lot of people.
Well do one,
and let me guess.
- No, I can't.
- Why not?
Cause I'm embarrassed.
You're embarrassed
to sing for me?
Did you forget what
I came here for?
OK.
I don't know why but
I'm feeling so sad. ##
I long to try something
I've never had. ##
Never had no kissin'.
Oh what I've been missin'. ##
Lover man, Lover man, ##
Where can you be? ##
Billie Holiday.
- Very good.
- Very good yourself.
- That was wonderful.
- Yeah, I love her.
- Do you know any country?
- Country?
Yeah, I love country.
Please don't think
any less of me.
Worry. Why do I
let myself worry? ##
Wondrin', what in

the world did I do? ##
I'm crazy for tryin'
and crazy for cryin'. ##
And I'm crazy for lovin' you. ##
No, no, no.
Oh, no, no.
U h.
It's just, it's never
gonna happen for me.
What?
I just want to feel good,
you know, sometimes.
I'm sick of being scared.
I'm scared a lot of
the times myself.
- You are?
- Yeah.
You wanna know
what I do about it?
What?
I pretend... Like I'm in one of
those big old Hollywood musicals.
Where everyone's fine,
and happy, and in love.
And I pretend
like I'm in love.
I sing, I dance...
- You delude yourself.
- Yeah, but it works.
Hey, you want to dance
with me right now.
No, no, no.
It's a pick me up.
I swear it always works.
U h, I can't dance, I know it
sounds weird coming from a gay guy.
You can dance,
everybody can dance.
- Come on, I'll teach you.
- It's not that simple.
No, it's that's simple.
Look, I don't know
where you're from...
...but you may have missed

a really important lesson.
You want to feel good,
you gotta work at it.
Now get up.
Well, feeling good for
me has never been simple...
...and learning a dance,
impossible.
But Tiffany was convinced
that if you worked hard enough...
...the universe
owed you an MGM moment.
And work we did.
And you know what?
Before the night was done,
the universe paid up.
I left Tiffany's that night
knowing that I'd never be straight...
...and that it was
time to tell everyone.
This is bad.
This is really bad.
You're actually going to do this.
So tell me, Dor...
'cause I honestly don't understand.
Where are you suddenly finding
the courage to do this?
I mean, to this day you
still haven't been able to...
...tell them about that golf club
you broke that summer.
I know.
- I may throw that in.
- He's going to go ballistic.
Maybe, but afterwards,
he'll know who I am.
OK, he doesn't care
who you are, Dorian!
He only cares who he is
and this will mean that...
...he's the father
of a homosexual.
And that's going to freak him out!
Well, I'm not going

to be here for it.
You know, some families
actually grow stronger...
...from this sort of thing.
Oh yeah, we're a really
good candidate for that.
You tell your news,
Dad will drink til he drops...
...and Mom will be up until
two o'clock in the morning...
...dusting knick-knacks and humming
to herself like a mental patient.
Yeah, we're really going
to grow stronger.
Don't you tell him I knew.

- I won't.
- I'm serious.
- I didn't know a thing about it.
- I heard you.
- I'm going to Walsh's.
- What's all the yelling about?

Nothing.

Where are my keys?
Wherever you left them.
You're not wearing a
a pink shirt, are you?
No, it's fuchsia.
Got a minute, dad?
Stupid, stupid,
stupid, stupid.
Idiot!

Son, you don't even know
the meaning of the word.
I don't know what
the word 'gay' means?
- I doubt it.
- Well, you're wrong.
- What's it mean?
- It means, I like men.

Not you, maybe,
but in general.
You hear the
anger there... Huh?
See that's the crux

to all of this.
You're so angry at me you'd do
anything to try and shock me.
Of course I'm angry at you,
because you've never had...
...anything but contempt for me.
Think this is gonna help?
- This isn't about you.
- I think it is.
Do you think I made this up?
No, I think you probably
worked yourself up...
...into half believing it too.
I more than half
believe it, Dad.
I know it.
You don't know horse
shit, you hear me?
You're so fogged up
in that head of yours...
...you don't know horse shit.
This is some fantasy you've
cooked up to feel eccentric.
Well I've got news for you.
There's a world of difference
between being eccentric...
...and being perverted.
Back to the drawing board.
Fantasy?
Before graduation I slept
with a guy at school.
Then congratulations...
...you have shocked me.
I didn't tell
you to shock you.
No, no.
Don't speak.
Don't open your mouth until
I ask you a direct question.
Is that clear?
- Is that clear?
- Yes sir.
Good.
Now what I want to know is,

who else have you told this to?

No one.

- None of your friends?

- No.

- Your mother?

- No.

- Your brother?

- No.

Yes.

I know about it,

Dad...

...everything.

You knew about this,

and you didn't tell me?

Well I would have, Dad,

if I knew you were...

...going to take it so well.

- This is funny.

- No, it isn't.

It's also not worth having

a heart attack over.

Dad, I'm still the same

person I always was.

Which was never so hot.

- Come on, Dad.

- Now hold it.

You should never

have involved him...

...he's at a very

impressionable age.

Oh, Jesus, Dad.

This does not affect

your precious N icky!

- I certainly hope not.

- Dad.

Oh, so that's

the bottom line.

You don't care if you have a

gay son as long as it's not him.

Don't tell me

what I care about.

Dad, will you

guys just relax?

- It's your problem.

- It's no big deal!
What isn't?
Being gay.
It isn't.
It's just, you know,
another way to go.
I never told him that, Dad.
- Get out.
- No, Dad.
- You don't live here any more.
- Fine.
- What the hell is going on?
- Get the hell out of here!
- What's going on?
- Dorian!
He's out of here,
it's his problem.
Just a second Dad.
Dad!
Get your hands off me!
What, are you
turning faggy too?
Is this really how
you're gonna move out?
Well, I would have
preferred a cake, but...
He's gonna cool off a
lot by tomorrow, Dor.
I'm not gonna be
here tomorrow, OK?
I just called the cab.
I'm going to Aunt Beth's in
five minutes and tomorrow...
I'm going down to school early.
And what if you're not
happy down in New York?
How could I not be
happy in New York?
New York's the greatest
city in the world.
You always say that...
...how do you know what the
greatest city in the world is?
The only other city

you've been to is Utica.
- What about mom?
- You fill her in, I'll call.
I don't want some sort
of weird scene now.
Do you want this, it's
yours but I use it.
Man, she's gonna
be heart-broken.
She'll be rolling pennies,
she won't even notice.
That's not fair.
You, you know
about fair, Nick?
Well why don't you,
favorite son...
quarterback king with
a big Dick to boot...
...tell me about fair.
And good luck here alone.
October 21 st.
Dear Nicky, was I ever
right about this city.
It's wonderful.
What did I always talk about?
Culture, museums, theater...
God, I've found
myself here, Nick.
And, others like me.
- You know what I don't get?
- Tell us.
OK. Why the pope rides around
in a bullet-proof car.
I just don't get that.
I mean, what is he
afraid of, eternal bliss?
That's Ellie.
She's opinionated,
lesbian, and Jewish.
Everything Dad looks
for in a woman.
The guy's Andrew.
Also gay, with
a big crush on me.

Dorian do you want
anything, on me?

No thanks.

I'm not interested,
but he persists.

- You sure, split an iced tea?

- No thanks.

Newspaper or a candy bar?

No thanks,

no thanks, no thanks.

You sure?

Andrew's odd,

but we love him...

...just as we all

love this city...

...which I can now say

from experience...

...is the greatest city in the world.

Dor.

December 3.

Dear Nick.

This is, without a doubt, the
most disgusting city in the world.

You see, you gotta
be here awhile...

...then you begin to see

the seams, the sadness...

...the filth, the loneliness...

Anyway, can't wait

for Christmas.

Family warmth and all that.

Dor.

Coats go right in the hall.

That's fine, just

dump them there.

Has he grown?

Look at this!

U h, ladies and gentleman,

could I have your attention please.

I, I, I just have a

little announcement.

Hello... Hey! Got a little

announcement to make.

As most of you are aware, N icky

has been applying to some colleges...
...hoping that one of them might
let him play a little football.
At what level, we
could only hope...
...and whether they would kick
in a little tuition money...
...we could only dream.
We received a little
letter here this morning.
The thrust of which says that
my son, my flesh and blood...
...will be playing
quarterback this fall...
...on a full scholarship at
Syracuse U niversity, division 1!
All right!
Come on up here, son!
No get up here, come
here, give me your hand.
Congratulations.
Hey, how about this kid!
Thank you.
What?
Oh, OK, OK.
And, ladies and gentleman,
folks, my other son...
Dorian has just completed his first
semester at N YU where he is a uh...
...uh, excuse me Dorian...
...what you're majoring in?
U ndecided.
Right.
Where he is majoring
in indecision.
I dive down and I set that bow
anchor down there and I check it...
...and I set the stern
anchor and I come back...
...and I see it's a turtle.
- Hey.
- Congratulations.
Thanks.
- Why didn't you tell me?

- You got home late, Dor.
Plus I didn't know he
was going to pull this...
...announcement stunt.

Well, I'm happy for you.

Bull, you wish I'd
get hit by a truck.

Damn you, reading
my diary again.

- Hey mom.

- Boys.

Dorian, I read that story you
wrote for the school paper.

I loved it.

"A Man Walking On The Beach. "

You're very talented.

I have two talented sons.

Too bad my talent
doesn't pay tuition.

Dorian, before I forget, did
I tell you I have a niece...

...who lives in New York.

No you didn't.

Well I do.

She's gorgeous.

And besides that, she is
the sweetest, smartest...

...funniest girl you
could hope to meet.

What do you think?

Honestly, she doesn't
sound like my type.

Whatever you want.

I'm serious.

Hey, Dor.

Hey.

Are we still mad
at each other?

What's that?

I said; are we still
mad at each other?

I'm not mad.

You haven't asked
me about school.

Yeah, Mom filled me in.
Sounds like it's going well.
- It's not a phase.
- What's that?
It's not... A phase.
Do you think you're ever
gonna be OK with who I am?
Do I think I'm ever gonna be
OK with who you've chosen to be?
Am.
Now son, we both know
that's subject to opinion.
No, never will be.
The sexual specifics
of that life style, uh...
...are just too unnatural for
me to ever be OK with it.
God, you know what I hate?
What's that?
That I care what you think.
Because if I didn't... God!
Well son...
...part of being a
man in this world...
...is making your own decisions and
then living with the consequences.
You are a man now.
I mean, you're old
enough to die in a war...
...and you're old enough
to die in a bed too.
Is that what you're
worried about?
Because I can relate to that,
but, I swear to God, Dad.
I'm gonna be so careful.
Oh yeah, 'careful',
funeral homes, these days...
...are truck-full of young men
who are careful, I mean...
Jesus, Dorian...
Do you want this disease?
Do you want AIDS?
That's it, I chose this

lifestyle because...
I felt left out of a plague.
Christ, I gotta wonder.
I mean...
...when being normal
could save your life...
...you think you'd give it
a strong second look.
What's normal Dad?
You with your pint
of Scotch every night?
That stack of big-boobed
girly magazines...
...you got hid in the safe
that Mom thinks...
...is just for
your stamp collection?
That normal?
Yeah, that's in the ballpark.
I returned to New York
that winter so lonely...
...that I was ready to try anything.
Even getting myself picked
up at one of those bars.
And it worked,
I got taken home by a guy...
...whose name I
never did learn so...
...let's just call him 'psycho'.
Nope.
This isn't gonna do it.
I'm really sorry, this just
isn't me, this whole scene.
I just thought I could drink
my way into it, but I can't...
...so I'm just gonna
call it a night, OK.
Hut.
Hut. Hut.
Uhhh!
Yeah.
I'll call you some time.
I was so stupid.
I still didn't realize how

big a trouble I was in.
I still thought I was just
dealing with some drunken jerk.
When actually I had stumbled
on to something far worse.
It was unreal.
I couldn't breathe... And
it wasn't long before...
I started to lose it, and
I was pretty much screwed.
Until my mind coughed
up this obscure memory.
Shit!
You broke my nose!
Ah!
You're dead!
So dead!
I ended up in four days in St.
Vincent's for a serious concussion.
It was so ironic.
Nicky had been playing
football since he was nine...
...and had never
gotten a concussion.
I was going for a liberal arts
degree and already had two.
So after this
muscle-man incident...
I declared my preference
a- Sexual and hit the books.
Over the next few years I
became a high honors student...
VP of my class and a bit
of a soap box activist.
Meanwhile, Nicky
went to Syracuse...
...and through his letters I got
the impression that things...
...weren't going as easily
as he was used to.
It was the first time that
the angels had turned their...
...backs on my brother
and towards me.

I've been to the zoo.
- I'm sorry?
- I said, I've been to the zoo.
Zoo story, Edward Alby.
Very good.
Now I know I'm not
wasting my time.
What are you,
a playwright?
No, a law student.
You?
Undergrad.
N YU.
Is he the genius
they say he is?
- You haven't read him?
- No.
Well, maybe I'm
wasting my time.
The fairy tale
finally happened.
Lonely prince Dorian
finally met his other prince...
...and the love prince Dorian felt
for prince Ben cast out...
...all Dorian's spells
of depression...
...and gave him the strength of
ten gay men... Or seven straight.
Ben, you gotta come with us
to keg night at Jessie's Barn.
- We're there.
- Right?
- Absolutely.
- Great.
Andrew?
Let's see, music and beer
with friends or stay home...
...and have imaginary fights
with my step mother?
Let me see...
Oh no, wait we can't Friday.
- Why not?
- I meant to tell you.

My parents are coming to town
on Friday and they want...
...to take us to dinner.
What?
I'm meeting your parents?
Well, I told them I was bringing
a friend along, you know.
Just the thought of meeting
Ben's parents sent me...
...into my newest afflictionl...
...hyperventilation.
I'd never met anyone's
parents before.
Literally, the only
parents I'd met were my own...
...and that didn't go very well.
I was terrified
they'd suspect.
Suspect what?
That we're more
than just friends.
Doesn't your brother
introduce his guy buddies...
...to your parents all the time?
- Yeah.
- Same thing.
You think?
Sure, they won't
suspect a thing.
Unless, of course, you do
something to tip them off.
I'm kidding.
Just kidding.
So Dorian, how's your steak?
It's awesome.
It's awesome.
So how long have
you two been lovers?
- Relax. They already know.
- What?
- We know!
- We know!
They're super-liberal,
they don't care.

- We don't care!

- We don't care!

Dorian's parents are creepy
ultra-conservatives, so...

This is kind of
creepy, too, actually.

I couldn't believe my life.

I had met my soul mate.

And his parents, though odd,
were completely accepting.

And then, just as
quickly, Ben left.

Never gave a good reason,
just said he was tired of us.

We'd been together two months.

I can't get tired of a
gold fish in two months.

And I obsessed.

- This has to stop.

- It is stopping, I promise.

I just need to ask
you one question.

Why did you break up with me?

Because I didn't want
to be with you any more.

Could you be more specific,
I'm trying to grow from this.

I don't know Dorian, it
just didn't take off.

I don't know, I'm not
an expert in love.

I don't analyze
everything like you do...

...and I don't want to hurt you,
but really, know it, it's over.

I'm never gonna change
my mind on that.

It's done, we're done.

History, over, finished.

Did you need more time
to think about this?

Jesus.

Just know that I am here
if you ever need to talk...

...or not.
Your call, no pressure.
It was really over,
and I couldn't deal.
I started walking the
streets, began to drink...
...the depression I'd always
lived with went clinical...
...til all I saw in this
city were the seams.
In fact, I became
a seam myself.
I clung to the hope Ben's
fear of being alone...
...would drive him back
to me by default.
But even that was shattered
when Elle got some inside info.
Ben is not alone he's
with someone else.
What?
I just wanted to crawl into
bed for the entire weekend.
But the gods were not
through with me yet.
- Ben your brother's a piss.
- What do you mean?
Oh, man, he's funny as hell.
Hey, I had to let him in.
I didn't want him sitting
out in the hall with his bag.
Wait.
What day is this?
Friday, the 21 st.
No, no, no.
No, no, no.
I can't do this.
I can't have him here now.
Just drink some coffee.
You'll be fine.
Hey Dor!
What a city.
Man, I can't believe how
tall those buildings are.

They're so freakin tall.

Whew!

You know, I don't feel much like going to a movie tonight.

What do you want to do instead?

- Go out.

- That's cool.

One of my bars, OK?

- You mean like, to a gay bar?

- Yeah.

- No.

- Why not?

I'm not going to a gay bar, Dorian.

Come on, you said you came to see my life.

Not your gay life, I meant like the school cafeteria and shit.

Why do you do that?

Why do you call it "my gay life"?

This is my life and this is what I do on the weekend...

I go to a gay bar.

And this is my favorite one, it's a wonderful place...

...great people.

I don't care if it's the Tajma-freakin-hall...

I didn't drive six hours to come and see you just to...

Oh Jesus. Please,

I'm not feeling well...

...and I really need to be with some friends.

- And Ellie's gonna be there.

- Ellie?

Yeah, my friend Ellie that I wrote you about.

So there are girls at this bar.

Lesbian girls, N ick.

- Forget it then.

- U nbelieveable.

Hey N ick.

You know what they
got there at this bar?

- That football throwing game.

- What throwing game?

The one where you
throw the footballs...

...at the moving targets for points.

Quarterback Red

Zone Challenge?

- That's it.

- They got that at a gay bar?

- Are you any good at it?

- Shut up.

Because some of these
guys are excellent.

You mean, some
of the gay guys.

- They play for money.

- Money?

But really,
they're very good.

Oh I'm sure.

Oh yeah, scored another one.

Get ready.

And my, your so pretty for
a girl that looks so angry, ##

and I am such a pretty
little girl, tell me... ##

do I make you uncomfortable?

Do I make you uncomfortable?

Do I make you I make
you uncomfortable? ##

Well, I'm tryin.

Thanks.

What's the matter N ick?

Did they score more than you?

- Shut up.

- Hey boys!

Hey Ellie's here.

Nicky this is Ellie.

Hey, N ick.

I've heard a lot about you.

I've heard a lot
about you too.

Oh, what?

Are you going to sulk now?

Then here, go get us drinks.

Elle takes anything
dark in a bottle.

Me, kill the club soda,
I'll take a non-alcoholic.

- He's adorable.

- Yeah.

- So how you doing after today?

- Surprisingly all right.

Listen, I gotta talk
to you about something.

Yeah, OK, but listen I want
you to do a favor...

...for me tonight, OK?

I want you to help me to
show my hot shot brother...

...how popular I am.

- Popular?

- Yeah.

- Yeah, I'm popular.

- Yes, you are.

And he's never seen
that, you know...

...so I want you to keep
your eyes peeled out...

...for anybody we know, call
them over, whoop it up...

...and help me show N icky that
I'm hot shit down here.

I will do that but I've
got to talk to you...

...about something else first.

Something I was trying to
tell you earlier at the pub.

Is this about your
Psych professor?

No.

- Here you go Ellie.

- Thanks.

What do you say, one more

drink and they're out of here?

What?

We just got here.

And you've been playing that game and Elle just got here.

Come on, Dor, I came down to see the city.

We've got a whole weekend to see the city.

Tonight I just wanted us to hang out.

It's no fun for me hanging out here.

Oh give it a chance, will you?

Think it was all fun for me visiting you at Syracuse...

...sitting through three hours of football practice?

It wasn't all bad, you got to go in the locker room after.

Look, I know you feel awkward not knowing anybody here.

You know.

You're not used to that, the great Nick Legatis.

No, I'm not.

But I know people here and this is my turf...

...and if your with me then we're gonna have fun.

Nicholas Legatis.

Oh man, this is unbelievable.

The great Nick Legatis.

Hey, Buffer Jones.

Man, I haven't seen you since QB camp in Pittsburgh.

Hey, this is my brother, Dorian and his friend, Ellie.

Hi, how you doing?

Buffer Jones, plays for L state.

Rugger, we got another

Division 1 here.

- Penn State.
- What's up, man.
- Hey, come and have a beer with us.
- Sure.

Can you believe this, I can't even make a bigger splash...

...than him in my own neighborhood gay bar.

It's just as well, listen, Ben's here.

What, my Ben?

No, he doesn't come here.

Yeah, well, his new partner does and they're both here...

...and they both want to talk to you.

What, but... what?

Listen, I was supposed to get you up to speed on the whole thing...

...but I couldn't get it out earlier...

- You were so hurt.
- What whole thing?
- On what's been going on.
- And what is going on?

Hello, Dorian.

Dorian.

No.

No way.

You didn't tell him, did you?

Almost, listen honey,

I'm so sorry I swear to God...

I was trying to tell you earlier.

You don't have to do this but whenever you're ready...

...with me and Ben and Andrew, we all love you.

No, no that's great, and let's do it now.

- Are you sure?
- Positive.

Really, Elle, it's cool.

First of all,

I'd like to say that I...

No, first of all...

...whatever this is,
you're not running it.

Drew.

We just weren't right
for each other, Dor.

And hey, I honestly
think you're better off.

Seriously.

I mean I'd bore you after
awhile, you know I would.

I'm just not... intellectually
curious like you are.

All I want out of life is to work
for my father's firm and play.

And you want to, you know...
better yourself.

And Andrew's more like me.

You don't want to
better yourself?

I really don't.

So you're saying is that
I'm better off alone.

No, with someone else.

Who else?

It took me 22
years to find you.

I think what Ben's
trying to say is...

- Andrew, please, I'm upset.

- So am I.

You're upset, what do you
got to be upset about?

You won.

You won the prize.

An intellectually uncurious
prize but a prize just the same.

You know, maybe right there is one
of the reason's why he left you...

...you always have a dig.

- Andrew.

- It's true, Elle.

Is that the truth?

Well people do
annoy you, Dor.
They don't bother me.
You know, I'm low key,
you're kind of high strung.
You have to admit,
Dorian, that...
No, no, no, no.
I don't have to admit a damn
thing... Not to you, Andrew.
Did you two really
come down here to say;
"Sorry you're alone
but here's some tips...
...on changing your personality
so you don't have to be"?
Actually the tips
were Ben's idea.
I just wanted to tell
you why you're alone.
I think we're done here.
Ben, please don't go.
Ahhh!
You guys, stop it.
Sorry, sorry, sorry.
Sorry, sorry, sorry.
- Sorry, sorry, sorry.
- You alright?
- I'm fine.
- What happened?
Nothing, it's over.
Circle, circle, here I go
back in this place again. ##
So will you see me fallin' down
or will you just pretend? ##
- What are you so quiet about?
- Nothing, I'm just tired.
Hey, I thought you were going
to take me to a nice place tonight.
It is a nice place.
What, you didn't think so?
No, it's just that usually nice
places don't have bar fights.
Did you have a good

time tonight, Nick?

Yeah I sure did, and
seeing Buff was a piss.

Seeing Buff was a piss.

Yeah.

Hey I've got a
question for you.

Let me ask you this.

Did you have any idea that this Buff
guy was, you know, that way.

No, not at all I mean there
was not a clue at quarterback camp.

I'll tell you that.

And you didn't tell
him you weren't?

No, never came up.

- Hmm.

- Huh?

Nothing its just, why
didn't it come up?

Just didn't.

I know, but why didn't you
make a point of bringing it up?

Oh, well, I guess I kinda just
steered clear of the whole subject.

- Huh that's curious.

- Why is that curious?

I don't know, I just find it
curious that you would...

...go a whole night without
dropping a girlfriend's name or...

...you know, finding some way
to disclose your preference.

I don't think in terms of
disclosing my preference.

Well, when you're not gay in
a gay bar you should because...

...this Buffer guy was
definitely flirting with you.

- He was not.

- Oh, yes he was.

Bull shit.

What do you think that laughing
and leaning into you was...

...all the hands
on your sholder.
That's just how football
players are with each other.
Well, that's another
whole discussion...
...but I'm not
getting into that.
Besides, even if he
was, who cares, I mean...
...if the guy was flirting with
me and I didn't notice...
...then who gives a shit?
OK, don't get so defensive.
What's the matter N icky, did
you feel something for the guy?
What did you just ask me?
If you felt something and
that's why you didn't...
...drop girls names and come off.
I had a few beers
with the guy.
What the hell are
you talking about?
I'm just asking.
Really, you really think
you need to ask me that?
Apparently I don't.
What, you trying to
turn me gay, Dor.
Is that why me
took me to... Huh?
Because you're the
family faggot, not me.
You're getting really warped,
asshole, really warped.
He was insulted,
and I was glad.
I wanted to insult him,
anything to punch some holes...
...in his perfect life.
But he's impervious to
real pain, or so I thought.
He returned an hour later,

and sometime in the night...
I awoke to a sound I hadn't
heard since I was ten years old...
...the sound of
my brother, crying.
N icky?
N icky, what is it?
N icky, what's wrong.
Oh my God, did
you like that guy?
What?
I was only half
serious, but, man...
I did not like
that guy, Dorian.
Jesus Christ, there's a lot
more in life to cry about...
...than being gay.
I'm not crying about...
It's something
completely different.
All right, fine, what is it?
- It's none of your business.
- What do you mean it's...
I mean, it's none
of your business.
Why is it none of my...
- It just isn't.
- Come on, we're brothers.
Oh, yeah, we're brothers when
you wanna know something.
Look, I just had a
really rough week...
...and it's backing up
on me, all right?
My God, what's happened
this is not like you...
...things don't back up on you.
I don't want to
talk about it.
Don't tell me you don't
want to talk about it.
- Just leave it alone will you?
- I will not leave it alone.

Christ, you're
worse than a woman.
Hey, Nicky, I wake up and
find you more upset...
...than I've ever seen you in my life
and you expect me to blow it off.
I lost my scholarship.
All right?
What?
They took my scholarship.
Your football scholarship?
No, my Rhodes scholarship,
how many scholarships do I have?
What happened?
They cut me.
Wednesday.
It's all over, Dor.
I didn't make it.
- I didn't have it.
- My God.
What do you do now?
What every other schmuck
does, pay tuition.
Did you tell Mom and Dad yet?
- Mm-hmm.
- You did, when?
- Wednesday.
- What did they say?
I told Mom first.
She said now you can
concentrate on becoming a lawyer.
Then Dad grabs the phone and
says "What's going on, Nick?"
And I tell him and he says
"Well that's that, then. "
And he hands the
phone back to mom.
Oh, man, what a prick.
Well it was a huge
disappointment for him, Dorian.
For him?
For him?
It meant a lot to him.
Then why didn't he

become a football player?
Oh, because he wasn't good
enough, there's a real twist.
Can he vent?
No, God, he should be consoling
you and you defend him.
You know, something,
you're too hard on people.
You know, Mom said he was up
all night after I told him...
...sick as a dog.
I'm sure he was, because
he's got his ego...
...all wrapped up in yours.
- Man, it's demented.
- Man, I shouldn't have told you.
News flash, Dad is fucked up.
So are you, and I give
you breaks all the time.
Oh, you give me breaks?
What?
- Hey guys.
- We're being loud, I know.
No, no, no, it's just Dor, you
got a call on the hall phone.
- It must be Ellie.
- No, it's an Aunt Beth.
And that's exactly
how it happened.
We were just
talking about him.
His name was literally still
in the air when we found out...
...he'd a heart
attack and was gone.
And to be honest, I didn't
know exactly what to feel...
...but poor Nicky, he knew.
In a perfect world, I would
have told you what I was thinking. ##
You would have smiled. ##
You would have smiled. ##
In a perfect world, we would have
walked out of this place together, ##

and said goodbye, ##
said good luck. ##
I want to scream,
but I just whisper. ##
In a perfect world, the ones
you love should ease your burden... ##
and make you soar, ##
make you sure,
in a perfect world. ##
They say a boy becomes a
man the day his father dies.
For me it happened
a few days late.
I was getting fed up.
I'd already been through
two nights of wakes...
...listening to a million people
praise my father like he was...
Ghandi's better brother.
And come the morning of the funeral
I'm brooding on the front lawn...
...half hung over
and seriously considering...
...not attending the days events,
and I think my mother knew it.
What are you doing?
Just trying to get
my head on straight.
Don't wait up.
Head on straight about what,
you father?
He could be a real son
of a bitch, couldn't he?
Excuse me?
What, you didn't
think I knew that?
I didn't think you'd say it.
Well, he was very
angry... I know.
Like to talk about
you for a minute.
- You want to talk, Mom?
- Yes.
- About something?

- Don't.

All right, what do you
want to talk about?

About how much you
remind me of him.

- Of who, Dad?

- Yes.

What is that, some kind
of twisted compliment?

It's not a compliment at all.

I'm saying you're
angry too, honey.

Don't you see how
angry you are?

I do.

Your Aunt Beth does.

I don't want that.

I don't want you to be angry
and hateful toward people.

I want you to be good.

Even though your father
wasn't good to you...

...and your mother didn't have
the nerve to stop him.

I know, baby... I should
have stopped him.

Well, that's all

I had to say.

It was a lot actually.

It was a lot,
because it was true.

My father did leave
me pissed off.

And you know why?

You know the one worst thing
that my father ever did to me?

He convinced me it matters
what people think of you...

...and truth is they never
think quite enough.

So from then,

I started living my life...

...no matter what they thought.

Even when they

thought I was crazy...
...and should take my liberal views
and my pink shirt...
...and move to another planet,
I just had to laugh...
...cause it's not pink, it's fuchsia.