

Phillip, Dylan, and Garrett head out the door. Peter shuts and locks it behind them and then stands there for a moment, gathering his thoughts.

PETER (CONT'D)
That was a really dumb thing you
did back there Frank.

Frank takes a sip of his water, not wanting to have the talk they're about to have.

FRANK
Yeah, so what.

PETER
So what?

FRANK
Yeah so what? Sorry I was drunk and
hit a guy who put a hand on me.

PETER
Because you were bring weird with
his girlfriend!

FRANK
I was literally just talking to her
Peter.

PETER
Maybe, but I'm starting to see a
pattern here in your behavior.

FRANK
Really, and what might that be?

PETER
You're being reckless and careless.

Frank stands up.

FRANK
Oh really? Maybe its because, I
don't know, I'm dying!

PETER
I know and I'm sorry but...

FRANK
But what Peter? But what?

PETER

That doesn't mean you have to go
and throw away what little time you
have!

FRANK

Oh that's what all this is about!

PETER

Yeah I'm concerned for you!

FRANK

No Peter, you're concerned for
yourself!

Peter starts to walk towards Frank.

PETER

What?

FRANK

You want to control my final days
because of some insecurity you have
about family or some bullshit.

PETER

What the hell!? No I'm just...

FRANK

Just what?

PETER

Trying to keep you from killing
yourself!

Frank stands there in silence, shocked by the words Peter
threw at him.

FRANK

Is that what you think? That I'm
trying to kill myself?

PETER

Look at the things you've been
putting yourself through? Jumping
as soon as you can on the bungee
jump, not pulling your cord till
the last possible second, picking
fights you can't win?

FRANK

Really? That's all the evidence you
have for this?

PETER

That and you being all secretive
about the true nature of the trip!

FRANK

Oh and what's that?

PETER

Maine! Why Maine Frank?

Frank doesn't answer.

PETER (CONT'D)

You know what I think? I think
that's where you want it to happen,
that's where you want to end it,
that is if it doesn't happen while
you're doing something stupid along
the way. You're trying to take an
easy way out and I'm not going to
let you.

FRANK

How dare you.

PETER

How dare I? No how dare you! You're
acting like your death affects no
one else in your life! Well guess
what Frank it does, it affects me!
I can't lose you Frank, not yet! I
still need you here for as long as
I can... I... I can't let you go.
Not yet.

Peter sits down, finally letting the words he's been holding
in.

FRANK

Do you understand how incredibly
selfish you sound?

Peter looks up at him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

No Frank, I'm not trying to kill
myself, but believe me the thought
has crossed my mind. You're over
here pouting and being angry at me
because you can't let me go yet?
Well tough shit Peter, I'm dying
and I'm the one whose losing
everything, not you.

Frank collapses into his chair.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Do you know what it feels like
Peter? To literally know the day
you're going to die? To know that
every step I take, every word I say
is one of my last? Huh? Do you?

PETER

Frank I...

FRANK

No! You don't okay! You fucking
don't! I do, every day I wake up
and I just realize that one of
these days I won't. So yeah I'm
sorry I'm living recklessly, but
I've never felt more alive then I
do now. Maybe if you would think of
someone else besides yourself you'd
realize that you aren't the one
that's going to be gone soon and
enjoy the time you've got left with
me instead of just bitching and
crying.

PETER

Frank...

Frank stands up.

FRANK

I'm going to bed, hope I see you in
the morning, if not sorry things
ended this way.

Frank heads towards his room, opens his door and slams it
shut.

Peter sits in there and absorbs the silence. He leans forward
and begins to break down.

INT. PETER AND FRANK'S HOTEL ROOM - PETER'S ROOM - MORNING

Peter lays in bed as the sun rises over Vegas. He looks
exhausted.