

OVER BLACK:

MIKE (V.O.)
I've been writing about TV shows
for so long, sometimes I feel like
I'm in one.

INT. THE REVEL CASINO HOTEL - SUITE - FEB 2014

The screen explodes with the flickering lights of BIRTHDAY
CANDLES on a CAKE.

CLOSE ON: MIKE, 40, with a sweet, open face. He makes a wish
and then, with determination, takes a deep breath...

INT. THE REVEL CASINO HOTEL - SUITE - LATER

A dozen and a half BIRTHDAY PARTY GUESTS are gathered in a
large and swanky suite cheering Mike as the candles go out.
Mike looks up at KIT, 42, tall and handsome, with a
contagious and mischievous smile.

INT. THE REVEL CASINO HOTEL - SUITE - LATER

A KNIFE slices through the large sheet cake decorated with a
fondant PAPA SMURF and "HAPPY 40th MIKE!"

MIKE
No one's getting a slice of Papa
Smurf. I will be cutting around
Papa, not through him.

KIT
Mike, he takes up half the cake.

Mike hands a piece of cake to NICK, 40s, who waves it off.

NICK
I just came for slots.

MIKE
Says the biggest slot I know.

NICK
Slot-shaming is never okay.

INT. THE REVEL CASINO HOTEL - SUITE - LATER

Mike struggles to open a bottle of CHAMPAGNE, as Kit talks to NINA, 41, Nick and RILEY, 22, Nick's attractive young twink boyfriend. Kit takes the bottle from Mike and opens it.

INT. THE REVEL CASINO HOTEL - SUITE - LATER

Nick and Riley are with Mike, who's sipping a glass of WINE. Nick hands him a beautifully wrapped GIFT.

MIKE

(dryly)

I said no gifts unless they're
super expensive and come with a
gift receipt.

NICK

Shut up and open it.

Mike rips the wrapper open to reveal a VINTAGE TV GUIDE with DOM DELUISE smiling on the cover.

NICK (CONT'D)

It's from the week you were born,
Mr. TVLine.

MIKE

Holy hell. Dom DeLuise in "*Lotsa
Luck*." Ran only one season.

NICK

The shit you know.

RILEY (O.C.)

Wait, is that *you*?

Riley's been looking at a PHOTO of Mike, one of many displayed on a nearby table. It's YOUNG MIKE, 12, when he was OBESE.

MIKE

That *was* me.

NICK

You look like a young Dom DeLuise.

MIKE

I'll take that as a compliment.

INT. THE REVEL CASINO HOTEL - SUITE - LATER

Mike getting everyone's attention, holding up a wine glass...

MIKE

Attention please! Thank you all for coming to the edge of the earth to celebrate with me. You'll be happy to hear, *Nick*, that it's time to go play sluts. And because my generosity knows no bounds, I'm spotting everyone their first five bucks.

NINA

We don't deserve you.

As Mike starts handing out five dollar bills, he looks around the room for Kit, who's nowhere to be seen.

INT. THE REVEL CASINO HOTEL - SUITE - BATHROOM - LATER

Kit, looking tired, sits on the edge of the tub, as Mike comes in.

MIKE

There you are. We're going down to the casino.

(taking him in)

You all right?

KIT

I'm fine.

MIKE

You sure?

KIT

I'm fine. You enjoying your party?

MIKE

I am. Thank you for... this.

INT. THE REVEL CASINO HOTEL - CASINO - LATER

Mike plays SLOTS next to Nick and Riley as Kit and Nina walk up. Nick immediately notices ten gaudy SPIDER RINGS on each of Kit's fingers.

NICK

Where'd you get *those*?

KIT
I won them in the arcade. You like?


MIKE
(looking up for a second)
They're very *you*.

KIT
I'm saving them for Halloween. I'm
going as Sharon Needles from Drag
Race.

Mike turns his attention back to the slot machine...

MIKE
(to himself)
Come on, Universe. I need a win.

Mike pushes the spin button and the screen starts to twirl,
Kit comes closer to him.

KIT
I'm gonna n upstairs to go to the
bathroom.

Mike watches him walk away, looking concerned. He's thinking
about following him when he suddenly hears DING, DING, DING.

His slot machine is erupting with noise. THREE DOUBLE
DIAMONDS have lined up in a row. The simulated sound of coins
crashing into the payout tray fills the air...

CONFETTI starts falling from the ceiling now, then balloons.

MIKE (V.O.)
That really happened. Me winning,
at least. Not the balloons and the
confetti. That was me. I watch too
much TV.

Mike proudly turns back to see if Kit caught this before he
went upstairs. He didn't. He's gone. A heaviness once again
begins to permeate Mike's face.

MIKE (V.O.)
I tried so hard to put on a happy
face that night.
(beat)
Now hold that cryptic thought while
we segue to what we in the TV biz
call an "extended flashback
sequence" because, um, *origin*
story. Duh.

The ding, ding, ding of the slot machine gets louder and louder, turning into a THUMP, THUMP, THUMP...

CHYRON: PREVIOUSLY ON

INT. CLUB - NIGHT - NOV 2001

A New York City nightclub, packed with GAY MEN in various athletic gear. Mike, 27 now, stands awkwardly on the edge of the dance floor with Nick, 30, who's in baseball pants and a tank-top, and ADAM, 22, in just a tight wrestling singlet, an earlier twink boyfriend. Mike's only nod to sports is his Yankee cap.

MIKE

I don't belong here.

NICK

It's the Athletes Ball. You jog.

MIKE

I *run*. I don't *jog*.

Two HOT GUYS with perfect abs, wearing nothing but football pants and black stripes under their eyes, push past them. They shout over the music...

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm going to go do some crunches.
Be back in six months.

NICK

If you leave, Mike, Osama Bin Laden wins.

Mike looks around at the throng, as if on cue, a SWIRLING SPOTLIGHT hits Kit, 29 now, looking younger and more handsome than ever. He's standing with Nina, 28, just like he was at Atlantic City. She's one of the few women there.

Mike can't help but stare at him, he's so striking. Suddenly Kit turns away from Nina and his eyes land on Mike's. Mike freaks and quickly turns away. Nick saw everything and smiles.

NICK (CONT'D)

You're welcome.

(beat)

Hey, Adam, baby, go get us some drinks--two vodka sodas and...?

MIKE
Diet Coke for me.
(off Adam heading off)
Is he old enough to buy drinks?

NICK
He's twenty-two! And an actor!

MIKE
I *knew* he looked familiar-- I've
seen his work on Nickelodeon.

Mike's trying not to, but he can't help sneak another look at Kit, who catches him and their eyes meet. Kit smiles. Mike quickly spins around to find Nick looking at him.

NICK
He's totally into you.

MIKE
No, he's not.

NICK
He is.
(looking over at Kit)
He's checking you out. Right now.
Turn around.

MIKE
No. I can't.

Nick takes Mike by the shoulders and gently, but firmly turns him around.

MIKE (V.O.)
It was like looking into the sun.
If the sun was tall, with a slim
build, an aquiline nose and wearing
the perfect pair of nerdy-but-sexy
glasses.

NICK
Ask him to dance!

Mike turns around to look at Nick again...

MIKE
He's with a woman!

NICK
Don't be ridiculous. No man in this
room has been "with a woman" for
years. If ever.

Kit begins to walk over as Mike starts to panic.

MIKE
He's coming over.

NICK
I'm going to go see what's taking
Adam so long.

MIKE
Please don't leave me.

Nick ignores him, walking away as Kit arrives.

Hey! KIT Hey! MIKE (CONT'D)

KIT
Buy you a drink?

MIKE
A child actor is fetching me one.
But thank you.

It's Kit!

MIKE
Kit? Really? I'm Mike! That's
crazy! Mike and Kit! Knight Rider!

Kit is slow to make the connection.

MIKE (CONT'D)
It was a TV show in the Eighties.

KIT
Do you want to dance?

MIKE
I'm not much of a dancer...

KIT
(interrupts)
Come on.

Off Mike, nervously smiling...

INT. CLUB - NIGHT - LATER

Mike awkwardly dances with Kit in a crowd of shirtless MEN.
Kit's shirtless too, a red cocktail STRAW between his teeth.

He's adorable, like a flirty farm boy with a piece of hay in the corner of his mouth.

Kit leans in to kiss him, but Mike playfully blocks him by plucking the straw out of Kit's mouth and putting it in his own. Kit takes the bait, leans in closer and pulls the straw back with his teeth, very nearly kissing Mike in the process.

Kit takes the straw and flicks it into the crowd. Mike can't help but smile, and it's then and there that Kit pulls him in close and they have their first kiss.

As they make out, the room starts to spin, the crowd disappears, leaving them alone on the dance floor.

When they break out of the kiss they're suddenly surrounded by the crowd again as confetti and balloons fall from the ceiling, Kit looks up.

KIT
Is this really happening?

MIKE (V.O.)
This time it really was.

Mike looks up, feeling a little, well, overwhelmed.

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE RESTAURANT - NIGHT - NOV 2001

Mike, dressed for a date, sits across from Kit.

MIKE (V.O.)
Less than fifteen minutes into our first date, I found out the tall drink of water sitting across from me, by the name of Kit Cowan, watched zero television.

MIKE
No TV at all?

KIT
Is that a problem?

MIKE
No. No, of course not.

MIKE (V.O.)
It was a huge problem.

KIT
Favorite show?

MIKE

At the moment? Felicity.

KIT

Is that the one that got cancelled because the star cut her hair?

MIKE

(eye roll)

It did not get cancelled. But yes, there was an uproar over her haircut.

KIT

See, I know stuff!

The WAITER arrives with their drinks...

WAITER

A Stella, and a Diet Coke for you.

KIT

So, don't drink or can't?

MIKE

Am I an alcoholic? No. I just never liked the taste. What about you: drunkard or junkie?

KIT

Photographer slash art director.

MIKE

Both then. Hm.

KIT

What do you do?

MIKE

I'm a journalist. I write about television.

KIT

Ah... that makes sense. For a newspaper?

MIKE

Magazine. TV Guide.

Kit is impressed.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm actually flying to LA tomorrow to visit the Felicity set.

Kit is even more impressed.

MIKE (CONT'D)
What do you photograph about?
Fashion stuff?

KIT
Sometimes.

MIKE
Is it rough being around underwear
models?

KIT
You get used to it.

There's a slightly awkward pause.

KIT (CONT'D)
There is one show I like: Ab Fab.
I have the entire series on DVD.

MIKE
Figures. The one show I've never
seen is the only show you've ever
watched.

KIT
You've never seen AbFab? And you
call yourself a--

MIKE
I'm a bad gay, I know.

KIT
I was going to say a bad television
journalist.

Mike's enjoying the ribbing.

MIKE
How about a speed round?

KIT
A speed round?

MIKE
Middle child. Two brothers.

KIT
(catching on)
Only child.

MIKE
Suburban New Jersey.

KIT
Rural Pennsylvania.

MIKE
Mama's boy.

KIT
Lost boy.

MIKE
Catholic.

KIT
Nothing.

MIKE
Lucky you!

KIT
Childhood obsession: Magic.

MIKE
Daytime soaps. And... other stuff.
Worst Christmas memory: Finding a
train set under the tree.

KIT
Not finding a magic set under mine.

MIKE
Why not?

KIT
My mom's pretty no-nonsense and she
thought magic was *all* nonsense.
Adult obsession: mid-century
furniture.

MIKE
Small-town gift shops, preferably
ones untouched by time.

KIT
You would've loved the five-and-
dime in my hometown. It's not there
anymore, sadly.

MIKE
That's my retirement plan, running
a little gift store on Main Street,
USA.

They smile. There's another pause, but this one isn't awkward. Kit holds Mike's glance.


KIT
So what are your parents like?

MIKE
My mom died when I was a teenager.

KIT
Oh--

MIKE
It gets worse. My dad died a few years later.

Kit takes him in...

KIT 
I'm sorry.
(beat)
Want to come over and watch a little AbFab after dinner?

Off Mike, surprised by that...

MIKE
Do I look like the type of guy who goes back to someone's apartment on the first date?

Kit just smiles as we SMASH CUT...

INT. KIT'S STUDIO APT

Kit's apartment is neat and stylish. Mike scans the room for clues. There are KITSCHY KNICKKNACKS on the windowsill, a wall covered with Kit's PHOTOS, and a large drafting table with half-finished works of art. Kit suddenly pulls Mike in for a kiss. He begins to steer him toward the bed, pulling Mike's shirt up.

MIKE
(tucking shirt back in)
Can I use the bathroom? I have to pee.

INT. KIT STUDIO APT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike looks at himself in the mirror, lifts his shirt up, staring at his stretch marks, a reminder of when he was a fat and lonely kid. Suddenly looking very distressed, he pulls his shirt down, and tucks it in.

He decides to open the medicine cabinet and finds a single toothbrush -- a good sign -- and a small ceramic figurine of two DINOSAURS FUCKING.

Mike closes the medicine cabinet, then spots what looks like a measuring stick on top of the toilet tank.

When he picks it up it becomes clear it's actually a "PETER METER" with measurements reading "Should Have Been A Girl," "Water Spout," "For Big Girls And Small Cattle." Mike looks more than a little rattled, as he carefully sets it down... then washes his hands.

INT. KIT'S STUDIO APT - MOMENTS LATER

Mike comes out of the bathroom...

MIKE

Is it okay if we just watch TV?

KIT

Of course.

(grabs a DVD off the
shelf)

AbFab's OK?

MIKE

Better late than never.

As Kit pops in the disc.

INT. KIT STUDIO APT - LATER

The episode's just ending and Kit turns off the TV. They're next to each other in the bed. Mike's still looking nervous.

KIT

I think that was the gayest thing
I've ever done on a first date.

MIKE

I doubt that.

Kit leans in and kisses Mike...

MIKE (CONT'D)

How about a gay speed round?

KIT

So we're going to do every gay thing but the actual gay thing?

MIKE

Realized at twelve.

KIT

Fourteen. Late bloomer.

MIKE

Obvious and bullied.

KIT

I passed.

MIKE

Came out in college.

KIT

Same. Mostly. Sort of.

MIKE

You mostly, sort of, came out in college?

KIT

I came out to everyone but my parents.

MIKE

When did you tell them?

(off his busted look)

Oh my god! How do your parents not know? You're a photographer. You're into Ab-Fab. Can't they do the math?

KIT

They're bad at math.

MIKE

It's barely addition.

KIT

So when did you tell your mom, Harvey Milk?

MIKE

I didn't have to. We were both watching "Days of Our Lives" and she caught me drooling over a shirtless Bo Brady.

KIT

Busted.

MIKE

Yeah, it's awkward to realize you're gay at the exact same moment your mother realizes you're realizing you're gay.

Kit laughs, then really takes Mike in, before deciding to come clean...

MIKE (CONT'D)

What?

KIT

(sheepish)

I'm not a fashion photographer. I take pictures of sandwiches and make store signage for Cosi... the sandwich chain.

MIKE

I love Cosi! I eat there all the time. Their bread is delicious.

Kit smiles, leans in gently and kisses him. They begin to make out. It gets heated fast. Kit pulls his t-shirt off.

Mike gets a good look at his abs as Kit starts to pull Mike's shirt up. Mike quickly pulls away...

MIKE (CONT'D)

I have to go.

KIT

Stay.

MIKE

I told you, I'm going to LA in the morning. I have to pack.

KIT

How long will you be gone?

MIKE

Just overnight.

KIT
Am I going to see you again?

MIKE
Absolutely...

MIKE (V.O.)
And I kept my word.

INT. KIT STUDIO APT - NIGHT - NOV 2001

CLOSE ON: AbFab on TV, as we pull back to reveal a fully clothed Mike edging away from a shirtless Kit.

KIT
It's nice to have you back on the
East Coast, Mr. Hollywood.

MIKE
It was my first time on a
soundstage. And it was *Felicity*!

KIT
(barely listening)
You have great legs.

Kit runs his hands over Mike's legs. Mike tenses up...

MIKE
I run.

KIT
It shows.

Kit tries to lift Mike's shirt and Mike blocks him.

MIKE
I'm sorry.

KIT
Look, if you're not into me...

MIKE
I am. I'm just... a little insecure
about my tummy.

Kit gets up and turns off the overhead light and the lamp on the drafting/work table. He picks up the remote, mutes the TV, and turns the TV around to face the wall.

The soft glow from the ever-changing images on the TV bounce off the walls and around the room – it's a simple but magical effect. Kit lies back down next to Mike.

KIT

Better?

MIKE

Photographer my ass. You're an
artist.

KIT

You don't have to take your shirt
off. Leaving something on is hot.

Mike crawls on top of him. They lock eyes. Kit slowly runs his hands over Mike's chest, then gently down to his tummy. A twinge of panic seeps into Mike's expression.

MIKE

I was a fat kid...

KIT

(interrupts)

This okay?

(off Mike's nod)


I like a little tummy. I like your
tummy. I like you.

They kiss--Kit shirtless, Mike still wearing his shirt--and it's perfect.

INT. TRIBECA ART GALLERY - NIGHT - DEC 2001

Mike walks in and scans the room.

MIKE (V.O.)

Kit's life was a tad more high-brow
than mine. He  premium cable to
my broadcast network.

It's crowded with ARTY NEW YORKERS. Mike looks intimidated. He's inching back toward the door, when Kit spots him and waves him over.

Mike works his way through the crowd and joins Kit, who's standing with Nina. They hug, air kiss...

NINA

So you must be Mike.

MIKE

I didn't know I was in "must be"
territory already.

KIT

You are.

(to Nina)

And you already met him, you lush.

NINA

I was really drunk that night.

KIT

Speaking of which. Who wants a drink?

NINA

(off her wine)
I'm good.

MIKE

Diet Coke.

As Kit takes off...

NINA

So what's your life story? Tell me everything.

MIKE

Homosexual.

NINA

Fascinating.

MIKE

You?

NINA

German.

MIKE

Impressive. What side of the wall were you on?

NINA

The fun side.

MIKE

May I see your papers?

NINA

Are you INTERPOL?

MIKE

Yes, I'm into pole. I told you I'm homosexual.

Nina tries mightily to keep a straight face and continue their deadpan repartee but she bursts out laughing, which tickles Mike to no end. Just then, Mike spots Kit by the bar, talking to a HANDSOME MAN, clearly flirting.

INT. TRIBECA ART GALLERY - LATER

As Mike scrutinizes one of the pieces, Nina and Kit are on either side of him scrutinizing Mike...

KIT

So?

MIKE

(vamping)

It echoes some of his earlier work.
He's experimenting with brighter
colors? It's good.

KIT

It's *baaaad*. Should be hung in a
lobby or flung in a landfill...

MIKE

(interrupts, relieved)

I don't know what the fuck I'm
looking at...

NINA

Show your own work sometime,
chicken shit.

KIT

This is literally making me
nauseous.

NINA

(to Mike)

Have you seen his photography... ?

KIT

(interrupts)

Bup-bup-bup-bup... that's enough
out of you.

Off Mike's curious expression, we...

INT. TRIBECA ART GALLERY - OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Kit leads Mike through the offices...

MIKE

Are we even allowed to be in here?

KIT

Not really.

MIKE

Who were you talking to at the bar?

KIT

Just a friend.

Kit opens a window and then steps out and onto the roof of the adjoining building.

MIKE

What are you doing?

KIT

Are you coming or not?

MIKE

What if someone closes the window?

KIT

Then we'll die out here.

Kit holds out his hand, Mike takes a moment, then takes it.

EXT. ROOFTOP — MOMENTS LATER

Kit leads him out and onto the roof and Mike can see why: it's the most beautiful view of Manhattan. They're looking up toward the Empire State Building and the Chrysler Building.

MIKE

Oh... wow.

Kit pulls his camera out and takes a photo.

KIT

(turning to Mike)

Don't move.

Kit snaps a few pics of Mike, then looks back at the city. Mike stares at Kit, really taking him in. Kit smiles and screams at the top of his lungs...

KIT (CONT'D)

I love you, New York! I want to
spend the rest of my life in you!

MIKE
Still? Even now?

KIT
Yeah, especially now.

MIKE
Me too.

KIT
You have to yell it. So New York
can hear you.

MIKE
(shouting)
I love you, New York! Even though I
live in New Jersey! And I might
have to move to LA for work
someday!
(off Kit's look)
Maybe. But not now.

Despite how that sounded, Kit wraps his arms around Mike.

KIT
We should go to your place tonight.

MIKE
No.

KIT
Come on...

MIKE
(looking at watch)
The last bus is in, like, a half an
hour...

KIT
We can make that. Easy. I want to
see your place. Come on, it'll be
fun...

MIKE
Clearly you have never been to Port
Authority on a Friday night.
(clocks Kit's resoluteness
on the matter)
What are you gonna brush your teeth
with?

KIT
My finger.
(beat, studying Mike)
(MORE)

KIT (CONT'D)
Unless there's some reason you
don't want me to see your place...

MIKE
(defensive)
Don't be ridiculous...
(laughs, awkwardly)
Why wouldn't I want you to see my
place?

INT. MIKE'S NEW JERSEY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Kit's slack-jawed, in the middle of the room taking in the enormous collection of SMURF figurines and memorabilia. He looks like he could pass out. There is a long moment of stunned silence. Mike's starting to grasp how crazy all this really looks, especially to someone like Kit.

As Kit reaches for a figurine...

MIKE
That's Brainy. He's the smart
one...

Mike notices the color in Kit's face begin to drain. Kit places the figurine down and is unsure of what his next move should be. He enters the bedroom.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You don't want to go in there...

KIT (O.S.)
Oh my God, they're in here, too!

Mike mimes "Fuck" before following him into the bedroom.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike enters and we see that this is where the bulk of the Smurf collection is. There's no curation. It looks like a bomb went off at a flea market. Kit takes a seat on the bed.

KIT
I need a minute.

MIKE
Take all the time you need...

KIT
(interrupts, stern)
Alone.

MIKE

Yep.

Mike exits the bedroom and closes the door behind him. As he waits nervously on the other side of the door, he glances toward the bathroom nearby and clocks his vintage Smurf shower curtain and bath rug. He shakes his head before quickly closing the door shut.

Mike returns to the closed bedroom door and places his ear against it; he hears nothing. And the silence is killing him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(rambling)

I started collecting them when I was 10. I outgrew them by high school, but then after my mom died I picked it up again as a way to feel close to her. I started going to flea markets and toy shows and then eBay became a thing and it sorta... maybe... got a little out of control.

(beat)

I swear I'm not a pedophile.

Suddenly, the door opens. Kit looks unwell.

KIT

I'm sorry. I can't do this.

Kit abruptly exits the apartment, leaving Mike in a state of utter shock.



INT. MIKE'S NEW JERSEY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mike is sitting on his couch watching an episode of Felicity while crying. Slowly the camera pulls back and we see that Keri Russell is sitting on the couch next to him, loosely in character as Felicity. She digs a spoon into a large container of ice cream and then hands the tub to Michael, who digs into it with his own spoon.

A sudden knock at the door startles Mike - who is now alone on the couch. He springs up, dries his eyes with the sleeves of his shirt and opens the door. Kit is standing there.

KIT

Did you know the greasy spoon up the street gives you free pancakes with any omelette?

Kit walks into the apartment past a bewildered Mike and heads back into the bedroom. Mike follows him, tentatively.

KIT (CONT'D)
I fooled around with another guy.

MIKE
(jolted)
At the Bloomfield Diner... ?

KIT
It happened in the steam room of my gym last week. There wasn't any actual sex, but there was touching. I know we never had the "exclusive" conversation, but I still feel like shit for not immediately saying something about it...

MIKE
You... cheated on me.

KIT
OK, that's a bit extreme.

MIKE
Why are you telling me this now?

KIT
We're coming clean about secrets, so...

MIKE
I own a few Smurfs. You cheated.

KIT
A few Smurfs?!

Kit clocks the fear now present in Mike's eyes.

KIT (CONT'D)
It was just a hand job...
(beat)
This is... new for me.

MIKE
What is?

KIT
This. You. Us. It's different.
(beat)
I've never not wanted to fuck something up this much before.

Mike can see the remorse in Kit's face. He takes a deep breath as he carefully considers his next words.

MIKE

I'm not an open relationship kind of guy, so if that's what you're looking for...

KIT

I didn't say that...

MIKE

I'm also not as... experienced as you.

KIT

I'm not that experienced...

MIKE

(interrupts)
Let me finish.

KIT

Yep.

MIKE

The first time I saw you, the way you carried yourself. The way you looked. Your confidence. Your inhibition. It scared me.

(beat)

Don't get me wrong, it turned me on, too. But I instinctively thought, "This is the kinda guy that could have anyone he wants."

(beat)

I also thought this is the kinda guy who has no trouble taking his shirt off at the beach... "

Kit begins to piece together why the steam room encounter was so triggering for Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm not like that.

KIT

And I'm OK with that.

(extended beat; Kit grabs Mike's hand)

Really.

Mike takes in Kit's calm reassurance.

MIKE

So, for the record, you storming
out was *not* about the Smurfs?

KIT

Oh, no. It was absolutely about the
Smurfs. Mike...

(looks around)

...this is fucking *lunacy*.

Mike laughs awkwardly, still unsure of how serious a problem
the Smurfs are for Kit.

KIT (CONT'D)

(dead serious)

Not joking...

MIKE

(interrupts, nodding)

Got it.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Mike awakens and immediately reaches for Kit, only to
discover he is not there.

MIKE

(calls out)

Kit?

Mike hops out of bed and makes a loop around the apartment;
Kit is gone. Slightly alarmed, he goes to pick up his phone
to check his voicemail when he notices a folded up piece of
paper under a Smurf magnet on the fridge. It reads, "Peaks,
Valleys and Unexpected Turbulence." He opens it.

KIT (V.O.)

As I watched you sleep this morning
in a totally not-stalker-ish-way...
I asked myself where are you going?
Wondered if our tickets are for the
same destination. On the same
flight. Perhaps though, our journey
is the destination. If I'm scared,
I'll know you're in the seat next
to me. Holding my hand. Telling me
we're going to be OK...

INT. KIT STUDIO APT - NIGHT - DEC 2001

Mike watches as Kit opens his Christmas present.

KIT
Oh, my god, a magic set! How old is
this thing?

MIKE
1960s. Not exactly your childhood,
but...

KIT
Where did you... ?

MIKE
(interrupts)
Ebay is my friend.

KIT
Of course it is.

Kit carefully lays the Sneaky Pete Magic Set on the bed,
grabs his camera, stands directly over it and takes an aerial
shot of his gift, then looks up at Mike and smiles.

KIT (CONT'D)
I love it. Thank you.
(beat)
I got you something, too.

MIKE
Actually, can we talk?
(then)
Look, if you want to see other
people--

KIT
I don't.

MIKE
Well, you *did*.

KIT
It won't happen again.
(then)
I don't want anyone else.

MIKE
Okay... so what you're saying is
we're going to be exclusive then?

KIT
Yes.

MIKE
Both of us?

KIT

Yes.

MIKE

Because if you want more than--

KIT

No. I just want you.

As they stare at each other, Mike can't help but smile. That's exactly what he needed to hear.

KIT (CONT'D)

So, can I give you your gift now?

MIKE

You may.

KIT

Close your eyes.

Kit walks Mike over to the closet and slides the door open.

KIT (CONT'D)

Okay. Open your eyes.

Half the closet space has been cleared and Kit has made a beautiful little tastefully made "MIKE" nameplate that hangs at eye level.

MIKE

Did you make that?

Kit nods. Mike is moved by the meaning behind the gift. Kit, meanwhile, grabs the magic wand out of the Sneaky Pete's Magic Set and playfully demonstrates how a closet works, grabbing Mike's folded-up clothes on the floor and setting them on the various shelves.

KIT

You can put your sleep shorts here... *voila!* And you can hang your pants on a hanger like this... *voila!* And you can put your wallet and keys and various sundries here... *voila!*

MIKE

(mock enlightened)

Oh, *that's* where the sundries go. I wasn't sure.

KIT

Yep. Yep.

Mike is thoroughly entertained and charmed by the impromptu magic show Kit is putting on. As they kiss...

INT. KIT STUDIO APT - NIGHT - DEC 2001

Close on Mike and Kit's faces as they make love. Mike's far less hesitant now. They are both in the zone...

KIT
Oh, my God! I love you!!!

INT. KIT STUDIO APT - LATER

Mike and Kit lie in bed, flushed and spent, both staring up at the ceiling. After an awkward silence...

KIT
Too soon?

MIKE
Not to feel. Maybe too soon to say?
We don't want to jinx things.

KIT
You know, if you silently say
"olive juice" -- just mouth the
words -- it looks exactly like
you're saying "I love you."

Kit mouths the words "olive juice."

MIKE
Wow, it does!


As they gently kiss...

KIT
Olive juice.

MIKE
Olive juice, too.

INT. KIT STUDIO APT - JAN 2002

Mike's pulling a sweater off the shelf of his now completely-packed side of the closet.

MIKE (V.O.)
 Things were going so well, Kit
 decided it was time for  to meet
 his mother. Well not Kit, Kit's
appendix.

Kit's curled up in bed.

KIT
 I don't think I can go. I'm sorry,
 I don't feel good.
 (off Mike's worried look)
 Take Nina, she loves screenings.

As Mike goes over to feel his forehead...

MIKE (V.O.)
 The movie was great. The message I
 got after the movie was not. We're
 about to go to a hospital, but
 don't worry, we're not at the bad
 part yet.

INT. MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - ER - LATER

Mike, breathless, reaches the Nurse Station. A weary NIGHT
 NURSE looks up from behind a COMPUTER.

MIKE
 I'm here to see Kit Cowan. He was
 rushed here for surgery.

As the Nurse searches for Kit in the system...

NURSE
 And you are?

MIKE
 I'm his... boyfriend.

NURSE
 There's no Kit Cowan here.

MIKE
 He said Mount Sinai. It's Cowan
 with a "W."

NURSE
 (off her screen)
 There's a *Christopher* Cowan.

MIKE
Christopher Cowan?
(covering)
Yeah, that's him. Obviously.
Christopher.

Mike's phone buzzes, he looks at the caller ID.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Shit.

Mike stares at his flip phone as it keeps ringing...

NURSE
You going to answer that?

MIKE
It's his mother. Oh god, he asked
me to call her and tell her *not* to
come to the hospital. I've never
even met the woman.

NURSE
How long have you known this guy?

MIKE
Jesus, Mary and Joseph...
(finally answering)
Hello... Yes, this is Mike. Is this
Mrs. Cowan?... Yes, Christopher's
fine... It was just a little touch
of appendicitis... Yep, he said
there's no reason for you to
come... He's okay, really. He's at
a *wonderful* hospital... Mount
Sinai, but you don't have to
worry... 10th Avenue... Between
58th and 59th... Michael...
Ausiello... No, you wouldn't have,
we only recently met... Through
friends... Yes. Yes... I'll tell
him you're coming.
(ending the call)
Shit.

INT. MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - LATER

Mike tiptoes in... As soon as he sees Kit, incapacitated and
hooked up to an IV, his heart skips a beat. Kit manages a
smile as Mike leans in and gives him a kiss.

KIT
You're here...

MIKE
How do you feel?

KIT
Can't really feel much of anything
at the moment.
(beat)
Did you call her?
(off his look)
When does she arrive?

MIKE
She'll be here by morning. Sorry.

KIT
Sorry I put you in that position.

MIKE
I told her I was just a friend...

KIT
Speaking of which, I need another
favor. She stays with me when she
comes. I need you to swing by my
apartment and... clean up.

MIKE
Like make the bed?

KIT
No. I don't remember what I left
lying around.

MIKE
You want me to de-gay your
apartment.

KIT
I didn't say that. Just get rid of
the cum rag next to the bed. And
the porn DVDs. And the mini statue
of David with the erect penis.

Mike is calmly taking this all in.

KIT (CONT'D)
(hesitates)
And probably your Christmas gift...

That one wounds Mike a little.

KIT (CONT'D)
(sheepishly)
And there's a box of, um...
(MORE)

KIT (CONT'D)
toys under the bed. Make sure the
lid is on it really good.

MIKE
Toys?
(beat, does the math)
Ah...

KIT
Like *really* put your weight into
it. Make sure you hear it click.

MIKE
Got it. So, to recap: You want me
to de-gay your apartment.

KIT
Yes, please. I'm sorry I'm such a
closet case.
(beat)
Olive juice?

MIKE
Yeah, I love juice too.

INT. KIT STUDIO APT - DAY - JAN 2002

Mike's on the bed, the BOX on his lap. As he pokes around
inside, we hear rattling and clanking. His expression
fluctuates between curiosity, shock, and interest.

MIKE
Wow.

Mike stares down at the box of sex toys, then...

QUICK SHOTS: Mike dumping LUBE and CONDOMS into a pillow
case... The Fucking Dinosaurs and the Peter Meter are next...
Mike looks at the AbFab tapes and hesitates...

MIKE (CONT'D)
Could be a tell.

Mike tosses the AbFab tapes into the pillow case. Just before
he leaves he remembers Kit's Christmas gift to him. He opens
the closet door and reluctantly pulls the "MIKE" nameplate
down.

INT. MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - LATER

Mike heads in, finds Kit on the edge of his bed. Mike sets a
DOCTOR SMURF figurine down on his tray.

MIKE

I brought a world class surgeon to
help with the case...

MARILYN (O.C.)

They're ready to discharge you.

Mike turns to see MARILYN COWAN, 60s, as no-nonsense as
advertised, standing in the door.

MIKE

You must be Mrs. Cowan. We spoke.
On the phone. Last night. I'm Mike.

Marilyn nods, then turns to Kit, noticing Doctor Smurf. She
looks at it with an equal measure of confusion and fear. As
she begins to gather Kit's things, Mike butches it up.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You missed a good match last night,
man. I mean, game. Man.

KIT

(whispering)
What are you doing?

MIKE

So you're feeling better, dude?

KIT

(whispering)
Stop it. Stop. I told her.
(a little louder)
I told her.

Mike suddenly gets it. Shocked, he turns to Marilyn, who's
now looking back at them, holding up Kit's pants.

MARILYN

Kit needs to get dressed.

No one moves, the tension is palpable... it finally dawns on
him what she means.

MIKE

Oh... I'll step out.

MARILYN

No. Stay. It's not like you haven't
seen him with his pants off.

KIT

Mom! Jesus!

MARILYN

What? You tell me you're gay and a split second later the room fills with gay people.

KIT

One gay person, Mom, my *boyfriend*.

Michael is moved hearing Kit refer to him as his boyfriend.

MARILYN

I can't even have a *moment* to talk with you alone about this?

MIKE

I'll go.

KIT

No. Stay.

A frozen Mike flashes a "I've died and gone to hell" look.

MARILYN

Stay! Kit obviously doesn't want to be alone with his mother!

KIT

Mom--

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I'm not maternal.

KIT

I never said that--

MARILYN

Warm. I'm sorry I'm not *warm*. And I'm sorry I did whatever I did that made you feel like you couldn't tell me... until...

(off Mike)

You had no choice.

Mike stares dumbfounded at the scene unfolding before him...

KIT

I didn't want to tell you until...
I met someone. 

That stops Marilyn cold. She looks Mike up and down, her expression impossible to read.

MARILYN

I'm going to find a nurse.

Marilyn strides out of the room.

KIT
I tried to warn you.

MIKE
Did you really just come out to
your mother for me?

KIT
Not you. *Us*.

MIKE
Olive juice.

KIT
I love Jews, too.

MIKE
I love Lucy.

Mike stares at him for a moment.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I love you.

KIT
I love you.

Marilyn walks back in, followed immediately by a nurse with a wheelchair.

KIT (CONT'D)
My ride's here!

INT. KIT APARTMENT - LATER

Kit slowly enters, with Marilyn right by his side. She is carrying all of the suitcases and bags. A slightly deflated Mike pulls up the rear looking every bit the third wheel.

As Kit gets settled into bed, Marilyn places the suitcases on and around Kit's desk. She clocks the Sneaky Pete's Magic Set with the Christmas bow still on top. She connects the dots and it *stings*. She quietly locks eyes with Mike.

MIKE
(swallows hard)
Um.... Kit, while you settle in,
I'll go pick up some dinner.

MARILYN
It's taken care of, Mark.

KIT
It's Mike, mom.

MARILYN
I made Kit's favorite. It's in the
duffel.
(to Kit, enthused)
Pig's stomach soup.

Mike cackles loudly... before quickly stopping himself when
he realizes she wasn't kidding.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
(to Mike, pointed)
Maybe go ahead and put it in the
fridge, *Mike*?

MIKE
On it.

Mike exits for the kitchen with the duffel bag.

INT. KIT APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Mike is unpacking the duffel bag and realizes Marilyn brought
a lot more than just soup. There's fresh fruit, bread,
cookies, and various Tupperware containers with assorted
homemade goodies. They're all perfectly wrapped/labeled. Her
attention to detail and level of care is not lost on Mike.

INT. KIT APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Mike enters the main living area and finds Kit is gone.

MIKE
(concerned)
Where's the patient?

MARILYN
Bathroom.

MIKE
Is he OK?

MARILYN
Yes.

Marilyn stops what she's doing and abruptly turns to Mike.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
(resolute)
I can take it from here.

MIKE
 (reluctant)
 Mrs. Cowan, I...

MARILYN
 (interrupts, fighting back
 tears)
 I'm only here a day. *Please* let me
 take care of my son. You can have
 him back tomorrow.

Mike is thrown by Marilyn's sudden burst of vulnerability. He
 backs down. Kit enters the bedroom and can immediately feel
 the tension in the room.

MIKE
 I think I'm gonna go.
 (to Kit, whispers)
 You good?

KIT
 I am good.
 (beat, whispers sweetly)
 Thank you.

Mike and Kit exchange "olive juices" with their mouths.


MIKE
 Mrs. Cowan, nice to meet you.

MARILYN
 Nice to meet you too, Mike.
 (turns to him)
 And it's *Marilyn*.

Mike accepts the olive branch as he heads out.

EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE LOT - DAY - DEC 2002

As Mike and Kit choose a Christmas tree...

MIKE (V.O.)
 It wasn't long after Marilyn went
 back to Millersburg  that we moved
 into our first apartment together.
 It was a modest one bedroom in my
 favorite neighborhood, the West
 Village.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - NIGHT - NOV 2002

Mike and Kit's home furnished with a tasteful mix of classic mid-century furniture, eclectic novelty items and... Smurfs. We see Mike lining up more than a few of his prized Smurf figurines on an exposed section of their Hans Wegner wall unit under the watchful eye of Kit, who is trying to contain his agony. Kit motions to Mike that he has a better idea.

MIKE V.O.

There was an adjustment period,
during which compromises were made.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Kit is back in front of the wall unit, but this time he has relocated Mike's Smurfs to one of the wall unit's shelves that are hidden behind a door. He also curated Mike's collection so the display looks more refined than flea market. Off Mike considering the compromise.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - NIGHT - DEC 2002

Mike's in front of the small Douglas Fir tree they chose. With child-like joy, he's adding thick layers of tinsel strands. Kit looks on warily.

MIKE V.O.

Christmas proved especially
challenging...

KIT

You know, less is more, especially
with tinsel.

MIKE

(playfully)

What are you, the tinsel police?

Kit points out a particular ornament -- a knitted Smurf.

KIT

That one needs to be retired. It
looks like he was shot in the face
with a bazooka.

Kit's gone too far. Mike looks hurt, actually tearing up.

KIT (CONT'D)

I'm sure he has a nice personality.

Mike's too upset now, he turns and walks away.

KIT (CONT'D)
Come on, I was joking.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - MOMENTS LATER

Mike's on the bed. Kit stands in the doorway.

KIT
I was just art directing. Art directors are notorious pricks.

MIKE
My *mom* made that ornament, you notorious prick.

KIT
(sighs)
I'm sorry. I think I'm still adjusting to the... blending of our styles. I've never lived with anyone before.

MIKE
Neither have I.

KIT
Look, I made all the big decorating decisions in the apartment. It's only fair that you have some autonomy with the Christmas tree.

MIKE
(skeptical)
Really?

KIT
Yes. *This* year. Next year *I'm* in charge of the Christmas tree.

Mike considers the compromise.

MIKE
Deal.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - LATER

Kit's eyes are covered as Mike switches on the tree lights. The tree looks... very Michael.

MIKE
OK, you can look now.

KIT
(pulling his hands away
from his eyes)
Ooooooh.
(playfully assumes role of
art critic, vamping)
Oh, I see what you did there. Nice.
(beat, eyes moving around
the tree)
Respectable tinsel spacing in the
lower quadrant, yep, yep.

MIKE
You hate it.

KIT
(silliness continues)
Star on top – *bold*.

Mike slides under the tree flat on his back with his head
looking straight up into the lights.

KIT (CONT'D)
(confused)
What's happening.

MIKE
Join me.

Kit joins him under the tree.

MIKE (CONT'D)
When I was a kid I would spend
countless hours doing this. I loved
how the tree looked from this
perspective. Just a jumble of
lights and ornaments and tinsel...
There's something magical about it.

KIT
I love your love of Christmas.

MIKE
My little shop is going to have the
most amazing Christmas display.
It's gonna take your breath away
when you walk past the storefront.

KIT
Could this shop by any chance also
sell an aggressively curated
selection of mid-century furniture
and original photography?

MIKE
 I'd have to ask the owner, but I
 don't see why not. He's very
 agreeable.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - DEC 2003

Mike and Kit lounge in their apartment. MISTER SCOOCH, their
 new cat, explores his new lair.

MIKE (V.O.)
 Things were perfect for a while.
 Deciding to take turns decorating
 our Christmas tree really helped.

We watch as Mike slyly rolls his eyes at the very different
 looking silver aluminum Christmas tree with all black
 ornaments that stands in the corner.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - MONTAGE

We see a series of PHOTOGRAPHS. Mike and Kit standing next to
 their very distinct versions of a CHRISTMAS TREE.

MIKE (V.O.)
 Thirteen years go by pretty quick
 when you count by trees.

INT. THE REVEL HOTEL AND CASINO - SUITE - FEB 2014

Mike walks in to find Kit lying on the sofa.

KIT
 So how much did you win?

MIKE
 Seven hundred dollars.
 (then, emphatically)
 Your doctor's appointment is
 tomorrow, right?

Kit nods, unconvincingly.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 You *did* make an appointment, right?

Kit nods, again unconvincingly.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 OK, out with it.

Kit winces, looks up at Mike, and knows he can't keep lying.

KIT
My appointment was yesterday.
(beat)
They found a growth. In my butt.

MIKE
(panicked)
What... ?


KIT
They don't know what it is. It
could be nothing. It might be a
giant hemorrhoid. I'm getting it
biopsied on Wednesday.

MIKE
Why didn't you tell me?

KIT
I didn't want to ruin your party.

MIKE
I'm going with you.

KIT
It's just a biopsy.

MIKE
I'm going with you. Not up for
discussion.
(beat)  to sleep here
tonight?

KIT
No, I'm fine.

MIKE
Are you sure?

KIT
Yes.

MIKE
Text me if you need anything.

KIT
I will. I promise.

A clearly concerned Mike exits Kit's suite.

INT. THE REVEL HOTEL AND CASINO - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

We follow Mike as he walks down to the other end of the hallway, removes his key card and enters a different room.

INT. THE REVEL HOTEL AND CASINO - MIKE'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Mike enters and we see that his open suitcase is on the desk and he has clothes spread about. It's clear in this moment that - twist! - Mike and Kit are not sharing a room.

INT. TVLINE OFFICE - MIKE'S OFFICE - FEB 2014

A corner office, with two Mario Bellini couches and an Edward Wormley mahogany pedestal desk. Windows overlook Midtown. PHOTOS highlight his fifteen-year career on the walls.

Mike rushes out the door, as he gives orders to his assistant ERIC, 20s.

MIKE

Netflix is buying all seven seasons of *Gilmore Girls*. I want a package. *Twenty-five Best Episodes* and *Five Worst*. Up today.

Eric leaves, and just as Mike's about to, Nick appears.

NICK

Time for lunch and you're paying. I lost a month's worth of commissions on your birthday, so...

Mike stares at him, trying to figure out what to say.

NICK (CONT'D)

What's wrong? Did they cancel *Community* again?

MIKE

I'm sorry. I can't go, something came up.

NICK

You can deal with it after lunch.

MIKE

I actually can't.

(then)

It's Kit. I have to go to the hospital. He's getting a biopsy. You can't tell anyone.

NICK
What's wrong?

MIKE
They found a growth.

NICK
Whoa...

MIKE
It could be nothing. It could be something.

NICK
Are you sure you're up for this?

MIKE
Do I have a choice?

NICK
Actually, you *do* now. You guys broke up.

MIKE
He came to my birthday party. I can go to his biopsy.

MIKE (V.O.)
So... you're probably wondering about the breakup. It happened a few weeks before Atlantic City, but the trip was already planned and invitations had gone out and we didn't want to turn a birthday celebration into a pity party. So we waited and told everyone the following week.

CHYRON: DELETED SCENES

EXT. TRIBECA ART GALLERY — DAY — MAR 2008

A stressed-looking Kit steps outside for some air. Mike follows him.

MIKE (V.O.)
Like every couple, we had our issues.

MIKE
What is going on with you?

KIT
I'm just tired.

MIKE
(not buying it)
Everyone loves your work. Tonight
is a big success.

KIT
They're just being polite. It's a
disaster. The retouching on the
gazebo print is just... sloppy.

MIKE
I feel like we are at different
events...

KIT
Everyone standing around judging.
(beat)
I appreciate you doing this for me.
Renting the space. Paying for the
catering. But this isn't me.

MIKE
You are so talented. Do you really
want to spend the rest of your life
designing sandwich boards?

That one hurt Kit, and Mike knows it.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like...

Kit turns around and walks back inside.

MIKE (V.O.)
I never got Kit to show his
photography again.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -- 2012

Mike and Kit lie in bed. Mister Scooch is nearby. Mike's on
his laptop, Kit's on Grindr. Mike clocks this.

MIKE
We agreed no Grindr-ing in front of
company.

KIT
Mister Scooch isn't company. He's
family.

(MORE)

KIT (CONT'D)
(to Mister Scooch,
playfully)
Did you hear what your father just
called you?

MIKE
You were on it during dinner.
Everyone saw.

KIT
No one saw. I was on for two
seconds while you were telling your
Gilmore Girls story for the 26th
time this month.

Mike slowly closes his laptop.

KIT (CONT'D)
Uh-oh. Mister Scooch, he's putting
his work down. This is serious.

MIKE
(voice raised)
Stop it.

Startled, Mister Scooch hops off the bed.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You're high.

KIT
(voice raised)
Wow, I'm not doing anything right,
tonight, am I?

MIKE
I'm sorry I tried to have an adult
conversation with you...

KIT
(interrupts)
What's the big deal if they saw me
on Grindr anyway? I was just window
shopping. That was our agreement:
Looking but no touching.

MIKE
They don't know that.

KIT
Who cares what they think?

MIKE
It's embarrassing.

KIT
For who? And why? I should be
embarrassed because I'm still
interested in sex?

MIKE
Oh, and I'm not?

KIT
Not with me.

MIKE
You're not exactly ripping my
clothes off these days.

KIT
(mumbles)
Hard to rip your clothes off when
they're dead-bolted to your body.

That one stung.

MIKE
Good night.

KIT
Let's have sex now.

Mike shuts the light off on his end table and begins to
retreat under the covers.

KIT (CONT'D)
I mean it.

Kit starts aggressively tugging at Mike's t-shirt.

MIKE
Stop it.

Mike tries to fend him off but Kit is determined to get
Mike's t-shirt off.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I said enough.

Kit raises his hands in the air as Mike quickly pulls his
shirt back down.

KIT
Let the record show: I tried.

MIKE (V.O.)

Even though he denied it, I was pretty sure Kit was doing more than just chatting with guys on Grindr. Kit's wandering eye had been a recurring issue, with each bump in the road getting smoothed over by couple's therapy and my own fear-driven denial. But then Kit took a job as art director of a fancy midcentury furniture shop and, as my terrible luck would have it, one of his co-workers was Olympic diver and international gay icon Tom Daley.

INT. WYETH — NIGHT —NOV. 2013

Mike rushes in pulling a rolling bag. A reception is just winding down. Mike looks around and spots Kit talking to another coworker Todd, 27, gorgeous.

MIKE (V.O.)

Well, Tom Daley's doppelgänger, at least.

Kit spots Mike and heads over.

MIKE

I'm sorry. The cab driver took the Manhattan Bridge even though I specifically told him to take the Midtown Tunnel.

KIT

You should've just taken it home. Hans Wegner's family already left.

MIKE

Fuck. I'm sorry, Kit.

KIT

It's OK. Go home and unpack. We're just tidying up here.

Mike eyes Todd in the distance.

MIKE

Let me stay and help. It's the least I can do.

KIT

Nope. We're good. See you at home.

Kit gives Mike a peck on the cheek before rejoining Todd, who is now soaking wet wearing nothing but a speedo and both of his Olympic bronze medals around his neck.

MIKE (V.O.)
So that's Todd.
(beat)
I don't even know if Todd can swim
let alone dive. All I knew for sure
was that I hated him.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Mike is drinking a glass of wine while watching *Chelsea Lately*, as Kit enters.

KIT
You're still up.

MIKE
You must've had a lot of cleaning
up to do.

KIT
A bunch of us went out for a bite
to eat.

MIKE
Who all went?

KIT
(sighs)
You mean was Todd there? Yes. Todd
was there.

MIKE
Are you fucking him?

KIT
You're drunk.

MIKE
Answer the question.

KIT
No, I am not fucking Todd. How many
times do I have to tell you that?

MIKE
I suppose as many as it takes for
me to believe you.

KIT

Well, I didn't believe you when you said you would make it back from LA in time for tonight's reception, which you knew was important to me.

That one lands. There's a deafening silence between them.

KIT (CONT'D)

I'm hopping in the shower and going to bed.

Kit exits as Mike's eyes begin to well up. He shuts the TV off, stands and walks to the bedroom. Kit is disrobing. Mike stops at the doorway, his head down. He's crying.

KIT (CONT'D)

This isn't working. We're miserable.

(beat)

I'm miserable.

MIKE

I'll call Tony. Maybe he can squeeze us in for...

KIT

(interrupts)

No. I'm not climbing back into that hamster wheel. It's a no-win situation for me. As long as you weren't the one who cheated you can claim the moral high ground.

MIKE

(anger building)

So it's *my* fault because I never fucked around behind your back? Do you want me to invent a few one-night stands so you feel like the playing field is more even?

(beat)

I'm sorry I'm not like you.

Mike immediately regrets saying that. But it's too late.

KIT

The only reason you're not *like me* is because...

MIKE

Say it.

As Kit is about to head into the bathroom...

MIKE (CONT'D)

Say it.

(beat)

Because no other guy would *want* to sleep with me.

KIT

(adamant)

I was *not* going to say that. Don't put that on me. Our problem has *never* been about the way *I* see you. That's *your* fucking baggage.

Kit heads for the bathroom. Off Mike processing everything...

MIKE (V.O.)

A week later he got his own place in Brooklyn...

INT. NYC HOSPITAL - ADMISSIONS AREA - LATER

MIKE (V.O.)

... And now here we are...

Mike and Kit, a bag over his shoulder, stand in front of an OFFICIOUS NURSE.

NURSE

Name and age?

KIT

Christopher Cowan, 41.

NURSE

Allergies?

KIT

McMansions, slow-moving pedestrians, Smurfs.

MIKE

(to the Nurse)

And Penicillin.

NURSE

Marital status?

MIKE

Single.

KIT

We already have a toaster.

INT. NYC HOSPITAL - ADMISSIONS AREA - LATER

Mike waits, watching a TV on the wall, his mind reeling. He looks up when he hears his name...

DR. VOIT (O.C.)
Michael Ausiello?

Mike looks up as DR. VOIT, 50s, walks over. He sits down next to Mike, who braces himself for the news.

DR. VOIT (CONT'D)
You're Christopher's partner?

MIKE
(awkward pause)
Yes.

DR. VOIT
I'm concerned about Christopher.

MIKE
It's cancer.

DR. VOIT
Does cancer run in his family?

MIKE
No.
(beat)
I don't know. My mother died of cancer.

DR. VOIT
I'm sorry to hear that. We don't know what Christopher has yet. I just told him the growth was a lot bigger than I anticipated. We took a piece for testing, we'll have the results in a few days. Whatever it is, we'll treat it.

MIKE
Can I see him?

DR. VOIT
Of course. He's still a little out of it. He shouldn't be alone for the next twenty-four to forty-eight hours. I assume you guys live together?

Off Mike's unconvincing nod...

INT. NYC HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - LATER

Mike sits next to Kit, who's out of it, his eyes just beginning to open.

MIKE

Hey. How you doing?

KIT

I'm cold. Where am I? Where's my camera?

MIKE

(pulling a blanket up)
You're at the hospital.

KIT

I want to go home.

MIKE

You can, soon, but someone has to stay with you... I can call Nina or your parents, but then you have to tell them what's going on.

KIT

(looking very confused)
What's going on?

MIKE

The doctor said he filled you in...

KIT

He did? Maybe he did.

Mike starts to realize how out of it Kit is right now.

MIKE

You can stay with me for a couple of days.

KIT

I live with you.

MIKE

No, actually, you don't.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike's trying to get Kit into bed, who's still groggy.

KIT

Where's my camera?

MIKE
Probably in Brooklyn.

KIT
(trying to sit up)
I think it's actually at work.

Mike takes out some pills, hands them to him with some water.

KIT (CONT'D)
Thank you.

MIKE
For what?

KIT
For letting me stay here. I'll go
home tomorrow.

MIKE
You'll go home Friday. Forty-eight
hours, they said. Take your pills.

Kit swallows the pills and looks at him, a little afraid to
ask...

KIT
Tell me what the doctor said.

MIKE
It'll take a week for the results
to come back.

KIT
I didn't leave any pot here, did I?

Off Mike shaking his head...

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mike is making the SOFA up with sheets and a blanket so he
can sleep on it...

INT. WYETH - DAY - MAR 2014

Mike walks in and sees Todd, the last person he hoped was
working today. He walks over to him, seeming pretty upbeat.

MIKE
Hey, Todd. Nice to see you dry.

TODD
What?

MIKE
Nothing.

TODD
Did you have a good birthday party?
Forty's a big one. Huge.

MIKE
Kit asked me to pick up his camera.

TODD
How's he doing? He hasn't been in
all week.

MIKE
He's fine. I just need his camera.

There's an awkward silence...

TODD
I'll go get it.

Off Mike wishing he wasn't here...

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - BEDROOM - LATER

Mike comes home to find Kit in an ill-fitting bathrobe,
packing weed into a pipe, watching Drag Race.

MIKE
Where'd you get that?

KIT
(off bathrobe)
It's yours.

MIKE
I meant the pot.

KIT
You can get it delivered. It's New
York City, Mike.
(off the TV)
The queens are killing it this
season.
(off Mike's look)
What?

MIKE

I never thought I'd say this. But you should call Todd. He's worried about you.

Off Kit taking that in.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mike is doing the dishes while keeping one eye on Kit, who is out on the deck, talking on the phone.

MIKE (V.O.)

When this is over I'm going to write a book called *How to Survive the Week Between Your Ex-Boyfriend's Biopsy and His Diagnosis While He Hides From The World In Your Apartment...*

INT. TVLINE OFFICE - MAR 2014

MIKE (V.O.)

... all on the eve of one of your favorite TV shows being revived.

INT. TVLINE OFFICE - MIKE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Mike runs in. The SOUND GUY and the CAMERA MAN are already there along with KRISTEN BELL, her PUBLICIST, her MAKEUP ARTIST, and her PERSONAL ASSISTANT.

MIKE

Please forgive me for being late...

KRISTEN

Mike, don't worry about it.

PUBLICIST

We need to get started. She has to get to Letterman.

ANGLE ON: Mike being mic'd by the Sound Guy. Mike's phone buzzes. He checks the caller ID.

MIKE

I'm so sorry, I have to take this.

Bell looks confused, Eric looks bewildered, and Bell's Publicist looks apoplectic.

INT. TVLINE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Mike ducks into a corner and takes the call.

MIKE

Hi.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT

Kit's strangely calm...

KIT

It's a neuroendocrine tumor.

MIKE

A neuro-what?

KIT

(spelling it)

N-E-U-R-O-E-N-D-O-C-R-I-N-E

MIKE

Let me get a pen.

Mike grabs one and scribbles it down on a scrap of paper.

KIT

They gave me a number for an oncologist.

MIKE

What else did the doctor say?

KIT

Nothing. That's it.

MIKE

So it's cancer.

KIT

Yeah. I just said that.

Off Mike looking at that scrap of paper.

INT. TVLINE OFFICE - MIKE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

When Mike returns, the Sound Guy's staring at him. Mike sees the mic clipped to his shirt. The Sound Guy heard everything. Mike's at a loss for words. Kristen picks up on Mike's distress as he retakes his seat across from her.

KRISTEN
Everything OK?

MIKE
(trying to shrug it off)
Yep.
(beat)
Sorry again for the delay.

KRISTEN
No worries.

The makeup artist quickly approaches Michael.

MAKEUP ARIST
You're a little shiny...

She proceeds to powder his sweaty forehead. She steps back to survey the result.

MAKEUP ARIST (CONT'D)
All better.

The makeup exits the shot.

CAMERA GUY
And... we're rolling.

Mike shifts into interview mode. He flashes a wide smile at the camera.

MIKE
I'm here with Veronica Mars
herself, Kristen Bell. So nice to
have you here.

BELL
I'm glad to be here.

MIKE
After all the blood, sweat and
tears you – and the fans – put into
making this movie revival happen,
how does it feel to be just days
away from its release?

KRISTEN
It's hard to articulate. It's
overwhelming, it's exciting, it's a
little nerve-wracking, because it's
really important to me that the
fans who funded this movie are
satisfied.

Mike tries mightily to stay focused as Kristen talks, but we can see the struggle in his eyes (and once again on shiny forehead).

INT. TVLINE OFFICE - MIKE'S OFFICE - LATER

Mike's alone now, typing "neuroendocrine tumors" into a search engine.

ANGLE ON: the search results, one after another... "Many are benign..." "Malignant tumors tend to..." "Poorly differentiated..."

MIKE (V.O.)
"Neuroendocrine tumors are neoplasms cells from the endocrine and nervous systems..." "Many are benign..." I liked the sound of that... Then I made the mistake of adding rectum to the search...

ANGLE ON: Mike typing RECTUM after NEUROENDOCRINE TUMOR. More results flood in...

MIKE (V.O.)
"Prognosis is poor in those rare cases where the neuroendocrine tumor is located in the rectum... It is almost always fatal... Life expectancy less than one year."

Mike slams his laptop shut.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mike comes home to find Kit dressed, the bag he took to the hospital by his side.

MIKE
Where are you going?

KIT
Home. To Brooklyn.

MIKE
Stay here.

KIT
It's been forty-eight hours. I've been enough of an imposition.

MIKE
It's no imposition. Honestly.

KIT
(clocks concern in Mike's
eyes)
I know this is bringing up a lot of
stuff for you. But I'm not your
mother.

MIKE
(defensive)
I know.

They stare at each other for a moment...

KIT
So how bad is it?
(off his silence)
You went online. I know you.

MIKE
I did some digging.

KIT
So?

MIKE
It's the same cancer Steve Jobs
had.

KIT
That can't be good.

MIKE
But he had it on his pancreas. And
he delayed treatment.

KIT
I won't make that mistake. Anything
else?

Mike takes a moment... and then lies.

MIKE
It turns out this kind of cancer is
rare so there wasn't a whole lot of
info. I got the names of the city's
three best neuroendocrine experts.

KIT
You made a *list*?

MIKE

When you get better, you can go back to your hovel. Right now you need to be here, in Manhattan, where the doctors are. Perfectly healthy people have died waiting for L trains that never came!

KIT

Is this how you are at work?

MIKE

I'm a top at the office.

KIT

Can I at least get some clothes?

INT. KIT'S BROOKLYN APT — DAY — MAR 2014

Mike scans the room for the first time. He's never seen Kit's apartment. His bedroom wall is bare. His framed photos from the 2008 art show are leaning against the wall.

MIKE

These are beautiful. I'll never understand why you won't...

KIT

(shutting him down)

Mike...

MIKE

I'm sorry.

Mike turns to see Kit moving slowly, clearly in pain, as he sets a duffel bag on the bed.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Sit. You point, I'll pack.

Grateful, Kit gingerly lowers himself onto the bed while Mike starts to fill the duffel bag with clothes from Kit's closet.

KIT

You don't have to do any of this.

MIKE

I know. Where's your pot?

Kit points to the bedside table. Mike opens the drawer, takes out a Tupperware container, puts it in the duffel bag. Kit winces in pain.

MIKE (CONT'D)
When are you going to tell your
parents?

KIT
When I know exactly what we're
dealing with.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY - MAR 2014

Mike and Kit sit in front of DOCTOR BARNES, Mike clearly
running the room.

MIKE
So, is surgery an option?

DOCTOR
It could be. But you need to start
chemotherapy immediately.

MIKE
(holding up his cell)
You mind if I record this?

KIT
Sorry. He's a journalist.

EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO - DAY - MAR 2014

Kit and Mike are at a table, menus in front of them,
listening to the recording Mike made of Doctor Barnes on his
phone.

KIT (ON TAPE)
Can I beat it?

DOCTOR (ON TAPE)
I believe you can. You're young and
healthy.

DOCTOR (ON TAPE) (CONT'D)
Those things are very
important. I'm optimistic.

KIT
Yeah, but first my hair is
going to fall out, food will
taste like shit. I won't be
able to work.

DOCTOR (ON TAPE)
Well, there are multiple
nodules adjacent to the
inferior rectum...

MIKE
I liked this guy better than
the other one.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(turning phone off)
He said you can beat it.

KIT
How many more do I have to meet?

MIKE
Just one. And then you can pick.

KIT
How do people work for you? You're
exhausting.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

MIKE (V.O.)
Our last oncologist was Dr. Carrie
Bradshaw.

CLOSE ON: DR. DAVIS, 30s, her makeup and hair perfect,
wearing a halter top and short skirt, walking down the
sidewalk... A very *Sex and The City* opening credits vibe.

MIKE (V.O.)
Well, she looked like and dressed
the *Sex and the City* icon. I got a
good vibe from her.

Close on the wheels of a BUS heading toward a PUDDLE. Cut to
Mike, who's now the one walking down the street.

MIKE (V.O.)
Until she opened her mouth.

Mike tries to avoid it but the bus sprays him with water. He
looks up to see an ad on the side of the bus featuring a
glamor shot of Dr. Davis, with copy reading, "*Dr. Davis Knows
Cancer.*"

INT. SLOAN KETTERING - EXAM ROOM - LATER

Kit and Mike sit across from Dr. Davis. Kit shifts in his
seat. He can't get comfortable.

DR. DAVIS
You have an extremely aggressive
form of cancer.

MIKE (V.O.)
She wasn't Carrie Bradshaw. She was
the Grim Reaper.

MIKE

The other oncologists said that
between chemo and radiation,
there's a lot of hope here.

DR. DAVIS

The problem is his tumor is already
at an advanced stage.

Mike and Kit quickly lock eyes.

KIT

What stage are we talking?

DR. DAVIS

Stage four. I'm sorry.

The air goes out of the room...

KIT

No one's said anything about a
stage before...

Mike turns to Kit, wanting to say something to help, but he
can't find the words.

KIT (CONT'D)

What are we looking at here, Doc?

DR. DAVIS

In terms of time?

KIT

Yes.

DR. DAVIS

We don't like to give numbers.
Patients are not numbers--

KIT

Please, Doctor.

DR. DAVIS

About a year.

Mike reaches out his hand to Kit who pulls away.

KIT

I need a minute. Please give me a
minute.

Dr. Davis nods, stands and leaves, quietly closing the door.
Mike and Kit sit alone...

KIT (CONT'D)
I need a minute.

MIKE
I'm not leaving you alone.

KIT
(screaming)
I need a minute!

His intensity hits Mike in the gut as Kit rushes into the exam room's private bathroom, closing the door behind him. Mike stands there helplessly.

Then he hears Kit start to cry. Mike can barely stand to listen as Kit HOWLS in despair. Mike can't take it anymore. He rushes out to...

INT. SLOAN KETTERING - HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Mike catches up with Dr. Davis...

MIKE
Please, Dr. Davis. Say something to him. Anything.

INT. SLOAN KETTERING - EXAM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike follows Dr. Davis back in as Kit is exiting the bathroom, his eyes bloodshot now.

KIT
I'm okay.

DR. DAVIS
Christopher, everyone is different. And the year time frame is a *range*. It could be more than a year.

MIKE
So he could have more time?

DR. DAVIS
You could. But you need to start treatment as soon as possible.

MIKE (V.O.)
Despite Dr. Davis' questionable bedside manner, she won the oncologist bake-off. Sloane Kettering was the Rolls-Royce of cancer facilities.

(MORE)

MIKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And as much as I tried to deny it,
her dire prediction was in sync
with what I secretly read on Web
MD.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike's asleep on the sofa, when he stirs, thinking he hears something. Moaning? He looks at his phone: 3:30 AM.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - HALL - CONTINUOUS

Mike's outside the bathroom door. Kit's moaning is louder now, getting worse.

MIKE
Are you okay?

KIT (O.C.)
I feel like I'm pushing barbed wire
out of my ass.
(then)
I'm sorry I woke you. I'm the worst
roommate.
(off Mike's silence)
Can you hand me the issue of *Dwell*
by the bed?

Mike returns with the magazine and slides it under the door then sits against the wall outside the bathroom while Kit continues to moan.

MIKE
Do you still want to go tomorrow? I
can cancel the car.

KIT
No. I need to tell them, and I want
to do it in person.
(then)
I can't promise I won't shit in the
car.

MIKE
It's a rental.

He can hear Kit laugh from the other side of the door.

INT./EXT. CAR - MILLERSBURG - SUSQUEHANNA RIVERBANK - LATER

Mike and Kit drive through the small town where Kit grew up. MUSIC from the car stereo plays in the background. Kit's in the passenger seat, taking photos of the passing sights...

INT./EXT. CAR - MILLERSBURG - DOWNTOWN - LATER

As they head into downtown Millersburg, Mike narrates the sights with a teasing flourish.

MIKE

Sorrento's Pizzeria is just up the street... Best subway sandwiches in the North East. And the beauty parlor over there used to be the five-and-dime. You'd buy candy with the money you made from school. You charged kids a nickel--

KIT

A dime.

MIKE

A *dime* to return their lunch trays and everyone had a spare dime because lunch cost ninety cents.

KIT

(pointing)

And that's the Millersburger Hotel.

MIKE

Where you got your first real job.

KIT

And my first blowjob. From Andrea Sobiesk.

MIKE

You never told me that. Is there a historical marker? A bronze plaque?

INT./EXT. - MILLERSBURG - SIDE STREET - LATER

KIT

I'm going to need a hit.

Mike pulls over, shuts the engine off, and opens the windows. The sound of an occasional bird chirping and the river flowing in the distance. Kit packs a one hitter, takes a hit.

KIT (CONT'D)

You know, Andrea still works at that hotel.

(then)

If I weren't gay, I probably never would have left this town either.

MIKE

Gay did you a favor.

KIT

My parents don't know we broke up.

MIKE

Are you going to tell them?

KIT

(shrugs, then)

Let's drop the first bomb and assess the damage.

(beat)

Either way, she's gonna want to come to New York for the chemo treatments. And... whatever comes after. I really don't want to give her a ringside seat but...

Kit's gets choked up as he ponders the potential horrors of chemo.

KIT (CONT'D)

(fighting back tears)

As much as I don't want her to come, I may actually need her help.

MIKE

Kit, I can take some time off of work...

KIT

(interrupts)

No. You are not doing that. Thank you, but no.

Mike opts not to fight this particular battle now.

INT. KIT'S CHILDHOOD HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mike and Kit sit on the couch in a cozy living room. Marilyn sits with BOB, 60s, much quieter than Marilyn. Kit's trying not to look uncomfortable, but he's in pain.

MARILYN

You should have let me know you were coming. There's not enough food in the house.

BOB

What brings you boys down?

KIT

We have news.
(off Marilyn's look)
It's not good.

EXT. KIT'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DRIVEWAY - LATER

Mike's getting their bags out of the car. When he closes the trunk, he sees Marilyn standing beside the car.

MARILYN

We're going to the supermarket. Kit wants scrapple for dinner and I'm all out of cornmeal.

MIKE

(thrown)
But...

MARILYN

Kit knows. He's busy fixing Bob's computer. Come on.

As Marilyn climbs into her and Bob's nearby SUV, Mike's face fills with dread.

INT. BOB AND MARILYN'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Mike climbs into the passenger side of the SUV and closes the door. There's a moment of uncomfortable silence, during which it becomes clear that Marilyn is not making any effort to start the car. Mike reluctantly looks over and sees her crying. He mouths "fuck," before closing the door. There's an agonizing, heartbreaking silence. Michael reaches deep into his pocket and pulls out a tissue. He hands it to her.

MARILYN

(composes herself)
He said he can beat it. Is that true?

MIKE

That's what two out of three of New York's finest oncologists told us.

MARILYN
And the third?

MIKE
(chooses his words
carefully)
The third... was a real asshole
about it.

MARILYN
I knew he was gay...

MIKE
(mumbles)
Oh boy...

MARILYN
...I acted like I was shocked when
he told me, but I knew. I've *known*.
I tried to convince myself
otherwise. And I said nothing. All
of those years he was dealing with
this by himself all alone with no
one to talk to... I could've been
there for him.

MIKE
I think you're being a little hard
on yourself...

MARILYN
All of those years I could've been
getting to know my son for who he
is and not for what I *wanted* him to
be. I will never get that time
back. So much wasted time.
(beat)
This is my long-winded way of
saying I have a favor to ask.

MIKE
(tentative)
OK...

MARILYN
I want to come to New York.

Mike was expecting this.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
I promise I won't be a nuisance.
Lord knows I don't want to make
things worse for him. Maybe just
once a month for an overnight.
(MORE)

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Bob and I will get a hotel room.
Kit will fight me on it. But I want
— I need — to get a little of that
lost time back. Will you help me
with that?



MIKE

I will do my best.

MARILYN

Thank you.

(looks at Mike)

I know he's in good hands. I
remember how you were with him
after he got his appendix out. I
felt threatened by  then. But now
I'm just grateful.  am grateful he
has you.

There's an awkward silence.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

He *does* have you, right?

Off Michael's conflicted expression, we...

INT. SLOAN KETTERING - CHEMO WARD - DAY - MAY 2014

RUTH, 40s, a chemo nurse, walks Mike and Kit past PATIENTS,
IVs in their arms, while drugs drip into their systems,
leading them to an INFUSION CHAIR. Mike's not happy when he
sees the chair.

MIKE

Excuse me. We were promised a bed.

KIT

Mike, it's okay.

MIKE

No. No. It's not okay.

RUTH

We don't have any beds today. Have
a seat. We'll be right with you.

As Ruth walks off, Mike turns to Kit.

MIKE

Do *not* sit down.

(calling out to the Nurse)

Hey!

MIKE (V.O.)

I don't know what came over me.

Mike chases after the nurse. He's followed by a HAND HELD CAMERA... Mike hurries past a loudly MOANING PATIENT on a gurney as EDIE FALCO (loosely in character as Nurse Jackie) tends to him. He passes a PATIENT getting defibrillated by CHANDRA WILSON (loosely in character as Grey's Anatomy's Bailey)...

CHANDRA WILSON

Clear!

Mike rushes past a GRIEVING HUSBAND who's weeping, having just been told his wife is dead by ZACH BRAFF (loosely in character as Scrubs' J.D.).

MIKE (V.O.)

Things quickly escalated into
"Terms of Endearment" territory...

Mike reaches the NURSE'S STATION, where he slams his hands down.

MIKE

Give my husband the bed!

RUTH

Sir, I'm afraid--

MIKE

Give my husband the bed! He has a rectal tumor the size of the Death Star. He's in too much pain to sit for five minutes, much less four hours of chemo! He needs a *bed*. We were *promised* a bed!

RUTH

All the beds are occupied today.

MIKE

I don't care where you find one! I don't care if you have to drive to IKEA and buy one! *You are going to give my husband a bed!*

RUTH

Okay, sir. Okay. We'll find your husband a bed.

He finishes up, just as Shirley McClaine did...

MIKE

Thank you...

INT. SLOAN KETTERING - PRIVATE ROOM - LATER

Kit lies on his side in a bed in what is clearly one of Sloan Kettering's private luxury VIP suites, an IV in his arm. Mike sitting nearby, opening his laptop. As Ruth leaves...

KIT

So where's my toaster?

MIKE

Shut up.

KIT

I mean that was Oscar worthy. But I'm not your husband.

MIKE

They don't know that.

They both smile...

KIT

You don't have to wait with me.

MIKE

I have work to do.

KIT

Then go to work.

MIKE

(off laptop)

I am at work.

(looking up at him)

I worked too much. If I wasn't at work, I was watching TV, which was work. And once I could watch TV anywhere, and break stories on my phone from anywhere, I was always at work.

(closing his laptop)

I'm sorry.

Mike reaches over and gently takes Kit's camera, which is lying on the bed. He points it at Kit.

KIT

No cancer photos.

Kit rolls his eyes, while Mike looks at him through the lens.

MIKE

I promised your mother a photo.

KIT

What kind of backroom deal did you make with my mother at the supermarket? And why wasn't I consulted?

MIKE

That's between me and her.

(beat)

One photo. Please.

KIT

Fine... If you must.

As Mike takes a photo...

EXT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - DAY - MAR 2014

Mike and Kit head toward their front stoop, Kit's walking slowly and arduously. It looks like he might fall for a second and Mike reaches out to take his arm.

KIT

I'm fine.

MIKE

You sure?

KIT

Yes, I can still walk by myself.

Thank you very much.

Kit continues slowly up the steps as Mike nervously watches him go, confused and exhausted.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - KITCHEN - LATER

Mike's pouring wine when he hears a thump from the bedroom...

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike rushes in to find Kit, naked, lying facedown on the bed with his head in a pillow, panting, his body trembling.

MIKE

What's happening?

KIT
I'm having pain.

MIKE
Where?

In between labored breaths he manages to say...

KIT
Grab me a towel.

Mike rushes into the bathroom, grabs a towel, returns to the bed and places it over his soaking-wet body.

MIKE
Where does it hurt?

KIT
And the magazine...

Mike runs into the bathroom to grab the Dwell magazine, which has been rolled up some. He hands it to Kit, who grabs it and squeezes it tight. As it registers with Mike that he has been using the magazine as a pain stick...

KIT (CONT'D)
I think it's passing.

Mike watches him for a moment to make sure he's okay.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mike heads into the living room, looks at the couch... He picks up his pillows and heads back into...

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike returns with his pillows, lies down beside Kit, rolls over facing the wall... On the other side of the bed, Kit turns his head, sees Mike...

KIT
Goodnight.

MIKE
Goodnight.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY - MAR 2014

It's one of those rare days in early spring where New Yorkers are actually happy.

Mike and Kit sit on a park bench, silently taking in the scene. Kit's got his point-and-shoot and snaps a pic of a YOUNG COUPLE lying on a blanket.

MIKE (V.O.)

He was in the middle of his first round of chemo, and I was hoping it was half as hard on his tumor as it was on him.

Then Kit leans over, puts his head between his legs, and vomits.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT -
APR 2014

Kit heads into the living room to find Mike asleep, his laptop resting on his stomach. He gently picks it up and lays it on the coffee table, as Mike stirs...

MIKE (V.O.)

But the old Kit still made appearances.

MIKE

Hey, what time is it?

KIT

Ten. Go to bed.

Mike slowly sits up, Kit scratches his head. It turns out his hair is falling out. There are strands all over his hands.

KIT (CONT'D)

Look!

Kit tugs at his hair now, pulling out a clump this time.

MIKE

Oh, my God!

He pulls out another clump. He grips his hair with both hands, makes a crazed face, and starts pulling fistfuls out.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Don't do that! Stop!

But Kit does it again - coming at Mike like a lunatic now, tearing out ever-larger clumps.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Stop that! It's getting everywhere!

Kit's chasing Mike through the living room, both laughing, until Mike falls back onto the sofa, with Kit landing next to him. They lie there, looking at hair everywhere...

MIKE (CONT'D)
Remember how you hated Mister
Scooch for shedding?

INT. VILLAGE BISTRO - NIGHT - MAR 2014

Mike, Kit, Nick, Riley and Nina are crowded into a booth. Nick reaches for the bread, Riley slaps his hand away.

RILEY
You said no bread. No matter how
much you begged.

NINA
Things straight men never say to
each other.

MIKE
Good for you, Riley, standing up to
him like that. I like you.

KIT
You made it all the way from his
birthday party to the end of my
chemo. You're a survivor, too.

Mike looks up and sees Todd heading towards them.

TODD
Hey.

There are looks all around as Todd sits down next to Kit. Mike tries not to look rattled.

MIKE
Hi.

KIT
I invited some people from work.

TODD
The others are coming.

Off Mike, clearly a little rattled.

INT. GYM — LATER

Mike runs on a treadmill, sweat pouring down his face. He notices a HOT GUY in the weight area is cruising him.

INT. GYM — LOCKER ROOM — LATER

Mike, freshly showered, in just a towel, opens his locker, then looks over and sees the Hot Guy from the weight area. He makes sure Mike sees him enter the steam room. After a moment's hesitation, Mike closes his locker.

INT. GYM — STEAM ROOM — LATER

Mike sits, a towel around his waist. As the steam thins a little, he sees the Hot Guy sitting across from him.

The Hot Guy walks over and sits next to him. They sit there motionless for a moment. Mike starts to cry.

Mike just sits there as the Hot Guy watches him cry...

HOT GUY
Dude? Are you okay?

Off Mike, weeping...

INT. DR. DAVIS'S OFFICE — DAY — APR 2014

Mike and Kit sit across from Dr. Davis.

DR. DAVIS
I'm afraid the news isn't good.

Mike takes Kit's hand.

DR. DAVIS (CONT'D)
The tumor has grown. We also found nodules in the pelvic region.

KIT
At least my tumor has company.

DR. DAVIS
We're going to stop chemo and take a short break in your treatment so you can get your strength back. Then we'll start a course of radiation — five days a week.

MIKE

And that can work?

DR. DAVIS

It has proven effective in some cases. It could buy us some time.

KIT

I just want to live to see the end of Drag Race.

INT. SLOAN KETTERING - WAITING ROOM - NOV 2014

Kit walks out of his radiation appointment to find Mike waiting for him.


MIKE (V.O.)

Much to everyone's pleasant surprise, the radiation began to succeed where the chemo failed.

KIT

God, I can't get over how fast radiation is. It's like 'wham bam thank you ma'am.' Fifteen of 'em down, five to go!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - LATER

As they leave the hospital, Kit's clearly walking faster and better than we have seen him in a le. Mike is actually trying to keep up with him.

MIKE

Hey, if you're really serious about a weekend away, I found a place on the Jersey Shore that you'd love...

KIT

Are you kidding me? Book it!

EXT. OCEAN CITY, NEW JERSEY - DAY - JUL 2014

A RENT-A-CAR cruises across a COUNTRY ROAD.

INT. RENT-A-CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mike's driving. Bob's up front with him, working on a *Book of Sudoku* puzzle. Kit's in the back seat. Marilyn's next to Kit.

MIKE

He can stand. He can walk. He can sit without pain.

KIT

Our little friend has been zapped into oblivion.

MARILYN

Oblivion?

MIKE

Significantly. The doctor said his tumor has shrunk *significantly*.

KIT

She said it could buy us a lot of time. We might be talking five, six years. And then who knows, there might be a cure.

Mike and Marilyn exchange a look in the rearview mirror.

MIKE

We're almost there...

INT. PORT-O-CALL HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - LATER

The ELEVATOR door opens and Kit, Mike, Marilyn, and Bob walk out into the suite with the same panoramic views of the Atlantic Ocean. Mike's got a bag full of stuff for Kit: meds, mats, pillows, and bottles of ENSURE.

BOB

Look at this place...

MARILYN

Oh, my Lord, listen to the waves!

Mike leads them through the living room, the dining room and out onto the TERRACE... Marilyn marvels at the view as she steps up to the railing. Mike walks over to Kit...

KIT

This is perfect.

EXT. PORT-O-CALL HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - PATIO - DAY

Mike sits in a lounge chair beside Marilyn, whose nose is in a NOVEL. Mike has a Diet Coke and his iPad. Bob's asleep and Kit blows *Super Miracle Bubbles* through a plastic wand.

MARILYN
Where'd he get the bubbles?

MIKE
The gas station.

Kit picks up his camera and holds the lens right up against the bubble wand's hole. He points the camera toward the sun and starts snapping away.

Kit struggles trying to hold the bubble wand and the camera.

KIT
Mom, help me.

Both Mike and Marilyn look up, concerned.

MIKE
Are you alright?

KIT
Yes, I just need her to hold this.
(off the wand)
It's like a glycerin-y filter, I'm
getting an awesome effect.

Bob's watching this whole thing unfold as Marilyn gets up and takes the wand from Kit and holds it out...

KIT (CONT'D)
A little to the right.

MARILYN
There?

KIT
Yeah. Hold it still. Like that.

Marilyn laughs as Kit leans into her, snapping away. Mike's moved by the scene unfolding in front of him.

INT. PORT-O-CALL HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike and Kit lie in bed together, watching RuPaul's Drag Race on Mike's laptop. Kit starts to rub Mike's leg.

MIKE
That's my leg.
(beat)
And now that's my...

Mike's expression slowly changes as he lets Kit continue. They slowly roll toward each other as Mike starts to reciprocate.

They look into each other's eyes as their shoulders begin to move up and down. They keep stroking each other as their breathing gets heavier and heavier... Until they both climax. After a long moment...

KIT

Too soon?

MIKE

Too messy. I'll get a towel.

Mike gets up, then turns back to Kit.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What was that?

KIT

I think we just hooked up.

Off Mike, taking him in...

EXT. PORT-O-CALL HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - PATIO - MORNING

Mike comes outside, about to take a run. Marilyn's looking out over the ocean.

MARILYN

Morning, how's he doing?

MIKE

Good... really good. He's still sleeping.

MARILYN

How did you find this place?

MIKE

I've been here before. As a kid. It was the last family trip we took before my mother died.

Marilyn and Mike exchange a look.

MARILYN

Did the doctor really say he could have another five years?

Mike takes a moment, he wants to believe that so bad.

MIKE

They can't put a number on it but
things are really looking good.

Marilyn breathes in the ocean air.

MARILYN

Thank you for inviting us to join
you guys.

MIKE

It was actually Kit's idea.

MARILYN

You don't have to say that...

MIKE

I'm not. I wouldn't. It was his
idea.

(looks into Marilyn's
eyes)

He wanted you here.

Marilyn is overcome. She grabs Mike's hand on the railing and
squeezes it.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I was actually vehemently *against*
it.

MARILYN

Alright, Mark. That's enough out of
you.

As we hold on Mike and Marilyn sharing a laugh while taking
in the sea air we cut to...

EXT. PORT-O-CALL HOTEL - BEACH - NIGHT - JUL 2014

Mike and Kit are on a empty section of the beach, on a
blanket, a bag of PRETZELS and a bottle of WINE beside them.
A group of friends can be seen in the background encircling a
makeshift camp fire, the embers casting a warm glow on the
beach. Mike and Kit lie in each others' arms.

MIKE (V.O.)

And for a second I actually thought
everything was going to be okay...

Until Kit sits up, puts his head in his hands.

KIT

I have a headache.

Off Mike's concerned expression...

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT -
JUL 2014

Kit's on the sofa on his side watching RuPaul's Drag Race.
Mike's in the kitchen when Kit's cell rings. He checks the
caller ID.

MIKE
It's Dr. Davis.

Mike answers the call and activates the speaker function.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Hi Dr. Davis. You're on speaker.

KIT
Hi, Doc...

DR. DAVIS (O.C.)
Hi, guys. So, the news isn't good,
I'm afraid. We found a number of
nodules on the brain. Several of
them located near the brain stem,
which is most likely what's been
causing your headaches.

MIKE
How big are they?

DR. DAVIS (O.C.)
They're fairly tiny, but there are
a lot of them. And your primary
tumor is growing again.

KIT
(stoic)
What are we looking at here,
Doctor? Six weeks? Six months?

DR. DAVIS (O.C.)
More than six weeks. Six months...?
Probably not.

KIT
But, I've been feeling so much
better.

DR. DAVIS

The radiation won you some time.
But at this point all we can really
do is address your symptoms and...
manage your pain.

Mike starts to cry.

KIT

Thank you for letting us know,
doctor.

Mike ends the call. Kit remains silent. Mike puts his arms
around him.

MIKE

I hate her so much.

Suddenly, Mike lets go of Kit and snaps open his lap top.
Mike starts typing feverishly.

KIT

What are you doing?

MIKE

I read about a targeted treatment
for NETs being developed in
Germany. It's called...

KIT

Mike...

MIKE (CONT'D)

Afinitor. It blocks this like
protein signaling pathway
that can malfunction and
contribute to--

*
*
*
*
*

KIT

We're going to Germany now?
(beat)
It's everywhere. It's in my brain.

MIKE

Afinitor reduced the risk of
disease progression or death by
seventy-nine percent in--

Kit reaches over, closes the lap top. Mike can't believe it.

MIKE (CONT'D)

There's a lot of experimental
research going on right now.

KIT

Stop it. Please stop.

MIKE

We can't give up just because the
Grim Reaper told us to.

(voice catching)

I'm not ready.

KIT

I am... I'm actually kind of
relieved. I know where I stand now.
It's weirdly comforting.

(then)

Stop trying to fix this.

Mike just stares at him, devastated...

KIT (CONT'D)

I have some new pot I wanted to
try. How about you get a glass of
wine and meet me on the deck?

EXT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - DECK - LATER

Mike climbs out of the window balancing a glass of wine in
his hand. Kit's already there, lying on his side, packing a
bowl, with Mister Scooch curled up next to him. Mike takes a
seat on the deck and observes Kit for a moment.

MIKE

Are you afraid to die?

KIT

No. I'm not. I'm scared of what the
end looks like, but not of dying.

(then)

Please don't let me die in a
hospital.

Mike looks haltingly at Kit.

KIT (CONT'D)

Promise.

(beat)

I want to die at home.

MIKE

Millersburg?

KIT

(shakes his head)

No. Here.

Mike is moved. Kit lights up, takes a long pull and exhales.

KIT (CONT'D)
(playfully)
Mister Scooch, did you hear him
promise, yet?

MIKE
I promise.

KIT
Mister Scooch and I thank you.

Mike takes a sip of wine. He's enjoying the family moment.

MIKE
Had you not approached me that
night I don't think we ever
would've met.

KIT
You were so lost. It was adorable.

MIKE
You were so out of my league.

KIT
I just wanted to take you home and
fuck you.

MIKE
I needed to be fucked.
(beat)
But I was afraid if you saw me
naked you'd cut and run. So I
seduced you with my sparkling wit
first.

KIT
Considering your shtick is way
scarier than your body that was a
risky bet.

Mike chuckles.

MIKE
I'm sorry, Kit.

KIT
For what?

MIKE
For blaming you for... everything.
For not owning my role in all of
it. My body issues. My fear of
loss.

KIT
The Smurfs...

MIKE
(nods)
The Smurfs...

KIT
Your questionable sense of style...

MIKE
(interrupts)
Settle in there tiger.

Kit smiles. He takes another long pull. Exhales.

KIT
Got anything else you want to ask
me? It's now or never.

Mike considers the question.

MIKE
Did you have sex with Todd?

Kit wasn't expecting that...

KIT
Yes.

MIKE
(exhales)
OK.

KIT
(tearing up)
I'm sorry I lied to you, Mike.
(crying)
I am so sorry.

MIKE
It's OK. I forgive you.

The F-word triggers a wave of relief in Kit.

KIT
Thank you.
(beat, through tears)
Thank you, Mike.

Kit slowly regains his composure.

KIT (CONT'D)
I want you to be happy. I want you
to fall in love again...

MIKE
(interrupts, fighting back
tears)
Nope. Not ready to have this
conversation with you...

KIT
All I am saying is if you meet
someone...

MIKE
(abruptly)
Got it. Message received. Thank
you. Come again.

Kit chuckles. Mike takes a sip of wine. They sit there
silently.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You know what? I think I'm ready to
try some of this pot you've spoken
so highly of.

KIT
(thrown)
Really?

MIKE
Yep. It's time.

KIT
Get over here.

Mike put his wine glass down and Kit hands him the one-
hitter. Mike looks at it confusingly, before putting it in
his mouth backwards.

KIT (CONT'D)
OK, so first thing's first...

Kit gently pulls the one hitter out of Michael's mouth and
turns it around.

KIT (CONT'D)
It goes this way.

MIKE
(nods)
I see it now. Makes sense.

KIT
 Now light the other end with the
 lighter, and then inhale slowly.
 Don't exhale right away. Let it sit
 in your lungs for a few seconds.

Mike struggles with the lighter and hands it to Kit.

MIKE
 I can't do it.

KIT
 Yes you can.

Mike nods, then tries again. Nada. Once more. Finally, a
 spark. Mike quickly holds the flame to the pot and takes a
 very quick hit. He's proud of himself.

KIT (CONT'D)
 That wasn't a very long hit. You
 might not feel anything...

MIKE
 (interrupts, panicked)
 My throat is burning.

KIT
 (calmly)
 Relax...

MIKE
 It's on fire.

Kit hands Mike his glass of wine. He takes a sip.

KIT
 Better?

MIKE
 Yes. But I'm not feeling anything.

KIT
 Take another hit. And this time,
 hold it in for a few seconds.

Mike takes another hit, holds it, exhales, doesn't cough. He
 lies down beside Kit and looks up. His eyes trace the
 branches of the tree hugging their deck.

MIKE
 I think I'm feeling it.

KIT
 Welcome to the Stoners Club.

A super relaxed Mike falls into Kit's arms and they hold each other tightly.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Mike is awake but still in bed staring longingly at a still-sleeping Kit. Kit slowly opens his eyes.

KIT
(groggily)
Good morning. How are you feeling?

MIKE
(interrupts)
Let's get married.

KIT
(thrown)
I'm sorry, what?
(beat)
How much pot did you have?!

MIKE
I mean it.

KIT
You're only asking me because I'm dying.

MIKE
It's more than that. You know, I thought I was scared of marriage. But I think it was *divorce* that terrified me. I was so afraid of our relationship being deemed a failure that it didn't seem like a risk worth taking. Why rock the boat. So I pretended like it didn't mean anything. But it does. I love you. I want to be your husband. And I want to spend the rest of my life with you.
(beat)
Will you marry me, Kit Cowan?

Kit is profoundly moved by the proposal.

KIT
The funny thing is, we actually could use a new toaster.

Mike smiles, and then they kiss. It's followed by an awkward silence.

MIKE

Well, you better get dressed.

KIT

Today?!

MIKE

I texted Nina and Nick, they're meeting us at City Hall. We don't know how much longer you're going to be of sound mind.

KIT

You're fucking nuts.

MIKE

The only thing we don't have are rings, but we can always...

KIT

(wheels turning,
interrupts)

Wait a second.

Kit turns around and opens the drawer of his end table. He pulls two SPIDER RINGS out of his pocket, the ones he won in Atlantic City. He proudly displays them to Michael, who flashes him a "I could not love this man more" look.

INT. CITY HALL - MARRIAGE BUREAU - LATER

There's a crush of couples, some in traditional attire, most not. As Mike and Kit wait their turn, Nick takes photos on his phone.

Nina rushes in a small box of cupcakes and a TOASTER. She hands the cupcakes to Mike.

NINA

These are for you.

(hands the toaster to Kit)

And this is for you.

Kit smiles at the gesture. The digital number display clicks over.

KIT

That's us!

INT. CITY HALL - MARRIAGE BUREAU - MOMENTS LATER

The clerk slides their signed license across the counter with their birth certificates.

MIKE

Where do we go now?

CLERK

Are you getting married here?

KIT

Yes.

CLERK

Wait twenty-four hours and return with your marriage license.

KIT

We need to get married *today*.

CLERK

Why the rush?

NICK

(off Kit)

That one has cancer.

CLERK

Oh... Look, you'll need a waiver from a judge. Across the street. But we close at noon today. Hurry.

KIT

Okay, less talking. More running.

Kit clicks the morphine pump for a hit before they go.

CLERK

What's that?

KIT

Morphine.

CLERK

Cheers.

Off Mike and Kit, taking off.

EXT. 60 CENTER STREET - LATER

Mike, Kit, Nick, and Nina head up the steps of 60 Center Street, the New York Supreme Court Building.

Kit's going as fast as he can. There's a FILM CREW shooting an episode of Law & Order: SVU while a scrum of TOURISTS watch.

Mike, Kit, Nick, and Nina are blocked by an officious twenty-something PRODUCTION ASSISTANT with a walkie-talkie.

KIT

We have to get in there now!

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

It'll just be a few minutes.

They wait impatiently till Mike realizes they're not rolling.

MIKE

This is bullshit-- they're not even rolling! Let's go!

They push past the Production Assistant, through the crew, and up the steps.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Hey! Stop! Jesus!

INT. 60 CENTER STREET - MOMENTS LATER

They all empty their pockets into trays and go through the metal detector. Nina puts the toaster on a tray, which of course sets off the machine...

NINA

Sorry! It's just a toaster!

INT. 60 CENTER STREET - JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - LATER

They rush in, cupcakes and toaster in tow. The JUDGE'S CLERK, a schlumpy, slow-moving bureaucrat, doesn't even look at them.

SCHLUMPY CLERK

The judge is done for the day.

KIT

We have extenuating circumstances!

SCHLUMPY CLERK

Do you? What are they?

KIT
Just look at me. I'm obviously
dying. We have to get married
today.

SCHLUMPY CLERK
(finally looking up)
I'll see what I can do.

The Schlumpy Clerk disappears into the judges chambers.

INT. 60 CENTER STREET - JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - MOMENTS LATER

They stand waiting.

MIKE
We only have twenty-five minutes.

NICK
You had thirteen years.

NINA
I'm glad you two finally came to
your senses.

KIT
I'd like a cupcake.

NINA
No! It's bad luck to eat wedding
cake before the wedding!

KIT
Nina, how much worse can it get?

As Kit bites into a cupcake the Schlumpy Clerk trots back
into the room, winded, and hands them the waiver.

SCHLUMPY CLERK
You're all set. All the best.

Kit takes the toaster from Nina.

KIT
Thank you. So much. This is for
you.

Kit slides the toaster over to him. As they rush off...

SCHLUMPY CLERK
I can't accept gifts!

EXT. 60 CENTER STREET - TOP OF THE STEPS - LATER

On the way out they encounter the same Production Assistant.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
We're rolling. You're going to have
to wait here.

KIT
Do you know who this is? If you
want a future in television, you'll
let us pass. He's a big deal.

MIKE
He's not wrong.

NINA
Look, asshole.
(off Kit)
This is my best friend and all he
wants to do is marry his boyfriend
here, who actually *is* a big deal--

MIKE
Thank you.

NINA
He turned out to be one of the most
amazing people I've ever known.
They don't have a lot of time. So I
don't care what stupid show you're
making--

MIKE
It's actually a *great* show.

NINA
The marriage office closes in ten
minutes. *Please* let us through.

The Production Assistant looks from Mike and Kit to the
ACTORS.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Go. Now. Hurry up.

DIRECTOR (O.C.)
Action!

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Shit.

It's too late. Mike, Kit, Nina and Nick are rushing past
MARISKA HARGITAY, who's standing on her mark.

DIRECTOR (O.C.)
Cut! You've got to be kidding me!
Re-set!

MIKE
Hey, Mariska!

MARISKA
Mike! Hi!

MIKE
Mariska! Sorry for fucking up your
shot!

KIT
(yelling back to PA)
I told you he was a big deal!

As the four of them hurry down the steps...

INT. CITY HALL - WEDDING CHAPEL - LATER

Mike and Kit hold hands in front of a very jaded looking
OFFICIANT. Nina and Nick are taking pictures.

OFFICIANT
Do you have rings?

Kit sets the two spider rings on the podium. The Officiant
does a double take, and then starts reading off a piece of
paper.

OFFICIANT (CONT'D)
Do you, Christopher, solemnly
declare Michael to be your husband?

KIT
I do.

OFFICIANT
Do you promise to love, honor, and
keep him for as long as you both
shall live?

MIKE (V.O.)
I had forgotten about that part.

KIT
I do.

Nina cries as Mike and Kit try to maintain their composure.

OFFICIANT
 You can place... that ring... on
 his finger.

Kit slides a spider ring onto Mike's finger.

OFFICIANT (CONT'D)
 Do you, Michael, solemnly declare
 Christopher to be your husband?

MIKE
 I do.

OFFICIANT
 Do you promise to love, honor, and
 keep him for as long as you both
 shall live?

MIKE (V.O.)
 There it was again.

MIKE
 I do.

Mike slides the other spider ring onto Kit's finger. Now Nick
 starts to cry.

OFFICIANT
 By the powers vested in me by the
 great state of New York, I now
 pronounce you married. You may seal
 your vows with a kiss.

Mike and Kit lean in and kiss...

KIT
 I wrote down some vows.

MIKE
 You did? When? I didn't.

KIT
 It's alright, Mike, these can be
 for both of us.

Kit grabs his iPad from Nina and fires it up.

KIT (CONT'D)
 (reading from the iPad)
 I knew immediately that...
 (his voice cracks)
 Here. I can't do it. You read them.

Mike takes the iPad from him, takes a breath, and reads...

MIKE

I knew immediately after we met that you were the one. The last thirteen years haven't always been easy, but we always find our way. I love you. I love us. We are in this together and now it's official. Nothing can say what you mean to me. You are my best friend and I can't imagine my life without you.

Mike rests the iPad on the podium and they wrap their arms around each other.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S APARTMENT - DAY - LATER

Kit's asleep, his head is on Mike's shoulder. Mike's eating the last cupcake. Mike's phone buzzes.

MIKE

(picking up)

Hi, Marilyn...

Mike gently wakes up Kit.

MIKE (CONT'D)

It's your mom.

KIT

(taking the phone)

Hey, Mom. We have news... and this time it's good...

MIKE (V.O.)

We were holding out for just one more Christmas...

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - EVENING - DEC 2014

Kit, thinner than ever, takes seemingly forever to hang a round BABY BLUE ORNAMENT on an aluminum Christmas tree. Nestled next to the bulb is a BABY SMURF. Marilyn tries to hold back tears as Kit almost stumbles placing another bulb. Mike, meanwhile, looks like he hasn't slept in a month.

KIT

I'm almost done.

MIKE

It's beautiful, Kit. Thank you.

Kit smiles, proud of his work.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - JAN 2015

Marilyn sits, covering her ears, as two PARAMEDICS carry Kit out of the apartment on a chair stretcher, which has forced Kit to sit up. He's wild with pain, completely delirious. He's grabbing on to the rolled up Dwell magazine/pain stick for dear life.

MIKE

He needs a stretcher! He can't sit!
He has a tumor in his ass! You're
hurting him!

PARAMEDIC

Sir, the stretcher can't make it up
this stairwell.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

NEIGHBORS are coming into the hallway. Kit grabs and tears at Mike's shirt.

KIT

Why are you doing this to me!?!
Make them stop! Make them stop!

Suddenly, out of Kit's hands falls the Dwell magazine/pain stick. Mike quickly picks it up and is shocked at what he finds. The magazine is so tightly rolled up from nearly a year of Kit gripping it in pain that it doesn't even resemble a magazine. It's like a weapon. It's in that moment that Mike realizes he is holding in his hands physical manifestation of Kit's prolonged suffering and it's a gut punch. As he holds it listening to Kit's screams we...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING - JAN 2015

Kit's sound asleep. Mike sits at the end of the bed, rubbing Kit's feet. Mike looks like a wreck. Marilyn pulls him aside.

MARILYN

How are you?

MIKE

Better now.

MIKE (CONT'D)

He can't stay here.

MARILYN

This is the best place for him.

MIKE
 I promised him I wouldn't let
 him...
 (fighting back tears)
 He's not dying in a hospital.

Marilyn lays her hand on Mike's shoulder as they both take in Kit.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NEXT MORNING - JAN 2015

Mike is sitting next to Kit's bed when Todd appears at the door. Mike, clearly expecting him, gently wakes Kit.

MIKE
 Special visitor alert.

Kit opens his eyes. A smile spreads across his face when he sees Todd.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 He's good for only a couple of
 minutes at a time.

Todd nods... And Mike leaves, closing the door behind him.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - LATER

Mike sits with Marilyn and Bob. As Mike watches the door to Kit's room. Nick and Nina walk over from the elevator.

NINA
 How's he doing?

MIKE
 Well enough to have visitors.
 (then)
 Now I just have to get him home. I
 promised.

Just then Todd comes out of Kit's room. He's clearly been crying. Nick and Mike exchange a look, before Mike walks over to him.

TODD
 Thank you for letting me see him.
 (silence, then)
 Kit's an amazing person and you're
 an amazing husband. I'm so sorry
 this is happening... I'm sorry for
 everything.

Todd starts for the elevator, as Mike watches him go...

MIKE

Todd...

Todd stops. Mike walks over and pulls him into an embrace. As they hold each other, both men are sobbing now...

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - LIVING ROOM - JAN 2015

Kit, with his morphine pump, sits with pillows propping him up. Mike plugs their old, seldom-used DVD player into the back of the television set.

MIKE

I called in every last favor.

KIT

What is it?

Mike turns and faces Kit, holding up a DVD, pleased and triumphant.

MIKE

The Drag Race season finale.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Kit lies on his side, his head against Mike's shoulder, trying to find a comfortable position as the credits play.

RUPAUL

You are all winners. You are all stars. But only one can be the next drag superstar.

As we watch the show A DRAG QUEEN walks into the room and sits on the arm of the sofa next to Mike. She gently drapes a comforting arm around his shoulder. A SECOND DRAG QUEEN walks in and sits next to Kit, resting a hand on his leg. Neither Mike nor Kit notices their presence.

A THIRD DRAG QUEEN, the most glamorous of the three, comes behind the sofa and places a bejeweled hand on Mike's shoulder. He looks up. They look at each other. She nods to the TV, then Mike turns his attention back to the show.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - BEDROOM - FEB 2015

Mike, Marilyn, and Bob are sitting with Kit, his breathing incredibly labored.

MIKE

Can I have a moment alone with him?

Marilyn hesitates, unsure if she's even capable of letting go of Kit's hand. Bob takes Marilyn shoulders and gently helps her stand.

As they leave the room and close the door behind them, Mike climbs into bed with Kit and stares at him. He grabs the collar of his sweatshirt, and pulls him closer.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You listen to me: I'm gonna be OK.
It's going to be unbelievably hard,
but I'm going to be OK. You go get
heaven ready for us because thanks
to you I have high standards. Thank
you for giving me a family. Thank
you for loving me.



Mike realizes he's still holding him up by his sweatshirt and gently lays him down on the bed again. Kit, his eyes barely open, ever so slowly moves his hand toward Mike's and squeezes it. Mike squeezes back, as tears fall from his eyes.

INT. MIKE AND KIT'S WEST VILLAGE APT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mike walks out of the bedroom, looks at Marilyn and Bob.

MIKE

Thank you.

Marilyn heads back toward the bedroom, followed by Bob. Mike stands at the door, takes a deep breath... As the camera pulls back and takes in the window, and pushes out onto the roof, and further out into the noise and life of New York City, farther and farther back, as if Kit's spirit has finally been set free.

EXT. MILLERSBURG RIVER - DOCK - DAY - MAY 2015

Mike, Marilyn and Bob are standing on a dock. They're pouring Kit's ashes into the river...

EXT. KIT'S CHILDHOOD HOME - PORCH - LATER

Mike walks out and joins Bob, who is sitting in a rocking chair reading the local paper.

MIKE

Big goings-on in Millersburg?

BOB

A raccoon snuck into the Dollar Store and destroyed the place. It took a dozen cops to catch the little bugger.

MIKE

(looks at watch)

Marilyn's been at the supermarket for a while.

Long, slightly awkward silence. Bob folds the newspaper up and places it on the ground next to the rocking chair.

BOB

She's having a difficult time.
Everything's a painful reminder.
She can't send emails anymore
because it reminds her of emailing
with Kit. She avoids driving down
Pine street because she can't bear
to look at Sorrento's.

(beat)

She sees you and...

As Bob fights back tears, Mike connects the dots. He looks at the empty chair next to Bob and the heartbreaking reality hits him: Marilyn can't bear to be around him. As Mike quietly swallows that bitter pill...

BOB (CONT'D)

She's just gonna need some time.

EXT. MILLERSBURG RIVER — LATER

Mike pulls over alongside the river and gets out of his car. He sees Marilyn sitting on a bench, alone, staring out at the river. He slowly approaches and stands beside her. Marilyn is crying.

MARILYN

I'm sorry.

Mike, hurt, takes her in, then gently says.

MIKE


Before I leave, I have a favor to
ask. I would very much like a hug.

(beat)

It can be a quick.

A teary Marilyn rises and faces Mike. They embrace, triggering a wave of emotion in Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Thank you for Kit.

MARILYN
No. Thank you. 

INT. KIT'S BROOKLYN APT - DAY - MAY 2015

Mike's cleaning out Kit's apartment with Nick, Riley and Nina. The place is already half empty.

NINA
Kit was my third boyfriend who came out in college. I had this magical effect on boys.

NICK
There are some guys at my gym I'd like you to meet.
(off Riley)
Kidding.

RILEY
You wouldn't last a day without me.
(picking up a box)
What's in here?

Mike, Nick and Nina exchange a look.

NICK
What are you going to do with those?

EXT. GOODWILL - LATER

Mike and Nina are dropping the last bags into the donation area. GOODWILL WORKERS are going through everything. Mike runs back to the car and gets Kit's box of sex toys.

MIKE
Start the getaway car.

Mike runs back to the donation table, sets the box down, then hurries back to the car along with Nina. They hop back in, laughing, as Nina pulls away.

MIKE (V.O.)
The thing about endings... it's never really the end.

INT. HUDSON, NEW YORK -  STORE - NIGHT - DEC 2045

Mike, who has aged beautifully, sits behind the counter. Surrounding him is a mix of mid-century designer furniture and Smurf collectables. Mike hands a small bag and some change over to a young GAY MAN and his HUSBAND.

MIKE

Enjoy. Happy Holidays.

GAY MAN

Does that sofa really sell for ten thousand dollars?

MIKE

Yep. It's a Finn Juhl.

HUSBAND

That Smurf, holding a red apple inscribed with "I love NY...," how much is that?

KIT (O.C.)

Only a hundred of those were made.

We see a beautifully-aged Kit standing at the entrance of the store, having just walked in from outside...

KIT (CONT'D)

It's actually not for sale. It's part of my husband's private collection.

Mike smiles, it's nice to hear the Smurf Expert side of Kit. As the couple starts to leave, Kit turns to Mike...

KIT (CONT'D)

It's snowing.

EXT. HUDSON, NEW YORK - STORE - LATER

Mike steps outside in an oversized jacket. It's not only snowing, it's snowing in a picture perfect small town. He turns to admire their quaint row house, taking in the gorgeous store window. He looks up at their six-over-six sash windows on the second and third floor... Suddenly all six windows on both floors simultaneously light up with multicolored C9 old-timey bulbs, all diligently measured out for peak symmetry. It's magical.

Just then Kit comes outside with their rambunctious GOLDEN RETRIEVER, who bounds toward Mike.

MIKE
Jibber Jabs!

Mike takes the leash from Kit and manages to put it on the dog. They make their way down the street, hand-in-hand. Mike stops for a moment as Kit walks on ahead... Mike stands all alone now, watching, as K slowly disappears into the snow.

EXT. SKY - JUNE 2015

A bright blue sky empty, save for a PLANE that slowly enters the bottom of the frame, arching upwards...

EXT. PIER - SAME

Close on Mike watching, as the plane moves across the sky.

KIT (V.O.)
*I asked myself where are we going?
Wondered if our tickets are for the
same destination. On the same
flight? Have your seat belt
securely fastened...*

Mike lies back as the SUN pours down on him.

KIT (V.O.)
*There may be unexpected
turbulence... If I'm scared, I'll
know you're in the seat next to
me... Holding my hand... Telling me
we're going to be okay.*

As we pull away we see Mike's walking down the Santa Monica pier. We see him take his shirt off mid-stroll. The camera pulls back farther and takes iA...

THE END

