

SWELL

BRETT STANLEY PICK UP

Written by

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STANLEY follows BRETT into the coffee room.

BRETT
Hey Man, what's up?

Stanley contemplates his approach.

Brett waits.

STANLEY
So...ahhh, I know you're the
investigator and all that but, I
can't help noticing...how do I say
this?

Beat

Brett waits.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Ummm, you know I'm gay.

BRETT
No, actually I didn't know that.

STANLEY
Okay well, I'm gay.

BRETT
Okay, great.

Silence.

Stanley checks around to make sure nobody is listening.

STANLEY
Yeah, well you know, being a gay
man and single and shit...I, you
know, go on Craig's list.

Brett is starting to put it together. Now he's also subtly
looking to make sure nobody is hearing them.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Yeah. You sent me your picture.

BRETT
I've never sent anyone my photo
before...

Brett starts to remember...

BRETT (CONT'D)
...except...maybe this one time

STANLEY
Yeah I was totally interested to meet you and.

BRETT
Shit.

STANLEY
You probably, being new here an all should know that...its not a good idea to send real photos.

BRETT
I never, ever send my photo unless its for sure going to happen and except for that one timme...

Brett now fully puts it together.

STANLEY
Yeah Dude, that was me. You had just started working with Jenn I really need this job and I just

BRETT
Blew me off. You pretty much blew me off.

STANLEY
Yeah, well there's more.

Brett shakes his head.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Umm...I was in Kalaka state park the other day.

Brett is now desperately working to maintain his cool.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
I mean I couldn't figure out what you were doing with Swell. I mean, I thought, well, Jenn must have introduced them. And really I probably would have let it go at that. Except you then got in your car and drove and...I, being a fucking nosey fag decided to...

BRETT
...followed us.

STANLEY

Pretty much. Yup! I know that's a
shit thing to do but...I did it. I
mean I kept my distance so you
couldn't see me but I do have
binoculars and...
(nodding)

Jenn pops in.

Brett and Stanley are like deers caught in headlights.

JENN

I need you at your desk Stanley
what's going on?

STANLEY

We're just talking.

JENN

Well get back to work.

Beat

JENN (CONT'D)

Now.

Stanley exits.

Jenn gives Brett a look...'the help!' Shakes her head and
leaves.

Brett shakes his head.

DISSOLVE
THOUGHT TO:

LATER

28A INT. JENN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

28A

STANLEY is at his desk. BRETT comes in sheepish.

BRETT

So I'm officially freaked out.

STANLEY

I would never say anything to
anyone. Ever. I mean I know I'm
an evil twisted fag but I'm not
that kind of evil twisted fag.

Off Brett.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Seriously you can trust me. I mean mostly, to be honest, all I've been thinking about is how lucky you are. I mean...Swell, making out and everytyhing. That's like crazy, crazy.

BRETT

Nobody knows man. And he would completely freak out. Like...damn this is bumming me out.

STANLEY

Has this been going on a while?

BRETT

No, not really...but.

STANLEY

Fuck. Swell. That's crazy. If Jenn ever knew she would...fucking shit bricks...and then pound our skulls in with them.

Brett stands, stunned, shaking his head.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Brett. Really you can trust me.

Brett numbly shakes his head.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

So this wasn't a one time thing.

Off Bret.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Wow! Damn!

BRETT

I'm just like so freaked out right now I don't even know what to say.

STANLEY

Freaked out because...

BRETT

Well quite frankly the whole thing is pretty new to me too, and,

STANLEY

The guy thing.

BRETT

Yeah. The guy thing. The whole thing

STANLEY

Yeah I remember our initial emails. It was pretty clear how green you were.

BRETT

Well...

Brett can only shake his head.

STANLEY

I'm not going to ask you anymore questions dude. Even though I'm fucking dying to know.

BRETT

I appreciate that.

STANLEY

Does Swell have a big dick?

Off Brett.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

He looks like he has a really big dick.

BRETT

(shaking his head)

I...I really think i'm losing it. Or about to.

STANLEY

Just, Dude, its a really small town. And I happen to know you and you're fucking really attractive and I just...you just don't have to worry about me saying anything to anyone... but you should probably be really smart about this. Like really, really smart.

Brett nods, contemplates this and turns to leave.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Dude. You really can trust me. And Seriously, if you ever need somebody to talk to. I can be a good friend too.

Brett numbly nods then exits.

Stanley watches Brett go.