I’M ALWAYS THE LAST TO KNOW!

by

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INT. PATRICK’S STUDIO APARTMENT – DAY

A dirty floor. Piles of clothes. Trash.

    PATRICK (O.S.)
    Oh, God, Austin!

    AUSTIN (O.S.)
    You like that, huh?

    PATRICK (O.S.)
    That’s not it!

    AUSTIN (O.S.)
    But I’m in!

    PATRICK (O.S.)
    Yeah, but it feels weird. Take it out.

PATRICK and AUSTIN (both 25) are on the folded out futon. Austin’s on top, between Patrick’s legs.

    AUSTIN
    Just wait.

Austin moves his hips, but that’s not pleasure washing over Patrick’s face.

    PATRICK
    Wait.

    AUSTIN
    What now?

    PATRICK
    I think you’re too big.

    AUSTIN
    I am not!

    PATRICK
    Just take it out!

    AUSTIN
    Not yet.
PATRICK
Fine.

He pushes Austin off. Austin topples onto the floor.

AUSTIN
What the hell was that for?

PATRICK
You wouldn’t get off.

AUSTIN
You didn’t let me. Let’s try it one more time.

Patrick looks at the clock on the TV table. It’s 12:30.

PATRICK
I can’t.

He starts getting dressed.

AUSTIN
I thought you were off?

PATRICK
I haven’t gotten off yet. Erin’s supposed to pick me up for lunch.

AUSTIN
Are you serious? She can’t see us like this!

PATRICK
Yeah, which is why I wanted you to finish half an hour ago.

AUSTIN
I’m sorry!

PATRICK
So just get dressed.

By now, he has his jeans on. He throws on a shirt.
PATRICK
I think I’m coming out to her.

AUSTIN
What? She’ll kill you.

PATRICK
I think she already knows.

AUSTIN
Great. Probably knows about me too. You can’t tell her, okay?

PATRICK
That’s your business.

He’s fully dressed. His cell phone rings.

PATRICK
Oh, god.

He searches the messy desk. Finds the ringing phone.

PATRICK
Hello?

ERIN (V.O.)
Patrick? You sound beat. Are you okay?

PATRICK
Uh, yeah, just working out.

ERIN (V.O.)
Oh. Are you ready?

PATRICK
Yeah.

He looks over to Austin, who’s putting on a pair of socks. He shoos him out.

ERIN (V.O.)
Awesome. ’Cause I’m pulling up right now.

They hear a car door slam. The phone hangs up.
PATRICK
Just go!

Austin runs out the back door. Knock on the door. Patrick keeps his eye on the back door as he walks to the front. He opens it. ERIN (25) stands on the porch.

ERIN
You know how long it took me to find your place?

PATRICK
Uh, I’m sorry.

ERIN
Your place is so messy. Don’t you know how to clean up?

PATRICK
Uh yeah.

ERIN
Where do you wanna have lunch?

PATRICK
Sit down, Erin.

She looks at the futon, then at the desk chair. She chooses the chair.

ERIN
What’s wrong?

PATRICK
Nothing, but I have something to tell you.

She nods.

PATRICK
I’m gay.

She laughs.

PATRICK
What?
ERIN
You’re joking, right?

PATRICK
No.

ERIN
So you’re serious?

PATRICK
Yes. Why would I lie?

ERIN
I dunno. You’re really gay?

PATRICK
Yes.

ERIN
But you’re so straight!

PATRICK
I guess...

ERIN
Does Austin know?

PATRICK
Uh -

ERIN
I wouldn’t tell him if I were you.

PATRICK
Why not?

ERIN
He is such a homophobe.

PATRICK
How do you know that?

ERIN
I just know, okay? I just know things.
PATRICK
So you’re not mad?

ERIN
Why would I be mad?

PATRICK
Because...

ERIN
My dad my a be a Baptist preacher, but I am not my dad!

PATRICK
Good.

ERIN
But thanks for telling me. Your secret’s safe with me.

She smiles. Pats his knee.

INT. PATRICK’S STUDIO APARTMENT – DAY

Austin’s sprawled out on the futon in a pair of boxers. Patrick walks in.

AUSTIN
How’d it go?

PATRICK
Pretty good. You weren’t listening?

AUSTIN
No... I was busy. In the bathroom. What’d she say?

PATRICK
You know Erin. Completely oblivious to everything. She thinks you’re homophobic.

AUSTIN
What? I wish I coulda been there. That’s great. I think I’m gonna tell her.
PATRICK
I wish I could see that.

AUSTIN
Well, you can’t!

He kisses Patrick.

INT. PATRICK’S STUDIO APARTMENT – DAY

The place is cleaned up. Aaron, dressed now, paces, with his cell phone pressed to his ear.

AUSTIN
(into phone)
Hey, Erin? It’s Austin, Patrick’s friend. Are you busy?

ERIN (V.O.)
No... What’s up?

AUSTIN
You wanna come over? I need to talk to you.

ERIN (V.O.)
Uh... I guess. Where do you live?

AUSTIN
1012 apartment 16, Studio City.

ERIN
Wait... Isn’t that Patrick’s place?

AUSTIN
Yeah, we’re roommates.

ERIN
Oh! Okay... I’ll be there soon.

AUSTIN
Great.

He hangs up.
INT. PATRICK'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Austin waits on the futon. Footsteps approach the door. Then a knock. Austin answers.

AUSTIN
Hi.

ERIN
Oh, wow. This place looks nice!

AUSTIN
I had to clean it up.

ERIN
You live here?

AUSTIN
Yeah. You didn’t know we were roommates?

ERIN
No! No one tells me anything. But I’m so glad you called. Something happened yesterday that you won’t believe!

AUSTIN
Hold on – What would you do if one of your friends told you he was gay?

ERIN
What? That happened to you too?

AUSTIN
Not quiet.

ERIN
Oh.

AUSTIN
I’m gay.

ERIN
No way! You too?
AUSTIN
Yeah.

ERIN
Oh my God, I’m a fag hag! Does Patrick know?

AUSTIN
Well, we’re not just roommates.

ERIN
Oh my God! Is he here?

AUSTIN
Yeah...

ERIN
Patrick!

Patrick comes out from behind a corner.

PATRICK
Hey.

ERIN
You? Him? I can’t believe it!

PATRICK
Well, believe it.

He kisses Austin.

ERIN
Ew! Just stop it! I can’t handle this. I’m going to go.

She gets off the chair and moves to the door.

PATRICK
Please, Erin. Don’t be mad.

ERIN
I’m not... At y’all. I’m just always the last to know!

FADE OUT.