

Bartender

56.

BECKETT
(cautious)
Nothing -- what did she tell you?

PATRICK
You were going to tell her about
Cassie, weren't you?

BECKETT
(smoothly)
Fine, you caught me. I was going
to tell her -- but I didn't. I got
there and realized I'm your friend,
Pat. It's my job to support your
choices, not judge them.

Patrick and Beckett stare at each other, searching for some
truth. Until --

CASSIE
Guys?

They look over at her. She looks down, so do they. A small
PUDDLE has formed on the parquet. Her water just broke.

BEGIN INTERCUTTING MONTAGE.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

A REAR VIEW: shadowy figures move down the hall at great
speed. Beckett and Patrick are carrying Cassie into ---

INT. CHEMISTRY LAB -- CONTINUOUS

QUICK CUTS: Patrick lays Cassie down on the floor as Beckett
moves a desk in front of the door. She's in agony.

BECKETT
This is bullshit! I'm calling 911!

Patrick pulls off his shirt and tosses it to Beckett.

PATRICK
Just shut up and soak this in hot
water. Do it!

INT. HALLOWEEN PARTY -- NIGHT

- An attractive female bartender stares into the camera.

BARTENDER
What can I get you, young lady?

Handsome
Yesty

START

1/2

Bob gives her a demure smile, alcohol has made him comfortable for the painful birth of a new persona.

BOB
Another vodka, straight up.

She smiles back at him. As he waits, Bob is aware of a COWBOY, FIREMAN and a CLOWN watching him...guys from the neighborhood, guys from the club. Bob flirts with them and they die laughing. Empowered, Bob bats his eyes. As his eyes CLOSE, we MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CHEMISTRY LAB -- DAY

CLOSE on Cassie's eyes, shut tight in pain. Beckett holds up Patrick's now red shirt.

BECKETT
Jesus, there's a lot of blood.

That sends Cassie into a momentary panic attack.

PATRICK
It's okay baby, that's normal, remember?

He pats her forehead with a damp paper towel. MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HALLOWEEN PARTY -- POWDER ROOM

Bob touches up his make-up with a compact. Corkie's masseuse Jessie breaks in -- he's dressed as Keith Hernandez -- complete with Mets uniform and porn moustache.

JESSIE
Sorry, lady.

Jessie only needs a second to see that Bob is no woman.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Awesome costume.

BOB
(still mastering Blanche)
Why, aren't you a gentleman?

Bob begins out, but Jessie stops him and closes the door.

JESSIE
Hold up.

He pulls a small baggie filled with coke out of his pocket.