

ROD & TERRY

A 30-Minute 3-Part Web Series

(10 Minutes per Episode)

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FADE IN:

PART 1

INT. ROD & TERRY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The large open space doubles as living room and "dining area".

A couch and a love seat on the right. A table with four chairs on the left.

A counter adjacent the table divides the space from the kitchen, which is partially visible.

TERRY CHRISTENSEN (Caucasian, 34-years-old) rushes out of the kitchen holding a large elaborate BOUQUET OF FLOWERS in a fancy GLASS VASE.

He sits it on the coffee table in front of the couch, twists it this way and that and adjusts the flowers just so.

Satisfied, he stands and takes a deep breath while he smooths down the designer apron covering his designer button-down shirt and slacks.

He looks around the room searching for a task.

TERRY

Dust!

He scurries around the couch to a wall behind it where a waist-high storage bench sits beneath a large Andy Warhol picture.

Terry removes a large Ostrich feather duster and begins dusting furniture.

DING! A BELL rings.

Terry rushes into the kitchen as the Front Door Entrance on the right-side wall opens.

In walks ROD MANGOLD (Black [or Any Ethnicity], 30-years-old). He's a six-foot manly man with a muscular frame and a hipster beard. He drops his daybag by the door.

He moves to the couch and plops down on it.

ROD

Hey Terry, bring me a beer on your way back.

Rod kicks off his shoes and puts his feet up on the coffee table next to the flowers.

TERRY (O.S.)
(shouting from the
kitchen)
Okay, but don't put your feet on
the coffee table.

Terry comes from the kitchen holding an opened bottle of beer as if he had anticipated the request. His step quickens.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Hey, hey! What are you doing?

ROD
I'm neutralizing my man-scent.

Terry hands Rod the beer, scoops up the flowers and takes them to the storage bench behind the couch.

TERRY
You can neutralize by putting your
shoes back on.

ROD
It's working. Just needs a moment.

TERRY
You're withering my tulips. They'll
look better back here beneath the
Warhol anyway.

ROD
Is this a light beer?

TERRY
That's all we have left.

ROD
Light beer is not permitted on
these premises.

Terry lets out a little scream.

TERRY
Rod! How many times do I have to
tell you not to leave your daybag
by the door?

ROD
Why should I bother when I know
you're going to move it for me?

Terry puts the bag in a coat closet near a hallway on the far right side of the back wall.

TERRY
Tonight, the place has to be
immaculate.

ROD
As if it's not always.

TERRY
Yes, but tonight in particular.

ROD
Oh, right! That's what all the fuss
is about. Big night tonight, huh?
Hot date. Sam, was it?

TERRY
Yes, Sam...Saaamm...

Terry is suddenly lost in revelry.

ROD
You say it like it's a song.

TERRY
Sam is a song. The song of Sam.

ROD
Now it sounds like a poem, like
green eggs and ham.

TERRY
That's a good idea! I'll write Sam
a sonnet.

ROD
All right, all right hold on there
fella. Give me the rundown.

TERRY
Think towering sophistication.
Confidence. A perfect blend of
panache and nonchalance.

ROD
Are you writing the sonnet right
now?

TERRY
And let's not forget about sexy.
Sam is so sexy!

ROD

Wow. Can't wait to meet this one.

Rod sniffs suddenly.

ROD (CONT'D)

Do I smell blueberry chicken?

TERRY

You do.

ROD

You didn't.

TERRY

I did.

ROD

I asked you to make me your blueberry chicken for my birthday, but no, you had to go to a floral convention at the Mystic Garden University.

TERRY

It was my class reunion. I couldn't miss that.

ROD

I never understood why you got a degree for that anyway. I mean how hard can it be to cut a rose? You just hold it up and snip.

TERRY

It is a specific art form that takes years to master.

ROD

That's supposed to make me feel better?

TERRY

I don't expect a man like you to understand. Just drink your beer and grow your beard.

ROD

It looks good now, doesn't it?

TERRY

Did you use that new beard balm I bought you? The one with the all-natural botanicals?

ROD
Yeah, it made my beard look like a
bundle of begonias.

TERRY
I'm surprised you even know what
those are.

The front door bursts opens. JILL & HOWARD CHRISTENSEN
(Terry's Parents) enter without knocking.

ROD
Jill, Howard, How the heck are ya?

TERRY
Hi mom. Hi dad. What are you doing
here?

JILL
We came to wish you luck with your
dinner date.

HOWARD
We were in the neighborhood.

TERRY
That's sweet, but my guest will be
here soon.

HOWARD
Hey, Rod, how 'bout them Chargers?

ROD
Char-GERS!

Rod and Howard square off and air-punch each other, followed
by a synchronized Touchdown victory dance and a leaping chest
bump. They've done this before.

(DIALOGUE OVER THE RITUAL)

TERRY
Oh no, don't...

JILL
Howard, you're going to throw your
back out, dear.

TERRY
Rod, don't encourage this.

Rod and Howard laugh with elation and high-five.

JILL
Are you baking blueberry chicken?

ROD
Not for Rod.

JILL
It needs more tarragon.

TERRY
Okay, you two have to go.

HOWARD
We can't stay anyway. We have
couples yoga tonight.

Terry starts ushering them to the door.

Jill stops.

JILL
Oh, your sister, Molly, called.
She's flying in next Tuesday. She
wanted to stay with us but I told
her she could stay here.

TERRY
Mom, we don't have space for her.

HOWARD
The couch pulls out.

TERRY
She has her old room at your place.

JILL
Your dad and I have taken up
Tantric sex. We converted your
sister's room into a shrine with a
swing set.

ROD
Whoa!

TERRY
I don't want to hear any more of
this for the rest of life.

JILL
You might find it interesting. I'll
send you a link.

TERRY
Okay. Gotta go now.

Terry opens the front door and firmly guides them through it.

JILL
We love you, son.

ROD
Bye guys.

HOWARD
See-ya Rod.

TERRY
Have maintenance take a look at
that swing set, make sure it's
secure.

JILL
Yeah, it's getting a lot of use.

TERRY
Mom, please...

He closes the door behind them and takes a deep sigh of relief.

ROD
I love those two.

TERRY
They can be a lot of work.

ROD
You inherited that gene.

Sudden panic!

TERRY
Did you hear a bell?

ROD
This a trick question?

TERRY
I forgot to set the timer!

Terry runs into the kitchen.

WE HEAR A TEXT ALERT. Rod takes his cell phone from his pocket and checks his messages.

ROD
The crew is meeting up at Chips
tonight.

Terry SCREAMS in the kitchen. He comes running into the living room holding an oven pan filled with baked chicken.

TERRY

Oh my God, I overcooked it! It's ruined!

Rod meets him behind the couch.

ROD

Wait, let me look at it.

TERRY

What am I going to do?

ROD

It's fine.

TERRY

It's burnt around the edges.

ROD

It's not burned, it's brown. That's how it's supposed to be.

TERRY

Sam's going to hate it!

Terry turns in a frenzy and knocks over the flower vase.

He screams in horror.

ROD

Hey! Hey! Okay, give me that. Give it to me.

Rod takes the pan and sits it on the table while Terry shutters in a dramatic panic attack.

Rod grabs him by the shoulders to steady him.

ROD (CONT'D)

Listen, Terry, you got to calm down. I know this date is important to you, but if you don't get a hold of yourself, you're gonna botch the whole thing up.

TERRY

I know. I need something for my nerves.

ROD

Okay, let's breathe.

Rod leads him.

ROD (CONT'D)
Deep breath.

Terry inhales.

ROD (CONT'D)
That's it. Hold it. Now let it out.

Terry deflates.

ROD (CONT'D)
Good. One more.

Terry complies.

ROD (CONT'D)
Now let it go. That's it. There we go.

Terry is starting to relax.

ROD (CONT'D)
See. We okay?

TERRY
Yes, thank you.

ROD
You're okay. Everything's going to be fine.

TERRY
Yes. You're right.

Terry picks up the flowers and begins rearranging them back into the vase.

ROD
All right. I gotta go get ready. Some of the guys down at the station are meeting up for a beer later.

Some of the panic returns.

TERRY
But you'll be here when Sam arrives, right? Please! I just need a bit of support for like the first ten minutes.

Rod is torn.

ROD
I...we'll see. I can't promise. I'm
gonna go get ready.

Rod moves towards the hallway by the coat closet.

The doorbell RINGS.

They both freeze. Terry looks absolutely terrified.

TERRY
Oh my God! Oh my God, that's Sam!

ROD
All right, calm down, don't panic.

TERRY
But it's too early. I haven't baked
the cake yet!

ROD
It's too late for cake. Sam is
here. Open the door.

TERRY
No.

ROD
Open the door!

TERRY
I can't! My nerves.

ROD
All right, I'll get it. But you!
Breathe. Deep breaths.

Terry starts to hyperventilate and runs in the kitchen.

Rod goes to the door and opens it.

In walks A STUNNINGLY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN!

SAM SMITHERS (Caucasian, mid 30's) is tall and slender with
striking facial features.

She struts in with authority and stands center of the room.

END PART 1

PART 2

Sam struts in with authority and stands center of the room.

ROD
You must be Sam.

SAM
Sam, I am. It's short for Samantha.
You must be Rod. The man-god.

Playing along.

ROD
Rod, I be... Yes, that's me.

SAM
I've heard so much about you.

She looks him over lasciviously.

SAM (CONT'D)
Apparently not all of it.

Sam looks like she owns the place. She sees Terry cowering near the kitchen.

SAM (CONT'D)
Terry. Darling.

TERRY
Hi, Sam.

She opens her arms, enticing him.

SAM
Come here, darling. Come on. Come
give us a hug.

Terry walks toward Sam all shy-like. It takes him a minute.

He stumbles on the way.

When he arrives at her, Sam enfolds him in her arms like a mother.

A head taller than him, she lays his head on her bosom and gives it a tender pat.

SAM (CONT'D)
Hello, darling.

Terry melts into her like a baby.

Sam pulls him back.

SAM (CONT'D)
Let me look at you. What a lovely
apron.

Terry smooths it down.

TERRY
You like it?

SAM
You wear it well.

She looks at Rod.

SAM (CONT'D)
My coat.

She juts her arms back for him to remove her DESIGNER COAT.

SAM (CONT'D)
Terry, be a dear and fetch us a
drink.

TERRY
Of course, how rude of me. I'll be
right back.

Terry hurries into the kitchen.

SAM
So... Rod.

ROD
No one has ever said my name that
way.

SAM
It's such a manly name. So
befitting of your frame. How
apropos.

ROD
You speak French?

SAM
Voulez voo. I do with you.

ROD
There is an unusual amount of
rhyming occurring tonight.

SAM

I'm sure you've inspired a plethora
of poems and paintings.

ROD

Yeah, that's me. A regular Mona
Lisa. I'll put your coat away.

SAM

Thank you. You're staying tonight
for dinner.

Terry returns with a tray of drinks.

Rod looks beyond Sam at Terry who silently pleads for him to
say yes.

TERRY

Sure. I guess I'll hang for a
while.

Sam turns around and sees Terry with the tray of drinks.

SAM

Darling, I asked for a Vieux Carre
with a touch of lime.

TERRY

I thought you just said bring us a
drink.

SAM

Ah! Must I specify everything? Chop
chop, darling, I'm parched.

INT. ROD & TERRY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Rod, Terry, and Sam are seated at the dining table. Terry
sits across from Sam hanging on to every word she says. Rod
sits at the head of the table between them.

SAM

And he says to me, all this time I
thought I was seeing a camel and it
turns out to be a kangaroo.

Sam bursts into dramatic laughter. Terry laughs along with a
gut buster.

Rod's like, "Mmm-hmm" forcing a chuckle.

SAM (CONT'D)

I told him, darling, nothing is
ever as it appears to be.

TERRY

You said that to him?

SAM

I most certainly did.

TERRY

Oh, Sam. That's such a great story.

SAM

I know.

ROD

So, how did you two meet?

TERRY

We met at a...

SAM

Terry is my new business partner.

ROD

(surprised)

Really?

TERRY

Well, we're more than that.

SAM

We share a certain similar
discriminating aesthetic.

TERRY

We think exactly alike.

ROD

(lying)

I can see that.

SAM

Terry will be investing in my
start-up of a new graphic design
company.

TERRY

It's kind of like floral design,
but with pictures.

ROD

Right.

SAM
He'll do the funding. I'll run the
business. We'll split the profits
seventy-thirty.

ROD
Seventy percent? Don't you think
that's a little steep, buddy? You
should at least give her half.

Sam laughs.

SAM
No darling, I'll be getting the
seventy percent. Not Terry.

ROD
Oh.

TERRY
She's doing all the work.

ROD
For sure.

TERRY
We thought we could also do graphic
designs of some of my floral
designs. kinda merge the two
paradigms.

ROD
(still lying)
That's a good idea.

TERRY
That was Sam's idea.

Terry looks at Sam lovingly when he says this.

Terry reaches for Sam's hand just as Rod pokes his fork into
Sam's plate.

The hand Terry intended to touch grabs Rod's fork and takes
it from him.

SAM
Let me get that for you.

She cuts a piece of chicken from her plate that's nearly
full, eyeing Rod the whole time.

ROD

I hope you don't mind. You barely touched your chicken.

SAM

You certainly ravaged yours quite ferociously.

TERRY

That's his favorite.

SAM

Open wide.

Rod grimaces like a reluctant baby before allowing himself to be fork-fed.

TERRY

Did you like the chicken, Sam?

SAM

I'm not very hungry tonight, darling.

TERRY

But you did try it.

SAM

Yes. Something's missing. Tarragon perhaps.

TERRY

Mom always says that, too.

SAM

But your Vieux Carres are simply divine.

ROD

What's in that drink anyway?

SAM

Well, it's...why don't you tell him, darling.

TERRY

You start with three equal parts of rye whiskey, cognac, and sweet vermouth. Add a double dash of Peychaud's bitter and a double dash of Angostura aromatic bitter. Mix in a barspoon of Benedictine Liqueur.

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

Top it off with a cherry for
garnish and a slice of lime for
added taste.

Sam applauds him.

SAM

Splendid!

ROD

You stocked up on all of that, and
all I got was a diet beer?

SAM

Terry is a mint at mixing
ingredients.

TERRY

It's kind of like mixing flowers.
But with alcohol.

Rod forks another bite of Sam's chicken.

ROD

Yeah, I guess I'd have to agree
with you on that. Who would have
thought that blueberries go so well
with baked chicken?

TERRY

And Tarragon. But the real secret
ingredient is dates.

ROD

Why don't you call it blueberry
dates chicken?

SAM

You make it sound like they're
having an affair.

Terry bursts into fits of laughter with Sam.

TERRY

You're so clever, Sam.

SAM

I know.

ROD

(not laughing)
That was a good one.

SAM
(to Rod)
You've got a bit of blueberry sauce
on your lips.

Sam reaches out and starts wiping it away with her thumb, but it takes a little too long and starts to get creepy.

When she licks her thumb and reaches again, Rod deflects her hand and wipes with a napkin.

ROD
It's okay, I got it.

Sam backs away from the table and stands.

SAM
Will you boys excuse me? I have to
go to the little girl's room and
powder my nose.

Terry half stands. Rod remains seated.

TERRY
Of course.

SAM
Point the way.

TERRY
Just down the hall.

SAM
I shall return. Ta ta.

She turns and walks down the hallway.

Rod waits until she's out of earshot.

ROD
Ta ta? Where did you find this
woman?

TERRY
I know. Isn't she amazing?

Terry starts clearing dishes from the table and putting them on the counter that divides the room from the kitchen.

ROD
Ah, yeah, listen, buddy, I don't
know how to say this. Are you sure
about her?

TERRY

What do you mean?

ROD

Well for starters, when did you change your name to darling?

TERRY

She says that to everyone. I love it when she calls me darling. It floats off of her tongue like daisy petals in the wind.

ROD

Oh my God, are you hearing yourself? Don't you think this is a bit excessive and all of a sudden?

TERRY

No. We're going slow.

ROD

And the way she talks to you. Like you flunked the fifth grade.

TERRY

You're jealous.

ROD

I am not.

TERRY

Yes, you are!

ROD

Hello! Look at me. Are you forgetting who you're talking to? I'm not jealous.

TERRY

You're just so used to getting all the attention.

ROD

I'm still getting all the attention. That's the point! I thought she was going to detach my bottom lip.

TERRY

She's nurturing. That's one of the things I find so endearing about her.

ROD

And what's this about investing in her startup?

TERRY

It's a solid business plan.

ROD

You barely know her.

TERRY

But we gel so well.

ROD

Remember the last time you rushed into an investment with a woman you barely knew? You lost one of your floral shops and she ran off with the lead rose cutter!

TERRY

That was different. Sam is different.

ROD

How can you say that?

TERRY

Because the blueberries have to marinate with the dates at least 24 hours before you bake it with the chicken.

ROD

Ah! That must be the reason why it's just bursting with so much flavor.

Sam is returning from the hallway.

SAM

You boys are still discussing blueberries? I thought the conversation would have turned to me by now.

ROD

Nah! We never talk about people behind their back.

END PART 2

PART 3

Sam is returning from the hallway.

SAM
You boys are still discussing
blueberries? I thought the
conversation would have turned to
me by now.

ROD
Nah! We never talk about people
behind their back.

SAM
I do.

ROD
You, gossiping? I can't imagine.

SAM
It's not gossiping if it's personal
experience. It's regaling.

Rod gets up from the table.

ROD
Gotcha. Well. I am going to go get
ready for my evening out.

SAM
No dessert?

TERRY
He's having a brew with his crew.

SAM
Pity.

ROD
It was a pleasure to meet you.

SAM
Likewise, I'm sure.

ROD
(mock grand gesture)
Ta ta.

Rod goes down the hall to his room.

Sam and Terry are alone for the first time of the night.

They have an awkward silent moment before Sam finally speaks.

SAM
Are you baking a cake?

TERRY
German chocolate. I still have to
make the frosting.

SAM
You know what? I think I might have
left my lipstick in the bathroom.
Why don't you whip up that frosting
while I go retrieve it.

TERRY
Yes! Good idea.
(really shy)
Ta ta.

Sam waits for him to leave first.

INT. ROD & TERRY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - EVENING

Rod stands in front of the bathroom mirror with his shirt
off. He's a fine specimen.

He sniffs his armpits and grimaces.

He opens the mirror-cabinet, takes out some deodorant, and
applies it under his arms.

He replaces the deo and removes his beard balm.

He unscrews the cap and takes a whiff.

ROD
Ah yeah.

He messages a dollop between his fingers and rubs it into his
beard.

ROD (CONT'D)
Break out the beard balm with the
botanicals.

He does an impromptu rap with a fake DJ "air" scratch.

ROD (CONT'D)
Beard balm. Buh-Buh-botanicals.
Ric-key Ric-key!

Suddenly Sam bursts through the door and stands in the frame.

SAM
We don't have much time! Take me
while Terry is frosting the German
chocolate cake.

She rushes him and flings herself onto him. Rod is totally
taken aback by surprise.

He tries to resist her but she's all over him, groping,
kissing, grabbing his pecks and biting his neck.

SAM (CONT'D)
Rod, the man-god. Look at these
pecs!

ROD
Get off me, you filthy hussy!

SAM
Oh, I love it when you talk dirty!

She drives him back into the shower curtain. It breaks and
they both stumble into the bathtub with Sam on top.

ROD
My roommate, your DATE, is in the
other room!

SAM
He won't mind. He doesn't even like
girls.

ROD
Sure he does. He dates them all the
time.

SAM
You smell like the Garden of Eden.
I want a bite of that Adam's apple!
Rrrrrrr!

She goes in for the vampire bite but Rod straight arms her
and pushes her off of him.

She tumbles out of the tub and rolls on the floor.

Rod scrambles out of the tub while Sam stands and puts her
back against the closed bathroom door.

SAM (CONT'D)
You're a Ta Ta's man, I can tell.

ROD
No, but you're a Cray-Cray woman
from hell.

SAM
I caught you eyeing them earlier.
You called out to them before you
left.

ROD
I was saying goodbye.

SAM
Well, say hello to them, darling.

She starts unbuttoning her blouse.

ROD
No wait, there's something you
don't understand.

SAM
Oh, I understand. One squeeze of
these magnificent salacious Ta Ta's
and you'll be saying ooh-la-la.

She gets down on her knees and starts crawling towards him.

ROD
What are you doing?

SAM
Can little Toddie come out to play?

ROD
Please don't do that.

SAM
I'll bet he's a naughty little one-
eyed devil.

ROD
Sam, get up. Rise woman!

SAM
Sammie's been a bad girl.

She arrives at him and starts to undo his belt.

ROD
Hands off. Stop that!

SAM
Spank me with your man whip.

TERRY (O.S.)

Sam?

They both stop and look at the door.

Terry stands in the door frame holding a frosted German chocolate cake.

Sam's on her knees holding Rod's open belt.

Her mouth shapes an "Oh" with surprise. Terry holds her head with both hands near his crotch.

It doesn't look good.

TERRY (CONT'D)

What's going on here?

Sam suddenly stands and feigns indignation. She grabs Rod's hand and places it squarely on one of her boobs.

SAM

Take your hand off of me you filthy scoundrel!

Rod snatches his hand away - with some difficulty.

TERRY

Someone want to explain to me what's happening here?

SAM

I can explain. This groping Neanderthal flung himself upon me with the intent of debauchery.

TERRY

That can't be true.

Sam gasps!

SAM

Preposterous! Are you suggesting that I'm lying?

TERRY

I'm not suggesting it. I'm affirming it.

SAM

How dare you speak to me that way.

TERRY

There's something you don't know.

SAM
What could it possibly be to merit
such blatant injustice?

ROD
I'm gay.

Sam is stunned into disbelief.

SAM
Bu... What?

She looks at Rod, then back at Terry.

TERRY
He's gay.

Still not quite convinced, she points at each one in turn.

SAM
So you're...

ROD
Gay.

SAM
And your...

TERRY
Straight.

She points at them faster.

ROD
Gay.

TERRY
Straight.

This point and speak repeats several times in haphazard order, but the boys keep up with her:

Gay. Straight. Straight. Gay. G-Straight! G...ay. Gay! Straight.

Sam squints, and then smiles with false discernment.

SAM
I see. This is trickery, isn't it?
You're joking.

TERRY
No. No trickery.

ROD
It's not a joke.

TERRY
Just the truth, Sam. You, on the other hand, are a lady of lies! Do you even like me?

SAM
Of course, I do, darling. We're a perfect match.

TERRY
You see. More lies. I think you should gather your things and go.

Sam huffs like she's going to protest but then storms out of the bathroom.

INT. ROD & TERRY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Sam marches down the hallway into the living room followed by the two men.

Terry sits the cake on the storage bench.

SAM
My coat.

Rod gets her coat out of the coat closet by the hallway.

Sam sticks her arm out for him to help her into it. He hands her the coat and steps back.

Sam fitfully puts on her coat and moves towards the door.

She stops and turns back to them.

SAM (CONT'D)
Does this mean the start-up deal is off?

TERRY
How could I ever trust you, Sam?

Sam turns to leave again but then stops again.

SAM
Okay, I'll give you fifty percent. But that's the only offer I'm going to make.

TERRY

Sam. Go.

Sam huffs and goes to the door. She puts her hand on the handle and looks at Terry.

SAM

Your blueberry chicken stinks.

She goes out the door and slams it behind her.

There is a momentary silence.

And then Terry bursts into tears.

Rod tries to console him.

ROD

Oh, Terry, that's not true. Your blueberry chicken is amazing.

TERRY

I really liked her.

ROD

I know you did.

TERRY

She had an air of specialty about her. Like a purple rose.

ROD

No, no. No more poetry for her. She doesn't deserve your prose.

TERRY

I'll never find another woman like Sam.

More boo-hoo tears.

ROD

Oh, buddy. There are more women out there. She was all wrong for you.

TERRY

I know.

ROD

Come on, bring it in.

TERRY

Okay, but can we hug without any extra pelvic movements?

ROD
Please, you're not even my type.

TERRY
But you once said you had a crush
on me.

ROD
That was a long time ago, and I was
drunk. Come here.

They hug. It's sweet.

A genuine bro-love hug.

ROD (CONT'D)
Is it okay if I squeeze your bum?

Terry thinks it over.

TERRY
That would make this weird.

ROD
I was just kidding.

TERRY
I know you were...But you still
would have if I had said yes.

ROD
Probably.

They pull apart.

ROD (CONT'D)
Hey, why don't you come out and
have a beer with me and the boys?

TERRY
But you're going to a gay bar.

ROD
It's Tuesday night, Terry. We're
going to a sports bar.

TERRY
I don't know.

ROD
You need to get out more. A little
more football. a few less flowers.

TERRY

You know what, you're right. I'm going.

ROD

Good.

TERRY

Just let me cover the German chocolate cake first.

ROD

Alright, buddy.

Terry grabs the cake and runs into the kitchen.

Rod looks after his friend Terry, smiles and shakes his head.

BLACK.

THE END