

ANDREW SITS AT THE DININGROOM TABLE, MAKING NOTES ON A LEGAL pad, holding out his left arm (INT./NIGHT). A catheter is imbedded into Andrew's arm, and Miguel is trying to get the IV drip started through the catheter. The MUSIC is lower...

MIGUEL

It's not going through.

ANDREW

(focused on his work)

We'll have to flush it again.

Andrew reaches for a law book.

MIGUEL

Hold still. Shit.

(trying again)

The goddamn vein's clotted. We have to go the goddamn hospital, so they can change the goddamn catheter.

ANDREW

I have too much work to do.

Skip the treatment.

MIGUEL

We're not skipping this treatment.

ANDREW

I said, skip it, Michael. It's my treatment.

MIGUEL

Fuck you.

ANDREW

Fuck you. This shit's probably not doing me any good anyway.

MIGUEL

That shit's saving your life, you asshole!

Miguel shoves away from the table.

ANDREW

What's wrong with you?

MIGUEL  
Close the law book.

ANDREW  
I'm not going to close the--

MIGUEL  
CLOSE THE FUCKING LAW BOOK!

Andrew slams it SHUT.

ANDREW  
ALLRIGHT IT'S CLOSED!  
(beat)  
Jesus!

MIGUEL  
The least you can do is look at  
me, while I'm sticking this shit  
into your arm. Forget the  
fucking case, one hour a day,  
and give me a little of your  
time.

ANDREW  
(very quiet)  
You don't think there's much  
time left, do you?

MIGUEL  
That's not what I said.

ANDREW  
You're scared. You think we're  
near the end.

MIGUEL  
No.

ANDREW  
Maybe I should start making plans, is  
that what you think? Start  
planning my memorial service?  
"Begin to prepare for the  
inevitable."

MIGUEL  
(low)

Maybe you should think about it.

ANDREW  
What's that mean?!

MIGUEL  
(very difficult)  
Maybe you should think about it.

A MOMENT.

ANDREW  
I'm not going to die.

MIGUEL  
That's right. We're on the  
Positive Plan. You  
don't have a Fatal Disease, you  
have Manageable Illness.

ANDREW  
You want me to give up? Let this  
thing turn us into victims?

MIGUEL  
Then, what are we, Drew?! The  
winners? "Ladies and gentlemen,  
the first prize of AIDS goes to  
Andrew Beckett and his lover  
Miguel..." Excuse me, I'm not  
your lover. I'm your Care Partner.  
FUCK!

ANDREW  
I'm not ready to die.

MIGUEL  
Do you think I'm ready for it?!  
I hate this shit. I'm not a  
fucking martyr! I hate every  
goddamn part of it!

Miguel slides down the wall, sitting in a heap.

Andrew goes to him. They hug. Miguel holds him tight.

MIGUEL (CONT.)  
Please don't leave me. I love  
you so much. Don't die, don't

leave me, please...

Miguel rocks in Andrew's arms. Andrew kisses the top of his head, holding tight.

ANDREW

I am so scared. I am so fucking,  
incredibly, fucking scared...

A MOMENT. Andrew stroking Miguel's hair, as he calms down.

ANDREW (CONT.)

You know, there's only one thing to  
do.

(beat)

We have to have a party.