

FADE IN.

1. INT. BATHROOM

The door to the toilet part of the bathroom is closed. Through it, we hear our NARRATOR, 21, an average college student, talking to a voice that sounds a lot like GERARD BUTLER.

GERARD
How was your day?

NARRATOR
Fine. I got that paper back.

GERARD
How'd you do?

NARRATOR
B+.

GERARD
Not bad.
(beat)
Did you see Charlie?

Narrator's face looks strained as he maneuvers both a large dump and Gerard in his butthole.

NARRATOR
No.
(beat)
I'm done.

GERARD
Did you wipe?

Narrator wipes his butt.

GERARD
Thanks.

CLOSE ON Narrator's face squinting in discomfort and slight pleasure as Gerard climbs back in his butthole.

Narrator flushes and pulls his pants back on. He walks to the mirror and examines himself critically.

NARRATOR

Gerard, will I ever get to see
you?

GERARD

Someday. When you're ready.

NARRATOR

When will that be?

GERARD

You'll know when the time comes.

CUT TO

2. EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Narrator rides along on a bicycle, perched slightly
awkwardly on the seat so that the back of his butt is not
squished and Gerard can breathe.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

I've been living with Gerard for
about 4 months now. It may seem
strange, but we look out for each
other. He's my friend.

Narrator turns a corner and heads up a hill.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

We had a rough start, but I
couldn't imagine life without him.
We've come a long way since that
first day, last semester, in
American Lit class...

CUT TO

TITLE CARD: FOUR MONTHS EARLIER..

CUT TO

3. INT. AMERICAN LIT CLASS - DAY

Four months earlier.

Narrator sits at a large table next to his best friend,
CHARLIE, 21, a white boy who thinks he's Gangster but is
actually a nerd. The rest of the class is listening to JEFF

THE TA lecture about a book – Brokeback Mountain by Annie Proulx. It appears shots, but the camera never focuses on it.

JEFF THE TA
 (droning on and on)
 Through exploring such taboo
 subjects, the book has become a
 classic of modern American
 literature...

Narrator is on the verge of falling asleep, while Charlie takes notes with rapt attention. Suddenly – a voice from behind Narrator:

GERARD
 Hey.

Narrator turns around to look behind him.

GERARD
 Ow! Don't do that.

The voice seems to be coming from the chair. Narrator gets down and looks under the table.

Jeff the TA clears his throat.

He slowly rises back up and looks at his class, awkwardly.

NARRATOR
 Sorry... dropped my pen.

GERARD
 Why did you lie to them?

Charlie hits Narrator on the shoulder, giving him a look. Narrator looks back.

CHARLIE
 Dog. Focus.

GERARD
 Hey!

Narrator looks around, trying to figure out where the voice is coming from.

Gerard sighs.

GERARD
 You won't find me.
 (beat)
 I'm inside you.

CLOSE ON Narrator's face as he realizes where the voice is coming from. He shifts awkwardly in his seat, starting to sweat.

SHOT OF Narrator's legs under the table – he crosses, uncrosses, crosses the other way, then finally plants his feet firmly on the ground.

He raises his hand.

NARRATOR
 Jeff – can I use the restroom?

Jeff the TA nods. Narrator quickly gets up and runs for the door, squeezing his butt cheeks together awkwardly.

CUT TO

4. INT. MEN'S RESTROOM – DAY

The stall door is closed. Narrator's feet shift uncomfortably behind it. His pants drop to the floor.

GERARD
 Finally. I can breathe again.

Narrator screams and bends down to put his pants back on.

GERARD
 Stop!
 (beat)
 Don't be afraid. I'm not going to hurt you.

Slowly, Narrator stands back up. Off screen, the door to the bathroom opens and closes. Narrator does not notice.

NARRATOR
 Who- who are you?

GERARD

My name is Gerard.

CLOSE ON Narrator's face, registering what he's just heard. He walks outside with his pants around his ankles and tries to look at his butt in the mirror. Unfortunately, there's someone else in the bathroom.

RANDOM DUDE IN BATHROOM

Dude.

Narrator freezes, then turns and runs back into the stall, shutting the door behind him. He leans against the edge of the stall and starts hyperventilating.

We hear the bathroom door close – the other dude has left.

Narrator waits a moment, then tentatively steps out from behind the stall door. He crosses to the mirror and tries to turn around.

GERARD

Don't look at me.

Narrator freezes.

GERARD

It's all going to be okay. I'm here to help you.

NARRATOR

What are you?

GERARD

I'm a part of you.

NARRATOR

In my butthole?

GERARD

Yes.

Narrator starts trying to look at his butt in the mirror again.

NARRATOR

What like are you a part of my physical anatomy or are you

telling me you're a psychological
component of my -

GERARD

Don't look at me!

Narrator freezes again.

GERARD

I'm a friend. That's all I can
tell you.

NARRATOR

A friend?

GERARD

Yes.

NARRATOR

In my butthole.

GERARD

In your butthole, yes.

NARRATOR

And you're not going to hurt me?

GERARD

I would never hurt you. I'm here
to help you. Trust me.

Narrator looks at his reflection in the mirror for a long
moment. His hand strays to his left butt cheek and pauses.
He shakes his head disbelievingly, but decides he will
trust Gerard.

NARRATOR

Okay. If you say you're a friend.

He smiles softly at his reflection.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

But if I get the shits you're on
your own.

He puts his pants back on and goes back to class.

CUT TO

5. INT. HALLWAY — DAY

Narrator emerges from his American Lit class, walking with Charlie.

CHARLIE
What happened to you?

Narrator stops and pulls him further down the hallway, out of earshot.

NARRATOR
You didn't hear?

CHARLIE
What? No. Hear what?

NARRATOR
You didn't-

GERARD
He can't hear me. No one else can.
Only you.

Narrator looks down in the general direction of his butthole.

CHARLIE
Dude, what is wrong with you?

NARRATOR
Nothing. Nothing.
(beat)
I just got the farts really bad.

Charlie laughs, and the two walk off together.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
I don't know why I trusted Gerard
that day... but I did.

CUT TO

6. EXT. CAMPUS — EVENING

Two months later.

Everything is covered in snow. There are lights in the trees. It looks perfectly like Christmas. Narrator and Charlie walk along, talking.

Narrator is eating M&M's. He quietly slips one into the back of his pants for Gerard.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
As time went on, I got more
comfortable with Gerard.

7. INT. CHARLIE'S BATHROOM – NIGHT

The sounds of a party outside. Narrator sits on the toilet with his pants around his ankles, talking.

NARRATOR (V.O., cont'd)
I started to confide in him.

Charlie calls from off screen.

CHARLIE
Yo, do you want any more Sun
Chips?

NARRATOR
No, I'm good!

A knock at the door. Charlie stands outside.

CHARLIE
Are you sure you're OK? You've
been in there for like twenty
minutes, dog.

NARRATOR
Yeah... No I'm good. Just chillin.

8. INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT – DAY

Charlie and Narrator are sitting on the couch, playing video games. Charlie is shouting ridiculous things at the screen and Narrator is laughing.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Sometimes, I'd feel like I needed
a break from the world. And there
was Gerard.

9. INT. NARRATOR'S BATHROOM - DAY

Narrator walks across the room in his boxers. He stops and looks at himself in the mirror.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
He was always there to listen... but
I never got to see him.

CUT TO

10. INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Charlie and Narrator sit on large armchairs, talking and doing homework.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Just this little voice in my
butthole, comforting me when I
need it.

CLOSE ON Charlie's face, smiling down at his phone.

GERARD
Charlie's a good friend, isn't he?

Narrator smiles down at his butthole.

NARRATOR
(quietly, to Gerard)
The best.
(beat)
You are too, Gerard.

11. EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Narrator parks his bike at a bike rack and gets off.

GERARD
Thanks for that. The fresh air
really felt great.

NARRATOR
Don't mention it.

He smiles in the general direction of his butt. He walks to a dorm building and goes inside.

CUT TO

12. INT. CHARLIE'S HALLWAY - DAY

Narrator knocks on Charlie's door.

Charlie opens the door wearing a towel and brushing his teeth.

NARRATOR

Hey - sorry I'm a little early.

Charlie mumbles through the toothbrush in his mouth.

CHARLIE

Don't worry about it, dog. I'm
just gonna jump in the shower.

Close up on Charlie's mouth as the toothbrush slides in and out of his mouth in slow motion.

CHARLIE

(still mumbling)

What?

CLOSE ON Narrator, who has been staring.

NARRATOR

Nothing. You brush your teeth like
you're playing the violin.

Charlie walks past him down the hall and calls over his shoulder through the toothpaste.

CHARLIE

And now... Brahms' violin concerto
in toothpaste flat.

Narrator laughs and walks into Charlie's room.

13. INT. CHARLIE'S ROOM - SAME

He lies down on Charlie's bed and looks at the ceiling.

Gerard sniffs deeply.

GERARD

I love the way his bed smells.

Narrator chuckles.

NARRATOR

Yeah, I guess.

He rolls over and buries his face in Charlie's pillow.

GERARD

Hey! I was enjoying that.

NARRATOR

(mumbling)

I thought you'd want the fresh
air.

Gerard laughs.

GERARD

Imagine how much sex he's had in
this bed.

NARRATOR

What?

GERARD

It's so comfortable. And it smells
so hot. Don't you want to have sex
in this bed?

NARRATOR

I mean... sure, I guess.

Gerard starts making sex noises.

GERARD

Oh – yeah, Charlie. So good!
Mmmmm.

Narrator laughs.

NARRATOR

Hey, cut it out! Stop it! That
tickles!

Gerard and Narrator are cracking up. Narrator turns over
slightly to slap his butt and make Gerard stop.

We hear a door open softly, but Gerard and Narrator are laughing too much to notice. Narrator is feeling around in his butthole trying to pin down Gerard and make him stop moving, but to no avail.

NARRATOR

Hey – come on! Stop it! It feels weird when you move around like that.

GERARD

Ohhhh take me Charlie!

CHARLIE (O.S.)

What the actual fuck are you doing?

Narrator stops. Gerard stops. He glances back at his butt, slowly removes his hand, then turns and looks up at Charlie.

Charlie stares down at him, alarmed and confused.

Narrator shoots up and bolts for the door. He runs down the hall and jams the elevator button repeatedly. It arrives, and he jumps inside.

14. INT. ELEVATOR – DAY

Narrator stands shaking against the back of the elevator. In the elevator with him is a very GAY MAN, talking loudly on the phone to someone named Jan.

GAY MAN

Oh my god, Jan. I have to tell you – pilates class. Ok? There's this guy in front of me with the most amazing butt I have ever seen in my life. I didn't even know what to do with myself. I mean how am I supposed to focus on my abs with that glorious thing bouncing up and down in front of me? Oh my god, Jan.

Narrator stands there, heart pounding, while Gay Man talks to Jan.

Longest. Elevator ride. Ever.

Finally, after what feels like hours of Very Gay Man talking to Jan, the elevator reaches the ground floor. Very Gay Man and Narrator exit.

CUT TO

15. EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS – DAY

Narrator storms out the doors of Charlie's building. He paces around, fuming.

GERARD

(softly)

Hey...

Narrator ignores him, continuing to pace.

GERARD

Listen... I-

NARRATOR

Shut up.

(beat)

Shut up. Shut the fuck up. Why the fuck do you exist?

He stops and screams down in the general direction of his butt hole.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

Just leave me the fuck alone. How did you even get inside me? I don't want you. I hate you. I fucking hate you.

He starts to calm down, shaking slightly. His voice is icy and drips with hatred.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

Get out of me. I just want to be normal. I just want to live my life without you screwing everything up.

He sits down on a bench and buries his head in his hands. In the distance, The Gay Man from the elevator finishes talking to Jan. He looks worriedly at Narrator.

NARRATOR (cont'd)
How am I ever going to look at him
again.

Gerard does not reply. There is a long, peaceful silence.

Narrator lifts his head slightly, but doesn't look up.

NARRATOR
Gerard?

Nothing. Then — a voice.

GAY MAN (O.S.)
Hey.

Narrator's head snaps up. The voice is not Gerard's, and it's not coming from his butt hole.

Gay Man is standing above him, looking concerned and sympathetic.

GAY MAN
Are you OK?

NARRATOR
Yeah... No. I don't know. It's
complicated.

GAY MAN
Do you want to talk about it?

Narrator laughs dryly.

NARRATOR
I wouldn't even know where to
begin. It sounds so fucking crazy.
I'm so sick of being crazy.

GAY MAN
Why do you think you're crazy?

NARRATOR
It's like... I can't believe I'm
telling you. I had this voice...
inside me. And every time I tried
to do anything, y'know anything

normal, like hanging out with my best friend, it'd start. And it made everything so weird. It made me feel so weird, y'know?

The Gay man smiles and looks down.

GAY MAN

Yeah... I think I know.

Narrator sighs and looks down.

GAY MAN

Hey – do you want to go get some coffee? You look like you could use a pick me up.

Narrator laughs and nods.

NARRATOR

Okay. Sure.

They stand and start walking away. The Gay Man holds out his hand.

GAY MAN

My name's Gerard, by the way.

FADE OUT.