

ONE

Put Picture in
music Box!

Teddy
Smile at

Opening
Cut to
about 1/2

Touch Teddy Bear & Smile right before you start

I have acquired a disease that means I am going to die. This does not make me exceptional or special. I am exceptional and special, but this is not what makes me exceptional and special. There are more people...terminally ill...than I can even imagine. It's no great honor, believe me. Nothing to be proud of. Just a fact. A simple, unavoidable fact.

X to
Glass of water

Open First effect
Phin!

Of course my doctor says it might be avoided, that they might find a cure before I die, that I can't lose hope. He's an idiot sometimes. Just like... you know my friends send me clippings from every paper and magazine and... it seems like every day there's a breakthrough -- every day another laboratory test tells some technician something he didn't know before. Every day some technician tells some reporter how soon they'll really know something they can use. Every day some reporter asks some other technician how soon knowing something will make any difference about being able to do something. And everybody sends me these articles or calls me up and says "isn't that great news?" Sure, I say. Great. I really wanted to know what sex act I most likely got this during. I really wanted to know that in fifteen years they may find a vaccine. I really wanted to know that most people die within three years after they... I really wanted to know they trapped it in a test tube and know what it looks like. Well let's face it. As far as I'm concerned all they really know--all I really know is that I am going to die.

He's an idiot
Loving & thoughtful
A new expansion
a real real threat

ON
Knees
with
mag
then up
More a Break

Point to end on
Simple
Fast

I don't know how--how I'm going to die will be the surprise. See, there are endless possibilities--I think even a common cold could do it.

Self-portrait - Full with music for the film

When I was a kid I used to love surprises--mystery boxes at a carnival, the burning unknown of a cracker jack prize, gumball machines with rings or keychains or creepy crawlys. ^{gosh} I wanted to be surprised. Horror flicks--my favorite! I've seen 'em all. I loved knowing something was going to happen, but not quite knowing what or when. I wanted to know something...unknown was going to happen. Sometimes ^{Do take off Karlhoff in scene?} now I want to know what's going to happen every second. It's like I fight letting the next second happen. Sometimes I think that one last surprise will be what kills me.

Not that sometimes I don't want something to kill me. I think if I weren't such a ^{Play with} coward I'd do it myself. Get it over with. My doctor thought I wanted to shock him when I said that. I did, too. But when you stop to think about it, you aren't really living when what you think about is death.

I never really thought about death before. Especially mine. I think some where I had this romantic vision: the noble and enlightened dying man, filled with forgiveness and trust and understanding. Know what? The only thing I'm worried about forgiving is myself and I don't trust anything and I don't understand. Oh, for a few days I went around pretending--cherishing every moment, every experience as if it were the last time.

*Trv
turning
on music box*

*Do on
1st
floor*

*Build
this
3 lens to
Climax
in surprise*

*Play
with
coward
I did too
now
childlike
I am afraid
to be
Selfish
I'm dying*

*2 Put back in
Cup upside down on
Last time.*

It's beautiful
for you to have
sympathy
for less
one afraid.

✓ to
win

Couldn't keep it up. My doctor says I'll reach that point. I'll accept my death as just another fact. That I'll relish every moment of life. I don't believe him tho. I just can't see myself cherishing every bowel movement. Maybe I'm too young. Too young and going to die--it still boggles me. Makes me angry. Makes me laugh. Everything makes me angry and makes me laugh. Everything and everybody.

Not just me.

Everyone. Everyone from my doctor to my mother to the newsmen to my ex to... people as a whole amaze me. Fools, I think. Curious and frightened fools.

more
sympathy
like
they can't
help it
perhaps
that
doesn't
help me

✓ Look in mirror. Below Line.

People as a whole know me now. Did you realize this? I mean, people who met me on the street years ago, people who talked to friends of friends talk about me like they were... I'm the dear friend who's dying of it. Looks awful, they say. Losing his hair. Wouldn't be surprised if he died any day now. Should see him. Bad? Honey, you wouldn't believe how bad.

Assholes.

Turn Face to Audience on

There are somewhere around 2100 people in the country who have my disease. 2100 out of--how many according to the last census? But everyone knows at least one of us. I swear. Almost everyone knows one of us personally. I wish I would have realized I was

Put
Back
Looking
the
mag

that popular before. I wish...

Don't Believe

Hit

Know what? It bothers me. Being a piece of public meat like that bothers me. I mean, I'm not in the circus, I never asked people to ...there are people who have asked friends of mine if they could meet me so they could find out the real story, find out what it's really like. I mean, isn't it bad enough I've turned into a statistic for the papers and a case for the doctors and a damn shame for my real friends?

I don't know what it's like to die, got it? I don't know what it's like to die, so don't ask me!

Intense

Put yourself in War Post clutch arms around yourself.

*Look at them
Still LYING
Don't
trust them*

I'm sorry, I... maybe it's easy to lie to myself now and say that if we switched roles I'd be above all that. I'd be above making up cockamaimy stories about something I didn't know. I wouldn't talk about "him, the one who has it" like... maybe it's easy to lie to myself like that now.

You come up there and I'll come out there.

Sometimes I think it's all some kind of lie. A hoax. A fellow patient thinks it's germ warfare. The government. Soviet-- Cuban--the Republicans--I don't know, I can't remember. Or, letting the foreigners in the country. or, the new plague. Or, my favorite, God's reward. I mean, glory-hallelu, the Lord's work is being done. God's punishment for spending eight hours every weekend in a towel in a bathhouse. God's punishment for

God's Punishment

*try to sound like more grateful
a Falwell Not a Shakespeare*

like my memory is not so good.

Hit chest each time

Don't do Jack off in the lines
giving head or ass or dick in the backroom of a bar. Too many hours on my knees and not in church. God punishing me for my sex acts--the just reward of a just--just like he punished Lutheran cigarette smokers with cancer. *Break - laugh*

Doesn't that make sense? Doesn't that just make all the sense in the world? Sure it does. It's got to be the answer. I believe it. I do. Really. I believe that with all my heart. Just like I believe in...the tooth fairy.

But you know what? I'd rather be able to say it was those damn cigarettes. That damn booze. But no, when you have a mystery disease, when the only thing they can say is that you had sex and you're gay.. when they...yes, damnit, I had sex and I'm gay! What the hell else was I going to do? *try Karl off again*

But I ask you, is that any reason to get a god-damn disease? I mean, I am going to die and I don't know when or how or what or even why except that I am who and what I am. I spent almost thirty years learning to accept the fact that I am me. And now they're trying to tell me what I accepted was a passport to disease? *when you can see balance*

It's enough to blow your mind. Who said there was justice? *more like what don't expect from life*
I suppose I should atone for my sins now. Well, you know what-- you can't undo a blow job. Drop down to my knees and pray, I *work and they die*

X
Sunday
Good
But more dramatic means play beautiful
W. K. eyes on other than heavy lines or that will they you know
Down half
on feet
Great.

Don't get too quiet.

Glosses

Not leave out

guess. I should drop down to my knees and pray. Ask forgiveness from the same God who supposedly thought I deserved this in the first place. Well I don't think I could pray to a God who would go to the trouble of punishing me for being myself. Being a God and punishing someone for being himself is a real shit attitude for a God.

Point
8.8

One of the advantages of dying is you can blaspheme and call him a charlatan and a hypocrite. What more can he do? Strike me dead? Just might be a favor.

Make Joke
Rise up

Oh, I don't know. I wish... (Fast) I wish you were here and I was... I don't know.

Conclude
the section

Planning

My life has been filled with the most unusual things lately. Getting sick. Going to the doctor. Tests. Diagnoses. You haven't lived 'til you've watched someone tell you you're going to die. My poor doctor. I think he was going to ask me out before that. I really do.

Not
Profile

Look at Anderson as Doctor

He was so nervous. He was sweating like...don't panic, he said. It's not positive, we're just going to have to send you to the hospital for a few days to make sure...just don't panic. That's the main thing. Don't give up hope and don't panic.

Nervous
Doctor
Create
Doctor
Let's
see

Do Panic with voice and
bring way down to Galman

I couldn't panic. I knew one of us was supposed to stay calm and he certainly wasn't.

Sprays
Water
on plant

Actually, not 'til after he forced me to have a glass of water and gulped a few himself and I was sure he wouldn't faint that I had my first thought: what will I tell my mother?

Look at mother before you say
Don't Drop

I put it off 'til after the hospital said I was... I went through so many scenarios--Hi Mom! I'm gay! What's that? You won't speak to me 'til my dying day? Good, I'm planning on Thursday.

Run on knees to table!

Put picture to ear!

There's a sign outside the doctor's office that literally made me consider saying it with flowers. Can't you imagine--a dozen roses and a note: Roses are red, violets are blue, your son is gay, he's dying soon, too.

You're leaving out

X to
Sofa

The thing was... I just didn't want to cry. I didn't want to be in the middle of telling her and then...cry.

I almost didn't tell her. I almost... Looking at picture

Slowly
Bring head

You're lying. That's all she said. You're lying. Over and over again. You're lying, you're lying, you're lying. Tell me you're lying.

a
distinction
between
articles
& doesn't
know another

She flew down the next day. My doctor gave her a stack of articles and clippings so big she almost couldn't carry them and then he said they didn't really know anything.

We went to my place, she read it all. She'd read it and gasp and read it aloud to me and I'd tell her I didn't want to know and she'd read it anyway. She sat there and read the whole stack and

didn't even get up to go the bathroom, which is quite a feat for my mother, and then she set the last piece aside and turned to me and asked Why? *Play reliving is it she is*

I broke out the bourbon. It was the only thing I could think of.

She asked me what she did. Wanted to know what she did wrong. She wanted me to know she really didn't know she was doing anything wrong. It was charming--her upset and guilty over making me gay, me upset and guilty over making her upset and guilty. She wanted me to forgive her. Then I wanted to cry.

[Eden more serious]
We got drunk. *And high.* Yes, my mother who doesn't know how to take a drag off a cigarette sat there and got high with me. She told me things about herself I...she told me about an affair she'd had. I told her about a few of mine. *loud whisper like a secret*

I lied to her, though. I told her I'd never done anything kinky. Bodies that touched leather never touched mine.

She finally passed out. Me too. *go to sleep*

In the morning she said she didn't want to bury another son. She said after my brother she begged god not to make her go through that again.

I said god probably wanted to make her a better person or something.

Beautiful

She slugged me.

> Need thought transition (New Beat)

It was the first time someone touched me and looked like they were afraid I'd break. I've gotten used to that look now. Unnerved me then.

After she got over the shock and we were laughing again she said she just might have to die before I did so I wouldn't put her through that mess again.

She hasn't yet.

Long look at audience before
(Neither have I.)

I think she'd still planning on kicking the bucket before me though.

Wouldn't put it past her to wait 'til my last breath and then collapse before they get a chance to make it official.

If you want the truth, I'm actually doing very well considering.

< I've lasted longer than I thought I would.

One of my doctor's patients got it over with right away. He went to the hospital Sunday, tested on Monday, diagnosed on Tuesday, sick on Wednesday. Had to have a tracheotomy Thursday, went into a coma on Friday and Saturday it was over. I told my doctor he probably wanted to avoid his doctor bills. My doctor let me know the bills would go to the estate.

Hold
Toby
Too
Soft

Did you
see to
Say
Back - et
was
Gute

Smile
Bright

Good

I still envy the guy sometimes. I remember nights that I'd hope and pray and chant for...I used to sing to myself about the guy. I made up a little tune--or a variation actually. Remember that old song---I'll do it for you. You'll love it.

To the hospital Sunday--oo-oo--oo--oo--Tested on Monday--oo-oo--oo-oo--Diagnosed on Tuesday--oo-oo--oo--oo--Got sick on Wednesday--oo-oo--oo--oo--Tracheotomy Thursday--oo-oo--oo--oo--In a coma by Friday--oo-oo--oo--oo--when it came to Saturday--oo-oo--oo--oo--he said bye-bye babies. Great, huh? To the hospital Sunday--oo-oo--oo--oo--Tested on Monday--oo-oo--oo--oo--Diagnosed on Tuesday--oo-oo--oo--oo--Got sick on Wednesday--oo-oo--oo--oo--Tracheotomy Thursday--oo-oo--oo--oo--In a coma by Friday--oo-oo--oo-oo--when it came to Saturday--oo-oo--oo--oo--he said bye-bye babies, I'm telling you, Bye-bye babies, let me hear it, bye-bye babies, sing it to me, bye-bye babies...bye-bye babies.... bye-bye... (coughs)

Excuse me. (coughs)

I think I appreciate music differently now. Getting lost in it is different now. It's not just a rhythm, you know. It's words and tears and somehow people say things...skip it.

I went out with somebody once who had the world's most musical speaking voice. It was this deep rich bass voice with...god he

was *glorious*
as *author*
10
+ the *off*
for *metals*
then *back on*

*Behave like
Duff
you
use it
down
lead
+ then
come
back up?*

*Come out
of it slower
+
more
sweetly
romantic*

was a bastard. But every time he talked it was like I melted.

Like I lost all my defenses. ^{Look at Body} Like...my immune system.

I probably have a virus, they say. Do you suppose it has a low rich voice? Maybe it talked all those little immunity germs into sleeping or something. And any minute now they'll all realize what a bastard this virus is and wake up. What do you think?

Me either.

I hope I didn't get this from that guy. Not only was he a creep, he was a lousy time in bed. If I had to get this thing in someone's bed I hope I at least had a good... not funny, is it?

I try not to think about who I got it from. That's not the point, is it? It probably wasn't someone I'd remember anyway. Probably the only remarkable thing about it was the disease.

I know it wasn't my ex. At least that much seems certain.

You should have seen him when I told him. He cried. He cried and got hysterical and finally after 15 minutes of sobbing and inaudible noises he asked, "what am I going to do?"

For a minute there I thought he cared about me. For a minute I convinced myself he really cared. Stupid of me, no?

The best part tho was three days later. He went into the hospital "about to die". They ran every test known to man. Guess

Don't get too fatigued

X

X to sofa

Ex can be in letter to take him

2
Push music box in slow & hurt

X

mad by slammie photo

Always try
to have music box
set so I can play
at any time

what he had. An overactive imagination. It was psychosomatic.
Like our love kind of.

He hasn't spoken to me since.

Look in
Mirror

Contort

It never occurred to me that a disease could change everyone in
your life. It's not just your own life that changes. It's the
lives around you. Relationships...contort themselves. They seem
like entirely new things. I have trouble recognizing them as
continuations.

My father said it served me right. He wouldn't even come down to
visit me. Wouldn't let me move back up there. Didn't want to
see me.

Feel him as well as want to hold him

Look in
mirror

Feels
Real

He also sold his vacation home so I would have enough money. I
remember thinking he loved that place more than us as a child.
He really loved that place. It was special to him. A real
accomplishment, I guess. I never really understood.

He still says I deserve what I'm getting. Still doesn't want to
see me. And he sold the one thing there was never any doubt he
cared about.

Pull away with
Strange. ^{to} ^{Chry glasser says in} ^{on Brown}

Too
Soft

Look out thinking down look
Visual Effects Back till stanga

My roommate--at least he was my roommate when I first got sick,
we were best friends since college almost--when I told him he

didn't say a word. He didn't say anything. When it was official--when the tests in the hospital were positive he quit his job, sold the ancestral silver, packed his bag and went to Europe. I get postcards every two weeks like clockwork. Each place is more perfect than the last. Never a word about...

It must be grand to run away.

To have that option.

He used to talk about Eurpoe when he was real stoned. Get out of this hellhole, he'd say. Get out of this hellhole and live.

Now he's doing it.

I was so jealous, so... scared.

*Wrap Anne around
yourself*

I cursed him out when he left, you wouldn't believe...

I hate his postcards. They are invariably of some beautiful and scenic place. I have grown to hate pictures that don't include people. Hate them with a passion. I took the landscape prints I got when I was making good money and hid 'em in the closet. I cut out pictures from the newspaper and tape 'em to the wall now.

Not at all Architectural Digest, let me tell you.

Not even a common theme--just people living. Just...living.

My roommate always says "just living" when you ask him what he's...or he used to. Bugged the shit out of me. You can't just

Glasses also
mean the old you
& the New You

live, I'd say. You have to be doing MORE than that.

It never struck me that you could breathe and talk and think and feel and do less than live.

And now look at me.

I was hot shit about a year ago. I was one of the best looking men in any bar I went into. It didn't matter what bar it was, I was going to be one of the best looking men in it. People always cruised me. If I was standing around looking stupid with my finger up my ass it was because I wanted to be standing around looking stupid with my finger up my ass.

I'm becoming pretty accomplished as a liar, don't you think?

What have I accomplished with my life, Dad? I can lie with the best of them.

Can't lay 'em anymore, but...hey.

You know, I bet I could call up everyone I've talked to in the past five years, everyone who scribbled their number on a napkin or whatever and none of them would want to.

It's a good thing I'm ambidextrous.

Y'know, I don't think I overemphasized sex. I did it. I liked it. The people who did it with me liked it. But, I mean, it's

more proud
of your
Sexuality

Don't make
at least
dirty make
it sound
Beautiful

Put
on
Cap!
Take
off
glasses

Stand
at D.
Stand
around
Gay Bar
Eternal
Ambidextrous

Put
closer
Back on
Left
of
Talk

D. Steve
out
to
Andie

Get more of a
Bee feeling on
standing around
to relate to
for guys

Just Finger
Not Plural

Hat Tipped
Drop more
limp.

not like I lived for it. It's not as if that's all I did.
Believe me, you cannot have read everything William Faulkner ever
wrote if all you did was look for sex. You cannot have...

It's frightening. My parents can look back and no matter what
else point to us as proof they lived. Even if we aren't quite
what they wanted. At least they can point to something definite
and say it was proof they lived. I don't have that. I don't
think people are going to look at the company books and recognize
them as proof I lived. I don't think a list of debits and
credits in neat little rows counts. I don't think a string of
broken affairs and almost cared counts. The cat doesn't even
count anymore. I chased her away. I opened the back door and
chased her away one day. I couldn't bear... I just opened the
door and chased her away. Screamed like a banshee. Sprayed her
with water and screamed like a banshee. Just before I went to

the hospital the first time. I think she's all right. She was
friendly when she had to be. When she wanted something.

Sort of like a nurse.

Nurses are friendly when they want something--blood, urine--
nurses get off on the most peculiar things. And as long as you
give it to them they're friendly. Try not giving to them some
time. Or better yet--want something back. I'm telling you, want
something back from a nurse and they become just like...my cat
was. Only not as pretty.

Just a tad
too quick

Am
stomach

pick up his of Scott

ah
she's
knew
cat

X

X

There is this one nurse who every time she sees me reacts like I have shit on my teeth or something. I mean it. She has a smile on her lips and a glare in her eyes. I think it was seeing her glare at me that made me decide for sure that I was not going to be guilty 'cause of this.

During bath time with her I try as hard as I can to get a hard-on. You should see how it upsets her. Doesn't really do me much good either--a hard-on in the hospital is worse than a hard-on in church any day.

Funny, I cry sometimes when I'm aroused now. I don't know why.

Sometimes I get so angry when I get a...I have to remind myself that... you know, there were times when sex made me enjoy the very fact of my existence. How can I be angry at it now?

There's got to be something else to be angry at.

Like the phone company. When in doubt get mad at the phone company. I tell you, if I knew I was going to die next month for sure I'd skip paying this last bill. It's true. They bleed you dry those bastards. It cost a literal fortune to get the new phones put in. I couldn't believe it.

I didn't like phones before. Impersonal or something. Now I can pretend I'm like I was and the person I'm talking with can pretend I'm like I was--it's perfect.

Laugh
more so
the
next line
has more
effect.

X to
left

funch yourself a little

Down
stay
with
phone

Phone
Good
make
Recess
& Cuddle
each
a person

X to
Bar
Stacy

Throw
face in
Sofa
up
up
up

Keep
Recline
on
table
too
a little
Pick phone
Back up
and
Say

turn
left
for
Ribbon

David and I spend at least an hour every day talking on the phone. We used to work together. Went to lunch together some- times. Never too close really. But since...he's been (a shrug) the best. He drives me to the hospital when I have to go and picks me up when I get sprung. Visits. The first time he visited he wore a white shirt and white pants. I screamed. I made him take off the shirt. I mean, wearing a white shirt and white pants in a hospital is carrying clonedom a little too far. That bitch of a nurse made him put his shirt back on. Next time he came in a lime green shirt and bright yellow pants. He went out and bought them special. Looked like an escaped clown. The only good laugh I had during that stay.

Y'know, if I keep going in and out of the hospital that boy is going to end up with more useless clothes.

isolation
When my father sent me the money the first thing I did was go out and buy some clothes. I bought black leather pants and a black studded belt and a black leather cap to go with my black leather boots and black leather vest and black leather jacket. I put on the whole shebang when I have to go places. Places I'd rather not go for one reason or another. Almost wore it tonight. I think people laugh at me when I'm all done up that way. I know they do. I GIVE them something besides me to...

Clever?

Remind of Sofa

I had a fourth grade teacher who said I was so clever I'd smart myself out of life. I laughed so hard and long she threw an eraser at me. Knocked over someone's science project. I was proud.

I get proud over the strangest things, I guess. I'm proud of my record collection; the fact I'm smarter than the average bear-- without letting it get in the way.

My doctor out of the blue one day asked me what I was most proud of.

Wouldn't let me go 'til I told him.

It's probably foolish, maybe it's because it surprised me each time, but I am so damn proud of my ability to fall in love. To care. I did care. They didn't always care back, but that's their problem really. Something I know now.

When I was coming out, I was one of those faggots who was so filled with... hate. And I spread it around like fertilizer. Some of the people who knew me then will still swear that I just never could accept the fact that I'm gay. Strangely enough, I don't think they're right. Accepting the fact I'm gay was the easy part. It was natural and simple and easy to be in another man's arms. I don't think I had faith in my ability to feel emotions, tho. I don't think I believed I could fall in love.

Stay Behind Sofa and own Sofa

When you have more space behind Sofa

Go to white.

Made as honest as possible + simply simpler beautiful

Finish it all as written

Ask my ex, he'll tell you how I fought it. But once I felt, it, once I believed it more than I didn't...

Look at last man look at fall from Betty then start

Probably very lucky I don't have a lover now. As much as I'd like...

Plot to table

Can't face audience so ashamed

Wouldn't be fair to him. Or to me. I have enough trouble trying to forget the fact I may have infected hundreds of men. I may have killed hundreds of men without even knowing it. That, friends, is a nightmare. A real nightmare. Believe me.

eyes

In front of C. to on screen

The night before I went to the doctor and found out I... I finally went out with... (avoiding the name) a bartender I'd wanted for months. He was perfect. Even had a tattoo. Real amyl nitrate. It was... perfect. In the morning we... he got dressed and drove me to the doctor's office so I wouldn't be late. He was a sweetheart. He called in the evening to see what I was doing. See if everything was okay. See if I wanted to...

look down at floor a Real Shame

Shake

to safe

Skip it.

Good Leave out! Put phone under table

Take glasses off

My closest friends at this time in my life are David--who is real sweet and so Catholic he probably feels guilty about me more than anything else really--and my doctor, who tells me he has gotten much better at telling people they have it, and a clique of research and support group do-gooders.

X to Right Safe

Have you ever noticed that very few pretty people are do-gooders?

Ah well, you take what you can get.

The bright and lovely people are busy being bright and lovely together. They'll get wrinkles if they worry about me. I'm rarely bright and lovely anymore.

I don't care tho. I don't think I could stand their form of lonely anymore. It's not easy for me to pretend I don't care anymore. I'm going to die, I can't...afford to be lonely that way. Being lonely because you're intellectually superior to your current social circles is quite preferable to being lonely because you're afraid. *Pick up Bear on 4th Grade* I'm not in 4th grade anymore. I can't afford to be afraid of being embarrassed. I can't afford to be afraid of caring. I can't afford to be afraid period. Those moments I'm afraid--I don't know if I live them or if they just...happen, you know?

I went to a party right after that first hospital stay. Looked a damn sight better than I do now, too. I caused more polo shirts to stink of sweat. I'm sure I upset the entire lifestyle of those little alligators and polo players forever.

Don't forget
It was... I had to leave before the host lost his party entirely. By reflex he almost kissed me good-bye.

Look man room at Lover Ex Part of Arthur 1st.

I can understand it, I really can. They're afraid. It's a mystery disease and they're afraid and they don't want to die. But

neither do I. I am afraid and I don't want to die. Damnit, you
have no idea how afraid I am. ^{Rise} But there's one thing you can do

Fist
with fear—conquer it. You can't let fear take ov... } ^{Just a}
² ^{count} ^{plans.}
Look all around Room
Yes, I have this disease which means I probably will die. Soon.

But I'm not dead yet. Mentally, physically and emotionally I'm
alive. I'm alive today and I'll be alive tomorrow and the next
day...

B.O.

~~Thank You~~