

**BRYCE'S COMING OUT**

written by: Japheth Gordon

INT. BRYCE'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

BRYCE is practically dragging TRACY by the arm. There's an urgency to the way he guides her into the room and locks the door behind them.

TRACY

What? What is it?

BRYCE

This is definitely a "sit down" situation.

Bryce motions for Tracy to sit down. She sits. He paces back and forth - gathering his nerves.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

You're my best friend so...Here's the deal....Don't freak out, okay?

TRACY

Oh my god. What is it? No, wait don't tell me. Do I wanna know!?

BRYCE

I said don't freak out.

TRACY

I wasn't until you said not to.

BRYCE

(nervous)

Uh...uh...Now I don't want to.

TRACY

Oh god. So dramatic.

BRYCE

Uh...okay...uh....

TRACY

Just say it!

BRYCE

I'm gay.

TRACY

I know. Is that it?

BRYCE

You know?

TRACY

Duh.

BRYCE

I didn't even know 'til today.

TRACY

How can someone not know they're gay?

BRYCE

Well, I don't talk like - you know-  
(super-flamboyant)  
"Hey Sexy Bitches! Who wants to party?"

TRACY

Oh my God. That was scary. Can you all do that?

BRYCE

Tracy, I'm serious. You know what this means? I'm a...I'm...I'm...

TRACY

Gay? Yeah. You're here, you're queer. Now get used to it.

BRYCE

Is everything a joke to you?

TRACY

Okay. I'm sorry.

BRYCE

Do you not recognize that I'm having a seismic, mind-exploding and overall shitty afternoon?

TRACY

You're right. My bad.

They sit together in silence for a beat.

TRACY (CONT'D)

So you just found out you're gay today?

Bryce nods.

TRACY (CONT'D)

How?

BRYCE  
You know Marc? From youth group?

TRACY  
Please tell me you guys didn't make out.

BRYCE  
No. And, ew. He downloaded some porn on his laptop and all the guys were watching and like joking. Just regular guys enjoying some porn. Except for me. I was getting a little sick looking at, y'know, the lady parts.

Tracy chuckles under her breath.

BRYCE (CONT'D)  
What?

TRACY  
I just think it's funny that the sight of V'jage is what gay'd you.

BRYCE  
I think it's always been there. I just never really asked myself the question.

TRACY  
This is good. You finally know what you are. Now you can come out of the closet.

BRYCE  
I don't know what I am. I'm still just normal me, I think. This sucks.

Beat.

TRACY  
You should sit with Jared and the drama guys at lunch tomorrow.

BRYCE  
Tracy!

TRACY  
What?

BRYCE

I'm not just gonna jump into the fag pool head first, okay? I'm not like those guys.

TRACY

I'm trying to help. This isn't something you have to be ashamed of.

Beat. Bryce looks distraught. Tracy can see that her friend is in a bad place.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Did you tell your parents?

Bryce shakes his head - "No."

TRACY (CONT'D)

Well, if you need someone there - like a wingman, I got your back.

BRYCE

Oh god. Can you image what my Dad's gonna say?

TRACY

Probably won't be pretty.

BRYCE

He still talks about when I quit football like it's his own personal nine-eleven.

TRACY

You could always wait 'til you graduate, move away to college, and then send him an email.

BRYCE

I don't know what I'm gonna do. I don't want to disappoint him anymore. He's a good Dad...and I'm a fucking horrible son.

Bryce breaks down crying. Tracy hugs him.

TRACY

This isn't your fault. You can't help being what you are Bryce-y.

He sobs into her sweater - completely vulnerable. She holds him like his mother would.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I love you. It's gonna be okay.

Off the two best friends hugging and crying we:

CUT TO: