

#2 RICHIE & JEFF

RICHIE

Karen tells me you're a fag.

JEFF

I beg your –

RICHIE

Hey, she told me.

JEFF

I seriously doubt that's how she phrased it.

RICHIE

You're right. Technically. She said, "gay," I think. Same thing though, right?

JEFF

Yes, minus the respect and any kind of couth.

RICHIE

Couth. Good one. I looked forward to brushing up my vocabulary with you. ... So being a fag or gay or whatever, that's not something that's important enough to tell your brother?

JEFF

When would I have done that?

RICHIE

You've got email. I get your happy birthday wish. Every year. "Happy birthday, Richie." Like clockwork.

JEFF

My apologies. One of those years, I clearly should have written, "Happy birthday, Richie. I'm gay."

RICHIE

So you fucking someone? Or someone fucking you?

JEFF

None of your goddamn business.

RICHIE

Fair enough.

JEFF

And when did you suddenly get all this money?

RICHIE

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None of your goddamn business.

JEFF

I figured.

RICHIE

What's that mean?

JEFF

Nothing, I –

RICHIE

Means you don't think I'm smart enough to make money in any kind of honest way. Isn't that it?

JEFF

Never really gave it much thought.

RICHIE

I'm taking Dad with me when I go.

JEFF

That has not been decided.

RICHIE

You got a better plan?

JEFF

I don't know.

RICHIE

Didn't think so.

JEFF

You really want to be a caretaker for an old man?

RICHIE

Our old man –

JEFF

Who you didn't bother to call or write for, what? Seven years at one point?

RICHIE

You're talking about things that happened a long time ago.