

# Drama Scene # 2

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EXT. LUXURY HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

LLOYD SCHRAMM, a hot-shot Hollywood agent in his early 40's, gleefully swims and splashes around in his nearly Olympic-sized pool. He bobs up for air to find..

EDDIE CONROY

a handsome hunk in his late 20's. He wears a tight T-shirt that perfectly accentuates his nearly flawless, thin but muscular physique.

LLOYD

Eddie! It would be nice if you can ring the bell next time.

Lloyd holds up a tabloid rag, displaying Lloyd hand-in-hand with a beautiful actress, SHARI WATSON.

EDDIE

Did you spread this rumor?

LLOYD

I'm an agent, Eddie. I don't write for that rag.

EDDIE

Yes, but did you start this rumor?

LLOYD

(with hesitation)

What?

EDDIE

"Lloyd Schramm says you two are getting hot and heavy." "Lloyd saw you two necking at the Golden Globes." "Lloyd says he's hearing wedding bells!" Lloyd doesn't cover his tracks very well, does he?

LLOYD

So I may have said something *in passing* that may have been misconstrued. You know how this business works! It's like playing a game of Telephone!

Eddie glares at Lloyd in disbelief. He makes a beeline for Lloyd's bar and fixes himself a glass of Vodka on the rocks.

Lloyd pulls himself out the pool, dries himself off, and runs over to Eddie.

LLOYD

Let's just say, hypothetically speaking, that I did spread a rumor, or an inkling of a rumor. What harm did I really cause?

EDDIE

How would you like it if I told everyone you're a crocodile? Or a parrot?

LLOYD

Are you smoking that shit again?

EDDIE

The point is I am *not* a heterosexual! I don't find heterosexuality in itself to be offensive. I'm just not a big fan of pretending to be somebody I'm not.

LLOYD

Then, buddy... you're in the wrong fucking business. You want to live long and prosper in *this* fucking town? You've gotta learn to play the game. The truth will get you nowhere! Look, it's fucked up. I know it's fucked up. Discrimination's a bitch. Tom Cruise has one foot out the closet door, but because he jumped on that damn couch, screaming about how much he loved fucking that piece of ass Katie Holmes - he gets the A-list work! Trust me; coming out the closet is a kiss of death. Don't wring *my* neck. I'm just the messenger.

EDDIE

Well, I'm gonna change things around.

LLOYD

You want to be a trendsetter? Fine. You want to take a gamble? Be my guest. But if you want to keep putting food on the table... you've gotta learn to become a cog in the machine. Not that you eat that fucking much, anyway.

Lloyd taps on Eddie's flat stomach.