

FADE IN:

OPENING CREDITS, during which the sounds of somebody RUNNING WATER and BRUSHING his teeth are heard. Then the OPENING of a washroom cabinet.

INT. WASHROOM - EVENING

The cabinet door - which is also a mirror - swings SHUT, revealing BRIAN in the reflection. Brian is a man in his mid twenties with effeminate features. He is wearing a tight red evening dress, a silver necklace, a wig of long blonde hair, and the amount of makeup that would have looked appropriate and tasteful on a woman his age. He actually doesn't look completely unbelievable as a female, although it is still noticeable that he is a man.

Brian applies the finishing touches of makeup.

After a while he looks right at us and speaks with a soft, but not too artificially feminine voice.

BRIAN

Too much?

He looks back at himself in the mirror.

BRIAN

Or not enough?

He adds a bit more lipstick between his words:

BRIAN

You're the one I'm doing this for and because of that, you're the only person I'm not supposed to ask what you think. Isn't that great? (pause) And even if I could ask, you'd probably say it's too much and then I'd feel like a slut or you'd say it's not enough and then I'd feel like a plain jane... Or you'd probably just say I look pretty either way... (pause) which would be a total lie.

Brian reaches for a roll of toilet paper and starts to stuff some into his bra, adjusting the shape when needed.

He suddenly stops.

BRIAN

You know, at some point I want us to laugh at this tape together. But now I'm thinking that you might laugh just a little bit too hard.

Brian reaches toward us and we realize that we're viewing him through a small camcorder that he's placed on a tripod.

He switches it off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We don't see much of the room clearly because Brian is letting the camera dangle from his hand as he walks, which makes the picture quite shaky.

As far as we can tell though, the living room is cozy and decorated in mostly dark colours, but with a few very bright-coloured items here and there, such as a bright yellow pillow and a bright green blanket thrown across a chair. Up against the wall there's a big comfy sofa with a TV placed in front of it.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian walks into the bedroom, which is mostly taken up by a big bed with red heart-shaped pillows on it as well as a whole heap of women's clothing.

BRIAN

Such a mess!

Brian scoops up the clothes with his free arm.

More shaking of the camera.

When it steadies up again we're looking at a closet with mirror doors that reflect Brian and his little camcorder.

Brian opens the door, tosses the clothes in and closes it again.

More shaking.

BRIAN  
(unconvincingly)  
I should tell you that despite how  
it might seem, I'm not nervous about  
this. I already know you and it's  
all going to be fine.

A cat comes into view. It's on the floor looking up into the  
camera.

BRIAN  
Oh there you are! Where have you  
been?

Brian lifts up the cat with one arm. It doesn't look too happy.

BRIAN  
This is my roommate, Mr Pussy.

He moves the cat back and forth to make it look like it's talking.

BRIAN  
(with a squeaky voice)  
Hello Eric, nice to meet you.

The camera goes into shake mode again.

BRIAN  
See? He likes you already. And now  
it's time to make him look nice too.

Brian attaches the camera to a tripod, and aims it at the bed.

He walks over to the bed with Mr Pussy and sits down.

Seemingly out of nowhere he pulls out a soft brush and starts  
to comb Mr Pussy's fur. Mr Pussy constantly tries to wriggle  
out of Brian's gentle grip.

BRIAN  
(looking into the camera  
occasionally)  
Do you remember the first time we  
met? (whispers:) *pause to let you  
think really hard* (back to normal  
voice:) Yes that's right, it was  
before we were going on that  
conference trip. Of course Darlene  
couldn't let that one hour before

the train left go to waste, so there we were at the office. Too little time to get started on anything but too much time to kill by just, you know, sorting the pens and clicking randomly on the screen. So I was sitting right here (gestures) and you were sitting like over there and when I first saw you I did the whole (does a double take) thing. It was totally like a cartoon.

Brian reaches for a bow tie, which he with great difficulty tries to tie around Mr Pussy's neck.

BRIAN

I don't know if it was your first day or if they'd just moved your desk or something but I'm telling you - work suddenly got a whole lot more interesting. I couldn't take my eyes off you! And you know that copier between us? Well, when somebody would open the lid to make a copy I'd be like (slowly stretches his legs and extends his neck as if trying to look over something) and the guy at the copier would be like (doing a puzzled look) "what?".  
(laughs)

Brian finally finishes the bow tie, walks up to the camera and holds Mr Pussy up to it, moving him to make it look like he's talking.

BRIAN

(with a seductive voice)  
Well hello there... Want to go to my place? I'm a wildcat in bed. Seriously.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The camera is shaking as Brian walks around the room. This time he is actually aiming it at whatever he is looking at though, and trying to keep it as steady as possible.

He opens a closet and takes out a feather duster.

BRIAN

Now you can't have dust when you have guests over. For one thing it looks gross, but it also makes me sneeze and sneezing is really unattractive.

He starts dusting a few picture frames that have pictures of himself as a happy kid, playing cowboys, eating cake etc. There are also pictures of him as a regular teenager.

BRIAN

It's not a nose orgasm like some people seem to think. Did you know that in Japan everybody who has a cold wears a face mask to protect everybody else? I think they should make that into a law here.

He starts dusting off a collection of porcelain cats that sit on a shelf.

And people who stare should have to wear blindfolds. And then they could like bump into each other. Oh my gosh, this one is so cute!

He picks up a really fat and smiley porcelain cat.

The phone RINGS.

Brian reaches for it and picks it up.

BRIAN

(with a much more masculine voice)

This is Brian. Who am I speaking to please?... (switches back to his normal soft voice) Oh hey Stacy! God, I thought it might be my boss there for a second. How the hell are you?

He walks up to a mirror, in which we can see him squeezing the cordless phone between his cheek and his shoulder, leaving one hand free to handle the camera and the other to dust the mirror and a cupboard beneath it.

This is the end of the 5 page sample. To read the whole screenplay, please contact me through the web form on the Contact page, or send me an e-mail at [info@peterwiholm.com](mailto:info@peterwiholm.com). You can also find me on Skype: wiholm. Thanks!

Här slutar det 5-sidiga smakprovet. För att läsa hela manuset ber jag dig kontakta mig via webbformuläret på Kontakt-sidan, eller genom att skicka ett e-mail till mig på [info@peterwiholm.com](mailto:info@peterwiholm.com). Du kan även hitta mig på Skype: wiholm. Tack!