

A Stand Up Guy

By

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FADE IN

In the bottom left corner white text over a black screen:

*Laughter is the best medicine*

INT. COMEDY CLUB

**Brian Einstein**, 28, *head-shaved*, smiling, wearing a button down and khakis. He sits at a table that appears to be in the front of a crowded room.

GIL (O.S)

Let me tell you how I know with certainty that God is not a woman, and what I'm about say should be published as scientific data... no woman would ever burden her entire gender with a bleeding vagina once a month. It's impossible.

The room is filled with laughter, Brian looks like he going to throw up from too much laughter.

**Gil Everton**, 28, wavy brown hair, jeans and a t-shirt, holding back laughter from his own joke as he paces the stage with a microphone in his hand. He has stage PRESENCE.

GIL

Seriously there is no way a female god said hey let me just screw over my gender for the rest eternity. This is scientific data folks, think about it. And this female god would have the nerve to say while I'm at let me make my gender fat for nine months. And the kicker is when those nine months end this women god puts them through the most excruciating pain of their lives. Some gal right? She had to be dating Satan at the time.

The club is hysterical, the laughter overtakes the oxygen in the room but Brian has tears rolling down his face now reaching the edge of his huge smile.

GIL

Thank you, thank you, I'm Gil Everton, have a good night.

Gil winks at Brian with a smile.

EXT. CITY STREETS NIGHT

Gil exits the back door of comedy club to find Brian waiting for him. The street seems empty, the buildings light up the dark Manhattan street.

Brian breaks the silence.

BRIAN

God is not a woman has always been my favorite.

GIL

You really should not have come tonight.

BRIAN

You know I don't miss any of your shows.

GIL

Your doctors told you not to stay out late.

BRIAN

All my doctors know how to do is give bad news, while I on the other hand have good news.

GIL

Oh yeah, whats that?

BRIAN

My favorite comedian is going to be on Jimmy Kimmel next Wednesday.

GIL

You know I hate it when you make these Louis C.K. jokes to me. We both know I am a younger, better version of him. My pitch to FX was a week later.

BRIAN

I'm not talking about Louie, I'm talking about you.

Gil stops dead in his tracks. Brian struts a couple more steps before turning around.

BRIAN

Remind me who your best friend is?

Gil smothers Brian with the worlds biggest bear hug.

(CONTINUED)

GIL

I can't freaking believe this.  
Please tell me your not joking  
because that would one sick joke  
and this is coming from a comedian.

Again Brian's smile is met with tears.

BRIAN

I'm so proud of you man, this has  
been a long time coming.

GIL

I owe it all to you. Your the best  
free manager and friend a comedian  
could ask for.

Best friend secret handshake ensues.

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT DAY

Brian's apartment is a MESS. No dishes are WASHED. The  
garbages' are OVERFLOWING. Medicine bottles are SCATTERED.  
Medicinal marijuana and smoking pipes look freshly used.

Brian loafes on the couch watching Gil read his jokes off of  
a paper in the middle of the living room. Brian looks worse  
than when we first met him. SICKLY, WEAK, FRAGILE.

GIL

So the waiter brings back out the  
food and I can clearly see the food  
has been messed with.

Brian doesn't laugh.

BRIAN

Stop, stop. No one is going to  
laugh at that. You have to be more  
descriptive and vulgar. I was there  
when this happened. It was gross  
dude. There were more loogies than  
tomatoes on that salad.

Gil frustrated throws his papers as far as you can possibly  
throw paper.

BRIAN

Relax man you will get there.

(CONTINUED)

GIL

Kimmel is a week away, this the biggest moment of my career. Don't think this is the right time to be relaxing.

Brian can't muster up the energy for an argument. He just shakes his head.

Gil notices how bad of shape Brian is in. He puts on a fake smile.

GIL

Why don't you go take a nap, maybe you will find this a little funnier with some sleep in you.

BRIAN

I have taken more naps this past year with cancer than I had in my entire life. Which is weird considering if I die I'll be sleeping the rest of my life.

GIL

Don't say that. You are going to be just fine.

BRIAN

Gotta love your optimism pal, hasn't changed since I met you in MRS. Karnofsky's class.

GIL

That's a class that was suppose to give us nap time.

They both laugh, but become silent rather quickly.

EXT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT- NEXT DAY

Gil waits patiently in his blue 2001 Honda Civic.

Brian exits his apartment, draped from head to toe in a gray jumpsuit.

Gil rolls down the window.

GIL

You are going to be late.

Brian doesn't speed up, and leisurely enters the vehicle.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

So the one morning that you  
actually arrive on time to drive me  
to chemo, you want to tell me to  
hurry up.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL

Brian and Gil sit next to each other in the waiting room.  
Gil furiously scribbles on a pad. Brian flips through the  
swimsuit edition of Sports Illustrated.

A nurse appears.

NURSE

Hey Brian, we are ready for you  
now.

Brian stands.

BRIAN

Do you mind if my friend comes in  
with me.

Gil abruptly stops writing, looks at Brian with complete  
surprise. He clearly has never gone in before. He kind of  
hopes she says no.

NURSE

Sure, not a problem. Right this  
way.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEMOTHERAPY ROOM

Its a small room, with white walls and a glass door.

Brian reclines in a comfy leather chair. The chemo is  
intravenous, the needle is carefully placed in his lower  
arm. He looks tired and miserable.

Two other elderly men sit with their eyes closed receiving  
chemo therapy also. They don't have guests with them.

Gil awkwardly settles into a bridge chair placed beside  
Brian.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Don't look at me like that.

GIL

What do you expect, I've never seen you like this before.

BRIAN

It's not as bad as it looks.

Brian is lying and Gil knows it.

BRIAN

What are you working on?

Gil takes out the pad.

GIL

Some new material.

BRIAN

For Kimmel? I thought we agreed to use some of your more... polished work.

GIL

I know, but...

Gil can't take his eyes off of the contraption plugged into his best friends body.

GIL

I just think I have something better.

Brian drained, has no energy for a counter argument.

BRIAN

My only advice is to decided on something soon, your tune-up show is two days.

Gil nods in agreement.

BRIAN

Let me hear some of these new jokes.

Gil hesitates to take out his pad, looking uncomfortable doing.

GIL  
I don't think this is the right  
venue for it.

BRIAN  
Please tell me you didn't write  
cancer jokes...

A smirk comes across Gil's face.

GIL  
Sorry man

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL

Brian's arm wraps around Gil's shoulder as Gil guides him to  
the car.

Brian stops, puts his hands on his knee and vomits.

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT 2 DAYS LATER

Brian's apartment hasn't changed, in fact its only gotten  
worse.

Brian lies down on the couch, he would be a corpse if he  
wasn't breathing. Gil plops himself down on a blue love  
seat.

GIL  
So tonight's tune-up show is gonna  
suck.

Brian doesn't move or make a sound.

GIL  
I have to get this restaurant bit  
down.

Gil looks worried and not about his show but for his friend.

GIL  
Also you better not be at the show  
tonight. You are in no condition to  
leave this apartment. I'll already  
have enough people in the audience  
puking from this shitty material.

Brian turns and pukes into a garbage next to the couch.

(CONTINUED)



Gil fights back tears.

BRIAN

You are going to be fine.

INT. COMEDY CLUB

Gil is back performing at the club we first saw him doing stand-up at the start of the script. Gil dressed in a Stand Up 2 Cancer shirt and jeans.

GIL

So at this point the waiter and I are not the best of friends. Cause when you send a SALAD back three times no one is going to want to be your best friend.

Laughter erupts.

Gil scans the crowded club as he normally does. Brian catches his eye. Brian is in the back corner dressed like he traveling to Antarctica.

Gil holds back his anger, but loses his focus.

GIL

um, haha, yea, um...

The laughter dies down.

WOMAN

Ahhh!

MAN

Someone call 911!

Gil turns his attention to the screams, its where Brian was sitting. Gil jumps off stage and sprints over.

Brian passed out on the floor. Gil pushes through the crowd of people and kneels down next to his friend and listens for breaths.

Brian is breathing.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL

Gil paces in a different waiting room this time, the Emergency Room. Gil alone and panicked. He keeps looking at his cellphone.

The waiting room is not that crowded. A couple parents sit with crying kids and a couple old people are asleep in their chairs.

A doctor walks into the room. Everyone looks.

DOCTOR

Is the family of Brian Einstien here?

GIL

Yes, I'm his best friend. How is Brian?

DOCTOR

He is awake. Is there any family here?

GIL

They are at a Broadway show, haven't been able to reach them. Can I go see Brian?

DOCTOR

Yes, but there is something you should be made aware of, your friend is very sick, I don't know how much longer he has to live. We are going to keep him here in the hospital.

Gil starts to cry. He is devastated.

INT. ROOM 103 C

Brian is laying in the hospital bed wearing a gown. He is hooked up to multiple machines. The beeps of the heart monitor seem 'louder than normal.

Gil tentitvely moves towards Brian.

GIL

Hey bud how you feeling?

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BRIAN

Been better, sorry I passed out  
before the punchline.

Gil smiles.

GIL

That was a little rude...

Gil's tone gets serious.

GIL

But I told you not to come, you  
didn't listen and look what  
happened.

BRIAN

I'm sorry, I don't miss your shows.

Gil now very visibly angry and Brian visibly upset.

GIL

Well you should've missed this one  
and you will be missing the one at  
Kimmel. The doctor says your near  
death man, near death!

BRIAN

I'm going to Kimmel, you don't tell  
me how to live my life. I know I'm  
dying and I am not going to let  
myself spend the rest of my life in  
a hospital.

GIL

I don't want you at Kimmel, I don't  
want you to watch unless you're in  
this damn bed. You're sick and you  
need to be taken care of.

Both of them are in tears.

BRIAN

Over the past year, I've been  
fighting this damn disease and in  
this year the only times I've  
smiled have been listening to your  
jokes.

Gil thrown back by these comments.

BRIAN

I need this LA show just as much  
you man. Don't take this from me.

GIL

I'm sorry man, but you being in  
this hospital will keep you alive  
and that's most important to me.

BRIAN

selfish asshole

GIL

This is what's best for you

BRIAN

Stop thinking you know what's best  
for me, you clearly don't

Brian rolls over, looking at the machines and away from Gil.

GIL

Brian, come on...

Gil looks for a response.

GIL

Fine, I get it.

Gil lingers out.

INT. ROOM 103 C NEXT DAY

Gil stands next to Brian's hospital bed.

Gil's luggage waits for him by the door.

Brian looks terrible, he is knocking on the door of death.

GIL

I don't think I can go through with  
it, not without you man.

BRIAN

Don't pull this crap, you are  
going.

GIL

There will be other opportunities,  
who knows maybe I'll get on  
Letterman.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

You're not getting on Letterman, don't let this opportunity pass you by. You have worked too hard for this. Take your bags and go to the airport.

Gil takes Brian's hand.

GIL

I'm doing this for you man. I just hope you laugh.

BRIAN

Worst comes to worst I'll be laughing at you.

INT. GREEN ROOM

Gil's green room is small and bland. There is a basket filled with water and snacks. He sits down on a small leather couch and takes a deep breath.

An assistant knocks the door and pops his head in.

ASSISTANT

You are in 5 Mr. Everton.

Gil gets up and stretches out. He feels his phone buzzing in his pocket.

The caller ID reads New York Hospital.

GIL

Brian, only you would call me five minutes before I am set to go on.

DOCTOR

Hi Mr. Everton, this Doctor Williams, I took care of Brian.

GIL

Hi, is everything okay?

DOCTOR

I'm sorry to tell you this, Brian passed away. You were listed as an emergency contact.

The assistant is back at the door.

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ASSISTANT  
It's show time Mr. Everton.

He holds up a finger to the assistant with a fake smile holding back with all his might the tears from pouring out of his eye.

GIL  
Thanks for letting me know Doctor Wallace.

Gil follows the assistant out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 103 C

Brian's hospital room is empty. The TV is turned on to Kimmel. There is a nurse changing out the sheets.

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY KIMMEL STAGE

Jimmy Kimmel sits behind his desk.

KIMMEL  
Ladies and Gentleman we have a very funny comedian performing for us tonight. Lets give a warm to Gil Everton

The curtain opens up, and Gil walks to the mic waving at the crowd.

Gil takes a big gulp.

GIL  
Fuck cancer. It sucks out everything thats good in this world. Cancer somehow always picks the good people on this earth. They say laughter is the best medicine, well fuck that. With all the modern technology and money donated how have these over paid doctors and researchers not found a cure. Its fucking bullshit.

Kimmel comes running over to Gil. Puts his arm around his shoulder and looks at the audience.

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14.

KIMMEL

Alright folks we will be right back  
with music from Two Chainz

Fade Out