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A living room. Brian is in his underwear and a T-shirt sitting in a chair. Nick is perched on the edge of the table in pajama pants with his head in his hands. He's a little bit exasperated but doing his best to keep things positive.

Nick
We're not getting a shotgun.

Brian
Well I don't think a handgun is going to do it, Nick.

Nick
We're not getting any gun of any kind at all.

Brian
"We" don't have to do anything.

Nick
I will not have a gun in this house, Brian.

Brian
I'm talking about the car. It was at the car, right there looking [at me.]

Nick
[And nothing] happened.

Brian
Because I turned to stone behind the wheel and waited for it to go away, because I sat there like a [statue until...]

Nick
[It was just] digging through the trash.

Nick walks over and straddles Brian, sitting on his lap facing him. He rests his arms on Brian's shoulders.

Brian

Oh, the trash you're not supposed to put out until the morning because it might attract bears? Because we fucking live somewhere now that has golden rules about bears?

Nick

I forgot.

He begins to kiss Brian's neck as Brian continues. He's probably getting handsy too but Brian isn't having it.

Brian

You're not the one who comes home late at night, so why should you worry if bears come and dig through the trash. It's not like you're going to end up in a stare down with one of them at midnight after a 12 hour shift with absolutely no way to protect yourself.

Nick gives up on the kissing and climbs off of Brian. He adjusts himself in his pajama pants and is clearly a little disappointed.

Nick

I want to figure out how to acknowledge your point and still let you know that you're making way too big a deal about this.

Brian

You're failing.

Nick

I'm sorry that a bear looked at you, okay?

Brian

It's so easy to joke, right? What if I hadn't been paying attention?

Nick

I don't think the bear would have attacked you.

Brian

Oh, did you know the bear in question?

Nick

And in case you didn't notice, I was trying to make it up to you by offering myself up as penance, because I am magnanimous.

Brian

It's bad enough we had to move here, let [alone...]

Nick
[Oh, no.]

Brian
Excuse me, but [I'm not...]

Nick
[Absolutely] not. Look, I deeply regret that you were frightened by a wild animal that was probably equally frightened of you and I will sit here and listen to all of your anxiety about that situation and deal with the fact you're too pissed off to fuck, but I will not engage in some worn out debate about moving again. That debate is over; it's done.

Brian
I don't think so.

Nick
Okay, well, we already moved, [so...?]

Brian
[I can count] on no hands the number of times I was attacked by a bear [in Portland.]

Nick
[You've never] been attacked by a bear here either!

Brian
Last night!

Nick
Go on and show me the bear-related injury [right now.]

Brian
[You're not] listening.

Nick
I am. I hear you, Brian. I hear you when you complain about the mountain fog even though it's beautiful. I hear you when you complain that it's too cold even though it's roughly the same temperature as Portland. I hear you when you complain that you might die by crashing into a deer in the road because you fucking drive too fast like you're in a race to get everywhere. I hear you when you complain that your shifts at the hospital are boring now even though you used to come home every night in the city crazed, hating life, and nursing a sprained wrist from some tweaked out meth head. And I hear you about the scary fucking bears. You are heard.

Brian

The meth head thing happened exactly one time.

Nick

I love you. We live here now. Deal with it. I'm making coffee.

Nick heads into the kitchen area and begins making coffee.

Brian

I'm not done talking [about this.]

Nick

[I'm making] coffee.

Brian

I'm not happy.

Nick

You'll live.

Brian

You're supposed to care that I'm not happy.

Nick

We're here because my mom doesn't have a lot of time left, and this is where we have to be until whenever [that's over.]

Brian

[You don't have] to remind [me why we're...]

Nick

[And we have] no idea how long that'll be and thanks for making me say that awful truth out loud. Again. This is something that's [not an option.]

Brian

[If I didn't love] you, I wouldn't be fighting about it. I'd just leave.

Nick

Perfect, the leaving thing again. You've started playing this card [a lot, Brian.]

Brian

[So I can love] you and still talk about leaving less than ideal situation.

Nick
Fantastic, we love each other!

Brian
Don't get loud.

Nick
Oh no! We might attract the bears.

Brian
You can go to Hell sometimes, you know.

Nick
Bears! Bears!

Brian
Ugh, just make the coffee. Some of us have to go to back to work this morning.

Nick opens and closes his fists, shaking off the anger.

Nick
Oh. Okay. Well, "some of us" gave up our jobs and now spend our time here or lost in a creepy storage unit for hours sorting through a lifetime and packing up for some of our mom's looming deaths. Sorry if you feel "put upon."

Brian
I'm feeling like coffee would help.

There's a knock at the door. Well, four sharp knocks. If you're familiar with Japanese superstitions, you might think death is at the door. If you're not, it's just annoyingly persistent.

Brian crashes down into a chair and picks up a magazine.

Nick
If I'm making the coffee, you can get the door.

Brian
I'm not wearing clothes.

Nick
When the fuck did you get bashful?

Brian
We both know who it is and I'm not interested.

Nick

She's just being neighborly.

Brian

She's at the door all the time. And she's visiting your mom all the time. I see her at the hospital every day. She's always everywhere. And she wants to fuck you.

Nick

That's just in your head and she can probably hear you.

Four knocks again.

Brian

Well you can talk about it at one of your cute little lunches.

Nick

She's a good listener.

Brian

\$20 says she opens with, "I heard shouting..."

Nick

Fine.

Brian

Shouting, \$20.

Nick

I said fine. Stop trying to bet me when I already took the bet.

Four knocks again. It's not more intense. It's almost infuriatingly exactly the same every time. Brian grunts and loudly whispers...

Brian

Ugh, even her knock drives me crazy.

END

Nick opens the door to reveal Olive. Smiling. A tight smile, but it's unclear if Olive has an easy smile. She has the wrapped up book under one arm.

Nick

Hi, Olive. How are you?

Olive

I'm so sorry to bother you, but I heard yelling?