

**INT. RESTAURANT - DAY 62**

**George and Ira are eating.**

**IRA Well, I got a few good offers, but honestly I don't know how much each car is worth, and they keep on wanting to buy all of them.**

**GEORGE Stop making it a big deal. Don't get a stomach-ache over it. Just sell them. Give it to a charity. Move on. I just want to be happy about giving something away, you know?**

**IRA Okay. So, there's something I've really been wanting to tell you, George.**

**GEORGE Uh oh.**

**IRA Yeah. I feel as though you need to tell someone other than me about your condition.**

**GEORGE I don't want to do that.**

**IRA George, people care about you. You have to let them be there for you.**

**GEORGE I tell somebody and then it's gonna change and you can't get it back.**

**IRA Everything's already changed, George. And the truth is, soon you're going to start getting very sick and you are going to want someone other than me there. I mean have you even told your parents yet?**

**GEORGE My parents are in their mid-70's. They would drop dead if they heard about this.**

**IRA Friends? You must want to tell your friends.**

**GEORGE I don't really have any friends. I have people I shoot the shit with and fuck around with. But there's nobody I'm really close with. I got showbiz friends. Andy Dick isn't a friend, he's just a guy you know. You're my closest friend and I don't even like you.**

**IRA (welling up) You have to tell someone other than me, man. I can't be the only one who knows. I've never dealt with anything like this. All my grandparents are alive.**

**GEORGE Listen, this is not your job to cry. Your job is to not cry.**

**IRA I'm just trying to talk to you, manto-man, George**

**GEORGE As a man, you are crying right now.**

**IRA I'm not crying.**

**GEORGE** People are going to think we just broke up or something, Ira. Stop doing what you're doing.

**IRA** (tears streaming down his face) Okay, I'll stop.

**GEORGE** You're causing a scene. You're making crazy faces now, Ira. Open your eyes. Stop crying. You look like the Incredible Hulk. You're spitting on my shrimp, Ira. Ira wipes the tears from his face. He ends up with snot all over his hands.

**IRA** (crying) I'm sorry.

**GEORGE** Come on, wipe it off. Jesus Christ.

**IRA** (tears coming down) I've got to stop.

**GEORGE** This is the worst. Why didn't I just get hit by a fucking foul ball? You ruined The Palm, you fucking ass. This could have been the best meal ever.