

Freddie: We're in showbiz, darling! Desperately clinging to our bygone youth is part of the job description.

Robert: Not one I read. I thought the main focus was making films.

Freddie: Well, yes. Speaking of which, how *is* my film coming Robert? The studio is very keen to see a rough cut.

Robert: They'll see a rough cut when I've got a rough cut.

Freddie: You've been in post for six months Robert.

Robert: Would you rather a rushed product?

Freddie: I'd like a product full stop.

Robert: As soon as it's ready, you'll be the first to see it.

Freddie: Good to know.

*Beat. Robert watches Freddie with narrowed eyes. Freddie takes a long drink of wine, then puts down his glass.*

Freddie: The thing is-

Robert: I fucking *knew* it!

Freddie: Fucking knew what?

Robert: This is about the cancer kid!

*Beat.*

Freddie: What cancer kid?

Robert: Don't play fucking stupid with me Freddie.

*Beat.*

Freddie: First and foremost, it is incredibly disrespectful to call him 'the cancer kid' -

Robert: I feel like respect is the least of his problems.

Freddie: Well, respect might help him *deal* with his problems. As in, if we were to respect his wishes enough to let him see *Blade of Light* Part Four.

*Beat.*

Robert: What the fuck does respect have to do with that? Letting him see the film is about pity, not respect.

Freddie: Don't you have any pity for the poor kid Robert?

Robert: No Freddie. See, I *respect* people enough to know that nobody likes being pitied. I've made my mind up on this; nobody sees the film until it's finished. It's as simple as that.

*Beat.*

Freddie: Alright then.

Robert: Glad that's sorted.

*They both drink.*

Freddie: Just...

Robert: What?

Freddie: Well, I mean... is it your call to make?

*Silence.*

Robert: Excuse me?

Freddie: Just asking. Is it your call, who sees the film?

Robert: It's my film.

Freddie: Fund it yourself, did you?

*Beat.*

Freddie: Really Robert, if we're going to be technical about it, it's the studio's film. Seeing as they paid for it.

Robert: I made it!

Freddie: Yes, and you were paid handsomely for your trouble. Enough to retire on.

*Silence.*

Robert: You know how it works Freddie. I get final cut. That's the deal.

Freddie: Yes, I agree completely. But there's a big difference between final cut and rough cut.

Robert: And you'll see the rough cut when-

Freddie: This isn't about us seeing a rough cut. This is about that poor, dying child seeing it.

*Beat.*

Robert: Freddie, you know why they call it a *rough cut*? Because it's not ready to be seen by audiences yet. Our job as filmmakers is to provide a quality product to the people who come and see the film. That's why the rough cut stays with us.

Freddie: Under normal circumstances I would be inclined to agree with you. But not all of our audience members have a use-by date Robert. So just this once, we're going to fudge the rules a little.