

No, Malcolm. *No* Malcolm. You listen to *me* this time. I have been there for you time and time and time again, Malcolm, and just *once*, just this one time I need you to listen, and you give me the same old crap.

Yes, I *have*. I have *always* been there. When you came out, I was the first person you told – no, Joseph doesn't count, he was there, you didn't have to *tell* him anything – so I really was the first. I'm the one who got your panicked phone call in the middle of the night, and even though I had an 8:30 Anth class that morning, I stayed up with you polishing off a 40 ounce of gin while telling you it was OK, you weren't any different, I still loved you, we'd still be the same. And I told you about me too then, *if* you remember.

I'm the one who helped you come out. Remember your first MUN GALA meeting? I practically had to push you through the door, you were scared and wuzzing out. But we went in and you met Roger, your first love. And for the next year whenever we hung out it was Roger Roger Roger. And after he dumped you for Jack, it was stupid Roger stupid Roger stupid Roger.

And I was there when you finally told your parents. Your father freaked out and you freaked out and you ran off out of the house, leaving me there with complete strangers. So I sat your mom and dad down and made tea and talked until everyone was calm. I told them all the usual stuff about how it wasn't anything they did or didn't do, it was just the way you were, you didn't choose it, you weren't doing it to spite them, and someday you'd find that special person to love and they'd love him too because of how happy he'd make you. Then when you were finally done with your hissy fit and came back, it was hugs and tears all around. I felt like I could convince the Pope to perform your wedding.

Yes, I have to bring up ancient history, I have to remind you about *everything*, because you seem to have forgotten. Because you *forgot* that I told you I'm bisexual. You forget it every time I

have a girlfriend. --*Oh, she's finally admitting she's a lesbian*, you think. And every boyfriend, you think I'm just deluding myself until I'm ready to come out. And now that I'm truly upset, because my lousy little husband who I *love* tells me he's leaving me for some young tart, I stupidly thought I'd come to my best friend for some comfort, but you *tell* me that I've just been lying to myself and my feelings for my husband who I've been with for five years mean *nothing*, unlike you and whatever little trick you've been doing who you only met, what, two nights ago?

Well, to hell with you, Malcolm Easter. I have *always* accepted you as you are, *always* helped you, *always* been there for you, but when it comes to *me*, and who *I* am, *I'm* supposed to be who *you* damn well say I am.

But my feelings are real, and right now, dammit, I hurt. So are you going to be my best friend and listen while I shred my idiot husband, or am I going to say goodbye forever and find a new best friend?

Well, Malcolm? What's it going to be? It's your choice.