GOODBYE - LESLIE

Leave her alone. It has nothing to do with the clothes. She's not a drag queen. She's a woman.

BRIDGET

Junior is Junior. He was born to be Junior. You can't slap lipstick on him and expect him to be a woman.

START

LESLIE

I'm writing this while I'm blue so, sweetie, forgive me if I'm maudlin. I don't want to die. And I sure as shit don't want to die noble. They are giving me sucky odds so I'll leave this tucked next to the bed where I know you'll find it. Okay, so if you found this I'll assume it all went south. First to the practical. There is a blue book in the kitchen. Third drawer from the right, filled with wooden spoons and spatulas. The book is all the way in the back. It holds the account numbers and the passwords to my accounts. There is a small 401K with enough money to cremate me and throw a bit of a party. Roscoe is terrible with money. Help him navigate a little. He'll be lost. I know you'll be sad right now but, hey, make it a good party. You won't want to invite Bridget. Don't be mean. She's going to have a lot more regret than you so you have to forgive her a little. Trust me, I won't be feeling the sting of her sanctimonious tongue any more. You can afford to be kind. Arty is going to honor our agreement. He'll give you a little money to hold onto the company name but unless you've become a CPA without telling me it's not worth very much. I don't have expensive houses or artwork or jewelry. I do, however, have a pair of Jimmy Choo heels and I want to be cremated with them. I don't know what comes after but if there is a heaven I want to be wearing some kick ass shoes.

END

TEDDY

She didn't ask for anything fancy, except the shoes. She didn't want a dress. Jeans and her favorite sweater. The blue one.

BRIDGET

He's not going to heaven wearing jeans. He can wear the suit. It's blue. It's a compromise.

TEDDY

That's not a compromise.

BRIDGET

Yes, it is.