



PHOTO BY TOM BIANCHI

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**"My acting career has nothing to do with my sexuality. I don't want to be a role model. I don't want to be the Shirley Temple of the gay world."**

—Actor Rupert Everett to *Playboy* magazine, January 2000 issue

# The Rupert Report

BY CHRISTOPHER D. CUTTONE

**B**ienvenidos a Miami! There are not, I think, words more beautiful to a Portlander in winter. Except perhaps, "Do you want to fly to Miami Beach for a film screening, stay in a fabulous hotel and interview a movie star?"

Does it matter who is the star in question? Perhaps, if it were someone truly awful—like Jennifer Love Hewitt or Charlie Sheen. But tell me it's the utterly delectable and openly gay Rupert Everett, and that he's starring in *The Next Best Thing* with none other than Madonna, and you can add a few exclamation points to my answer!

**Star of *The Next Best Thing* gives good interview, but *Just Out's* man on the scene fails to mount Everett**

So, of course, off I went to the gay mecca of Miami Beach full of excitement and some naive expectations. Being a press junket virgin, I thought it would all be too terribly glamorous for words. The weather was balmy, I enjoyed the film, and Mr. Everett was positively charming—but no matter how much it seemed like a free vacation, it was a business trip.

My first clue should have been that, in addition to packing clothes appropriate for any contingency (including a whirlwind romance

with a certain sexy movie star), I had to do research. I found out that Everett has written two novels and has been in a host of films, including *An Ideal Husband*, *Inspector Gadget* and *My Best Friend's Wedding*. I read two recent interviews with the 40-year-old actor: his June 1999 tell-all in *Us* magazine and the less-ironic-than-it-sounds *Playboy* interview from January 2000. I also learned that John Schlesinger, director of *The Next Best Thing*, is a gay man whose credits include *Midnight Cowboy* and *Marathon Man*.

The hotel was, in fact, the most luxurious hotel at which I have ever been—or am likely ever to be—a guest. A bit austere, but so overwhelmingly well-appointed that I had no choice but to spend a few moments on the toilet as soon as the bellhop left me alone.

Young, gay and single in Miami Beach at 11 p.m. on a Saturday night, I nevertheless went directly to bed so as to be at my best for the next day's screening and meet-the-star cocktail reception. Room service breakfast in bed notwithstanding, I intended to wield my ruthless journalistic objectivity in reviewing the film and felt that a night on the town, however exciting, would be poor preparation.

The open-bar reception was at Liquid, apparently Miami Beach's hippest gay nightclub—if only for the moment—which is oddly located above a Payless ShoeSource and is decorated even more strangely, as if it were part cave and part sci-fi horror movie set. The event was a chance for me and my fellow members of the press—22 of us in all, the chosen elite representatives of the country's best

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