

PANCHO MANSFIELD
SR. VP ORIG. PROGRAM.
SHOWTIME

queer as folk

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FADE IN:

1 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

1

We open hard, cold and fast, thrown headlong onto the floor of BABYLON, a gay dance club. Throbbing music. Flashing lights. Video screens projecting images of what appears to be a thousand hot, sweaty, shirtless young studs moving rhythmically, seductively, body-to-body, crotch-to-crotch. Half the place is on Ecstasy, Special K, crystal meth. If you don't see guys' hands, you can figure out where they are. This isn't social dancing. As we PUSH our way through a never-ending crush of men, a cheerfully boyish VOICE tells us:

MICHAEL (V.O.)

The thing you need to know is, it's all about sex. It's true! In fact, they say men think about sex every 28 seconds. Of course, that's straight men. With gay men, it's every nine. You can be at the supermarket or the laundromat or buying a fabulous shirt when suddenly you find yourself checking out some hot guy -- hotter than the one you saw last weekend, or went home with the night before. Which explains why we're all at Babylon on a Thursday night at one o'clock in the morning, instead of home in bed. But who wants to be at home in bed -- especially alone -- when you can be here, knowing that at any minute you might see him, the most beautiful man who ever lived! That is, until tomorrow night.

*

*

We finally reach the bar, where there is literally a wall of men, shoulder to shoulder, drinking, talking, making out. The camera stops on a GORGEOUS GOD in a tanktop that clings to his perfect pecs. He takes a swig from a bottle of Bud, lazes against the bar to be admired and adored.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (cont'd)

By the way, that's me. 6-3, 48 inch chest, 17 inch biceps, 28 inch waist. A veritable god.
(a beat)
I wish.

The camera moves past the GOD to THREE GUYS packed in among the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (V.O.) (cont'd)

Okay, that's me. Michael Novotny. The semi-cute "boy-next-door" type in the middle. 29, 5-10, 160, 9 1/2 cut -- all right, so I exaggerate. But, like, who's told the truth since they invented cybersex?

EMMETT HONEYCUTT, 27, the tall, gangly, somewhat effeminate guy standing to Michael's left calls to his friends with the trace of a Southern accent:

EMMETT

When did 70's night become 80's night?

TED SCHMIDT, 32, the slightly pudgy, slightly balding, cuddly teddy bear-type standing to Michael's right calls back:

TED

I remember this song from high school. Talk about feeling ancient.

EMMETT

Speak for yourself, honey, I was a mere child.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

And those are my two buddies, Ted and Emmett.

EMMETT

Give me those divas of disco any day. Gloria Gaynor --

TED

Donna Summer --

MICHAEL

And Miss Alicia Bridges!

They pose and SING --

THE BOYS

"I love the night life, I love to boogie --!"

-- just as a shirtless BEAUTY in skin-tight, black leather pants passes them. They freeze. All heads turn in unison.

EMMETT

My God, have you ever seen anything more beautiful?

(CONTINUED)

TED

Venice. At sunset.

EMMETT

You go down the Grand Canal. I'll go down on him.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Emmett can be a little campy. Okay, a lot campy. But you've got to admit, these days it takes real guts to be a queen in a world full of commoners.

TED

(dismissing the Beauty)

The problem with perfection is its inability to recognize anything less perfect than itself. When, in fact, it's our very imperfections that constitute the essence of our humanity.

EMMETT

In other words, you hit on him and he turned you down.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Ted's this really smart guy. And he's got a really big heart. Only, nobody here's interested in the size of that organ.

TED

Why am I wasting my time staring at a bunch of over-pumped princesses with I.Q.'s smaller than their waists?
(as ANOTHER BEAUTY passes)
Jesus, look at him!

As we MOVE IN on Michael, scanning the dance floor:

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Like I said, it's all about sex. Except when you're having it. Then it's all about: "Will he stay? Will he go? How am I doing? What am I doing?"

He catches sight of a guy who has enough sexual energy to light up half of downtown Pittsburgh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGLE ON BRIAN KINNEY

Wearing a blinding white T-shirt that clings to his finely-toned torso and a pair of skin-tight jeans. His black shiny hair's moussed into a perfectly mussed just-been-fucked look and he has a band of thorns tattooed around his firmly developed but not overly pumped bicep.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (cont'd)
Unless, of course, you're Brian Kinney.
Then it's "Who-gives-a-fuck-what-you-
think? You're lucky to have me!"

Michael watches with a twinge of jealousy as Brian leaves the floor with some STUD.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
I'll get Brian.

TED
Looks like somebody already has.

CUT TO:

INT. BABYLON - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

A dark, airless corridor, dimly lit, barely visible but for the red glow from a couple of exposed light bulbs. Men in pairs, as well as in groups of three and four, line the walls, huddle together. Mouths and bodies are pressed tight. Shirts are removed. Pants are unbuttoned and unzipped, some pushed down, bare asses exposed. The air is dense with sweat and poppers. Michael makes his way through this maze of men, greets a friend who's getting pounded against the wall as if they were meeting on a street corner or at the mall:

MICHAEL
Hey, Todd, how's it goin' --?

Todd grunts back "Fine" as Michael continues to search for Brian. He finally sees him up ahead, deep kissing the stud from the dance-floor. Michael goes over to him, watches him for a beat, hesitant at first to interrupt, then --

MICHAEL (cont'd)
We need to go.

BRIAN
I'm just getting his phone number.

He plunges his tongue down the stud's throat.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

MICHAEL

What'd he do -- swallow it?

(then, with a twinge of
jealousy)

So, how long is this going to take?

As the guy drops to his knees out of frame:

BRIAN

Ten minutes, tops.

CUT TO:

3

EXT. THE BLOCK - NIGHT

3

Liberty Avenue in Pittsburgh, PA. A row of gay bars, clubs, restaurants and shops. It's as crowded at midnight as a straight business district would be at noon. Groups of guys pour out onto the street, laughing, making out. A couple of TV'S (that's transvestites, not televisions) strut their stuff, shamelessly. FOLLOW THEM past:

4

EXT. BABYLON - NIGHT

4

Where Michael, Ted and Emmett are waiting out front of the club for Brian.

EMMETT

(calling to one of the TV'S)

Bruno, love your outfit.

(to Ted)

Some people can't wear chartreuse.

*
*
*
*

TED

How much longer do we have to wait?

I've got to work in the morning.

MICHAEL

Who doesn't? He said he'd be right out.

EMMETT

Like we've all heard that before.

TED

This is some great system he's got. He gets to party, and you get to drive him home.

MICHAEL

(defensive)

It's no big deal, okay?

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

(whispering to Michael)
Don't look now, but somebody's
wat-ching!

Emmett points, not too discreetly. Michael turns, sees some
HOTTIE standing nearby, his eyes riveted on him. Michael
turns back, shrugs:

MICHAEL

Oh, him. He's been cruising me all
night.

EMMETT

Playing hard to get? I love that in a
man!

MICHAEL

Not playing -- just not interested.

EMMETT

(eyeing the guy)
Check out that bubble butt -- and that
basket! (Enough in there for the Big
Bad Wolf.)

*
*

MICHAEL

(spinning them around)
Would you quit staring? There's more
to a guy than his cock size --
(sneaking a peek himself,
impressed)
-- or his perfectly shaped ass.

TED

Which is why you read all those comics
with the superheroes in tights -- for
the plot.

MICHAEL

Look, I told you -- I'm not interested.

TED

Well maybe just once you should be.
Let a "certain someone" know he's not
the only one who can score.

As this registers on Michael, Emmett takes another peek over
his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

Still therrr-re.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE BLOCK - NIGHT

5

Further down the block, a beautiful young blond boy (JUSTIN) hangs on the periphery of the crowd. He watches nervously, fascinated, longing to be part of the scene, but afraid to take the plunge. Finally, he begins to walk the street, eyes down. Someone bumps into him, frightens him. Loud laughter he thinks is meant for him scares him even more. It's as if everyone knows he's this inexperienced kid who doesn't belong there. He lights a cigarette, hand trembling, works up enough nerve to speak to someone -- A MIDDLE-AGED GUY.

JUSTIN

'Scuse me -- uh, could you tell me -- like, where's a good place to go?

The guy sizes him up:

MIDDLE-AGED GUY

Depends what you're looking for. You want twinkies, you go to BoyToy. You want leather, you go to The Meathook. You want snotty, conceited assholes who think they're better than anyone else, try Pistol. But it's kind of late to be out, isn't it? Especially on a school night. Why don't you come with me?

*

He puts his hand on Justin's shoulder. Justin backs away.

JUSTIN

No, thanks --

The guy laughs:

MIDDLE-AGED GUY

Go home to your mommy.

Justin retreats to the other side of the street, leans on a car, feeling safer now at a distance, but defeated by his first attempt to enter the Forbidden World.

6 EXT. BABYLON - NIGHT

6

Brian emerges. Tense, wired, his eyes scan the street like radar. He joins Michael and the others.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

That was quick.

TED

When you've had as much practice as
he's had --

BRIAN

I got bored.

EMMETT

I know. Getting your dick sucked can
be sooo tedious.

MICHAEL

(a jealous twinge)

He looked pretty hot to me.

Brian teases him:

BRIAN

Anybody looks hot to you.

Brian, Michael and Emmett are about to get into Brian's black Jeep when Brian notices a young blond boy leaning against a car on the other side of the street. It's Justin. For a second, they make eye contact, but Justin nervously looks away. Brian smiles that killer smile knowing his night isn't over. Justin looks back, almost defiantly, meets Brian's look, holds it. Michael glances at Brian. He, too, knows exactly what's going to happen.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

And that's when it happened. When he
came along --

Brian starts across the street.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Hey! Where're you going?

Brian doesn't answer, struts right up to the kid, bold, in his face. Grins that sexy grin.

BRIAN

How's it goin'? Had a busy night?

Justin shrugs, trying desperately to appear casual.

JUSTIN

Just -- uh -- checking out the bars.
You know, BoyToy, The Meathook --

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

(amused)

The Meathook? Really. So, you're into leather?

JUSTIN

Oh, sure --

BRIAN

Where're you headed?

JUSTIN

No place special.

BRIAN

I can change that.

As the two lock glances in almost an unspoken dare as to who'll blink first:

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Brian jumps in behind the wheel of his Jeep. Justin hops in the passenger seat beside him. Michael and Emmett have been unceremoniously deposited on the street beside Ted.

EMMETT

Hey! What about us?

BRIAN

You can get a ride with Ted.

TED

Thanks a lot --

Brian screeches off, leaving the three of them.

MICHAEL

Asshole!

Emmett gathers his "wrap" around him in a gesture he's seen Bette or Joan do countless times when abandoned by a heartless lover. He glances over his shoulder. The Hottie who's been cruising Michael is still standing there.

EMMETT

Well, if it isn't Miss Riding Hood and her big basket.

Michael's in no mood for this. He turns to the guy, yells:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Find someone else to stalk! I'm not
interested! Go home!

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

An expensive, high-tech loft in a gentrified section of
downtown Pittsburgh, not far from Liberty Avenue. Sleek,
spare, sexy.

Brian strides in, tosses his jacket aside in that casual,
indifferent way no one ever does in real life. It impresses
the shit out of Justin, which of course, it's meant to do.
He stands there in awe, taking in the surroundings. For a
moment, he almost forgets that he's scared to death. Then he
remembers.

BRIAN

You coming in?

JUSTIN

Huh? Oh. Yeah.

BRIAN

And close the door.

JUSTIN

Right.

Justin goes to the door. He could run, right now. He
considers it. But then he pushes the door shut. Brian goes
to his immaculate stainless steel kitchen with the Subzero
refrigerator, the Viking double ovens, the Cuisinart skillets
and utensils, all never used. He opens the fridge -- empty
except for beer and bottled water -- takes out a bottle of
Evian, pours it over his head, then gulps the rest. Justin
stands watching, nervously.

JUSTIN (cont'd)

This is a really nice place. I like
your kitchen --

Brian doesn't respond, walks right by him toward the bedroom,
pulling off his shirt, his boots.

BRIAN

You like Special K?

Justin shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

It's okay. I like Cheerios better.

Brian pauses, gives him a look back over his shoulder. Could he possibly be that naive?

BRIAN

I don't mean the kind you eat with bananas.

(taking out a packet of powder)

My disco-pharmacologist makes it up for me.

JUSTIN

I'm allergic to a lot of drugs. The doctor gave me penicillin once, it nearly killed me. And Tylenol --

BRIAN

Nobody's allergic to Tylenol. Tylenol's what they give you when you're allergic to everything else.

JUSTIN

Oh. Well -- Codeine. Codeine's the worst! Like, I get diarrhea and start vomiting uncontrollably at the same time.

BRIAN

We'll make sure to keep that one on the top shelf out of reach.

He tosses the packet aside, pulls off his jeans, stands there stark naked. Justin just stands there, staring:

BRIAN (cont'd)

Well, are you coming or going? Or coming then going? Or coming and staying?

Justin's terrified -- but the sight of this beautiful man standing in front of him in pale seductive shadow has made his mouth go dry and given him a hard-on. He takes off his jacket, tossing it aside the way he saw Brian do, goes over to Brian. Brian reaches out, puts his hands between Justin's legs, feels his erection, rubs it through his jeans, making it even harder. Then he takes it out. Justin's mouth drops open. It's the first time a man has ever held him. He could shoot right now. Then Brian grabs him, pulls him to him, licks up his neck, puts his tongue in Justin's mouth. Justin gives in to his control. Brian could do anything he wants to him.

(CONTINUED)

At first Justin is uncertain what to do, where to put his hands. Then, instinct takes over. He puts his arms around Brian, holds him tight, returns his kiss with full force. It's as if he always knew what to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/INT. TED'S CAR - NIGHT

As Ted drives Michael and Emmett home.

TED
Fucking Brian --

MICHAEL
So he saw somebody cute.

TED
He's always seeing somebody cute. And you're always making excuses for him.

MICHAEL
What are best friends for?

TED
His best friend is his dick. Lucky for you I drove tonight or you'd be hitching a ride.

EMMETT
I bet you could meet some hot men that way!

MICHAEL
Didn't your mother ever warn you not to get into cars with strange men?

EMMETT
You mean like now? Imagine being stranded on a deserted highway when this big, burly trucker in a 19-wheeler --

TED
That's an 18-wheeler --

EMMETT
I was counting the spare, comes along. He sees you standing there --

TED
-- yells "faggot!", presses the pedal to the metal and mows you down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Emmett proceeds, undeterred.

EMMETT

Or, he picks you up and you fuck all
the way to Abilene.

TED

That is a fantasy. We can't even get
picked up in a bar.

Ted pulls over, stops in front of:

10 EXT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

10

It's obvious the gentry has yet to discover this part of
Pittsburgh. It's more working class, blue collar, than
Brian's trendy neighborhood. As Michael and Emmett get out
of the car:

MICHAEL

Thanks for the lift --

TED

See ya!

Ted pulls away. Michael and Emmett cross the street toward
the building, as Emmett lets out a shriek:

EMMETT

Ohmigod, look!

IT'S THE HOTTIE

from the club who was eyeing Michael, waiting on the corner
by his car.

EMMETT (cont'd)

He must've followed us.

MICHAEL

Christ. Just what I need.

EMMETT

What we all need.

He starts inside, but Emmett stops him.

EMMETT (cont'd)

Hey, when's the last time you got laid?

MICHAEL

Um --

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

My point exactly. If you can't
remember, then it's time.

Michael halfheartedly looks over, checks him out.

EMMETT (cont'd)

(going into mother mode)

Now, where are your manners? Go invite
the gentleman in. *

Emmett goes into the building, leaving Michael standing
there. Michael finally turns to the Hottie, reluctantly
acknowledges him with a nod. The Hottie approaches.

HOTTIE

Well, it's about time. I've been
cruising you all night.

MICHAEL

I didn't notice.

HOTTIE

The fuck you didn't.

MICHAEL

(conceding)

Look, it's not that I don't think
you're attractive or anything, it's
just that I'm really, really tired and
I have to be at work really, really
early.

HOTTIE

I understand.

MICHAEL

That's good.

HOTTIE

And it is kind of late.

MICHAEL

Yeah --

HOTTIE

So, we'd really, really better get
started.

(CONTINUED)

As the Hottie stares Michael down:

CUT TO:

11 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

11

Brian and Justin are stretched out nude, in bed, on top of Brian's expensive duvet cover. Justin's got a hard-on. Brian teases it, strokes it slow, getting him closer.

BRIAN

Don't come yet.

JUSTIN

I'll try --

But his breathing's getting harder and faster. He suddenly grabs Brian's hand.

JUSTIN (cont'd)

Stop!

Brian releases Justin's cock -- just in time. Justin sighs, relieved.

BRIAN

So, what do you like to do?

JUSTIN

Do? I dunno. Watch TV. Play Tomb Raider --

BRIAN

I mean, in bed.

He starts stroking Justin's cock again.

JUSTIN

Oh.

(then)

This is fine.

BRIAN

Are you a top or a bottom?

Justin hasn't a clue, but he answers decisively anyway.

JUSTIN

Top.

(beat)

And bottom.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

You're versatile, then.

JUSTIN

And ambidextrous, which was really
confusing at first 'cause I could never
figure out which hand to throw with --

BRIAN

You like to rim?

JUSTIN

Oh, sure. I love it.

BRIAN

Great. Go to it!

Justin hesitates.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Well?

JUSTIN

Um -- what exactly do you mean?

Brian raises his eyes as the phone RINGS. He snatches it up
as he continues to jerk Justin off.

BRIAN

Yeah? What? My God! You're kidding!
No, of course you're not kidding, I
mean, when? When did it happen? Well,
why didn't you call me?

(a beat)

Well of course I was out! I can't
believe it! Shit!

While he's been talking, he hasn't realized he's been pulling
Justin's dick harder and faster. Justin's been trying
desperately to hold back -- but he can't any longer. He
shoots!

JUSTIN

Aaaaah!

It goes flying over his shoulder, all over the duvet.

BRIAN

Jesus Christ! I told you not to --!

JUSTIN

(embarrassed, upset)
~~I tried~~, I couldn't help it --

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED: (2)

11

BRIAN

(shaking it off his hand,
annoyed)

All over my new duvet -- thank you very
much.

(into the phone)

Just some kid --

JUSTIN

It'll wash out, won't it? I mean, you
should see my sheets at home --

BRIAN

What'd you say your name is?

JUSTIN

Justin.

BRIAN

Justin. Say hi to Melanie.

Brian shoves the phone at Justin as he wipes off the duvet.

JUSTIN

Uh -- hi.

BRIAN

Tell her not to go anywhere, tell her --
(taking the phone back)
I'll be right there!

He hangs up, runs to the bathroom, turns back to Justin:

BRIAN (cont'd)

Well don't just lay there -- get
dressed!

On Justin, looking totally confused:

CUT TO:

12

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

12

You'd think Tower Records and Blockbuster Video had merged
and opened a new store in an old two-bedroom apartment.
Videos and CD's line the walls up to the ceiling. The
furniture is second-hand, but clean and comfy. There's a
gigantic TV (television, not transvestite), posters of
superheroes on the wall -- Superman, Green Lantern, Flash,
Wonder Woman -- a collection of action figures and stacks and
stacks and stacks of comics. It's as if a 14-year-old boy
had decorated his dream pad.

(CONTINUED)

And for that reason, it's totally charming. Michael and Mr. Hottie stand at a distance. Michael looks nervous. Mr. Hottie looks around.

HOTTIE
(re: the wall of tapes)
You really watch all these?

MICHAEL
Actually, it's an excuse not to have to repaint.

Michael's little joke soars over Hottie's head.

HOTTIE
You said you had to get to work early.
So let's get started.

Just then, Emmett breezes through in an old plaid bathrobe, carrying a plate of cookies and a glass of milk.

EMMETT
Don't mind me. Can't go to sleep
without my milk and Oreos.

He disappears into his bedroom.

MICHAEL
My friend Emmett's staying with me temporarily since the hooker who lived down the hall from him set fire to his building two years ago.

HOTTIE
Two years is a long time to be temporary.

MICHAEL
And yet it hasn't interfered with my love-life. Which I suppose says a lot about my love-life --

HOTTIE
You mind if we skip the backstory and cut to the chase? It's almost two in the morning.

With that, he advances, abruptly takes Michael in his arms. They start to grope each other. Hottie puts his hands in Michael's pants. Michael rather mechanically puts his hands in Hottie's pants.

HOTTIE (cont'd)
You have a great ass.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Uh, yeah, you too. It's really --

Suddenly, he feels something -- pulls out a foam-rubber pad molded in the shape of an ass.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

-- firm.

HOTTIE

(off Michael's look)

It's called "The Butt". I got it in a catalog.

Michael stares at it, speechless, as the phone RINGS. He picks up the phone with his free hand.

MICHAEL

"Parts Department" --

INTERCUT WITH:

Brian's running around, pulling on his clothes.

BRIAN

Melanie called! It's happened!

MICHAEL

What? Ohmigod! When?

BRIAN

I don't know -- I had my damn cell phone off. I'm picking you up in two minutes --!

MICHAEL

Now? I've kind of got my hands full.

*

He stops, watches as Hottie pulls out some more foam-rubber, this time from the front of his pants.

HOTTIE

"The Bulge". Order both, you get a discount.

BRIAN

(hearing)

Who's that?

MICHAEL

Uh -- no one.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

(surprised)

Mikey! You've got someone there with you! I can't believe it!

MICHAEL

You should only be here.

BRIAN

Forget it. Don't let me bother you.
Fuck the shit out of him!

MICHAEL

No, wait! Pick me up! I'm ready!
Now!

He hangs up. Hottie stands before him, in his shorts.

HOTTIE

So, are we doing this or not?

MICHAEL

Look, I'm really sorry -- but a friend of mine needs me. It's an emergency.

HOTTIE

Shit! After all that?

MICHAEL

I know. But I promise we'll reschedule. No "if's", "and's" or --
(handing him back the foam-rubber)
-- "but's".

CUT TO:

14 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

14

Brian races around, pulling on his pants, his shirt, his shoes practically simultaneously. Justin watches curiously from bed.

JUSTIN

What's going on?

BRIAN

Everything!

(tossing Justin his clothes)

Come on, get up. You gotta go!

JUSTIN

Where?

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Home.

Justin looks alarmed.

JUSTIN

I can't go home now -- my parents think
I'm staying at a friend's.

Brian stops, eyes the kid with a twinge of suspicion.

BRIAN

You live with your parents?

JUSTIN

I'm still in school -- I mean, college.

BRIAN

Uh-huh. What year are you in?

JUSTIN

Junior. Sophomore. Between junior and
sophomore.

BRIAN

How old are you?

JUSTIN

21.

BRIAN

What year were you born?

JUSTIN

(doing some fast figuring)
1979.

BRIAN

Bullshit. You had to think before you
answered.

(then)

How old are you really?

JUSTIN

20 --

(off Brian's look)

19 -- 18 --

BRIAN

What is this, a missile launch?

Justin finally admits:

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

17.

Brian shakes his head in mock dismay.

BRIAN

What's with kids these days?

JUSTIN

We just wanna get laid like everybody else.

BRIAN

Have you ever been with anyone before?

JUSTIN

Sure!

(then)

Well, not exactly --

(confessing)

This is sorta my first.

BRIAN

I figured. A little young, aren't you?
I was 14 my first time.

*

JUSTIN

That's really young.

BRIAN

With my gym teacher.

JUSTIN

Bet he was some old perv!

BRIAN

That "Old Perv" was probably the same age I am now. It was after school -- in the locker room. He was taking a shower. I went back, I guess I must've forgotten something -- a book, my jockstrap -- anyway, there he was, all naked, soaping himself.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (3)

14

BRIAN (cont'd)

He saw me standing there, a big boner
under my chinos. Shit! I walked right
in with all my clothes on --

*
*
*

JUSTIN

No!

BRIAN

Got down on my knees and sucked him
off, right there.

*
*

JUSTIN

(amazed)

He let you?

BRIAN

Let me? He loved it.

JUSTIN

I bet you were scared!

Brian looks at Justin for a beat, sympathetically.

BRIAN

I guess you're always scared the first
time.

(then)

But I don't remember anymore.

Off Justin, falling in love:

CUT TO:

15 EXT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

15

Michael's waiting out front, hands stuffed in his pockets,
chilly in the late night air. Brian screeches to the curb in
his Jeep. Michael starts to climb in, spots Justin.

MICHAEL

You brought him?

BRIAN

He's got nowhere to go. Get in!

Michael's so pissed he can't even speak. He presses his lips
tight, climbs into the back of the Jeep. They screech off:

CUT TO:

16 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 16

Brian and Michael run down the hallway, Justin tagging along behind.

17 INT. HOSPITAL - LINDSAY'S ROOM - NIGHT 17

They burst in to find LINDSAY PETERSEN, 29, a handsome blonde woman, in bed surrounded by a FLOCK OF COOING LESBIANS who defensively (and, perhaps, instinctively) regard the male intruders as a threat to their female domain. Through her legion of protectors, Lindsay waves to Brian, happy he's there. The hostile throng warily parts to create a path. Brian and the guys arrive at Lindsay's bedside. We see now that she's holding a newborn infant. Sitting next to her is her lover and the other proud mother, MELANIE MARCUS, 33.

LINDSAY
(eyes glowing, smile beaming)
Say hello to your son.

BRIAN
Oh my God --!

He stands frozen on the spot. Michael gives him a nudge forward.

MICHAEL
Well, go on --

Brian approaches closer, awestruck.

BRIAN
When did it start?

MELANIE
Around seven.

LINDSAY
Six hours later, there he was.

BRIAN
I wish I'd been here.
(playfully)
How often do I get to see snatch?

*
*
*

Brian and Lindsay laugh, Melanie gives them a look.

LINDSAY
Looks just like you.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

(aside to Michael)

Why do people always say that? They
all look the same to me.

Michael rolls his eyes, ignores him.

BRIAN

Guess that makes him mine, then.

LINDSAY

Want to hold him?

MELANIE

(anxiously)

Careful, don't drop him!

BRIAN

That's just what I was planning to do.

He takes the infant in his arms with surprising tenderness,
gives him a gentle kiss. Michael takes out a camera, starts
snapping away.

LINDSAY

We've been thinking of names. Mel
wants to call him Abraham, after her
grandfather, but I like Gus.

Brian turns to Justin.

BRIAN

What do you think?

Justin, thrown by suddenly being the focus of everyone's
attention, stammers:

JUSTIN

Y-You wouldn't survive a day at school
being called Abraham. But I guess Gus
is okay.

MELANIE

Thank you very much and who the hell
are you?

BRIAN

His name's --
(forgetting)
--uh --

MICHAEL

Justin.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

(to Melanie)

You were on the phone when he shot his
load all over me.

The roomful of lesbians gags and groans.

LINDSAY

(laughing)

Brian --!

BRIAN

He can't help it -- he's only 17.

MELANIE

(to Brian)

So you and Lindsay each had an infant
tonight.

BRIAN

Only mine doesn't suck on my tits --
unless I want him to.

He looks into 'Gus' eyes.

BRIAN (cont'd)

"Gus". It's a good, butch name.

(lifting his son aloft)

Come on, Gus -- give your Dad a smile!

CUT TO:

18 EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - NIGHT

18

Brian stands at the rail looking out at the city lights,
smoking a cigarette. His mood's reflective, his expression
pensive, almost troubled. Michael stands watching -- well as
watching over -- him. He knows to give him plenty of space
when he's like this.

MICHAEL

It's disgusting, all those lesbians
fussing over him, making goo-goo talk --

BRIAN

Women do that over babies.

MICHAEL

Who's talking about the baby? I mean
Justin.

Brian takes a long, silent drag. Michael moves closer.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (cont'd)

It's weird your having a kid. I mean,
we all knew it was going to happen.
But now that it's here, it like makes
you wonder -- where we all come from.

BRIAN

I'll explain it to you some day -- when
you're old enough.

Michael joins him, stands by his side.

MICHAEL

Still, it's exciting, isn't it?

BRIAN

What, having some little, wrinkled
timeclock ticking away, reminding you
you're getting older by the minute, the
second?

MICHAEL

Keep thinking like that and you'll be
prematurely gray. Oops, I think I see
one --

He plucks a hair out of Brian's perfectly mussed head.

BRIAN

OW!

(stamping out his cigarette)
Why didn't somebody try and stop me?

MICHAEL

(raising his hand)
Hel-lo! "Somebody" did. But you had
to fall for all their bullshit
flattery.

(imitating her)

"Oh, Brian, you're so good-looking.
Oh, Brian, you're so intelligent."
"Oh, Brian, you've got such great genes
-- and I don't mean your 501's!" Now
you're stuck with a kid. For life.

BRIAN

There is always one way out --

He suddenly leaps over the safety rail, onto the ledge,
balances precariously.

BRIAN (cont'd)

I could end it all! Right now!

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

That would be dramatic. Just like E.R.
-- birth and death in the same episode.
Well, I'm switching to the Food
Channel. Now, get down!

BRIAN

You'll have to come get me --

MICHAEL

I mean it. Stop clowning --

BRIAN

-- or I'll jump!

Reluctantly, Michael climbs over the safety rail onto the
ledge. Brian grabs him in a tight, sexy embrace.

BRIAN (cont'd)

(seductively in Michael's ear)
Come on, Mikey -- let's fly! Just like
in the comics. I'm Superman! I'll
show you the world!

Michael's loving this, except for one thing:

MICHAEL

Why am I always Lois Lane?

They look at each other. They're so close now, their bodies
pressing against each other. Michael gives Brian a tender
kiss on the cheek. Suddenly, Brian feels something, rubs his
hand on Michael's crotch. *

BRIAN

My! What have we here?

(sing-songy)

Mikey's got a wood-ee! Mikey's got a
wood-ee!

MICHAEL

(embarrassed)

Do not!

Brian hops down off the rail, relishing this.

BRIAN

Do, too! I didn't know you cared.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

(following him down)

It's got nothing to do with you. It's what happens when you don't have human contact for seven months.

BRIAN

(playful)

You poor little thing!

Michael gives Brian a playful shove. As Brian continues to laugh:

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Brian bursts through the door from the roof onto the corridor -- nearly colliding with a good-looking MALE NURSE. Michael follows.

BRIAN

Oops! Sorry.

The Nurse gives him a look, keeps walking, as do Brian and Michael. Brian looks back, sees the Nurse also looking back. Brian starts to walk backward, grinning at him. Michael walking ahead, doesn't notice at first, turns to see what's going on. He spins Brian around.

MICHAEL

Honestly --

BRIAN

(like a boastful teenager)

Fucked him!

MICHAEL

You did not. You looked at him.

BRIAN

That may appear to be what happened. But we did everything.

MICHAEL

And how was he?

BRIAN

Fabulous!

(he offers Michael some Ecstasy)

Want a bump?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

BRIAN (cont'd)
(off Michael's glare)
More for me.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

He pops them.

MICHAEL

Listen. You're going to say good night to Lindsay, then you're going to go home and go to sleep, then you're going to get up and go to work for the next twenty years to support your kid!

They round the corner, to:

20 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

20

The lesbians and Justin are gathered outside Lindsay's room. One of them, ANNA, is reading Justin's palm.

ANNA

You see this line, how deep it is?
That means you're very creative.

JUSTIN

That's true! I want to be a cartoonist
-- or a computer animator.

Brian comes over, hyped up.

*

BRIAN

It's far too lesbianic here for a young
'boy. Out!
(to Michael)
I'll meet you in front.

He swings into:

21 INT. HOSPITAL - LINDSAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

21

The only ones in the room now are Lindsay and Melanie. A NURSE is about to take the baby back to the nursery, as Brian comes in.

NURSE

Sorry, sir, you'll have to come back
tomorrow. The mother needs her rest.

BRIAN

So does the father.

LINDSAY

It's okay, nurse --

Brian gives Gus a kiss.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Sweet dreams, Sonny Boy -- first night
on Earth.

As the nurse leaves with Gus:

LINDSAY

(to Melanie)

Hon, could you get me some ice? And
maybe something fizzy?

MELANIE

How about some ginger ale?

(then to Brian)

Anything for you?

BRIAN

If you see any amyl nitrate laying
around --

Melanie leaves with a pitcher and a look. Finally, just the
two of them. Brian hops into bed with Lindsay.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Alone at last!

LINDSAY

Careful --

He puts his arm around her, then:

BRIAN

Well, here we are -- Ma and Pa.

She suddenly starts to cry.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Hey --

He wipes her eyes.

LINDSAY

Don't mind me. Just feeling a little --
"vulnerable."

They laugh at the word.

BRIAN

Promise I won't tell.

LINDSAY

Who would've thought? You and me --
parents.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Pretty scary, boys and girls. Suppose
it's too late to return it?

LINDSAY

We could try.

(then)

I guess this means we're finally grown-
ups.

BRIAN

"Don't say that, Wendy! We'll never
grow up!"

Even though he's kidding around, she knows he's not. *

LINDSAY

Don't be scared. Hell, if our parents
could fuck up, so can we.

BRIAN

Listen, I don't want you to worry -- I
mean, about money. If you need
anything --

LINDSAY

We'll be all right. But thanks.

She kisses him sweetly on the cheek.

BRIAN

You know, I would've fucked you -- if I
hadn't been afraid your lover'd beat
the crap out of me.

They're both laughing.

LINDSAY

Stop --

BRIAN

I mean it. She could take out Oscar de
la Renta.

LINDSAY

You mean La Hoya.

BRIAN

Whatever.

LINDSAY

Well, you had plenty of chances.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

(playful)

And I took advantage of a few, if I recall.

LINDSAY

(a mischievous grin)

It wasn't half bad.

BRIAN

Now you tell me? You mean all these years I could've been straight?

LINDSAY

I wouldn't say that.

A beat.

BRIAN

Then I guess it's just as well.

He kisses her on the lips as Melanie returns with the pitcher.

MELANIE

Ice?

CUT TO:

22 INT. BRIAN'S JEEP - NIGHT

22

Michael's driving. Brian and Justin are in the backseat, necking. Brian giggles. He's high.

BRIAN

Tick--tick--tick!

(a beat)

Tick--tick--tick!

(another beat)

Tick--tick--tick!

Justin doesn't know what to make of it, looks at Brian, weirdly.

JUSTIN

What're you doing?

BRIAN

Repeating the first words my Sonny Boy said to me. It wasn't "Da-da". It was "Tick--tick--tick!" Smart little fucker. Can tell time already.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

(knowingly)

Brian, what did you take?

BRIAN

(singing)

"A-B-C-D- 'E'-'E'-'E'--!"

(laughing)

Just teaching my kid the alphabet!

He takes Justin's hand, guides it to his crotch, coaxes him to rub it. Justin learns fast. Brian starts to lick Justin's ear, whispers:

BRIAN (cont'd)

I'm gonna fuck you -- I'm gonna fuck you all night.

ANGLE ON REARVIEW MIRROR - MICHAEL'S P.O.V.

Michael is the reluctant audience to this backseat seduction. Brian's now whispering and giggling in Justin's ear. Justin's smiling, he's in heaven. His eyelids are half-closed, his mouth half-open. Brian leans down, puts his mouth on Justin's crotch. The car suddenly SWERVES -- sending Brian and Justin flying!

BRIAN (cont'd)

Shhhhhhhhit!

MICHAEL

(innocently)

Sorry. Didn't want to hit that doggie.

BRIAN

Fuck the doggie!

MICHAEL

(to Justin)

Okay, Boy Wonder, I'm taking you home. Where do I turn?

BRIAN

He's going with me.

MICHAEL

Oh no, he's not!

BRIAN

(to Justin)

Pop quiz! No talking, no looking at your neighbor's paper. Ready? Here's your question. Multiple choice.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (cont'd)

"Do you want to go home with me?" A-yes. B-yes. Or, C-yes. Tick-tick-tick! Time's up. Pencils down. What do you say?

MICHAEL

None of the above. He's going home.

Justin speaks up for himself.

JUSTIN

(firmly)

I'm going with him.

BRIAN

Good Boy! You get an A plus!

He pulls Justin into a deep, open-mouthed kiss, as Michael stares straight ahead, silent, his eyes on the road.

CUT TO:

23 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

23

Brain and Justin are naked on the bed. Justin is lying on his stomach. Brian kneels over him, licking his back, going lower and lower, moving with masterful precision and expertise. He spreads Justin's legs apart, lowers his head between them.

ON JUSTIN'S FACE

gasping, going wild as Brian works him over with his tongue.

BACK ON BRIAN

As his head pops up, grinning.

BRIAN

Now you know what rimming is.

As Brian's head submerges and Justin's eyes practically roll back in his head, his back arching, fingers clutching the pillow:

CUT TO:

24 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

24

Michael's like an overwound wind-up toy, circling the apartment, railing, as Emmett listens, sipping a mug of tea.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

He calls me, practically begs me to go with him -- knowing full well I'm with someone for the first time in -- I can't even remember how long!

EMMETT

Seven months, two weeks and three days.

MICHAEL

Thank you. And even though the guy may not have been all he was cracked up to be --

EMMETT

We'll let that remark pass --

MICHAEL

At least he wanted me. Me!

Michael's spring has wound down. He crashes, exhausted.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

God, I'm so horny!

EMMETT

Poor baby. But I have just the thing for you -- a new porn video.

(grabbing it off the shelf)

It all takes place in a prisoner-of-war camp.

(reading off the box)

"Hot, horny men starved for action."

MICHAEL

I can relate to that.

EMMETT

"Guaranteed to make your privates stand up and salute!"

He tosses it to Michael, who checks out the title.

MICHAEL

"Schindler's Fist"?

EMMETT

I'll leave you two alone. I know you'll have a deep, meaningful relationship.

Emmett retires to his room. Michael shoves the tape into the VCR, sinks ~~down~~ on the couch to watch.

(CONTINUED)

FROM THE TV:

DRILL SARGEANT (V.O.)

"Okay, private, drop trou and bend over!"

PRIVATE (V.O.)

"For my physical, sir?"

DRILL SARGEANT (V.O.)

"No, target practice!"

PRIVATE (V.O.)

"Yes, sir!!"

Michael rolls his eyes, rips the video out of the VCR, scans his wall of tapes, searching for something. Where is it? Where is it? AH! He finds it, grabs it, feeds it into the VCR.

CUT TO:

25 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

25

Justin is on his back, Brian is on top of him. Their hair is damp, their bodies shine with sweat as they press hard against each other. It's time. Brian reaches back, grabs Justin's legs.

BRIAN

Put your legs up over my shoulders.
That's it.

Kneeling above him, Brian now presses himself against Justin. Justin starts to tense.

JUSTIN

(breathless)

Wait -- in school -- we had -- this
lecture about safe sex --

Brian smiles, his eyes sparkling.

BRIAN

Now we're going to have a
demonstration.

He reaches over, grabs a condom off his bedstand, tears the foil with his teeth, spits it out. Gives the rubber to Justin.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (cont'd)

Put it on me -- go on -- slip it over
my dick.

Justin does as he's told. Brian leans down, kisses his
mouth, then takes a bottle of lube, squirts it on Justin's
ass.

*
*

JUSTIN

It's cold!

BRIAN

It'll heat up.

They're ready now.

JUSTIN

Just go slow, okay?

As Brian begins to penetrate Justin:

JUSTIN (cont'd)

Ahh! It hurts.
(trying to adjust)
Does it always hurt?

BRIAN

A little. But that's part of it.
(then)
Now, relax. Take a deep breath --

As he slowly starts to enter him:

BRIAN (cont'd)

Better?

Justin nods, still in some pain, but getting used to it.
Brian whispers:

BRIAN (cont'd)

I want this to be something you'll
always remember. So that no matter who
else you're with, I'll always be there.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED: (2)

25

He kisses Justin's mouth, starts to move, slowly at first, gently. Justin follows his lead. Then as their movements become freer, more forceful and they lose themselves in each other:

CUT TO:

26

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

26

It's almost dawn. We SEE and HEAR the immortal opening titles of that cult classic "Electra Woman and Dynagirl". Michael sits on the couch wrapped in a blanket, eating from a huge, mixing bowl-size bowl of Captain Crunch. On the TV is one of Michael's favorite scenes. He knows all the lines and mouths his favorite ones joyously with the actors.

SORCERER (ON TV SCREEN)

I can see you're not accustomed to being in the spotlight.

ELECTRA WOMAN (ON TV SCREEN)

Very impressive, Sorcerer -- But then, you always put on a good show.

SORCERER (ON TV SCREEN)

Very kind of you Electra Woman. But I've decided to let you two be the performers. And to that end I've prepared a very special act for you.

As he cackles his signature maniacal giggle:

DYNAGIRL (ON TV SCREEN)

Electra-WOW!

Although he's seen this tape ten jillion times, Michael reacts with the joy of a nine-year-old gay boy seeing it for the first time. He stuffs his face with more cereal. Little Mikey, happy at last.

CUT TO:

27

INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - BEDROOM - DAY

27

The next morning. CLOSE on Brian, fast asleep. Dead to the world. His mouth, part-open, making gurgly noises. Suddenly, the ALARM GOES OFF. Shrill, incessant, unrelenting. Like your mother when you haven't called her in a week. He reaches across a naked body, slaps it off, goes back to sleep. We STAY on the body. It's Justin. His eyes open, wide awake, staring in blind devotion at his god.

CUT TO:

28 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

28

Michael has fallen asleep on the couch, still wrapped up in his blanket, the cereal box and milk carton emptied. Suddenly, a loud CAR ALARM wrenches him back into the world. In a fog, he stumbles to the window, looks out:

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Holy shit!
(calling out)
HEY --!

CUT TO:

29 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - BEDROOM - DAY

29

Justin is still staring. Brian is still sleeping. Justin reaches out ever so lightly, ever so carefully, touches Brian's shoulder. Brian rolls over, faces Justin, eyes still closed, pulls him into a hug. Justin could lie here forever. Then Brian opens his eyes, finds himself eyeball to eyeball with Justin. He blinks. Then pulls back to get a more comprehensive view.

BRIAN

What the fuck are you doing here?

These are not the first words Justin was expecting to hear out of his beloved's mouth.

JUSTIN

You said I could stay.

BRIAN

Your parents. Right. They think you're at a friend's.

Then he looks past Justin, into the living room, bolts upright. The room's a mess.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Jesus Christ! What the hell happened?

Justin opens his mouth to tell him.

BRIAN (cont'd)

No, don't tell me. I was doing handstands.

JUSTIN

And juggling. You're not very good.

BRIAN

Shit! Why do I do these things?

Justin starts to answer.

BRIAN (cont'd)

I'll tell you why. It's that fucking pig Anita! She told me that was "E".

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (cont'd)

That wasn't "E". That was some shit
they made in a bathtub in Tijuana.

JUSTIN

That's why you should never take any
medication that isn't prescribed to you
by a physician or recommended by a
reliable pharmacist.

Brian looks at him, incredulously.

BRIAN

What are you -- a public service
announcement? Get dressed! I'll drive
you home.

JUSTIN

You can't.
(off his look)
Michael has the car.

BRIAN

What's he got it for?

JUSTIN

You were too high to --

BRIAN

I know what happened. I was there. I
remember everything. Perfectly.

(a beat)

What's your name again?

JUSTIN

Justin.

BRIAN

Yeah. Right.

JUSTIN

Can I take a shower?

BRIAN

Huh? Yeah. But hurry up! It's
through there -- I think.

Justin scampers off. Brian throws on a robe, drags his ass
into the living room. He sets up an overturned chair,
replaces a lamp -- miraculously unbroken -- on the desk
beside an answering machine, its red message light blinking.
He hits the "rewind" button, then pushes "play".

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE (V.O.)

Where the hell are you? I've been
trying your cell, it's turned off. If
you're there pick up! Brian --?

(after a beat)

Listen, Lindsay's water broke. - She's
having contractions. We're at the
hospital --

He clicks it off, stunned, remembering:

BRIAN

Fuck, I have a baby!
(then, glancing toward the
shower)
Two babies.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

30

Michael comes flying out of the building faster than a
speeding bullet. A couple of KIDS are adding a few finishing
touches to Brian's Jeep with a can of spray paint.

MICHAEL

You little bastards! Get the fuck away
from there!

FIRST KID

Faggot!

MICHAEL

Who're you calling a faggot?

SECOND KID

We've seen you --!

FIRST KID

Fucking queer!

They run off laughing, as Emmett comes out of the building,
cheerfully.

EMMETT

Morning!

Then he sees the Jeep. (We can't and shouldn't see what he
and Michael see.)

EMMETT (cont'd)

Oh, my Lord.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

MICHAEL
(calling after them)
Motherfuckers! I'm going to call the
cops!

EMMETT
Brian's going to have a fit. You know
how he feels about his Jeep.

MICHAEL
Well, if he cares so much about it, he
shouldn't have given it to me! He
knows what kind of neighborhood this
is.

EMMETT
I was planning to ask you for a lift.
But on second thought, I think I'll
walk. "Have a nice da-ay!"

He strolls off. Michael kicks the Jeep.

MICHAEL
Shit!

CUT TO:

31 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - BATHROOM - DAY

31

Justin's in the shower, soaping himself, when Brian comes
into the bathroom. He watches him through the steamy glass
of the shower door: an image both realistic and abstract,
seductive as well as evocative of an encounter in a boy's
locker room many years ago. Brian throws open the door, gets
in, fusing past with present.

BRIAN
Why didn't you tell me I had a kid?

JUSTIN
You said you remembered everything.

BRIAN
It all happened so fast --
(beat)
What's his name again?

JUSTIN
Gus. I'm the one who decided.

BRIAN
Right --

(CONTINUED)

Brian takes the soap, runs it sensuously over Justin's back.

JUSTIN

Did you actually fuck her?

BRIAN

Who?

JUSTIN

Lindsay.

BRIAN

You're awfully rude!

JUSTIN

Well, did you?

BRIAN

I jerked off into this cup, then they squirted it up her.

JUSTIN

(rolling his eyes)

Gross. She must really have wanted a kid.

BRIAN

Most women do.

JUSTIN

Even lesbians?

BRIAN

Lesbians are women. Sort of.

JUSTIN

My Mom says sometimes she wishes she hadn't had me.

BRIAN

That's probably because she's stuck with this annoying brat for the rest of her life. Turn around.

He starts soaping Justin's chest in slow, smooth circles.

JUSTIN

So, are you gonna raise him?

BRIAN

(laughs)

Me? No way! The munchers are.

(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

BRIAN (cont'd)

You'd be surprised, the maternal instinct that lurks beneath all that flannel. But I'll be around to supply the masculine influence so important in every young boy's life.

JUSTIN

(teasing him)

I bet Melanie could do it better than you.

Brian smacks Justin's bare bottom. Justin yelps.

BRIAN

Don't get smart, or I'll have to spank you.

JUSTIN

(daring him)

Really?

He and Brian exchange a look, water dripping down their faces. They kiss, feeling themselves growing hard against each other's stomach. Brian looks down, grins.

BRIAN

Up for one more?

As he grabs the opportunity:

CUT TO:

32 EXT. STREET - DAY

32

Michael is driving Brian's Jeep, now dressed for work -- white shirt, tie, off-the-rack sports jacket, very straight. For some reason we don't understand yet, people are pointing, laughing, honking. He takes out a pair of sunglasses, puts them on in an attempt to disguise himself, curses under his breath:

MICHAEL

Shit -- fuck --!

CUT TO:

33 EXT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

33

Michael pulls up in front of Brian's building, lays on the horn.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

MICHAEL

Bri-an!

CUT TO:

34 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - DAY

34

Michael comes in the door (he has a key), finds Brian and Justin barely dressed, still wet from the shower.

MICHAEL

(to Brian)

Christ! Didn't you get enough last night?

BRIAN

No such thing as enough. Besides, I couldn't send him off without a nourishing "hi-protein" breakfast.

Brian nuzzles Michael's neck, playfully, like Tony the Tiger:

BRIAN (cont'd)

It's grrrrrrrrrrrrr-eat!

MICHAEL

(impatiently, to Justin)

Would you come on? I don't want to be late because of you!

As Justin hurriedly finishes dressing, he sees a pair of Brian's underpants in a pile of clothes from the night before. He picks them up, reverently, like a religious artifact.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

(calling to him)

I said hurry up!

Justin quickly takes the underpants, stuffs them in his pocket.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. BRIAN'S BUILDING - DAY

35

Brian and Justin follow Michael out of the building. They stop when they see the Jeep: FAGGOT spray-painted on the side in big, bright letters.

*
*

BRIAN

Oh, that's beautiful, Mikey. Just beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

It's not my fault -- I told you about those two psychopaths from down the street.

BRIAN

A couple of 12-year-olds?

MICHAEL

They start early these days!

Justin starts to laugh.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

What're you laughing at?

Justin immediately wipes the grin off his face.

JUSTIN

Nothing.

(then)

You. You sound like my parents fighting.

Brian and Michael exchange a look of total embarrassment, as if they'd been caught with their pants down. Actually, that would embarrass them a lot less. Then:

BRIAN

(shrugging it off)

It doesn't matter anyway -- it's a company car.

(then, climbing behind the wheel)

Come on. We have to drive the child to school.

MICHAEL

In this?

BRIAN

(to Justin)

You care?

JUSTIN

(feigning cockiness, like his hero)

Fuck, no!

BRIAN

Then get in.

They climb in.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

You can't believe the looks I got driving over here -- people honking, laughing. Half of Pittsburgh now thinks I'm queer.

BRIAN

Add that to the half that already did and that accounts for just about everybody.

MICHAEL

Fuck you. You owe me twenty-seven dollars.

BRIAN

For what?

MICHAEL

On top of everything else, your tank was empty. I had to stop for gas. You should've heard the attendant. So clever. So witty. "Can I fill it up for you, sir? Want me to hold the hose? Do you need a lube job?"

Brian and Justin are cracking up.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

I can never go back to that station again.

As they screech off:

CUT TO:

36 INT. HOSPITAL - LINDSAY'S ROOM - DAY

36

Lindsay is in a terry robe toweling her hair dry. Melanie, dressed in tailored slacks and blouse, stands holding a copy of the hospital bill.

MELANIE

For what it cost for one night, we could've flown first-class to Bora Bora.

LINDSAY

(smiles)

But would that have included a baby?

Melanie joins her, starts combing her hair.

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

Possibly just a couple of mai-tais and
a native dancer.

LINDSAY

Don't worry --

MELANIE

Who, moi? It's what I do best.

LINDSAY

We'll be all right. I'll still be
collecting my teacher's pay, and you'll
be getting that nice bump from your
promotion.

MELANIE

(she hesitates)

The only bump I'll be getting is from
hitting my head against a wall.

(off Lindsay's look)

They made Tom Costellanis partner
instead of me.

LINDSAY

What? Why didn't you tell me?

MELANIE

I was afraid you might go into labor.

LINDSAY

But that's not fair! You've been at
the firm longer than he has -- you're
smarter than he is.

MELANIE

Tell me about it. Only he's got one
thing I don't.

She doesn't need to say what it is. Lindsay goes to comfort
her.

LINDSAY

It doesn't matter.

(giving her a squeeze)

We'll be all right.

MELANIE

I just want to make sure Gus -- Christ,
it sounds like a repairman! Abraham's
a scholarly name, a dignified name --

(she continues)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE (cont'd)

Anyway, I just want to make sure he's taken care of. In case, you know, something happens.

LINDSAY

Nothing's going to happen!

MELANIE

You never know.

LINDSAY

Stop catastrophizing. Anyway, there's always Brian.

MELANIE

That makes me feel a hell of a lot better.

LINDSAY

He was very sweet. He even offered to help.

MELANIE

(interested)

He said that? Really?

Just then, the nurse brings Gus in:

NURSE

Here's the boy!

MELANIE

Look at that punim!

LINDSAY

Would you hold him while I finish dressing?

The nurse puts the baby in Melanie's arms. She cradles him, a bit awkwardly, tries out his name:

MELANIE

"Gus --"

Then a sigh. As she gives him a kiss:

CUT TO:

37 EXT. JUSTIN'S SCHOOL - DAY

37

A group of STUDENTS stands out front, waiting for the bell to start class, as Brian's Jeep zoooooms up the drive. They scatter, run for their lives!

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

ANGLE ON ONE OF THE STUDENTS

DAPHNE CHANDERS, 17, off-beat pretty, not afraid to look "different", stands apart from the crowd, carrying two backpacks. The Jeep tears past her, does a 360 degree spin, practically ripping up the gravel, screeches to a stop at the front steps. Daphne's mouth drops as she recognizes who's in the backseat -- Justin. *

38 INT. JEEP - DAY

38

Justin, who earlier didn't give a shit about "that word" gives a very big shit now. He's practically hiding in the backseat, mortified.

BRIAN
(to Justin)
Here we are, Sonny Boy.

MICHAEL
(playing along)
Now, make sure you come right home afterwards.

BRIAN
And no lingering on the playground or in the boys' locker room with the gym teacher.

MICHAEL
You didn't tell him about that?

BRIAN
The most famous shower scene since "Psycho".

ONE OF THE BOYS in the crowd calls out:

WISE GUY
Hey, Justin -- want to suck me off?

BRIAN
(suddenly fierce, to the boy)
No, but I'll fuck your tight little virgin ass so hard you won't sit down for a week!

The wise guy backs up into some other kids, then runs off in terror.

MICHAEL
Can we get out of here?

(CONTINUED)

Brian opens the door for Justin. As he jumps out:

JUSTIN

When can I see you --?

BRIAN

You can see me right now.

JUSTIN

I mean later -- tonight.

BRIAN

Who knows where I'll be later tonight.

The BELL RRRRRRRINGS!

MICHAEL

(to Justin)

You'd better go.

JUSTIN

(to Brian, pleading)

Please!

*

Brian practically mesmerizes Justin with his smile.

BRIAN

I'll see you in your dreams.

Then he revs up the Jeep, roars off. Justin watches it disappear from sight -- very much like a dream. Daphne joins him, hands him his backpack.

DAPHNE

Where've you been? Your Mom called. I didn't know what to tell her -- I said you were still asleep.

JUSTIN

I just saw the face of God.

DAPHNE

Huh?

JUSTIN

His name is Brian Kinney.

CUT TO:

As Brian and Michael pull out of the school drive and into traffic.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
(relieved)
Thank God he's finally gone.

BRIAN
He almost wore me out.

MICHAEL
Someone wore you out?

BRIAN
I said "almost". I'll drop you at the store.

MICHAEL
The hell you will! And you better get this repainted before you go to the office.

BRIAN
I'm not having it repainted.

MICHAEL
What --?

BRIAN
I like it this way.

MICHAEL
Are you crazy?

Some asshole in a Honda HONKS, yells a blurred slur.

BRIAN
No, they are. Well, I say, fuck 'em!
They can write it in neon across the sky --
(yelling proudly at the top of his lungs)
FAAAGGOTTT!

*
*

He and Michael break into laughter -- it's them against the world. Then Brian turns the CD player up full blast. As they tear off down the road:

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

A HUNK

sitting on a stool in an N.D. room. He wears tight jeans and a loose tanktop, stares directly at us, grinning seductively, as if he knows we're there watching him -- which we are -- getting off on it. Under this, we HEAR a three-way (phone conversation, that is) between Michael, Emmett and Ted.

TED (O.S.)
(in ironic wonder)
Brian Kinney -- a father.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
It's true. I was there. I saw it with my own eyes.

TED (O.S.)
Talk about conceiving the inconceivable. Or is it the other way around?

The Hunk peels his shirt off, revealing a stunning torso. He runs his fingers over every contour and crevice of his rock-hard pecs and abs with the single-minded devotion of a sight-impaired rabbi reading the Talmud in braille.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Would you give the guy a break --?

EMMETT (O.S.)
He couldn't be any worse than my Daddy was.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Or mine. Not that I remember him.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL we are in:

40 INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

40

Ted sits at his desk in front of his computer, eyes fixed to the screen -- where our hunk is now exploring, with scholarly investigation, his crotch.

TED
(into phone)
So, what's next? P.T.A. parent?
Little League coach? Scoutmaster?

CUT TO:

41 INT. BIG Q MART - DAY

41 *

Michael, a nametag pinned to his jacket, walks down an aisle checking that the shelves are stocked as he talks to his friends on his cell phone. In the B.G., hideously cheerful PIPED MUSIC puts us in the mood to shop, shop, shop!

MICHAEL

(into phone)

They don't let queers in the Scouts.
They're afraid we'll induct new recruits.

CUT TO:

42 INT. TORSO - DAY

42

A men's clothes boutique on Liberty Avenue where Emmett works, catering to a gay clientele. Candy-colored Lycra shirts the size of postage stamps, spandex pants, underwear that looks more like g-strings, along with various leather treats, are on display. Emmett fluffs and folds as he talks on a cordless phone to Michael and Ted.

EMMETT

(into phone)

I only go out with men who've already enlisted. So, who's he look like?

CUT TO:

43 INT. BIG Q MART - DAY

43 *

MICHAEL

(into phone)

He's got Brian's eyes and mouth,
Lindsay's nose --

TED (O.S.)

If he's got Melanie's dick we're in big trouble.

MICHAEL

(taking out photos)

Wait'll you see the pictures I took --
he's so adorable.

(whispers)

In one, he's playing with himself!

TED (O.S.)

Who, Brian?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

No, the baby. Imagine, in the world
less than an hour and already he's
pulling his pud.

Just then, A GORGEOUS GUY in tight jeans, his basket stuffed
with purchases, comes up to Michael.

GORGEOUS GUY

Excuse me --

MICHAEL

(flustered)

Yes?

GORGEOUS GUY

Could you tell me where men's jockey
shorts are?

MICHAEL

(flustered)

Under their pants?

(then, composing himself)

I mean, Aisle Four.

GORGEOUS GUY

Thanks.

As Michael watches him go off:

CUT TO:

44 INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

44

Ted, eyes still transfixed to his computer screen, watches
the hunk start to unbutton his 501's.

TED

Well, I guess that proves the theory --
we all have dick-on-the-brain from womb
to tomb.

EMMETT (O.S.)

Speak for yourself!

TED

I am.

(then)

Yeah, go for it!

EMMETT (O.S.)

Are you watching that filthy website
again?

(CONTINUED)

TED

You can't believe this guy! He must be
at least ten inches.

At that moment, TED'S BOSS walks in. A middle-aged man who
looks as if life has been drained out of him on a slow drip.

MR. WERTSHAFTER

Ted?

Ted, startled, immediately clicks off the pornsite, speaks in
a very businesslike manner into the phone:

TED

Can I put you on hold for a moment,
please?

Then, to his boss, in the most pleasant and accommodating
manner:

TED (cont'd)

Yes, Mr. Wertshafter?

MR. WERTSHAFTER

Have you finished going over the
Gropnik returns?

TED

Yes sir, I just printed them out.

He opens a drawer, hands a file to his boss with a helpful
smile.

TED (cont'd)

Federal and State.

MR. WERTSHAFTER

Thanks.

TED

You're welcome, Mr. Wertshafter.

The boss leaves. Ted sighs with relief, picks up the
receiver.

TED (cont'd)

(into phone)

Sorry. The boss.

INTERCUT WITH MICHAEL AND EMMETT

MICHAEL

Shit! You'd better be careful.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

That's all you need -- for him to catch you on Cumquik.com.

TED

Please. The guy's so blind he's yet to figure out his wife's been boinking his business partner for the past five years. How's he going to find out about me? Catch you later --

MICHAEL/EMMETT

Later --

They all hang up. STAY ON TED. As he goes to close his desk drawer, we see a PHOTOGRAPH. It's of Michael, shirtless, smiling. As Ted looks at it and the camera MOVES IN:

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Remember that story we all read in high school -- you know the one about the prisoners chained in the cave? Plato, whoever. All they could see were shadows on a wall. So, after a while, they started thinking that was reality.
(beat)

Well, in a way, that's what Ted's like. It's been so long since he's had sex with someone he didn't download, he's forgotten all those perfect bodies and perfect faces aren't real. That no one's really there. That they're only -- shadows.

(beat)

Then again, whoever got anal warts in a chatroom?

Ted closes the drawer.

CUT TO:

45 INT. BIG Q MART - DAY

45 *

Michael stands at the end of the aisle watching the Gorgeous Guy. He's joined by ANOTHER GUY in jeans who drops some items in his basket. Then they walk off together, each one's hand in the other's back pocket. As Michael looks at them with a mixture of jealousy and longing:

MARLEY AND A CO-WORKER

*

two chubby, 40-ish co-workers in Big Q smocks, stacking shelves, are also watching.

*

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

They catch Michael's eye, point to the two guys, giggling. Marley mouths "fags" with a fey gesture. Michael nods, joins in the laugh. Sensing they're being laughed at, the two guys turn back, catch Michael in mid-laugh. They glare at him with loathing, knocking the smile off his face. He turns away with a look of embarrassment and shame. When he looks back, the two guys are gone -- their shopping cart left in the aisle.

CUT TO:

A HARD PRINT COPY OF AN AD

Life-size, if possible, of a muscular model -- wet hair, no shirt, tight jeans clinging to his hips, gripping a bottle of beer resting on his thigh. PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are in:

46

INT. AD AGENCY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

46

Cutting-edge decor. Brian, looking like a model himself in an expensively tailored suit and Armani tie, is leading a pitch to clients. He's confident, in control, vital. THE CLIENTS (three men and two women) are enthralled -- feel as if he's talking to them alone. Brian's assistant, CYNTHIA, stands ever-ready nearby.

BRIAN

The difference between our beer and theirs is that our beer says sex. Not Clydesdales. If you want to be cool, if you want to be popular, if you want to get laid -- then this is what you drink.

Brian's radar picks out one of the men -- the youngest and best-looking -- staring at the image on the screen with more than just passing interest. In fact, he can't take his eyes off it. When the guy notices Brian watching him, he looks away, nervously fingers his wedding ring. Brian smiles, knowingly -- on to him.

SENIOR CLIENT

What about the model? Are you sure he isn't too -- uh --

BRIAN

Gay?

(he smiles, turns to the women)

Ladies?

WOMAN CLIENT

I wouldn't care if he was. I'd go to bed with him, anyway.

(CONTINUED)

Laughter, as Brian turns to the CUTE CLIENT.

BRIAN

What do you think?

CUTE CLIENT

(guardedly)

I hadn't thought about it.

He tries to avert his eyes, but Brian locks him in his sites, refuses to release him. This is the game he plays better than anyone -- stalking with a smile, trapping with a stare. And no one in the room except for his assistant has a goddamn clue what's going on.

CUT TO:

47 INT. JUSTIN'S SCHOOL - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

47

Justin's getting dressed after gym class. As his other classmates run off, he lingers behind, dropping his books on purpose so he can sneak peeks of:

THE FOOTBALL TEAM

getting undressed, exposing tight butts, horsing around with each other, gloriously unaware of their strong, muscled bodies. Justin's filled with feelings of fascination and desire. Part artist studying form and motion, part young man discovering for the first time the passion that lives inside him, he stands transfixed.

48 EXT. SCHOOL - PLAYING FIELD - DAY

48

The team is now on the field -- running, tossing, tackling. Men in the making.

IN THE BLEACHERS

Justin and Daphne sit watching, eating their lunch. Outsiders in the making. One player in particular -- a boy named CHRISTIAN -- holds Justin's rapt attention, as he sketches him on a pad. Daphne rambles on, oblivious that Justin is only half-listening, burning up inside.

DAPHNE

Kimberly went out with Christian Saturday night. She says they didn't do anything because she didn't want to, but Courtney said the real reason is she got scared because Christian tried to slip her the big one --

(CONTINUED)

About to burst, Justin blurts out:

JUSTIN

I'd like to slip him the big one!

Daphne, flustered, pretends she didn't hear that, keeps on talking.

DAPHNE

But everybody knows Courtney's chasing after him, which is like so wrong --

JUSTIN

First, I'd lick him. Then I'd rim him. Then I'd fuck him!

DAPHNE

You would not! :

JUSTIN

Guess what I was doing last night?

DAPHNE

Sleeping. Same as me.

JUSTIN

I was having sex! All night! With this guy I met -- Brian Kinney. We did it 'til six in the morning!

*
*

Daphne just sits there, looking at him. Finally:

JUSTIN (cont'd)

Well? Aren't you shocked?

She struggles to hide a myriad of feelings -- hurt, disappointment and yes, shock -- behind a cool, worldly facade.

DAPHNE

Not really.

JUSTIN

Oh.

But now some of those feelings slip through.

DAPHNE

I mean, I figured you were -- you know --

(she doesn't say the word;
then, with an edge)

Even though you never told me.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

I'm telling you now.

She sits in silence for a beat, absorbing it, then:

DAPHNE

You want some of my veggie wrap?

He takes a bite.

DAPHNE (cont'd)

(curious now)

So what was it like?

As he watches the BOYS tackling, rolling on top of each other. *

JUSTIN

Well, I started out as a tight end, but
I wound up a wide receiver. *

They both burst into uncontrollable laughter as a football sails into the stands next to them. Christian runs over. Justin tosses it back to him with surprising skill. *

CHRISTIAN

Thanks --

As he runs off, barely noticing them. Worse than rejection, they don't even exist.

DAPHNE

Would you really slip him the big one?

JUSTIN

Fuck, yes!

DAPHNE

So would I. If I had something to slip him!

Laughing like lunatics, bonded forever:

CUT TO:

49 INT. AD AGENCY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

49

Brian's pitch is over. He's shaking hands with the clients, going through the motions but never taking his eyes off the Cute Client who lingers by the door. Cynthia, trusty assistant that she is, knows exactly what's going through her boss' mind.

(CONTINUED)

CYNTHIA
(in Brian's ear)
He's married.

BRIAN
Uh-huh.

CYNTHIA
With two children.

BRIAN
A family man!

The Cute Client approaches Cynthia.

CUTE CLIENT
Excuse me -- where's the men's room?

CYNTHIA
Down the hall. First left.

CUTE CLIENT
Thanks.

As he goes:

BRIAN
That's a loooong trip. He might get
lost.

CYNTHIA
I'm sure you'll show him the way.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. SCHOOL - PLAYING FIELD - DAY

50

Daphne hangs on Justin's every word.

JUSTIN
There I was on my back. And there he
was on top of me, slipping it in.

DAPHNE
It must've hurt. Didn't it hurt?

JUSTIN
At first it was like someone was
shoving a broom up there! But I told
him to go slower, and he did. Then I
stopped thinking about it when I looked
at his face.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED:

50

JUSTIN (cont'd)

His eyes were closed and his mouth was open -- in a sort of smile. Like he was in another place. A beautiful place. That place was me! And his body -- God, like his body is so amazing! -- I could see every muscle. He said he wanted to stay in me forever. And I wanted him to.

*

*

He looks over at the field -- at the boys tackling each other, Christian throwing himself on top of another kid, rolling on top of him. It's innocent play, but very sexual, heightening Justin's feelings even more.

JUSTIN (cont'd)

I can still feel him. Like he's still there. Christ, Daphne -- everybody talks about having sex. But I really did it!

*

CUT TO:

51 INT. AD AGENCY - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

51

The Cute Client is taking a leak when Brian comes in. Even though there's a whole wall of empty urinals, Brian goes right to the one next to the Cute Client, unzips.

BRIAN

I had to piss all through that pitch. Didn't think I could hold it.

CUTE CLIENT

(uncomfortably)

Your presentation was very -- impressive.

BRIAN

Think so?

Brian looks over, steals a peek. Not bad. The Cute Client pretends not to notice at first, then can't resist a peek back.

CUTE CLIENT

Um, yes, very -- impressive.

Brian smiles to himself.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

BRIAN

I'm glad you liked it -- because that's
what we're here for. To please the
client.

He looks the Cute Client directly in the eyes -- just to make
sure he got the message.

BACK TO:

52 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

52

As Justin and Daphne make their way from the playing field
back to the main building:

DAPHNE

So like what is he now -- your
boyfriend?

JUSTIN

(silly girls!)
We just met.

DAPHNE

Well, do you love him?

JUSTIN

I don't know --
(then, confessing)
Yeah. I love him.

DAPHNE

And does he love you?

JUSTIN

He said he did.

DAPHNE

When?

JUSTIN

When he was about to shoot. He was
moving really fast. Then he let out
this groan, like I'd never heard
before. And that's when he said it,
right when he was coming. He said "I
love you". Then he leaned in and
kissed me.

BACK TO:

53 OMITTED

53

54 OMITTED

54

55 INT. AD AGENCY - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

55

Brian and the Cute Client are washing their hands at the sink.

CUTE CLIENT

Well -- I, uh -- guess we'd better get back.

BRIAN

Guess so.

He's not going anywhere.

CUTE CLIENT

It's -- been a pleasure.

BRIAN

It can be even more of one.

CUTE CLIENT

Excuse me --?

Brian suddenly grabs the Cute Client, stuffs him into one of the stalls, slams the door.

56 INT. AD AGENCY - MEN'S ROOM - STALL - DAY

56

Brian and the Cute Client frantically tug at each other's clothes -- unloosening belts, pulling down pants.

BRIAN

(mutters to himself, amused)
I'm never wrong --

CUTE CLIENT

(breathless)
Huh --?

BRIAN

Nothing, buddy.

Brian starts to kiss him.

CUTE CLIENT

(stopping him)
I don't kiss.

BRIAN

Yeah, right.

(CONTINUED)

He pulls the Cute Client into a deep, open-mouthed kiss. As the guy goes wild, throws himself into Brian's arms:

CUT TO:

57 INT. BIG Q MART - DAY

57

Michael is okaying a customer's check at Marley's counter, when TRACY, 26, a fresh-faced new employee, comes over to him.

TRACY

Excuse me, Mr. Novotny --

MICHAEL

Mike --

TRACY

(with a sweet smile)

Mike. Those boxes you wanted me to move? I was wondering if -- I mean, I don't want to seem like I'm shirking or anything -- but they're kind of heavy. Could one of the guys give me a hand?

MICHAEL

No problem. I'll get someone to help you.

TRACY

Thanks. I'm over on aisle fourteen.

As she scurries off:

MARLEY

(under her breath)

Yes, Your Majesty! Somebody should tell her Princess Di is dead -- and they're not looking for a replacement.

MICHAEL

Those boxes are heavy -- and there's nothing wrong with asking for help.

(watching her go off)

Besides, she's sort of sweet.

MARLEY

You think she's sweet?

MICHAEL

Well, I mean, I don't exactly know her, but -- yeah.

(CONTINUED)

MARLEY

What about cute?

MICHAEL

Yeah, she's cute.

MARLEY

(suddenly excited)

Well, she thinks you're cute, too!

MICHAEL

(confused)

She -- does?

MARLEY

She likes you a lot. But she didn't know if you liked her, so I said I'd find out.

MICHAEL

You mean, you don't really think she's stuck up?

MARLEY

She's a doll!

(then)

You know, I never heard you say you liked a girl before.

MICHAEL

Well, I --

MARLEY

In fact, I've never heard you say anything about girls.

(flipping a limp wrist,
teasing)

You like girls, don't you?

MICHAEL

Sure!

MARLEY

So then you'll come with us tonight after work? We're taking her out for a drink.

MICHAEL

I don't know if I can --

*

MARLEY

No excuses!

(it's settled)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

MARLEY (cont'd)
Shoeless Joe's. Seven-thirty.

*

She runs her fingers through his hair, then runs off to tell Tracy. As Michael stands there, breaking out in a sweat:

CUT TO:

58 INT. RIPT (A GYM) - DAY

58

A high-tech, state-of-the-art gym filled with the latest workout equipment. Chrome, black leather, mirrors. Lots and lots of mirrors. It's lunch hour. The place is like a hutch packed with gym bunnies. Michael, Ted and Emmett are working out together.

MICHAEL
It was a trap!

EMMETT
See the number in the red shorts?

ANGLE ON A BODYBUILDER

Huge. Mammoth. A mountain of muscle.

TED
I could work out for a hundred years
and never look like him.

MICHAEL
Pretending she didn't like her to see
what I'd say --

EMMETT
Shawn Peters went home with him the
other night, thinking he was this
brutal top.

TED
And --?

MICHAEL
And I fell for it!

EMMETT
Turns out he's a big, nelly bottom.

TED
I could've told you that.

EMMETT
That is so discouraging. Are there no
real men left?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Now they expect me to meet them --

TED

(answering Emmett)

In Steroid City?

MICHAEL

(thinking Ted's talking to him)

No! In this straight bar.

(Then realizing no one's heard
a word he's said)

Hey! Is anyone here listening?

EMMETT

There's this new girl at work who's
interested in you, fat Marley tricked
you into saying you like her and now
you have to meet them after work for a
drink or they might suspect.

(to Ted)

Check out Mr. Pec-deck.

(to Michael)

So what if they do?

TED

They could fire him.

MICHAEL

Or I could end up an assistant manager
for the rest of my life.

EMMETT

And the solution is to pretend you like
pussy?

TED

Look, he's not you, okay?

EMMETT

And what's that supposed to mean?

TED

It means he's not an obvious gay man.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

(gasps)

Are you accusing me of being obvious?"

TED

If the fuck-me pump fits --

EMMETT

Well, I could be a "Real Man" if I wanted to.

(demonstrating as he speaks)

Lower my voice. Stop gesturing with my hands. Make sure my face shows no expression. Never, never use words like "fabulous" or "divine". And only talk about nailing bitches and R.B.I.'s.

A beat, then he throws up his arms in a grand gesture.

EMMETT (cont'd)

But I'd rather my flame burn bright than be a puny little pilot light!

TED

And a fabulous flame it is.

EMMETT

Thank you.

TED

But Michael's out there -- in the straight world. And believe me, it isn't easy.

(to Michael)

You do whatever you have to do.

MICHAEL

I'd better go change --

EMMETT

For your big date?

Emmett sees a sports magazine left on a StairMaster, hands it to Michael -- like a Real Man. *

EMMETT (cont'd)

Better bone up. Just in case the conversation veers away from Liza's weight problem.

CUT TO:

59 INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - JUSTIN'S ROOM - DUSK

59 *

A teenager's room in a comfortable middle class suburban house. There are all the usual accoutrements and gadgetries a high school senior would have: a computer, a CD player, skis, rollerblades. At the moment, Justin is going through his closet, searching for the Perfect Sexy Shirt. Clothes have been tossed all over the bed, the floor. Justin's mother, JENNIFER, 36, blonde, pretty, extremely capable -- she's one of those women who can drive a large S.U.V., talk on a cell phone and change lanes at 70 miles an hour, all at the same time -- watches with growing annoyance.

JENNIFER

Justin, did you hear me? I said you're not going.

JUSTIN

(nothing's going to stop him)
I'm going.

JENNIFER

You were just there last night.

JUSTIN

So what?

JENNIFER

So, I was planning to take you and your sister for pizza --

Another shirt goes flying past her head.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

You know, I expect you to clean up this mess!

Ignoring her, he continues to search.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

I don't understand why you have to spend all your time with Daphne.

JUSTIN

I told you. We're doing a science project.

JENNIFER

Whatever happened to Rob? And Kevin?

JUSTIN

Rob's a nerd and all Kevin's interested in is soccer. Talk about boring.

(CONTINUED)

Justin finally emerges with The Perfect Shirt.

JENNIFER

Out of all the beautiful clothes your father and I buy you, you have to pick something that no longer fits you, that's too tight?

JUSTIN

That's why.

He stuffs it in his backpack, grabs his jacket, heads for the door.

JENNIFER

Don't I even get a kiss goodbye?

He stops, sighs, then goes back, kisses her. There. Is she happy now? Then he runs out.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

And I expect you to call --!

But he's gone. She looks around, starts to pick up his clothes. Then she spies something. Something she knows isn't his. A pair of men's briefs. Very brief. They're the ones he stole from Brian. She picks them up -- and as she starts to figure things out:

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S JEEP - NIGHT

Brian's behind the wheel, Michael's seated beside him, frantically trying to memorize the sports magazine.

MICHAEL

(nervously)

We need a secret code word -- like Shazam -- so in case I'm in a tight spot, I can call and you'll come rescue me.

*

BRIAN

Tight spot. How about "buttplug"?

MICHAEL

"Buttplug", I should have no trouble working that into a conversation.

*

*

BRIAN

Because that's what you are, pretending you're one of them.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

I couldn't help it --

BRIAN

You could've told her the truth instead of acting like a scared little faggot. You should've just said: "I take it up the ass, sweetheart. Live with it."

MICHAEL

Right. By the way, I see you got the Jeep repainted.

Brian doesn't answer, knows Michael's called him on his bravado and put him in his place. He pulls in front of:

61 EXT. SHOELESS JOE'S - NIGHT

61 *

A sports bar and shrine to the glory days of Pittsburgh's pro-sports. Michael stares at it. Gulp.

MICHAEL

Oh, my God. This is like Breeder Central.

(then, panicked)
Buttplug! Buttplug!

Brian pushes him out of the Jeep.

BRIAN

See ya, Mikey!

He zooms off, leaving Michael standing in front of the bar clutching his sports magazine. He ditches it, heads inside.

CUT TO:

62 INT. SHOELESS JOE'S - NIGHT

62 *

Photos of pro-players, trophies, banners, jerseys cover every inch of wall space. The place is packed with men. Real men. And their women. Michael feels like an alien from Planet Queer. He makes his way across the room, finally spots a group of employees from the store -- Marley, Tracy, and a couple WORKING CLASS GUYS -- huddled in a round booth in the corner, drinking beer. Marley sees him, waves him over.

MARLEY

Where ya been? We thought you got lost!

(CONTINUED)

Michael tries to appear confident, relaxed.

MICHAEL

Some last-minute business --

MARLEY

(getting up)

Well, slide it on in!

(to the guy next to her)

Harv, move your hairy ass!

She pulls HARV out of the booth so Michael can sit next to Tracy. Michael slides in. *

MICHAEL

Thanks --

HARV

(sliding back in)

Whataya havin'?

MICHAEL

Uh, same as everybody else.

MARLEY

Good choice!

(calls to the waitress)

Bring over another pitcher!

Michael smiles at Tracy, nervous and shy. Tracy does the same.

MICHAEL

Hi --

TRACY

Hi. I'm glad you could make it.

MARLEY

I told you he'd be here, didn't I, not to worry?

TRACY

(embarrassed)

I wasn't worried --

MARLEY

Now just make sure he's not seein' anyone, before you get all lovey-dovey!

HARV

Marley, would you shut up and leave 'em alone?

(CONTINUED)

Everyone at the table laughs, including Michael and Tracy.

TRACY

(smiles)

You're not seeing anyone -- are you?

MICHAEL

Me? No!

TRACY

That's good.

(then, flustered)

I mean --

MICHAEL

I understand. No point getting involved with someone if they're already involved. So, are you --?

TRACY

Seeing anyone? No, we just broke up.

MICHAEL

Oh. Sorry --

TRACY

Don't be! He was a real doofus. Only I didn't know it at the time. There's so much you don't know at the time.

MICHAEL

Isn't that the truth?

TRACY

I mean, can you believe he didn't even know how to fix a sink?

MICHAEL

Really.

TRACY

He called me at work, saying "What should I do?" I said, "I don't care what you do. Buy some cement. Get a cork. Use chewing gum! But plug it up!"

A beat. Michael starts to laugh.

MICHAEL

But plug it up. Buttplug it up!

*

(CONTINUED)

He can't stop himself. Tracy starts to laugh, too -- only she's not exactly sure why.

CUT TO:

63 INT. HOUSE OF THE LESBIANS - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

63

A simple but tastefully decorated house near the University. Scandinavian furniture, clean simple lines. Posters of paintings by Judy Chicago, Sonia Delauney, as well as some original sculpture and pottery by Lindsay. Lots of books. It's a bit run-down but real, lived-in, not like Brian's showplace. A couple's home. Melanie is putting a crib together. Lindsay is breast-feeding Gus. Brian stands trying not to explode, despite the bombshell they've just dropped on him.

BRIAN

A million dollars!

MELANIE

That's the general idea.

BRIAN

A million fucking dollars!

*

LINDSAY

(quietly, but firmly)

Brian, please -- you'll wake the baby.

He glances at Gus, asleep, controls himself. Barely.

BRIAN

Well, the answer is no. Definitely not.

He tosses some insurance forms on the coffee table, turns to Lindsay.

MELANIE

I don't understand the problem. Lindsay told me you offered to help support him.

LINDSAY

It was very generous --

*

BRIAN

That's different than some life insurance policy!

*

*

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

It's simply in case something happens,
to you.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Like in case I'm decapitated at a railroad crossing? Or burned beyond recognition in a gas explosion? I can just imagine the grizzly deaths you've conjured up for me!

*

MELANIE

Like in case you get sick.

A long, silent beat. Brian smiles. Truth revealed always does that to him.

BRIAN

Ah. Even better.

MELANIE

Well, considering your life. When's the last time you were tested?

BRIAN

Six months ago. I was negative.

MELANIE

That's 24 weeks and 168 one-night stands.

BRIAN

I've always admired people who can multiply in their heads.

(glaring at her)

And I'm always careful.

LINDSAY

Look, this isn't for us -- it's for our son. We need to make sure he'll be provided for.

BRIAN

And all I've got to do is die!

MELANIE

Hopefully, not before you sign these papers.

As she offers them to him and he offers her a scathing look:

CUT TO:

64 INT. SHOELESS JOE'S - NIGHT

64

Good times, good company. It's like a goddamn beer commercial. Everybody's laughing. Who the hell knows at what? Michael's laughing, too. Pours himself another.

HARV

We won't be laughing come Super Bowl time and we're up against the Titans.

STAN, one of the other guys -- gloomier and one suspects a lot meaner than the others, comments:

STAN

We don't stand a chance.

MARLEY

Don't say that!

TRACY

You've got to believe, right, Mike?

MICHAEL

Like Cher!

Everybody looks at him. Michael knows he's made a dreadful blunder. Stan's eyes narrow into two suspicious slits.

STAN

You watch football?

MICHAEL

Constantly. All the time.

STAN

So, what do you think?

MICHAEL

What do I think?

His mind races through the pages of sports magazine.

*

MICHAEL (cont'd)

(faking it, magnificently)

I think -- "Due to free agency, we've lost some of our best players. Still, our defense is solid. But we need a new scheme from our offensive coordinator to move the ball."

*

Everyone's impressed. Even Stan.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

STAN

That's just what I say!

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED: (2)

64

Tracy impulsively ~~gives~~ Michael a kiss on the cheek. His cell phone BEEEPS.

~~MIKE~~ MICHAEL

(into ~~phone~~, victoriously)

Hello, ~~spot~~ fans!

*

INTERCUT WITH:

65

INT. BRIAN'S JEEP - ~~EXT~~

65

Brian's speeding down ~~the~~ street like a demon. Into his phone:

~~BRIAN~~ BRIAN

I'm coming ~~to~~ get you. ETA three minutes.

~~MIKE~~ MICHAEL

It's okay - I'm having a really good time.

(whispering)

She's really nice!

~~BRIAN~~ BRIAN

Yeah? You ~~think~~ she and her friends would be "really nice" if they knew the little ~~chance~~ you were playing? Huh? They'd ~~probably~~ tie you to a fence and bash your ~~balls~~ in.

~~MIKE~~ MICHAEL

They're ~~not~~ like that.

~~BRIAN~~ BRIAN

Not like ~~that~~. Listen to me, Mikey. Are you ~~listening~~?

~~MIKE~~ MICHAEL

Yeah, I'm ~~listening~~.

~~BRIAN~~ BRIAN

They're ~~only~~ two kinds of straight people in ~~the~~ world. The ones who hate you ~~to~~ your face and the ones who hate you ~~behind~~ your back. NOW GET THE FUCK OUT ~~OF~~ THERE! DO YOU HEAR ME? BECAUSE I ~~love~~ YOU!

CUT TO:

66 INT. WOODY'S - A BAR - NIGHT

66

It's Karaoke Friday! Brian, Michael, Ted and Emmett stand at a tall table drinking beer. On stage, in the B.G, THREE DRAG QUEENS (more like Three "Dragged-in-by-the-Cat" Queens) are doing a slightly off-key rendition of an old Motown classic.

QUEENS

(singing)

"Bay-bee, Bay-bee,
Where did our love go-o-o-o--"

BRIAN

(furious)

Those fucking cunts!

*

EMMETT

So they're not the Supremes. But you have to admit their wigs are fabulous.

BRIAN

I'm talking about the lesbians! First they want my cum, now they want me dead!! All I am to them is a gene pool with a variable annuity!

*

*

TED

It's certainly not your usual childbirth. First you have a baby, then you get fucked.

BRIAN

Not just "fucked". The most expensive "fuck" I ever had.

MICHAEL

I thought the most expensive fuck you ever had was when you paid that pornstar a thousand dollars to spend the weekend with you in Ocean City.

EMMETT

Oooo! Who was that?

BRIAN

Shut up, Michael.

MICHAEL

Better be nice or I'll go back to my straight friends.

Brian takes a swig from his long-neck.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

It's all Melanie's fault -- that mercenary muff-diver! She's always hated me because Linz and I are friends.

MICHAEL

(being catty, enjoying it)
More than "friends". You told me so yourself -- you loved her.

TED

Whoa! What's this? Brian Kinney, homo-extraordinaire, in love with a -- woman?

Brian shoots Michael a look -- thanks a lot!

BRIAN

You know how it is when you're in college. You experiment. Try anything once.

TED

So how was it?

Brian shrugs, then admits with a twinge of nostalgia:

BRIAN

If only I could've stomached pussy and she could've tolerated dick, we'd probably have been married, had a series of shabby affairs and been divorced by now.

MICHAEL

I bet the same thing would've happened to Tracy and me. In some parallel universe I'm paying alimony and child support.

EMMETT

But luckily God in his infinite wisdom saw fit to make us queers so we wouldn't have to go through all that.

TED

I feel so much better, knowing all the ostracism, discrimination and abuse is for a good reason.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Only I still have this goddamn kid on
my hands!

Michael, looking in the direction of the door, remarks:

MICHAEL

And here he comes.

*

All heads turn to see:

JUSTIN

Who's just walked in. He looks dazed, frightened, confused.
A stranger in a strange new land.

BRIAN

Shit! Just what I need -- what's-his-
name.

MICHAEL

Justin. His name's Justin. If I can
remember it and I didn't even fuck him,
why can't you?

BRIAN

Because I did?

We FOLLOW Justin over. His eyes are transfixed on Brian.
His heart is pounding. All the emotions he can barely
contain inside him burst forth in a single word:

JUSTIN

Hi.

Brian just stares at him.

JUSTIN (cont'd)

(nervous)

How -- how's your son?

BRIAN

If his mothers have their way, he'll be
the heir to a mid-sized fortune by the
time he's two.

He hands Justin a couple of bucks.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Buy yourself a cherry soda. On me.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (3)

66

He walks out of the bar. Michael quickly follows.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. WOODY'S - NIGHT

67

Michael catches up with Brian, grabs hold of him.

MICHAEL

Oh, no you don't! He's your
responsibility. Now get back in there!

Brian turns on him, angrily.

BRIAN

You know, I'm getting a little sick of
people telling me what's my
responsibility! If Lindsay and Melanie
want to have a baby, that's their
responsibility. If what's-his-name --
Justin! -- wants to go out and pick up
guys while he's still in high school,
that's his responsibility. My
responsibility is to myself. I don't
owe anybody a goddamn thing!

MICHAEL

Hey, calm down --

Brian suddenly hugs Michael, holds onto him, needing to be
held. Michael puts his arms around him.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

(tenderly)

It's okay -- it's okay.

*

A beat. Their embrace turns awkward. They part.

BRIAN

And where the fuck do people get off
thinking I'm not a nice person?

MICHAEL

Who said that?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

BRIAN

Ted, for example, thinks I'm a heartless shit.

MICHAEL

It's your appeal. Anyway, he's just jealous. And lonely.

BRIAN

I happen to be very kind, very loving.

As if to prove it, he calls out to a passing friend:

BRIAN (cont'd)

Hey, Zack! How's it goin'?

ZACK

Not bad.

BRIAN

How's Peter?

ZACK

Still dead.

He keeps walking.

BRIAN

Oh, shit -- I forgot.

MICHAEL

Well, if anyone has any doubts about how kind and loving you are, that should convince them.

CUT TO:

68 INT. WOODY'S - NIGHT

68 *

Justin is standing at the bar with Ted and Emmett looking very uncomfortable and very scared. Ted looks him over.

TED

So, Dawson, how are things down at the creek?

JUSTIN

(nearly knocking over his drink)

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

Don't mind Ted -- he suffers from an estrogen imbalance.

TED

Where'd you tell your folks you are tonight? At one of your little friend's houses working on a science project?

JUSTIN

(surprised)

Yeah. How did you know?

TED

It's amazing. Kids are still telling their parents the same old lies.

EMMETT

And parents are still believing them.

On stage, an "Aretha" has replaced "The Supremes".

EMMETT (cont'd)

Mercy, would you listen to that thing howl? She sounds like some wild-life documentary.

Justin stares at Emmett. His skin-tight clothes, his flamboyant manner. Definitely not Kansas. Or for that matter, Pittsburgh.

TED

(to Justin)

Well, if anyone gives you any trouble, just come see me. I'll make sure they leave you alone.

EMMETT

That's his specialty -- making sure guys leave him alone.

(then, to "Aretha")

All right, mating season's over!

He leaps up on stage, pushes "Aretha" aside -- but not before he grabs her wig and slaps it on his head.

EMMETT (cont'd)

Now y'all gonna hear some proper wailing!

(CONTINUED)

He takes the mike, starts warbling "Think" with true Southern soul.

EMMETT (cont'd)

(singing)

"You better think!
Think about
what you're trying to do to me.
Think, think!
Let your mind go,
Let yourself be free --"

The CROWD whoops and cheers.

INT. WOODY'S - DIFFERENT ANGLE

Michael leads Brian back into the bar.

MICHAEL

You remember the first time we came
here?

BRIAN

(facetious)

What were we -- 14?

*

MICHAEL

More like 18.

*

They watch as EIGHTEEN YEAR-OLD BRIAN and EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD
MICHAEL enter the bar. Brian, cocky and eager. Michael,
wide-eyed with terror and wonder.

*

BRIAN

I told my parents I was going to Mass.

MICHAEL

I told my Mom I was going to your
house. To do a science project.

Young Brian and Young Michael shove past them with the
impatience and impertinence of youth, head toward the bar.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Come on --

As pushes Brian towards Justin, he whispers:

MICHAEL (cont'd)

And be nice to him. He's not much
older than we were.

They join Justin and Ted as Emmett finishes his number.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

(singing)

"You need me
and I need you,
Without each other
there ain't nothin' neither can do!
Think! Think about
what you're trying to do to me.
Right now! Right now! Whooo!"

A huge burst of applause and cheers led by Ted, who stomps and whistles through his fingers. He embraces Emmett as he climbs off stage. Justin, too, is caught up in the excitement.

EMMETT (cont'd)

I may not be much of a man, but I am
one fucking fabulous black woman!

TED

Let's have another round. On me!

BRIAN

I've got a better idea. Let's move on.

MICHAEL

What's wrong with here?

BRIAN

I've had everybody here.

TED

My problem precisely.

Justin watches and listens. Knows not to say anything.
Michael teases Brian.

MICHAEL

You haven't had me.

BRIAN

(with a big grin)

Oh, yeah?

TED

What? You never told us!

Michael wasn't expecting this. Immediately regrets it.

MICHAEL

(emphatically, to Brian)

There's nothing to tell.

(CONTINUED)

Brian ignores Michael's plea.

BRIAN

We were up in his room -- couldn't have been more than fourteen, fifteen, tops. Supposed to be studying, whatever. Only we're not. We're looking at some trashy mag his Mom swiped from the beauty parlor. Anyway, there's this shot of Patrick Swayze in "Dirty Dancing". Without his shirt on.

Emmett and Ted "Ooo" and "Aaah".

TED

I remember his chest --

EMMETT

You just wanted to let your fingertips drift all over it, feel his nips get stiff --

BRIAN

So, I've got this hard-on just from looking at it and I glance over at Mikey and guess what, he's got one, too.

MICHAEL

You can stop now --

BRIAN

Twin stiffies! I reach over, start rubbing it. He's practically swooning. Then I pop it out, start stroking it, nice and slow. We're both this close. Just then, wouldn't you know, his Mom walks in -- without knocking!

JUSTIN

They always do. Did she see you?

BRIAN

I don't know how she could've missed!

MICHAEL

(giving Brian a scathing look)
Only we didn't come. So it doesn't count.

JUSTIN

"Dirty Dancing". That's a really old movie.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

What?

JUSTIN

I said, that's a really old --

BRIAN

Not that old.

JUSTIN

How old are you?

BRIAN

How old do you think?

JUSTIN

(taking a stab)

33?

BRIAN

(furious)

Fuck you!

MICHAEL

He's 29.

BRIAN

Fuck you, too! What'd you tell him for?

MICHAEL

(delighting in it)

Fair's fair.

TED

And we all know what that means. In another few months you'll be 30. Might as well be dead.

BRIAN

You ought to know -- you already are!

And with that, he walks out of the bar.

EMMETT

That's us -- just a pack of chicken hawks preying on tender nuggets.

He winks at Justin, who reacts defensively.

JUSTIN

That's not why he likes me.

(CONTINUED)

69

CONTINUED: (4)

69

As everyone cracks up. "Oh, yeah!" "Right!"

CUT TO:

70

EXT. WOODY'S - NIGHT

70

Brian in his black Jeep tears off down Liberty Avenue as Michael, Ted and Emmett come out of the bar, Justin lagging behind.

EMMETT

Anyone up for Babylon?

TED

I was thinking "BoyToy". Haven't been snubbed by a twinkie in weeks.

*

They start to go. Michael stops them.

MICHAEL

(regarding Justin)

What about him?

TED

What about him?

MICHAEL

We can't just leave him.

TED

He's not our problem.

MICHAEL

He's mine?

TED

No, Brian's your problem.

EMMETT

Let him clean up his own mess for a change.

TED

And don't waste your Friday night babysitting.

They walk off. Michael glances over at Justin, looking very young and very lost.

CUT TO:

71 INT. LIBERTY DINER - NIGHT

71

Where every clubhopper comes for a little nourishment before the next round. It's going on midnight -- and it's packed. The CHEF flips a burger, then changes a record on the turntable.

FIND MICHAEL AND JUSTIN

seated at one of the tables.

JUSTIN

(dejected)

I came all the way here just to see him. And he didn't want anything to do with me.

Michael looks at the kid for a beat, almost feeling sorry for him. But also thinking about protecting his own self-interest.

MICHAEL

Yeah, well, you've got to understand about Brian. He's not your boyfriend, okay? Brian doesn't do boyfriends.

JUSTIN

Yeah, well, you weren't there when we were doing it. You don't know the things we did -- how he kissed me! You don't know anything!

Michael knows he doesn't like hearing Justin throw this in his face, retaliates.

MICHAEL

I know this. Brian's a selfish prick. He doesn't care about anyone but himself. So if I were you, I'd forget about him.

At that moment, their WAITRESS comes over. She's 49, loud, overly familiar. Her nametag says: "Debbie". She wears rainbow stockings and a rainbow baseball cap. She has on a T-shirt that says "Out Is In". There are dozens of buttons and badges pinned to her: Rainbows, pink triangles, "Queer Nation", "Act Up", "P-FLAGG", etc.

DEBBIE

Hi, boys -- gettin' any tonight?

(then, to Justin)

I've never seen you in here before.

*

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

He's new.

DEBBIE

And cute! Every guy in the place is eyeing you, sweetheart.

MICHAEL

(annoyed)

Can we order, please?

DEBBIE

Shoot -- which probably won't be the first time tonight, am I right?

She gives him a naughty wink, and a raucous laugh. Michael rolls his eyes.

MICHAEL

I'll have the chicken-fried-steak -- no remarks -- and bring him a bacon cheeseburger.

DEBBIE

Please.

MICHAEL

Please.

DEBBIE

(to Justin)

Gotta keep your strength up, sunshine. Can't cruise all night on an empty stomach.

She pinches his cheek, then she's off to place the order. Justin laughs, shakes his head.

JUSTIN

What a freak!

MICHAEL

She takes some getting used to. But once you do, you can't help but love her.

Debbie breezes back:

DEBBIE

Your chicken-fried-steak with no remarks will be up in a flash!

(CONTINUED)

71

CONTINUED: (2)

71

MICHAEL

Thanks, Mom.

Justin watches dumbstruck as Debbie puts her arms around Michael, gives him warm hug and a big kiss which he returns. As they both flash him a smile:

CUT TO:

72 EXT. LIBERTY DINER - NIGHT

72

Michael and Justin come out onto the street.

JUSTIN

You're like so lucky.

MICHAEL

I am?

JUSTIN

That your Mom's cool about you being gay. If mine ever found out, she'd kill me.

MICHAEL

At least it gives her a sense of purpose. If it wasn't for me, she'd be playing bingo instead of organizing pride marches and passing out condoms.

(then)

You need a ride home?

JUSTIN

I borrowed my friend's car.

MICHAEL

(sarcastic)

You don't have a little Beemer of your own?

JUSTIN

I'm working on it.

MICHAEL

Just remember what I told you about Brian.

JUSTIN

If he's such a selfish prick how come you're always following him around?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

(defensively)

I don't "follow him around". We're best friends. We accept each other for who we are. No judgments, no obligations, no questions asked.

JUSTIN

You're just waiting for him to finish jerking you off.

MICHAEL

(snapping)

What --?

JUSTIN

You never got off. That's why you're still hanging around after all these years.

Michael looks at him, flushed, burning, trying to contain himself.

MICHAEL

Go on, chicken. Back to your coop!

As Justin heads off down the street, Michael calls:

MICHAEL (cont'd)

And don't go looking for him -- it'll only make things worse!

Debbie, her shift over, comes out of the diner, joins him.

DEBBIE

Ready, sweetie --?

She sees Justin walking away, Michael's expression, misreads the reason for his distress.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

He took off? Just as well.

(chummy, his confidante)

He was a li-ttle too young for you.

As Michael just glares at her:

CUT TO:

Another mother and son. Lindsay is breast-feeding Gus. Melanie is sitting in bed, making a list on a legal pad.

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

Should I invite my cousin Rita?

LINDSAY

Which one's she?

MELANIE

You know -- the one with the overbite
who never approved of us?

LINDSAY

Oh, her. Might as well. She probably
won't come anyway.
(lovingly to Gus)
That's my good boy --

Melanie watches Lindsay and the baby.

MELANIE

It's funny, I used to see these women
feeding their kids and I'd think, ugh,
what a turn-off. But watching you,
it's -- beautiful.

Lindsay glances up at her, contented, peaceful.

LINDSAY

You can't believe how connected you
feel.

MELANIE

(wistfully)
I wish I knew.

Lindsay senses the sadness in Melanie's voice. She puts Gus -
- he's sleeping now -- back in his crib, gets in bed,
snuggles close.

LINDSAY

Next time we'll feed him together. You
can give him my breast.

Melanie gently cups Lindsay's breast in her hand.

MELANIE

It's so full --

She places her lips on it, kisses it.

MELANIE (cont'd)

I guess this is all we can do for now.

Then she resumes work on the guest list.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

73

MELANIE (cont'd)

Thirty-four guests -- that's a lot.

LINDSAY

Not everyone'll show.

MELANIE

Let's hope one in particular doesn't.

CUT TO:

74 CLOSE-UP OF A COMPUTER SCREEN

74

A picture of a well-endowed naked torso is being downloaded.
The copy under it reads: "'10' Hard. Mr. Goodfuk."

CUT BACK TO:

75 INT. LINDSAY AND MELANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

75

As Lindsay and Melanie lie in bed:

LINDSAY

I hope we weren't too hard on him.

MELANIE

Who, Brian --?

She dismisses that thought.

*

LINDSAY

All that talk about the insurance. It
almost sounded like we were hoping
something might happen to him.

MELANIE

We're just being practical. He's the
father, isn't he? It only makes sense
that his son should be his beneficiary.

CUT TO:

76 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

76

We now see Brian, shirtless, sitting at the computer. He's
I.M.-ing with MR. GOODFUK, whose picture is still on the
screen. He types in a question: "Is that a true 10 inches
or is it digitally enhanced?"

CUT BACK TO:

77

INT. LINDSAY AND MELANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

77

LINDSAY

I'm just saying maybe we should've waited until he was over the initial shock.

Melanie sits up, turns on the light.

MELANIE

What shock? You're the one who gave birth. All he did was show up with his latest trick.

LINDSAY

At least he showed up.

MELANIE

Christ, it never ceases to amaze me --

LINDSAY

What?

MELANIE

The way you put up with his shit!

LINDSAY

Shhhh.

(then)

I don't put up with it --

MELANIE

Like hell.

LINDSAY

I understand it. Him.

MELANIE

That he's a bigger infant than his son?

LINDSAY

That he does exactly what he wants. No excuses. No apologies.

(beat)

I've always admired him for that.

MELANIE

Then you put up with it. I don't have to.

LINDSAY

Come on, let's go back to sleep. For an hour.

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED:

77

She turns out the light. A beat, then in the dark:

MELANIE

I'd better not invite my Aunt Ida.
He'd probably give her a heart attack.

CUT BACK TO:

78

BRIAN AT HIS COMPUTER

78

Watching as Mr. Goodfuk's answer appears on the computer screen: "It's a true 10 inches. But if you don't believe me, measure it for yourself." As Brian grins in anticipation:

BRIAN

Yes!

CUT TO:

79

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

79 *

Michael is walking his mother to his car.

*

DEBBIE

Going out cruising after you drop me off?

MICHAEL

No, I'm invited to an all-night orgy.

DEBBIE

Sounds hot!

MICHAEL

(irritably)

If you must know, I'm going back to my gay apartment, take off my gay clothes and get into my gay bed.

DEBBIE

You're in a mood.

MICHAEL

It's goddamn Brian.

DEBBIE

What'd he do this time?

MICHAEL

Never mind --

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

I wish you wouldn't let him get to you.

(beat)

But he always does. That's why I keep
hoping you'll meet somebody --

*

80 EXT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

80

Michael pulls into the driveway of a modest, attached brick house in a working class neighborhood. Debbie sees the house lit up, gets upset.

*

DEBBIE

Why're all the lights on? Something
must be wrong with Vic.

She quickly gets out of the car, runs into the house.
Michael turns off the engine, follows her.

CUT TO:

81 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

81

Debbie and Michael rush in to find VIC GRASSI, 47, seated at the kitchen table doing bills and paperwork. Vic's nice-looking for his age -- but thin and a bit ravaged.

DEBBIE

Baby, is everything all right?

VIC

Just couldn't sleep.

(to Michael)

Hey, Mikey --

MICHAEL

Uncle Vic --

DEBBIE

You in pain?

VIC

Yeah.

DEBBIE

Where? Tell me.

VIC

My wallet.

He shows her a credit card bill.

(CONTINUED)

81

CONTINUED:

81

DEBBIE

Holy shit.

MICHAEL

What is it?

DEBBIE

The MasterCard bill for that trip to Italy.

VIC

The first-class airline tickets, the Excelsior in Rome, the diamond and coral earrings I bought you in Capri -- they're all here. The problem is, so am I.

DEBBIE

Don't say that. It's a miracle you're still alive.

VIC

It's a miracle how I'm gonna pay for this.

DEBBIE

Hustle?

As they both crack up, Michael slips out of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

82

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - MICHAEL'S OLD BEDROOM - NIGHT

82

Darkness. A door opens. A CLICK. The lights go on revealing the bedroom where Michael grew up. It's been left the way it's always been. A shrine to his youth. Not much different, actually, from his present apartment. Superhero posters on the wall, superhero bedspread and matching curtains, comics, games, videos. Michael looks around for a beat, still feels comfort here. He goes over to the bulletin board. There's an old snapshot pinned there of two teenagers: Michael and Brian, their arms around each, grinning wide. Michael goes to the chest of drawers, opens the bottom drawer, excavates until he digs up an old manila envelope. He sits on the bed, opens it, pulls out a couple of old male magazines, some photos of nude, hunky guys. Finally, he finds The Holy Grail.

(CONTINUED)

A TEEN MAGAZINE FROM THE 80'S

Michael sits on one side of his bed, looking at it. VOICES
OF TEEN BRIAN AND TEEN MICHAEL speak in Michael's memory, and
he listens. *

TEEN BRIAN
Patrick Swayze's so hot!

TEEN MICHAEL
I've seen "Dirty Dancing" five times!

TEEN BRIAN
What I wouldn't give to fuck him!

TEEN MICHAEL
(embarrassed)
Don't say that, Brian.

TEEN BRIAN
You are so pathetic! First, I'd unzip
his fly. Then I'd pull out his king-
sized boner -- *

*
*

(CONTINUED)

TEEN BRIAN (cont'd)
then I'd play with it, real slow.

*

TEEN MICHAEL
(eyes closed)
Oh, yeah --

*

*

*

TEEN BRIAN
Hey, Mikey -- you've got a Woodie!

TEEN MICHAEL
Do not!

TEEN BRIAN
Do too!
(then, slyly)
Guess we'll have to take care that.

Michael, eyes closed, rubs himself, starts to softly moan.
Just then, Debbie bursts in!

*

DEBBIE
Hey, babe --

Michael, Teen Michael and Teen Brian all jump up at the same
time, startled, and quickly adjust themselves.

MICHAEL AND TEEN MICHAEL
Ma-a-! Can't you knock?

(CONTINUED)

She picks up a carton of his old clothes, long ago left behind.

DEBBIE

I forgot to tell you we're having a Yard Sale. If there's anything you don't want --

She spots the photo of Patrick Swayze:

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Don't tell me you still have a crush on him!

As Michael sighs in utter frustration:

CUT TO:

83 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

83

Grown-up Brian checks his appearance in a full-length mirror. Hotter, rougher than the cute boy in Michael's memory. The BUZZER sounds. He trots over to the intercom.

BRIAN

(into box)

Top floor. C'mon up!

He BUZZES, then checks his drug stash: pills, powders, poppers. All set to party. Then, one last look in the mirror to adjust his hair, unbutton one more button. More than pleased with what he sees, he grins:

BRIAN (cont'd)

I'd fuck you.

The DOORBELL RINGS. He counts silently to five, then throws open the door to FIND:

JUSTIN

standing there. Brian readjusts his expectations to reality. It takes a second. Then his expression hardens.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Christ! What are you doing here?

*

JUSTIN

I just want to --

*

BRIAN

You can't just drop by unannounced!

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

-- to talk.

BRIAN

About what? There's nothing to talk about.

JUSTIN

Please, I won't stay long, I promise.
I'll just -- can't I --?

BRIAN

No! Oh, shit --!

He looks past Justin, sees a GUY in a black leather vest, mid-20's, tough, piercings, tattoos, coming up the stairs. It's MR. GOODFUK.

GOODFUK

(a little breathless)
The door was about to shut, so I slipped in. Penthouse. Not bad.
(about Justin)
Who's this?

BRIAN

No one.

JUSTIN

I have to see you!

BRIAN

I'm busy.

GOODFUK

I don't mind a threesome.
(checking out Justin)
Although he's kinda young.

BRIAN

He's also kinda leaving.

JUSTIN

(arrogant, aggressive)
Who's he?

BRIAN

(formally)
Forgive me for not introducing you.
Justin, this is Mr. Goodfuk.
(trying not to crack up)
Mr. Goodfuk, may I present Justin.

(CONTINUED)

GOODFUK

The name's George.

BRIAN

Sorry. George Goodfuk.

JUSTIN

(realizing)

You don't even know him!

BRIAN

I was hoping to get to. Now, why don't you just scamper on home?

Justin, humiliated, jealous, close to tears, glares at Brian, then turns and runs down the stairs.

BRIAN (cont'd)

He's my stalker.

GOODFUK

That wasn't very kind, sending him off -
- a kid that age -- by himself, this
time of night.

BRIAN

Who are you -- "Father" Goodfuk?
(off Goodfuk's look)
Oh, all right. Make yourself
comfortable. And don't steal anything!

As he goes after Justin:

CUT TO:

84 EXT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

84

Brian comes out of his building, sees Justin leaning dejectedly against Daphne's late-model Toyota. Justin looks up, teary-eyed, sees him, turns to get in the car.

BRIAN

Hey! I just left a total stranger in
my apartment to come looking for you,
so don't you run away from me!

Justin stops, his back to him. Quickly wipes his eyes.

BRIAN (cont'd)

We need to get something straight.

JUSTIN

"~~You~~ don't do boyfriends."

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

(smiles)

Mikey's been talking to you.

Justin turns to face him, angrily:

JUSTIN

You'll fuck anyone!

(his heart breaking)

He's ugly! You don't even know him!

And I -- I really --

He can't even finish he's so upset.

BRIAN

(softly, simply, firmly)

Justin -- I've had you.

Justin looks at him as if he'd been struck.

BRIAN (cont'd)

What happened last night -- it was for fun. You wanted me and I wanted you. That's all it was.

JUSTIN

A fuck!

BRIAN

What did you think it was?

Justin is too ashamed to answer, it would be too humiliating. And he doesn't have to -- Brian already knows.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Look, I don't believe in love. I believe in fucking. It's honest, it's efficient, you get in and out with a maximum of pleasure and a minimum of bullshit. Love's just something straight people tell themselves they're in so they can get laid. Then they end up hurting each other, because it was nothing but lies to begin with.

(a beat)

Well, if that's what you want, then go find yourself a nice girl and get married.

JUSTIN

That's not what I want. I want you!

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

You can't have me. I'm too old --
(stopping himself)
I mean, you're too young for me.
You're 17. I'm 28.

JUSTIN

29.

BRIAN

(angrily)
All right! 29! All the more reason.
Now go do your homework!

Justin glares at him for a beat, then gets in the car, drives away. Brian watches him go, knowing the pain he's caused. Feeling it himself.

CUT TO:

85 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

85

Brian drags back in, finds Mr. Goodfuk waiting for him on his bed -- completely naked.

BRIAN

What the fuck are you doing?

GOODFUK

What's it look like?

BRIAN

Well, get dressed. I'm not in the mood.

GOODFUK

Hey, I gave up some good offers to come here!

BRIAN

If you hurry, you can still get your measurements taken.

Mr. Goodfuk curses under his breath, grabs his clothes, then sits on the edge of the bed pulling on his socks. Brian watches him for a beat. Not bad. A smile starts to form. Then --

BRIAN (cont'd)

What the hell --

(CONTINUED)

85

CONTINUED:

85

As he takes a flying leap onto Goodfuk:

CUT TO:

86

EXT. HOUSE OF THE LESBIANS - TO ESTABLISH - DAY

86

A sunny afternoon, brightened by the SINGING of FRED ASTAIRE.

FRED ASTAIRE (V.O.)

(singing)

"I just got an invitation
in the mail,
Your presence requested
this evening,
It's formal, with top hat,
white tie and tails -- "

87

INT. HOUSE OF THE LESBIANS - FRONT HALL/LIVING ROOM - DAY

87

Lindsay and Melanie stand at the front door greeting an eclectic (to say the least) collection of PARTY GUESTS -- primarily elderly Jews and lots and lots of lesbians. They've gotten all dolled up for the occasion -- had their hair done, put on lipstick and jewelry. Lindsay's in a loose, flowing dress (probably the only thing that'll fit her), Melanie's in a smart suit.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

About a week after their baby was born -
- thanks in part to the invaluable
contribution of Brian Kinney -- Lindsay
and Melanie had a party. They invited
a herd of their nearest and dearest
lesbians, assorted relatives and us,
the friends of the father, to their
house. It was really nice -- the smell
of bread baking and fresh flowers
everywhere you looked. Not like going
to one of my friends' places, with the
smell of dirty laundry and stacks of
porn-tapes everywhere you looked.

We SEE Lindsay and Melanie holding Gus, kissing, having their picture taken.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (cont'd)

Seeing them in their beautiful home,
with their new baby, with their arms
around each other, I wished for a
moment that I, too, could be a lesbian.
But then, I remembered I'd have to eat
pussy, so I said forget it.

(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

MICHAEL (V.O.) (cont'd)

Still, being there that day, I realized how different men and women are. And I'm not sure it's got anything to do with being gay or straight. It's that, the way I see it, women know how to love each other. And men don't.

(a beat)

At least not the ones I know.

Then, as the action FREEZES:

MICHAEL (V.O.) (cont'd)

But I'm jumping ahead. Let's go back an hour.

CUT TO:

88 INT. RIPT (A GYM) - DAY

88

Brian is doing a bench press. Concentrating intently, pushing hard, muscles pumped, drenched in sweat. He drops the weights onto the rack over his head with a loud "CLANG!", then turns to Michael, standing there, hair all moussed and in place, in a jacket and tie.

BRIAN

I told you, I'm not going to the Muncher's Brunch and that's final.

MICHAEL

But it isn't for them, it's for your son.

BRIAN

"My" son. He's only "my" son when they want "my" money.

MICHAEL

Then why punish him by not going?

BRIAN

Look, it's not like he'll know I'm not there.

MICHAEL

You can't be sure. I read someplace --

BRIAN

(sarcastic)

-- Where, in Marvel comics?

MICHAEL

-- that infants respond to things even when they're still in the womb.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (cont'd)

(authoritatively)

For instance, tension and discord affect them adversely, while playing Mozart and stuff like that'll make them super-smart.

BRIAN

How do you think listening to the sound of two dykes going down on each other for the past nine months has affected him? Christ, he'll probably grow up to be straight!

MICHAEL

All the more reason why he needs his Dad.

Brian isn't interested. He heads off to:

Now in nothing but a towel, Brian enters and is immediately engulfed in clouds of steam. Michael, still in his coat and tie, follows him in.

MICHAEL

Would you stop acting like a -- where the hell are you? -- like a child and -

-

(losing sight of him)

-- Brian?

(breaking out in a sweat)

Christ, it's like a hundred and fifty fucking degrees in here!

We MOVE through the dense fog to FIND:

BRIAN

who comes upon a sexy, young GYM BUNNY sitting in a corner, playing with himself under his towel. Brian watches, smiling, as he and the bunny make eye contact. Then Brian's hand slips under his towel. He starts stroking himself just as Michael comes up behind him.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

There you are --

Brian stops.

BRIAN

(sharp, impatient)

What?

(CONTINUED)

Michael sees what's going on.

MICHAEL

I was about to say I think you should rise to the occasion. Be bigger than they are.

(a beat)

That is, if you can take your hand and your mind off your dick long enough.

BRIAN

I've got more important things to do.

As Michael wipes sweat from his face.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Now, why don't you get out of here before your mousse melts.

MICHAEL

(pissed)

And if anyone should ask where you are?

BRIAN

Just tell them the usual. "Something came up".

Michael turns to leave. Brian tosses his wet towel, hits him in the back of the head -- SWACK! Michael doesn't even turn around, walks out. As Brian, bare-assed, turns back to the gym bunny, grins:

CUT TO:

90 INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

90

Justin sits on the couch, arms crossed. Morose. Scowling. Rageful. His mother and his 8-year-old sister, MOLLY, are putting on their coats.

JENNIFER

Why don't you come with us to the movie?

JUSTIN

(for the millionth time)

I told you I don't want to.

MOLLY

(to her mother, obnoxiously)

He told you he doesn't want to.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

We can go to the mall afterwards. I'll
get you those jeans --

JUSTIN

I don't feel like it.

MOLLY

He doesn't feel like it!

Molly jumps up on the couch, surprising her brother.

JUSTIN

Would you get the fuck away?

MOLLY

He said fuck!

JUSTIN

I'll say a lot worse if you don't leave
me alone!

JENNIFER

Molly, leave him alone.

(to Justin)

And your father and I have both asked
you please not to use those words in
front of your sister.

JUSTIN

She's not my sister, she's a bacterial
infection for which I hope one day they
find a cure.

JENNIFER

Tell you what --

(tossing him the car keys)

You drive!

JUSTIN

(tossing them back)

I don't want to drive.

He tosses the keys back.

MOLLY

He doesn't want to drive.

JENNIFER

Are you just going to sit here all day?

Justin doesn't answer.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Are you?

Justin looks at her, knows she's implying something.

JUSTIN

I don't know!

He shoots his sister a sharp look, daring her to repeat it.
She doesn't.

JENNIFER

Well, I expect you to be here when we
get back.

(no answer) .

You hear me?

(still no answer)

Come on, Moll. .

She takes Molly, leaves.

JUSTIN

(sing-songy)

"Don't I even get a kiss goodbye?"

Thankfully left alone at last, Justin picks up the remote,
zaps on the TV, channel surfs. Football. News. Shopping
Channel. The weather. He's bored shitless. Then, ON
SCREEN:

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And now, back to our feature film
presentation, "Dirty Dancing", starring
Patrick Swayze.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

Spellbound, watching the screen.

CUT TO:

91 INT. HOUSE OF THE LESBIANS - DAY

91

Bubbies and diesel dykes chat amiably, noshing on deli
delights, bagels and lox. Lindsay and Melanie circulate
through the crowd with the baby and a camcorder, recording
GUESTS.

MELANIE

Aunt Shirley, say something.

(CONTINUED)

AUNT SHIRLEY
(as seen though the camcorder)
I'm thrilled for you both.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AUNT SHIRLEY (cont'd)

And such a lucky boy to have two mothers. What's he need a father for, anyway? Your Uncle Ben was a lousy father. Never had time for his family. Always chasing women. You're better off being lesbians because, take it from me, "A stiff prick knows no conscience".

ANGLE ON MICHAEL, TED AND EMMETT

At the buffet. Dressed nice. Eating. Emmett has brought his new bleached-blond Asian boyfriend.

EMMETT

Isn't he gorgeous? His name's Katsuo.
(whispers)
Gives "Pacific Rim" a whole new meaning!

TED

Where'd you find him?

EMMETT

He found me! I was having a drink in the Lizard Lounge when he comes over, starts chattering away. Only he can't speak English and the only Japanese I know is Sony and Toyota.

MICHAEL

So how do you communicate?

EMMETT

(with a wink)
There're other ways than talking.

TED

And we all know it's not polite to speak with your mouth full.

Katsuo attempts to make himself understood. He seems a bit agitated.

KATSUO

Warui kedo -- kanega irundayo. Kako ni kitara kaneo kurerutte ittadaro.

EMMETT

It's called corned beef, sweetie. It's a Jewish delicacy.

*

MICHAEL

What do you suppose he's saying?

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

What's it matter? We're in love, love,
love!

TED

Let's ask Melanie -- she's fluent in
sushi.

ANGLE ON A MILITANT LESBIAN

as seen through Melanie's camcorder.

MILITANT LESBIAN

I have no interest in imitating the
lifestyle of the oppressive
heterosexual establishment. That
includes coupling and child-raising.
So I'm here primarily for the food.

Ted pulls Melanie over.

TED

We need you to translate.

(to Katsuo)

Talk to Melanie. Melanie speak all
Axis Powers -- German, Italian,
Japanese.

KATSUO

(to Melanie)

Kane o kurerutte ittadaro. Kane o dasu
to yakusuko sita janaika. Kane zembu
tsukkachimattayo --!

MICHAEL

He keeps saying "kane".

Melanie takes Michael aside, whispers:

MELANIE

Kane's money. He's saying that he
expects Emmett to pay him.

MICHAEL

For what?

MELANIE

He's a goddamn male prostitute!

MICHAEL

Oh, shit --

He goes back to the others. Emmett is smooching up Katsuo.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

Well?

MICHAEL

(winging it as he goes)

Kane means -- love. He loves your voice. It's like -- silent wind chimes. He loves your smile. It's like -- cherry blossoms floating on a still breeze.

*
*
*
*

Emmett stares into Katsuo's eyes, moved.

EMMETT

That's the most beautiful thing anyone's ever said to me.

Michael smiles, guiltily, as Lindsay joins them with Gus.

MICHAEL

Here he is! Can I hold him?

Michael takes Gus in his arms, adoringly, gives him a kiss.

LINDSAY

It's almost time for the ceremony.
Where's Brian?

MICHAEL

He couldn't make it. He said to tell you --

MELANIE

"Something came up." Well, I can guess what.

Lindsay shushes her as RABBI PROTESH comes over.

RABBI PROTESH

Shall we begin?

LINDSAY

This is Rabbi Protesh. He'll be doing the bris.

EMMETT

I love pot roast.

TED

That's brisket. I believe in the Jewish faith a bris is a circumcision ceremony.

(CONTINUED)

RABBI PROTESH

That's correct. First I give the boy,
child a little wine, then I say a
prayer or two, then I take my scalpel
and slice off his foreskin.

Michael looks at Ted, shocked, as Emmett passes out on the
floor.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. TAYLOR HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

92

Justin and Daphne are sharing a cigarette by the barbecue.

JUSTIN

(hanging his head)

He said that's all I was to him -- just
a fuck.

DAPHNE

That's a shitty thing to say!

JUSTIN

And that he doesn't want to see me any
more.

He looks away, lost in his despair, beyond hope.

DAPHNE

When my last boyfriend dumped me, I
didn't hang around feeling sorry for
myself. I went out and got a new one.

JUSTIN

When'd you have a boyfriend? Third
grade?

DAPHNE

Last summer.

JUSTIN

You never told me.

DAPHNE

(quoting Justin)

"I'm telling you now."

(then)

You should've seen how jealous he got!
You could do the same thing. Show
that Brian! Go back down there tonight
and pick up some hot, hunky guy.
You're not exactly a troll, you know.

(CONTINUED)

Justin considers this, then, nervously:

JUSTIN

Would you come with me?

DAPHNE

What if some lesbo tries to pick me up?
I wouldn't know what to do. Although I
like Melissa Etheridge a lot. Think
that means anything? Jesus!

CUT TO:

93 INT. HOUSE OF THE LESBIANS - DAY

93

Emmett has been helped to the couch. EVERYONE is crowded
around him.

MICHAEL

You don't think he had a heart attack
or something? Sometimes people have
weak hearts and don't even know it --

TED

He just fainted.

ARNOLD BROFSKY, 70-something, pushes his way through.

ARNOLD

Let me through -- I'm a doctor!

His wife, ESTELLE, follows.

ESTELLE

What do you know about fainting?
You're a retired podiatrist.

ARNOLD

You don't think anyone ever fainted in
my office?

ESTELLE

From a corn?

ARNOLD

(to the crowd)
Stand back, give him some room. Does
anyone have any smelling salts?

TED

How about poppers?

Michael gives him a look.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

What about horseradish? We have some
for the gefeltah fish. *

ARNOLD

Worth a shot.

Lindsay brings him the bowl, which he holds under Emmett's
nose. A few sniffs, then he wakes with a start.

EMMETT

What happened --?

TED

When you heard they're going to chop
off the kid's dick, you passed out.

Emmett practically passes out again.

ARNOLD

He needs air! Estelle, get some ice,
hold it to his forehead.

RABBI PROTESH

(to Melanie)

I don't mean to hurry things along, but
I'm doing twins at three.

Melanie nods, flustered, as Lindsay fetches the ice.

FOLLOW MICHAEL

As he steps away from the crowd, takes out his cell phone,
punches auto-dial.

CUT TO:

94 INT. RIPT - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

94

Brian is getting dressed. The Gym Bunny is a couple of
lockers away. He gives Brian his phone number on a slip of
paper.

BUNNY

Call me some time.

BRIAN

Sure, buddy.

You know he won't. His cell phone BLEEPs. He sees
Michael's name flash in the window, picks up.

(CONTINUED)

94

CONTINUED:

94

BRIAN (cont'd)
(into phone)
How's the party?

INTERCUT WITH:

95 INT. HOUSE OF THE LESBIANS - DAY

95

Where several bobbies are now attending to Emmett. Two pat his hands. One has his head in her lap. Estelle applies ice.

MICHAEL
(into phone)
You better get your ass over here,
fast.

BRIAN
(into phone)
Why? With all those bull dykes, is
there a shortage of bottoms?

MICHAEL
(into phone)
You know Lindsay and Melanie's
invitation? The part that was in
Hebrew? I just found out what it
means.

CUT TO:

96 INT. HOUSE OF THE LESBIANS - DINING ROOM - DAY

96

The guests have now gathered in front of the dining room table where the circumcision is about to take place. Rabbi Protesh stands addressing the crowd. Lindsay and Melanie are seated beside him, holding Gus.

RABBI PROTESH
In every Jewish boy's life, there are
three steps to becoming a man. First,
his bris. Then, his bar mitzvah.
Finally, his marriage.

ANGLE ON THE GUYS

standing at the back of the group, Michael and Ted on either side of Emmett, holding onto him, making sure he doesn't collapse. Katsuo's playing a game on his palm pilot.

TED
I can see where I went wrong from the
start.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Not Jewish?

TED

Not circumcised.

RABBI PROTESH

Melanie, would you please place your
son on his mother's lap?

Melanie places the baby in Lindsay's lap. Emmett's about to
pass out again.

EMMETT

He's going to do it -- I can't watch!

He covers his eyes. As Michael anxiously checks the door:

MICHAEL

Where's Brian?

TED

Looking out for the only dick that
matters -- his own.

Just then, Brian suddenly appears. He walks up to Lindsay
and Melanie.

*

BRIAN

You. You. In the kitchen. Now.

SMASH CUT TO:

97 INT. HOUSE OF THE LESBIANS - KITCHEN - DAY

97

Brian, Melanie and Lindsay.

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

What the hell do you think you're doing, barging in here, interrupting a religious ceremony?

BRIAN

You should've asked my permission.

MELANIE

For what?

BRIAN

To circumcise my son.

MELANIE

We don't have to ask your permission -- we're the parents!

BRIAN

And I'm the biological father, which gives me more rights than you!

MELANIE

I see someone's been studying his law.

LINDSAY

Look, this is no time to be having this conversation, with a house full of guests --

They ignore her.

MELANIE

And since when did you suddenly start caring about your son -- considering you haven't come to see him once since he was born!

BRIAN

I'm not exactly welcome --

MELANIE

Bullshit! You're too busy fucking everything that moves!

LINDSAY

Could we please stop this!

(to Brian)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY (cont'd)

Why does it matter to you if Gus is
circumcised?

A beat, then:

BRIAN

It matters that he's been in this world
less than a week and already there are
people who won't accept him the way he
is, who'd even mutilate him rather than
let him be the way he is -- the way he
was born.

(a beat)

Well, I'm not going to let that happen.

Lindsay and Melanie give him a look: Melanie implacable,
Lindsay sympathetic. Rabbi Protesh sticks his head in the
door:

RABBI PROTESH

Excuse me -- but shall we proceed?

CUT TO:

Brian, Michael, Emmett, Ted and Katsuo are crowded into a
booth. They've changed from proper clothes into party
clothes. It's another Saturday night! The place is crowded.
Loud music, laughter, wine.

EMMETT

(to Brian)

You really showed those dykes who's got
the low-hangers!

MICHAEL

And for once it was us!

Debbie passes carrying a large, heavy tray of orders.
Despite her high spirits, we see this is not easy work.
Brian calls to her, irritably.

BRIAN

Hey, Deb, how about some service?

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

Keep your pants on -- at least until
you've had your dinner.

He sits, sullen, silent, not participating in the
conversation.

TED

I've always said there're only two
reasons to be friends with lesbians.
They don't try to convince you the
reason you're gay is because you
haven't found the right woman -- and
they know how to change a flat.

Everyone laughs. Except Brian.

BRIAN

It wasn't about them.

(a beat)

It's about my son. If I don't look out
for him, who will?

MICHAEL

You know, if you're not careful you
might turn out to be an all right Dad
in spite of yourself.

(lifting his glass)

To Brian.

EMMETT/TED

To Brian!

Debbie comes over, looking a little harried.

DEBBIE

Okay, boys, what'll it be?

EMMETT

Nothing for me, thanks.

DEBBIE

Em, honey, you should try eating some
of your protein off a plate.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

I read that for every thirty pounds you lose, you gain an entire inch in your cock.

DEBBIE

So, all you need to drop is ninety pounds and you'll have a four inch pecker. What about the rest of you?

BRIAN/MICHAEL/TED

(after that)

Nothing for me. I'll pass. No thanks.

Katsuo looks up from his palm pilot.

KATSUO

Cheeseburger. French fries. Chocolate shake. Apple pie.

Big smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBERTY AVENUE - NIGHT

Michael and Ted tag behind Brian, Emmett and Katsuo, as they make their way down Liberty Avenue. It's still early, but the street is already packed. Ted accidentally bumps shoulders with A REALLY CUTE, SWEET GUY (BLAKE).

TED

Oops -- sorry.

The cute, sweet guy gives him a cute, sweet smile.

BLAKE

That's okay.

They continue on their way.

MICHAEL

I know that guy -- he goes to our gym.

(searching for his name)

Blake.

Michael looks back, sees the cute, sweet guy also looking back -- at Ted.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

(jabbing Ted)

I think he likes you.

(CONTINUED)

TED

How can you tell?

MICHAEL

He's looking back.

TED

Probably stretching his neck.

MICHAEL

Would you listen to you? Always putting yourself down.

TED

Better me than them. I'm gentler.

MICHAEL

Doesn't sound like it.

(then)

It's possible somebody could actually like you, you know.

TED

Possible, however I'm sure a statistical analysis would reveal the probability of a guy named "Blake" who looks like that liking a guy named "Ted" who looks like me to be in the point-zero-five percentile.

(off Michael's look)

In other words, practically zip.

They walk for a beat, then:

TED (cont'd)

Anyway, I'm sure Brian's more his type.

MICHAEL

How do you know that?

TED

Brian's everybody's type. Which explains why he's had everybody.

Michael starts to speak, but Ted beats him to it.

TED (cont'd)

I know -- "except for you."

(then)

Which is kind of weird when you think about it.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Weird? He's my best friend.

TED

So?

MICHAEL

So everybody knows you don't have sex with your friends.

TED

Right. Sex is something you only have with strangers. With people you'll probably never see again except to bump into in the street. But never with people you might actually give a shit about.

Ted looks at Michael for a moment too long, then:

TED (cont'd)

Who made up these crazy rules?

MICHAEL

(laughs)

Beats me. Come on, let's go have a drink.

TED

Or two or three.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. LIBERTY AVENUE - NIGHT

100

In another part of the street, Justin, wearing his tightest and sexiest shirt, maneuvers his way through the crowd with eager anticipation. Daphne hurries along, trying to keep up with him while at the same time taking in all the sights of this strange new world.

DAPHNE

Ohmygod! Look at that. Is that a girl or a guy?

JUSTIN

(embarrassed)

Jesus, don't point! No matter what you see -- guys kissing guys, girls kissing girls --

(CONTINUED)

DAPHNE

What if I see a guy and a girl kissing?
That'd be something down here. And
stop acting like you're so experienced!

JUSTIN

More than you.

As they approach Woody's:

JUSTIN (cont'd)

(nervously)

Now remember what I said --

DAPHNE

If I see him, pretend I didn't.

JUSTIN

Don't even look. That is, if he's
there. Which he's probably not. But
if he is!

CUT TO:

101 INT. WOODY'S - NIGHT

101

A GOD-LIKE GUY in a silver Lycra T-shirt that makes him
appear as if he's just floated down from Mt. Olympus walks
past Michael, Brian, Ted, Emmett and Katsuo. All eyes rivet
on him.

BRIAN

(pleased)

O-kay! I know what I'm doing tonight.
What about the rest of you?

*

Michael's head turns -- in the other direction.

MICHAEL

Oh, shit --!

EMMETT

Whattsa matter, honey?

MICHAEL

My Mom's here with my uncle.

ANGLE ON DEBBIE AND VIC

having a drink. Michael turns his back not to be seen.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

She didn't tell me she was coming here.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Not every boy's lucky enough to have a mother whose equally at home in the kitchen as she is in a gay bar.

(giving him a pinch on the cheek)

Now, you behave yourself!

He goes off in search of the god in the silver shirt (MR. ELUSIVE).

TED

As usual Brian gets all the beauties. While we get to watch.

EMMETT

He hasn't gotten him yet.

MICHAEL

He will. He's got the walk, he's got the talk, he's got the tattoo --

EMMETT

Brian's got a tattoo? Where's he got a tattoo?

TED

In a place you'll never see.

EMMETT

I hate tattoos. Imagine having Tweety and Sylvester on your back. Then one day you wake up and you're fifty -- and they've slipped into your crack.

MICHAEL

What about body piercing?

They all shudder.

TED

There's this skag at the video store with a hook through her nose -- you could hang her as a wall mounting.

EMMETT

Although I don't mind a small, tasteful nipple ring. I find it adds flair to an otherwise dull titty --

MICHAEL

Oh, double shit!

(CONTINUED)

TED

What now?

MICHAEL

It's him! Our teen stalker!

Ted and Emmett look over to see:

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

101

JUSTIN

with Daphne. They're looking around, checking out the lays of the land. Michael hides behind his buddies, not looking.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Christ! Why doesn't he just go away?

(then)

What's he doing?

TED

(oh so off-hand)

Talking to your mother.

MICHAEL

(practically exploding)

What?!

CUT TO:

102 INT. WOODY'S - ANOTHER ANGLE - CONTINUOUS

102 *

Justin and Daphne come up to Debbie and Vic, who are having beers.

JUSTIN

Hi. Remember me?

DEBBIE

Turn around.

He looks at her, questioningly, then does as she says.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

I never forget a butt -- especially a cute one.

She and Vic share a laugh, then:

DEBBIE (cont'd)

You were in the diner with Michael last week.

JUSTIN

Yeah! I'm Justin. And she's Daphne.

VIC

(about the place)

Unusual choice to bring a date.

(CONTINUED)

DAPHNE

Dates fall off trees.

(proudly)

I'm his friend.

DEBBIE

Hey, that's a good one! I'll have to remember that.

Debbie catches a glimpse of Michael, waves to him.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

WOO-HOO!

Michael cringes, turns away, pretends he doesn't see her.

JUSTIN

(anxiously)

I'm looking for this friend of Michael's -- his name's Brian.

VIC

I could've guessed.

DEBBIE

Honey, everybody's looking for Brian.

JUSTIN

Have you seen him?

Debbie points a finger across the room. The camera WHIPS across the room to:

BRIAN

in a staring contest with the silver-shirted, mysterious Mr. Elusive. "Mr. E" keeps looking away, but doesn't move away. His eyes keep returning to Brian, whose glance never wavers. He doesn't blink. The camera WHIPS back to:

DEBBIE, VIC, JUSTIN AND DAPHNE

DAPHNE

That's Brian? God, he's so old! And you said he was so good-looking. I don't think he's so good-looking. You can do lots better than that --

JUSTIN

Would you shut up?

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (2)

102

DEBBIE

(about Brian and Mr. E)
Five bucks he nails him before
midnight.

VIC

You're on.

CUT TO:

103 INT. WOODY'S - ANOTHER ANGLE - CONTINUOUS

103 *

Michael pushes his way through the crowd to Brian, finally
reaches him.

MICHAEL

(furious)
I'm not babysitting him again! This
time he's all yours!

Brian, his concentration broken, averts his eyes from Mr. E
to look at Michael.

BRIAN

What -- ?

MICHAEL

He's over there talking to my mother,
the little prick!

The camera WHIPS over to Justin talking to Debbie, WHIPS
back. Brian has a surprising reaction.

BRIAN

Leave him alone. He's all right.

A beat. Michael's stunned.

MICHAEL

Excuse me? The noise in here is so
loud, I thought I heard you say he's
"all right".

BRIAN

In fact, he's kind of sweet.

Michael's jealousy flairs.

MICHAEL

Sweet? I thought we got rid of him --
that he was out of our lives!

(CONTINUED)

Brian goes to give him a kiss to placate -- and dismiss -- him, turns back to look at Mr. E. But Mr. E is gone.

BRIAN

Where'd he go?

Michael -- wounded, hurting -- mutters:

MICHAEL

Who?

BRIAN

Who do you think? Shit! He's gone!

(turning on Michael)

This is all your fault. You made me look away. Fuck you, Michael. Fuck you!

He tears out of the bar. Michael goes after him, but Debbie stops him.

DEBBIE

What's eating him -- or isn't?

MICHAEL

(angrily)

None of your business!

DEBBIE

Watch your mouth.

(then)

Didn't you see me waving?

MICHAEL

I tried not to.

(then)

Why do you have to come here?

DEBBIE

Vic was feeling better, so we thought we'd go out after my shift and have a drink. What's the big deal?

MICHAEL

The big deal is, I'd like to hang out with my friends -- not my mother!

DEBBIE

But sweetie, you know I approve of your lifestyle.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

103

MICHAEL

Maybe I don't want you to approve.

Maybe I want you to go home and cry!

Then he runs out of the bar after Brian.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. LIBERTY AVENUE - NIGHT

104

Brian sprints down the street, but the mysterious Mr. E has eluded him. He stops, defeated.

BRIAN

Fuck!

A BAR BOY passes, hears him. With a flirtatious smile:

BAR BOY

Love to.

Off Brian's look:

CUT TO:

105 EXT. LIBERTY AVENUE - ANOTHER ANGLE - NIGHT

105

Michael, in the crowd, searches for Brian. He freezes when he hears a familiar VOICE call to him:

TRACY (O.S.)

Mike --?

He turns, horrified, to see Tracy standing there. A couple of GIRLFRIENDS wait for her in the B.G. She's had a drink or two.

MICHAEL

Tracy --!

TRACY

It is you! Isn't this wild?

MICHAEL

Uh, yeah -- really wild.

TRACY

(gesturing to her girlfriends)
My friends and I, we thought we'd have a little adventure. I mean, you always hear about this place, right?

*

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Right --

TRACY

But who ever comes here?

MICHAEL

Not me!

Tracy looks at him for a beat, waiting for an explanation of why he's here.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

(quickly, and very nervously)
Until tonight. I'm here with a friend.
Gay friend. Just a friend. Since high
school. We have a kind of foreign
exchange program -- you know, I take
him to football games and beer busts,
he takes me to the opera and wine-
tasting.

TRACY

Why don't we all go for a drink?
Safety in numbers!

MICHAEL

Actually, I'm kind of beat. I was just
on my way home.

A COUPLE OF CIRCUIT BOYS go by, cruise Michael head to tush.

TRACY

That's a good idea.
(joking)
Stay here too long, you might wind up
switching teams!

She and her friends laugh. Michael forces a smile -- which
congeals on his face as he spots Brian coming their way.

BRIAN

(joining them)
I lost him. Fuck!

MICHAEL

(desperately cordial)
This is my "friend", Brian. Brian,
this is Tracy --
(giving him signals)
-- you know, from the store?

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Tracy. Of course! From the store. He talks about you all the time.

TRACY

He does?

BRIAN

I mean, all the time.

Michael quickly tries to pull Brian away.

MICHAEL

Okay, time to --

BRIAN

What's the rush?

(enjoying this tremendously)
She's even prettier than you said,
"Mike".

*

Michael starts to sweat, as Brian goes over to Tracy. Then, for Michael's benefit:

BRIAN (cont'd)

He'd never tell you this himself --
he's far too shy -- but he likes you.
A lot.

Tracy doesn't know what to say, so she just blushes.

MICHAEL

(near frantic)

Well, I guess it's time we took off!
Bye, Trace -- see ya Monday!

TRACY

(smiling at him)

See ya Monday.

As Tracy walks off with her girlfriends, giggling:

MICHAEL

Why the fuck did you do that? You practically got us engaged!

BRIAN

(totally pleased with himself,
the bastard)

I want to dance with the bride at her wedding. And Tracy, too!

*

*

*

CUT TO:

106 INT. WOODY'S - NIGHT

106 *

Back in the bar, Daphne is chatting away with Debbie and Vic. Justin keeps an apprehensive eye on the front door waiting for Brian to return.

DAPHNE

The kids at school, their idea of cool's to go to The Dirty O for chili-cheese fries. Kack! If they could see us here, they'd freak!

DEBBIE

We're an exotic bunch, all right.

Just then, Justin sees Emmett, Ted and Katsuo head out the door.

JUSTIN

(anxiously)

Everybody's leaving.

(then to Debbie, matter-of-factly)

By the way, where'd Michael go?

DEBBIE

Depends what time it is.

(checking her watch)

Almost eleven.

VIC

Time for Babylon. Night's just starting!

DAPHNE

What's Babylon?

JUSTIN

(rolling his eyes)

A dance club.

DAPHNE

Like I'm supposed to know?

JUSTIN

That's just where we're going.

VIC

Been there before?

JUSTIN

Sure, a lot!

(CONTINUED)

VIC

Really? I didn't know they had kiddie memberships.

JUSTIN

You have to be a member?

DEBBIE

You can't get in without a card.

Justin's face falls. Vic takes out his wallet, hands Justin his card.

VIC

Here, you can have mine. I'm through with it.

DEBBIE

He's paid his dues.

JUSTIN

Thanks!

He pulls Daphne by the hand, races out.

DEBBIE

Either these boys are getting younger, or I'm getting older.

VIC

I wouldn't mind being his age again.

DEBBIE

Would you do it any differently?

VIC

Hell, yes.

(beat)

I'd do it more.

As they laugh, finish their drinks:

CUT TO:

107 INT. HOUSE OF THE LESBIANS - KITCHEN - NIGHT

107

Lindsay and Melanie have changed out of their party clothes, back into their casual attire. Melanie's putting away silver serving pieces inherited from various parents, grandparents. Lindsay's wrapping leftovers. The distance, the silence, the caution not to brush each other when they pass indicate they've not spoken for several hours. Lindsay picks up a tray of pastries.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

Should I freeze this or toss it?

(no answer)

I'd rather not have it around when I'm trying to get back into shape.

Still no answer. Melanie continues to put the good silverware in the box, piece by piece by piece.

LINDSAY (cont'd)

So how long is this going to go on? Or do you plan never to speak to me again?

A beat, then, chilly:

MELANIE

What would you like me to say?

LINDSAY

(finally she's talking)

Anything --!

MELANIE

All right. How about -- I have a house full of uneaten cold cuts and an uncircumcised son. How's that?

She goes back to her flatware. A beat. Lindsay takes a sip from a glass, makes a face.

LINDSAY

I should've squeezed fresh orange juice for the mimosas --

Melanie just glares at her.

LINDSAY (cont'd)

Look, Brian's going to take out the insurance policy. At least he agreed to that. That's something, isn't it?

MELANIE

My consolation prize.

LINDSAY

It was important enough to you last week --

MELANIE

So was this afternoon! But I've been humiliated in front our friends, my relatives, Rabbi Protesh --

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE (cont'd)

-- where's the goddamn plastic wrap? --
and you let him do it!

LINDSAY

Me --?

MELANIE

You're the one who decided to call off
the bris. Of course, it doesn't mean
anything to you or Brian. But it
happens to be an important ritual in my
family --

LINDSAY

You know, there're a lot of men who
think circumcision is a cruel and
barbaric practice --

MELANIE

I don't care what men think about their
dicks! I care that you put Brian
before me. But why should I be
surprised? You always have.

LINDSAY

Oh, for Chrissakes! Are we really
going to go through this again -- ? I
don't want to have this conversation --

MELANIE

And I didn't want Brian to be the
baby's father in the first place! But
you had to have it your way. It had to
be Brian or no one. So now he's part
of our lives forever -- whether we like
it or not.

LINDSAY

(hurt, remote)

I'm sorry you feel that way.

They work in chilly silence, as before. Finally:

LINDSAY (cont'd)

What should I do with this?

She holds up a Jell-O mold.

MELANIE

Ditch it.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. BABYLON - NIGHT

108

The evening's really gearing up. There's a long line of guys waiting to get in. Justin and Daphne make their way to the front of the line. The GUY AT THE DOOR stops Justin.

GUY AT THE DOOR

I.D.?

JUSTIN

(trying to be casual)

Right here --

Justin fishes in his pocket, pulls out Vic's card, hands it to the Guy then waits nervously, as he checks it out.

GUY AT THE DOOR

Born 1952.

(looking at Justin)

You look damn good for your age, Vic.

DAPHNE

It's all that red meat, sugar and no exercise!

GUY AT THE DOOR

Ten bucks each.

Justin shoves a twenty at him, they get their hands stamped. FOLLOW THEM into:

109 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

109

The lights are still flashing, the music's still throbbing, the guys -- the guys are still groping, sniffing, snorting and dancing for their lives. If you move fast enough, time -- and youth -- stand still.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

As he sees fabled Babylon's magical allure for the first time. It attracts and frightens him. This is the world he's longed to enter. But now that he's here, his first impulse is to run away.

JUSTIN

You want to go?

DAPHNE

What for? We just got here!

Justin hesitates as A BABYLONIAN passes by, eyes Daphne.

(CONTINUED)

BABYLONIAN

Nice drag.

As he goes on his way, Justin and Daphne both exchange wild-eyed wonder, then break into hysterical laughter.

JUSTIN

Come on!

As he pulls her in:

CUT TO:

110 INT. BABYLON - TOILETS - NIGHT

110

Brian and Michael are looking for an empty stall. They open a couple of doors, but they're all occupied by guys making out.

MICHAEL

What would you do if like you actually had to go?

BRIAN

Find a scat queen.

MICHAEL

Gross!

A door opens, someone emerges, stuffing it in his pants, heads out.

BRIAN

(calling after him)

Didn't your Mom tell you to always wash your hands?

They head in the stall, close the door behind them.

111 INT. STALL - CONTINUOUS

111

Brian takes out a "bullet" of Trail Mix, snorts it, then passes it to Michael.

BRIAN

Careful, it's strong.

Michael makes sure he only uses a little. As they wait for it to take effect, they rest their foreheads against each other. Almost like minds becoming one. Brian rubs Michael's shoulders gently. In moments like this, when they can say it's the drugs, that it's safe to be intimate, tender.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Nice --

BRIAN

I got it from Tommy Hagger.

MICHAEL

He can get anything. He got me that Superman episode with George Reeves -- the only one ever shot in color? It's so ancient you can see the strings! Oh, and did I tell you what I found on e-Bay? A vintage MEGO Lynda Carter Wonder Woman doll. Mint in Box! Cost me my entire week's salary, but it was so worth it.

Brian smiles a loving smile.

BRIAN

You're so pathetic, Mikey.

Michael puts his arms around him. Brian lets him.

MICHAEL

I also found that photo -- that old one of Patrick Swayze -- with his shirt off.

BRIAN

Yeah? Must be all yellow by now. Cum stains all over it --

MICHAEL

He's still beautiful.

BRIAN

We owe it all to him. We should write him a fan letter.

MICHAEL

I did.

BRIAN

No! When?

MICHAEL

A long time ago.

BRIAN

What did you say?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (2)

111

MICHAEL

I don't remember -- "My friend and I
think you're really hot!"

(beat)

He never answered.

BRIAN

Fuck 'im. You still got me.

Michael looks at Brian for a beat -- then kisses him full-on,
deeply on the mouth. His hand goes to Brian's crotch. Brian
backs away.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Hey, what're you doing?

Michael, embarrassed, tries to laugh it away.

MICHAEL

Nothing -- I just felt like -- I don't
know, must be the Trail Mix.

BRIAN

Must be. Come on, let's go back.

He walks out of the stall, leaves Michael standing there. As
he takes a moment to regain control:

CUT TO:

112 INT. BABYLON - CONTINUOUS

112

Brian and Michael come back from the Men's Room, make their
way through a steady stream of men. They're both tweaked by
the drugs, cruising each passing guy.

BRIAN

(to Michael)

Let's check out the dance floor. Maybe
that guy you made me lose is there.

MICHAEL

I didn't "make you lose him".

They're about to head off, when Emmett rushes over, in a
state.

EMMETT

Time to organize a search party!

MICHAEL

Who's missing?

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

EMMETT

Katsuo! I was talking to
"Dungeonmaster Don", he wants to
mummify me -- have you noticed the
world's becoming weirder? -- anyway,
when I turned back, he was gone!

*

MICHAEL

(knowing and evasive)
I have a feeling he'll be all right.

EMMETT

But he doesn't speak a word of English -
- and he's so sweet, so innocent. What
if some cock-hungry queen tries to have
his way with him?

*

BRIAN

I thought you already did.

Emmett gives him a glare of death.

MICHAEL

He's around somewhere -- I'm sure
you'll find him.

Just then, Brian catches sight of Mr. E across the floor.

BRIAN

Target sighted -- all systems go! See
ya later, Mikey.

As the lion stalks off after the antelope:

CUT TO:

113 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

113

Ted stands on the periphery of the dance floor along with the
other wallflowers. A CUTE YOUNG THING in a tight-T strolls
by. Ted tries to make contact.

TED

Hey, how're ya doin'?

But it's as if Ted's invisible. The Cute Young Thing walks
right past.

TED (cont'd)

(answering himself)

Glad to hear it --

(CONTINUED)

ANOTHER CUTIE passes. Ted tries again to make contact.

TED (cont'd)
Hey, how's it goin'?

Not even a blip on the radar. The Cutie passes him by.

TED (cont'd)
(answering)
No complaints, thanks. Can I buy you a drink?

VOICE (O.S.)
I'll have a beer.

Ted turns around, sees Michael, giggling, buzzed.

TED
Oh, it's you.

MICHAEL
Fuck you!

TED
(seeing he's high)
What're you on?

MICHAEL
Nothing -- some of Brian's "mix".

Ted gives him a look -- figures.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Any luck?

TED
I'm headed for an all-time season record. Eighth straight -- make that not-so-straight -- no-hitters.

Then, from across a crowded room they see:

BLAKE

the guy Ted bumped into on the street. He sees Ted. Smiles. Winks.

MICHAEL
Hey, Blake just winked at you!

TED
(dismissing it)
He got some crystal meth in his eye.

(CONTINUED)

Blake smiles again, winks again.

MICHAEL

He did it again! I told you he liked you. Why don't you ask him to dance?

TED

Because he'll just say, "Come back when you get a hair transplant and liposuction."

MICHAEL

You don't need liposuction or a hair transplant. And nobody'd be that cruel to you -- except maybe you.

TED

Look, I'm going to take off.

MICHAEL

Come on, it's too early --

TED

Or too late, depending on which side of the dance floor you're standing on.

MICHAEL

Well, maybe if you tried going after someone -- you know -- more like, well -- yourself, instead of someone --

TED

Young and cute? Thanks a lot.

He starts to leave, Michael stops him.

MICHAEL

I didn't mean it like that.

(then)

Hell, I should talk, I can't get anybody interested in me, either.

TED

But you could. If you wanted.

Then, in an undefended moment, he reaches out, touches Michael's arm.

TED (cont'd)

You're worth so much more than you know, Michael.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (3)

113

Michael looks at him, not quite understanding his intent.
Then Ted leaves. Michael calls to him:

*

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (3)

113

MICHAEL

I'll call you tomorrow -- !

CUT TO:

114 INT. BABYLON - ANOTHER ANGLE - CONTINUOUS

114

As BRIAN presses on in his pursuit of the elusive Mr. E, he passes:

JUSTIN AND DAPHNE

JUSTIN

(spotting him)

Look, there he is. There's Brian!

They watch as he stops, searches. Mr. E has vanished once again.

BRIAN

Shit!

DAPHNE

Quick -- let him see you dancing with another guy!

JUSTIN

What other guy?

Daphne swiftly surveys the field.

DAPHNE

That one!

She steers him to an OLDER GUY (older meaning 35), who's nice-looking, but most important, standing close to Brian. An awkward beat. Justin smiles, nervously.

JUSTIN

Hi. Um -- wanna dance?

The Older Guy smiles back. Why wouldn't he?

OLDER GUY

Sure.

Justin starts to move with the guy, turns to "Coach" Daphne. She gestures that he move closer to him, put his arms around him. Justin does as Coach says. Unfortunately, his come-on has the desired effect. The Older Guy starts feeling him up.

OLDER GUY (cont'd)

You're really sweet --

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

He tries to kiss him, but Justin pushes him off.

JUSTIN
Hey, stop it -- !

OLDER GUY
Little asshole -- !

He walks away. Justin's rouse has failed. Even worse, it's attracted Brian's attention. He comes over to him.

BRIAN
What're you doing here?

JUSTIN
Dancing. I'm allowed! And there're some really hot guys who're attracted to me.

BRIAN
Like the one you were just throwing yourself all over for my benefit?

Justin looks away, humiliated.

BRIAN (cont'd)
Look, if you're following me around, forget it. I already told you -- it's over.

He walks away -- leaving Justin standing there in defeat.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

115

Ted leaves Babylon, walks quickly, head down, not looking at anyone, for anyone. He just wants to get away, as quickly as he can. He crosses the street, goes to his car, is about to unlock the door.

BLAKE (O.S.)
Didn't want to dance?

Ted turns around, surprised to see Blake standing there.

TED
(thrown)
Oh. I -- uh -- I'm not much of a dancer. Although, I like to dance. I mean, I didn't realize you were asking me to --

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

BLAKE
You taking off?

(CONTINUED)

TED

Huh? Yeah. Sometimes it gets a little
too -- uh --

Suddenly, he who has all the words is at a loss for them.

BLAKE

Intense?

TED

Yeah -- intense. Good word. Intense.

BLAKE

I know what you mean. Sometimes it
gets too "intense" in there for me,
too.

He smiles at Ted. It's a beautiful smile.

BLAKE (cont'd)

(after a beat)

Going home?

Ted nods.

BLAKE (cont'd)

Want some company?

TED

Actually, it's kind of late and I --
(he stops himself)
-- sure!

BLAKE

You sure?

TED

Sure. That is, if you're sure.

BLAKE

I'm sure.

They laugh, easier now.

TED

Well, then --

Blake stands there, waiting. Ted finally, realizes:

TED (cont'd)

Can't get in if I don't unlock the
door!

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

115

He BEEPS the car open. They get in. Ted can't believe he's actually scored. And not just scored. A grand slam. The winning run. As they drive off:

CUT TO:

116 INT. BABYLON - BAR - NIGHT

116

Emmett continues his search for Katsuo. He's looked everywhere. Finally, he spots him at the bar. He runs to him, overjoyed -- only to stop, in horror, when he sees A WELL-DRESSED MAN with his tongue down his throat and his hand on his crotch.

EMMETT

(ala Joan Crawford)

What is the meaning of this?

Katsuo holds up a hundred dollar bill, waves it in Emmett's face.

KATUSO

(in Japanese)

Kane! Kane!

CUT TO:

Darkness. The sound of a phone RINGING. A lamp goes on. A hand fumbles for the phone.

117 INT. HOUSE OF THE LESBIANS - BEDROOM - NIGHT

117

Melanie answers.

MELANIE

Hello --?

INTERCUT WITH:

118 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

118

Emmett on his cell phone.

EMMETT

How do you say "tacky little cocksucker" in Japanese?

119 INT. HOUSE OF THE LESBIANS - BEDROOM - NIGHT

119

MELANIE

(furious)

Do you know what time it is?

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

115

He BEEPS the car open. They get in. Ted can't believe he's actually scored. And not just scored. A grand slam. The winning run. As they drive off:

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MELANIE

Hello --?

INTERCUT WITH:

118 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

118

Emmett on his cell phone.

EMMETT

How do you say "tacky little cocksucker" in Japanese?

119 INT. HOUSE OF THE LESBIANS - BEDROOM - NIGHT

119

MELANIE

(furious)

Do you know what time it is?

(CONTINUED)

She slams the phone down. Gus starts to cry. Lindsay goes to him, picks him up.

LINDSAY

It's okay, sweetie. Who was that?

MELANIE

Emmett. I think he just found out what "kane" means.

(falling back into bed)

I'm sorry it woke you. And the baby.
You need your rest.

LINDSAY

I was up anyway.

MELANIE

You were? So was I.

(a beat, then)

I was thinking about all the terrible things I said.

LINDSAY

No, I should have stood up to him, I should've.

MELANIE

It was best to be practical, like you said. Gus may have his foreskin, but at least he'll be provided for.

*
*

LINDSAY

Look, it doesn't matter who's right. We can't allow Brian to come between us -- as much as he'd like to.

MELANIE

And I'm sure he would --

LINDSAY

Even if he is the father, we're still the parents. You and me. Gus belongs to us. Which is why we had him.

MELANIE

You had him. Aside from saying "push" and "breathe", I didn't have much to do with it.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

You had everything to do with it. I
never would've had him without you.
Just remember that, next time you're
wondering who comes first.

She puts Gus back in his bed.

MELANIE

(after a beat)

Is Brian circumcised?

Lindsay looks at her, smiles:

LINDSAY

I'm not telling.

CUT TO:

120 INT. BABYLON - BALCONY - NIGHT

120

Brian, Michael and Emmett stand at the railing, observing the
dancers below. Emmett's distraught. Michael's comforting
him.

EMMETT

The worst part isn't that he was
unfaithful, or even a slut -- nobody's
perfect. It's that he said he loved
me. He lied to me!

BRIAN

How could he lie to you? He doesn't
speak English.

MICHAEL

Look, I'm the one who told you that.
I'm sorry.

*

EMMETT

It's my own fault.
(he sighs)
Why do I always give my heart away to
trash?

BRIAN

Because you want to see it in the
dumpster?

Emmett turns to Brian, angrily.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

Has anyone ever told you that you have
absolutely no empathy?

BRIAN

Millions.

EMMETT

Well, they're right!

BRIAN

If you want empathy, buy a dog.
They'll jump up and down when you're
happy, lick your face when you're sad --
and all you have to do is throw them an
occasional Milk-Bone.

MICHAEL

Aren't you being a little harsh? Not
everybody has someone following them
around, begging you to love them --

BRIAN

You think I ask for it? I can't help
it if they won't leave me alone!

EMMETT

Well, remember what it's like. Because
in another year or so, when you're just
another tired old piece of meat that
everybody's chewed on, you won't be
beating them off with a stick -- you'll
be beating them off through a hole in a
toilet stall!

Just then, Michael looks down, sees:

MR. E

dancing alone, a heavenly star shimmering in a beam of laser
light. Other lesser bodies gravitate to him, pulled into his
orbit by the sheer force of sexual attraction.

MICHAEL

Look -- there he is!

Brian stares at him, transfixed. Michael stares at Brian,
his own Mr. E.

BRIAN

(excited)

He's not getting away this time.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: (2)

120

He heads off to the dance floor.

CUT TO:

121 INT. TED'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

121

Ted and Blake come into Ted's modest, but comfortable little condo. Two bedrooms, one bath. Perfect for a single guy. It's contemporary, nothing very unique, but everything is precisely in place. Ted is clearly nervous.

BLAKE

Nice place. You own it?

TED

Absolutely. "Your home is your most important investment".

Blake looks at him, blankly.

TED (cont'd)

That's what we tell our clients.

(then)

Want a beer? Some scotch?

BLAKE

Just some water. I don't drink.

TED

(that's a good sign)

Take off your coat. Be right back.

Ted goes into:

122 INT. TED'S CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT

122

He opens the fridge, grabs a beer. Finds a clean glass, fills it from the tap. He's about to go back, but first he checks his breath, his hair.

123 INT. TED'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

123

Blake's coat is off, he's made himself comfortable on the couch. Ted returns, hands him the water.

TED

Here you go --

BLAKE

Thanks.

Ted sits down, a polite distance from Blake. An awkward beat. Ted ~~chugs~~ a sip of beer. Another beat.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

Blake smiles at him. Ted returns it. Blake moves closer, reaches over, rubs Ted's thigh.

BLAKE (cont'd)
You're sexy, you know that?

TED
Frankly -- no.

BLAKE
That's why you are. Because you don't know you are.

TED
Well, I do know that -- you're beautiful.

Blake likes that. He pulls Ted into a deep kiss.

CUT TO:

124 INT. BABYLON - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

124

Brian crosses the dance floor, moving through the men as if they weren't there, as if they didn't even exist, heads straight toward his target. He passes through light, as if into another dimension, coming out the other end, beyond time, into a world where there is only himself and Mr. E. He goes up to him, whispers something we can't hear. Mr. E smiles, they touch each other lightly, start to dance.

125 INT. BABYLON - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

125

Michael and Emmett watch from above.

EMMETT
Bastard.

MICHAEL
(smiling in spite of himself)
He doesn't even have to try.

126 INT. BABYLON - ANOTHER AREA - CONTINUOUS

126

Justin and Daphne are also watching.

DAPHNE
Look -- he's got someone!

Justin watches, surprisingly, not with jealousy, but with curiosity and awe, as if he were learning the moves of a master.

127 INT. BABYLON - DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

127

Brian, dancing with Mr. E, now sees:

THE GOD IN GOLD

dancing nearby.

ON THE BALCONY

EMMETT

Look, there's another one -- more
beautiful than the first!

BACK TO THE DANCE FLOOR

Brian signals to the God in Gold, "Come over here".

ON THE BALCONY

EMMETT

He's not. He can't!

MICHAEL

(calmly)

He can.

BACK ON THE DANCE FLOOR

The God in Gold ignores Brian at first, but Brian continues to smile that smile. It's power finally draws the God in Gold over. Brian puts an arm around him and Mr. E, whispers in their ears, achieves an instant intimacy.

ON THE BALCONY

Michael and Emmett continue to watch in stunned silence.

EMMETT

How's he do it? What's he say?

MICHAEL

We'll never know. But whatever they
are, he says them for all of us.

*

CUT TO:

128 INT. TED'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

128

Ted and Blake are making out. Blake's shirt is off, their hands are in each other's pants. Blake suddenly stops.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

Hold it --

He reaches for his jacket.

TED

(breathless)

You're not going --?

BLAKE

No way!

He takes a tiny bottle from his jacket pocket.

TED

What's that?

BLAKE

G.H.B. Ever use it?

TED

(never)

Once in awhile --

BLAKE

Sex is awesome with it!

He pours a healthy amount in his water glass.

BLAKE (cont'd)

You first.

A beat. Ted doesn't want to seem uncool or inexperienced in front of Blake.

BLAKE (cont'd)

(encouraging him)

Go on!

Ted hesitates, then takes a couple of large gulps.

BLAKE (cont'd)

(concerned)

Hey, whoa -- take it easy.

Ted puts the glass down, looks at Blake.

TED

I don't feel anything.

Then he pulls Blake into a kiss. Suddenly, he starts to sweat and shake, uncontrollably.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: (2)

128

BLAKE
(frightened)
Hey, are you all right?

Ted can't answer. He tries to stand -- then collapses on the floor. Blake panics.

BLAKE (cont'd)
Oh my God! Oh, shit --!

CUT TO:

129 INT. BABYLON - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

129

Back at the club, Brian, Mr. E and the God in Gold are in the middle of the crowded floor, close, bodies pressing. Brian kisses one, then the other. It's as if they're lovers already.

130 INT. BABYLON - ANOTHER AREA - CONTINUOUS

130

Justin and Daphne continue to watch, caught up in the wonder.

DAPHNE
Is he gonna do it with both of them?

*

Justin, no jealousy, finally understanding, getting it:

JUSTIN
He can do anything he wants.

And in a sudden realization of what he must do in order to win him, Justin pulls off his shirt, hands it to Daphne.

DAPHNE
(shocked)
What're you doing?

He doesn't answer. His mind has already taken him to where he needs to be. Now his body only has to follow. He pushes his way through the men, clearing himself a path that leads directly to Brian. He reaches him, gives him a hard stare, then joins the dance.

131 INT. BABYLON - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

131

Up above, Michael and Emmett watch in disbelief.

EMMETT
What's that boy doing?

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

From the look on Michael's face, he knows exactly what that boy is doing.

CUT TO:

132 INT. TED'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

132

Ted's on the floor. His body tenses up, then begins to shake violently, out of control. Blake is terrified, screaming, close to tears.

BLAKE

Please don't do this! Oh, please --!
Stop! Oh, God. Stop!

Then Ted stops spasming. Only little jerking movements. Little choking sounds. Blake kneels beside him, touches him.

BLAKE (cont'd)

Ted --?

But Ted is beyond hearing him. Blake starts to sob.

BLAKE (cont'd)

Oh, no -- no!

He gets up, looks around, in shock, doesn't know what to do. He grabs his jacket -- then runs out.

CUT TO:

133 INT. BABYLON - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

133

Justin dances, his movements enticing, seductive, but not in a contrived or self-conscious way. He's simply discovered a part of himself he's never known, a power he never knew he had: the power of sex. And the guys on the floor are noticing it, too. It's intoxicating. Even Mr. E is drawn to him. Then, the God in Gold. Brian's furious. Justin has dared to challenge the King on his own turf and succeeded in stealing his prey. But as he watches Justin, his body covered with sweat, moving, glistening in the light, Brian's anger changes to fascination. A smile starts to form. Then he joins them. As they all dance and the music builds to FULL BLAST:

*
*
*

CUT TO:

134 INT. TED'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

134

The MUSIC from the club continues to play as the camera MOVES slowly across the floor to a CLOSE SHOT of Ted's face.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

He lies motionless, his eyes open, staring blankly at the ceiling.

CUT TO:

135 INT. BABYLON - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

135

The place is in a frenzy. The bodies, the lights, the music all throbbing together. Brian, Justin and the two men have moved into a world of their own. A golden light surrounds them, as everyone else fades away. Brian and Justin move together now, their bodies pressed against each other. It's almost like sex. Fuck, it is sex. Now Brian puts his hands on Justin's waist, lifts him off the ground. He runs his tongue up his chest, licking his body. Justin is in ecstasy. He arches his back, looks up over his head, sees:

MICHAEL

on the balcony, watching. A look passes between them, acknowledging this moment when their world has shifted and everything has changed. Now THE CAMERA RISES above them, connecting the three of the them -- Brian, Michael and Justin -- locked together. Then, as we achieve lift-off, soaring high above the throbbing music, the flashing lights, the hot, sweaty men moving rhythmically, seductively, body-to-body, crotch-to-crotch --

BLACKOUT.

THE END