

queer asfolk

EPISODE FOUR

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FADE IN:

1 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

1

Pan across various dishes at the counter then over to a booth. Brian on the left, Michael and Emmett on the right. They're eating breakfast, subdued.

MICHAEL [V.O.]

In case you weren't there, I gotta tell ya, last Saturday night at Babylon was --
(beat)
to die for.

EMMETT

Would somebody please say something?

MICHAEL

Okay. So it's late, and I'm leaving Babylon and there's this really hot guy.

FLASH CUT:

2 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

Dancing go-go boys. Michael appears in the crowd. A second later, HOT GUY comes up from behind and starts talking. Michael turns his head toward him and grins.

MICHAEL

And he's, like, perfect.

FLASH CUT:

3 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

3

BRIAN

How perfect?

MICHAEL

Perfect. And we end up
(eating)
at my place.

CONTINUED

4 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

4

Standing in the living room, Michael is kissing Hot Guy's neck.

HOT GUY

I work with emotionally disturbed kids, and I really love it. And I'm the captain of the gay water polo team.

MICHAEL

You're really well-rounded.

He squeezes Hot Guy's ass.

FLASH CUT:

5 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

5

MICHAEL

we're making out, and in my mind I'm picturing him in a Speedo with a flag on it.

FLASH CUT:

6 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

6

HOT GUY

Have you ever been to Brazil?

MICHAEL

No. Have you?

He unbuckles Hot Guy's belt/pants.

HOT GUY

I just came back. It's fabulous.

Michael whips his own shirt off over his head.

MICHAEL

Great beaches, I hear.

He goes to his knees.

CONTINUED

HOT GUY

Yeah. Only, they have these things.

MICHAEL

Things?

HOT GUY

Parasite things. They live in
the sand and they sort of --

(beat)

burrow themselves right up in there.

Michael quickly stands, freaked.

MICHAEL [V.O.]

He had them.

FLASH CUT:

7 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

7

MICHAEL

Brazilian beach parasites,
in his ass.

Emmett laughs.

EMMETT

God. Well, at least you found
out before you got too far.

Michael shudders.

BRIAN

(to Emmett)

What about you?

EMMETT

We were just getting started.

FLASH CUT:

8 INT. WEIRD GUY'S BEDROOM

8

We follow the camera across a blood red bedroom filled with a

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

hundred lit candles, a leather/metal-clad torso dummy, whips on the wall, white bed and a chain headboard. A bald man in leathers and spiked metal collar, WEIRD GUY, is fitting Emmett into a leather body harness.

EMMETT

I feel like a 1991 Madonna video.
Do you have this in a size larger?

Weird Guy cinches the back of the harness hard, rocking Emmett.

WEIRD GUY

Can we hurry this along?
I've got a bride and groom to do
in the morning.

EMMETT

So you're bi?

WEIRD GUY

No. They're dead. Car crash.

He pushes Emmett onto the bed and grabs his legs in the air.

FLASH CUT:

9 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

9

MICHAEL

You went home with --

EMMETT

An undertaker.

BRIAN

I fucked an undertaker once.

MICHAEL

You did? When?

BRIAN

He told me sometimes they sew
the mouths shut.

CONTINUED

EMMETT

What about you, Brian?

What'd you do?

Beat.

FLASH CUT:

10 INT. LOFT - NIGHT 10
A nude Justin sits on the bed, watching an equally nude Brian walk toward him. Brian drops onto his knees on the bed and they share a kiss. A HOT kiss.

FLASH CUT:

11 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY 11

BRIAN

I made it an early evening.

EMMETT

You know, when I go,
promise you won't let them sew
my mouth shut. Because when I get
to heaven, and I meet Natalie Wood,
I wanna be able to say, 'Natalie,
it's Emmett. What happened that night?'

They all laugh.

DEBBIE

Hey!

She's standing at the table with a serious face, serving tray in hand.

DEBBIE

Shouldn't you boys be
getting to the hospital?

She walks away. Their smiles fade.

CONTINUED

CUT TO:

12 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY
Ted, in a bed and on oxygen, looks asleep.

12

MICHAEL
Schmidt, Ted.

NURSE
Are you family?

INT. NURSE'S STATION
Brian, Emmett and Michael stand at the desk.

MICHAEL
Friends. We know he's
in a coma and everything.
We just would like to be
with him for a little while,
if that's okay.

NURSE
I'll see.

She walks away.

EMMETT
The nurse's station. I used
to think it had something to do
with radio. 'All nursing,
all the time.'

They chuckle.

MRS. SCHMIDT
Hello.

We pan to the right and see a nicely dressed woman, MRS.
SCHMIDT, sitting along the row of chairs against the wall.

MRS. SCHMIDT
I'm Margaret Schmidt.
I'm Ted's mother.

They look at her. Michael walks over.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

MRS. SCHMIDT

If you need permission
to see him, I'll give it.
I'm sure he'd appreciate it.

MICHAEL

I'm Michael.
And this is Emmett
and Brian.
We're Ted's friends.

MRS. SCHMIDT

He's still in the coma.
He looks like he did
when he was a boy. When he
slept. They don't think
he'll come out of it.

Emmett looks back at Brian. Michael sits by Mrs. Schmidt.

MRS. SCHMIDT

I sat by his bed all night.
About five o'clock in the
morning it occurred to me
loving someone's not
the same as knowing them.

Brian looks away. And spots a hot MALE NURSE in the room
behind the nurse's station. As the sound of orgasmic moans
start in the background, Brian watches him walk by and Male
Nurse smiles, interested. Michael sees the exchange.

MICHAEL

Brian!

Brian turns back around to see them all staring at him. He
looks away, chastised.

CUT TO:

13 INT. JUSTIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

13

Bedside table clock reads 8:09 a.m. Bare chested, Justin is
sleeping face down under the comforter.

CONTINUED

JENNIFER

Justin?

Knock on the door.

JENNIFER

Justin, you're late.

Justin lifts his head a little as he wakes up.
Jennifer walks in.

JUSTIN

You're right.

Tossing the comforter, he rolls over and up.

JUSTIN

I'm up, I'm up.

JENNIFER

You got ten minutes.

She starts making his bed.

JUSTIN

I'm taking a shower, okay?

He walks off-screen. The sound of running water. Jennifer spots his open backpack on the bed. After a glance at the bathroom, she pulls out Justin's sketchpad. Another glance the bathroom's way and she opens the pad. Inside are drawings of a football players, HOT naked men AND Brian's name. Jennifer puts the sketchpad back. She stands still, closing her eyes, overwhelmed with emotions. Justin's voice startles her.

JUSTIN

I'm out of shampoo.

JENNIFER

I'll get you some.

She leaves. The clock reads 8:10 a.m.

CUT TO:

CONTINUED

Emmett, Brian and Michael looking into Ted's room from the door window. Inside, Male Nurse is tending to Ted. Lifting the bed rail, he sees them and walks over to slide shut the curtain for privacy.

EMMETT

Who do you think it was?
I mean, who gave him the drugs.

MICHAEL

I bet it was that guy Blake
who was cruising him all night.

EMMETT

Think we should tell someone?

BRIAN

No.

Long beat.

MICHAEL

His mom said she'd call
us if there was any change.

BRIAN

You know, he's a first.
The first almost dead guy
I sort of had sex with.

MICHAEL

You had sex with Ted?

EMMETT

You never had sex with Ted.

MICHAEL

When did you have sex with T--

BRIAN

Sort of sex. At this semi-orgy.

MICHAEL

Semi? When?

BRIAN

You know that weekend that
John-John's plane went down?

CONTINUED

EMMETT

Oh god. They kept showing him
on the beach with his shirt off.
I didn't know whether to jerk off
or weep.

MICHAEL

(shocked)

So did you plan it?

BRIAN

It just sort of happened.
Things do.

Emmett laughs.

BRIAN

It was Scott and Kevin,
the Todds.

BRIAN

And Ted shows up with my taxes,
and all the sudden we're all doing it
(beat)
he even tried to fuck me.

MICHAEL

He's in there. His life's
like this (gestures up and down),
dot on a screen. And that could be us.

BRIAN

No, it could not be us.
Because we know better. We know not
to believe pretty little blond boys
who tell you it's 'really good shit.'
Because that's what they all say. Ted
didn't know that. And he didn't know
that you only do drugs with your friends
because they're the only ones who give
a fuck about you.

He puts a hand on each of their shoulders.

CONTINUED

BRIAN

Now I've got to go to work.
I have to be brilliant.

CUT TO:

15 INT. ST. JAMES ACADEMY - DAY 15
Middle-aged teacher, MR. HORNER, stands at the blackboard
where a large black and white photo of a man hangs.

MR. HORNER

F. Scott Fitzgerald. Classic profile,
famously handsome.

He gestures with a book he's holding.

MR. HORNER

And The Great Gatsby.

He sits on the edge of his desk. View of the classroom and we
see Justin, chin down, at his desk in the back. Chris Hobbs
sits one aisle over to the right.

MR. HORNER [OS]

Which captures a particular
American yearning.

Shot of Chris that pans down to the back of a male figure
Justin is drawing in his sketchpad.

MR. HORNER

And what do I mean by that?

Daphne, at Justin's left and seeing the drawing, giggles.
Justin grins in reaction but doesn't look up.

MR. HORNER

Justin?

Justin looks up, startled. The class turns to look at him.
Close-up on Chris.

JUSTIN

Yearning is when you want
something really badly.

CONTINUED

JUSTIN

Like
(beat)
so bad it hurts.

Chris looks from Justin back to Mr. Horner.

MR. HORNER

Exactly. It needs to hurt
to be worthy of the word.

Back to Chris.

MR. HORNER

Otherwise, it's just wanting.

Justin's drawing.

MR. HORNER

It's represented in The Gatsby
by the green light across the water.

Close-up of Justin's eyes as he stares at Chris. HUNGRILY.

MR. HORNER

You can see it, but you can't
touch it.

Chris friend-punches the arm of the guy in front of him. They
trade punches.

MR. HORNER

Mr. Hobbs!

Tossing the book down, he walks over.

MR. HORNER

Mr. Hobbs, are your parents
really paying for you to have another
testosterone outburst?

CHRIS

I wasn't doing anything.

MR. HORNER

Exactly. But you will be after school.

CONTINUED

CHRIS

I have football practice.

MR. HORNER

Not today. Today you'll be
cleaning out the athletic room.
The only thing we fight about
in this room, Mr. Hobbs, is interpretation.

CUT TO:

16 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

16

Michael and Emmett walk up to Mrs. Schmidt. She's sitting,
reading a magazine.

MICHAEL

Mrs. Schmidt, we're going
to work. If you want, you
can call me on my cell phone if --

MRS. SCHMIDT

They said
(beat)
he took an overdose of a drug
I've never heard of.

EMMETT

Well, he wasn't a drug user.

MICHAEL

He must have met someone that
night. And took him home.

MRS. SCHMIDT

May I ask you something,
Michael?

MICHAEL

Sure.

Mrs. Schmidt stands.

CONTINUED

MRS. SCHMIDT
If my son had been
(beat)
straight, if he had taken
a woman home, do you think
she would have run off and
left him there to die?

She grabs her purse and leaves.

CUT TO:

17 INT. ST. JAMES ACADEMY - DAY 17
Chris is cleaning the equipment room. We pull back and see
Justin standing there, watching.

JUSTIN
Need some help?

Chris turns.

CHRIS
This sucks.

JUSTIN
Yeah. They need you at practice.

He walks further in the room.

CHRIS
How do you know they do?
I thought you weren't into
sports and shit.

JUSTIN
Some.

CHRIS
Well, you sure keep it
a secret. I'm supposed to get
all this shit cleaned up outta here.

Justin picks up a box of equipment and sets it on the table.

CHRIS
Wow, you're pretty strong.

CONTINUED

JUSTIN
It's my other secret.

He grins.

CUT TO:

18 INT. RYDER ADVERTISING - DAY 18
Brian at his desk, looking at some copy. He tosses it on the desk.

BRIAN
I can't do this fucking copy.

MELANIE
Excuse me for barging in.

She strides in and slams her briefcase down on Brian's desk.

MELANIE
This won't take long.
As you may or may not know,
I'm Ted's lawyer.

BRIAN
So?

MELANIE
So, you need to know Ted made
a living will. Do you have one?

BRIAN
No.

MELANIE
Well, you should.

She holds out some papers from a folder for him to take.

MELANIE
But, I'm not your lawyer,
I'm his.

When Brian doesn't take the papers, she drops them on his desk.

CONTINUED

MELANIE

Anyway, he's made you responsible.

BRIAN

For what?

MELANIE

For deciding should he ever be
incompetent or unable to make
a decision whether to be kept alive
by extraordinary measures or
(beat)
be permitted to die.

BRIAN

Are you telling me that Ted
wants me to decide whether or not
to pull the plug?

MELANIE

I tried to talk him out of it.

BRIAN

And how long have you known
about this?

MELANIE

It doesn't matter how long.

BRIAN

Yeah, it does. I'm this secret
you two have been sharing.
When were you planning on telling me?

MELANIE

I was hoping I wouldn't have to.
That the situation would never arise.

BRIAN

Well, it has! It's arisen now.

MELANIE

And now you know.

CUT TO:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

19 INT. ST. JAMES ACADEMY - DAY

Equipment room. Chris is sitting on a mat. He catches the Pepsi Justin tosses at him. He pops it open and it foams out. Still standing, Justin watches. Chris takes a drink, shaking his hand of the foam. Justin is quiet. Chris offers him a drink. Their hands touch as they trade off and time slows. We see the red Babylon stamp on the back of Justin's right hand. The camera pans down, signaling a time jump, and Justin is sitting beside Chris.

CHRIS

Suzanne Shepley, big whore.
She'll blow you, but she won't
fuck if you're in this school.
Only if you go somewhere else,
preferably Catholic.

JUSTIN

She seemed like a dyke to me.

CHRIS

She's not a dyke.
She's a whore. There's a difference.

They laugh.

CHRIS

You know Mary Francis Cottallutto?
She comes over to interview me
for the school paper about being this
great athlete and shit. And it's four
o'clock and my mom won't be home till
six. I tell her what a touchdown
is like, and she grabs my dick.

JUSTIN

No!

CHRIS

Oh, yeah, she went for it.
Not only that, she unzips my fly.

He slides his leg down and starts to rub himself, eyes closed.
Justin swallows as he watches.

CONTINUED

CHRIS

She's got my dick and she's
got all these rings on. They're
cold, but her hand's warm. She's
rubbing and rubbing. Oh, yeah.
And then she's gotta go home.
You know, and I'm there. And I'm --

JUSTIN

You're hard.

Chris says nothing, eyes still closed. Justin reaches over and
rubs Chris's cock. Then he unzips and slides his hand inside
to slowly jerk him off. Chris pants and moans. Justin grins
and goes faster. After Chris comes, Justin's smile fades and
he pulls his hand away. In that instant, the door opens.

CHRIS

Shit.

He zips his pants without Mr. Horner seeing as he walks in.

MR. HORNER

Shouldn't you be working?

CHRIS

I am working, Mr. Horner.

He quickly gets up. Justin looks like the cat that ate the
canary.

CUT TO:

20 INT. WORLD GYM - DAY 20
Steam room with towel-clad men. We follow NAKED GUY to find
Emmett and Michael lounging in the corner.

NAKED GUY #1

Hey, guys.

NAKED GUY #2

Hey.

Emmett watches Naked Guy pass.

CONTINUED

EMMETT

How come I can't get my gluts
to look like that?

MICHAEL

Maybe you're not properly
visualizing the muscle group.

EMMETT

I'm visualizing it all
right. On my face.

They laugh. Brian appears and takes the seat in front of them.

BRIAN

Why me? Why not his mother?
(to Emmett)
Why not you?

EMMETT

Because I can't decide what to wear
in the morning. Who, in their right
mind, would give me power of life and death?

MICHAEL

I couldn't do it, either.

BRIAN

I don't even like Ted.

MICHAEL

Come on. You do so.

BRIAN

Well, not enough to be responsible
for his fucking life.

EMMETT

Well, he must have wanted
you for a reason.

MICHAEL

Maybe he's secretly in love with you.

BRIAN

I love you. I'm comatose. Kill me.

CONTINUED

MICHAEL

It's not over yet, Brian.
He could still wake up.

Brian looks at him.

CUT TO:

21 INT. JUSTIN'S ROOM - DAY 21
Justin (in casual clothes) and Daphne (in her school uniform)
are laying on the bed with the stereo playing.

DAPHNE

Chris?

She laughs.

DAPHNE

No way!

Grinning, Justin makes a jerking off gesture.

JUSTIN

Then don't believe me.

DAPHNE

But I thought you were in love
with that Brian guy.

JUSTIN

Me and Chris? That's not love,
Daph. That's just fucking.

DAPHNE

And I thought it was detention.

They laugh.

JENNIFER

Justin?

Daphne sits up.

DAPHNE

I gotta go.

She gets her backpack. Justin goes to the stereo.

CONTINUED

DAPHNE

Hi, Mrs. Taylor.

Jennifer grins.

JENNIFER

Hi, Daphne.

Daphne leaves. Jennifer looks at her watch.

JENNIFER

Didn't you have art club
this afternoon?

JUSTIN

I quit art club.

Justin stops the CD playing.

JENNIFER

You love art club.

JUSTIN

I'm not interested.

JENNIFER

Since when? Just last week --

JUSTIN

You don't know everything about me.
A week is a long time.
Things can change in a week.

JENNIFER

Well, I thought you might like to
know I'm going to Niketown, but
you're probably not interested in
that, either.

JUSTIN

When?

JENNIFER

Now. And you can drive.

Justin follows her out.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

22 INT. LIBERTY AVENUE DINER - DAY 22

Michael walks in and watches Deb behind the counter, clearing dishes. She rubs her nose in a cute way and Michael smiles. Deb looks up and sees him. She grins and waves, going over to him, rubbing her nose again. Michael keeps grinning at her.

DEBBIE

What?

MICHAEL

Just the thing you do with your hand.

He does her nose-rub twice.

MICHAEL

Like this.

Deb grins.

DEBBIE

I do that?

MICHAEL

Yeah, you do.

DEBBIE

Well, you should know.

MICHAEL

Yeah.

They're quiet. Deb leans over, pats his hand.

DEBBIE

People wake up from comas, sweetheart.

MICHAEL

Yeah, sure.

DEBBIE

Your Uncle Vic. How long was he in his?

MICHAEL

Nine days?

CONTINUED

DEBBIE

Ten. And I thought I'd lost him.
I couldn't tell your grandmother
it was AIDS at the time because she
couldn't have dealt with it. I wanted
to hear all about the white light and
the tunnel and did Aunt Teresa get to
heaven. First words out of his mouth:
'Did I miss the Golden Globes?'

She laughs, Michael smiles. She leans forward again.

DEBBIE

How is he?

MICHAEL

The same. No change.

(beat)

I'm gonna go back a little
later. I thought I'd take
something to his mom.

Deb gets emotional and comes around the counter to grab his
head and kiss him. She walks back behind the counter.

MICHAEL

What was that for?

Deb dismisses it with a wave and gets a Styrofoam container
off a shelf, then the lemon bars.

DEBBIE

Turkey meatloaf. Lemon bars.
They're great today.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. RESIDENTIAL ROAD - DAY
Justin driving, Jennifer in the passenger seat.

23

JENNIFER

You're a good driver.

JUSTIN

Better than you.

CONTINUED

He laughs and after a second, so does Jennifer. She touches the dashboard.

JENNIFER

Okay, slow down. This is a bit too fast.

Justin points to the speedometer.

JUSTIN

This is normal. And you just said I was a good driver.

Jennifer smiles at him.

JUSTIN

What?

JENNIFER

Nothing. It's just nice.
You laughed. It's been a while.

JUSTIN

Maybe you could get another car.
Let me have this for school.

JENNIFER

Just hand it over?
I was twenty before I had a car.
I was going out with Jay McLaughlin.
He could have been your father.

JUSTIN

That's stupid. I wouldn't be me.

JENNIFER

He was my first real boyfriend.

JUSTIN

I'd be totally someone else.

JENNIFER

Learned with him what a kiss
really was.

Justin makes a face.

CONTINUED

JUSTIN

Gross!

Jennifer laughs.

JUSTIN

Don't tell me. I don't want to know.

JENNIFER

Well, now you do.

Justin grins. Jennifer looks at the Babylon stamp on his hand.

JENNIFER

So -- do you have a boyfriend, Justin?

Flash-cut to a shocked Justin. Long pause.

JENNIFER

You can tell me. I promise you,
I won't tell your father.

JUSTIN

I don't.

JENNIFER

Then who's Brian?

Justin shoots her a shocked look. He pulls over, shuts the car off and opens the door.

JENNIFER

Justin.

He runs away.

JENNIFER

Justin!

CUT TO:

24 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

24

Chapel. Michael walks in with the diner food. He clears his throat.

MICHAEL

Mrs. Schmidt?

CONTINUED

Sitting in the front row before a cross, Mrs. Schmidt turns and smiles.

MRS. SCHMIDT
Michael.

MICHAEL
I don't mean to bug you.
I brought you this. It's from my mom.
Meatloaf and lemons bars.
The lemon bars are really good.

He hands her the container.

MRS. SCHMIDT
There's still no change.

Michael sits across the aisle from her.

MRS. SCHMIDT
They're watching and waiting, so
(beat)
I thought I'd take a small break.

MICHAEL
Well, I'm sure you could use one.

MRS. SCHMIDT
He mentioned a Michael. I said
'Tell me the name of one special friend.'
And he said, 'Well, there's a Michael.'
Thank you for the food, dear. I'll
stay a bit longer and then I'll go
to his condo tonight.

MICHAEL
His condo?

MRS. SCHMIDT
For pajamas. I don't know
if he even wears them, but
if he does, he'll need them when --

She stands to go after palming Michael's cheek. Michael waits until she's walking away before pulling out his cell phone.

CONTINUED

CUT TO:

25 INT. TORSO - DAY
Emmett is folding clothes with a phone headset on.

25

EMMETT

Torso.

SPLIT SCREEN SHOT:

Emmett at Torso.
Michael in the chapel.

MICHAEL

It's me.

EMMETT

Oh my god, is he dead?

MICHAEL

No, but he's gonna wish
he was when he finds out his
mom's going to his condo tonight
for pajamas.

Emmett laughs.

EMMETT

Oh, shit! What if she finds his porn?

MICHAEL

And his magazines. And remember
his thirty-third birthday last year--

Emmett laughs.

EMMETT

When we gave him those thirty-three
dildos. That was hilarious.

MICHAEL

Well, it's not so funny anymore.
We gotta go there and find all
thirty-three.

EMMETT

Wait!

CONTINUED

MICHAEL

What?

EMMETT

What if he's given some as
hostess gifts?

MICHAEL

Wha --?

CUT TO:

26 INT. LINDSAY AND MELANIE'S HOUSE - DAY 26
Lindsay, Gus in hand, goes to answer the knock on the door.
It's Brian.

BRIAN

I don't have a lot of time.

He shuts the door and walks away.

LINDSAY

You have time to kiss your son.

She follows and hands Gus to him. Brian relaxes and kisses
Gus's cheek. We hear someone coming down the stairs.

MELANIE

Hey, honey, his bath's ready.

She stops at the base of the stairs, seeing Brian. Brian hands
Gus back to Lindsay.

MELANIE

Did we know he was coming?

BRIAN

No, we did not know.

MELANIE

Well, it'd be nice if you'd call
first. As I said, his bath's ready,
so if you want me to take him up --

Brian swings around to face Melanie, agitated.

CONTINUED

BRIAN

I don't give a shit what
Ted wants. I'm not doing it,
do you understand?

MELANIE

I told him you'd be this way.

BRIAN

He has a mother.

MELANIE

Yeah, would you wish this on yours?

BRIAN

He has better friends.

MELANIE

Well that's for goddamn sure!

Gus starts to cry.

LINDSAY

(disapproving)

Melanie, would you please --

MELANIE

Look, did I barge in here at
bath time? Was that me?

BRIAN

Fuck bath time and fuck you!

MELANIE

Hey, fuck you!

LINDSAY

Just stop it, both of you.

BRIAN

So, let's cut to the chase.
Find somebody else. His mommy,
or Michael or Madonna. I don't care who.

LINDSAY

But he chose you.

CONTINUED

BRIAN

Well, he chose wrong.

MELANIE

That's what I said to him.
I said, 'Brian is not the person
you want responsible for your life.
He's a selfish, narcissistic
little fucking faggot!' And let me
tell you something, it's not because
you suck cock, it's because you're a
little fucking coward! So go, get out, now!

Brian stares at her, then looks to Lindsay. Her expression and a helpless shake of her head says he should just go. Brian looks at Melanie again, then goes to the door. Melanie shadows him, slamming the door once he's gone. Lindsay takes a few steps closer.

LINDSAY

You had no right talking to
him that way.

Melanie turns.

MELANIE

No right? Ted is lying there,
on life support. He's probably
never going to wake up and he is
depending on Brian to show him the decency,
the kindness to release him.

Lindsay closes the distance between them.

LINDSAY

That's all the more reason to be kind.
After all, he's the one who has to do it.
Think how hard it must be. What if it
were one of us? If it was me lying there
and you had to pull the plug?

Melanie shakes her head, affected.

MELANIE

I'm not sure I could.

CONTINUED

LINDSAY

Maybe that's why you're so
angry at him. Because you know
if it were you, you'd be as scared
and angry as he is.

They lean their foreheads together.

CUT TO:

27 INT. BABYLON - DAY

27

Backroom. Brian grabs Trick #1 to kiss. The trick slides down while two more tricks join in, touching and licking Brian's body. After a minute, Brian grabs the chin of Trick #2, looks at him, then pushes him away. He shoves the other tricks away and pulls his leather jacket back up onto his shoulders and walk-stumbles a few steps. Puts on his sunglasses and goes out the back door.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. DAPHNE'S HOUSE - DAY

28

Justin and Daphne stand in the driveway behind a car. Justin is smoking.

JUSTIN

She knows! My mom knows!

DAPHNE

Holy shit!

JUSTIN

I've got to find Brian.

DAPHNE

What for?

JUSTIN

He'll know what to do.

DAPHNE

Like he cares.

JUSTIN

He wants me!

CONTINUED

DAPHNE

How can you tell?

JUSTIN

Because I can. I'm gonna live
with him. I'm gonna be with him.
You'll see. Now, please, you've
got to help me.

DAPHNE

I'm grounded.

JUSTIN

Oh, fuck.

He takes a drag off his cigarette.

DAPHNE

My mom said she'd better
come home and find me reading
Toni Morrison.

Justin gives her puppy eyes. Daphne sighs. Beat.

DAPHNE

Well, they don't get home until
seven. And you do beat Beloved.

Justin is grinning as he throws his cigarette down. They get
in the car.

CUT TO:

29 INT. TED'S APARTMENT - DAY

29

Sound of a key in a lock. Emmett and Michael walk in. Emmett
slides the coffee table lamp over a few inches.

EMMETT

That's better. I'm always
telling him not everything in
life needs to be centered.

Michael is in the kitchen, frantic.

MICHAEL

We can redecorate later.
His mother's coming.

CONTINUED

He opens the refrigerator.

MICHAEL

Poppers.

He tosses the vial over his shoulder to Emmett.

EMMETT

Oop!

Michael tosses more packages that Emmett catches.

MICHAEL

Cheddar. Brie.

EMMETT

I don't think there are particularly strong shame issues attached to cheese, Michael.

MICHAEL

Fine! Whatever. You check out the bedroom. I'll work out here.

EMMETT

Okay.

Emmett goes off. Michael throws things away in the kitchen, then rushes to the front room. At the TV stand, he goes through drawers of video tapes, sorting out the porn.

MICHAEL

Falcon. Falcon. You've Got Mail. He masturbates to Meg Ryan and Tom Hanks?

A dildo comes sailing through the air, hitting him in the head.

MICHAEL

Ow!

More dildos come flying.

EMMETT

Found 'em!

Michael catches a huge one.

CONTINUED

MICHAEL

God! Jesus, look at this one.

Emmett jumps into the room, holding another huge dildo like a sword.

EMMETT

Ha!

They start dueling.

MICHAEL

Touché!

Emmett jabs at Michael's butt.

EMMETT

In this case, tushy.

MICHAEL

Whoo!

More dueling, then Emmett stabs Michael in the chest. Making dying noises, Michael falls on the couch, Emmett following to sit hard on his lap.

EMMETT

Dead! Right through
the heart!

Emmett jumps up to head back to the bedroom.

EMMETT

All right. There's a million
of them in there. And we've
gotta find them all.

Michael gets up.

MICHAEL

We must.

He rounds up the thrown dildos and porn tapes off the floor, following Emmett into the bedroom. After tossing them onto the bed, he starts going through Ted's dresser, while Emmett opens a locker. Taped to the inside of the door are about twenty pictures of Michael: candid, smiling with Ted, working at the computer, making funny faces, bare chested.

CONTINUED

EMMETT

Michael? Come here.

Michael walks over. He goes solemn, seeing the pictures. They trade a look.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

30

Justin repeatedly buzzing the loft's intercom. He tries the locked door.

JUSTIN

Shit! Fuck!

He backs up into the street, screaming up at the loft.

JUSTIN

Brian! Brian!

MAN

Shut up!

Across the street, Daphne honks her car horn and leans out the window.

DAPHNE

Justin, I gotta go home.

Justin looks back at her, then up at the loft, before crossing the street.

JUSTIN

I have to find him.

DAPHNE

Well, what about the crazy lady?

JUSTIN

What crazy lady?

DAPHNE

You know, the weird one from the diner.

JUSTIN

You mean Debbie?

CONTINUED

CUT TO:

31 INT. WOODY'S - NIGHT

31

We pan by a guy playing pool to Michael and Emmett sitting at a table with beers.

MICHAEL

So what do you think it means?

EMMETT

I think it means he likes you.

MICHAEL

I think it means he loves me.

Emmett takes a drink.

EMMETT

Kind of flattering, in a way.
He collects you the way you
collect comics.

MICHAEL

It's just that, all this time,
I never knew.

EMMETT

There's a lot of things we don't
know about each other. Like, did
you know I used to walk down the street
in Hazelhurst, Mississippi, and the
postman would spit at me.

MICHAEL

I don't know where my father
was born. Or even who he is.

EMMETT

I sat with my dead grandma
for an hour, and held her hand,
before I told anyone she was dead.

Michael reaches for his hand.

EMMETT

How come we never tell each
other these things?

CONTINUED

He takes Michael's hand.

CUT TO:

32 INT. DEB'S HOUSE - NIGHT 32
Deb with a hand on her hip, having answered the door to find
Justin.

DEBBIE
Don't tell me. Brian. Am I right?

Justin nods. Deb softens.

DEBBIE
Come on in. I'll make you
a sandwich.

She walks away. Justin comes in, closing the door.

JUSTIN
Actually, I just need to
know how I can--

DEBBIE
And don't talk. I can
figure it all out.

She goes to the wall phone, motioning Justin to the kitchen
table.

DEBBIE
Have a seat, honey.
Right there.

She punches in a number as Justin sits.

DEBBIE
Michael?

Justin whips his head around.

DEBBIE
It's me. You've got male.

Justin deflates.

CONTINUED

CUT TO:

33 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

33

Lindsay in the loft. Brian, fresh from the shower in his robe and holding a drink, slides the door shut. He walks to the kitchen, Lindsay following.

LINDSAY

I just want you to know
Melanie feels terrible
about what she said.

BRIAN

Do you think I care?

Adds ice to his drink.

LINDSAY

Look, it's upsetting for
all of us. But at a time
like this we could try showing
a little compassion. Especially
for Ted. Is there any word?

BRIAN

The machines say he's still alive.

LINDSAY

Poor guy.

BRIAN

What about us? We don't have any
beeps or wires with little white
dots telling us we're alive, so
how do we know? I guess we just
take each other's word.

LINDSAY

Maybe we know from what people
expect from us. I mean, take Gus.
He needs me to feed him, to change him.
Knowing that tells me I'm alive. So,
for me, right now, it's him.

BRIAN

What about me?

Lindsay closes the distance between them.

CONTINUED

LINDSAY

Ted needs you now. So maybe
that's what tells you you're alive.

Brian exhales, looking miserable. Lindsay holds his face.

LINDSAY

You'll do the right thing.
Whatever it is.

Her hands slide away.

BRIAN

You don't know that.

CUT TO:

33 INT. TED'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

33

Slow pan up the bed, a machine beeping. Brian's hand comes into view and hovers over Ted's face.

BRIAN

Fuck you. Fuck you. Fuck you.
For going home with some tweaked out
little twinkie and thinking you got lucky.

He leans down.

BRIAN

Did he let you eat his ass?
Did he let you suck his cock?
Well, I hope it was worth it.
And fuck you for choosing me.
I ought to let you lie here forever.
How'd you like that? Can you hear me?

(beat)

You know, you're not so bad looking.
In fact, you look better like this.
You should die more often. Or live.
So that I don't have to say yes.
Yes, I'll do it. I'll give you what
you want. What you need. But don't think
it's for you. It's not. It's for me.

A hand on his shoulder makes Brian turn. It's Male Nurse. They face each other for a second, then start kissing and

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

stripping. Male Nurse lays on an empty bed. Brian jumps on top of him. Moans. Back to Ted's bed as he begins to wake up.

MALE NURSE
(whispered)

Oh, yeah.

More moans and grunts. Ted moves his head, following the noise.

TED

Jesus.

CUT TO:

34 INT. DEB'S HOUSE - NIGHT
Justin eating a sandwich.

34

MICHAEL [O.S.]
This is my house. You've got your own.
Go home.

JUSTIN
(still eating)
I can't.

MICHAEL
What?

JUSTIN
I can't. My mom knows.

Vic's at the kitchen table with Justin. Deb and Michael are standing.

DEBBIE
Well, she could go to my
PFLAG group at the Center
every other Tuesday. I'll get
her a t-shirt and a button.

MICHAEL
Ma, please!

DEBBIE
Ma, please, what? I am
proud to have a gay son.

CONTINUED

MICHAEL

We know!

DEBBIE

And brother.

She encircles Vic from behind.

VIC

Thanks, sis.

He takes his pills with water.

DEBBIE

I've always said it isn't
who you love, it's how
you love. Genitalia is simply
God's way of accessorizing.

MICHAEL

This is not about you and the
Gay Mother of the Year award.
This is about Brian's one night stand.

Justin shakes his head.

JUSTIN

(mouth full)

Not just one.

MICHAEL

Don't bet on it. And
who here even cares?!

VIC

I do.

JUSTIN

My dad threatened to disown
me. He called me a big queer.

VIC

He didn't hit you, did he?

MICHAEL

Oh, come on, Uncle Vic.
You're not gonna listen to this shit!

JUSTIN

That's why I have to see Brian.
He'll let me stay with him.

MICHAEL

I don't think so.

JUSTIN

Well, then
(thinkin)
I'll go to New York.
I'll become a hustler, and
I'll sell my body to gross old homos!

Vic leans in.

VIC

I'll give you twenty bucks.

Deb swats his head. Vic turns to her.

VIC

Save him the train fare.

JUSTIN

I'm gonna throw up. I gotta vomit.

He stands, putting more sandwich in his mouth. Deb points up.

DEBBIE

Upstairs bathroom. The one
for guests and drama queens.

Justin jogs off. Vic and Michael laugh.

DEBBIE

It's not a joke, you know.
Gay teens have a very high suicide rate.

MICHAEL

Unfortunately not this one.

He enters a number into his cell phone.

35 INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM

35

Justin walks in, looking around. He grins, seeing the
corkboard with the picture of Brian and Michael as teenagers.
He reaches for it.

CONTINUED

35 INT. KITCHEN

35

Deb at the sink, Michael and Vic eating sandwiches at the table.

DEBBIE

I'm calling his mother.

MICHAEL

It's none of our business.

DEBBIE

He may be telling the truth,
and even if he isn't,
she's got to be worried.

VIC

She's not worried. Now she knows.
It's not drugs. It's not booze.
He didn't buy an automatic weapon
to take down to the Spanish club.
It's just cock.

Amused, Deb turns, hand on hip. Vic laughs.

Sound of the front door closing.

BRIAN

Hi.

He walks in.

BRIAN

(to Deb)

How did he find you?

Deb throws her hands up. Brian walks over to grip Vic's shoulder in greeting.

MICHAEL

They all find her.
And now he won't leave.
You gotta do something.

BRIAN

Like what?

MICHAEL

Like get him out of my house!
He's upstairs.

CONTINUED

BRIAN

All right. I'm going.

MICHAEL

This is not how I wanted
to spend my evening.

Brian stops and grins back at them.

BRIAN

By the way, Ted woke up.
He's going to be okay.

Brian runs up the stairs. Everyone is relieved at the news.
Deb crosses herself.

36 INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM

36

Justin looking down at the photo. He hears the door open
behind him and smiles to himself before turning to face Brian.

BRIAN

What are you doing here?

JUSTIN

Waiting for you.

37 INT. KITCHEN

37

Michael, Deb, and Vic at the table.

DEBBIE

Well, it's a relief.
I'll say that. I like Ted.
There's a real sweetheart in there,
somewhere.

Michael is staring into space.

DEBBIE

Michael?

38 INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM

38

Justin tries to go in for a kiss. Brian dodges the
first time, pushes Justin's chest back the second time. When
Justin stands still is when Brian finally pulls him in for a
couple kisses. He NEEDS to be the one on top.

39 INT. KITCHEN

39

CONTINUED

Michael looks up at the ceiling.

- 40 INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM 40
One more HOT kiss and Justin goes to his knees. Brian's eyes are closed as Justin blows him, welcoming every inch of him.
- 41 INT. KITCHEN 41
Deb stands, taking her coffee cup to the sink.

DEBBIE
I've decided.

MICHAEL
What?

DEBBIE
You and me. We're taking him home.

MICHAEL
Why you and me? Why me at all?

DEBBIE
Well, he can hardly go with Brian.

VIC
And if I go it looks a little
Fagin and Oliver Twist.

MICHAEL
Leaving me? The harmless one.
Thanks a lot.

Deb swats him with her dish towel.

Justin and Brian come down the stairs and into the kitchen. Justin grins smugly at Michael and steals some chips off his plate. Agitated, Michael stands and moves to the far wall behind Brian.

DEBBIE
I'm calling your mother.
I'm taking you home.

JUSTIN
I'm not going.

Deb points a finger in his face.

DEBBIE

You get my tits in a knot,
Sunshine, and you're gonna
be in deep shit.

A hand to his chest and a grin moves him out of the way.

DEBBIE

Excuse me.

She goes to call Jennifer. Justin sits at the table, drinks
some milk.

VIC

What are you studying in school?

JUSTIN

Hmm?

VIC

Called conversation.

Brian chuckles. He catches Michael's pissed off look and goes
solemn, glancing down. Deb appears with her coat on.

DEBBIE

Ready?

MICHAEL

I need to talk to Brian.
I'll be there in a second.

Deb makes a 'come on' finger gesture to Justin, then turns
toward the door. Justin follows.

JUSTIN

(mouths to Brian)

Bye.

Vic gets up and leaves. Michael watches everyone leave, then
faces Brian.

MICHAEL

Do you have anything to say?

Pause.

BRIAN

No.

CONTINUED

MICHAEL

Well, I do. You can fuck him
at your place, you can fuck him
in his gym class, you can fuck him
at the zoo, but you cannot fuck him
in my mother's house. In my room!

Brian is silent.

DEBBIE

We're waiting!

Michael looks over at the front door, then back to Brian.

MICHAEL

Okay, I'm gonna go do this
little job, and then I'm going
to go see Ted at the hospital.
You do whatever the fuck you want.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. CITY ROAD - NIGHT

42

Michael is driving. He looks in the rear view mirror at a
smugly grinning Justin.

DEBBIE

Nobody knows if it's nature
or nurture, being gay.

DEBBIE

Now they're all saying you can
tell by the length of the index
finger. Although, all of Michael's
fingers are perfectly normal. He
should have three kids and a beer
belly and he's about as gay as you get!

Justin laughs.

MICHAEL

Ma, give it a rest!

Deb pouts. Justin grins.

CONTINUED

CUT TO:

43 EXT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 43
Deb and Michael walk up to the door. Justin lags around the corner by the garage.

DEBBIE
Listen! That's nice.
Not like that old buzzer at our house.

Jennifer answers the door.

DEBBIE
Oh, hi. I was admiring your chimes.
You have a real nice place here.

JENNIFER
Well, thank you. You must be--

Justin barges between them and into the house.

DEBBIE
Rude little shit, isn't he?

Jennifer stands with her hand over her heart, composing herself.

DEBBIE
I'm Debbie Novotny.
And this is my gay son, Michael.

MICHAEL
(out of the corner of his mouth)
Ma!

Jennifer stares at Michael before shaking Deb's hand.

JENNIFER
I'm Jennifer Taylor.

DEBBIE
Jennifer.

CRAIG (O.S.)
Honey, who's there?

JENNIFER
(calls back)
It's no one!

CONTINUED

Michael and Deb look down. Jennifer comes further outside, pulling the door closer behind herself to hide them.

DEBBIE

Listen. If you ever need to talk to somebody, I work over at the Liberty Diner on Liberty Avenue. 'Cause I know what you're going through. The finding out. I mean, I always knew about Michael. In fact, I told him, right?

She laughs, touching Michael, who's itching his ear and giving her a 'Ma!' look.

DEBBIE

To spare him the pain of having to tell me. So, Jennifer, don't ask, 'Are you?' Because it's never a question. Just say, 'I know.'

JENNIFER

Thank you.

Jennifer gestures inside and leaves. Michael turns to Deb as the door closes.

MICHAEL

You had to say all that?

DEBBIE

I was trying to help.

MICHAEL

You try too much.

They turn and walk back down the driveway.

MICHAEL

You're still wearing that same old coat.

DEBBIE

So, someday you'll buy me a mink. You're going to be a big success.

MICHAEL

Yeah, right. You'll freeze to death first.

CONTINUED

CUT TO:

46 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT
Brian and Michael are dancing, having a good time.

46

BRIAN
I want it to be you.

MICHAEL
What?

BRIAN
I want it to be you.
I'll put it in writing.

MICHAEL
I want it to be you, too.
You pull my plug.

BRIAN
And you pull mine.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END