

queer asfolk

EPISODE FIVE

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FADE IN:

1 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - DAY

The bed. Slow pan up the hairy legs of a muscled, naked TRICK sleeping on his left side. Beside him is a sleeping Brian, laying on his back with a sheet pulled up to his waist. Trick turns over, then Brian rolls over. Knock at the door. Brian looks over his shoulder.

BRIAN
Who the hell are you?

TRICK
(pops his head up)
I'm the guy you fucked last night.

BRIAN
Yeah.

Trick lays back down.

BRIAN
Were you any good?

Trick pops back up, stares, then falls back down. Another knock at the door.

BRIAN
(sits up, annoyed)
Okay, I'm coming! (to Trick)
And you're going.
(rolls out of bed as Trick sits up)

2 INT. FRONT DOOR

2

No shirt and zipping his pants, Brian walks to the door and slides it open. Lindsay, holding Gus, bounces in.

LINDSAY
Hi, we just happened to
be in the neighborhood,
so I-
(sees Trick, his back to them
pulling up his jeans in the
bedroom)
Are we interrupting something?

CONTINUED

BRIAN

Not at all. We're all done.

TRICK

(joins them, pulling on a tank top)
This your kid?

LINDSAY

Yes.

TRICK

He is precious!

Smiling softly, Brian takes Gus. He stares at Trick when the guy leans over Gus and starts with the baby talk.

TRICK

Hello! Hello! Oh, baby,
hello, baby, hello
(glances up, realizing he's not
exactly being Mr. Macho Man, then
gets butch with Brian)
We'll do this again.

BRIAN

(dry)

Yeah, sure. (smiles at Gus)

Trick leaves.

LINDSAY

Let me guess, your Italian
tutor? (dangles a toy)

BRIAN

(takes toy)

Grazie.

LINDSAY

You know, if you visited
once in a while, we wouldn't
need to drop by unannounced.
(puts the diaper bag down
and goes into the kitchen
for a bottled water)

CONTINUED

BRIAN

Talk to your girlfriend.

LINDSAY

You can't exactly blame her.
The way you behave.

BRIAN

She's just jealous, because
she thinks you love me more
than you love her.
And she's right.

LINDSAY

Look, we have a child now.
(puts the water down,
leaves the kitchen)

BRIAN

You and me.

LINDSAY

And Melanie. So, one way
or another, we all have
to get along.

BRIAN

(rolls his eyes)
I'll try. If she douches.

Lindsay fake laughs.

LINDSAY

I thought we could try
something small. A nice,
civilized, home cooked meal.

BRIAN

Seasoned with a dash
of rat poison.

LINDSAY

I was thinking garlic.
There's a chicken thing
I wanna try. It has forty
cloves. (gets her bag)
Could you stomach that?

CONTINUED

BRIAN
The chicken or Melanie?

LINDSAY
(goes to the door)
Friday? Early? So you can
still hit the bars?

Brian stares. Smiling, she leaves. He rolls his eyes.

CUT TO:

3 INT. THE BIG Q - DAY

3

Check-out lane. Boxes of Kittie Bites cat food are scanned. A female CUSTOMER is holding out a coupon.

CUSTOMER
I have thirty-five cents
off of Kittie Bites.

MARLEY
We do coupons in the end.
And that one expired in 1992.

MICHAEL
(walks over behind the register)
Marley, you free tonight?

MARLEY
You know how long I've been
waiting for a man to ask me that?

MICHAEL
(flips through a binder
from under the counter)
I need somebody to stay late to
help me with the inventory.

Tracy, few registers over, overhears.

MARLEY
Oh, sorry, I've got church
choir practice.

MICHAEL
Well, that's a new excuse.

MARLEY

How many times can my great
grandmother be on her deathbed?

They both grin. Michael crouches to replace the binder.

CUSTOMER

I have a coupon for the
Johnny Bowl, too.

MARLEY

I'm just flushed with excitement,
Princess.

TRACY

Mike, if you need somebody
to stay late, I'm free.

MICHAEL

(pops up)

You are? That'll be great.
It'll only take a couple hours.

TRACY

(mouths)

Okay. (turns back to her customer)

MARLEY

She wouldn't mind if it took
all night.

MICHAEL

(disapproving)

Marley.

(walks away, talking to

Tracy as he passes)

So we meet after closing.

TRACY

Great, I'll see you then.

MARLEY

Just be careful you two
don't get caught on the
surveillance cameras. (laughs)

Tracy grins. A shot of Michael in the background shows him
annoyed.

CUT TO:

4 INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

4

Jennifer on a couch.

JENNIFER

We used to share things.

We--

(beat)

enjoyed each other.

Shot of the female THERAPIST sitting across from her, listening.

JENNIFER

But now, I talk to him,
he slams the door, runs
away. And he lies.

We see Justin on the couch, leaning over the coffee table and playing with a pile of candies, unhappy.

JENNIFER

He says he's spending the
night at Daphne's, but I
know he's not. And I found things.

THERAPIST

What sort of things?

Justin winces, rubbing his eye before sliding that hand up into his hair with a sigh.

JENNIFER

Drawings, sketches, that
he did-- of men.

(beat)

Naked.

Therapist looks at Justin. Without ever actually looking at Justin, Jennifer turns toward him.

JENNIFER

I just have to know
(turns her body away
from him, facing forward again)

CONTINUED

THERAPIST

If Justin might be gay?

Long pause. Jennifer sighs. Justin looks from her to the therapist then back down to his candies.

JENNIFER

He's only seventeen.
He's too young to be having
those feelings to be (turns to him)
Justin, how can you possibly
know now who you are?

Justin stares at her.

THERAPIST

Justin.
Do you have anything to say?

Long pause.

JUSTIN

(licks his lips)
I like dick. I wanna get
fucked by dick. I wanna
suck dick. I like sucking
dick. And I'm good at it, too.

THERAPIST

Well, that's a start.

Jennifer gives them both a WTF look.

CUT TO:

5 INT. RYDER ADVERTISING AGENCY - DAY

5

Conference room. Shot of a Telson Tires display. Brian, at the head of table, pitches to MARVIN TELSON and his two people. Brian's boss, MARTY RYDER, and six other employees round out the table.

BRIAN

Your existing campaign
is solid, Mr. Telson,
but you need more muscle

CONTINUED

to break out of the boring,
family market box.

Sitting back in his chair, Marvin twirls a pen and doesn't
look dazzled.

BRIAN

Target males, of course,
eighteen to thirty-four.
Feature speed, fashion,
visibility.

(glances at Ryder without
a pause in his pitch while
Ryder looks at Marvin)

You sponsored a NASCAR team,
but you need a campaign to max
the investment. TV, print,
selected websites...

Marvin sighs and leans forward.

RYDER

(standing)

Just so you know, Mr. Telson,
Brian is our most dynamic
and creative account exec,
his campaigns have won Cleo
awards for us...

MARVIN

That's impressive... for you.
How does that translate to
national sales for me? (smiles at Brian)

RYDER

Well, maybe you'd like to sit
down and flesh out the strategy
with him. He's also, one hell
of a host.

Marvin gathers his things.

RYDER [OS]

He can get you into all
the top restaurants. He can

CONTINUED

get you the best tickets to
the games. Tell me, do you
like baseball, Mr. Telson?

MARVIN

I'm pretty tired after the
flight this morning and I got
a full set of meetings tomorrow.

BRIAN

Well, how about tomorrow
night? The Pirates are playing.
And we have company seats on
the first baseline.

MARVIN

(turns to Brian from the door)
Well, if I have any time,
I'll give you a call.

Ryder lets them out.

MAN

We'll let you know.

WOMAN

Thank you very much.

Brian rolls his eyes. Ryder shuts the door after them and
storms back to the table.

BRIAN [OS]

I know what the son of the
bitch is up to. (Ryder looks at him)
He's playing us against every
other agency in town. Pumping
us for our best ideas, and he'll
take them where he wants to.

RYDER

(headed for the door)
You just make sure where he
wants to go is here. (leaves)

Other employees filter out. Brian turns away.

CONTINUED

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBERTY AVENUE - NIGHT

Night life.

6 INT. DINER

6

At a booth: Michael and Ted on the right, Brian and Emmett on the left. Ted steals a fry off Michael's plate. Brian, toothpick in hand, watches two guys sit in the booth behind them.

BRIAN

---and if I don't get this account, I'll be fucked and without lube.

EMMETT

And that's a bad thing?

DEBBIE

(appears, serving tray in hand)
It's amazing how you always work anal intercourse into the conversation.

BRIAN

You try spending an evening with some back-slapping breeder from Altoona, smoking cigars and talking about pussy.

TED

I'd love to hear what you have to say about pussy.

BRIAN

That it's a good thing you've got one, because you wouldn't know what to do with a dick.

Emmett dabs at a stain on his shirt.

CONTINUED

DEBBIE (O.S.)

Move over. (sits next to Michael)
You boys in the mood for
something sweet or you gonna
pick up a little something at
Woody's? (laughs, pinching Michael's cheeks)

MICHAEL

Ma, stop pinching my cheeks.

DEBBIE

Well, bend over so I can
pinch the other ones.

Brian laughs as he drinks his water. Everyone else is laughing
as Deb slaps the table and gets up.

TED

I've got some tax reports
to go over.

Emmett is still fussing with his stain, Brian watching him.

EMMETT

I would think after checking
Out numbers all day, you'd like
to come check out some numbers
at night.

TED

Well, in light of my recent
near-death experience, I've
decided to take account of
my near-life. Woody's and
Babylon are no longer deductible
expenses. [leaves]

EMMETT [OS]

He'll be back.

Michael drinks some water.

EMMETT

Looks like it's just us,
Three Musketeers.

CONTINUED

DEBBIE

(shows up with the check)
More like the Pointer sisters.

MICHAEL

I can't go either.

BRIAN

What's your excuse?

MICHAEL

I have to go back to the
store. We're restocking.

EMMETT

Poor baby, spending the entire
evening alone in that dreary
crap emporium.

Brian peels off two \$20's from a folded stack with a glance at
the bill and tosses it on the table.

MICHAEL

Tracy'll be there.

BRIAN

Your bride-to-be?

MICHAEL

She's not my bride-to-be.

BRIAN

Then you can tell her who
you really are.

Michael shakes his head.

EMMETT

I agree. I always say,
come clean or don't come
at all.

MICHAEL

I can't. Where I work,
they laugh at faggots.

CONTINUED

BRIAN

The only faggots worth
laughing at are the ones
that don't tell the truth.
Don't be one of those assholes
who hides, Mikey. And stop
leading her on.

MICHAEL

Who's leading her on?
We're counting cartons
of toilet paper. (gets up, annoyed)

BRIAN

Which you can use because
you're so full of shit.
(smacks the bill and
cash to the table edge)

Michael leaves. With his arm along the back of the booth,
Brian swats the back of Emmett's neck.

EMMETT

Don't touch me.

Brian laughs.

CUT TO:

7 INT. THE BIG Q - NIGHT

Michael, clipboard in hand, walks down an aisle.

MICHAEL

Ok, we've done toilet paper,
paper towels, paper napkins,
paper plates..
(looks around, realizing
he's talking to himself)
Tracy? Trace?

TRACY

I'm here!

MICHAEL

Where?

CONTINUED

We see a ladder with a pair of legs on it.

TRACY

In feminine hygiene. I'm
checking pantyliners.
Light days and heavy days.

MICHAEL

So, how we doing?

TRACY

We're heavy on light days
and light on heavy days.

MICHAEL

Gotcha. Let's move on.

TRACY

It's always work with you.
Don't you ever have fun?

MICHAEL

Yeah, I have fun, I have
lots of fun.

TRACY

Really? 'Cos you never wanna
go out with us after work.

MICHAEL

I've gone out with you guys.

TRACY

Once! Marley says no one knows
what you're really like.
That you probably lead this
double life.

MICHAEL

She's right. (sets his clipboard down,
walking over and being dramatic)

MICHAEL

I'm not who I appear to be.
(climbs the opposite side of
the ladder)

CONTINUED

But you have to promise
not to tell anyone. The
truth is, when I was a boy
I was exposed to a laser light
show at a Kiss concert. After
that, I developed a strange
power to see into people's minds,
to read their most private thoughts.

(gruff voice)

'I'm going to rob a bank!'
'I'm going to blow up a bridge!'
And since then I set out to
prevent crimes before they happen.
And my real name... is Laserman!
(puffs his chest up, striking
a superhero pose)

TRACY

So, Laserman, what am I thinking?

MICHAEL

(uncomfortable)

We should probably get back
to work. (turns to walk away,
forgetting he's on the ladder,
and falls)

TRACY

Mike?

CUT TO:

8 INT. WOODY'S - NIGHT

8

A line-up of martini glasses gets taken away to reveal Brian
sitting at the bar - drinking something with a lime on the
glass edge - as a shirtless Justin struts over.

JUSTIN

Take your shirt off,
you get a free drink.

BRIAN

I don't show my tits for
watered-down Bud.

CONTINUED

JUSTIN
Get me a beer?

BRIAN
Get your own.

JUSTIN
I'm too young.

BRIAN
Well, that's your problem.
(looks away then back)
You should go home. Your
mom's probably worried sick.

JUSTIN
(snorts)
She's pathetic. She took me
to a fucking waste of time
therapist.

Brian takes a drink, sets it down. Stares at Justin a beat.

BRIAN
Maybe she's trying to
understand you.

JUSTIN
I don't want her to understand me.
I want her to leave me alone.
What did your parents do when
they found out that you were,
y'know, gay.

BRIAN
(shrugs)
They didn't do anything.
(spots a hottie, then turns
back to Justin)
Because I never told them.

JUSTIN
(incredulous]
You didn't?

CONTINUED

BRIAN

(snorts and stands)

It's not their life.

(catches Hottie's eye in
the wall mirror behind the
bar, then turns to Justin)

I don't need their approval.

(walks away, on the hunt)

Justin is left to ponder. Until he spots Daphne.

JUSTIN

(frowns in confusion)

Daph?

DAPHNE

(threads the crowd)

Please don't kill me!

I mean-- It's not my fault.

JUSTIN

What's not your fault?

DAPHNE

My mom answered, she said
you weren't there. I didn't
know what to do.

JUSTIN

(laughs)

I don't know what you're
talking about. (sees his mom in the crowd)
Fuck me --

Jennifer walking among the half-naked men.

JUSTIN [O.S.]

What's she doing here?

DAPHNE

That's what I'm trying to
tell you. I said you were here.

Justin has been backing up in shock. Jennifer sees him and
time slows as their eyes meet. Several beats as they stare and
then time snaps back and Justin is hurrying away.

CONTINUED

JENNIFER

Justin! (follows, but loses
him when he goes into
the bathroom, sees
Brian talking up Hottie)

Marvin is sitting at the bar talking to a guy and also sees
Brian. Brian goes to leave, looking over his shoulder at
Hottie. Marvin watches, smiling to himself.

CUT TO:

9 INT. LINDSAY AND MELANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

9

Dining room. Lindsay leans in the doorway. Mel sits at the
table, working.

LINDSAY

He's down.

MELANIE

He'll be up.
(looks over)
You look beat.

LINDSAY

(walks over)
So do you. (sits in Mel's lap,
kisses her)
Coming to bed?

MELANIE

Soon. I gotta go over
these briefs.

LINDSAY

Listen, about Friday...

MELANIE

Mmh?

LINDSAY

You don't have any plans,
do you?

MELANIE

Not that I know of.

LINDSAY

Not working late?
(kisses Mel's cheek, mouth)

MELANIE

No.

LINDSAY

That's good. (Mel kisses her back)
Because I invited Brian for dinner.

MELANIE

Christ!

LINDSAY

I thought I'd make that
chicken you like.

MELANIE

Forget it, I wouldn't let him
touch my silverware, knowing
where his hands have been.

LINDSAY

Y'know, I wish the two of you
would make the slightest effort
to get along, so I don't have
to be the smiling lesbian
in the middle.

MELANIE

Who ask you to be? Just leave
him out of my life.

LINDSAY

How can we? He's Gus's father.

MELANIE

As if I need to be reminded.
Y'know, we're supposed to
be an alternative family
which means two mommies.

LINDSAY

(laughs)

I'm the one with the subscription

to Newsweek, I know what it means.
Only there's nothing alternative
about us. We're just as
fucked up as any other family
in the history of the world.

MELANIE

So, what do you want?

LINDSAY

I wanna be a good mother.
I wanna be with you. (they kiss)
And I want you to give Brian
a chance.

MELANIE

(moans, pulling away)
Oh, you almost had me there.

LINDSAY

He's a good person.

MELANIE

He's a selfish shithead.

LINDSAY

Maybe, but he's honest.
He tells the truth, and
he doesn't pretend.

MELANIE

Yeah, I wish he would try.

LINDSAY

I wish you would, too.

Melanie slowly pulls her shirt off. A look back and she drops
it. Lindsay grins, moaning at being played but runs after her,
swiping the shirt up as she goes by.

CUT TO:

10 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

10

Door slides open. Brian walks in, followed by Hottie. Brian
leans against the door while Hottie slides his hands under
Brian's sweater.

HOTTIE

Oh man, I'm so horny. I want
you to fuck me for hours.
And I'm a top.

BRIAN

Yeah, that's what all the
biggest bottoms say.

Justin appears in the doorway, flushed and out of breath.

BRIAN

Oh, fuck!

HOTTIE

Jesus, who's this?

BRIAN

That's the President of
my fan club. (to Justin)
What do you want?

JUSTIN

My mom's out of control.
Now she's following me.

BRIAN

That must be an inherited
trait.

JUSTIN

I'm not going home.

BRIAN

Well, you're not staying here.

JUSTIN

There's no where else I
can go. Do you want me to
sleep on the street? I
could get killed.

HOTTIE

(backing Justin up)
Why you don't you get lost,
you little asshole, I was here first.

CONTINUED

BRIAN

(stops Hottie with a hand
to his chest)

Better yet, why don't you? Beat it.
(shoves him out the door)

HOTTIE

(points)

Fuck you!

BRIAN

You're the bottom, remember?
(slides the door shut)

JUSTIN

Thanks.

BRIAN

(annoyed)

Look, I told you. I'm not your
lover, I'm not your partner,
I'm not even your friend.
You're not anything to me.

JUSTIN

(walks toward him)

I could be, if you gave me a chance.

BRIAN

(laughs)

Where did you learn to talk
like that? Watching some
teen drama?

(walks up the bedroom steps)

JUSTIN

I need you!

Brian lets his hands fall before getting the sweater off. He spins around, agitated, and walks back to Justin.

BRIAN

No, you think you do,
because that's what you're
taught to think, 'we all
need each other.' Well,

CONTINUED

it's a crock of shit. You're
the only one you need, you're
the only one you've got.

They stare at each other for a beat. Brian reaches out to palm Justin's cheek, pulling him in as if for a kiss. When Justin smiles, Brian steps back.

BRIAN

The couch. (shoves a blanket
against Justin's chest)
Just for tonight. And don't
jerk off on it.

Justin cuts his eyes sideways, disappointed.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. THE BIG Q - DAY

11

Employee entrance. Employees are arriving, others are standing and talking. Marley walks up and squeezes the ass of a guy.

MARLEY

Morning, sweet pea.
(laughs and goes inside)

INT. THE BIG Q - DAY

Stock room. Michael is moving boxes, stiff and in pain. Tracy, carrying a box, walks up. Marley, putting on her work smock, approaches.

MICHAEL

God, I'm still stiff.

TRACY

Stiffer than last night?

MARLEY

Hey, you two, let's keep it clean.

MICHAEL

We're talking about my neck.

CONTINUED

MARLEY

You must have been doing
more than inventory.

TRACY

Shut up, Marley, can't you
see he's in pain?

MICHAEL

It's the worst pain I've
ever felt in my life.

TRACY

Did you take something?

MICHAEL

(rubs his shoulder)
Yeah, like two bottles of Tylenol.

TRACY

That won't help. You need
a chiropractor.

MICHAEL

No. I'm okay, really.

TRACY

A friend of mine's fiancé
goes to someone who does
some of the Steelers. He
swears by him.

MICHAEL

It's not necessary!

TRACY

You need to take care
of yourself. (runs his tie between
her fingers)
I can tell, you're not very
good at that.

Michael gulps.

CUT TO:

CONTINUED

12 INT. RYDER ADVERTISING AGENCY - DAY

12

Spiral staircase. Cynthia looking up at Brian as he descends.

CYNTHIA

Ryder wants to see you.

BRIAN

Well, he can go fuck himself.
He's pissed at me for not
landing Telson. He wants to
chew me a second asshole.

(stops on the stairs)

CYNTHIA

(laughs)

I always thought you could
use one of those.

Brian laughs. Marvin appears behind Cynthia.

BRIAN

Marvin!

MARVIN

(smiles)

I was just coming to see you.

Cynthia turns to go back down the stairs.

CYNTHIA

(to Brian)

Well, I'll just be sure and
give Mr. Ryder your message.

(to Marvin) Excuse me. (leaves)

MARVIN

Hope you don't mind me dropping by.

BRIAN

Not at all. Although after
yesterday I sort of got the
impression--

CONTINUED

MARVIN

Well, you know how misleading
first impressions can be.
After you get to know somebody,
you discover just how much in
common you actually have.

BRIAN

So, should we look at some
ideas I have?

MARVIN

Great. Oh, and about this
Evening -- I thought I might
take you up on your offer to,
(beat)
show me the town.

BRIAN

Well, I could have Cynthia
make us some reservations.
You like steaks? I know a
great chophouse. And I could
get us tickets for tonight's game.

MARVIN

Well, actually, I had a different
sort of evening in mind. The
sort of evening you might --
plan for yourself.

BRIAN

And what sort of evening is that?

MARVIN

Well, y'know, one that's more,
fun. Like this club I heard
about, Babylon?

BRIAN

Why, Marvin, you old dog.
(slings an arm around Marvin's shoulders)
Christ, isn't anyone straight anymore?

They walk down the stairs, Marvin chuckling.

CONTINUED

CUT TO:

13 INT. CHIROPRACTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

13

Michael hangs his shirt over the head of a teaching skeleton. Wincing, he toes his shoes off. Rubbing his shoulder, he goes to sit on the exam table. The chiropractor, DR. DAVID CAMERON, walks in, a folder in hand.

DAVID

Hi, I'm Dr. Cameron.

Michael stares, attracted.

DAVID

What seems to be the problem?

MICHAEL

(embarrassed)

Nothing. Nothing at all. I'm fine.

David is reading from the folder. Michael shifts.

MICHAEL

(whispers)

Ow.

David sets the folder on his desk. He walks over behind Michael.

DAVID

How'd you hurt yourself?

(lays his hands on his shoulders)

MICHAEL

I was working at the store,
I'm the assistant manager at the --

David rolls up his sleeves before replacing his hands. Michael is enjoying the touch, but trying to play it cool as David continues the exam.

MICHAEL

--Big Q over on Butler.
I accidentally fell.

CONTINUED

DAVID
Okay. Turn to the left.

Michael turns his head as David digs a thumb into Michael's left shoulder.

DAVID
How's that feel?

MICHAEL
(blissed)
Fine.

DAVID
To the right.

Michael starts to move, David digs his other thumb into the right shoulder.

MICHAEL
(groans)
Uh.

DAVID
Right there?

Michael gasps and nods.

DAVID
Can you lie down on your back?

MICHAEL
Sure, on my back. (lays down)

Standing at his head, David holds his neck.

MICHAEL
This is my favorite position.
I'm just kidding.
(chuckles just when David
cracks his neck to the right)
Uhh.

CUT TO:

Jennifer walks in, uncomfortable as she looks around. Goes to the far end of the counter where Deb is working.

DEBBIE

If you're looking for Saks Fifth Avenue, honey, you took a wrong turn.

JENNIFER

Debbie?

DEBBIE

(raises her hand)
One and only.

JENNIFER

Um --

DEBBIE

(grins in recognition)
Hey, Sunshine's mom.

Jennifer looks away, still uncomfortable.

DEBBIE

How's Justin?

JENNIFER

He didn't come home last night and I was hoping you might have seen him?

DEBBIE

Oh, no, sorry sweetie, I wish I had.

JENNIFER

Well, thanks, anyway. (turns to go)

DEBBIE

(holds out a hand)
Listen. Wait, wait, hold on.
Let me, let me get you some coffee.

JENNIFER

(emotional)
I gave up coffee.

DEBBIE

Of course you did. Well, how
about some nice herbal tea, then?
Have a seat. C'mon!
we got Lemon Cream --

Barely listening, Jennifer looks sick with worry.

DEBBIE [OS]

--Raspberry Parfait, Cozy
Chamomile-- (camera on her fingers,
we see her pull out a wrapped
condom, then her frown)
How'd the hell a condom get in here?
(tosses it over her shoulder,
then pulls a bag out)
Here, Get Happy. (sets it on the counter)
You need it. (gets a cup and hot water
while Jennifer opens
the teabag)
What does dad say?

JENNIFER

He doesn't know.

DEBBIE

How could he not know?
You always know.

JENNIFER

The same reason I didn't.
Didn't want to.

DEBBIE

Believe me, there are far
worse things.

JENNIFER

I just keep thinking it's my --

DEB [OS]

It's not.

JENNIFER

That I was --

CONTINUED

DEBBIE

You didn't.

JENNIFER

You don't even know what
I was gonna say.

DEBBIE

Yeah, I do. 'Cos I asked
myself all the same things.

JENNIFER

So, you don't -- think it was because I--

DEBBIE [OS]

Smothered him? (leans on the counter)
You smother a pork chop, not a son.
People are what they are.
So, did he tell you to fuck off?

JENNIFER

(snorts softly)

Wasn't even the worst of it.
He told his therapist that he likes --
(catches herself, then makes
herself say it)
Dick.

DEBBIE

(relieved)

There, you see, you already have
something in common. I'm sure
you were thinking you'd have
nothing to share again. (laughs)

Jennifer smiles weakly. Beat.

DEBBIE

Listen, they talk big and
they act tough. But the truth
is, the thing he's most afraid of
even more than his dad finding out
and beating the shit outta him,
is that you will stop loving him.

JENNIFER

I could never do that.

CONTINUED

DEBBIE

Then you be sure he knows
he hasn't lost you.

Jennifer ponders that as the diner din takes over.

CUT TO:

15 INT. CHIROPRACTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

15

Michael on the exam table. David walks over.

DAVID

Cross your hands over
your chest. Good. Bring
your knees up.

Michaels does. David leans down and cradles him. Michael looks
dreamy as David feels along his spine.

DAVID

First time here at a
chiropractor?

MICHAEL

Yeah, but if I'd known it was
gonna to be like this, I would
have come sooner.

David does a quick move and we hear Michael's back crack.

MICHAEL

(startled)

UHH!

DAVID

(lays him back down and
stands up, all business)
Good. Legs down. We'll stretch.
(Chest against Michael's bent
leg and hands braced on his
shoulders, David leans forward
and stretches the leg toward
Michael's chest. Michael groans
long and loud, sex-like.)
Am I hurting you?

CONTINUED

MICHAEL

Not at all.

DAVID

(stands up)

Okay. Roll over.

Michael hurries to comply. David grabs his legs and slams them into a straighter position. Michael grunts. David climbs onto the table in straddle position. David lays over him, tugging down on his shoulders to crack them while Michael groans in bliss.

DAVID

How that feel?

MICHAEL

Yeah. (bites his lip)

DAVID

(gets up)

Well, I think you're suffering from a pre-existing condition that was just aggravated by that fall. (walks to his desk for a file)

Michael realizes he has an erection.

DAVID

You give it a little time and some rest. Let the swelling go down.

Michael lets his head fall back onto the table, mortified.

MICHAEL

(muffled)

Right.

DAVID

You might want to put some ice on it.

MICHAEL

Good idea.

DAVID

Ok, you can get up.

MICHAEL

If it's okay with you,
I'd like to just lie here
for a couple minutes.

DAVID

(looks up, concerned)
Is there something wrong?
Something I should look at or--?

MICHAEL

No! No, I feel great.
(rolls his eyes, sighs)
Too great.

Beat.

DAVID

(gets up)
Don't be embarrassed.
(smacks his back with the
file on the way out)
Happens all the time.
Even to football players.

The door shuts and Michael slumps.

CUT TO:

16 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

16

Upside down aerial shot of the green-glowing stage as we scan a row of men with their pants down, showing their asses to a cheering/clapping crowd. The EMCEE, a drag queen holding a ruler, pokes her head through the legs of one of the contestants.

EMCEE

Seven and three quarter
inches.

Crowd cheers as we pull up to the catwalk where Brian and Marvin are leaning on the railing, watching the action. Down below, a banner reads: The Big Big Dick Contest. The emcee stands.

CONTINUED

EMCEE

Oh, come on, guys, let's
get it up for him!

Crowd cheers louder.

MARVIN

(pulls out his wallet
and shows Brian a photo)
That's Thomas, he's seventeen,
he's going into Harvard this fall.
(another photo and we see Brian's
holding a drink)
And this is Trish, she's twelve.
She loves soccer.

BRIAN

(laughs)
This has got to be a first.
Family photos at Babylon.

Their attention is drawn to the stage when the emcee makes a
shocked sound.

EMCEE

What is this? Five and an eighth.
Now, now, contestants are reminded
that they must be at least 6 inches.
That is the rule of thumb. And
quite frankly, I've seen bigger thumbs.

Everyone laughs.

MARVIN

Oh, I married young, before
I knew. Went into the family
business. By the time I realized
what I was, it was too late to
change things. I love my wife.
And my kids. Why should I destroy
all that?

BRIAN

So, you 'take care of business'
while you're away taking care
of business.

CONTINUED

MARVIN

Exactly.

BRIAN

You're a smart man, Marvin.

MARVIN

You're a smart man, too.
The question is, how smart.

Brian looks at him, then back to the stage.

EMCEE [OS]

Ten and five-sixteenths --
(raises a contestant's arm)
We have a winner!

Crowd cheers and starts to dance onstage.

BRIAN

So, is there anyone here
you'd like to meet? I
happen to know the winner.

MARVIN

(shakes his head, amused)
No, not my type. However,
there is somebody I'm interested in.

BRIAN

(smirks)
Yeah? Who?

Marvin gives him a long look. The camera pulls back as Brian
takes a drink.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. CITY ROAD - DAY

17

Brian and Michael driving in the Jeep, the top down.

MICHAEL

That's sexual harassment.

CONTINUED

BRIAN

Yeah, remind me to press charges.

MICHAEL

What does he look like?

BRIAN

Like the kind of guy that
if he wagged his dick in front
of you, you wouldn't look twice.
But if he dangled his account
in front of you, you might consider it.

MICHAEL

You're kidding. You wouldn't
actually do --

Rearview mirror POV: Brian looks sideways at him.

MICHAEL

Would you?

BRIAN

Well, considering some of
the other things I've done.

MICHAEL

Yeah, but that was for fun.
You've never done anything
like this.

Beat. Michael looks at him.

BRIAN

(laughs)

You're so beautifully naïve, Mikey.
It's business. You fuck or
you get fucked.

MICHAEL

Yeah, only which end are you on?

CUT TO:

CONTINUED

18 EXT. ST. JAMES ACADEMY - DAY

18

In her Lincoln, Jennifer slowly drives along the sidewalk. Spotting Justin talking to two boys, she stops and talks through the side window.

JENNIFER
Justin?

The boys leave. Justin follows, slower; Jennifer keeps pace in the car.

JENNIFER
Honey, please. I thought
you might like to come with me.

JUSTIN
(stops and faces her)
Where, to see another shrink?

JENNIFER
It's a surprise.

JUSTIN
I'm not interested. (walking]

JENNIFER
(parks the car, gets out)
You stop right there!

Justin smirks and keeps walking.

JENNIFER
Stop running from me, because
I'm not running from you! I'm
still your mother and you're
still my son and I still love you.

Justin has stopped and turned halfway around to stare at her solemnly. She holds his gaze, shrugs a little.

CUT TO:

19 INT. THE BIG Q - DAY

19
CONTINUED

We follow a kid on a Razor scooter to the fake flower aisle. Michael has four hanging plants dangling off his hand when a grinning Tracy plops a huge wrapped basket in his arms.

MICHAEL

What's this?

TRACY

A get well basket! Bengay,
aspirin, hot-water bottle,
(takes the plants from him
as they walk)
everything you need for a
pulled muscle.

MICHAEL

That's really nice of you,
Tracy.

TRACY

'At Big Q, we guarantee full
money back if you're not
completely satisfied.'

Michael laughs as they stop, just as David appears.

DAVID

I hope you won't be needing
all that.

MICHAEL

Hi!

DAVID

Hi. How's your neck?

MICHAEL

It's still a little sore,
but, much better, yeah.
I think you did the trick.

DAVID

Good to hear.

MICHAEL

Tracy, this is Dr. Cameron,
the chiropractor you send me to.

CONTINUED

Tracy smiles.

DAVID

Thanks for the referral,
Tracy.

They shake hands.

TRACY

Thanks for taking care of Mike.
Well, I should go and take care
of my cash register. Bye! (leaves)

The guys chuckle, start walking.

DAVID

She's cute.

MICHAEL

(distracted)
What a coincidence running
into you here.

DAVID

Well, it's not really a
coincidence, you told me
where you worked, remember?

MICHAEL

Right. Well, it's really nice,
coming all this way just to
see how I am.

DAVID

Nothing is more important
than my patient's health
and well-being. I also wanted
to get a new screwdriver.

MICHAEL

(self-mocking professional voice)
Oh, well, let me show you where
the hardware department is.
We have a complete line of tools,
all at our every day low prices.

They stop walking.

CONTINUED

DAVID

And I wanted to ask you
if you'd like to have dinner
with me.

MICHAEL

Huh?

DAVID

Dinner. Y'know, where you
sit at a table and eat food
from a plate.

Michael stares, stunned.

MARLEY [OS]

Mike.

Michael turns as an exasperated Marley joins them, pointing
down the aisle.

MARLEY

There are these two brats
climbing up the soft drink
display! (realizes David's there)

MICHAEL

Sounds like a job for Superman,
I'll be right there!

David chuckles again. Marley grins back and walks backwards a
bit to stare at him as she leaves.

DAVID

So, what do you say?

MICHAEL

About what?

DAVID

I think I just asked you out.

MICHAEL

(surprised)

You mean, you're --?

DAVID

(nods)

Yeah.

CONTINUED

I hope you are, too.

MICHAEL
(whispers)

I have to be really careful,
no one here knows.
How did you?

DAVID
(low voice)

Remember that little problem
you had on my table?

MICHAEL
Yeah, but you said that
even happens to football
players.

DAVID
Only the gay ones.

Beat. They laugh.

CUT TO:

20 INT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

20

A gallery. Justin and Jennifer (carrying his uniform jacket)
enter.

JENNIFER
Justin, I have so missed
coming here with you. Van Goghs
and Hoppers. Y'know, if it weren't
for me, you wouldn't be an artist.

Justin gives her an annoyed look. She startles, touches
his arm.

JENNIFER
I mean, I encouraged you.
Hey, after we're done, you
want to share a piece of that
incredible chocolate cake,
like we used to?

CONTINUED

JUSTIN

Yeah, sure.

Jennifer walks over to a painting of a mother holding her fair-haired child on her lap.

JENNIFER

Oh, Justin, look, my favorite. Remember?

Justin's attention is distracted by an ART STUDENT entering the room.

JUSTIN

No --

Camera slows as Art Student and Justin share a mutually interested look.

JENNIFER [O.S.]

Fell in love with this when I was pregnant with you. Even put in on your birth announcement.

Art Student walks away, pausing to throw a let's go head tilt Justin's way.

JUSTIN

Mom, I gotta use the bathroom.

JENNIFER

(staring at the painting)
Okay, honey, I'll be right here.

Justin walks away. Jennifer sits at the bench directly across the painting. Casual glance to the right and she sees Justin disappear with Art Student. Her face falls.

INT. BATHROOM

Justin and Art Student go into a stall, kissing. Art Student's outer shirt comes off.

CONTINUED

INT. GALLERY

Jennifer stares at the painting. Close-up of the painting.

INT. BATHROOM

Justin and Art Student making out. Art Student undoes Justin's pants.

INT. GALLERY

Jennifer glances down, smiles sadly.

INT. BATHROOM

Justin helps pull down Art Student's pants far enough to get a hand on his bare ass. Justin pulls the stall door closed.

CUT TO:

21 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

21

Michael is laying on the couch, reading a comic book. Ted is eating a bowl of cereal at the kitchen table. Emmett is giving Ted a pedicure.

EMMETT

(grins)

A doctor?

MICHAEL

A chiropractor.

EMMETT

All that counts is a little white jacket at a comfortable mid-thigh length. It's every mother's dream.

MICHAEL

Just be sure not to tell mine. I don't need her to know every time I go out.

CONTINUED

TED
Every time you go out
is once a year.

MICHAEL
Thanks for keeping count.

TED
Accounting is my life.

EMMETT
So, what's he like?

MICHAEL
Old.

TED
What's old?

MICHAEL
Older than you. Probably... forty?

TED
That is old.

EMMETT
On the other hand, they don't
come as quick and they have
a lots of money. So, where's
he taking you?

MICHAEL
Some place called Papagano.

Emmett's mouth opens in shock. Ted chokes, clanging his spoon.

TED
I hope he's paying.

MICHAEL
Is it expensive?

TED
A medium priced entrée is
more than your tax return.

MICHAEL
Shit!

CONTINUED

EMMETT

What're you wearing?

MICHAEL

I don't know (glances down)
this?

EMMETT

Okay, a doctor is taking you
to the one of the most expensive
restaurants in Pittsburgh and
you're going like that? Yeah,
not in this universe.

(walks to the couch)

As a men's apparel professional,
it is my sworn duty to make sure
you are properly attired. Now put
down Captain America and come
with me.

(pulls Michael into the bedroom)

TED

(lifts his foot out of a pan of water)
I'm soaking here!

CUT TO:

22 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - DAY

22

Shot of Brian's jean-clad legs and bare feet as he slides the door open. On the other side, the camera travels up a pair of orange pants to a blue leopard-print shirt and finally Michael's unhappy face. He clomps in while Brian stands stunned, sliding the door closed. Michael looks over his shoulder and sees Brian is smirk-laughing.

MICHAEL

Oh, shut up!

BRIAN

(walks over)

Who did this thing to you?

Ah, let me guess, Emmett de La Renta.

(circles, looking him up and down)

MICHAEL

Shoulda just worn my jeans,

but he said, 'No, you can't
go on a date like that --'

BRIAN
(stops)
You've got a date?

MICHAEL
Yeah.

BRIAN
(grins)
A date? (hugs him)
Mikey's got a date!

MICHAEL
I'm gonna call and cancel.

BRIAN
The fuck you are.

MICHAEL
Well, I can't go like this!

Both look down at his outfit.

BRIAN
You're right.

Brian wanders off to a stack of shopping bags sitting around
and hanging on his treadmill, digs into a bag and pulls out a
black sweater, tossing it to him.

BRIAN
Here, try this.

MICHAEL
(frowns)
You sure?

BRIAN
I've got a dozens of them.

MICHAEL
(pulling his shirt off)
It's weird going on a date.

CONTINUED

BRIAN

(jogs to the bedroom)
Make sure he opens the car door
for you, and pulls your chair out.

MICHAEL

That's what I mean. It's so -- hetero.
(pulls the sweater on, wrinkles his nose)
Have you ever been on a real date?

BRIAN

Once. I ended up fucking the
waiter. (tosses him a leather jacket)

MICHAEL

I don't know what to do or say.

BRIAN

Just be yourself.

MICHAEL

That should make the evening
fly by. (sigh) Why can't we
just fast forward to the sex?

BRIAN

The point of a date, or so it's
been explained to me by those
who do that sort of thing, is that
you actually get to know the other
person before you fuck them.

MICHAEL

(pulls on black pants as Brian
holds out the jacket)
What a dumb idea! What if you
don't like them?

BRIAN

Worst yet, what if you do?
(helps Michael with the jacket)

MICHAEL

Sleeves are too long.

BRIAN

(helps rolls up the sleeves]
That's better. So, who is
this guy?

MICHAEL

No one! I don't even know why
I said yes. I guess I just
felt sorry for him.

BRIAN

Ah, a mercy fuck.

MICHAEL

Who says I'm fucking him?

BRIAN

Well, if he's buying you an
expensive dinner, you're gonna
have to put out.

Mirror POV: Brian moves behind Michael, tugging on the jacket
front, then putting his arms around him.

BRIAN

And this should do the trick.
Make him want to do the Trick.
So what do you think?

MICHAEL

I think I look like you.

BRIAN

You look fantastic.
You are fantastic. (kisses him on the lips)
Remember that, Mikey. (Michael nods, unsure)
Now you better go. You don't
wanna be late.

MICHAEL

What about you? What are
you up to tonight?

They stop at the door.

BRIAN

I'm entertaining a client.

MICHAEL

You're not gonna go through with it.

CONTINUED

BRIAN
(slides the door open)
You're so cute. It'll be over
before you know it.

Brian closes the door. Stands a moment, then walks to the mirror and takes a long look at himself.

CUT TO:

23 INT. LINDSAY AND MELANIE'S HOUSE - DAY

23

Dining room. Close-up of a burned-down candle as we follow the camera across a nicely set dinner table. Lindsay, sitting, reaches for a green olive. Behind her, Melanie watches then strolls in, snagging something crunchy (a breadstick?). They're both dressed up.

MELANIE
How long can you keep the chicken warm?

LINDSAY
It's fine, I wrapped it in foil.

MELANIE
Sounds like my mom's recipe:
cook for one week, remove all
flavor, eat. (Lindsay gets up, Mel holds her)
Hey. Might as well face it,
honey, he's not gonna show up.

LINDSAY
You know Brian, he's always --

MELANIE
--fashionably late? When will
you ever learn? (kisses her)

Lindsay sighs, then walks away. Mel finishes her food then blows the candle out.

CUT TO:

24 INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

24

Brian in a leather jacket slo-mo walking around a corner and

down the hallway, dreading every step. Stops at room 1213 and lifts a fist to knock when the doors swing open and a bellboy comes out. Normal speed resumes as we see Marvin standing just inside the door, on the phone.

MARVIN

I wasn't sure you'd come.

BRIAN

(faces the camera as he turns
to close the doors)

I always come when I say I'm going to.

CUT TO:

25 INT. PAPAGANOS - NIGHT

25

Romantic restaurant: low lighting, soft music, candles, well-dressed couples. David and Michael sit at a table, the waiter to the side.

DAVID

We'll have a bottle Chateau
Cheval Blanc '97.

MICHAEL

I'll have a Diet Pepsi.

WAITER

Certainly.

DAVID

Is that Hugo Boss?

MICHAEL

(looks behind him)
Where?

DAVID

(points)
Your jacket.

MICHAEL

(laughs)
Yes. It's not even mine.
Belongs to my friend Brian.

CONTINUED

DAVID

I bet he doesn't look half
as good in it as you.

MICHAEL

He looks better.

DAVID

Find that hard to believe.

Michael rolls his eyes a little, embarrassed. The waiter
arrives with the drinks.

MICHAEL

He can look good in anything.
He even looks good in nothing.

DAVID

Good body?

MICHAEL

Awesome. When he walk into Babylon,
heads turn like police lights
just to look at him.

DAVID

Sounds like I could make a fortune
doing neck adjustments.

MICHAEL

(chuckles as he sips his Pepsi)
Everybody wants him.

DAVID

Do you?

MICHAEL

(laughs)

Me, no. He's my best friend
since high school. We'd never...

DAVID

Good. I was starting to get jealous.

MICHAEL

Don't worry. Besides, he's
not even interested in me.

CONTINUED

DAVID

I'm surprised. I'd think
it would be very easy to be
interested in you.

The waiter pours a test glass. David twirls his and takes a
drink. Michael watches.

DAVID

Excellent.

The waiter fills his glass, sets the bottle down.

MICHAEL

(lifts his Pepsi, to waiter)
This is excellent, too.
You know a lot about wine.

DAVID

I have a collection. I just
bought a bottle of '61 Petrus on eBay.

MICHAEL

Oh my God, you go on eBay? You
would not believe what I just got.
A May 1960 Flash from the Silver Age,
'The Mystery Of The Elongated Man.'
I have been looking for this for years.
(David looks lost)
It's a comic book. I have a collection.

DAVID

Well, you're obviously very
passionate about it.

MICHAEL

It's like, every time I find
one, I'm a kid again up in my
old room.

DAVID

The Mystery Of The Perpetual Boy.
(he raises his glass)
To The Flash.

MICHAEL

(smiles as they toast)
The Flash.

CONTINUED

David drinks and Michael lip-wrestles his straw into his mouth.

CUT TO:

26 INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

26

Marvin walks away from the dining cart, champagne/glass in hand. Brian stands in the middle of the room, his leather jacket gone.

MARVIN

Go on, take it off. Everything.

Brian quickly peels off his tank top and tosses it aside with a resigned sigh. Gets the first button on his jeans undone when Marvin makes a halting noise.

MARVIN

Wait, could you go a little slower?

BRIAN

You want a show?

MARVIN

(smile-nod)

You can bet your pretty ass.

BRIAN

Sure... why not. (slowly unbuttons his jeans)

MARVIN

Stop. (walks to stand in front of Brian)

You have a beautiful body.

BRIAN

(annoyed)

I know.

Marvin goes to his knees. Pushes Brian's pants down with a small grunt. Just as he's about to lean into Brian's crotch, the phone rings. He sighs and hovers, breathing deeply. Phone keeps ringing.

BRIAN

You gonna get that?

CONTINUED

MARVIN

Shit! (crawls to the phone as Brian
pulls his jeans all the way off)

Yes?

What is it? Well, how is she?

Is she badly hurt?

Behind him, a nude Brian has made himself comfortable in the chair with the champagne, feet up on the table.

MARVIN

Look, you're gonna hafta
handle it. I'm in a meeting.

Zoom in toward Brian who looks away at the lie.

MARVIN

No, there's no way I can leave.

Brian takes a slug from the bottle.

MARVIN

Look, I just told you. I've
got too much going on. Look,
tell her I love her.

Brian looks at himself in a mirror across from him.

MARVIN

And I'll be home tomorrow, okay?

Brian takes another drink, sets the bottle aside. Marvin hangs up, turns around. Sighs, gazes at Brian.

MARVIN

So where were we?

BRIAN

Someone hurt?

MARVIN

(makes his way to Brian)
It was my daughter, she broke her
arm playing basketball.

BRIAN

Sounds serious.

CONTINUED

MARVIN

She'll be all right.

BRIAN

She was asking for you.
She wants you to come home.

MARVIN

It's all right. She'll understand.

BRIAN

What, that you're down on
your knees sucking cock?

MARVIN

Look, there's nothing that I
can do, anyway. (reaches for Brian's cock)

BRIAN

(catches his wrist mid-air)
I can. (Brian releases Marvin's hand
and picks up the phone)
Could you prepare Mr. Telson's bill?
He'll be checking out immediately.
Could you have a car waiting to
take him to the airport?

(hangs up, smiling)

Your visit to Queer World's over,
Marvin. You better go back to your
wife, your kids, and your thirty
million dollar a year business.
You'd be a fool to throw that away.
(gets up)

MARVIN

(tight smile)

Y'know, you're not as smart
as I thought.
What are you going to tell
Ryder when he asks why you
didn't get the account?

At the door, Brian stands nude.

BRIAN

(over his shoulder)
I'll tell him we couldn't provide
the services you required.

CONTINUED

CUT TO:

27 EXT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

27

Car pulls up. David cuts the engine.

MICHAEL

I had a really nice time.

DAVID

So did I.

MICHAEL

Thanks for dinner.

DAVID

My pleasure.

MICHAEL

So, you wanna come up?

DAVID

I can't, I've got my
first patient at 7:30.

Michael moves in for a passionate kiss. Michael starts to go down on him. David resists, pushing Michael's forehead back up.

DAVID

What're you doing?

MICHAEL

I thought... I mean, don't
you wanna...

DAVID

I asked you out cos I wanted
to get to know you better.
Not because I wanted a quick
fuck. Look, I'll call you.

Michael nods. David leans across him to open the door. Michael gets out and David drives off, Michael watching him go.

CUT TO:
CONTINUED

CUT TO:

31 INT. LINDSAY AND MELANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

31

Lindsay, holding a plate of food, comes into the living room, freezes when she sees Brian laying on the couch, Gus on his chest. Bites her lip and watches. Brian strokes Gus's back, the baby's head against his mouth.

CUT TO:

32 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

32

Michael stops in front of Trick, exuding confidence and sexuality. Trick goes to his knees, kisses Michael's stomach, then stands and leans into Michael's right ear.

TRICK
You're fantastic.

Michael smirks. Trick goes back down, starts sucking.

CUT TO:

33 INT. LINDSAY AND MELANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

33

Brian has fallen asleep holding Gus.

CUT TO:

34 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

34

Close-up of Michael's face/eyes as he gets sucked.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END