

queer as folk

EPISODE FIFTEEN

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Episode Fifteen

CAST LIST

BRIAN KINNEY.....Gale Harold
MICHAEL NOVOTNY.....Hal Sparks
JUSTIN TAYLOR.....Randy Harrison
TED SCHMIDT.....Scott Lowell
EMMETT HONEYCUTT.....Peter Paige
LINDSAY PETERSON.....Thea Gill
MELANIE MARCUS.....Michelle Clunie
DAVID CAMERON.....Chris Potter
VIC GRASSI.....Jack Wetherall

and as

DEBBIE NOVOTNY.....Sharon Gless

GUEST CAST

JACK KINNEY	BURLY LEATHER BEAR
DALE WEXLER	HOT LEATHER DUDE
HANK CAMERON	CHINESE DELIVERY GUY

FADE IN:

START ON JUSTIN

In the shower. We are in:

1 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - BATHROOM - DAY 1

Justin turns off the shower, grabs a towel, hurriedly tries to dry off. He runs into

THE BEDROOM

Grabs his underpants, puts them on. He finds one sneaker and one sneaker only. We follow him into the loft, where we see:

A FATHER AND SON

GUS, in BRIAN'S arms. Brian, only in his sweatpants, is feeding Gus with a bottle. LINDSAY is going over a well-prepared list with him.

LINDSAY

He takes a nap around eleven, and another one around three.

JUSTIN

(frantically searching)
Lucky him.

BRIAN

(to Gus)
Glug, glug, glug! Down the hatch!

LINDSAY

And you need to stick strictly to his feeding schedule -- I've written it all down, right here -- plus a list of emergency numbers. Oh, and if you take him outside, dress him in his Baby Gaps -- he looks adorable.

JUSTIN

Has anyone seen my other sneaker?

Brian pulls it out from under him.

BRIAN

Is that what I'm sitting on? I knew it wasn't one of my usual rubber toys.

He tosses it playfully to Justin, who catches it.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

Brian, are you listening to me?

BRIAN

(rattling it off)

Feeding schedule, emergency numbers,
Baby Gaps --

(proud of himself)

Okay? I've got it covered.

(then, off her anxious look)

He's gonna be fine with me, Linz.
Honest.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

I know he will be. And I appreciate you doing this on such short notice -- but now that I have to go back to work I have to attend this damn Teacher's conference.

BRIAN

Maybe you'll meet a nice Girl's Phys Ed instructor.

JUSTIN

(to Lindsay)

Don't worry -- I'll keep an eye on him, too.

BRIAN

I don't need you to keep an eye on him.

JUSTIN

I meant you.

BRIAN

(irritated)

I'm his father -- I'm not going to fuck up.

(to Gus)

Would you tell them to give me a little credit?!

LINDSAY

I am. That's why I'm leaving him in your care.

BRIAN

Bullshit. You're leaving me with him me because Melanie's visiting her yenta mother in Miami and won't be back until Sunday.

LINDSAY

Oh, here's my number at the Conference!

He takes the number, kisses her sweetly.

BRIAN

He'll be fine, Mom.

LINDSAY

(taking a deep breath)

I know -- "Dad".

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

BRIAN

(to Gus)

So, you ready for a weekend with your
old man, Sonny-Boy?

CUT TO:

2 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM/HALLWAY/STAIRS - DAY

2

Michael, dressed for work, zips by the guest room, where
David is moving out boxes of Michael's stuff now stored here.

MICHAEL

I'm off --!

DAVID

Whoa! Before you go, can you give me a
hand?

(surveying the sea of cartons)

I know there's a guest room here --
somewhere.

MICHAEL

Sorry -- I've been meaning to go
through my stuff.

Michael grabs a box. As we follow them:

MICHAEL (cont'd)

So when's he arriving?

DAVID

Seven-thirty. If the plane's on time.

MICHAEL

Guess you must be pretty excited.

DAVID

Counting the days since summer.

MICHAEL

That's a long time.

DAVID

Oregon's not exactly around the corner.
But thank God for e-mail.

(proud of this)

I'm on his Buddy List.

MICHAEL

(slightly reserved)

Cool.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Michael, you are going to love my kid.
He's smart and funny and he can do all
these amazing things, like play the
tenor sax, create websites -- he can
even juggle!

MICHAEL

Gee, when does he find the time for
brain surgery?

(off David's look)

He sounds -- remarkable.

DAVID

He is. And he's going to love you.

MICHAEL

How do you know that?

DAVID

Who wouldn't?

And with that, David gives him a reassuring kiss. Then,
David spies something peeking out of a carton. He picks them
up -- a pair of underpants with Captain Astro emblazoned on
the ass.

DAVID (cont'd)

I've never seen you in these.

MICHAEL

Well one day -- if you're lucky -- you
just might.

CUT TO:

3 INT/EXT WALKWAY BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

3

Ted, in a jacket, tie and buttoned-down shirt (what else?) is
walking down the concourse with Emmett -- whose attire is
attracting the occasional stare and causing Ted a degree of
embarrassment.

TED

Couldn't you have worn something a
little more -- discreet?

EMMETT

As long as your erogenous zones are
covered, you're securely in the
conservative column. Besides, I tried
straight drag and "Saw the Light" --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

EMMETT (cont'd)

Thank you God! Now, what're you in the
mood for, for lunch? How about sushi?

(CONTINUED)

TED

Just what I need -- food poisoning.

EMMETT

Indian?

TED

Heartburn.

EMMETT

Ribs?

TED

Heart attack. You know what I could really go for? Tunafish on whitebread, double mayo, potato chips, cole slaw and vanilla pudding.

EMMETT

That's what you have every day.

DALE (o.s.)

Ted? Ted Schmidt?

Ted turns around, sees DALE WEXLER, about Ted's age, in a perfectly tailored and undoubtedly expensive suit and bright red tie.

TED

Dale -- Wexler?

DALE

Yeah! How long's it been?

TED

Years! Uh -- this is my friend Emmett.

(re: his clothes)

He's not from these parts.

DALE

Nice to meet you --

EMMETT

(cruising him)

You, too.

Ted gives him a look -- stop that! Then:

TED

So, last time I heard you were setting up offices in Baltimore --

(CONTINUED)

DALE

And Cincinnati. Now here.

TED

It's great you're doing so well. We all
knew you would!

DALE

Life's been good. What about you?

TED

Still working for the same firm.

(CONTINUED)

DALE

Christ, I thought you'd have left
Wertschafter by now.

TED

Yeah, well -- his personal appeal and
selfless generosity are hard to resist.

DALE

(checking his watch)

Listen, I'm meeting a client for lunch -
- this new Indonesian place. Tried it?

EMMETT

(re: Ted, scoffing)

Him?

TED

Not yet, but I'm meaning to.

DALE

Nice to see you.

TED

Same here!

As Dale dashes off:

EMMETT

Who was that?

TED

Someone I went to business school with.

EMMETT

He's cute!

TED

I thought so, too. I hear he's a real
mover. Became a millionaire by the
time he was 30.

EMMETT

Wow. Wonder what his secret is.

TED

(with an envious sigh)

I'll probably never know.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

START ON A BIG, BALD BEEFY LEATHER GUY

Putting up a poster announcing The Leather Ball to be held at Babylon in the window of:

INT. LIBERTY DINER - NIGHT

Michael and Brian are having dinner. Gus is on the table in his car seat. Justin, who's supposed to be bussing tables is hanging out with them. Michael's all worked up. Brian's teasing him.

MICHAEL
What if he hates me?

JUSTIN
Who?

MICHAEL
David's son. And why aren't you clearing tables?

He tosses Michael's plate in a dirty dish bin.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Hey! I wasn't finished with that!
(back to Brian)
He's arriving tonight from Oregon for the weekend. And apparently he's this twelve-year-old juggling -- jazz-playing -- webmaster! What kind of kid can do all that?

JUSTIN
Gus can. Well -- he will.

BRIAN
You're being a nervous nelly. He's not going to hate you.

MICHAEL
What makes you so sure?

BRIAN
I'm crazy about you.

JUSTIN
And he hates everybody.

MICHAEL
But what if he does?

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Fuck him -- he's just a kid.

MICHAEL

He's not just a kid -- he's David's kid. And you know what that means.Brian shrugs -- what?

MICHAEL (cont'd)

David isn't going to want to be with some guy his kid doesn't like.

JUSTIN

(suddenly, realizing)

You're the wicked step-mother!

MICHAEL

What?

JUSTIN

You're the wicked step-mother! Like in the fairy tales!

MICHAEL

Well, you'd better get your fairy tail to work! Isn't there a toilet you need to wipe out?

He stares Justin away from the table, then grabs Brian's water, gulps the entire glass down in one gulp. Then, nervously, starts to hyperventilate.

BRIAN

What's with you?

MICHAEL

(realizing in horror)

He's right -- I am the step-mother!
Me. A step-mother!

As DEBBIE comes over:

DEBBIE

Who's a step-mother?

BRIAN

Mikey!

MICHAEL

David's son is coming to visit.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

Shit! That makes me a grandmother!
(then, to Gus)

How about that, precious? Swear to
God, Brian, he looks more like you
every day.

BRIAN

We're still working on the hair.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE
Where's Lindsay?

BRIAN
At a teacher's conference. So I'm
watching him for the weekend.

DEBBIE
You? I'd be afraid to let you water my
plants. Do you even know what a Huggie
is?

MICHAEL
Here's a clue: It's not a sexual
position.

BRIAN
I know. It's a -- a --

MICHAEL, DEBBIE & JUSTIN
A diaper!

BRIAN
I know all about diapers. I fucked a
guy once -- C.E.O. of a big
corporation. He liked to dress up in
them and get spanked.

JUSTIN
Gross.

DEBBIE
Kinky!
(then)
But isn't The Leather Ball this
weekend? I thought your dance card
would be filled.

BRIAN
It does sound intriguing. But this
year I'm giving up leather jockstraps
for rubber pants.

The words have barely left his lips when a LEATHER HOTTIE
passes by, cruises him. Brian cruises him back, watching as
he goes.

CUT TO:

5 INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

5

We're at an airline arrival area, where a handful of PASSENGERS stream out with luggage. Michael and David wait anxiously until they see:

DAVID

That's him! There's Hank!

David rushes over to greet his son, but for a moment we stay with Michael, who mutters the following out loud, to himself:

MICHAEL

O-kay. Here we go.

Michael moves to David, who's giving HANK a huge hug. Hank's 12 and a little gawky, though you just know in a few years he's going to be a total head-turner like his dad. He's got a backpack slung over one shoulder.

DAVID

Michael, this is Hank.

(to Hank)

This is Michael.

MICHAEL

Hey, great to finally meet you, Hank.

Hank gives Michael a quick once-over.

HANK

Wow, you're young.

For once it's not a compliment, and Michael doesn't know how to respond.

MICHAEL

(stammers)

Yeah -- well I --

DAVID

(really enthusiastic)

So I've got this whole schedule mapped out of stuff for us to do.

MICHAEL

Cool, huh?

HANK

Yeah. Cool.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

There's a new exhibit at the Science Center, and we have to go on the Monongahela Incline -- that's this cable car with incredible views. And, I want to check out a rock-climbing wall I've heard about -- God, it is so great to see you!

He throws an arm around Hank, whose backpack inadvertently knocks Michael into a TOURIST. There's a bit of a crush, and Michael is forced to walk behind David and Hank, who don't even realize what's happened. Michael watches them walking (from behind) and suddenly feels very much apart from them.

6 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

6

Tight on Gus, who's wailing uncontrollably. We pull back to include a very wound-up Brian, who's standing over his son, waving a pacifier. He doesn't make much sense, but then a parent at the end of his rope never does.

BRIAN

It's your pacifier! You're supposed to suck it!

The intercom BUZZES. Brian goes to the intercom.

BRIAN (cont'd)

(into intercom)

It's about fucking time. I ordered an hour ago.

(then, back to Gus)

You've gotta work with me here, Gus. Think nipple. Think cock. Whatever works for you.

Gus listens to Daddy, does what he's told.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Hey, Good Boy. Your old man's not bad at this --

Just then there's the BUZZ of the buzzer. He leaves Gus, heading off to the front door, opening it fast --

BRIAN (cont'd)

You'd better not have forgotten the sesame noodles again --

But it's not the Chinese takeout guy. It's his dad, JACK KINNEY.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Hey, Sonny-Boy.

An awkward moment. Brian is caught completely off-guard.

BRIAN
Jesus -- !

JACK
Well, you couldn't look more surprised
if it was.
(after a beat)
Are you going to let me in?

BRIAN
Uh -- sure.

He ushers Jack into the living room (absently leaving the front door open). It's clear Jack has never been here before.

JACK
This is some place -- big as a palace!

BRIAN
Thanks --

JACK
And it looked like such a dump from the outside.

Jack spots the baby, crying across the room.

JACK (cont'd)
Who's this?

BRIAN
This is Gus. He's...

For a split-second, in his fatigue and frustration, he almost comes out with the truth, but catches himself and says:

BRIAN (cont'd)
...Lindsay's kid. You remember Lindsay.

JACK
Lindsay. Tallish -- blonde? You used to go out with her.

BRIAN
Ages ago.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

She was a pretty girl. And she's got
one helluva cute son. She leaves him
with you?

BRIAN

Sometimes.

(then)

So, what're you doing wandering around
town -- visiting a lady-friend? A
little old for that, aren't you?

JACK

That's not it --

BRIAN

You need money?

He starts to go for his wallet.

JACK

No, no, I didn't come for any --

BRIAN

Then what? Did you get laid off? Is
Claire being crazy? Did Mom finally
leave you?

JACK

(abrupt)

I've got cancer.

Brian reacts -- but just a bit.

JACK (cont'd)

It started in my lungs, but it's
already spread. My doctor discovered
it on an X-ray during my physical last
summer and now --

(a beat)

Seems it's everywhere.

BRIAN

(not knowing what else to say)

Sorry to hear it --

JACK

You're sorry?

He bursts out laughing, then:

(CONTINUED)

JACK (cont'd)

I'd have rather let the Warden do the honors, but she insisted I tell you and your sister in person.

(beat)

So you're hearing it from me.

BRIAN

Thanks.

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)

Hello -- ?

Brian and Jack turn to find a CHINESE DELIVERY GUY, who's standing there, holding take-out.

CHINESE DELIVERY GUY

(with a big smile)

Sesame noodles. Didn't forget this time!

7 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DAY

7

Hank's at the table reading the stock pages. The table is set for breakfast -- cereal, milk, etc. David tries to make conversation.

DAVID

Michael moved in a few weeks ago. All the funny things around -- like Captain Astro -- are his.

HANK

He must be even younger than I thought.

(then)

Cisco's up! Cool!

DAVID

You read the stock page?

HANK

Don't you?

DAVID

I stick to sports. I got you some Captain Crunch. I assume it's still your favorite cereal?

HANK

Actually, I only eat non-fat, sugar-free, organic muselix.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Oh. Well, that must be why you've grown
so much since the last time I saw you.
You're at least a foot taller.

HANK

I wear a size ten shoe now. Dad bought
me these awesome Adidas --

A beat. He stops himself, realizes his error and David's
horror.

HANK (CONT'D)

I mean, Gary.

David's stung, but he smiles and lets it pass.

DAVID

Maybe I can get you some awesome jeans
to go with them.

Just then, Michael enters -- covered up to his neck in a robe
and pajamas and he still feels like he's walking around naked
in front of Hank. With an uncomfortable wave:

MICHAEL

Morning.

DAVID

Morning.

MICHAEL

(making an effort)

Hey, Hank -- how'd you sleep?

HANK

(with a shrug)

Okay.

(with a glance)

How about you?

Michael doesn't know how to answer that. Looks to David for
HELP!

MICHAEL

Uh --

DAVID

(saving him)

Better grab something to eat and get a
move on. We're heading out of here in
twenty minutes.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

What's the rush?

DAVID

The rush is I don't want to waste a minute! I'll go get my wallet -- and you get dressed.

And he bounds up the stairs, leaving Michael and Hank alone. Michael pours himself some cereal, eats for a moment in awkward silence. Finally:

MICHAEL

So I guess you must be really glad to see your Dad, huh?

(no answer)

He's been talking about your visit practically non-stop. I mean, you have no idea how excited he is that you're finally --

HANK

(blurting)

Look, I didn't want to come here -- at all. My mom made me. So, I'll just have to put up with it until I can go home.

Michael's a little startled -- as David comes down the stairs.

DAVID

Okay, team! Come on -- hurry it up! Let's get out there! Pittsburgh's waitin' for us!

CUT TO:

8 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

8

Justin is at the stove, cooking an impressively complex breakfast -- waffles, bacon, the whole shebang. VIC is sipping coffee.

JUSTIN

How'd you like your waffles? With cherries in Grand Marnier, or with peaches soaked in rum?

VIC

Better yet, Wolfgang, why don't you skip the waffles and just serve the sauce straight up?

(CONTINUED)

Brian comes in to the kitchen with Gus, snatches a towel away from Justin.

BRIAN
Gus just puked all over me!

JUSTIN
Babies do that.

BRIAN
But on my twelve-hundred dollar leather jacket?

VIC
A fashion critic already!

Justin swats Brian's butt with a spatula.

VIC (CONT'D)
(to Justin, re: the spatula)
Excuse me! You're serving me with that! God only knows where Brian's ass has been.

BRIAN
(grins at Vic)
I'll be happy to tell you.

Debbie enters in her bathrobe.

DEBBIE
Look who's here. Can I hold him?

BRIAN
Be my guest.

DEBBIE
(taking him)
And how are you this morning, darling Gus?

BRIAN
He's aces. Though I suspect he misses a mother's touch.

DEBBIE
(cradling him)
I'll see to that.

BRIAN
(helping himself to a nibble)
You know, if you'd like to satisfy your maternal urges for a longer period of
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (cont'd)
time -- recreate the amber hues of
Michael's childhood for, say, a whole
evening -- that could be arranged.

DEBBIE
(eyes him)
You want to go to the Leather Ball,
don't you?

BRIAN
You're good.

DEBBIE
Well, you're barking up the wrong baby-
sitter here. I've got the graveyard
shift at the diner tonight.

VIC
It's the cocktail hour for me.
(winks)
Time for my meds. I'll be back.

DEBBIE
(calling after him)
Be sure and wash 'em down with bottled
water, not that shit from the
Susquehanna!

And Vic's gone. Brian watches him go for a beat. Finally:

BRIAN
It must be tough living with illness.

He moves into:

9 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 9

Debbie follows him, distressed.

DEBBIE
Hold on, you're not -- ?!

BRIAN
No.

DEBBIE
Thank God.

BRIAN
It's my Dad. He's got cancer.

Justin joins them.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN
Your Dad's sick?

BRIAN
He came over last night to tell me.

DEBBIE
I'm sorry to hear that. How long's he got?

BRIAN
A few months. Tops.

DEBBIE
Shit --
(beat)
Well, if you don't mind some free advice from someone who's known you a lot longer than you've known yourself -- you should tell him.

BRIAN
Tell him what?

DEBBIE
You know damn well. Don't play dumb.
(then)
He made a very big gesture, telling you about himself. I think you should return the favor.

BRIAN
No fucking way. My dad hasn't known a thing about my life for 29 years -- or cared. Why should I bother now?

DEBBIE
Because it might do you some good.

BRIAN
To tell a dying man I'm queer?

DEBBIE
To be honest.

BRIAN
I'm always honest.

DEBBIE
You think you are. But how honest is it to let your father go to his grave never knowing who his son really is?

(CONTINUED)

Brian doesn't answer her.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Look, I know you think he never loved you. But this might be a way to get through to him -- for whatever it's worth -- before it's too late.

BRIAN

If I wanted a shrink, I'd look in the goddamn Yellow Pages.

DEBBIE

I'm a hell of a lot cheaper, and I don't take August off.

Just then, Gus starts to cry.

JUSTIN

I bet he's hungry. Can I feed him?

And an idea is born.

BRIAN

(flashing that killer grin)

What are you doing tonight?

10 EXT. WATERFRONT - BRIDGE - DAY

10 *

As Sergeant David drags his troop of two along (In fact, are those military drums we hear?) *

DAVID *

Isn't that aquarium absolutely awesome? *

I could stare into those tanks forever! *

MICHAEL *

Funny, it only seemed that long. *

Actually it was just under -- five *

hours. *

David grabs Hank in a bear hug: *

DAVID *

Isn't this great? Being together? *

Sharing all this? Just you and me -- *

and Michael. *

HANK *

(less enthusiastic) *

Yeah. Great. *

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Hey, can we stop for lunch soon? All those fish made me hungry -- for some chicken.

DAVID

We've got to get to the museum. There's this great dinosaur exhibit --

HANK

I haven't been into dinosaurs since the third grade.

DAVID

Well, I like dinosaurs. It's nice to see there're creatures even older than I am. Then, after that, we'll go to the batting cage -- or the driving range. Your Mom tells me your swing's getting pretty good -- ! And there's this new arcade at the mall you're going to be wild about -- !

As a weary Michael trudges on, hears those military drums: *

CUT TO:

11 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

11

And we're at The Leather Ball! Hot dance music PUMPS. Harnessed, buckled and clamped LEATHER GODS, MASTERS AND SLAVES dance, cruise and grope.

FIND TED AND EMMETT

Ted, in his normal (read: boring) club clothes really stands out -- perhaps for the first time in his life. Emmett is in an extreme and revealing leather outfit.

TED

I can't believe you actually went out in public dressed like that.

EMMETT

My mother used to say, "Find your best feature and play it for all it's worth."

He turns toward the bar, grabbing a martini and revealing that his black chaps have no backside and his bare ass is hanging out.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT (cont'd)
And that's what I did.
(turning back)
Besides, it's called the Leather Ball.
You might have at least dressed for the
occasion.

TED
I did. I'm wearing a leather belt.

EMMETT
You are such a stick-in-the-mud.

A LEATHER COWBOY in black leather chaps and vest strolls by.

TED
Because I don't want to look like a
cross between a Nazi Stormtrooper and
Roy Rogers?

EMMETT
Stop, you're giving me a hard-on.

A MASTER leads his SLAVE past them on a leash.

EMMETT (cont'd)
I hope he's house-broken.

TED
Honestly, the people here are too
weird!

As Brian, wearing a leather jacket, no shirt and tight
leather jeans, and smoking a cigar, joins them.

BRIAN
(to Emmett)
Hey, pig bottom. How'd you like to
polish my boots -- with your tongue?

TED
Like I said --

EMMETT
What're you doing here? I thought you
had Gus.

BRIAN
I found a sitter.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

TED
(finishing his drink, he starts
to go)
Well, enjoy guys --

EMMETT
Where're you going?

TED
Home -- to my leather recliner. That's
about as kinky as I get.

As Ted turns to leave, he hears the crowd WHOOP and WHISTLE,
he sees:

ON STAGE

A sex show. A HOODED LEATHER DADDY has placed his CUTE SLAVE
in restraints, spread-eagled against the wall, and is lashing
his perfect bubble butt with a riding crop. Although it's
really only a performance, the glistening body of the slave,
nude except for the leather harnesses and jock, writhing in
pain and pleasure at his Master's lashes is intensely erotic,
sexually charged. And as much as Ted tries not to look, he
can't help watching, transfixed with secret desires. The
Leather Daddy suddenly pulls off his hood.

EMMETT
Oh my God, isn't that --?

TED
Dale Wexler!

EMMETT
Well, now you know one of his secrets,
don't 'cha?

Off Ted's incredulous look:

CUT TO:

12 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

12 *

David's in bed, leafing through a sports medicine mag.
Michael, undressed, starts to dress.

DAVID
Quite a day, huh?

MICHAEL
No shit. I saw more of Pittsburgh in
the last twelve hours than I've seen in
my entire life.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
(putting down the magazine)
You know, each time I see him, he's a different person. Then I have to spend the couple of days we have together trying to get to know the "New Hank" -- before he's gone again.

A beat. David watches as Michael zips up his pants, puts on his shirt.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Michael?

MICHAEL
Huh --?

DAVID
You're supposed to take off your clothes before you come to bed.

MICHAEL
Don't flip out -- but I think I should go stay at my place tonight.

DAVID
What're you talking about? What for?

MICHAEL
(carefully, gently)
I think Hank's uncomfortable with me here.

DAVID
Where'd you get that idea? Did he tell you that?

MICHAEL
Not in so many words -- but the silences kind of told me everything I need to know.

DAVID
It just takes him time to warm up -- to get to know you.

MICHAEL
I don't think he wants to know me. And I don't blame him. This whole "Hank Has Two Daddies" thing would be too much for any kid.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

He had no problem when I was with Mack.

MICHAEL

No offense -- but Hank was a lot younger then. Now that he's older, trying to define his own sexuality, it must be pretty unsettling being with his Dad and his male lover.

DAVID

The only way he's going to get used to us is by having you around.

MICHAEL

Then maybe we should ease him into it. You know -- start with a guest appearance and gradually build me up into a co-starring role.

DAVID

You're not going anywhere.

MICHAEL

It'll only be for a couple of nights --

DAVID

Not for a single night. Hank's going to be fine.

(kissing him gently)

And so will we.

Michael surrenders, David starts to undress him:

DAVID (CONT'D)

Now, let's get you out of these -- and into bed.

CUT TO:

13 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

13

Ted stands by the stage as Dale's "performance" ends. Compelled and astonished, he's snapped to by:

DALE

Ted!

TED

Uh -- Dale!

(CONTINUED)

DALE

I thought that was you. But then I
said to myself it can't be. Not Ted
Schmidt. Well, this is a surprise.
So, are you a Daddy, a master, a slave -
-?

TED

Actually, none of the above. I'm just
an observer.

DALE

That's what they all say. Next thing
you know, there they are in a sling, a
bottle of poppers stuck up their nose
and five guys fisting them.

TED

I guarantee you, that isn't the case
with me. A friend dragged me here --

Just then, Emmett, passes, ties up and being led off by the
Leather Cowboy.

EMMETT

Cowboy Bob lassoed me. He's promised
to take me out to the stable, tie me up
like a squealing pig and brand me.

TED

Then you'd better git-along little
doggie.

(then, to Dale)

That's my friend who dragged me here --

DALE

And now he's being dragged away. Lucky
him. *

TED

(an awkward silence)

Anyway, I'm sure you must have another
slave to work over, so don't let me
keep you --

DALE

That was just the matinee. Stick
around. This next one's going to be
hot! *

TED

Actually, I was about to go -- *

(CONTINUED)

DALE

And afterwards, how about coming over to my place for a drink? We can catch up.

TED

(making excuses)

It's kind of late, you know, and -- uh -

DALE

Strictly as "an observer". And now it's Showtime!

As Ted watches Dale climb back up on stage, grab his next slave, bark out orders, smack, whip and abuse him:

CUT TO:

14 INT. BABYLON - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

14

Among the hot sweaty bodies, naked except for their leather adornments, we FIND Brian, who's picked up a HOT LEATHER DUDE (Are we the least bit surprised?) It's getting sultry and sexy. He takes off his leather jacket. The Dude takes off his vest. They eye each other, smile the smile of two people who are about to fuck. But their hot sex is interrupted by a tipsy BURLY LEATHER BEAR who grabs Brian.

LEATHER BEAR

Hey, little boy, you wanna go back to my place?

BRIAN

Get the fuck off me!

LEATHER BEAR

You'd like that, wouldn't you? I can tell you need a daddy!

BRIAN

I said fuck off! And you're not my fucking daddy! I don't need a fucking daddy!

And with that Brian shoves him furiously against the wall.

CUT TO:

15 DALE ON THE COVER OF A GAY PUBLICATION

15

featuring him as "Mr. Leather".

(CONTINUED)

DALE (o.s.)

I've been "Mr. Leather" for the past three years. I've held both the regional and national titles.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL, we are in:

INT. DALE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A successful man's home. Ted's having a drink with Dale (now in a robe) admiring the magazine he's holding.

TED

I -- uh -- I'm impressed. And -- surprised.

DALE

Surprised?

TED

I mean, who would've suspected, considering your "other life".

DALE

The one where I wear a suit, crunch numbers and treat the clients with undeserved respect? That's not who I really am.

TED

And this is?

DALE

It's amazing, Ted -- how it's allowed me to expand my limitations. In other areas, too. Even business.

TED

You mean, being a leather Daddy is the key to your success?

DALE

You have no idea what can happen once you give yourself permission.

TED

(nervous laughter)

To chain somebody up? Tie somebody down?

DALE

That can be the most liberating thing of all. Relinquishing control,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DALE (cont'd)
allowing someone else to give you
pleasure, pain -- whatever you most
fear and desire.

TED
(sweating profusely)
M-mind if I use your bathroom?

DALE
It's right downstairs.

Ted excuses himself. FOLLOW HIM as he makes his way down the
stairs, wiping the sweat pouring off his brow with a neat,
starched, perfectly-folded white handkerchief.

ANGLE ON TWO DOORS

Lady or the Tiger. Which door will he choose? He selects
the one on the right, opens it, snaps on a light. It's not
the bathroom, it's:

A DUNGEON!

Ted's eyes widen in wonder as he takes in all the apparatus --
the stocks, the rack, the sling.

DALE (o.s.) (cont'd)
I see you found my playroom.

Ted spins around. Dale is standing behind him, smiling.

TED
Sorry -- I opened the wrong door.

DALE
Or not. So, what do you think?

TED
I guess you gave your decorator full
reign.

DALE
Would you like me to give you a little
demonstration?

Ted looks into his eyes, uncomfortably:

TED
That's okay -- I -- just wanted to wash
my hands.

DALE
We'd both enjoy it. I always thought
you were hot.

(CONTINUED)

TED
You -- did?

DALE
The vanilla boys are always the
wildest. All that unfulfilled desire.

Dale disrobes for Ted. He's in a leather jockstrap and
harness. He reaches for his hood.

DALE (CONT'D)
Why don't you let me introduce you to
yourself? To the real Ted Schmidt.
(toying with Ted's nipple)
I promise I won't do anything you don't
want me to. You say "stop" and I'll
stop.

He squeezes it hard enough to cause a sharp stab of pain.

TED
Stop!
(backing away)
Look, I didn't come here for this.

DALE
I know. You're just an observer.

TED
And I think I've seen enough. Now, if
you'll excuse me --

He starts to go, Dale stops him.

DALE
You know what I remember the most about
you? Every day in the school
cafeteria, you'd have the same thing
for lunch. So --
(being kind)
Reliable. I used to marvel how the
menu never changed. And, it seems,
neither have you. Still playing it
safe. Never taking a chance. Never
allowing yourself to try something new.

Ted doesn't say a word. But he hears him. Then:

TED
Thank you for the -- drink.

(CONTINUED)

15 QAF - Ep. 15 - YELLOW Revisions -
CONTINUED: (4)

12-13-00

30A.
15

And he leaves the dungeon.

CUT TO:

16 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

16

It's very late. A pissed-off MELANIE standing there, holding a snoozing Gus, Justin at her side, looking hang-dog, sheepish. She screams in Brian's face.

MELANIE

You asshole! He was going to feed the baby hot milk. He didn't test it on his arm!

JUSTIN

I didn't know --!

MELANIE

Thank God I walked in when I did. Gus could've been scalded.

JUSTIN

I'm sorry, I'm really sorry --

Brian gives him a consoling squeeze.

BRIAN

It's okay.
(then, to Melanie)
You're overreacting.

MELANIE

The fuck I am!

BRIAN

And what the hell are you doing here, anyway.

MELANIE

I got back from Miami and there's a message on my voice mail from Lindsay that she left Gus here with you. So I came by to check on him -- and it's a goddamn good thing I did! Pawning him off on anyone so you can go to the fucking Leather Ball!

BRIAN

Justin's not anyone --

JUSTIN

I love Gus!

MELANIE

I know you do, sweetie. This isn't about you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE (cont'd)
(to Brian)
This is about you, and what an
irresponsible shit you are.

BRIAN
(defensively)
Look, I only went out for a few hours --

MELANIE
You shouldn't have gone out at all!
Because, you see, the thing about
parenthood is, you don't get anonymous-
sex breaks twice a day.
(holds out her hand)
Now give me your car keys.

BRIAN
Excuse me?

MELANIE
I said give me your goddamn car keys so
I can get the baby seat from your Jeep.
I'm taking Gus home with me.

BRIAN
The hell you are! This is his home.
At least for the weekend.

MELANIE
Sorry, your privileges have been
revoked.

BRIAN
Don't you fucking tell me what my
privileges are! I'm his father. Who
the hell are you?

JUSTIN
(more upset than the both of
them)
Would you stop fighting?

A long silence. Finally:

MELANIE
I may be no one, but at least I love
him enough to know his needs come
before mine. Which is more than can be
said for you.

Brian looks at Gus, in her arms. Then as he hands her his
car keys.

17 EXT. SKATING RINK - DAY

17

The next day. David and Hank are zipping around the rink, practicing shooting pucks with their hockey sticks. As Hank scores a goal:

DAVID

Beauty!

FIND MICHAEL

On the sidelines, watching. David whooooooshes up to him:

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hank's the Regional Junior Champion.

MICHAEL

Of course he is.

DAVID

Why're you sitting here on the sidelines? Come on -- !

MICHAEL

I told you, I can't skate --!

But before he can protest, David pulls him onto the ice:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

If God had wanted me to be on ice he would've made me a martini -- which I could sure use right now.

Michael's right. He can't skate. He tries awkwardly, is terrified of falling, but Dr. David to the rescue:

DAVID

Don't worry -- I've got you.

He sure does. His arms are enfolded around Michael, hugging him tight.

MICHAEL

What is this -- "Fags On Ice"?

DAVID

No, that's the Olympic Figure-Skating Team.

They laugh, then Michael looks over and sees Hank watching them. Michael's embarrassed by David's intimacy. Just then, David's cell phone RRRRINGS!

(CONTINUED)

DAVID (CONT'D)

That's me! Hank, take Michael!

Michael tries to object, but David propels him into Hank's unwilling arms. David stops skating, grabs his cell:

DAVID (CONT'D)

Dr. Cameron. I see. Well, I'd better have a look at it. Can he meet me in the office in say, half an hour? See you then.

(hanging up)

That was LeMieux. One of the Penguins threw his back out during practice.

(to Hank)

Sorry, Champ. I'll try not to be gone too long.

HANK

(with a shrug)

No biggie.

Michael stumbles back to David, -- almost falls. David catches him.

MICHAEL

Well, it's a biggie to me! You're leaving me alone with him?

DAVID

He won't bite you.

MICHAEL

We hardly know each other.

DAVID

Now you'll get to.

MICHAEL

But you don't understand.

DAVID

Understand what?

A beat. Michael can't bring himself to tell David that Hank didn't want to come because of his Dad's new boyfriend.

MICHAEL

That he -- he was really looking forward to being with you.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

I'll be back as soon as I can.
(handing him a sheet of paper
from his pocket)
Now here's the itinerary. Stick to it
and you'll have a great time. I'll
catch up with you.

David rushes off. Michael looks over at Hank, standing
there, on the ice:

CUT TO:

18 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

18

We START on a beaming Debbie:

DEBBIE

How'd it go last night -- "Daddy"?

She's staring right into the face of a scowling Brian --
who's in a booth with Ted and Emmett. They await his answer.

BRIAN

You mind not using that word in my
presence?

DEBBIE

Grouchy, huh? Well, that's what
happens when you tend to a tot. It's
not a pretty job. But I'm proud of
you, Brian -- sacrificing going to the
Leather Ball.

Ted and Emmett exchange a knowing look.

EMMETT

Altruism is his middle name.

TED

Is that what the "A" stands for?

DEBBIE

I never thought you'd miss an event
like that. I tip my hat -- or maybe I
should say my wig -- to you, kid -- for
taking care of your kid.

Justin passes with some dirty dishes.

JUSTIN

Actually, I'm the one who --

(CONTINUED)

Brian quickly pulls Justin to him, whispers:

BRIAN

Give me away and I'll tie your balls up
so tight they'll ache for a week.

JUSTIN

And this is punishment?

(to Debbie)

-- helped. I'm the one who helped.

EMMETT

Well! After all this baby talk, I
think I'll have the baby-back ribs!

TED

And I'll have --

EMMETT

(by rote)

Tunafish on whitebread --

DEBBIE

Double mayo.

BRIAN

Potato chips, cole slaw --

JUSTIN

And vanilla pudding.

TED

(a beat after a look)

Christ, am I really that predictable?

DEBBIE

I'd say -- reliable.

TED

(that word stings)

Thanks ever so.

EMMETT

It's not your style to be spontaneous --
wild -- reckless!

BRIAN

That's what I'm here for.

TED

No my style is to never take a chance,
never let myself go, never put my ass
in a sling -- I mean on the line!

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE
Honey, it's only lunch.

TED
In that case, I'll have cajun catfish
with pad thai noodles and mango and
papaya salsa on the side!

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

"Let yourself go" doesn't mean a case
of the runs.

BRIAN

(with a laugh)

Give him the usual.

(then, to Ted)

It doesn't matter what you eat --
you'll still be old, old, old reliable
Ted!

CUT TO:

19 EXT. STREET - DAY

19

Michael and Hank walking down the street. Hank slouching,
silent. Michael looking -- well, nauseous.

MICHAEL

You know you can live in a city all
your life and never know all the
wonderful sights and attractions it
holds. For instance, who had any idea
there was something called "The Scream
Machine" at the Carnegie Science
Center? Experiencing the G-force was
certainly a --

(quoting)

--"stomach churning, nail-biting
science education" for me. And what
made it especially memorable was the
large pepperoni pizza we shared moments
before.

HANK

Can we go home now?

MICHAEL

(checking David's list)

What, and miss riding the Monongahela
Incline?

Hank says nothing. Finally:

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Look, I know this isn't easy for you --
having a dad -- who's well, different
than most fathers. And I'm sure seeing
him with me, doesn't make it any
easier.

Hank finally looks up, exasperated.

(CONTINUED)

HANK

So he's gay -- big deal! I've only known about it like since I was nine.

MICHAEL

(confused)

So then, why don't you want to be here -
-?

HANK

Because he drives me nuts! Every time I come here, he's got to have every minute planned! The Incline, the museum -- the Aquarium! That may have been fun when I was a kid -- but how many times can you see fish?

MICHAEL

So why don't you tell him to back off?

HANK

Have you ever tried telling him to back off?

MICHAEL

(conceding)

I know what you mean.

(beat)

But he just wants you to have a good time.

They stop in front of a comic book store. The window filled with comics. Hank spies a comic book on the display.

HANK

Oh my god! Check it out! SporpionHead #34!

MICHAEL

Holy shit! I've been looking for that like practically my whole life!

HANK

You, too?

MICHAEL

You can't even find this on E-bay. ScorpionHead is so cool.

HANK

So cool! The way he can --

(CONTINUED)

HANK (cont'd)
Sting with his nose!

MICHAEL
Sting with his nose!

MICHAEL
Want to check it out?

HANK
Fuck yeah!

And like two kids, they race in!

20 INT. KINNEY GARAGE - DAY

20

Jack is going through old boxes when Brian walks up the driveway. Jack hears his footsteps and looks up.

JACK
Your mom's in the kitchen.

BRIAN
I didn't come to see Mom.

Jack doesn't reply. He goes back to the box he's digging through.

BRIAN (cont'd)
Shouldn't you be inside taking it easy?

JACK
I'll have plenty of time to take it
easy when I'm --
(he stops himself)
There's years of stuff out here. I
need -- I want to -- get everything in
order.
(then, off a bowling ball on a
shelf)
By the way, I found this earlier.

BRIAN
What was that league you used to bowl
with?

JACK
Eastway Kings. You used to come with
me when you were, what, eight, nine?
Remember that?

BRIAN
Sure.

JACK
I always hoped you'd take it up.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Maybe some day.

That hangs there or a beat, then:

BRIAN (cont'd)

About the other night --

JACK

I know, I should've called before I
dropped in. Like "The Warden" says,
"That's what they make telephones for."

Jack attempts to take a box off the shelf, but he's suddenly
weak, struggles. Brian moves in quickly to help him, their
eyes meeting. Before the moment of connection is lost:

BRIAN

I need to talk to you.

Jack looks at him, bewildered, almost incredulous. A laugh.

JACK

You know. I think that's the first time
I ever heard you say that?

BRIAN

Probably because I never have. I just
figured maybe we should try to sneak in
under the wire.

JACK

You mean before it's too late?

BRIAN

(suddenly)

I'm gay.

Silence. Finally:

JACK

Well you picked a hell of a time to
tell me you're a fucking fairy. As if
I don't have enough to deal with!
Shit, it should be you who's dying,
instead of me.

(CONTINUED)

Brian looks at him for a beat, starts to go, then punches a stack of cartons, sends them flying. Jack knows that was meant for him.

BRIAN

But I'm not the one who's dying, you
selfish old prick -- you are:

CUT TO:

21 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

21

Michael and Hank are lying on the floor reading comic books.
David walks in on them.

DAVID

Hey, guys -- Sorry it took longer than
I expected --

HANK

(for the first time really
excited)

Dad you can't believe what Michael and
I found! ScorpionHead Number 34!

DAVID

(excited that he's excited)
That's -- great.

MICHAEL

(holding it up)

You owe me a hundred and fifty bucks.

HANK

I've gotta go page Adam! He's a
ScorpionHead Head, too!

DAVID

Wait, how was --

But Hank's gone.

DAVID (cont'd)

(to himself, bemused)
-- your day?

Michael gives David a kiss hello.

MICHAEL

We had a blast!

DAVID

Looks like it went off in here.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

MICHAEL

What about you? See any naked
Penguins?

DAVID

Just the one. So, how was the Incline?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

We took a detour from the official itinerary and checked out Comixland.

DAVID

Don't tell me you've been laying around all day reading comic books?

MICHAEL

It's what Hank wanted.

DAVID

What about all those great things I had planned?

MICHAEL

Don't take this the wrong way -- but he's not too crazy about your schedule. He doesn't understand why you have to drag him around every minute.

DAVID

I didn't realize I was dragging him around every minute. I want him to have a good time.

MICHAEL

Well maybe his idea of having a good time is different than yours. Only you haven't bothered to ask him.

DAVID

Hey, don't tell me how to raise my son, okay?

MICHAEL

I'm not, I'm just trying to help --

DAVID

All of a sudden you're a fucking authority!

MICHAEL

He's unhappy here. He wants to go home. And not for the reasons I thought, but because of you. You're the problem.

CUT TO:

DARKNESS

A door opens letting in a slash of light.

(CONTINUED)

DALE (o.s.)

Come in -- I've been expecting you.

The door closes. As our eyes adjust to the light, we find we are in:

22 INT. DALE'S HOUSE - DUNGEON - DAY - NIGHT -- DOES IT MATTER? 22

The person who has entered is Ted. He's clearly nervous -- but compelled. Dale in his leather regalia, approaches him, begins to undress him.

DALE

There are many pleasures to be found here. Places you've been afraid to even think of going -- I can take you there. But first you must surrender to me. Completely.

(a beat)

Do you surrender?

TED

(hesitantly, then)

I -- surrender.

DALE

"Sir". You will call me "sir".

TED

"Sir".

DALE

And you are -- "slave".

TED

It's -- cold in here.

DALE

I didn't say you could speak.

TED

Sorry --

DALE

"Sir".

TED

Sorry -- sir.

DALE

Good slave. Now you will do exactly as you're told.

(CONTINUED)

And with that Dale puts Ted in the St. Andrew's Cross,
manacles him in place. A look of anticipation crosses Ted's
face; a look of pleasure, of discovery, of finally letting
go.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

DALE (cont'd)

Dale starts to flog him. And on Ted's face, we SEE a look of anticipation, a look of pleasure, of discovery, of finally letting go.

CUT TO:

23 INT. AIRPORT - TERMINAL ENTRY - DAY

23

David, Michael and Hank come into the terminal, rush to the gate.

DAVID

I was thinking -- when you come back this summer, maybe we could go on a white water rafting trip.

HANK

I'm probably going to baseball camp this summer.

DAVID

Oh. That sounds like fun. Well, how about next Thanksgiving we go hiking --

HANK

We're going to Grandma and Granpa's.

DAVID

Right. Well, that takes us all the way to next Christmas. We can go skiing --

HANK

(angrily)

You just don't get it, do you?

Hank moves away from him. David turns to Michael. Michael gives him a look -- "Told you".

23A INT. AIRPORT - WAITING AREA - DAY

23A

David, Michael and Hank wait in Silence. Finally, David goes over to his son.

DAVID

Michael told me you weren't having a very good time.

(a beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAVID (cont'd)
Only I didn't want to believe him.
(then)
You know, I was trying really hard --

HANK
That's just it, Dad. You try too hard.

DAVID
Yeah -- I guess I do.
(another beat)
I suppose that's because we don't get to see each other very much. You're out there, I'm back here. So for those few days when I'm lucky enough to have you -- I want it to be special. Something you'll remember -- so you won't forget about me.

HANK
And when I see you -- I'm getting away from Mom and Gary and all that bullshit stress at school. I just want to hang out. Not have to do something every minute.

DAVID
(glancing over at Michael)
You mean like lay around on the floor and read comic books.

HANK
If I feel like it.

Davis puts an arm around his son. A beat, then, a FLIGHT ANNOUNCEMENT:

FLIGHT ANNOUNCER (v.o.)
American Airlines flight 1815 to Portland is now ready for boarding --

DAVID
That's you. You call me when you get in. Doesn't matter how late.

HANK
I will.

MICHAEL
(joining them)
Bye, Hank.

Hank grabs him in a hug -- to his surprise.

(CONTINUED)

HANK
Thanks for the Scorpionhead!

Then Hank hugs his Dad. David gives him a kiss. Holds him for an extra little beat. The Hank runs off to board. As they watch him go:

MICHAEL
You know -- I actually don't mind being a step-mother.

DAVID
(with a laugh)
Well, for someone who never had a father, you sure know a lot about being one.

MICHAEL
(shrugs)
I just imagined how I would've liked my Dad to be if I did.

As they walk away from the gate:

MICHAEL (cont'd)
So -- we've got the place to ourselves again. What do you wanna do?

DAVID
I don't know -- the laundry? Some bookkeeping?

MICHAEL
Try again, stud.

CUT TO:

24 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - BEDROOM - DAY

24 *

Brian's going through his closet and Lindsay's on a tear. *

LINDSAY
You gave me your word! You swore I could trust you with him --!

BRIAN
Look, your ex already reamed me out.

LINDSAY
Now it's my turn! You said you wanted to be his parent. Well if that's true, then fucking well be one! But don't tell me you'll be there for him when
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY (cont'd)
you're not -- when you've never been
there for anyone in your life except
yourself!

Brian considers this and is just about to answer when --

JACK (o.s.)
Anyone home?

Brian comes out of the bedroom, sees it's his Dad.

BRIAN
What are you doing here?

JACK
I'll only stay a moment. I found
something when I was going through
those boxes. I thought you might want
it.

He hands Brian a photo -- a small, faded color snapshot,
circa early-1970s: a father holding a newborn baby. The
father beams at the camera.

JACK (cont'd)
That's me. And you. The day we
brought you home from the hospital.

Brian glances at the shots. Then, to his father --

BRIAN
Why are you smiling?

JACK
It's a photograph. Isn't that what
you're supposed to do?

Brian hands the photo back.

BRIAN
I don't want it.

JACK
Well you might change your mind one
day, when I'm gone.

BRIAN
I doubt it.

Jack looks away for a beat. That may have hurt more than the
punch. Brian ditches the photo.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

You know, you can really pack a wallop for a fag. Just don't tell your mother, you understand? She'll be at fucking Mass three times a day praying for your soul!

Brian shakes his head. He doesn't get it -- and he knows he never will.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Mr. Kinney?

Jack turns, sees Lindsay holding the baby.

LINDSAY (cont'd)

You probably don't remember me. I'm Lindsay Petersen.

JACK

'Course I remember you. Although it's been a long time. You're still a looker.

LINDSAY

Thank you, Mr. Kinney.

JACK

(flirting)

Jack.

BRIAN

(despite himself)

Still, and always the ladies' man. *

JACK

You have a beautiful son.

(then)

Well, I guess I'll be on my way.

He starts to go. Brian almost lets him. Finally: *

BRIAN

There's someone else I want you to say hello to. This is Gus.

(a beat)

Your grandson.

Jack stares from Gus to Brian to Lindsay for a moment, confused. He gets momentarily pissed.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

My grandson? What the fuck's going on?
Are you screwing with me, Sonny Boy?

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

I'm not screwing with you.

LINDSAY

Jack, would you like to hold him?

JACK

(a little nervous)

It's been a while, you know, since I
held a baby.

He takes Gus from Lindsay, places him in Jack's arms. He
holds him tenderly.

JACK (CONT'D)

(softly)

Gus --

Then he looks up at Brian, beams. Brian turns away, not
wanting to be part of this Hallmark moment. Then, he
retrieves the ditched photograph.

He looks at the old photo of his Dad holding him. And damn,
if that isn't the same smile.

FADE OUT.

THE END