

queer as folk

EPISODE SEVENTEEN

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queerasfolk

Episode Seventeen

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
DAPHNE CHANDERS.....Makyla Smith
JENNIFER TAYLOR.....Sherry Miller

and as

DEBBIE NOVOTNY.....Sharon Gless

GUEST CAST

GUILLAUME	CUTE WAITER
MR. DIXON	HUNGRY CUSTOMER
SENATOR DIANE BAXTER	STIFF
DR. PERKINS	SNOT

1 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

1

DAVID and MICHAEL are having a Sunday evening get-together. Brie, pate, wine -- and watching a slide show of their recent trip to Paris. EMMETT, TED, MELANIE, DEBBIE, and LINDSAY (holding GUS and keeping her distance from Mel) all look stultifying bored. Emmett is using his thumbs and forefingers to hold his eyes wide open. Ted is softly snoring. Only BRIAN and JUSTIN in the front row are enjoying themselves, making out. As Michael narrates:

MICHAEL

Here we are in front of the Arc de
Triumphe --

(click!)

and here we are in front of Sacre Coeur

(click!)

-- and here we are in front of
Napoleon's Tomb --

EMMETT

Lucky him -- he's dead.

MICHAEL

(click!)

And here we are in front of --

Faster than he can say Place de la Concorde, Debbie, seated behind Brian and Justin who are in a deep lip-lock, leans forward, swats the back of their heads.

DEBBIE

Would you two cut it out?

MICHAEL

Ma, you're interrupting.

DEBBIE

I can't stand it when couples make out
in front of you.

BRIAN

It's French. So we're frenching.

MICHAEL

And so as Michael and David bid "adieu"
to "Pa-ree" --

Click! The last frame says:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

"Fin." That means "The End".

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

"Bon." That means "good".

DAVID

(turning on the LIGHTS)

Hope you all weren't too bored. *

TED

(waking up)

Are you kidding? I haven't been this entertained since "Ghandi".

DEBBIE

It must've been the trip of a lifetime!

BRIAN

Sure felt that long. *

MICHAEL

(oozing pretension)

Of course, what you most remember about Paris isn't dining at Lucas-Carton, or shopping in the rue St. Sulpice. It's the simple things. Sharing a baguette, strolling *sur le Seine* --

DEBBIE

Sur le what?

MICHAEL

The Seine, mother.

JUSTIN

(filling her in)

It's a river.

MICHAEL

Would anyone like some vin rouge? *

TED

(a la Ethel)

Lucy, you wouldn't know the difference between vin rouge and Listerine! *

EMMETT

All I want to know is, did you meet Catherine Deneuve? *

TED

God, I love her. *

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

No, but we did meet this terrific couple at Versailles.

BRIAN

Let me guess -- Louis and Marie?

DAVID

Jean-Paul and Yvette.

MICHAEL

They have this fabulous maison in the 16th.

Ted and Emmett roll their eyes.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Have some brie.

Debbie takes a bite, makes a face.

DEBBIE

Tastes like cum. Where's the cheddar?

Across the room, Melanie comes over to Lindsay, holding Gus.

MELANIE

Mind if I join you?

Melanie sits next to her and the baby.

MELANIE (cont'd)

Hey, sweetie. God, he gets bigger every time I see him.

LINDSAY

It's all that delicious French baby food Guillaume makes for him.

MELANIE

(jealous)

So this "arrangement" is working out.

LINDSAY

A lot better than I thought.

MELANIE

Honey, I wish you'd listen to reason. You can't go through with --

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY
 (overriding her)
 As a matter of fact, we've decided to
 get married. A week from today.

A long, dead silence from Melanie. Brian's overheard.

BRIAN
 What'd he do, knock you up?

LINDSAY
 His deportation letter arrived
 yesterday. So we have to do it
 quickly.
 (then)
 Maybe Michael could film the ceremony.
 (off their looks)
 It's got to look real -- in case
 there's an evidentiary hearing.

Off Melanie's expression of panic -- which is quite real:

MELANIE (O.S.)
 I'm freaking out!

CUT TO:

2 EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

2

Brian, Melanie, Ted and Emmett walk to their cars.

BRIAN
 That she didn't ask you to be maid of
 honor?

MELANIE
 You think this is funny? They're going
 through with it -- next week!

Brian lights a cigarette, looks off, more concerned than he'd admit.

TED
 It's not like they're really getting
 married --

EMMETT
 It's just so he can stay in the
 country.

MELANIE
 But what if he never leaves? What if
 he becomes a permanent fixture?

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

What if my aunt had balls, she'd be my
uncle.

MELANIE

Now it's too late. It's all my fault.
And there's not a goddamn thing we can
do about it.

Off Brian:

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael and David are cleaning up after their little soiree.

MICHAEL

Can't we leave all this for Magdalena?
That is why we pay her.

DAVID

You know me. I can't go to sleep until
everything's put away.

MICHAEL

You're so anal.

DAVID

Lucky for you.

David picks up a plate, turns to go.

MICHAEL

Hey --

Michael pulls David back.

DAVID

Careful -- !

Suddenly Michael's arms are around him and he's kissing him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(laughing)

What was that for?

MICHAEL

I don't believe I thanked you properly
for showing me the best time of my
life.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

(kissing Michael back)

Thank you, too -- for letting me show
it to you.

(continuing to tidy)

Hey, did you hear Ted snoring?

MICHAEL

It was hard to miss. It's sad those
guys don't know there's a world outside
Liberty Avenue.

DAVID

You didn't either until last week!

(picking up an empty wine
bottle)

You know, this cab was pretty good.
Maybe I should order a case, serve it
at the party for Senator Baxter.

MICHAEL

That's a good idea --

DAVID

You know what's strange?

Michael shrugs, shakes his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)

No one mentioned getting their
invitations.

MICHAEL

Oh --

DAVID

I wonder if they got them.

MICHAEL

(uncomfortably)

Actually -- I decided not to send
them.

DAVID

Really? How come?

MICHAEL

Political fund-raisers -- it's not
their thing.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Senator Baxter's very supportive of gay issues. I'd think that would be everybody's thing. *

MICHAEL

(wriggling out of it)
I'm just not sure they'd be -- comfortable -- around our other friends, a state senator -- *

DAVID

I'll leave it up to you. It's your call.

As he goes off with plates of glasses, and Michael is left with the guilt of his decision. *

4 INT. ST. JAMES ACADEMY - HALLWAY - DAY 4

DAPHNE and Justin are walking into the school, back-packs slung over their shoulders. *

DAPHNE

Every club is allowed to meet except ours. It's not fair!

JUSTIN

Welcome to the real world, Daph. Nobody gives a shit about a Gay-Straight Alliance.

DAPHNE

That's not true! Look how many people came.

JUSTIN

Eight, and two left. I counted.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

And they only came because we were handing out condoms. *

There's a commotion around the corner. Justin and Daphne go to find out what it is, SEE:

JUSTIN'S LOCKER

STUDENTS are pointing at it. "FAGS DIE" has been painted across it and SMOKE pours from the slits. Justin runs to it, tries to open the door, but it's too hot, he burns his hand. One student even finds it amusing, laughs. Justin turns to him, angrily:

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

JUSTIN (cont'd)

Fuck you!

CUT TO:

5 OMITTED

5

6 EXT. LIBERTY AVENUE - DAY

6

Brian, Ted and Emmett stroll down the avenue toting their gym bags.

EMMETT

Can you believe the way he was carrying on?

TED

"Sur le Seine" -- I nearly choked on my pate.

BRIAN

Mikey's just dazzled, that's all. A couple of days back at the Le Grand Q Mart, he'll come down to earth.

TED

(sadly)

I don't know -- ever since he's been with David, it's as if he has this new life.

EMMETT

He never goes to the gym --

TED

We have to beg him to come to the bars -

BRIAN

He used to call me six times a day.

(in disbelief)

Now I have to call him.

Emmett stops.

EMMETT

Oh, my God. Would you look at that?

They stand in front of a gold Miata. Top down, even though it's winter.

TED

Who would drive a gold Miata?

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
With the top down -- *

EMMETT
In winter? *

As they stand there, laughing -- *

MICHAEL (O.S.)
How do you like it? *

They turn to see Michael, carrying two suits from the dry-
cleaners. *

TED
That's yours? *

MICHAEL
David got it for me. *

EMMETT
He bought you a fucking car? *

MICHAEL
Check out the plates. *

BRIAN
"Captain Astro". Cute, Mikey. *

MICHAEL
What do you think of the color? I was
concerned gold might be a tad showy. *

TED
You wouldn't want that. *

BRIAN
I called you this morning -- you didn't
call me back. *

MICHAEL
I've been so busy -- *

EMMETT
Why don't you come with us to the gym? *

MICHAEL
I'm meeting David at our sports club -- *

BRIAN
Then we'll see you at Woody's tonight? *

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Sorry, no can do. We have reservations at Pappagano with Bobo and Melisande.

TED

"Bobo and Melisande"?

EMMETT

Sounds like a couple of drag queens.

MICHAEL

Bobo's a broker. We have our investments with him.

TED

"We"?

Michael's cell BEEEEEPS.

MICHAEL

(into phone)

Hi, honey!

(to the guys)

It's --

GUYS

David.

MICHAEL

Don't worry --

(re: the suits)

I just picked them up. And I already spoke to the caterer --

EMMETT

Having a party?

The boys pick up on this: "Caterer"? Oops! Michael tries to cover:

MICHAEL

(nervously)

Just a couple of -- David's friends -- for dinner.

As he quickly gets into his new car:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Well, I guess I should get a move on. See you --

As Michael zooms off, the boys wave.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (3)

6

BRIAN/EMMETT/TED

Ciao!

*
*

7

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

7

Justin, back from school, explains his situation to Debbie, Vic, and JENNIFER who has been summoned for the occasion.

JUSTIN

Everything was destroyed! My drawings,
my books --

JENNIFER

You know who did it?

JUSTIN

I can guess. Chris Hobbs.

VIC

I say we go and beat the shit out of
him.

DEBBIE

Hey, we're trying to be constructive
here.

VIC

I thought I was.

JENNIFER

Did you tell the principal?

JUSTIN

He doesn't care.
(depressed)
It's all because of the group.

JENNIFER

What group?

DEBBIE

(proudly)
Justin and Daphne started a Gay-
Straight Student Alliance.

JUSTIN

Only they shut it down. They said we
didn't go through the proper channels.

VIC

(cynically)
Even if you had, it probably wouldn't
have made any difference.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

Do you have to piss on the kid's idealism?

VIC

He might as well know the truth.

JUSTIN

We just wanted a place to talk, that's all. We couldn't even have that.

JENNIFER

Well, considering what just happened, maybe it's best not to draw attention to yourself.

JUSTIN

You want me to hide?

JENNIFER

I want you to be safe.

JUSTIN

So I should just give in! Let them intimidate me my entire life!

DEBBIE

You stand up for yourself, Sunshine!
(to Jennifer)
And you should stand beside him.

JENNIFER

Debbie, would you please stay out of this?

DEBBIE

I forgot. He just eats, sleeps and jerks off here. I'll keep my big mouth shut.

Justin leans in and makes his final appeal.

JUSTIN

Mom, this isn't about me -- or even what's happening at school. It's about speaking out. Demanding to be heard -- whether people want to hear you or not.

VIC

The kid should be a politician!

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER
(impressed in spite of herself)
Where'd you learn all that?

JUSTIN
It's what you and Dad taught me.

JENNIFER
We did?

DEBBIE
He sure as hell didn't learn it at the
St. James Academy.

8 INT./EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

8

Michael's meticulously polishing his new Miata when he sees
in the side-view mirror:

BRIAN

BRIAN (o.s.)
So, how was dinner with Bobo and
Melisande?

MICHAEL
Bobo's a hoot! And Melisande's like
the smartest person I ever met. You'd
love them. *

BRIAN
If I ever get to meet them. *

MICHAEL
(uncomfortably)
Uh -- don't lean on that, I just got
through polishing it.

BRIAN
Sorry.
(then)
So how come you haven't introduced any
of your old best friends to your new
best friends? *

MICHAEL
(with laugh and a shrug)
Who's had the time? We just got back
from Paris. *

BRIAN
You went to Paris? I hadn't heard. *

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Fuck off.

BRIAN

Maybe you'd like that.

MICHAEL

What?

BRIAN

Now that you have this fabulous new
life --

MICHAEL

That's bullshit.

BRIAN

Is it?

(then)

You missed a spot.

(as Michael polishes it)

How long have I known you -- all my
life? I don't think it's bullshit.

MICHAEL

(trying to maneuver around him)

Would you move, please?

Brian snatches the shammy out of his hand:

BRIAN

The trip, the clothes, the car --
they're boring. You're boring.

MICHAEL

Boring? I happen to think I've become
a very interesting person.

BRIAN

Well, you happen to be wrong. You've
become a fucking little snot.

MICHAEL

Because I finally have a life?

BRIAN

Whose life? Yours -- or his?

He tosses the shammy back to Michael, leaves.

8A INT. ST. JAMES ACADEMY - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

8A *

Later that afternoon, after school, Jennifer and Justin meet with Dr. Perkins. Perkins listens impatiently.

JENNIFER

Justin tells me that in the past few months he's been physically attacked, harassed, called names -- and that nothing has been done to stop it.

DR. PERKINS

I can assure you, Mrs. Taylor, that had I known about it, I would never have tolerated such behavior.

JENNIFER

He also told me he tried to start this club for gay and straight students, but that you refused to allow them to meet.

DR. PERKINS

As one of the teachers already explained to him, he didn't go through the proper channels.

JENNIFER

And what are the proper channels?

DR. PERKINS

First he needs to get approval from the School Board -- of which I am the head. Then he needs to get permission to use a room, find a faculty advisor -- none of which Justin bothered to do.

JENNIFER

Well, I'm sure he would've bothered had he known. So where are the forms? We can fill them out now.

DR. PERKINS

Mrs. Taylor, as you know, St. James is a private school. We're not required to make allowances for everyone and everything. That's why parents send their children here -- because of its special environment. And for the superior education which Justin is getting -- when he puts his mind to it.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

What's that have to do with having a Gay-Straight Alliance?

DR. PERKINS

Suppose I gave you permission to organize your club. And then another student came to me and asked to start, say, a club for white supremacists. Should I allow that, too?

JENNIFER

Excuse me, Dr. Perkins, but I happen to find that analogy extremely offensive.

DR. PERKINS

Some of our parents would be hard pressed to see the distinction.

JENNIFER

Well, I'm hard-pressed to see the similarity.

DR. PERKINS

Not everyone is as accepting of your son's sexual preference as you are --

JUSTIN

It's not a preference.

JENNIFER

Justin --
(then, to Perkins)
I wasn't at first, either. But that's why it's important that they learn --

DR. PERKINS

There are more important lessons to be taught here, Mrs. Taylor.

JENNIFER

Than tolerance?

9 INT. HOUSE OF THE LESBIANS - DAY

9

START ON Lindsay in a big white wedding dress. She turns to Brian.

LINDSAY

What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

It's just like a movie. *

(beat)

A horror movie.

LINDSAY

(not amused) *

We bought it at a thrift store.

Guillaume's going to fit it for me.

He's great with a needle and thread.

BRIAN

Is there anything that man can't do?

LINDSAY

Charm my friends.

BRIAN

I didn't know he was trying.

Guillaume enters, holding Gus.

BRIAN (cont'd)

If it isn't Coco Chanel.

GUILLAUME

Company. Aren't we lucky.

LINDSAY

(re: the dress)

What do you think?

With his free hand, Guillaume grabs bunches of extra fabric.

GUILLAUME

It's going to take a lot of work. But
you'll be a vision by the time I'm
through.

LINDSAY

(flattered)

Thank you, Gui.

GUILLAUME

I'll go put Gus down.

BRIAN

I'll do it.

GUILLAUME

That's all right. He's used to me.

Guillaume exits with Gus, leaving Brian seething.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

And what will the "groom" be wearing?

LINDSAY

A very conservative, very traditional black tux. We can't take any chances -- it has to look real.

BRIAN

This is a fucking farce! *

LINDSAY

No reason to lose your temper --

BRIAN

Why not? You've lost your mind!

Lindsay turns, looks at herself in a full-length mirror.

LINDSAY

You know, I never thought I'd see myself in one of these -- although I have to admit every now and then I dream of being a bride. I do. I guess even dykes can't escape from that fantasy.

He steps up beside her in his dark suit. In the reflection, they look almost like a real bride and groom.

BRIAN

Only you're marrying the wrong person.

LINDSAY

(slipping her arm through his)
You never asked me.

BRIAN

I mean Melanie.

LINDSAY

(removing her arm)
Last time I looked we lived in Pittsburgh -- not Vermont. Anyway, it's too late -- Mel and I are finished. *

BRIAN

She doesn't think so. In fact, you're all she thinks about. *

LINDSAY

Cut it out -- *

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

It's true! She blames herself for the entire thing.

LINDSAY

Well, she's wrong -- it's me. I took and took and never gave back.
(starting to get a little emotional)
No wonder she left me for someone else.

BRIAN

They bumped bushes once. Big deal.

LINDSAY

It is a big deal. I pushed her away.
(to Brian, curious)
Why would you push away someone you love?

BRIAN

(avoiding that at all cost)
You're asking the wrong person, sweetheart.

LINDSAY

Christ, is it possible I'm more fucked up than you?

They laugh, then Brian takes her in his arms, kisses her -- as Guillaume re-enters with his sewing kit. He raises an eyebrow at the sight of the two of them.

GUILLAUME

Forgive me for taking such a long time -
- he was being very fussy. Alors!
Shall we start on the gown?

CUT TO:

10 A COPY OF THE LOCAL GAY RAG

10

being slapped down on a table. REVEAL we are in:

INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

Lunchtime. Brian, Ted and Emmett are in a booth. Vic has just deposited *OUT* (the aforementioned rag) in front of them.

VIC

Anyone seen a certain hot little item in our local gay rag?

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

(eagerly)

Is my ad still running?

VIC

"If you've got it, I'll sit on it"? Is that you? I mean this.

As Vic opens to an article:

TED

(realizing)

You know, I don't think I've ever opened this paper from the front.

BRIAN

(reading)

" -- a fund-raiser for State Senator Diane Baxter will be held this Sunday at the home of Dr. David Cameron and Michael Novotny --"

Debbie, serving customers at the next booth, overhears, shrieks -- comes over to them, still carrying her dishes.

DEBBIE

Let me see that!

HUNGRY CUSTOMER

Hey, can we have our food?

DEBBIE

Eat your bread!

She grabs the paper, reads and re-reads.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Oh, my God -- my baby! In high society!

VIC

And here's the hostess with the most-ess!

As Michael comes over to them. Debbie smacks him, good-naturedly, with the paper:

DEBBIE

Why didn't you tell us about this?

EMMETT

Entertaining a Senator!

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

You're a society lady now, Mikey.

TED

I hope you're not going to show her your slides from Paris.

MICHAEL

(looking at the article,
flustered, making excuses)
It's just this little "thing" David's
throwing. I think he gave the Senator
an adjustment once.

HUNGRY CUSTOMER

(interrupting again)
Could we please have our food?

DEBBIE

It's salad. It's not going to get
cold!

(then, in a panic)

Shit! What do you wear to meet a
Senator?

EMMETT

I think I'll wear my orange suit, lime
green tie --

TED

Understated. Definitely the way to go.
What about you, Brian?

EMMETT

Armani? Zegna? Prada?

BRIAN

Nada.
(to Michael)
I wasn't invited.

DEBBIE

Of course you were invited. We're all
invited. Right, honey?

MICHAEL

(trapped, he clears his throat)
You know, it's going to be really
stuffy. No fun at all. And you have
to make a contribution --

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

So how many times do you get to meet a Senator?

MICHAEL

You have to work.

DEBBIE

I'll take off.

MICHAEL

(then, maybe a little too harshly)

Look, it's not your thing, okay? So let's just drop it!

A beat. Nobody knows what to say.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Now could I please get the turkey meatloaf to go?

DEBBIE

Sure, sweetie. Just as soon as I serve these people.

HUNGRY CUSTOMER

Finally!

MICHAEL

(off their looks)

I'm going to go pee.

He goes off. A painful silence before Debbie speaks.

DEBBIE

Well, I guess he doesn't want me there.

VIC

He doesn't want any of us there.

As he puts a comforting arm around her. Brian suddenly pipes up.

BRIAN

Say, Teddy -- as my accountant, what do you think about increasing my political contributions?

TED

From zero? You could always use the deduction.

11 OMITTED 11 *

12 EXT. FARMER'S MARKET - DAY 12

Guillaume shops for fruit and vegetables, wearing Gus in his carrier. *

GUILLAUME

What do you mean you do not have any white peaches in Pittsburgh?

He shakes his head in disgust as we spot Brian buying cherries, dressed for work. He sees Guillaume and approaches, popping cherries in his mouth.

BRIAN

He even does the shopping.

He gives Gus a sweet caress.

GUILLAUME

Why, look who it is, Gus! Your sperm donor. And you thought he had a job.

BRIAN

(popping a cherry)
Lunch hour.

GUILLAUME

You know, you shouldn't put things in your mouth that aren't washed.

BRIAN

You French are so hygienic.
(pops a cherry)
I'll take my chances.

GUILLAUME

(shrugs)
As you wish. But then you're used to living at risk.

BRIAN

You're taking quite a risk yourself. In fact, if someone wanted to, they could report you.

GUILLAUME

Yes, that would mean trouble for me. I would be sent back to France.

(beat)

But it would be far worse for Lindsay. She could be sent to jail.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GUILLAUME (cont'd)
(smiles)
Not exactly the Cote d'Azur.

BRIAN
You should never have let her do this.

GUILLAUME
I tried to stop her, believe me, but she wouldn't hear of it. You know what a big heart she has.
(he holds up a large zucchini)
What do you think?

BRIAN
(re: the zucchini)
Is that for dinner -- or for you?

As Guillaume plops the zucchini in his shopping basket, Brian reaches out to Gus.

BRIAN (cont'd)
Come here, Sonny Boy --

But Guillaume stops him.

GUILLAUME
I'm sorry, but I have to get back to start my ratatouille. *

BRIAN
Fuck your ratatouille. Give me my kid before I shove that zucchini up your ass. *

GUILLAUME
Very well -- but just for a minute.

Brian takes Gus, kisses him on the cheek.

BRIAN
Hey, Sonny-Boy -- you miss your Daddy?

GUILLAUME
I wish I had a camera, to capture this rare moment.
(then)
You know, once Lindsay and I are married, you will need to keep your distance. *

BRIAN
Why's that? *

(CONTINUED)

GUILLAUME

We must think about appearances. In fact, I'm thinking of adopting Gus. That would make everything nice and legal.

Brian just stares at a man who's signed his own death warrant.

13 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

13

The fund-raiser for Senator Baxter is underway. The house is filled with conservatively dressed GAY MEN and WOMEN. Waiters circulate with drinks and hors d'oeuvres. Light jazz PLAYS on the stereo. We PAN across the guests to:

DAVID AND MICHAEL

both dressed in sleek, expensive suits, chatting with SENATOR DIANE BAXTER, a sharp, stylish, take-charge Democrat in her 50's.

SENATOR BAXTER

Thank you again, David, for opening your beautiful home to us.

DAVID

And thank you, Senator, for your on-going commitment to pro-gay legislation.

SENATOR BAXTER

Believe me, if I have anything to do with it -- and I intend to!-- you and Michael'll be celebrating your wedding reception, right here!

DAVID

Let's drink to that!

As they all clink glasses.

SENATOR BAXTER

Now, I think I'd better go do what I'm supposed to at these affairs -- drum up donations.

MICHAEL

Good luck!

As she leaves, Michael looks around at the dignified guests, the classy setting.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

The last party I went to we watched "I Don't Give a Shit What You Did Last Summer" and had beer and nachos.

*
*
*

DAVID

Now you're having champagne and caviar tarts, and entertaining a Senator.

He's just about to bite into a caviar tart when he HEARS:

DEBBIE (o.s.)

Jesus, it's like a wake in here! Who died?

Michael's eyes pop open.

MICHAEL

Oh, shit -- !

He turns sees:

DEBBIE, VIC, BRIAN, JUSTIN, TED AND EMMETT

crashing through the door, all in their most outrageous outfits. Justin's a street slut. Vic's the reincarnation of Quentin Crisp. Emmett's decked in Jackie Kennedy Drag (a pink Chanel suit and matching pill-box hat). Brian's wild and hot. Ted is decked out in leather cap, vest, chaps and chains. And Debbie -- well, Debbie's Debbie! The guests are startled at the sight of the new arrivals.

BRIAN

(hailing Michael)

Yo, Mikey!

The startled guests don't know what to make of this group of Fellini renegades. Michael, horrified, rushes over to them.

MICHAEL

What're you doing here?

DEBBIE

We wouldn't miss your party for the world, sweetheart!

TED

We figured our invitations got lost in the mail.

EMMETT

Damn the Postal Service! I'm going to write to my Senator.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

You don't have to. She's here.

MICHAEL

This is a a private benefit -- you can't just break in!

VIC

"Break in"? We're family, not bandits.

BRIAN

(handing David a check)

Here's a little check, Doc. I believe it should cover all of us.

Just then, a CUTE WAITER comes up too Brian with a tray of hors d-oeuvres.

CUTE WAITER

Care to try a tart?

BRIAN

I thought you'd never ask.

As Brian leads the Waiter away:

MICHAEL

(to David, indignantly)

I can't believe they'd show up uninvited.

David checks out the check.

DAVID

With a contribution like this -- they can be the fucking guests of honor!

As Michael takes a look at the check,

WE RAMP ACROSS THE ROOM TO:

A STIFF in a suit eyeing Justin with his bed-head, teeny midriff T-shirt, and pants pulled down to his pubes. *

JUSTIN

This music sucks dick. *

STIFF

I believe it's jazz fusion.

JUSTIN

In physics, a fusion's supposed to cause a blast. *

(CONTINUED)

He switches the dial on the CD -- to blaring, hot, sexy disco.

JUSTIN (cont'd)
Like that! Care to dance?

STIFF
I don't dance.

Justin grabs the Stiff by his tie, pulls him into the middle of the room.

JUSTIN
You do now.

As they start to rock:

RAMP OVER TO DEBBIE AND VIC

-- who've found Senator Baxter.

DEBBIE
You're Senator Baxter, aren't you?

SENATOR BAXTER
Yes --

DEBBIE
I recognize you from your picture in "Out" --

VIC
That's our gay rag --

DEBBIE
I'm Debbie Novotny. My brother, Vic.
I'm Michael's mom -- you know, the Host?

SENATOR BAXTER
Charming young man.

VIC
We used to think so.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL AND DAVID

MICHAEL
Oh my God, they've cornered Senator Baxter! We've got to save her.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

She's a politician, Michael. She can talk her way out of anything.

RAMP ACROSS THE ROOM TO TED

-- in his leather gear, trying to pick up an attractive, but snotty P.C. Preppy.

TED

Hey, how're you doin'?

(no answer)

Can I get you a drink?

(still no answer)

Care to dance?

No answer yet again. The Snot gives him a once-over, then finally deigns to speak:

SNOT

I'm not into leather.

TED

You know, neither was I? Then I ran into this old school friend who shackled me in his dungeon and made me his suck pig.

As the Snot almost drops his drink:

RAMP OVER TO EMMETT

-- talking to three dark suits:

EMMETT

Black and blue is fine for bruises, boys, but when you go to a party, you need a little color. Now, you -- Oh, My Lord, who dressed you, honey? Morticia Addams? Turn around!

(lifting Black & Blue's jacket flap)

You have a fabulous bubble-butt! But it's not going to do you much good if you don't show it off!

(he yanks the guy's jacket off, then orders the others)

You, too! Let's see those bods!

And miraculously -- they obey him.

CUT TO:

14 INT. LINDSAY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 14

Gus is crying. Lindsay's at her wit's end. She picks up the phone, dials.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

15 INT. COUSIN RITA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 15

A TIGHT CLOSE-UP OF MELANIE

working under a little desk lamp in Cousin Rita's apartment. She picks up her cell phone.

MELANIE

Hello?

LINDSAY

It's me. I know it's late.

MELANIE

Is everything all right?

LINDSAY

It's Gus. He's in one of his moods.

MELANIE

I remember his moods.

LINDSAY

Look, you're the one who has the magic touch. Would you mind?

Melanie knows what she's thinking.

MELANIE

Over the phone?

LINDSAY

I'm desperate -- I'll try anything.

Lindsay holds the phone near Gus' ear. Melanie softly sings "I Say a Little Prayer for You" into the receiver. The baby calms down. Lindsay takes back the receiver.

MELANIE

Did it work?

LINDSAY

Like a charm. He's still the only one who appreciates your singing.

They've joked about this before. It's a fun bit for them.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

MELANIE

What?! I have a lovely voice.

LINDSAY

You can barely carry a tune.

MELANIE

That's not true.

LINDSAY

Yeah, it is.

MELANIE

Yeah, it is.

They laugh together a moment, easily like it used to be. Then, an awkward silence.

LINDSAY

Listen, thanks for helping. Good night, Mel.

She hangs up before the old intimacy returns. Only, it's too late. It already has.

16 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

16

The once terribly dignified fund-raiser now resembles a night a Babylon (some shirts are even off!) The dance MUSIC is blaring. The guests are dancing and having a fucking fabulous time.

ANGLE ON EMMETT

A waiter accidentally splatters cocktail sauce on "Jackie Kennedy's" suit, tries to wipe it off. Jackie stops him.

EMMETT

(breathy)

No, I want them to see what they've done.

ANGLE ON BRIAN AND THE WAITER

doing some heavy petting. Brian takes the now topless waiter's hand, leads him upstairs. Michael runs over, stops him:

MICHAEL

Brian --!

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

It's okay, Mikey. I'm just giving a tour of your lovely home.

As they vanish upstairs, Michael turns to David in utter frustration.

MICHAEL

David -- I'm so sorry.

DAVID

For what? I don't hear any complaints.

Suddenly, Debbie's VOICE can be heard clear to Philadelphia.

DEBBIE (o.s.)

I say kick those Republicans in the balls! Only they don't have any!

MICHAEL

Oh, Christ --!

He and David rush over to rescue the Senator, only to find her and his mother in stitches.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Ma, will you please stop monopolizing the Senator?

DEBBIE

I'm sorry, Diane --

MICHAEL

"Diane" --?

SENATOR BAXTER

Michael, your mother's a remarkable woman!

(to David)

You know, I attend a lot of fund-raisers. Everybody means well, but I've got to tell you -- they're boring as hell. But not this one! This one's a ball!

MICHAEL

Ma, can I talk to you?

DEBBIE

Sure, sweetheart.

(pulling Justin over)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Sunshine, tell Diane about your club at school. This is one goddamn brave young man. *

As Michael pulls her away, she corrects a waiter carrying a tray. *

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Carry it higher, sweetie -- that's it.
(then, to Michael)
Professional courtesy. *

But Michael's in no mood:

MICHAEL

How could you do this to me? And to David?

DEBBIE

Do what? I was just talking to Diane -- Did you know she started out as a waitress -- ? To support her family!

MICHAEL

She was just being polite.

DEBBIE

Polite --?

MICHAEL

Do you really think she wants to spend the whole evening talking to you?

DEBBIE

I didn't exactly nail her to the floor. *

MICHAEL

I think you should all leave. *

DEBBIE

Leave? This party was a stinker until we showed up. You should be thanking us! *

MICHAEL

(a little too loudly)
For embarrassing the hell out of me? *

A beat. Some guests have overheard. Michael regrets having said it almost immediately. But it's too late.

DEBBIE

(finally)
I know sometimes I can be hard to take.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

DEBBIE (cont'd)

My jokes, my appearance -- my enthusiasm. And I know sometimes you've been ashamed of me -- that's okay. I'm your mother. That's part of the deal. But, Michael, I never thought the day would come when I would be ashamed of you.

As she leaves Michael standing there:

CUT TO:

17 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

17

It's late. Justin's in bed, asleep. He rolls over to find -- no Brian. He sits up, looks about. FOLLOW HIM as he wraps himself in a blanket, makes his way through the loft, finally finding Brian, drinking scotch, staring at a photograph of him and Gus.

JUSTIN

I love that picture.

BRIAN

Dada and Sonny Boy.

He stares at it for a beat, then tosses it aside, pours himself a glass of scotch, takes a gulp.

BRIAN (cont'd)

All right. So I'm a shitty father. Are we surprised? I'm following a fine, family tradition.

JUSTIN

You're not a shitty father. You love Gus.

BRIAN

Never thought I would. It's a strange feeling.

JUSTIN

(putting his arms around him)
Knowing there's someone else you care about, besides yourself?

Justin goes to take a drink from Brian's glass of scotch, but Brian pulls it away.

BRIAN

Hey. It's bad enough you smoke at your age.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

"At my age"? I'm the most mature person you know.

(picking up the photo of Brian and Gus)

You think Gus'll speak French before he speaks English?

(off Brian's look)

*
*
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*
*

BRIAN

Why don't you go back to bed?

*
*

JUSTIN

Well, Lindsay can't raise him alone. And even though you love him, you're never going to be a full-time parent.

*
*
*

BRIAN

If I wanted the news, I'd turn on CNN.

*

Brian escapes to the couch, but Justin, relentless, pursues him.

JUSTIN

You can't control everyone's life. Even though you'd like to.

BRIAN

Obviously. You're still here.

JUSTIN

You know, being mean to me has never really worked. Maybe you should try some other tactic.

*
*
*

Justin crawls up Brian's body, rests his head on his chest.

BRIAN

What're you doing?

JUSTIN

Killing you with kindness. It's been shown to be a highly effective technique for achieving one's goals.

*
*
*

Justin covers him with kisses. As Brian slowly starts to respond, proving Justin may have a point:

*
*

18 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DAY

18

Michael is looking in a French-English dictionary when David comes in.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
Working on your French?

MICHAEL
I'm trying to find out how to say
'asshole'.

DAVID
That would be 'trou de queue'.

MICHAEL
'Trou de -- coo'?

DAVID
'Queue'.

He squeezes Michael's cheeks together to get the correct pronunciation.

MICHAEL
Coo -- cew -- queue.

DAVID
I think he's got it. So who do you
want to call a trou de queue?

MICHAEL
Me.

DAVID
(enough already)
Would you stop beating yourself up?

MICHAEL
Someone's got to.

David punches him.

DAVID
There.

MICHAEL
Ow --!

DAVID
Feel better? Now, why don't you go
call Emmett or Ted? Or even Brian.

MICHAEL
Are you kidding? They'll probably
never speak to me again!

*
*

*
*

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Oh, come on --

MICHAEL

After the way I treated them? I made them feel like shit. Like they weren't good enough to step foot in my house. Your house.

DAVID

Our house.

MICHAEL

Whoever's house! Even my own Mom --!

DAVID

Debbie'll get over it. She loves you.

MICHAEL

I don't know why.

(a beat, then)

I should never have let you take me to Paris, or buy me that car, or put my name on that invitation --!

DAVID

Don't be ridiculous.

MICHAEL

I am ridiculous. That's exactly what I am.

DAVID

All right, so you let it go to your head. French champagne can do that. But that doesn't make you a trou de queue. You're still the same person you always were.

MICHAEL

Some unsophisticated little hick you picked up in the Big Q-Mart?

DAVID

No, some sweet, adorable, good-hearted guy who cares about his friends and who's nice to his mother.

As he gives Michael a squeeze.

19 EXT. ST. JAMES ACADEMY - DAY

19

Outside the front entrance, Debbie, Justin, and Daphne stand at the head of a CROWD of P-FLAG moms with signs and buttons. They make quite a ruckus. STUDENTS watch in amusement as Debbie leads a chant. *

CROWD

Hey-hey, ho-ho, homophobia's got to go!
Hey-hey, ho-ho, homophobia's got to go!

Dr. Perkins comes out of the building.

DR. PERKINS

What's going on here? *

JUSTIN

We're protesting the St. James Academy's bigoted policy on student clubs.

DR. PERKINS

Taylor, I've had just about enough of this.

DEBBIE

Freedom of assembly, pal.

DR. PERKINS

This is private property. You're all trespassing. I'm calling the police. *

As he starts to go: *

DEBBIE

You might want to stick around for this first. *

The crowd parts to REVEAL Senator Baxter -- followed by a Television CAMERA CREW. *

20 EXT. ST. JAMES ACADEMY - DAY

20

Minutes later. Senator Baxter is speaking -- with an eye to the cameras, of course -- Justin at her side. *

SENATOR BAXTER

Justin Taylor tried to organize a club to promote tolerance and understanding between straight and gay students.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

SENATOR BAXTER (cont'd)

His attempt was denied on the basis that the St. James Academy is a private institution, and isn't required to acknowledge the voices of all its students. Well, if private school's expect to receive public dollars, then we should expect them to uphold the same values of freedom and civil rights on which this country is based!

DEBBIE

Give 'em hell, Di!

The crowd cheers -- and some boo -- as Senator Baxter shakes hands with Justin, works the P-Flag group. All the while, the cameras are capturing the moment.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

(giving Justin a squeeze)

I'm proud of you, Sunshine!

(then, to the camera)

I'm Debbie Novotny -- this is my P-Flag chapter. That stands for "Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays". My son's gay and I'm proud!

21 INT. HOUSE OF THE LESBIANS - DAY

21

Guillaume and Lindsay, dressed nicely, are dashing around the room, obviously in a hurry, obviously tense.

LINDSAY

You have his toys?

GUILLAUME

They're in the bag.

LINDSAY

Where are my keys?

GUILLAUME

Please hurry - our appointment's in twenty minutes.

LINDSAY

I know when the appointment is! Here they are --

They rush the front door, Gus in tow, only to SEE Brian and Melanie standing there.

GUILLAUME

Merde! Just what we need! You've got to get rid of them!

(CONTINUED)

As Brian and Melanie approach:

LINDSAY

Look, we're in a hurry --

MELANIE

I swear I didn't know he was bringing me here --

LINDSAY

We have to leave!

MELANIE

He said you had an accident -- !

LINDSAY

An accident -- !

BRIAN

It was the only way.

GUILLAUME

May we save this for some other time? We're late!

BRIAN

Going somewhere, Pierre?

GUILLAUME

To get our marriage license. Now if you'll excuse us --

BRIAN

We'll just be a minute. *

GUILLAUME

But we absolutely must -- *

BRIAN

Sit down and shut up! *

GUILLAUME

Excuse me? *

BRIAN

You heard me. Sit. *

The sheer force of Brian's stare forces him into a chair. *

LINDSAY

All right, what is it? *

Brian looks at them for a beat, then: *

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

I don't want to hear any more shit
about "it was my fault, no it was my
fault" -- "I'm to blame, no I'm to
blame" -- "I'm sorry, no I'm sorry" --

MELANIE

But it really was my fault --

LINDSAY

No, Mel, it was mine --

Both possessory:

MELANIE

But I've worked it all out in therapy --

LINDSAY

So have I --

BRIAN

I said shut up! And fuck therapy!
(a beat, then)
The truth is, it doesn't matter any
more, who did what, who's to blame.
It's over! Done! Forget about it!

A beat, then Brian pulls out a document, places it before
them.

BRIAN (cont'd)

This is all that matters.

LINDSAY

What's that?

BRIAN

Did I give you permission to speak?

A beat, then with carefully guarded pain because this fucking
hurts:

BRIAN (CONT'D)

My parental rights. I've signed them
over to you.

MELANIE

Oh, my God, Brian --

LINDSAY

Are you sure?

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Would I be doing this if I wasn't?

LINDSAY

(tenderly)

But why -- ?

Brian picks up Gus, bounces him.

BRIAN

My son deserves two parents who'll be there for him. Who'll love him. And who'll love each other.

(beat)

But the only way this deal works is if you two get back together.

Melanie and Lindsay look at each other, not sure what to say or do, then:

MELANIE

What is this, some kind of bribe?

BRIAN

You could look at it that way. Or, you can think of it as a very generous gift. But if you don't want it --

He starts to take back the paper. Lindsay looks at Melanie.

LINDSAY

Do you still love me?

MELANIE

God, yes. Do you still love me?

Lindsay nods.

MELANIE (cont'd)

So what do you think?

BRIAN

Lightning round's almost over. Do I hear an answer?

LINDSAY

Yes.

MELANIE

Yes!

And as Lindsay and Melanie burst into tears, embrace:

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Come on, you're dykes, for Chrissake!
Toughen up!

GUILLAUME

And what about me?

They all turn to him, having forgotten he's there.

LINDSAY

Gui -- I'm sorry -- I can't go through
with it now. My family comes first.

BRIAN

Say au revoir, Gus.

As he takes the baby's hand, waves goodbye:

CUT TO:

22 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

22

CLOSE-UP OF A FORK

twirling spaghetti putenesca from a huge bowl of pasta.
FOLLOW THE FORK to Senator Baxter's mouth. She tastes --
then swoons.

SENATOR BAXTER

Debbie -- this is fabulous!

Debbie's made a homemade pasta dinner for Senator Baxter. In
addition to the Senator, there's Debbie, Brian and Justin,
Ted and Emmett. *

DEBBIE

Where's the Romano? Sunshine, get the
Romano.

As Justin gets the cheese shaker:

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

It may not be as fancy as those little
caviar things my son was serving --

TED

Man -- and senators -- cannot live on
little caviar things alone.

SENATOR BAXTER

It's too bad Michael couldn't join us.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

These days coming over to his Mother's
for pasta and vino isn't his style.

JUSTIN

I'm sure he had other plans --

TED

Dinner with Bobo --

EMMETT

And Melisande.

BRIAN

Fuck him. Sorry, Senator --

SENATOR BAXTER

I've used the word myself -- usually
followed by Bush.

TED

I'll drink to that.

EMMETT

Let's all drink to that!

SENATOR BAXTER

May I make the toast?
(raising her glass)
First, to our wonderful hostess!

ALL

Debbie! Deb! To Deb!

SENATOR BAXTER

And to little victories.
(to Justin)
At least Dr. Perkins has agreed to take
your request to the School Board.

JUSTIN

Thanks, Senator Baxter.

SENATOR BAXTER

I should thank you. After our TV
appearance, my office received hundreds
of calls -- most of them favorable --
and quite a few contributions.

JUSTIN

So, what's my cut?

(CONTINUED)

Debbie swats him, as everyone laughs -- not noticing someone's arrival.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Hey --

They all turn, see Michael. A tense beat as they look to Debbie, look to Michael, look to Debbie, look to --

DEBBIE

(finally)

Pull up a chair.

MICHAEL

I can't stay --

BRIAN

"Can't" -- or "don't want to"?

DEBBIE

Have you eaten?

MICHAEL

No --

DEBBIE

Then sit down. I'll getcha a plate of putenesca.

A beat as they look at each other.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

(overflowing with love)

You little asshole.

(then)

Sorry, Di.

SENATOR BAXTER

I'm used to that one, too.

As the Group welcomes Michael back, eating, laughing -- Brian slips away. Justin sees and follows him.

23 EXT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

23

Brian sits in the backyard, smoking a joint. The sounds of the party float through the night air. Justin comes out of the house, sits next to him.

BRIAN

So it all worked out. Happily ever after.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

Thanks to the Senator.

Brian inhales, exhales.

BRIAN

Don't kid yourself -- that lady in there's using you. For money, for votes. She'll go on to her next cause, her next fund-raiser, and where'll that leave you?

*
*
*
*
*

JUSTIN

She said it's a small victory.

*
*

BRIAN

Don't think you've won. That it's over. The minute you do that, you're dead.

*
*
*
*

JUSTIN

Not as long as I've got you to protect me.

Brian looks at him, then puts an arm around him, already feeling the need to protect him. As they look up at the sky, listening to the laughter:

*
*
*

FADE OUT.

THE END