

queer as folk

EPISODE EIGHTEEN

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COWLIP
PRODUCTIONS

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FADE IN:

1 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT 1

Our Boys, (BRIAN, MICHAEL, TED, EMMETT and JUSTIN) are part of a hot, sweaty, sexy, 1,000-legged organism that commands the dance floor.

A HUNKY HOTTIE

is dancing near them, can't keep his eyes off of -- Brian? No, Michael! He's like a leopard ready to pounce. And he does. Without warning, he scoops Michael up, starts to dance with him. Michael is startled and confused -- but, oddly intrigued as Hunky flashes a killer smile, bumps him with his sexiest moves.

MICHAEL

Pardon me, but are you a quarterback by any chance?

HUNKY

No, why?

MICHAEL

You intercepted me like I was a football.

HUNKY

When I see what I want, I grab it and run with it.

MICHAEL

And you want me?

HUNKY

You're the only one in the room, beautiful.

Michael blushes, doesn't know what to say. Hunky whispers in his ear:

HUNKY (cont'd)

C'mon, let's go in the backroom, exchange -- numbers.

He starts to lead Michael off, but Michael stops him.

MICHAEL

No, wait. I can't. I'm in a relationship.

(CONTINUED)

HUNKY

~~(with a shrug)~~
I am, too. So --?

MICHAEL

So -- we don't fool around.

HUNKY

How long have you been together?

MICHAEL

Almost five months.

HUNKY

Wait a couple more. You will.

He slips a piece of paper in Michael's jeans, leaves. As Michael makes his way back to the Boys:

ANOTHER ANGLE

Brian and Justin dance. Ted and Emmett boogie nearby. Justin notices two guys, making out amidst the body crush of dancers, with disdain.

JUSTIN

Making out on the dance floor. Did you ever see anything so juvenile?

BRIAN

I guess you're too grown up for that, now that you're a college man.

He playfully nibbles Justin's neck as Michael rejoins them.

MICHAEL

Who's a college man?

BRIAN

Our little Justin's been accepted to Dartmouth.

MICHAEL

(all aflutter)
An Ivy Leaguer! Mumsy and Daddy must be so proud!

EMMETT

Didn't Dorothy Parker once say, if all the young ladies who attended the Dartmouth Winter Weekend were laid end-to-end, she wouldn't be a bit surprised?

(CONTINUED)

TED

It was Yale. And if all the queers who attended the Dartmouth Winter Weekend were laid end-to-end, there'd be one poor homo on his back giving himself a handjob.

JUSTIN

Well that poor homo isn't going to be me. I've decided not to go.

BRIAN

Since when?

JUSTIN

Since I realized I couldn't be a business major. I want to go to the Pittsburgh Institute of Fine Arts.

EMMETT

La-dee-dah--

JUSTIN

If I can get in.

BRIAN

(playfully tweaking Justin's
tit)

And here I thought I was finally rid of you.

JUSTIN

Not until I say so.

Everyone hoots at that one!

MICHAEL

I can just guess what your parents'll say.

JUSTIN

I don't care what my parents'll say -- I've got to do what'll make me happy.

TED

Spoken like a true disciple of Brian.

EMMETT

(to Michael)

So what happened to Conan?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

~~He tried to drag me off to the~~
backroom.

TED

The nerve -- treating you as if you
were a piece of meat.

EMMETT

Gave me a hard-on.

TED

Likewise.

MICHAEL

I told him I was in a relationship, and
he said --

BRIAN

"So what".

MICHAEL

Like it didn't even matter.

TED

In here, it doesn't.

BRIAN

You should do him.

MICHAEL

What do you mean -- "do him"?

BRIAN

I'll get you an instructional manual.

MICHAEL

David would kill me!

BRIAN

David doesn't need to know.

EMMETT

As if you'd even be tempted, with Dr.
Dreamboat in your bed.

MICHAEL

I'm not!

Just then, Ted spots a familiar looking guy.

TED

Jesus -- look who it is.

(CONTINUED)

Emmett looks in the direction of Ted's gaze only to spot
~~BLAKE, chewing gum, dancing shirtless with two SKINNY PARTY~~
~~BOYS.~~

TED (cont'd)
Haven't seen *him* in a while.

EMMETT
All good things come to an end.

TED
He's still cute.

EMMETT
You say that about all the guys who put
you in a coma.

BLAKE
Hey, you!

TED
Oh, shit--

Blake bounces by, extremely hyper, very flirty and all
smiles. He keeps looking around, distracted, and he doesn't
stop dancing.

BLAKE
How're you doin'?

TED
(remote)
Fine, thanks.

BLAKE
It's great to see you. You are so
sexy!

TED
I believe you've used that line on me
before.

Blake caresses Ted's chest as Emmett looks on like a big, fat
black woman in the presence of no good.

BLAKE
Wanna dance?

EMMETT
No, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (5)

BLAKE
(re: Emmett)
Who's he?

TED
Emmett. This is Blake --

EMMETT
(enchanted)
I've heard so much about you.

BLAKE
(pulling a pack from his
pocket)
Want some gum?

Ted passes.

BLAKE (cont'd)
(suddenly switching gears)
It's hot in here. Are you hot?

EMMETT
We're fine.

BLAKE
Come on -- dance with me?

Blake takes Ted by the belt, tries to lead him onto the dance floor.

TED
(firmly)
I said no thanks. Or, rather, Emmett did.

Blake gets the message.

BLAKE
Sure. Whatever. See you around.

Blake dances back to the Skinny Party Boys --

EMMETT
That's one tweaked-out twinkie.

TED
You think?

EMMETT
The hollow eyes, the 22-inch waist, the inability to hold a conversation?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED: (6)

1

EMMETT (cont'd)

He's either a total crystal queen -- or
a supermodel.

As Ted gazes at Blake with a look of longing, obviously still
stuck on this kid.

BRIAN

I'm outta here.

MICHAEL

Where're you going?

BRIAN

(with a naughty smile)

Home to say my prayers. And shouldn't
you be home with the hubby?

MICHAEL

He went to some boring business dinner.

As Brian starts to leave:

JUSTIN

Wait -- I'll come with you.

BRIAN

Not tonight.

He kisses Justin -- and he's gone.

JUSTIN

Where's he going?

Michael suspects, but isn't saying. He watches as Brian
walks through the crowd to VOICES calling, "Brian" -- "Hey,
Brian" -- "How's it goin', Brian?" -- "Still got my number,
Brian?":

CUT TO:

2

INT. LIBERTY SPA - NIGHT

2

GUYS IN TOWELS wrapped around their waists cruise the dimly
lit corridors of a labyrinthine maze of tiny cubicles. The
doors to the cubicles are left ajar so that passersby can
look in and SEE naked guys lying on their narrow cots,
playing with their cocks and beckoning one in. Among the
prowlers in towels is Brian. VOICES call out: "Brian" --
"Hey, Brian" -- "How's it goin', Brian?" -- "Still got my
number, Brian?" A GUY passes n the opposite direction,
reaches out, squeezes Brian's cock without making eye
contact, moves on. A chubby, hairy guy (MARTY), smoking a
cigar, stands in the doorway of his room.

(CONTINUED)

His other hand, under his towel, never stops moving as he casually greets Brian.

MARTY

Brian. What brings you to the Ninth Circle of Hell?

BRIAN

I was reading Gorky. Suddenly I got a taste for The Lower Depths.

MARTY

(chuckles)

See anything interesting?

BRIAN

The tall redhead in 27 with the black leather dildo.

MARTY

Him! He's definitely a possibility -- for later.

BRIAN

Other than that, it's pretty much mark-downs.

MARTY

Well, if you get into anything, holler. You know I'll be happy to stick a finger up your ass and suck on your balls while you're fucking him.

BRIAN

You're a pal, Marty.

As Brian gives him a fond smile, moves on:

Ted enters the crowded men's room. GUYS at the urinals, at the sinks, in the stalls, pissing, grooming, drugging, fucking. Others roam back and forth, stepping over the body of a guy passed out on the sticky tile floor. Moving toward the urinals, Ted is about to step over the body himself when he notices who it is. It's Blake. He stops.

TED

Christ -- !

Embarrassed, he gently nudges Blake with his foot.

TED (cont'd)

Blake?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

But Blake doesn't move. The Babylonians go about their business, oblivious to Blake's limp body. Ted looks around, realizes no one is concerned about the unconscious party boy on the floor. Ted crouches over Blake.

TED (cont'd)
Blake? Hey, come on --

Ted takes Blake's face in his hand and jostles him. Blake doesn't stir. Ted starts to get worried now.

TED (cont'd)
Blake?

Ted slaps Blake. He still doesn't stir.

TED (cont'd)
Oh, shit --!

Ted pushes aside the Babylonian God at the sink.

TED (cont'd)
Out of my way!

BABYLONIAN GOD AT THE SINK
Dick.

Ted cups water in his hands, uses it to splash Blake's face. Blake is still out cold. Ted snaps, barking at the bathroom occupants as he single-handedly tries to hoist a dead-weight Blake.

TED
Hey --! Could somebody give me a hand?
(when nobody does)
Fuck all of you!

Ted holds Blake out the door as the Babylon Gods exchange annoyed, put-out looks, continue passing, grooming, drugging, fucking:

CUT TO:

4 INT. LIBERTY SPA - NIGHT

4

Brian enters the orgy room. Dank, moist air hangs heavy with the smell of sweat and poppers. A couple of monitors hang from the ceiling running porn films. Towels have been removed; either tossed aside or hung around the necks of guys fucking, sucking, groping -- a writhing configuration of men in which everyone is connected one way or another to someone else. Hands reach for Brian. One removes his towel, another sticks a little brown bottle under his nose.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

A head disappears in front, another behind. Brian closes his eyes, lost in sex. A moment later, he opens them, SEES a HOT GUY in a towel, his back to him, across the room. He moves through the bodies toward his target. Someone is pulling the guy's dick, jerking him off. Brian joins them.

BRIAN

Why don't you take off your towel and stay awhile?

HOT GUY

Sorry, I don't fuck --

He turns around and we SEE who it is at the same moment as Brian.

BRIAN

David.

For perhaps the first time in his life Brian is completely taken aback -- as, of course, is DAVID. But Brian recovers quickly:

BRIAN (cont'd)

So -- what's up, Doc?

DAVID's face falls. And you can guess what else does.

5 INT. HOSPITAL - E.R. WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

5

No hysterical running round, no one screaming, "STAT!", no disaster victims. Just a couple of HOMELESS PERSONS and Emmett and Ted -- who paces nervously, as Emmett eats a bag of chips from the vending machine.

EMMETT

At least you're getting your cardio in -

(polishing off the chips)
I should, too.

Emmett joins Ted pacing. Finally an E.R. DOCTOR comes out, goes over to them.

DOCTOR

Did you bring Mr. Wyzecki in?

TED

Who?

DOCTOR

(reading chart)
Blake Wyz--

(CONTINUED)

TED

Right! Yes. That's me. How is he?

DOCTOR

He's severely dehydrated and his blood pressure's 240 over 160.

TED

That's really high, isn't it?

DOCTOR

If it was higher, he'd be having a stroke or a heart attack.

(then)

Any idea what he was on?

EMMETT

Crystal meth. I can tell.

DOCTOR

We've got him on an IV, we'll keep him here overnight -- he should probably be able to go home in the morning.

TED

Thanks, Doctor.

The Doctor offers a perfunctory nod, gives Ted and Emmett the once over. This isn't the first time a gay druggie's o.d.'d on his shift. He moves on to his next emergency.

EMMETT

(ready to roll)

Okay Nurse Nightingale, you've done your good deed. It'll make a heart-warming episode of -- something. Now let's get out of here.

TED

We can't just leave him.

EMMETT

Like the way he left you?

TED

What if something happens to him?

EMMETT

What do you care? He's not your best friend. You didn't even know his last name!

Ted sits down.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT (cont'd)

~~(exasperated)~~

Fine. Stay all night. I'm going!

He starts to leave. Ted calls him back.

TED

Emm -- ?

He gets up, goes to him, hands him some cash.

EMMETT

What's that for?

TED

The cab. I drove.

Emmett stares at Ted, hurt and angry, refuses the money. He turns and goes. Ted goes back to his chair, sits biting his nails, waiting.

6 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

6

Michael's waiting up in his Captain Astro jammies, watching television, when David comes in. Michael greets him.

MICHAEL

You're home!

DAVID

Yeah -- when'd you get back?

MICHAEL

A little while ago. So how was dinner -
- did you have a good time?

DAVID

It was all right. How about you? How
was Babylon?

MICHAEL

It was all right.

DAVID

See a lot of cute guys?

MICHAEL

None that interested me. How about
some milk and Oreos?

He gets up to go to the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

DAVID
Michael, wait --

David goes to him. We think he's going to confess to Michael, but instead, suddenly, unexpectedly, he pulls Michael into his arms, kissing him passionately. In fact, he's never been so aroused. He pulls off Michael's clothes, practically devouring him. And as he goes down on his dick:

7 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

7

Next morning. Breakfast is on the table. DEBBIE and VIC are waiting.

DEBBIE
(calling)
Justin!

JUSTIN
(calling back)
Coming!

Justin tears down the stairs, crash lands in his chair at the table.

DEBBIE
Christ, didn't you hear me calling you for the last ten minutes.

JUSTIN
I know because I'm young you think I can just tumble out of bed and look like this --

VIC
I don't know why not. I tumble out of bed and look like this.

JUSTIN
But you're wrong. Even at my age, it takes time and preparation.

DEBBIE
At the rate you're going -- partying, staying out until three in the morning -
- you're gonna need a face lift by the time you graduate.
(which reminds her)
Here. This came for you.

She hands Justin an official looking envelope. He stares at it, heart pounding.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

JUSTIN

It's from the Pittsburgh Institute of
Fine Art.

DEBBIE

(feigning disinterest)

Oh?

Justin stares at the letter in his hand.

VIC

Well aren't you going to open it?

Justin tries, but he's too nervous.

JUSTIN

I can't --

DEBBIE

Here. Give it to me.

Debbie takes it, opens it, reads. Several beats.

VIC

Well?

Finally:

DEBBIE

Congratulations, Picasso!

And the room explodes! Screaming, jumping up and down!

CUT TO:

8 INT. HOSPITAL - BLAKE'S ROOM - DAY

8

Blake is asleep. Ted sits in a chair at his side, holding his hand. It's clear he's been there all night. Blake opens his eyes, looks around trying to place himself, sees Ted.

TED

Hey.

Blake appears startled, confused, notices his hand is linked with Ted's.

BLAKE

What's going on?

Ted, self-conscious, removes his hand.

(CONTINUED)

TED

Sorry. I found myself sitting next to
an unconscious person in a hospital
room. It seemed like the thing to do.

Realizing where he is, Blake sits up.

BLAKE

A hospital --?

(then, frightened)

Did something happen to me? Am I all
right?

TED

You passed out at Babylon.

BLAKE

I did?

TED

I found you lying unconscious on the
bathroom floor.

Blake begins to hyper-ventilate, looks around desperately.

TED (cont'd)

The doctor said you were dehydrated.
And that your blood pressure --

BLAKE

How long have I been here?

TED

Since last night. Can I get you some
water?

He starts to get up. Blake panics.

BLAKE

No! Don't go! Don't leave me!

TED

It's okay. Calm down.

BLAKE

(then, abruptly)

Do you have any candy?

TED

Candy --

Ted fishes in his pockets, produces a nearly full roll of
Life Savers.

(CONTINUED)

TED (cont'd)

~~They're probably stale. They have lint~~

--

Blake grabs them, ravenously devours them all in one bite.
Ted watches in amazement.

TED (cont'd)

Maybe I should get a nurse --

Blake shakes his head, still crunching on candy.

BLAKE

(mouth full)

I'm okay. You stayed here the whole
time?

TED

Around six I went to my place, picked
up some clean clothes for you.

(pointing to a neat little
stack of clothes)

Yours were kind of disgusting. The
doctor said you should be able to go
home later.

BLAKE

What home? I was evicted last month.

TED

Where've you been staying?

BLAKE

Some friends.

TED

That's good. They'll be able to look
after you --

BLAKE

They're not those kind of friends.

Blake looks at Ted for a beat.

BLAKE (cont'd)

You must think I'm so stupid.

TED

I don't think you're stupid. I just
think you're this -- really sweet guy --
who has some problems and who needs
some help.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

~~I'm gonna stop. I am!~~

TED

Sure you are.

Then Blake starts to cry.

BLAKE

I am!

Ted sits there awkwardly, then puts his arms around him.

CUT TO:

INT. RIPT - DAY

As Brian and Emmett do arm curls, Michael boasts:

MICHAEL

He came back from his dinner so turned on -- we went at it all night!

BRIAN

I'm surprised he still had the strength

--

(off Michael's look)

At his age.

MICHAEL

You should only be in such good shape "at his age".

EMMETT

You should only be alive "at his age".

BRIAN

I wonder why he was so turned on?

MICHAEL

Because I'm irresistible?

EMMETT

(stepping in)

Because they're in love! And unlike you, they don't have to prowl around the baths -- they can find everything they need right at home.

But Brian doesn't say anything.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

~~(Interested nonetheless)~~

So how was it? See anybody cute?

Brian looks at him for a beat, then:

BRIAN

Not especially.

EMMETT

The last time I was in a bathhouse --
of course it was years ago --

BRIAN/MICHAEL

Of course.

As Emmett tells his story, we SEE what is being described.

EMMETT

I was in L.A. There was a cubicle at
the end of the hall with the door open -
- so I went in. Well, at first I
couldn't see anything because it was so
dark, and I wasn't wearing my contacts?
Anyway, there was this guy lying there
on his stomach with his butt up in the
air, screaming "Fuck me! Fuck me!" So
I did. Afterwards, I got a glimpse of
his face and it was --

He silently mouths a very famous name.

BRIAN

No shit! You fucked --

Emmett quickly covers Brian's mouth before he can say it.

MICHAEL

Then she really is his beard?

EMMETT

They don't call her "Whiskers" for
nothin'!

Just then, Ted hurries in.

TED

Sorry I'm late -- I, uh, had a busy
morning.

He tries to stifle a yawn -- fails. Eagle-eye Emmett doesn't
miss a thing.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

Don't tell me you sat up all night with him!

MICHAEL

Who?

EMMETT

The Angel of Death!

TED

You have no idea how upsetting it is, waking up in a hospital room. Believe me, I know --

EMMETT

Thanks to him.

(a beat)

Okay, so it's over -- you've done all you can possibly do. Now, who wants to go to "Tighty-Whitey Night" at Babylon? Pants come off at the stroke of twelve!

BRIAN

I'll be there.

TED

I'm -- busy.

MICHAEL

We know it's tax-time, but --

TED

It's not that.

(then)

I have someone staying with me.

EMMETT

Tell me you didn't take that tweaked-out tramp home.

Ted's silence tells all.

BRIAN

Well, you need a new stereo, anyway. And a DVD, and a laptop, and a watch --

TED

He's not going to rip me off. And it's just until he finds a place.

EMMETT

Oh he's found a place, honey!

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

~~You're too nice, Teddy.~~

EMMETT

And if Michael says that --

TED

(angered)

Look it really doesn't concern you.
Any of you.

As he starts his workout:

CUT TO:

10 EXT. TAYLOR HOUSE - FRONT WALK - DAY

10

JENNIFER, in the midst of sweeping the front walk, reads the letter Justin's just given her.

JENNIFER

The Institute of Fine Art --? I had no
idea you'd applied.

JUSTIN

I didn't want to tell you until I knew.
(excitedly)
They had over two-thousand
applications, but only seventy openings
-- and I got in!

JENNIFER

I always told you, you were gifted,
didn't I?

JUSTIN

If it weren't for you, I would never
have had all those lessons.

She touches him.

JENNIFER

But what about Dartmouth?

JUSTIN

I'll just write and tell them I'm not
going.

JENNIFER

But your Dad's expecting you to go --

JUSTIN

Because he went there?

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

Sweetheart, I know how much you want to be an artist -- only do you have any idea how hard it is to make a living?

JUSTIN

It's what I want to do -- it's what I've always wanted. And I'm good.

A beat. A sigh.

JENNIFER

You're going to have a tough time convincing him.

JUSTIN

I was hoping you could help.

Just then, a nicely dressed woman (SUE GREEVY) comes up the walk.

JENNIFER

Oh, hi Sue. This is my son, Justin. I'll be right in --

SUE

Take your time, I'll just wander through.

Sue goes in the house.

JUSTIN

Who's that?

JENNIFER

Sue Greevy. She's a realtor.

JUSTIN

What's she doing here?

JENNIFER

(where to start)
It's -- uh -- she's --
(then)
I've asked her to list the house.

JUSTIN

(surprised)
You're selling it?

Jennifer looks at him for a long beat.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

~~Justin, your Dad and I feel we no
longer --~~

She stops.

JUSTIN

What?

JENNIFER

(then, finally)
We're getting a divorce.

As Justin just looks at her, devastated.

CUT TO:

11 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

11

After the gym, Michael and David are in a booth. Michael is looking over the menu.

DAVID

What you need after a workout is a good, deep-tissue massage.

MICHAEL

(checking out the menu)
What I need is something to eat -- I'm starving!

Michael calls to MAXINE, the transvestite waitress.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Hey, Maxine, can I have a tuna salad on rye?

MAXINE

Michael, you can have anything you want.

She gives him a wink as David stares at him.

DAVID

Have I told you lately how hot you are?

MICHAEL

Yes, you have. But it can always bear repeating.

DAVID

You are -- so -- hot.

(CONTINUED)

David is about to lean across the table and plant a big one on Michael, when a certain someone drops into the booth next to him.

BRIAN

Hey, boys! Don't mean to interrupt.

DAVID

Of course you do.

BRIAN

Mind if I join you?

MICHAEL

Actually --

Before he can finish, Brian slides in the booth, calls to Maxine:

BRIAN

Sparkling water. Lemon. No ice.

(back to David, smiles)

You know, it's always important after any sort of strenuous physical exertion to drink plenty of liquids.

DAVID

Thanks for the health tip.

BRIAN

Anytime.

(then)

Speaking of exertion, Mikey tells me you two had quite a night.

MICHAEL

(embarrassed)

Jesus, Brian --!

DAVID

That's okay. As a matter of fact, we did.

BRIAN

So did I.

MICHAEL

I really don't think David wants to hear about what your trip to the --

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

~~you're right -- he wouldn't approve.~~
(then)

So, what've you been up to lately, Doc?

DAVID

Not much -- the usual.

BRIAN

I heard you had to go to dinner with some client.

DAVID

That's right.

BRIAN

Talk about boring. Although, I had this one client -- did Mikey tell you? -- straight, wife and kids -- turned out he was gay. Not only gay -- he wanted to fuck me!

DAVID

Imagine that.

BRIAN

(shrugs)

What can I say? There're a lot of duplicitous people in the world.

Maxine brings Michael his sandwich, and Brian his sparkling water.

BRIAN (cont'd)

(toasting them)

Cheers!

12 EXT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

12

Brian and David exit, wait for Michael to pay for his carry-out. Brian lights a cigarette, offers one to David, who refuses. Finally:

DAVID

I really hate cold weather. Lived in it all my life. I've always said one of these days, I'm going to move someplace warmer. La Jolla, Santa Barbara -- one of those picture postcard places. Business would be good, too.

(beat)

But, I'm still here.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Maybe you're deceiving yourself.
Thinking you want something when you
really don't.

David looks at Brian, knows what and who he's talking about.

DAVID

I want Michael. I love Michael. Where
you saw me last night -- has nothing to
do with that.

BRIAN

You don't need to explain to me, Doc --
I'm not a member of the Queer P.C.
Patrol. If you want to go to the
baths, get your rocks off -- I say do
it!

(a beat, then)

As long as you don't hurt him.

DAVID

I don't intend to.

(then)

Do you?

Brian looks at David for a beat, doesn't answer. Michael
joins them with his take-out bag of brownies, already eating
one.

MICHAEL

Anybody want a bite?

End of conversation.

13 INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

13

Ted enters to find Blake dressed much like he dresses (he is
in Ted's clothes, after all), cooking full force in the
kitchen.

BLAKE

You're back!

TED

You're up! Feeling better?

BLAKE

Yeah, actually -- great!

TED

You cook?

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

~~Oh, yeah! Both my parents worked, and
I was the oldest of seven kids --~~

TED

Seven!

BLAKE

So I know how to make a chicken
stretch.

Ted notices the romantic table set for two.

TED

Candles and everything --

Ted looks at Blake, smitten, as he bastes the chicken.

BLAKE

What?

TED

Nothing.

It's an intimate moment, interrupted by a very loud, very
obnoxious EGG TIMER.

BLAKE

Potatoes are done! Want to put on some
music? I was afraid to touch the
stereo.

Ted smiles to himself -- noticing it's still there, and the
DVD, too (the guys were wrong!) -- picks a CD, puts it in the
player. The MUSIC begins. A soprano sings "Ah, fors é lui"
from Verdi's *La Traviata*.

BLAKE (cont'd)

That's nice. What is it?

TED

La Traviata. You know it?

BLAKE

Not really --

TED

It's an opera.

BLAKE

I figured that much.

(CONTINUED)

TED

It's about this woman, Violetta. She's
a courtesan.

BLAKE

A what?

TED

A slut, basically. She goes to a lot
of parties.

BLAKE

I know the type. So what's she singing
about?

TED

She just met this sweet guy, Alfredo,
who has a thing for her. And she's
wondering if she could give up her life
in the fast lane to be with him.

BLAKE

Does she?

TED

She gives it a shot.

Blake starts to fill two glasses with water.

TED (cont'd)

(nervously)

What's that?

BLAKE

Huh?

(then understanding)

It's water. Just water.

Ted laughs, relieved. Blake goes to him.

BLAKE (cont'd)

This dinner's sort of a thank-you. For
being so nice.

TED

You didn't have to --

BLAKE

Yeah, I did. I wish there was more I
could do.

And he does. He impulsively puts his arms around Ted, kisses
him.

(CONTINUED)

TED

~~(nervous, not sure how to
respond)~~

What -- what're you doing?

BLAKE

We didn't get very far, last time I was here.

TED

I kind of checked out in the middle --

BLAKE

Maybe we can pick up where we left off.

And as the opera SWELLS, so does their passion.

CUT TO:

14 INT. HOUSE OF THE LESBIANS - NIGHT

14

LINDSAY and MELANIE present Justin with a festively hand-painted box.

LINDSAY & MELANIE

Ta-da!

JUSTIN

For me?

MELANIE

Yes, for you! Who else --? Lindsay decorated it herself.

LINDSAY

Go on -- open it.

Lindsay and Melanie watch and wait, expectantly, as Justin opens the box, removes sets of pens and charcoals and pastels, sketch pads -- all very top of the line stuff.

LINDSAY (cont'd)

It's for getting into the I.F.A. --

MELANIE

It's what all the great artists use -- Lindsay knows these things.

Justin doesn't say anything. Melanie kids:

MELANIE (cont'd)

He's so surprised, he's speechless.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

I know you want to get into computer graphics and animation, but first year you're going to have to study all the traditional techniques -- Life Class, Still Life, Composition -- because no matter what you eventually do, it's important to have a solid, classical training.

MELANIE

Even Picasso knew how to draw people with their eyes in the right place!

Justin's response is subdued, somber.

JUSTIN

Thank you. It's very nice.

(after a beat)

But I've decided to go to Dartmouth.

MELANIE

Do they have an Art School?

JUSTIN

I'm not studying Art. I'm going to major in Business.

MELANIE

Business -- ? What the hell are you doing that for?

Lindsay can see Justin's upset, doesn't want to talk about it. She shushes Mel.

LINDSAY

Dartmouth's a really top-notch school. Congratulations.

JUSTIN

Thanks.

LINDSAY

(treading lightly)

Only, you were so excited about getting into the Institute.

JUSTIN

After thinking about it, I decided it's better for me to do something -- practical.

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

~~It may be practical, but I can't~~
exactly see you sitting behind a desk
in a three-piece suit.

JUSTIN

Then you'd better start.
(determined)
Because that's what I'm going to do.

An awkward silence. Then:

LINDSAY

(putting the top on the box)
Well! I guess we'll just have to get
you a subscription to *Forbes* instead.

CUT TO:

15 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

15

So, there's David stretched out on the sofa in front of the
fire with a good book. And there's Michael, bringing him a
mug of hot whatever. He cuddles up beside him.

MICHAEL

Enjoying your book?

DAVID

Yeah, it's -- uh -- a real page-turner.

MICHAEL

Then how come you're on the same page
you were on an hour ago?

David sets the book aside with a weak smile.

DAVID

Guess you -- uh -- caught me.

MICHAEL

You're easy to catch.

DAVID

Oh?

MICHAEL

Once you're on to the tell-tale signs --
like throwing in a lot of "uh's" when
you talk to give you time to think of
what to say next, and covering your
mouth.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
You're, uh -- observant.

He covers his mouth, then self-consciously removes his hand.

DAVID (cont'd)
I should've told you the truth.

MICHAEL
(laughs)
It's no big deal, you'll finish the book.

DAVID
I mean last night.

MICHAEL
When you said you could come a fourth time? I knew you were lying.

DAVID
When I said I had a business dinner.
There was no business dinner.
(off Michael's bright smile)
I was at -- the baths.

A beat, about the size of the hole in Michael's stomach.

MICHAEL
What were you doing there?

DAVID
Mostly walking around. Look, it's not something I do a lot -- it's the first time I've been there since we've been together --

MICHAEL
I don't want to hear about it -- okay?

DAVID
I just thought you should know --

MICHAEL
That you're fucking around?!

DAVID
I don't fuck.

MICHAEL
And then you come back here and fuck me. If you gave me anything --!

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

~~I said I don't fuck.~~

(beat)

Mostly I jerk off.

MICHAEL

"Mostly"!

(a beat, then)

I don't understand -- aren't I enough
for you?

DAVID

Of course you are!

MICHAEL

Then why would you --

DAVID

I don't know -- I guess it's -- some
kind of turn on. I like guys to think
I'm still attractive. Or maybe once in
awhile I just need to go off on my own--

MICHAEL

You're such a liar.

DAVID

I'm telling you the truth.

MICHAEL

Fuck your truth. And fuck you.

CUT TO:

16 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

16

Ted, Emmett and Brian are commiserating with Michael, and
eating pizza.

TED

We should've known he was too good to
be true.

EMMETT

Men -- they're all the same.

TED

Except for you, Michael.

EMMETT

You're a saint.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

I don't want to be a saint! I want to be a heartless, ruthless shit who fucks whoever he wants, without conscience or remorse.

BRIAN

I'm sorry, but that position's already been filled.

MICHAEL

For once I wasn't referring to you. I was talking about David.

EMMETT

Well, I say cut him loose, the bastard! Let him know you're too good for him -- that he doesn't deserve you.

BRIAN

And who does Mikey deserve?

EMMETT

Someone who'll cherish him. Who'll be faithful. Someone for whom he'll be the sun and the moon and the stars.

BRIAN

What fucking Bette Davis movie are you living in?

(to Michael)

And what did you think would happen? That you'd be monogamous forever?

EMMETT

That is so like you, to make some vile, homophobic crack.

BRIAN

Homophobic?

EMMETT

Yes! That just because we're gay, it's impossible for us to be in a loyal, loving relationship!

BRIAN

Not because we're gay. Because we're men.

(to Michael)

In your case, LWQ men.

(CONTINUED)

TED

~~It's no different for straight guys. I~~
read somewhere that something like
sixty-four percent of them admit
they've been unfaithful.

EMMETT

I wouldn't know -- I've only slept with
thirty-two percent.

MICHAEL

So I should just let David do whatever
he wants? Whoever he wants?

BRIAN

I didn't say that. You should set up
some rules. Decide what's acceptable,
what's not.

MICHAEL

I don't know if I can do that.

BRIAN

Fine. Then move back in here. End it
all over a handjob.

17 INT./EXT. OUTSIDE MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

17

Michael follows Brian to his Jeep, worked up.

MICHAEL

Why do I ask your advice? You've never
been in a relationship -- you couldn't
be in a relationship! What do you
know?

BRIAN

I know he told you the truth -- got to
give him credit.

(smiles)

I was sure he wouldn't.

A beat, as it dawns on Michael.

MICHAEL

You mean -- you knew?

BRIAN

(sarcastic)

Remember back. Last night. After I
left you. Where did I go?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

The baths.

BRIAN

And where did he go?

MICHAEL

Oh, shit! Did you and he --?

BRIAN

No -- although for someone his age, he doesn't have a bad ass.

MICHAEL

And you weren't going to tell me -- ?

BRIAN

If I had, you'd probably think I was trying to break you up. Anyway, it's not my business what goes on between you two lovebirds.

MICHAEL

Well, if he can do it, maybe I should, too!

BRIAN

Then do it. Only stop carrying on like some betrayed little housewife.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. GAS STATION/INT. TED'S CONVERTIBLE - DAY

18

Ted pulls up beside a gas pump, hops out of his car. He crosses to a booth which houses a GAS STATION ATTENDANT behind a bullet-proof pane of glass. Ted steps up to the window as he reaches for his wallet.

TED

I want to get fifteen on Pump Two --

He stops. His wallet isn't there. He feels another pocket.

TED (cont'd)

(with a nervous laugh)

Hold on. My wallet must've fallen out.

Ted crosses to his car, a little panicked. He opens the door and looks inside. No wallet. He checks the floor, between the seats.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

He even kneels down and feels underneath the seats, but he comes up empty-handed. And as Ted begins to sweat:

CUT TO:

19 INT. TED'S CONDO - DAY

19

Ted, in an agitated state, is tearing up the room in search of his missing wallet. He looks in the couch, feeling every crevice, only to find a few coins, some paper clips and an old condom wrapper. He looks under every table, behind every chair, on every surface. He goes to the closet, pulls out old jackets, hunting in every pocket. Nothing. Blake enters the condo. Frankly, Ted is startled to see him.

TED

Where were you?

BLAKE

(surprised by Ted's attitude)

I went out --

He produces a CD boxed set of "Thais" from a little plastic bag.

BLAKE (cont'd)

-- to get you this.

TED

"Thais."

BLAKE

I asked the guy at the store if he knew another good opera about a slut.

TED

This -- is expensive.

BLAKE

I don't care how much it cost.

TED

I do. How'd you pay for it? You told me you didn't have a cent.

BLAKE

I got a friend to pay me back the money he owed me.

TED

And you spent all of it on me.

BLAKE

Not all --

(CONTINUED)

TED

Look -- keep the cash, I don't care.
But please give it back so I don't have
to cancel all my cards.

BLAKE

What're you talking about? Give what
back?

TED

God, you must think I'm so pathetic!
(then answering him)
My wallet! That's what I'm talking
about!

A beat. Blake puts it together.

BLAKE

(slowly, quietly)
I don't think you're pathetic. And I
don't blame you for thinking I am. But
I swear to you, I didn't take it.

TED

All right, I believe you. The wallet
just walked away by itself. So if you
happen to see it out strolling around,
please tell it to come home.

(beat)

Now, would you please go?

BLAKE

Where?

TED

Wherever the fuck you would've gone if
I hadn't picked you up off the bathroom
floor and taken you to the hospital and
then brought you back here.

Tears form in Blake's eyes.

BLAKE

What about your clothes?

TED

Keep them. I don't want them.
(handing Blake the opera CD)
And you can return this for the money
"your friend" gave you. I already have
it.

CUT TO:

20 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

20

Debbie's working at her sewing machine as Justin comes in the front door, heads upstairs.

DEBBIE

Hey, who am I -- the Invisible Woman?
Come over here!

He comes over to her.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

I was taking out the garbage -- it's amazing what you can find in the garbage, even your own -- when I found these.

She pulls out his sketchpad.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Lucky I retrieved them, before they got a patina of my pesto from last night.

JUSTIN

I don't want them.

DEBBIE

You don't want them?

JUSTIN

That's why I threw them away.

DEBBIE

But they're works of art! Look at this one -- and this one. You could frame them!

JUSTIN

Then you keep them. I'm giving it up.

He starts upstairs.

DEBBIE

Hold it! Get your bubble butt back here! What do you mean you're giving it up?

JUSTIN

Just what I said.

DEBBIE

But you can't give it up! That'd be like giving up eating, or breathing.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

I'm still inhaling and exhaling. Call me when dinner's ready.

DEBBIE

Listen, smart ass, no lip. You're an artist. You have a gift!

JUSTIN

Big deal.

DEBBIE

It is a big deal. It's something that was given to you.

JUSTIN

Well, I didn't ask for it. And I don't want it.

DEBBIE

It's too late, it's yours. It's who you are.

JUSTIN

It's not who I am. I'm going to Dartmouth and getting an MBA -- it's what my parents want --

DEBBIE

With all due respect to your mother, who's a lovely person -- who gives a shit what they want? It's your life.

JUSTIN

I've caused them enough trouble. They're getting a divorce!

DEBBIE

Honey -- Justin -- you didn't break up their marriage. No kid has that power. Anymore than you have the power to put them back together. But you do have the power to fuck up your life. So think twice before you do that.

21 EXT. PARK - DAY

21

Michael waits under a tree near a jogging path where a couple of hearty JOGGERS run by. He checks his watch, nervously, is actually about to go when:

(CONTINUED)

HUNKY

Hey!

And there he is, the guy who gave Michael his phone number in Babylon. Michael, almost wishing he hadn't shown up, greets him.

MICHAEL

Oh -- hi. I almost thought you weren't coming.

HUNKY

It's a little out of the way --

MICHAEL

I thought we should be alone, talk, go for a walk --

HUNKY

Sure.

Hunky starts caressing Michael, then:

HUNKY (cont'd)

I couldn't believe you called --

MICHAEL

Me, either.

HUNKY

After what you told me about you and your lover.

MICHAEL

You know how it is. Things change.

HUNKY

So now it's okay to mess around?

MICHAEL

Let's not talk about it, okay?

He kisses Hunky on the mouth, as Hunky unzips Michael's fly, goes down. Just then:

LINDSAY (o.s.)

Michael --?

He hears his name called, opens his eyes to SEE Lindsay and Melanie come jogging down the path.

MICHAEL

Shit!

(CONTINUED)

Hunky pops up as Michael zips up, just in time before they reach him.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

(awkward, nervous)

Linz! Mel! What a coincidence! This is my friend, uh --

HUNKY

Brady.

MICHAEL

(sweating)

Named for the bunch!

Hunky goes to shake their hands, only to be yanked back by his long scarf, which is caught in Michael's zipper. Michael quickly puts the scarf around his own neck.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

(explaining -- desperately)

Brady was cold so I loaned him my scarf. Guess it got caught when I went to the bathroom.

MELANIE

Must've.

LINDSAY

Well, we'd better finish our jog --

MELANIE

Say hi to David --

LINDSAY

Love to David!

Michael waves, big smile congealed on his face as they jog off.

22 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

22

Ted sits on the couch, feeling crummy, while Emmett changes his outfit over and over, trying to pick his look for the evening.

EMMETT

You did the right thing. You should feel very good about yourself.

TED

(miserable)

I do, can't you tell? Whoo-hoo!

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

~~I'm serious! You told that thieving~~
piece of druggy disco trash to get
lost. If there was a magazine called
"Self Esteem" you'd be the cover boy!
You're the image of dignity.

Emmett models his latest piece of slutwear for Ted.

EMMETT (cont'd)

What do you think?

TED

You're the image of dignity.

(beat)

He was practically in tears --

EMMETT

Because he knew you'd cancel your
credit cards before he hit the jackpot.

TED

It seemed sincere --

EMMETT

Pleeease! You'd have to be a desperate
queen to fall for that eleven o'clock
number.

(before Ted can speak)

Which you're not.

TED

But what if something happens to him?
What if he starts hustling -- what if I
found out he died? I'd have it on my
conscience the rest of my life.

EMMETT

You've been listening to too many
operas! You offered him your home,
your trust -- you literally gave him
the clothes off your back. Something,
by the way, I would never do. And how
did he repay you?

TED

You're right, you're right. Instead of
beating myself up for feeling guilty, I
should be beating myself up for being a
chump. When'll I ever learn?

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

You just did. Now, come on, we'll go
to Babylon, a dozen beautiful men'll
reject you, you'll feel soo much
better.

Ted starts to get up. As he does, he feels something in the
crack between the sofa cushions. He pulls something out.

EMMETT (cont'd)

What's that?

TED

Nothing. Just my wallet.

Oops --

CUT TO:

23 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

23

Emmett and Brian are at the bar, trying to cheer up poor Ted,
whose head is like a search lamp -- looking, seeking.

EMMETT

So you misjudged him, said a lot of
terrible things that weren't true --

TED

Me? What about you?

EMMETT

Everybody knows I'm a terrible judge of
character.

BRIAN

(agreeing)

Yeah, look who he hangs out with.

TED

I've got to find him, apologize.

BRIAN

Did you check the bathroom floor?

TED

Fuck you.

Further down the bar, they hear Justin making a scene.

JUSTIN

I said I want a beer!

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

~~Not without ID.~~

JUSTIN

Christ, who do you have to fuck to get
a drink around here?

BRIAN (o.S.)

Me.

Justin turns, sees Brian.

BRIAN (cont'd)

(to the Bartender)

A couple of beers.

(off his look)

I'm thirsty.

The Bartender produces two bottles. Brian pays, hands Justin
a bottle, clinks.

BRIAN (cont'd)

To Dartmouth! Beer busts at the frat
house, the Winter Weekend, laying all
those girls end to end -- and to your
bright, shining future as Pittsburgh's
new Andy Carnegie.

JUSTIN

I'll drink to that.

He takes a hard swallow -- makes a face.

BRIAN

Only, I thought you were going to be
the new Andy Warhol.

JUSTIN

I changed my mind.

BRIAN

And after all the trouble I went to, to
make you the best homosexual I possibly
could. I can't believe you'd blow it --
and with the flimsiest excuse:

(whining)

"I've caused my parents enough pain".
How you can even stand there and look
me in the eye -- !

JUSTIN

It's true!

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

It's bullshit. They cause their own pain. Same as the rest of us. And now your giving up everything you want? To make them happy? -- That is totally fucked.

JUSTIN

Shut up! You don't know anything.

BRIAN

I know it's a lot scarier finding your own way than walking the prescribed path, doing what's expected.

JUSTIN

I'm not scared.

BRIAN

You're fucking terrified! Like the night you met me. I was sure you'd run back home.

(a beat, then)

But you didn't. You said, "I'm going with him."

Justin looks at him, surprised. And moved.

JUSTIN

I can't believe you remember that, considering you couldn't even remember my name.

BRIAN

And look what happened.

JUSTIN

I turned into a big queer!

BRIAN

Lucky for you -- otherwise I wouldn't have wasted my time.

(a beat, then)

Well it's too late now. No turning back.

Justin looks around at all the boys, bathed in light and glitter. Disco warriors.

As Brian leads Justin onto the dance floor:

24 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

24

David has all his CD's out when Michael comes home. David looks up, sees him, relieved.

DAVID
You had me worried.

MICHAEL
You could've called.

DAVID
I did. Your cell phone was off.

MICHAEL
What're you doing?

DAVID
Reorganizing my CD's. Before that, I reorganized the DVD's, my books, the medicine cabinet, my underwear drawer --
(then)
Where the hell were you?

MICHAEL
Out.

DAVID
At the movies? With the guys?

MICHAEL
(a beat)
I was with someone.

David's heart sinks.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
There was this guy I didn't tell you about I met the other night at Babylon. He gave me his phone number. He was really hot, and I was really attracted to him, so I figured -- what the hell -- I might as well give him a call.

DAVID
You don't need to tell me all the details --

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

~~Yeah, I do. So I hooked up with him~~
and we went back to his place and started fooling around, and he was giving me a blowjob when it occurred to me that I didn't really want my dick in his mouth, So I told him to stop. And I left. And I came home.

DAVID

Why did you? I mean, tell him to stop?

MICHAEL

Because it didn't mean anything. It was just sex. With us, it's more than that.

DAVID

(a beat, then)

I promise I won't go there anymore. I give you my word --

MICHAEL

I don't want you to promise. It may not be a promise you can keep. And the same goes for me -- I can't promise you that some day, something won't happen. We're guys and guys slip up. We do. So let's just try to be realistic about it, know that it doesn't mean we don't love each other -- and take it from there?

They look at each other for a beat, then:

DAVID

Do you want to help me put things back in order?

MICHAEL

Sure.

As they sit together on the floor, close, reorganizing, putting things in order:

Justin finishes composing a letter on his computer, pushes the print key, and with that familiar WHIR, out comes a letter from the printer addressed to "Dartmouth College, Office of Admissions.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON LETTER

"Dear Sirs:

This is to inform you that I will
be attending Dartmouth next fall as
a member of the Freshman Class.

Sincerely yours,

Justin Taylor"

Justin reads over the letter, puts it down, reaches for a pen, is about to sign his name when he notices his coat hanging on the back of the door. It's nothing anyone would look at twice -- except an artist. Something about the folds in the material, the way the sleeve hangs, fascinates him. He turns over the letter, starts to draw. And as the CAMERA PULLS AWAY, leaving Justin to follow his path:

FADE OUT.

THE END