

# queer as folk

Written by

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COWLIP

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PRODUCTIONS

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**DRAFT**

FADE IN:

1 INT. BRIAN'S BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT 1

JUSTIN bounds up the stairs, three steps at a time. The camera FOLLOWS, barely able to keep up with him. Finally he reaches:

2 INT. BRIAN'S BLDG. - HALLWAY OUTSIDE LOFT - CONTINUOUS 2

Justin bangs on the door:

JUSTIN  
Bri-an! Bri-an!

The door slides open. Justin feels a sense of hope, relief. Out of the shadows, a figure emerges. It's:

CHRIS HOBBS

Standing there with a murderous grin. Justin looks at him in terror and disbelief, tries to back away, but Chris grabs him by the front of his shirt, pulls him screaming into the loft. The door quickly slides shut with a thunderous SLAM.

SMASH CUT TO:

3 INT. JENNIFER'S CONDO - JUSTIN'S ROOM - NIGHT 3

Justin is in bed, screaming from his nightmare. Jennifer runs in, frightened, awakened from sleep.

JENNIFER  
Justin, sweetheart, it's all right,  
it's just a dream --

**DRAFT**

She goes to him to hold, but he stops her, not wanting to be touched.

JUSTIN  
NO --! Don't --!

Helpless, she backs away, watches as he starts to cry as --

CUT TO:

4 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT 4

-- the boys keep dancing! Our Boys, BRIAN, EMMETT and TED are on a catwalk, looking down at the dance floor checking out the HOTTIES. Emmett spots one in particular.

**DRAFT**

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

God, I want his ass.

TED

Who doesn't?

EMMETT

I mean, I really want his ass --  
instead of this.

TED

But, you've always said your ass is  
your finest feature.

EMMETT

It's true, many -- many -- have admired  
it. Only it's looking a little peaked  
lately.

BRIAN

Maybe it needs a rest.

EMMETT

What it needs is a lift.

TED

You're too young for plastic surgery.

EMMETT

This life can wear you out by the time  
you're thirty -- right, Brian?

Brian doesn't deign to answer.

EMMETT (cont'd)

Besides, self-improvement is something  
we should all strive for, no matter  
what age.

TED

Take my word for it, gluteal  
enhancement can be very pricey.

EMMETT

My God, Teddy -- don't tell me you've  
had work done!

BRIAN

If you have, I'd sue.

(CONTINUED)

TED

I'm speaking in my professional capacity as a financial consultant: butt-work costs big bucks.

EMMETT

Big bucks I don't have.

BRIAN

Maybe you could sell your old ass for a new one.

Just then, Michael joins them, high as a kite.

MICHAEL

Man, I just had the most fucking amazing blowjob! Want some E?

They all refuse: "Nah" -- "No, thanks" -- "I'll pass" --

MICHAEL (cont'd)

What's with you guys?

TED

It's late. Tomorrow's a work day.

BRIAN

For some of us, anyway.

EMMETT

Sightseeing's over. Let's go.

MICHAEL

It's too soon -- we just got here. Let's party!

BRIAN

You've been partying ever since you got back.

MICHAEL

So what if I have? I'm free now -- I can stay out all night, fuck my brains out if I want -- like you. Let's dance!

He tries to pull Brian away, but Brian resists.

BRIAN

Don't want to.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

It'll be good for you. Take your mind  
off of things --

BRIAN

I said I don't want to!

MICHAEL

You like dancing with Justin.

A beat. Brian stops, and so does Michael. Both know  
something has just been said that shouldn't have been. A  
beat, then Brian leaves. As Michael watches him go:

CUT TO:

INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

Breakfast is served. DEBBIE comes over to the table where  
Michael, Ted and Emmett are seated.

DEBBIE

What'll it be, boys?  
(seeing Michael, hungover,  
looking like shit)  
Jesus fuckin' Christ. What happened to  
you?

MICHAEL

I'm not quite sure. But whatever it  
was, my head feels like the dance floor  
at Babylon.

DEBBIE

That's what you get, staying out  
fuckin' and suckin' 'til all hours on a  
school night.

MICHAEL

I'm not in school, Ma.

DEBBIE

Maybe you should be -- 'cause you got a  
lotta learning to do.

MICHAEL

Before you start the lecture, could I  
please order?

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

I want you to hear what I say on an empty stomach, so maybe you'll digest it: get over David, get a job, get on with your life! Now, what'll it be?

MICHAEL

Bacon and eggs over very, very, very, very easy.

EMMETT

Make it two.

TED

Make it three.

DEBBIE

And plenty of black coffee's on the way.

Debbie leaves.

EMMETT

Your Mom's right, sweetie, for your own dignity, your own self-worth -- not to mention your half of the rent -- you need to go back to work.

MICHAEL

Doing what?

TED

There's always the Big-Q.

Before Michael can say anything:

EMMETT

He doesn't want to go back to that Crap Emporium. He needs to try something new! Something daring! Something -- fabulous!

TED

Fuck fabulous. What he needs is something high-paying, something practical, something secure.

EMMETT

Like being an accountant?

(CONTINUED)

TED

(smugly)

He should only be so lucky. I've got a pension fund, a health plan, and most importantly -- peace of mind. I go to sleep every night knowing that in 31 years when I retire from Wertshafter and Company, I can move to Boca and live like a king!

EMMETT

Or queen.

Debbie brings over their toast.

DEBBIE

What would you like on your toast, your majesty? Strawberry jam or caviar?

She laughs heartily, but alone.

MICHAEL

Trouble is, I never even finished college. So like it or not, it's "Super Sale on Aisle 3" for me.

CUT TO:

EXT. MELANIE & LINDSAY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Brian, who's stopped by at the end of the day after work, has his shirtsleeves rolled up, tie loosened. He's trying to put together a swing set for GUS who watches with wide-eyed fascination from LINDSAY's arms.

BRIAN

Attach part "J" to part "K" using gratchet. What the fuck's a gratchet?

LINDSAY

Beats me, but I'm sure Mel would know. She's a whiz with hardware.

BRIAN

I'll bet. I say we hire somebody.

LINDSAY

Hey! It's your duty as a father to build your son's first swing set. Now, get crackin' -- I want it ready for his birthday.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN  
Party-time, Sonny-Boy!  
(to Lindsay)  
Make sure you have plenty of drugs.

LINDSAY  
A year, already --

She can't believe it.

BRIAN  
(waxing nostalgic)  
Seems like yesterday I was jerking off  
into a cup.

LINDSAY  
(laughing)  
You and Michael and Justin came tearing  
into the room -- you couldn't believe  
you had a son!

BRIAN  
(after a beat)  
Two sons.

Lindsay sees Brian's face: the expression of sadness, of  
loss. It's obvious what he's thinking.

LINDSAY  
Why don't you give his mother a call --  
see how he's doing.

BRIAN  
She said she doesn't want me to see him  
again.

LINDSAY  
I know, but maybe if you spoke to her--

BRIAN  
(ending it)  
She's right. It's better this way.

Then, frustrated about the goddamn swing set:

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Fuck this! Maybe I'll have it together  
in time for your wedding.

LINDSAY  
There isn't going to be a wedding. Mel  
turned me down.

(CONTINUED)

He laughs out loud and unexpectedly -- HA!

LINDSAY (cont'd)

It's nice to see you laughing, finally.  
Asshole.

BRIAN

So you popped the question and she blew  
you off. How come?

LINDSAY

For reasons I'm sure you'd appreciate:  
"we don't need to imitate some  
meaningless heterosexual ritual to  
prove our love, it wouldn't be legal,  
anyway --"

BRIAN

Can't argue that.

LINDSAY

I was on the Debate Team, I can argue  
anything.

(and she does)

The fact that we recognize it, even  
when no one else does, makes it more  
meaningful.

BRIAN

Sweet. But for once I agree with  
Melanie. Fuck weddings. Fuck rituals.

(then in final frustration)

But most of all -- fuck swing sets!

CUT TO:

7 INT. BIG Q-MART - DAY

7

Michael is in the middle of a reunion with TRACY and MARLEY.  
As Tracy gives him a big hug:

TRACY

Mike -- it's so good to see you!

MICHAEL

You, too, Trace --

MARLEY

(with a wink)

Couldn't stay away from her, huh?

Michael and Tracy share a smile.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Actually I couldn't stay away from you.

He grabs her in a big hug -- off guard. She blushes big time.

MARLEY

Well, I gotta get back to my register -- it's our "One Day Only Super Savings Spectacular." Lowest prices of the year -- until next week!

As she goes off:

TRACY

So what made you come back? You were really excited about moving.

MICHAEL

David and I broke up.

TRACY

Oh. I'm sorry.

MICHAEL

Yeah.

(then)

Anyway, I'm kinda picking up where I left off, so I thought I'd come by, see if my old job --

But before he can continue:

ANDREW (O.S.)

Well, look who's honoring us with his presence!

Michael turns, sees his old nemesis, ANDREW.

MICHAEL

Hey, Andrew--

ANDREW

Never expected to see you again, Novotny.

TRACY

Mike's moved back to Pittsburgh.

ANDREW

No kidding! Must've missed it on the news.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED: (2)

7

ANDREW (CONT'D)

(then, to Tracy)

Aren't you supposed to be restocking?

TRACY

Yes, sir --

She gives Michael a look, goes off.

ANDREW

(to Michael)

So things didn't work out, huh?

MICHAEL

I wouldn't say that. Sometimes you need to try new things. Discover what's right for you, where you belong. And I've discovered what's right for me is being here -- and maybe even getting my old job back.

ANDREW

Hate to break it to you, but your old job's been filled.

He points to his nametag. Under his name it says "Manager".

MICHAEL

Oh --

ANDREW

After you left, Don promoted me.

MICHAEL

That's great.

ANDREW

Yeah, I was glad to see he finally came to his senses.

(smiles)

So I guess you're out of luck.

MICHAEL

Guess I am. Well, if you happen to hear of anything--

ANDREW

As a matter of fact, we do have a position for which I think you'd be ideally suited -- since you already had it.

(beat)

Assistant Manager.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

You mean -- working for you?

ANDREW

You got it!

(giving Michael a hard slap)

Let me know if you're interested.

CUT TO:

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jennifer sits at Debbie's table, trying to hold herself together, but she's not doing a very good job. In fact, she's failing miserably.

JENNIFER

He had nightmares again last night. I went in to comfort him, but he wouldn't let me. The doctor says it's normal -- if you can call it normal -- for someone to behave this way after they've been -- attacked. But when I see him in so much pain -- and I want to help him -- only there's no way I can --

She tries hard not to cry. Debbie puts her arms around her.

DEBBIE

It's okay. You can cry all you want. You need to. We all do.

VIC brings over some cake. He's looking a lot better (and feeling a lot better) these days, finally out of his bathrobe, dressed in a nice shirt and slacks.

VIC

Have some Black Forest cake.

JENNIFER

No, thanks --

DEBBIE

Vic made it himself.

VIC

It's my warm-up for Gus' birthday.

DEBBIE

He used to be a pastry chef.

(CONTINUED)

VIC

Before I nearly died. Black bottoms  
were my specialty.

He turns to Debbie.

DEBBIE

I didn't say a word!

JENNIFER

(tries it)

It's -- very good.

DEBBIE

Too good. Soon as I manage to drop a  
coupla pounds, Julia here makes sure I  
put 'em back on.

VIC

We faggots are a talented bunch. Gotta  
hand us that.

DEBBIE

You're also indestructible. If AIDS,  
gay-bashers, crackpot Christians and  
fucking Republicans can't destroy you,  
nothing can.

VIC

Justin'll make it, too. You'll see.

JENNIFER

I'd better get going -- Molly's going  
to be home from her play date.

(a hug for Vic)

Thanks for the cake --

(then Debbie)

-- and sympathy.

As Debbie sees her to the door:

DEBBIE

You know, they say a boy's best friend -  
- especially a gay boy -- is his  
mother. But that's not always the  
case. Maybe what he needs right now is  
somebody else. Somebody who can get  
close to him. More important, someone  
he wants to be close to.

Jennifer knows who she means.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

I'm sorry, Debbie, but not after what happened.

DEBBIE

Just a suggestion. Forget I said it.

JENNIFER

Besides, I can take care of him myself.

CUT TO:

9 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT BLDG. - STAIRWELL - DAY 9

Justin bounds up the stairs, three steps at a time. The CAMERA FOLLOWS, barely able to keep up with him. Finally, he reaches:

10 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT BLDG. - HALLWAY (OUTSIDE LOFT) - CONTINUOUS 10

He stops, breathless, in front of Brian's door. He hesitates for a beat, nervously, then raises his fist, pounds. Waits. Finally, the door slides open. It's Brian. Justin smiles, relieved.

JUSTIN

I'm glad it's you!

BRIAN

Who else would it be? \*

Justin starts in. Brian stops him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Where're you going?

JUSTIN

In.

BRIAN

Did I say you could?

JUSTIN

Don't give me any shit, okay? I nearly freaked out five times getting here.

BRIAN

Well you're going to have to nearly freak out five more times getting home.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN  
(getting agitated)  
I want to see you!

BRIAN  
Well you can't -- okay?

JUSTIN  
Why not?  
(trying to see past him)  
Fucking some guy?

BRIAN  
None of your fucking business! Now go  
away.  
(beat)  
And don't come here again.

JUSTIN  
What?

BRIAN  
You heard what I said.

He starts to close the door. Justin stops him, angrily.

JUSTIN  
But why --? Why?!

CUT TO:

11 INT. WERTSHAFTER & CO. - DAY

11

A row of ACCOUNTANTS, seemingly hard at work at their computer screens. But on closer inspection, we discover a different kind of "spread sheet": naked babes on satin beds, spreading their legs, their lips -- every screen is logged onto a STRAIGHT PORN SITE! That is, except for --

TED'S SCREEN

where a HUNG HUNK is getting fisted.

12 INT. WERTSHAFTER & CO. - TED'S OFFICE - DAY

12

Ted's seated at his desk, the phone tucked under his chin, talking to Emmett and sipping some coffee.

TED  
You can't believe what this guy can take! No wonder they call him "The Chunnel".

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

The screen SPLITS to REVEAL

13 INT. TORSO - DAY

13

Emmett outfitting a STUD in fishnet.

EMMETT

Are you on MisterFister-dot-com again?

TED

It's my mid-morning coffee break.

EMMETT

As opposed to your late morning coffee break, your early afternoon coffee break --

TED

(cocky)

Some guys get all the breaks.

EMMETT

When do you ever find the time to work?

TED

I manage to fit it in. In fact, I should be going over the Magruder account, Wertshafter's expecting it any -- holy shit! He's playing Hide the Hydrant.

EMMETT

(mouth agape)

The fire hydrant?

In his excitement, Ted knocks over his coffee -- all over his crotch.

TED

FUCK!

EMMETT

(excitedly)

What? What?

TED

I just spilled coffee all over my pants.

EMMETT

Watch out for the cream.

(CONTINUED)

TED  
I've got to get off --

EMMETT  
(teasing)  
Sure you didn't already?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Ted, grimaces, hangs up, takes out a handkerchief, starts wiping his pants just as a severe voice calls his name:

VOICE (O.S.)  
Schmidt --!

Ted looks up. To his horror, MR. WERTSHAFTER is standing there looking at his wet crotch and the sight of The Chunnel experiencing some heavy traffic:

TED  
Mum-mum-mumister Wertshafter --uh -- I can -- uh -- explain.

Off Wertshafter, looking as if he doubts it:

CUT TO:

14 INT. JENNIFER'S CONDO - JUSTIN'S ROOM - DAY

14

Justin is trashing his room. Decimating it. Leveling it. Jennifer rushes in, she hasn't even had time to take her coat off.

JENNIFER  
Justin! My God! What are you doing --  
stop!

MOLLY has followed her in.

MOLLY  
Mommy, what's wrong with Justin?

JENNIFER  
Molly, go to your room. Go on!

Molly leaves. Jennifer goes to Justin.

JENNIFER (cont'd)  
Justin, stop it! Right now!

She grabs his arm. Big mistake. He hurls her against the wall. She stands there for a beat, stunned.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

You told him you didn't want him to see me anymore! Didn't you!

JENNIFER

It was for your own good. He agreed.

JUSTIN

You had no right!

JENNIFER

I just want to protect you. For you to be safe -- for things to be all right --

She tries again to hold him. Again he throws her off.

JUSTIN

Well, guess what? It's too late. It's never going to be "all right". My life is fucked. Chris Hobbs saw to that.

\*

A beat, then, exhausted, defeated:

JUSTIN (cont'd)

He should've just killed me.

Off Jennifer's look -- knowing that he means it:

CUT TO:

15 INT. RIPT GYM - DAY

15

Ted, still in shock, rants. Michael and Emmett do presses.

TED

And then -- fucking Wertshafter -- gave me -- the shaft! Can you believe it?

EMMETT

I couldn't believe it the first 300 times you told me.

TED

He fired me. Me! The hardest working, most devoted employee he's got! And for what?

MICHAEL

Wanking to the Web, five, six, seven?

(CONTINUED)

TED

I wasn't "wanking", I was watching -- same as everybody else in the office. The only difference is, I don't watch what "everybody else" watches --

EMMETT

(slightly repelled)

Straight sex, nine, ten, eleven--?

TED

Oh, it's fine to salivate over some bimbo with boobs the size of flotation devices stuffing a zucchini up her twat. But God forbid you see some guy with pecs of death squat on a road teepee and you're instantly out on your ass!

MICHAEL

That's discrimination in the workplace, fourteen, fifteen!

TED

Damn right it is! Well if he thinks I'm not going to fight back because I'm too cowardly to reveal my sexuality, like you -- no offense -- he's mightily mistaken.

MICHAEL

Don't worry, Ted. With your experience and education you'll get another job.

TED

I wouldn't be so sure. Not when they find out why I was canned. Christ! What am I going to do?

Emmett picks up a copy of "Out" laying about.

EMMETT

Maybe there's something in here.

TED

That fag rag? Please!

EMMETT

I was thinking of looking for a moonlighting position myself, to augment my income and my tush.

(spots an ad)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT (CONT'D)

What's this? "Earn up to a hundred dollars an hour --?"

MICHAEL

An hour --?

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Doing what?

Emmett pulls out his cell phone.

EMMETT

Why don't we call and find out?  
(dials, then with his best phone manners:)

Hello, I came across your ad in "Out"?

TED

(to Michael)

Wouldn't be the first time.

EMMETT

Hush!

(into phone)

Is it true you can earn up to a hundred dollars an hour? Really? And what exactly does one have to do?

MICHAEL

Volunteer for hideous medical experiments? Serve as live target practice for the military?

EMMETT

That's all?

(to Michael and Ted)

It's one of those domestic services. You know, waiters for private parties, maids --

TED

(suspicious)

That's a lot of bucks for light housekeeping --

MICHAEL

I could make more in a few hours than I could make in an entire week at Q-Mart.

(then to Ted)

What about you?

TED

(avec grande hauteur)

I have an M.B.A. from Wharton. I don't do windows.

MICHAEL

I have three semesters from Allegheny Community College. I'll do anything.

Emmett hangs up, excitedly.

EMMETT

They said they have positions open right now!

(then, grabbing his butt-cheek)  
Well, boys, things are looking up!

CUT TO:

16 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

16

Brian is lying on the bed, naked, smoking, his thoughts a gazillion miles away. NO UNDERWEAR is pulling on his jeans.

NO UNDERWEAR

D'ya ever see *Citizen Kane*?

BRIAN

Yeah, I saw it.

NO UNDERWEAR

All my life I've been hearing it's like the greatest fuckin' movie ever made. So finally I rent it. The guy who plays the lead is fat, the story about some sled sucks, and it's in black-and-white.

BRIAN

(exhales)

Perhaps you were expecting too much.

NO UNDERWEAR

Like with you. All I ever heard is how Brian Kinney's the greatest fuck ever. If you ask me, you're both highly overrated.

BRIAN

Everybody's a critic.

(CONTINUED)

He crosses to the door, buck naked, opens it for No Underwear  
--

BRIAN (cont'd)  
Next time, rent "Butthole Boys". I  
gave it two thumbs up.

-- and there's Jennifer. She lowers her eyes.

JENNIFER  
I came at the wrong time.

BRIAN  
(re: No Underwear)  
You two have a lot in common.

No Underwear slips out fast as Brian gets a robe.

JENNIFER  
May I --?

He gestures, "c'mon in". She enters, looks around,  
impressed.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Your place is very -- glamorous.

BRIAN  
It does the trick.

JENNIFER  
I'm sure. If you ever decide to sell --

She hands him her real estate card. He glances at it, then  
at her.

BRIAN  
He's not here.

JENNIFER  
I know. That's why I came.  
(beat)  
To ask you a favor.

BRIAN  
I already did you one.

JENNIFER  
This one's for him.  
(a beat)  
I want you to take him.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Excuse me?

JENNIFER

I want you -- to have my son.

BRIAN

Mrs. Taylor --

JENNIFER

Jennifer.

BRIAN

Whatever. What the fuck are you talking about?

JENNIFER

He won't let me touch him, or even come near him. He shows practically no emotion, except when he explodes in one of his rages, or wakes up screaming from one of his nightmares. But that's not the worst part. The worst part is standing there, helpless. Not being able to do a thing. Not a thing. Do you have any idea what that's like?

Brian has a very good idea.

BRIAN

What would you like me to do?

JENNIFER

Touch him. Help him to be touched.

BRIAN

You want me to fuck him?

JENNIFER

You're the only one he trusts.

(beat)

So, yes -- if that's what it takes. \*

BRIAN

I thought you never wanted me to see him again.

JENNIFER

I don't. But if I ever want to see my son even remotely resemble the person he was before this happened, I have no choice.

17 EXT. MELANIE AND LINDSAY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

17

Lindsay's up on a ladder hanging lollipops from trees -- part of the decoration for Gus' birthday party. Colored balloons float from bushes -- a charming reinvention of nature that little kids'll love. One not-so-little kid, Ted -- sits on the picnic table sucking a lollipop and addressing Melanie, who's taking a shot at constructing the pesky swing set.

TED

Then there's nothing I can do? No recourse, no lawsuit, no damages?

MELANIE

In two words, Teddy? You're fucked.

TED

(ever the number-cruncher)  
That's three with a contraction.

Melanie gives him a look, then despising the swing set:

MELANIE

Fuck this thing!  
(then)  
There's no law in this state that prevents discrimination of gays in the workplace. Wertshafter can do whatever the hell he wants.

TED

That son-of-a-bitch! I have a good mind to tell him exactly how I feel.

LINDSAY

Why don't you?  
(climbing down from her perch)  
Look him straight in the eye and let him know exactly that even though the law permits it, you think what he did is unjustified and unconscionable.

TED

Yeah, well. Thanks for the advice -- and the sucker.

LINDSAY

(as he goes)  
Poor Ted.

MELANIE

One more example of having no rights --

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

Like getting married.

MELANIE

You're not going to start with that again?

LINDSAY

Would you let me finish?

Melanie concedes with a sigh; Lindsay proceeds:

LINDSAY (cont'd)

That night we came back from my sister's wedding -- I came out here after you fell asleep.

MELANIE

You did?

LINDSAY

I stood and imagined exactly how I wanted our wedding to look. A whattycallit --hoopa?-- over there, white satin ribbon bows in the trees, little twinkling lights everywhere -- like the Milky Way!

MELANIE

Uh-huh --

LINDSAY

But then today I was decorating for Gus' party and I said to myself, Peterson, what the hell were you thinking? You've got twenty tots coming here on Saturday. We're going to have to deal with tears and tantrums and throw-up. Mel's right -- the time to be romantic has passed.

MELANIE

(objecting)

I never said that.

LINDSAY

(reminding her)

"It's a silly ritual for straight people -- a bankrupt institution."

(then, resolutely)

No, we have to be practical now. So I apologize for making such a big deal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

And I promise to never, never mention  
it again.

As she climbs back up the ladder, Melanie watching:

CUT TO:

18 EXT. STREET./INT. JEEP - DAY

18

Brian is driving Justin to his loft. Justin is jubilant,  
more animated than we have ever seen him since the bashing.

JUSTIN

She thought she could keep us apart!

(mimicking his mother)

"I don't want you seeing my son  
anymore!" Well, we showed her!

BRIAN

Would you shut up?

JUSTIN

What for?

BRIAN

Because I said so. And because you  
sound like an immature brat.

JUSTIN

Maybe I am.

Brian pulls over, screeches to a halt.

BRIAN

Then, you can get your ass out, right  
now, and walk home.

JUSTIN

What's the matter with you?

Brian doesn't answer, pulls back into traffic. A couple of  
beats, then finally:

BRIAN

She was trying to do the right thing.

(then, adding)

You don't know how lucky you are to  
have a mother like that.

JUSTIN

Now I get to stay with you. Yay!

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Just until you're better.

JUSTIN

There's nothing wrong with me -- except  
for my gimp hand. Fuckin' Hobbs--

He looks down, suddenly upset. Brian touches him. Justin  
flinches.

BRIAN

Don't think about it, okay?

Justin nods, then looks at Brian for a beat:

JUSTIN

How come you're doing this?

Brian takes his hands off the steering wheel, being silly.

BRIAN

Driving with no hands?

JUSTIN

Letting me stay with you.

BRIAN

What do you care? It's what you  
wanted, isn't it?

JUSTIN

I know why. It's because you're madly,  
passionately, hopelessly in love with  
me, like I always suspected. Come on --  
admit it.

As Brian pulls up in front of:

19 EXT. BRIAN'S LOFT BLDG. - CONTINUOUS

19

JUSTIN

That's the reason, isn't it?

BRIAN

Stop asking so many questions and get  
out of the car.

Justin gets out of the Jeep. As Brian's eyes follow him,  
never leaving him:

CUT TO:

20 INT. SNAZZY HOUSE (OR APARTMENT) - KITCHEN - NIGHT

20

Michael and Emmett wait in the kitchen, trying not to get in the way as CATERER'S HELPERS scurry to and fro, getting ready for a dinner party.

MICHAEL

(nervously)

This is a pretty fancy place.

EMMETT

For what they're paying us it would have to be.

MICHAEL

I've never been a waiter -- I hope I can do it.

EMMETT

Honey, it's your family business. It's in your blood. Now make Deb proud!

\*  
\*

For a moment, Michael is bolstered. Then the PRISSY CATERER comes over. He thinks he's doing a rocket launch, not dinner.

PRISSY

Are you two the waiters?

EMMETT

Yes, sir!

PRISSY

Well, why aren't you dressed?

MICHAEL

They said you'd give us our uniforms when we got here.

PRISSY

(he snaps at a helper)

The outfits! Where are their outfits? Quickly!

The HELPER scrambles to find two packages, hands them to Prissy, who passes them to Michael and Emmett.

PRISSY (CONT'D)

Now hurry up and put them on!

He flits away as the guys open their packages to find a black bow tie and cummerbund.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Where's the rest of the tux?

The guys exchange a very nervous look.

EMMETT

(calling to Prissy)

Excuse me, I think there's been a -- mistake.

MICHAEL

There's no mistake. Why did I let you talk me into this?

He starts to go. Emmett pulls him back.

EMMETT

No, wait! It's just for the one night. Think of the hundred dollars an hour -- "better than Q-Mart". So take a deep breath and remember -- there could be a big tip in this for us.

MICHAEL

Where am I going to put it?

CUT TO:

21 INT. SNAZZY HOUSE (OR APARTMENT) - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

21

A few minutes later. Six or eight well-dressed GUESTS (all men) are seated at table. Two naked waiters (guess who) serve them.

EMMETT

(a bottle of red wine in one hand, a bottle of white in the other)

White wine or red?

GUEST #1

(eyeing Emmett's ass)

White --

EMMETT

Very good, sir.

The guest slaps Emmett's butt.

GUEST #1

-- and red!

(CONTINUED)

The guests chuckle as Emmett struggles to maintain his smile. \*  
 Meanwhile, on the other side of the table:

MICHAEL  
 (offering his platter)  
 Shrimp balls?

GUEST #2  
 (eyeing Michael with a sly  
 smile)  
 I wouldn't say that!

Michael gives him a look, then yelps à la Jack Lemmon in  
 "Some Like It Hot" at the next guest:

MICHAEL  
 Keep your hands off the tenderloin!

CUT TO:

23 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

23

Brian is in bed, thumbing through a Men's Fitness magazine.  
 Justin's in the bathroom at the sink.

BRIAN  
 (calling to him)  
 What're you doing in there?

JUSTIN  
 Flossing. It's essential for healthy  
 teeth and gums.

BRIAN  
 I once got head from this old guy with  
 dentures. Wasn't wearing them at the  
 time. Best blowjob I ever got.

Justin comes in, in a T-shirt and shorts, slips into bed,  
 leaving a noticeable distance between them.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
 What're you doing way over there? Come  
 closer.

Justin looks a little nervous, but scoots over a couple of  
 inches. Brian looks at him for a beat, tosses the magazine  
 aside, turns OFF the light -- then moves closer to Justin.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 I've missed your tight little hole.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

I missed having your dick in it.

BRIAN

Why don't you take off all these clothes you're wearing? You might get overheated.

He helps Justin take off his T-shirt, pulls his shorts off. Justin lies there, nude, beside him. Brian runs a finger lightly over Justin's body, down his chest, his stomach, along a thigh, gently stimulating him. Then he presses his lips against Justin's. Justin flinches.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What?

JUSTIN

Nothing. Keep going.

Brian places his hand on Justin's cock, rubbing it, then goes down on him, taking it in his mouth. Justin breathes rapidly -- only not from being aroused, but from anxiety. \*

BRIAN

Turn over. \*

Justin does as he's told. Brian takes a condom from the bed stand, rips it open, slips it on, then starts to enter Justin.

JUSTIN

No, wait --

BRIAN

I'll go slow --

JUSTIN

I can't!

He moves away from Brian, sits on the side of the bed, upset. Brian reaches out, touches Justin, very softly. \*

BRIAN

It's okay --

JUSTIN

It's not okay. It's not okay! What's wrong with me? \*

CUT TO: \*

22 INT. WOODY'S - NIGHT

22 \*

Brian's seated at the bar next to DR. ALEX WILDER, a guy in his 40's. Good looking, hot. The little wire-frame glasses add a touch of smart. He watches Brian knock back his scotch in a single gulp. \*

ALEX

You know, for someone who's got enough disorders to merit your own classification in the Diagnostic and Statistic Manual, you're the most well-adjusted, high-functioning bastard I know. \*

BRIAN

Thanks. \*

He holds up his glass for a refill. \*

ALEX

What's your secret? \*

BRIAN

A series of hopeless addictions, for one thing. Never seeing a shrink for another. \*

ALEX

You're seeing one now. \*

(beat) \*

So you've tried to hold him, to have sex with him, but he wouldn't let you touch him. \*

(amused) \*

That must be a first for you. \*

Brian gives him a look. \*

ALEX (CONT'D)

(continues) \*

However, it's understandable. \*

Something like that happens, naturally he's afraid to let anyone touch him. \*

Even you. \*

BRIAN

He'll get over it, right? \*

ALEX

(shrugs) \*

Depends. See, it's like a fairy tale. \*

(MORE) \*

(CONTINUED)

ALEX (CONT'D)

Rapunzel, trapped in the tower. Hansel  
and Gretel, lost in the woods. Only in  
this case it's Justin's memory that's  
been locked away. It's his own mind.  
It's up to you to release it, Handsome  
Prince.

BRIAN

And how the fuck do I do that?

ALEX

Get him to relive what happened.

BRIAN

What, are you shitting me?

ALEX

Until he starts remembering what  
happened and begins to process it,  
he'll never be free. He'll always be  
isolated, unhappy, alone. Not just the  
walking wounded -- the walking dead.

Brian downs his second drink.

BRIAN

You're very eloquent when I'm drunk.

ALEX

(looking at his watch)  
I'm afraid our time's up.

BRIAN

How much do I owe you?

ALEX

I'll take it out in trade, next time I  
see you in the baths.

CUT TO:

24 INT. MICHAEL AND EMMETT'S APARTMENT - DAY

24

Next day. Michael is lying on his stomach, his pants pulled  
down, as Emmett applies a nice, soothing aloe cream to his  
ass.

MICHAEL

It was awful -- OW! All those dirty-  
minded old men looking at me, pinching  
my ass!

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

It was fabulous -- all those dirty-minded old men looking at me, pinching my ass!

TED

Welcome to "Point-Counterpoint".

EMMETT

(finishing)

There. My turn!

Emmett pulls down his pants and trades places with Michael, who pulls up his pants and applies ointment to Emmett's tush.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Besides, what're a few little bruise marks -- Oooooo, that feels nice! -- when we each made five hundred dollars, under the table, no taxes?

MICHAEL

(re: Ted)

Don't let him hear that!

TED

Why not?

EMMETT

Yeah -- why not?

MICHAEL

Because it's illegal.

(to Ted)

And you're an accountant, remember?

TED

Was an accountant, remember?

EMMETT

Well, it's clear to me what you have to do.

TED

How to open a milk carton isn't clear to you. Nevertheless, I can't wait to hear your thoughts.

EMMETT

Sue! Take his homophobic ass -- ouch! -  
- to court and sue it for ten mil. No -  
- make it twenty.

(CONTINUED)

TED

A stellar plan! Only Melanie told me there're no laws in this state covering discrimination based on sexual orientation.

MICHAEL

Scratch that.

EMMETT

No, just rub.

MICHAEL

So now what?

TED

I'm going to talk to Wertshafter. Confront him like a man. Say, "I've been a loyal and devoted employee for nine years. You have no right to treat me like this just because I'm gay!"

(beat)

Then I'm going to grovel.

MICHAEL

Sounds like a plan.

EMMETT

(indignantly as he gets his ass massaged)

What kind of pathetic pussy-boys are you? Where's your pride? Where's your self-respect? Where's your dignity?

The phone RINGS. Emmett reaches for it:

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Hello? Yes, this is he.

(listens for a beat)

Why, yes, I believe I would be available this afternoon.

(signalling for a pad and open, he scribbles an address)

I've got the address -- I'll be there.

(hanging up)

A wealthy client would like an attractive domestic to polish his silver.

MICHAEL

I hope your ass holds up.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

You have no idea how much aloe vera cream a hundred bucks an hour -- tax free -- can buy. I'm off to buff in the buff!

As he dashes:

CUT TO:

25 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - DAY

25

Furniture has been moved aside to create a dance floor of sorts. DANCE MUSIC from the Prom is on the CD player. DAPHNE is there with Brian and Justin.

DAPHNE

We were dancing -- I think they were playing this. Anyway, that's when Brian came in. He had on a tux and this white silk scarf.

The mention of that causes Brian to glance away.

JUSTIN

I sort of remember that -- but I'm not sure.

DAPHNE

He looked awesome! And he said to me --

Brian echoes his own words from the past:

BRIAN/BRIAN IN THE PAST

(slightly out-of-sync)

"You look hot, Daphne. I'd fuck you."

DAPHNE

Then he asked me if he could borrow you, to dance. He took your hand and led you to the dance floor --

Which Brian does. He signals Daphne to change the selection on the CD player.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

-- and they played this.

"Save The Last Dance For Me" PLAYS. Brian attempts to take Justin in his arms to dance, but Justin backs away, not wanting to be held.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

I'm not going to hurt you --

A beat, then Justin allows Brian to hold him. As they start to move:

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Close your eyes -- maybe something'll come back.

They dance for a few beats, awkwardly. Daphne watches anxiously. Suddenly, Justin opens his eyes. Brian and Daphne exchange a hopeful look.

\*  
\*  
\*

BRIAN (cont'd)

Well -- ?

JUSTIN

(finally)

We really danced to this corny old song?

BRIAN

I'd prefer to think of it as --

Brian once more echoes his own words from the past, slightly out-of-sync:

BRIAN/BRIAN IN THE PAST

-- hopelessly romantic."

DAPHNE

You should've seen it! You and Brian had the entire floor to yourselves.

\*

BRIAN

We did some pretty fancy moves --

DAPHNE

Mouths were dropping! It was sooo cool! And when you guys kissed it was sooo hot!

\*  
\*

Justin looks at Brian for a beat -- surprised, touched.

JUSTIN

You -- kissed me? In front of everybody?

Off both of their frustration:

\*

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

BRIAN

You should've been there.

CUT TO:

26 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

26

The garage is deserted. Brian's Jeep screeches to a stop. He and Justin get out, both nervous, a little scared to be back.

JUSTIN

This -- is where it happened?

Brian nods. Justin looks around at the place where he almost died. Suddenly upset:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I don't want to be here.

He quickly heads back to the Jeep. Brian grabs him, stops him.

BRIAN

No. We have to do this.

A beat. Justin concedes. For him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(taking him through it)

Okay. You walked with me to the Jeep.  
We were goofing, dancing and singing --

SEE THEM SPINNING AROUND, LAUGHING FOR A FLASH

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I kissed you and said, "later".

SEE THEM SAY IT: "LATER... LATER."

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Then you turned around and smiled.  
(surprisingly, it almost makes  
him smile)  
And I knew why Debbie calls you  
Sunshine.

Then his expression darkens.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (CONT'D) \*

Then I got in the Jeep and I looked in  
the side view mirror -- and I saw him  
coming at you out of nowhere, with a  
baseball bat. But before I could do  
anything, he hit you -- \*

SEE IT. CRACK! \*

BRIAN (CONT'D) \*

(his rage echoes in the empty  
space)

And -- Christ!! Don't you remember  
anything?!

Justin stares at the spot where it happened. Nothing comes  
back. Not a thing. Then he HEARS something. A heavy intake  
of breathing. He turns, sees:

BRIAN

standing there, gasping, shaking. Justin goes to him -- it's  
very difficult for him, but he puts his arms around Brian,  
tries to comfort him. \*

JUSTIN

I wish I could remember. \*

BRIAN

(after a beat)

I wish I could forget. \*

CUT TO:

27 INT. WERTSHAFTER & CO. - WERTSHAFTER'S OFFICE - DAY

27

Mr. Wertshafter, pinch-faced, crunching numbers, sits hunched  
over his desk. Ted appears at the door, raps timidly,  
Wertshafter looks up, squints.

WERTSHAFTER

Schmidt. What are you still doing  
here?

TED

I came to pick up my Mr. Coffee -- and  
to speak with you, sir. If I may.

Wertshafter goes back to crunching numbers. Ted clears his  
throat, proceeds without his former boss' undivided (so to  
speak) attention: \*

(CONTINUED)

TED (CONT'D)

Mr. Wertshafter, as a loyal and devoted employee of nine years --

WERTSHAFTER

Eight years, eleven months, six days.

TED

You always were precise -- down to the digit. That's why it says "Wertshafter" on the door!

But Wertshafter doesn't crack a smile, Ted continues.

TED (CONT'D)

I'd just like you to know how unreasonable and unfair I think it is to dismiss me over a minor infraction. I'm sure if it had been one of the others, you'd've looked the other way. The only difference is, I'm -- I'm --

WERTSHAFTER

A homosexual.

TED

Precisely.

Wertshafter looks at him for a beat, puts down his pencil.

WERTSHAFTER

You gays. Every time something happens, you think it's discrimination. Well this isn't about discrimination -- it's about company policy. "Anyone found using the Internet for reasons other than business purposes will be dismissed forthwith." You're lucky I didn't charge you for the time you spent online.

TED

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

He starts to go.

WERTSHAFTER

Schmidt!

TED

Yes, sir?

(CONTINUED)

WERTSHAFTER

One more thing.  
 (squinting his eyes at Ted)  
 Do you like being an accountant?

TED

"Like" --?

WERTSHAFTER

Does balancing the books make your  
 heart beat faster?

Ted thinks it over, then figures he might as well confess:

TED

No, sir. Not really.

WERTSHAFTER

Then I'm doing you a favor. Next time,  
 find something you have a passion for.  
 Otherwise, you're just jerking yourself  
 off.

He picks up his pencil, goes back to work.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. MELANIE AND LINDSAY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

28

Our gang and other GUESTS (half lesbian mothers and their  
 kids, half heteros) gather round Gus' birthday cake. There  
 are two candles on it.

LINDSAY

(to Gus)

Make a wish, sweetheart!

Ted closes his eyes, wishes very, very hard.

EMMETT

Not you. Gus!

TED

He's too young to wish. And I really  
 need it.

MELANIE

One, two --- ~~three~~!

Mel and Linz blow out the candles for Gus. Everyone cheers,  
 applauds. Friends snap pictures.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

(to one and all)

Okay, who wants a piece of this  
gorgeous cake my handsome, talented  
brother Vic made specially in honor of  
this momentous occasion?

VIC

You sell it, Mama!

MELANIE

Wait! I'd just like to say what a  
thrill it is for Lindsay and me to be  
celebrating our beautiful son's very  
first birthday. And how happy we are --  
(a special look to Justin)  
-- how very happy -- that you could all  
be here to share it.

DEBBIE

Would you cut the schmaltz so I can cut  
the cake?

MELANIE

Now go grab a plate -- before the ice  
cream melts!

As the guests descend for birthday cake and ice cream, FIND  
Brian, Michael and Justin on the periphery, observing.

BRIAN

A backyard full of brats. Is this the  
final culmination of fighting for our  
rights -- so that we too can be a bunch  
of fucking breeders?

MICHAEL

Let's go gorge ourselves in protest.

JUSTIN

No offense to your uncle, but white  
sugar and white flour are about the  
worst things you could put in your  
body.

MICHAEL

It's birthday cake, for chrissakes.  
It's not going to kill you!

Michael immediately regrets his wording, moves off, past  
Debbie, who observes him. FIND Melanie, Lindsay, Gus and  
some women friends with their kids.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

(to Gus)

Look at all the presents! Want to open some?

Just then, a LITTLE GIRL tugs at Melanie's arm.

MELANIE

Yes, honey?

LITTLE GIRL

Are you and her married?

Funny question. The mommies laugh.

MELANIE

No, sweetie, we're not.

LITTLE GIRL

How come?

Melanie and Lindsay exchange a look, then:

LINDSAY

Ask your mommy and daddy to explain it to you -- in about twenty years.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. MELANIE AND LINDSAY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - ANOTHER ANGLE 29

Debbie joins Michael, who stands by the swing-set, offers him some cake.

DEBBIE

Want some?

MICHAEL

It's terrible for you.

She eats it herself.

DEBBIE

Thirty years ago we had your first birthday party. In the backyard. With the kids and the cake and the swing set. Never did figure out what a gratchet was.

(then)

Guess things never change.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

You're wrong, Ma. Things change a lot.  
And if you don't change with them, they  
pass you by.

\*  
\*  
\*

A beat. He looks over to the cluster of guests watching Mel and Linz opening up Gus' presents.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Take me, for instance. I'm back in the  
same place I was before. Everyone else  
has moved on.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(beat)

I feel lost, Ma.

Debbie holds him, cuddles him tenderly:

DEBBIE

Oh, baby -- you're not lost.

(beat)

You're just full of shit!

\*  
\*

Surprised, Michael looks up.

\*

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

You can only be lost if you're alone.  
And you're not alone. You're  
surrounded by people who love you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(she touches his cheek)

You'll find your way. I know you will.  
Now go join the party!

She gives him a shove, takes a big bite of cake as a Little Girl runs by, TAKING US to where the others watch Gus, with his mommies' help, open presents. He tears open wrapping to reveal a little red plastic bat and ball. He immediately starts banging the bat. Bang! Bang!

\*  
\*

LINDSAY

Look! Our son's going to be a baseball  
player!

\*

BRIAN

(scolding)

If you make a man out of him, I'll hold  
you personally responsible.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Everyone laughs, except for Justin -- who stands watching Gus banging the bat, over and over and over and -- suddenly, he HEARS Brian calling his name, as if ECHOING from the end of a long tunnel.

\*

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

JUSTIN!

Justin staring as Gus continues banging the bat. Suddenly:

A FLASH OF MEMORY

Justin in the underground garage, his back to us, walking away. He HEARS Brian scream his name.

BRIAN

JUSTIN!

He turns and Chris Hobbs SLAMS the baseball bat into his head.

BACK TO JUSTIN IN THE PRESENT

Feeling the impact of the bat in the present. He starts breathing rapidly, hyperventilating, appears -- as if he's about to collapse.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Justin --!

Brian rushes to him, grabs him before he falls. As Brian holds him tight:

30 EXT. MELANIE &amp; LINDSAY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

30

The party's over. Lindsay's cleaning up -- the paper plates, the gift wrapping, etc. Melanie's on the phone:

MELANIE

Don't disturb him, but when he wakes  
up, give him our love? Oh, and -- same  
to you. \*

She clicks off, sees the little red plastic bat, picks it up. \*

MELANIE (CONT'D)

That was one hell of a first birthday  
you gave our kid. What do you plan to  
do for his second? \*

LINDSAY

Leave town and stick you with it. Give  
me a hand? \*

She starts pulling the lollipops off the tree. Melanie  
helps. After a beat, looking around:

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

You know, this would be a perfect place to have a wedding.

Lindsay gives her a dirty look. \*

MELANIE (CONT'D) \*

The white satin bows in the trees, the twinkling lights, the chuppah -- only, I think it should be over there. \*

(off Linz's silence) \*

Linz --? \*

LINDSAY

I thought we put this to rest once and for all? \*

MELANIE

Kendall Morgan woke it up. \*

LINDSAY

Who --? \*

MELANIE

The little girl who asked if we were married? I realize that some day our kid is going to ask us that very same question and when he does I have to say no and he'd want to know why not and I'd have to tell him because straight people wouldn't let us. \*

(beat) \*

Only that's not the whole truth. \*

LINDSAY

Which is --? \*

MELANIE

We wouldn't give ourselves permission. \*

Lindsay drops a large lollipop.

LINDSAY

Would you get that?

MELANIE

(on her knee)

Linz -- if it's not too late to be romantic -- will you marry me?

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

Now you're proposing to me? Well, I'll have to think it over --

Then, leaping into Melanie's arms:

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!  
Yes!

\*  
\*

As they giggle and kiss, we:

CUT TO:

31 INT. BIG Q-MART - NIGHT

31

Michael and Tracy head down an aisle, pulling on their coats as they make their way out of the store.

TRACY

First day back. How'd it feel?

MICHAEL

Like I never left.

TRACY

I know what you mean. Working at the Big-Q kinda spoils you for anything else.

\*  
\*

They stop at a shelf of canned ravioli, on sale.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Think I'll get a couple of these -- I'm making dinner for my boyfriend.

\*

MICHAEL

(checking his watch)

I'm supposed to be at my mom's --

Just then, Andrew rounds the corner.

ANDREW

There you are, Novotny. Marley just called in sick. I need you to stay 'til midnight.

\*

MICHAEL

But I've been here since seven this morning and I --

\*

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

Are you saying you have a problem?  
Because I'd hate to think I hired an  
assistant manager who's refusing to do  
the job. \*

A beat as they look at each other. Michael avoids a show-down.

MICHAEL

Sure, I'll stay -- happy to.

ANDREW

Good! Take off your coat, make  
yourself at home and start pricing  
these.

He points to a wall of boxes that seems to stretch for miles.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

See you in the morning.

He starts to go, stops himself, slaps Michael on the back:

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Oh, and -- welcome back!

And he goes off. A beat. Michael stands staring at the  
wall, looking very depressed. \*

TRACY

Look, I'll call Fred and cancel dinner -  
- he needs to lose a few pounds, anyway \*

--

MICHAEL

No, you go on. No sense everybody's  
night being ruined. \*

She goes off -- leaving Michael alone. As he grabs the price  
gun, wishing it were a real one: \*

CUT TO:

The camera MOVES across the loft, dark except for the LIGHT  
in the living room, maybe. We hear Brian and Justin before  
we find them on the bed, Justin curled up, Brian sitting  
beside him. Brian runs a gentle hand across Justin's face.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Better now?

Justin nods.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You really freaked me out.

JUSTIN

You?

BRIAN

It was like you got hit all over again. \*

JUSTIN

That's what it felt like. I remember walking away and suddenly your calling my name, to warn me. You didn't tell me about that. How you tried to save me. \*

BRIAN

Guess I forgot --

JUSTIN

Good thing one of us remembers.

He pulls Brian to him -- and tenderly kisses him. Then he starts to unbutton Brian's shirt. But he stops -- sees something under it. He pulls it out. The white scarf, stained with blood. He looks at it, more with curiosity than horror, then looks into Brian's face, knows why he's been wearing it. A beat, then he simply tosses it aside. He removes Brian's shirt, then his own. \*

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I want you inside me.

BRIAN

Sure?

JUSTIN

Just -- go easy.

BRIAN

Like the first time.

And as we DISSOLVE TO them, naked now, in each others' arms, Justin allowing Brian to make love to him: \*

FADE OUT.

(CONTINUED)

THE END