

Final Draft

Revised

queer as folk

Ph...

EPISODE 203

Teleplay By
Karen Walton

Story By
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and
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Yof...

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COWLIP
PRODUCTIONS

TONY JONAS
PRODUCTIONS

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queerasfolk

EPISODE 203

CAST LIST

BRIAN KINNEY.....Gale Harold
MICHAEL NOVOTNY.....Hal Sparks
JUSTIN TAYLOR.....Randy Harrison
TED SCHMIDT.....Scott Lowell
EMMETT HONEYCUTT.....Peter Paige
LINDSAY PETERSON.....Thea Gill
MELANIE MARCUS.....Michelle Clunie
VIC GRASSI.....Jack Wetherall
and as
DEBBIE NOVOTNY.....Sharon Gless

GUEST CAST

ASIAN GUY	UNIFORMED COP
GUY IN WHEELCHAIR	TANNIS
HISPANIC GUY	PHILLIP
BOBBY	HOWARD BELLWEATHER *
BRUCE	*
BLAINE	TRAVIS
BLAIR	BELLWEATHER'S ORGY *
	PARTNER

1 INT. G.A.B. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

1 *

A conservative dinner party is in progress. Five thirty-something men raise glasses of champagne. An ASIAN GUY, an HISPANIC GUY, and a GUY IN A WHEELCHAIR toast a "perfect couple" -- a tweedy-looking, Harvard-type: BRUCE -- and a black, bespectacled, Brooks Brothers-type: BOBBY.

ASIAN GUY

To Judge Bruce --

GUY IN WHEELCHAIR

-- and Doctor Bobby!

HISPANIC GUY

Ten years of fidelity!

ALL

Happy Anniversary!

All clink and drink.

GUY IN WHEELCHAIR

(noticing an empty chair)

Where's Jamie?

ASIAN GUY

He said he's stuck in surgery.

BOBBY

Oh, I'm sure he's "operating" -- with some boy.

BRUCE

Or at Club Sodom.

They all look properly askance.

ASIAN GUY

That awful place --!

GUY IN WHEELCHAIR

Where they dance and take drugs --

HISPANIC GUY

And have sex!

As they all look at him.

HISPANIC GUY (CONT'D)

So I've heard.

They all sigh with relief.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

BOBBY

It's a shame Jamie's allowed himself to become a stereotype -- instead of being a role model for the community.

BRUCE

Hopefully, one day he'll come to his senses and realize there are far more productive ways he could be spending his time.

ASIAN GUY

Like joining our gay men's reading group.

GUY IN WHEELCHAIR

Last week we read Sylvia Plath.

HISPANIC GUY

And this week -- Jane Austen!

As they all agree:

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the scene above is being played out on a television above the bar at--

2

INT. WOODY'S - NIGHT

2

ON SCREEN, a show logo -- "GAY AS BLAZES".

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

"GAY AS BLAZES will be right back."

BRIAN

hurls himself over the bar. Grabs the remote for the TV.

BRIAN

Blaze this!

ZAP! The television turns OFF..

MELANIE, LINDSAY, MICHAEL, TED & EMMETT

howl their disapproval, along with the OTHER CUSTOMERS.

ALL

(ad-libs)

Hey --! We were watching that --!
What's the big idea --!

EMMETT

Why'd you do that?

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

You want me to chuck my Bud?

EMMETT

It's my favorite new show! And the actors are dreamy!

LINDSAY

The Times says it's "the most honest look at gay life ever portrayed on television".

BRIAN

Then where's the sucking? Where's the fucking?

MELANIE

Don't you get enough of that at home?

MICHAEL

The whole point of G.A.B. is there's more to gay life than just sex.

BRIAN

(slugging one back)

Like reading Sylvia Plath? I'd sooner kill myself.

TED

These characters have principles. And when you have principles, you don't need orgasms.

BRIAN

You have principles when you don't have orgasms.

LINDSAY

Well, I for one commend the writers and producers for portraying us as mature and responsible --

MELANIE

Instead of promiscuous and narcissistic.

BRIAN

Welcome to "Fantasy Island".

EMMETT

Ooo! I wish they'd bring that back.

(CONTINUED)

TED
(to Brian)

Even you have to admit it's important
the straight world sees realistic
portrayals of us.

BRIAN

You call that realistic? And who gives
a flying fuck what straight people
think?

MELANIE

Better watch your mouth, now that
you're getting a Hero Award from the
Center.

BRIAN

I didn't do anything.

EMMETT

You saved Justin's life!

BRIAN

They can keep their Golden Dildo.

LINDSAY

Hey! I expect you to be at the Awards
dinner Sunday night.

She passes out tickets.

BRIAN

Sunday? Darn! Sunday's Suck-o-Rama at
the Tool Shed.

Brian drops his ticket in a full beer glass, takes off.

LINDSAY

Very mature, Brian!

Brian flips her the finger without looking back.

MELANIE

There he goes: our hero.

As Michael follows him out:

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODY'S - NIGHT

Brian walks down the busy strip. Rushing to catch up,
Michael grabs Brian's ass to get his attention.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

Brian doesn't even break his stride to seize the hand that goosed him and twist it.

MICHAEL

Ow! Hurting, hurting!

BRIAN

Did the munchers send you, to make sure I don't mis-behave?

MICHAEL

I was hoping, we could mis-behave together.

BRIAN

Can't. Gotta get back.

MICHAEL

Christ, don't tell me you really are becoming a good example for gay men everywhere?

BRIAN

I'll leave that to "Gay As Blazes".
(a beat, then)
Justin still gets freaky if he's alone too long.

MICHAEL

Oh -- right. Then how about tomorrow?

Michael produces two laminated cards on neck-ropes, dangles them under his nose.

BRIAN

Slave tags? Kinky.

MICHAEL

They're two Uber-Passes to Comicon.
(as a monster-truck announcer)
Priority access to all events -- an entire weekend of total comic book overload!

(as himself)

One for me. One for you.

BRIAN

Whoa. Dude. The kids at school'll like, puke, they'll be so like, jealous.

Michael's disappointed.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
I'll take that as a no?

BRIAN
I'd run away screaming, but it's been a long day.

MICHAEL
Sure. No problem. I guess I'll just - see you around. Sometime.

BRIAN
Sulking gives you jowls, you know. Not attractive.

MICHAEL
It's just that we haven't hooked up since I've been back. Thought it might be a chance, that's all.

Brian looks at him for a beat, finally:

BRIAN
What time tomorrow?

MICHAEL
Six. Marriott. Downtown.

BRIAN
Meet you out front.

Brian gives him a kiss, smack on the lips, heads off. Michael beams.

CUT TO:

4 INT. MELANIE & LINDSAY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 4

The next morning. START ON Lindsay, trying to stay calm and focused, eating donuts out of the bag Brian has brought.

LINDSAY
You're going and that's final!

Now we SEE Brian on the floor, before work, steadying GUS, helping him to walk on his own two feet.

BRIAN
The fuck I am.

Now we SEE Melanie running around, frantically searching for something.

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

Where the hell are my goddamn car keys?

LINDSAY

(continuing, to Brian)

And don't think you can get me to change my mind by inducing a sugar high with a cheap bag of donuts. God, the ones with the sprinkles are good!

BRIAN

(pretending not to hear)

Come to Daddy, that-a-boy.

MELANIE

We went to a lot of trouble to get them to give you that award.

BRIAN

Tell them to give it to someone who needs their approval.

LINDSAY

It's not about approval. It's about honoring your bravery, your courage.

(to Melanie)

Try one of the crullers.

MELANIE

(about her keys)

I know I left them right here --!

BRIAN

It's about the three hundred dollars a plate they're charging.

(to Gus)

That's it, one foot in front of the other --

MELANIE

It's to raise money for our new day care program -- which, please God, Gus'll benefit from.

BRIAN

(to Gus)

D'ya hear that? Day Care!!!

LINDSAY

It may be a joke to you, but this is important -- not just to the community, but to Mel and me.

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

It's our first year on the Awards
Committee.

BRIAN

Sorry to fuck with your social-
climbing.

LINDSAY

(going to take a swing at him)
You little shit --!

MELANIE

(grabbing the donut bag off her
back-swing)
That's enough sugar for you! Come on,
Brian. You can't blow off an evening
in your honor.

He blows. Lindsay calmly goes over to Brian.

LINDSAY

Stand up.

He does. She grabs his balls, and squeezes, hard.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Now listen to me, mister. You will
show up at the ceremony. You will
check your pissy attitude at the door.
And you will behave in a manner
befitting a hero. Or at least like you
appreciate all the love and support and
hard work your friends have gone to on
your fucking behalf. Got it?

BRIAN

(soprano)
Got it.

Lindsay releases Brian's nuts. He breathes a big sigh of
relief.

MELANIE

Oh, my God. Look --!

LINDSAY

You found your keys?

They turn to see Gus -- walking!

BRIAN

Come to Daddy, sonny-boy!

(CONTINUED)

Gus goes to Brian, who sweeps him up in his arms as Lindsay and Melanie cheer.

JUSTIN (O.S.)
FUCK! Did you see this?!

5 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

5

Michael, DEBBIE, VIC, Ted and JUSTIN are reading aloud from their copies of "Out" (the local gay newspaper) in a series of QUICK CLIPS:

JUSTIN
"The Wolf in Hero's Clothing by Howard Bellweather."

TED
"Is there anyone less deserving of this year's Gay & Lesbian Center's Out! Standing Award for Heroism than Brian Kinney?"

MICHAEL
"Mr. Kinney is a miserable example of a modern gay stereotype."

DEBBIE
"Totally promiscuous, completely vain--"
(aside)
Well, he's not wrong on that count --

TED
"He can be found nightly, in back rooms and sex clubs."

VIC
"As for the young man he rescued from a violent assault, he is, in fact, his 18-year-old teenage lover."

MICHAEL
"So while we are led to believe he is a 'hero', the truth is--

JUSTIN
"--he is a pedophile--"

VIC
"--deserving not our honor--"

DEBBIE
"--but our contempt."

(CONTINUED)

A long, silent beat. Finally:

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Who the fuck is this Howard Bedwetter? *

TED

(reverently)

Howard Bellweather happens to be the
gay social conscience of Pittsburgh. I
always listen to his radio show and
I've read every word he's ever written! *

VIC

The Center's giving him their
Out!standing Gay Advocate Award.

DEBBIE

They should be giving him their
Outstanding Gay Asshole Award.

Suddenly, Brian -- who's been reading the article, too --
throws the paper down.

BRIAN

I'm going to sue the mother-fucker!

MICHAEL

(offering comfort)

Take it easy, Brian --

BRIAN

He said I'm thirty-one! I'm thirty!

JUSTIN

Is that all you care about? The guy
practically called you a child
molester.

BRIAN

Who should know better than you?

He gives Justin a kiss. Michael reacts uncomfortably, seeing
all this lovey-dovey shit.

MICHAEL

I've got to get to the ATM.

(to Brian)

Don't forget. Comicon. Tonight. Six
o'clock.

6 EXT. BLAIR & BLAINE'S HOUSE - DAY

6

Emmett comes down a lovely street, checks the address of a lovely house (complete with a picket fence) on a piece of paper: '620 Shady Lane'. He sighs, sniffs a rose from one of the bushes, walks up the primrose path to the front door, raps with the knocker. A beat, then the door is opened by a tweedy, Harvard-type, BLAINE, who bears a strong resemblance to Bruce from "Gay As Blazes".

BLAINE

Yes --?

EMMETT

I'm Emmett -- the agency sent me?

BLAINE

The new maid! I'm Blaine. Please, come in.

7 INT. BLAIR & BLAINE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

7

Blaine shows Emmett in. It could be the set of "Gay As Blazes".

BLAINE

(calling)

Sweetheart --?

A moment later, BLAIR appears. He is a black, bespectacled, Brooks-Brothers type, uncannily like Bobby from-- "you-know-what".

BLAINE (CONT'D)

This is my life partner, Blair.

EMMETT

My God, you're just like Bruce and Bobby!

BLAIR

Who?

EMMETT

You know -- "Gay As Blazes"?
(off their blank expressions)
The TV show?

Blaine and Blair look at each other, smile.

BLAIR

Oh, we don't watch television.

(CONTINUED)

7

BLAINE

I'm usually pouring over medical journals --

BLAIR

And I'm preparing my legal briefs --

EMMETT

No! You're a judge and you're a surgeon --?

BLAINE

Lawyer.

BLAIR

Dentist.

EMMETT

Next thing you'll be telling me is you've been together ten years --

BLAINE

Eleven --

EMMETT

And that you never fuck around -- oops! Sorry.

BLAINE

We believe that monogamy is the foundation of a solid relationship -- don't we, sweetheart?

BLAIR

Absolutely.

EMMETT

(moved)

That's sooo -- inspiring! It's going to be a privilege working for two distinguished gentlemen like you.

(dropping his pants)

Where would you like me to start?

BLAIR & BLAINE

Wait --!

EMMETT

What? I'm a naked maid. Didn't the agency tell you?

BLAINE

Yes, but that won't be necessary.

(CONTINUED)

BLAIR

You see, even though certain members of our community find it titillating to sexualize even domestic work, we prefer you keep your pants on.

BLAINE

We'll pay you the same fee, of course --

BLAIR

It's just our small way of bringing a little dignity to our community.

BLAINE

Our last maid got a Ph.D.

EMMETT

(sadly)

Really? Well, if it's not one communicable disease, it's another. Which way's your designer kitchen?

8 INT. COMICON - NIGHT

8

Flocks of comic book NERDS of all ages pour toward the hotel where a sign outside reads "COMICON". FIND Michael, already there, waiting, excitedly gripping his Uber-Passes. He looks one way, then another. No sign of Brian.

9 EXT. STREET/INT. JEEP - NIGHT

9

Brian sits behind the wheel. He glances over at the car stopped next to him. It's a police SUV, with a dee-lish UNIFORMED COP at the wheel. Their eyes meet.

10 INT. COMICON - NIGHT

10

Michael paces, alone. He looks one way. Then another. Still no sign of Brian. He whips out his phone, dials.

11 INT. UNIFORMED COP'S SUV - NIGHT

11

Among a heap of hastily discarded clothes, Brian's cell phone LIGHTS up, indicating an in-coming call. It's RINGING is DROWNED OUT be the blaring fuck-me TUNES. PAN to the rear of the police SUV where we FIND:

BRIAN AND THE COP

The cop is naked -- face first and ass up. His hands are cuffed behind his back.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

14.
11

He is straddled by Brian -- who wears nothing but the cop's hat. As he lubes up a nightstick:

CUT TO:

12 INT. MELANIE & LINDSAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

12

In the living room, Melanie lubes up a glinting stainless steel vibrator - with her tongue. She straddles naked Lindsay. Lindsay's hands are working away beneath Melanie's rocking pelvis. They kiss - wet and sloppy.

MELANIE

As the Center's legal council, I must advise you that use of this blatantly penile substitute may seriously compromise your image as an Out!Standing dyke.

LINDSAY

Fuck my image. And while you're at it -- fuck me.

Melanie flicks the vibrator ON. It's loud. She teases it over Lindsay's nipples, alternating with flicks of her tongue.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Think sex'll be this good after we're married?

MELANIE

No. That's why we have to have as much as we can now.

Lindsay arches, well on her way to climax, just as the doorbell RINGS. They freeze.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

I really don't think we're home.

LINDSAY

They're going to wake Gus.

Melanie slumps, resigned. They rush to don clothes strewn all over, cursing and tripping and crashing around. Melanie, unaware her shirt's on inside out and backwards, rushes for the door, tossing the whirring vibrator to Lindsay. Lindsay fumbles with it. The fucking thing won't turn off!

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Shit shit shit --!

(CONTINUED)

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Melanie opens it to REVEAL a big, humorless bull dyke (TANNIS) and a slight, lispy prissy-boy (PHILLIP).

MELANIE
Tannis! Phillip! What a -- surprise.

TANNIS
(barging in, followed by her
personal slave)
The Awards Committee is in crisis. We
have to talk.

MELANIE
(calling)
Honey? You'll never guess who it is?

She leads them into:

THE LIVING ROOM

Unable to stop the vibrator, Lindsay frantically shoves it in the sofa.

LINDSAY
Tannis! Phillip! What a -- surprise.
Lindsay is unaware she has magnificent bed-head.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
Have a seat.

Despite Lindsay's indicating chairs, Phillip and Tannis sit on the sofa. Phillip eyes panties hanging off a lamp. Lindsay grabs them. *

MELANIE
You were saying we have a problem?
Tannis hands them the issue of "Out."

TANNIS
Have you read Howard Bellweather's
article? *

Lindsay and Melanie scan the article. Tannis, distracted by a strange sensation, shifts in her seat.

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIP

If our corporate sponsors hear we're giving Brian Kinney an award, they'll cut us off! We'll lose our support, our funding -- do you hear a buzzing?

LINDSAY

The -- uh -- baby monitor's on the fritz.

TANNIS

It sounds as if it's coming from the --

Tannis reaches under her seat cushion, produces the whirring vibrator.

TANNIS (CONT'D)

AAH!

Tannis drops it on Phillip's lap.

PHILLIP

(repelled)

Eew!

MELANIE

(cool as a cuke)

Oh, there it is.

Melanie plucks the vibrator from Phillip's lap, sticks it in a plant pot.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Did you know vibration in the soil produces ionization which in turn stimulates growth, causing the petals to open?

LINDSAY

(re: the article)

This is a completely unfair and dishonest attack! Justin Taylor is a college student. Their relationship is legal, consensual, and very loving.

MELANIE

Besides, the award's for Brian's courage, not his sexual conduct.

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIP

Tell that to our benefactors. The scent of scandal could send them packing, along with their clutch purses.

TANNIS

That's why you two have to get Kinney to decline it.

LINDSAY

Do you have any idea what we had to go through to get him to accept it?

PHILLIP

Then it shouldn't be a problem, should it?

Now it's Melanie and Lindsay's turn to look sick and disgusted.

13 EXT. Q-MART - LOADING DOCK - DAY

13

Michael speaks into his cell.

MICHAEL

He stood me up!

TED AND EMMETT

POP INTO the scene as the three speak on the phone. Ted is at his condo, watching porn, jerking off. Emmett is ironing at Blair & Blaine's.

TED & EMMETT

No!

MICHAEL

He promised he'd be there. I bought Uber-Passes and everything.

TED

I hate to say it, Michael, but maybe you and he have -- drifted apart.

EMMETT

It happens to the closest of friends.

(CONTINUED)

TED
So how about coming with me to the
Bellweather book signing?

MICHAEL
After what he wrote about Brian?

TED
Brian's hardly a hero.

EMMETT
God, Teddy, when'd you become such a
prude?

MICHAEL
Since he lost his job whacking off!

TED
I am not a prude. I just think he
might have a point.

MICHAEL
And I think none of us is in a position
to judge anyone else, considering some
of the things we've done.

TED
I have nothing to be ashamed of.

MICHAEL
I could remind you of a few.

TED
Gotta go!

Ted quickly hangs up, "POPPING" off screen.

EMMETT
Me, too -- I'm ironing my boss' pants.

MICHAEL
Aren't you the one who's supposed to be
bare-assed?

EMMETT
I'll have you know they prefer me to
keep my clothes on.

MICHAEL
Are you sure they're gay?

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

They're not only gay, they're the most
decent people I've ever met. So the
next time you see Brian -- if you ever
do -- you can tell him he's wrong.
Those people on "Gay As Blazes" do
exist.

(CONTINUED)

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13 CONTINUED: (2) 13

Michael "POPS" off.

14 INT. BLAIR & BLAINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 14

Emmett continues ironing as Blair enters, in just a towel.

EMMETT

Oh, hi! Blaine called.
(checking a message he took)
He's doing some extra "pro bono work"
for the Gay Homeless Shelter, and
you're due at the Gay Harvard
Graduate's Luncheon. I'll have this
done in a jiff!

BLAIR

You're doing a wonderful job, Emmett.

Emmett irons, spray-starch flying.

EMMETT

That's because seeing you two has
inspired me to strive, to achieve, to
better myself.

BLAIR

(humbly, natch)
That's a great compliment --

EMMETT

And if there's anything else I can do
for you, you just let me know!

Emmett goes to hand Blair the shirt, Blair accidentally drops
it.

BLAIR

Oh for pete's sake!

EMMETT

Here, let me --

They both bend down to pick it up. When Emmett looks up, he
sees Blair has accidentally lost his towel. He laughs,
embarrassed.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Ooops! Looks like you've lost your
towel.

(CONTINUED)

BLAIR
(laughing, too)
Darn, I know. Do you think you could
get it for me?

Emmett kneels down, picks up the towel.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
I'm really -- grateful.

Emmett is staring straight into his big fat boner.

EMMETT
I see that.

As Emmett is faced with an occupational hazard:

CUT TO:

15 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

15

Michael sits glumly checking out the specials when Justin
comes over, puts a water glass in front of him with a shaky
hand, spilling some of it.

JUSTIN
Sorry --

MICHAEL
(mopping up with his napkin)
That's okay.

Debbie joins them.

DEBBIE
(to Justin)
Keep it up, Sunshine -- the good work,
that is.
(then to Michael)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

I'm just starting. If you moved back here 'cause you figured Brian was missing you as bad as you were missing him, then you fucked up big time.

MICHAEL

That's not why I moved back --!

DEBBIE

He's got a life of his own. Which is more than I can say for you. And even though you're not gonna like me saying this --

MICHAEL

I'm sure of that --

DEBBIE

(looking at Justin)

I actually think he might love that kid. As much as he can.

MICHAEL

It doesn't matter, we're still friends. At least I thought we were. That wasn't supposed to change.

16 EXT. LIBERTY AVENUE - DAY

16

Michael, Emmett and Ted are walking down the street. Emmett has an armful of gourmet grocery bags.

EMMETT

(in anguish)

One minute I'm starching his collars, the next minute I'm sucking his cock! Single-handedly, I've destroyed eleven years of fidelity, that's what I've done! I'm scum! Worse than scum --

(a beat)

What's worse than scum?

MICHAEL

We've all been around long enough to know that nobody does anything they don't want to do. This Blair sounds like no angel.

EMMETT

He was -- but now he's fallen. Thanks to me! I'm the snake in the Garden of Eden.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
Stop blaming yourself.

TED
No, start blaming yourself. It
wouldn't have happened if you could
keep your mind off of sex long enough
to think of other things.

EMMETT
Like what?

TED
Like going to a museum --

They stop in front of a bookstore. In the window is a
display for "The Gay Gauntlet" by Howard Bellweather, and an
announcement: "Book Signing Today -- 1 p.m." *

TED (CONT'D)
-- or reading a book?

EMMETT
A -- book?

TED
It's got pages? With words? And a
cover? It allegedly improves the mind -
- they sell them right here.
(then)
Anyone care to join me?

MICHAEL
You keep your hero. I'll stick with
Captain Astro.

As Ted heads inside.

EMMETT
I've got to go make dinner for Blaine
and Blair. How can I face them?
What'll I say?

MICHAEL
Don't say anything! And for God's
sake, don't let it happen again.

As Emmett walks off down the street shaking his butt and
leaving Michael to shake his head:

RAMP TO:

17 EXT. LIBERTY AVE. - ANOTHER PART OF THE STREET - CONTINUOUS 17

Near the bookstore, where hypervigilant Justin moves nervously down the street with Brian. The usual Saturday afternoon crowd swarms around them, but in Justin's present fearful state of mind, it feels like ten times that. Even the TRAFFIC and the STREET NOISE seems ten times louder. Looking overwhelmed, Justin grips Brian's arm. Brian notes the clench.

JUSTIN

Sorry.

BRIAN

It's okay. Want to go back?

JUSTIN

(determined)

No.

BRIAN

Sure?

To prove it, Justin releases his grip.

JUSTIN

Look, no hands.

WHAM! Justin is blindsided by a huge, gay jock coming from the opposite direction.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

(rageful)

FUCKER --!

BRIAN

(calming him)

Hey. It was an accident. Don't let it throw you.

Justin nods, upset, sees the sign in the window. Storm clouds gather.

18 OMITTED

18

19 INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

19

Ted is at the front of a long line of dreary gay drones waiting to pay homage to their queen. Each clutches a treasured copy of The Book. The person in front of Ted steps aside to REVEAL:

(CONTINUED)

HOWARD BELLWEATHER *

who permanently looks like he smells shit. He sits behind a table piled high with copies of his latest tome. Ted steps up to have his book signed.

TED

(gushing)

Mr. Bellweather, I am so, so validated by what you write. You are a font of inspiration and wisdom!

Ted is so awestruck, he doesn't notice Bellweather's amused, slightly mocking tone.

HOWARD BELLWEATHER *

A "font". How kind. And you are --?

TED

Uh -- Ted! Ted Schmidt. That's S-C-H-M--

Bellweather is about to autograph the book when someone else shoves a copy in front of him.

JUSTIN (O.C.)

Sign this -- "To Brian Kinney, Please accept my apologies for what I wrote about you. I'm just a sucking sack of shit."

Reveal the voice belongs to Justin.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

"Love and luck, Howie." *

TED

(covering his face)

Oh-my-God --

HOWARD BELLWEATHER *

I take it you are --?

JUSTIN

His teenage lover.

Ted's spots Brian, leaning against a wall. He smiles at Ted, amused, gives a little wave.

HOWARD BELLWEATHER *

It's a pleasure to meet such a bright, brave young man. If anyone deserves an award for heroism, it's you.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN
You had no right saying those things!

HOWARD BELLWEATHER
On the contrary, it was my obligation. *

JUSTIN
He saved my life!

Bellweather softens, genuinely seems to pity Justin.

HOWARD BELLWEATHER
But he's also stolen part of it -- your
innocence, your youth. One day you'll
see he's hurt you as much as your
attacker. *

Justin stares at him for a beat, then suddenly knocks a stack
of books on the signing table to the floor. He marches out
of the store, as Brian comes over.

BRIAN
(to Bellweather, sweetly)
By the way -- I'm thirty. *

20 INT. BLAIR & BLAINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 20

Emmett is cooking as Blaine enters.

BLAINE
Emmett, you didn't tell me.

EMMETT
(alarmed)
Tell you? What?

BLAINE
That you could cook! It smells
fantastic!

EMMETT
(vastly relieved)
Oh --! Just a little sauce piquante --
for the fish.

BLAINE
Blair'll be sorry he missed this.

EMMETT
(nervously)
He's -- not here?

(CONTINUED)

BLAINE

It's his night to read to the vision-impaired, Gay Seniors group.

EMMETT

I'll set the table for one, then --

BLAINE

Why don't you eat with me? I hate dining alone.

EMMETT

(tentative)

A-all right --

BLAINE

(checking the sauce)

Mind if I have a taste?

EMMETT

Here, let me --

Emmett offers Blaine a spoonful.

BLAINE

(tastes)

M-m-m-m!

But unfortunately --

EMMETT

Oh, no. You got some on your pants.

Indeed he has.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Better get it out, before it leaves a stain.

BLAINE

I'll take my pants off --

EMMETT

No!!! Don't!!! I mean -- we can do it this way.

He takes a wet cloth, starts dabbing at the stain on Blaine's pants. Then:

EMMETT (CONT'D)

On second thought, you'd better do it.

(CONTINUED)

BLAINE

No, go ahead. You're doing just fine.
But you'd better rub harder.

Emmett keeps rubbing.

EMMETT

(desperate)

Been to any museums? Read any good
books?

But it's unavoidable. Seeing the big, big bulge in Blaine's
pants:

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Look what I've done.

As Blaine smiles, unzips his zipper.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Forgive me, Father --

21 INT. MELANIE & LINDSAY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

21

Melanie pours Brian a glass of wine.

MELANIE

Chateau Foutre '90. It was a very good
year.

Brian smells the wine. Sips it. Rinses. Swallows. Bliss.

LINDSAY

Black Angus. So blue it moos.

Brian cuts it, tastes it. Somewhere, a cow MOOS as juice
dribbles down his chin.

MELANIE

And wait'll you see what's for dessert!

She presents a chocolate cake to end all chocolate cake.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Death by chocolate!

LINDSAY

(laughing, oh, so
lightheartedly)

Is there any other way to go?

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

And just when you thought it couldn't
get any better --

A Cuban cigar!

BRIAN

Oh, yeah. Come to papa.

Melanie places it between his teeth, lights it. He puffs.
Heaven.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You know, maybe there is more to life
than sex. Fine food, fine wine, a fine
cigar --

(exhales)

So what do you want?

MELANIE

Jesus, Brian, are you so cynical you
can't just appreciate a little TLC?

BRIAN

From Lesbian Lucy and Ethel? Spill.

LINDSAY

You know the award -- from the Center?

MELANIE

The one you never wanted anyway?

BRIAN

What about it?

LINDSAY

Well, guess what? You don't have to
accept it.

BRIAN

I don't?

MELANIE

We explained to them you didn't feel
comfortable with all the public
attention, so they said all you have to
say is, "Thanks, anyway, but no
thanks," and it'll all go away!

LINDSAY

Isn't that great? You don't have to
wear a tux, prepare a speech --
nothing.

(CONTINUED)

As they sidle in next to them:

MICHAEL

Ma -- do you have to sit here?

DEBBIE

I don't see a sign that says "Reserved for Brian".

MICHAEL

I've told you --

DEBBIE

I know, I know it makes you uncomfortable hanging out in a gay bar with your mother. But look at it this way. If you meet somebody nice, you don't have to bring 'em home to meet me -- 'cause I'm already here!

MICHAEL

I'm not meeting anybody.

DEBBIE

With an attitude like that, you sure as hell won't. You two stick-in-the-muds need to have a little fun. Go dancing - - go get laid!

TED

What kind of mindless palliative is that for existential angst?

DEBBIE

Say, what?

VIC

(answering Ted)

A damn good one. Before you turn around, you guys'll be our age.

DEBBIE

Don't remind me --

VIC

And you'll regret every night you didn't go out and grab a little life.

DEBBIE

Not to mention a little ass.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
(to Ted)
Maybe we should force ourselves.

TED
I did see this invitation on
HotPitts.com to a "B.B." party --

MICHAEL
I thought you swore off the internet.

TED
It was a site I forgot to delete.

DEBBIE
A -- "B.B." party?

TED
Stands for "Body Builders".

DEBBIE
I just love those rock-hard pecs and
rippled abs.

MICHAEL
God, Mom, you're such a fag.

VIC
Puts the rest of us to shame. Well,
what're you waiting for? Go get
yourself some buns of steel.

CUT TO:

23 INT. NICE APARTMENT - NIGHT

23

As we FIND:

MICHAEL & TED

Fully clothed, finding their way through a noisy, sloppy,
slurpy party of GUESTS, fully nude.

TED
Whoa --! Some party.

We SEE guys on sofas, against the wall, on the floor,
fucking, fucking, fucking. Others watch or wait their turn.

(CONTINUED)

TED
Yeah. If Brian only knew what he was
missing --

MICHAEL
Fuck Brian.

Suddenly, Ted stops in his tracks at the sight of somebody.

TED
Oh, my God. Do you know who that is?

MICHAEL
Don't point!

TED
It's -- Howard Bellweather.

As they stare at Bellweather, merrily fucking a young guy.

MICHAEL
He doesn't have a very good body.

TED
Of course not. He's a writer.

Michael eyes one cluster-fuck of not particularly in-shape
guys with suspicion.

MICHAEL
You know -- these guys don't look like
body builders to me.

TED
No, but they're certainly getting a
work-out.

Michael looks from one fucking couple to another to another.

MICHAEL
And that's not all that's wrong with
this picture. There's something
missing.

TED
Hors d'oeuvres?

MICHAEL
Condoms. No one's wearing condoms.

As Bellweather pulls out of his partner:

(CONTINUED)

TED
Including Howard Bellweather. *

MICHAEL
Holy Shit. I don't think "B.B." stands
for "body-building". I think it stands
for -- *

As they look at each other: *

TED
-- bare-backing. *

CUT TO:

24 INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

24

Frantic, night-before preparations are underway for the
awards. Tables are being set up. Banners hung.

A harried VOICE BLARES over the public address system:

TANNIS (O.S.)
We are not giving Brian Kinney an
award!

Tannis struggles with her live mike headset. And FEEDBACK.

TANNIS (CONT'D)
(still broadcasting)
How do you turn this fucking thing --
(finds the off button)
-- Off!

Tannis and stressed-out Phillip confront Lindsay and Melanie.

PHILLIP
Our mistake was sending committee
neophytes to do co-chair work in the
first place.

TANNIS
(condescending)
Fems --

PHILLIP
If Kinney insists on accepting it, then
we have no choice but to refuse to give
it to him! *

A beat, then:

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

TANNIS
Excuse me?

MELANIE
(trying to stop her)
Honey --

LINDSAY
(getting her courage)
If you take it away now, you'll be --
in -- breach of promise! And he'll take
action.

PHILLIP
What kind of action?

LINDSAY
Legal action.

TANNIS
Are you suggesting he'd sue?

LINDSAY
"Non-profit" will take on a whole new
meaning when he's through with you! *
*

PHILLIP
(to Melanie)
Is this true?

MELANIE
(a shrug)
If he wanted, he could drag us to
court.

PHILLIP
That would be financially ruinous. Not
to mention the humiliation. We'd be
run off the Board. *

MELANIE
As your counsel, my professional advice
is to just give him the fucking award.

Tannis and Phillip exchange a look, then:

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIP

You can congratulate Mr. Kinney for adding blackmail to his long list of accomplishments.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY
He'll be thrilled.

Tannis and Phillip walk away.

TANNIS (O.S.)
Straighten that banner!!

Lindsay and Melanie stifling giggles.

MELANIE
"Breach of Promise"? Where'd that come from?

LINDSAY
Hey, you fuck a lawyer, you pick up a few things.

CUT TO:

25 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

25

At the bar, Ted, Emmett and Michael.

TED
That smug, sanctimonious hypocrite!
Who the fuck does he think he is,
judging everyone's behavior?

MICHAEL
Especially Brian's.

TED
And to think I just spent twenty-five
bucks on his new book.

MICHAEL
Maybe he'll use it to buy rubbers.

TED
Is there no such thing as decency left?

EMMETT
There was, once upon a time -- before I
came along.

He hangs his head in shame.

MICHAEL
Don't tell me --

(CONTINUED)

TED
You did the other one? *

EMMETT
I couldn't help myself!

MICHAEL
What about them? You said they were
this happily committed couple.

EMMETT
It's not their fault. Up against my
powers of seduction, they obviously
couldn't help themselves. *

Michael and Ted exchange a glance.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
I've got to stop myself. That's what
I've got to do. Before it's too late.

Just then, Brian joins them, throws an arm around Michael.

BRIAN
Just the man I've been looking for.

Michael's welcome is chilly.

MICHAEL
How come you're not with Justin?

BRIAN
Sometimes I need some "me"-time.

TED
When isn't it "you"-time?

BRIAN
(to Michael)
Let's dance.

MICHAEL
I don't feel like it.

Brian tries to tug Michael out onto the dance floor anyway.

BRIAN
C'mon --

MICHAEL
I said I don't want to.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
What's the matter with you?

MICHAEL
You wouldn't understand. And if you
did, you wouldn't care.

BRIAN
(shrugs)
Fine.

He starts to walk away. Michael calls after him:

MICHAEL
The convention, asshole! You were
supposed to meet me!

Brian stops, turns back, gives him a look.

BRIAN
Is that all?

MICHAEL
Yeah. That's all.

BRIAN
I got tied up. Actually, he did. See
I picked up this cop and --

MICHAEL
I don't want to hear!
(beat)
Besides, it doesn't matter.

BRIAN
Come on, Mikey. It's a fucking comic
book convention, for Chrissake --

MICHAEL
Right. That's all it was. A bunch of
geeks wandering around searching for
lost pieces of their childhood. Pretty
pathetic when you think about it.

(he looks at Brian)
Only the point of going wasn't to find
that issue of "The Green Lantern" from
1982 -- it was for us to be together.
The way we used to be -- before I went
away with David, before Justin got
hurt. The Dynamic Duo, reunited once
more!

(beat)
But I guess that's not how it works.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

For a moment, Brian disappears from view. But Justin shakes his head, takes a breath, and once more Brian is there, smiling, arms outstretched now, encouraging him, welcoming him as with Gus. He calls:

BRIAN

Come on, sonny-boy --

And Justin arrives in his arms, greeted by an embrace, safe and sound.

JUSTIN

I wasn't sure I could do it.

BRIAN

I was.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, Brian kisses him. Justin smiles.

JUSTIN

What's that for?

BRIAN

You know how much I love sex in public places.

JUSTIN

Then suck me off right here, right now, in broad daylight.

BRIAN

My, you are recovering nicely.

JUSTIN

(flirty)

Bad as new.

BRIAN

One step at a time. First we walk back to my place -- then I suck you off.

JUSTIN

I can do it myself.

BRIAN

You can give yourself head?

JUSTIN

Get home without a chaperone!

(shoving him)

Now, go on!

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Trying to get rid of me?

JUSTIN

I'm sick of you always following me around. Don't you have any friends your own age?

BRIAN

They don't adore me nearly as much as you do.

JUSTIN

I can think of one who does.

(then)

Anyway, you have a big, important fundraiser to attend.

BRIAN

You mean some boring, insignificant time-waster to endure.

JUSTIN

You're a hero, no matter what anyone says.

Justin rewards him with a kiss. And a feel.

BRIAN

Thanks for the standing ovation.

JUSTIN

(mustering courage)

Well, here goes! Later.

BRIAN

Later.

Justin takes off down the street -- tentatively, but on his own. And Brian stands there watching him until he's safely out of sight.

28 INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

28

The room is filled with the creme de la creme of Pittsburgh's cultural elite.

WE PAN TO:

(CONTINUED)

A TABLE

way, way, way in the back in a corner where Our Gang --
Melanie, Lindsay, Ted, Emmett, Vic and Debbie, in a frothy
melange of sequins, feathers and fake fur -- are seated.
Noticeably not present is Brian.

DEBBIE

It's so stuffy in here you need an
oxygen mask!

VIC

Just keep breathing.

MELANIE

(checking her watch, nervously)
Where the hell's Brian?

ALL

"Fashionably late."

MELANIE

Well he'd better get his fashionable
ass here, after what we went through!

AT THE PODIUM

Tannis and Phillip are about to present the next award.

TANNIS

Our next recipient is a man whose voice
has been a beacon of truth in an often
stormy sea of moral uncertainty.

PHILLIP

A man who has challenged us to account
for our behavior, who's demanded we
accept nothing less of ourselves than
decency and dignity.

TANNIS

This year's Out! Standing Gay Advocate
Award goes to Mr. Howard Bellweather!

A huge round of applause for Bellweather as he walks on stage
to accept his award.

ANGLE ON TED

watching, with disgust.

CUT TO:

29 INT. BALLROOM - LATER, MUCH LATER

29

Later. Bellweather is still at the podium, pontificating.

HOWARD BELLWEATHER

How can we complain of being stereotyped, of being marginalized, when it's often members of our own community who, through their irresponsible behavior, perpetuate such treatment? We are our own worst enemy!

AT OUR GANG'S TABLE

Everyone is half asleep. Debbie lightly snores.

HOWARD BELLWEATHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

In conclusion --

EMMETT

(opens an eye)

Did he say, "Conclusion --"?

BACK TO BELLWEATHER

HOWARD BELLWEATHER

-- it is up to us to change the misperception that gay life is all about sex. This is the gauntlet I throw down to you. To prove we are the concerned, committed citizens we in truth are. Thank you.

Everyone jumps to their feet to give Bellweather a standing ovation. Only Ted remains in his seat, watching. Finally, reluctantly, he rises. Emmett looks at him, surprised.

TED

I still believe in what he says. Even if I don't believe in him.

BACK ON STAGE

Tannis and Phillip return to the podium. They speak as if someone were holding a gun to their heads.

PHILLIP

Our next recipient's name became synonymous with courage when he intervened in a vicious gay-bashing incident, saving the young victim's life.

(CONTINUED)

TANNIS

He is an inspiration to us all. This
year's Out!Standing Gay Hero Award goes
to Brian Kinney.

Applause. Applause. Which quickly dies out as everyone
looks around for Brian.

(CONTINUED)

AT OUR TABLE

Brian's chair is still vacant. Our gang is craning their necks, looking for the Hero.

MELANIE

I can't believe he didn't show!

VIC

If only to tell the crowd where to stick it.

DEBBIE

And how high.

LINDSAY

Oh, I think he got his message across -- loud and clear.

Off her amused smile:

CUT TO:

30 INT. COMICON - NIGHT

30

Over a crowd of comicphiles, swarming around booths:

MICHAEL (O.S.)

"The Tarantula" Silver Age! Totally AWESOME!!!

A VENDOR'S STALL

FIND Michael, poring over a premiere edition of a 50's comic.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(to the VENDOR)

Five hundred dollars! What've you been smoking? *

A FAMILIAR VOICE (O.S.)

Buy it, it's a steal. *

Michael turns, finds Brian.

MICHAEL

Aren't you supposed to be somewhere, winning some award? Hero of the Year.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

You want heroes, read a comic.

A beat, then:

MICHAEL

Why aren't you accepting your award?
Not that I give a shit.

BRIAN

We had a date.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Attention, everyone. Comicon will be
closing in fifteen minutes.

MICHAEL

You barely made it.

As they wander around:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You didn't have to come. Because I
meant what I said. Things've changed.
We've moved on, and that's okay. No
demands, no expectations -- and no
regrets.

BRIAN

(shrugs)

As long as I'm here, we might as well
have a good time.

Just then, something catches his eye.

A PAINTED DROP

With life-size drawings Captain Astro and his sidekick,
Galaxy Lad. Their faces cut out so you can stick your face
through and have your photo taken.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Let's get a picture.

MICHAEL

That's for kids.

BRIAN

(in a kid's voice)

Aw, c'mon, Mikey!

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
It's stupid.

(CONTINUED)

30

Brian looks at him for a beat, almost hurt.

BRIAN

It wasn't stupid when we locked ourselves up in your room and read "The Adventures of Captain Astro and Galaxy Lad" and wished we were invincible, like them. And pretended that no earthly power could ever separate us, like them. And swore that we'd always be there to save each other, like them.

MICHAEL

You remember that?

They start to grin, then they run over, like a couple of kids, stick their heads through the holes, laughing. As the PHOTOGRAPHER snaps their picture: FLASH! *

CUT TO:

31 INT. G.A.B. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

31 *

Bruce and Bobby lead TRAVIS, a young street hustler in his 20's, to the couch. As they talk, they sit him down between them.

BRUCE

You don't have to be out on the streets anymore, Travis --

BOBBY

From now on, you're going to live here with us.

TRAVIS

You're so kind. I never knew gay people like you existed.

BRUCE

We're not all sexual predators.

BOBBY

In fact, the only thing we like bound in leather is a good, nineteenth century novel.

BRUCE

Have you read Jane Austen? *

As he hands him a copy of "Emma":

PULL BACK TO REVEAL this is all on television in:

32 INT. MICHAEL AND EMMETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

32

Emmett sits in his bathrobe watching this week's "Gay As Blazes".

As Bruce and Bobby each put a hand on Travis' shoulder and share a warm-hearted smile, Emmett picks up the remote as if it were a .357 magnum:

BRUCE (O.S.)
We love reading "Emma" out loud.

BOBBY (O.S.)
It's better than sex!

EMMETT
Blaze this!

As he points it at the screen, fires (we HEAR the SOUND of a LOUD GUNSHOT), blowing them into oblivion:

BLACKOUT.

THE END