

queer as folk

EPISODE 208

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queerasfolk

EPISODE 208

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
BEN BRUCKNER.....Robert Gant
JENNIFER TAYLOR.....Sherry Miller
DAPHNE CHANDERS.....Makyla Smith

and as

DEBBIE NOVOTNY.....Sharon Gless

GUEST CAST

BARRY

BUTLER

MARCUS

GEORGE SCHICKEL

ED

ERIC

HOT TRICK

DREAM-DATE

ADAM

IDA

CHAUFFEUR

PIANIST

1 EXT. LIBERTY AVENUE - DAY - QUEEN ST W. 1

MICHAEL walks down the familiar environs of Liberty Ave, cruising men.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I've walked down Liberty Ave -- oh, I don't know how many times. Checking out the guys, enjoying the view -- no problema.

(beat)

That is, until I met him.

VARIOUS SHOTS

BEN crossing the street. Ben coming out of a store. Ben dropping a letter in a mailbox. etc. It seems the only guy on Liberty Avenue is Ben!

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Now he's everywhere! Am I going crazy?

2 INT. LIMELIGHT PIANO BAR - NIGHT - REGULAR LUNGE 2

A PIANIST plays and SINGS the first few lines of "Someone to Watch Over Me" as we PAN to Michael sitting at a table trying to seem suave and relaxed.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

No, I'm just feeling a little "vulnerable", that's all, since Ben and I broke up. But I'll be over that soon enough, courtesy of Pittsburgh Man-2-Man.

We now HEAR a NEW VOICE: that of a VOICE PERSONAL. Date Number One (BARRY) describes himself as we stay on Michael appearing very interested in what he hears.

BARRY (V.O.)

"Hi! This is Barry. I'm in my late twenties, love to eat in or eat out. I'd say I'm a well-rounded guy..."

Michael looks across the table. His expression falls as we SEE "Barry" sitting opposite him: friendly, good-natured -- and extremely over-weight.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Pass the butter?

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Michael at the same table, later, forcing himself to keep his spirits up as we HEAR the VOICE PERSONAL of Date Number Two (MARCUS).

MARCUS (V.O.)

"Hey guys. I'm Marcus, a motivated business professional with clearly defined goals. When you're ready to make a long-term commitment, call me."

Michael looks across the table, SEES "Marcus", as he opens his briefcase: pulls out a prospectus.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Have you thought about term life insurance?

CUT TO:

Michael at the same table, looking a bit weary as we HEAR the VOICE PERSONAL of Date Number Three (ED).

ED (V.O.)

Hey, I'm Ed. Great body, great personality, looking to pamper that special someone!

Michael looks across the table and there's Ed with a big smile and a box of diapers. As Michael covers his face:

CUT TO:

3 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

3

Michael rests his head on the counter. Exhausted from his series of misbegotten dates.

MICHAEL

He wanted to diaper me!

Reveal Ted, seated beside Michael. He reaches out, pats Michael's "keppy" (that's head).

TED

Poor baby. What do you expect from a thirty-second voice personal?

MICHAEL

Honesty! I didn't lie in my ad.

DEBBIE winks at Ted.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

Much!

MICHAEL

(horrified)

You called in and listened to my ad?

DEBBIE

(with a shrug)

It's a free country. "Hey, it's Mike. Cute, swimmers' build, boy next door type --"

TED

Sounds good.

DEBBIE

You added a couple extra inches.

(beat)

To your height. I can't comment on the other, although I'm happy to hear you're "versatile" and not a total bottom.

*
*
*
*

MICHAEL

I guess I'll just have to keep trying.

DEBBIE

May I interject a word of motherly advice?

MICHAEL

Interject away.

DEBBIE

You're never gonna get a boyfriend from voice mail. If you really want to meet someone, go see my friend.

Debbie pulls a bright business card from her vest. Michael waves it away, but Ted takes it, reads.

TED

"Ida Pearlstein. Matchmaker." I could make a lot of trite musical theatre references right now.

(off their looks)

But I won't.

MICHAEL

Your friends are freaks, Ma. And I'm not getting set up by some old yenta.

DEBBIE

See those two love-birds over there? *

They look over, see two moon-eyed lovers in a booth, clasping hands over the table. Debbie smiles wistfully.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Ida fixed them up. Celebrating their third. Don't they look happy?

TED

Or heavily medicated.

(he opens the Gay Rag)

I say try Adam and Steve Internet Dating. See what you're getting before you get it. Weed out the unfuckables. *

DEBBIE

Whatever you try, let's face it, love is like a cat. You can call it and call it, but it won't come. Then, when you're least expecting it, it jumps in your lap.

TED

What if you're allergic?

MICHAEL

(tossing the paper away)

Dating service, matchmaker -- it's all bullshit. The next guy who walks through that door is the man I'm gonna live with for the rest of my life.

Ted and Debbie share an impressed look, then turn to watch the door in silent expectation. Suddenly, it swings open. It's --

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (3)

3

EMMETT

Michael, there you are! Rent check's due today, sweetie.

*

Michael quickly grabs the gay rag, whooshes through the pages.

MICHAEL

Adam and Steve -- Adam and Steve --

CUT TO:

4

INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - DAY

4

BRIAN sees off a HOT TRICK who's giving him a grope.

HOT TRICK

Up for another go?

BRIAN

(regrettably)

Things are tight. So were you.

HOT TRICK

When can I see you again?

BRIAN

Store policy: no deposit, no return.

HOT TRICK

Then I'll just have to take what I can get.

Hot Trick leans to kiss Brian, who turns his face.

BRIAN

You don't get that.

HOT TRICK

Let me guess. Boyfriend?

Brian doesn't answer.

HOT TRICK (CONT'D)

Thought so.

They move out into:

5

INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - LANDING - CONTINUOUS

5

HOT TRICK

I was in one of those "arrangements" once.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

HOT TRICK (CONT'D)

Problem is, you keep your door open,
you never know who's gonna walk in --
or out.

Just then, the elevator carrying JUSTIN and JENNIFER arrives.

BRIAN

Mind taking the stairs?

HOT TRICK

(amused)

Cutting it kind of close, aren't you?

He takes off as Justin and Jennifer step onto the landing
with shopping bags.

JUSTIN

Hey!

JENNIFER

Here we are --

BRIAN

And not a moment to soon.

Justin gives Brian a kiss, is immediately on to the scent.
Gives Brian a knowing smile. Then, as they move back into
the loft:

JENNIFER

You can't believe the sales they were
having!

6 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

6

Jennifer and Justin throw down their bags.

BRIAN

I see you picked up a few things.

JUSTIN

(a wicked whisper to Brian)

You, too.

While Brian and Jennifer chat, Justin finds a few clues from
Brian's tryst, starting with a ripped-open condom wrapper. *

JENNIFER

I just sold a house, so I decided to
splurge, buy him some new clothes -- *

JUSTIN

I'm too old to go shopping with my Mom.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Not when she's paying.

Brian sees Justin dangling the wrapper behind Jennifer's back.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I hope you remembered rubbers -- for those rainy days.

Jennifer's in such a good mood, she doesn't mind Brian's innuendo. She unexpectedly turns to Justin, who hides the condom behind his back.

JENNIFER

(pulling out a sweater)

You can wear this to Daphne's party.

JUSTIN

I'm not going to some hetero-hop with a bunch of beer-chugging breeders!

JENNIFER

You should meet new friends your own age --

(to Brian)

-- nothing personal.

BRIAN

(sly)

I agree -- youth should be savored.

Justin finds a pair of foreign shorts with a tacky Joe Boxer-type pattern all over them. He holds them up.

JENNIFER

I met Justin's father junior year, but before that, believe me, I did some pretty wild things.

Justin finds the pièce de resistance, a small wet cum rag which he tosses at Brian, hitting him squarely on the back of the head.

BRIAN

Runs in the family.

JENNIFER

Well, I've got to pick up your sister.

(as she gives him a meaningful hug)

College is the best time of your life, honey. I'm so excited for you!

*
*

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

(re: his and Brian's "game")

So am I.

Brian nods goodbye. The second she's gone, Justin leaps on Brian. They collapse onto the sofa, making out furiously, tearing each others' clothes off.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

How was he?

BRIAN

Not bad.

JUSTIN

What'd he look like?

BRIAN

Guess.

They play the Sniffing Game.

JUSTIN

(sniff, sniff)

He's -- [*Justin describes the guy we cast*].

BRIAN

Very good!

JUSTIN

What'd you do -- fuck him? Suck him?
Tell me!

BRIAN

Why don't I show you?

Brian grabs a condom, slips it on. Then as he pulls Justin
onto his dick:

CUT TO:

7 INT. TED'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

7

Emmett looks macho in unbuttoned military fatigues, face
smudged, helmet, rifle, jerking off in a fake jungle setting.

EMMETT

Hup, two soldier, bombs away! Ready,
aim -- fire!

Emmett shoots!

ANGLE ON TED

off-set, applauding Emmett's star turn.

TED

Bravo! Fetch Dixon delivers another
stunning display of manpower.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

EMMETT

(the noble, selfless actor)

My fans expect me to give it my all --
I do have a reputation to uphold.

TED

Judging from the cards and letters,
they love watching you uphold it.

Ted hands Emmett a box filled with gifts and mail.

EMMETT

(reads a letter)

"Dear Fetch, I am sending you this
token of my affection. Think of me
when you use it".

He pulls out an enormous dildo. Yech!

EMMETT (CONT'D)

"Dear Fetch, could you wear this to the
gym, then pop it back into the self-
addressed stamped envelope."

He takes out a jock-strap -- drops it back in the box.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Get a life!

Ted starts to take the box away, when Emmett notices
something.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Wait --

He pulls out a little powder blue box with a white satin
ribbon, opens it, gasps, astonished.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Teddy -- look.

Speechless, he pulls out a gold chain bracelet.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

It's exquisite.

TED

(impressed)

Must've cost a fortune.

EMMETT

There's a card!

(he finds it, opens it, reads)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT (CONT'D)

"You are a beacon of light in the sordid gloom of cyberspace. With fond admiration, Your Secret Admirer."

(tearfully)

My secret admirer! All my life I've wanted a secret admirer.

(re: the chain)

Help me put it on!

TED

You're not going to keep it?

EMMETT

It's gold! What queen doesn't accept gold?

TED

One whose loyal subjects send him giant dildos and want to sniff his jock-strap -- they're lunatics! If you let them into your life, they'll think they're your friend. They'll expect you to be their's. You'll never be rid of them.

EMMETT

But it's so shiny -- and pretty!

TED

(coaxing)

Take it off.

EMMETT

I don't want to!

TED

Emm-ett --

EMMETT

(surrendering)

Oh, all right.

Emmett offers it to him -- but Ted still has to pry it from his fingers. He tosses it in the box, along with the other gifts.

TED

Just remember, everything in this life has strings attached -- including white satin ones.

7

CONTINUED: (3)

7

He puts the box on his desk, goes off. Emmett sighs, starts to leave -- sees the box on Ted's desk. Unable to resist, he snatches the bracelet, dashes off.

CUT TO:

8

INT. INTERNET DATING SERVICE - DAY

8

Michael sits on a stool in front of a backdrop, nervously smoothing out his clothes, wriggling around, adjusting his hair. ADAM stands behind a cam-corder tripod, taping him.

ADAM

Okay -- and we're rolling.

MICHAEL

(very, very, very peppy)
Hi! I'm Michael! I'm just a fun guy
and I'd love to meet another fun guy!
So, call me if you're looking for fun!

Adam stops taping.

ADAM

Uh -- why don't we try it again. But
this time let's have a little less --
"fun".

MICHAEL

Less fun, less fun.
(a beat, then e-e-easy)
Heeey, dudes. Mike here. I enjoy good
times, good friends -- you know, the
gooood life. Call me.
(beat)
That better?

ADAM

For a beer commercial. This time,
let's try to make it more personal.

CUT TO:

Michael, being very personal.

MICHAEL

I never knew my father. He deserted my
Mom while she was still pregnant with
me. But somehow, we managed to
survive. I dropped out of community
college and went to work at the Big Q
Mart. Then my Uncle Vic came to live
with us. He was dying of AIDS.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

(interrupting)

Thanks for sharing -- but you want a date, not a therapist. We've got time for one more -- so let's try and put a positive spin on it.

CUT TO:

Michael -- good energy yet easy-going and personal -- is giving it a positive spin.

MICHAEL

I'm twenty-nine, honest, sincere, romantic, with my own business. I like working out, dancing, going to movies. And I have a great group of friends -- I love 'em to death. But I'm still looking for that special someone who --

BEN

-- who knows that underneath that mild-mannered appearance beats the heart of a superhero. *

Michael looks up, sees Ben smiling at him.

ADAM

What was that? I couldn't hear you --

Off Michael's sad silence:

CUT TO:

9

CONTINUED:

9

*

10

INT./EXT. JEWELRY STORE - LATE DAY

10

*

SHOT FROM INSIDE THE DISPLAY WINDOW looking out, we see Emmett standing in front, nibbling a donut and sipping coffee from a paper cup a la Audrey Hepburn. He sighs, wistfully, behind large sunglasses at all the glitter.

Debbie pops up next to him, holds up one arm and hand coated with bracelets and rings.

DEBBIE

I swear you can't tell the difference!

EMMETT

As long as we're comparing --

CUT TO:

11

EXT. STREET - LATE DAY - CONTINUOUS

11

*

Emmett shows Debbie the gold bracelet.

DEBBIE

Holy shit! Is that real gold?

EMMETT

Almost broke a tooth testing.

(then, proudly)

My "Secret Admirer" sent it to me.

DEBBIE

Who do you think it is?

EMMETT

I know who I'd like it to be: a dashing young Prince, too shy at first to reveal he has a crush on me. But then he appears and whisks me off to his palace --

DEBBIE

Where you live happily ever after?

EMMETT

I know, it sounds highly unrealistic. In fact, my friends would probably laugh if they heard me.

*

DEBBIE

What do they know about love? Most of them are too busy following their hard-ons to listen to their hearts.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

EMMETT

Still, I have this dream -- of
perfection. So, I keep on looking,
hoping against hope that I'll find it.

Behind them, unnoticed, a stretch limousine comes into view,
parks along the curb behind them.

DEBBIE

It's an admirable dream. But I gotta
tell you, Em, most of the time that
kind of love only happens in the
movies. And even then only to Audrey
Hepburn.

(beat)

Real love, when it comes, doesn't look
anything like what you expect. That's
why it's so hard to see it.

As a CHAUFFEUR approaches them:

CHAUFFEUR

Pardon me --

EMMETT

Yes --?

CHAUFFEUR

You're --

(checking his orders)

-- "Fetch", are you not?

EMMETT

(baffled)

That's right --

CHAUFFEUR

I've been sent -- to "fetch" you.

He gestures to the waiting limo.

EMMETT

Excuse me? You expect me to get into a
car with a total stranger and drive off
to God knows where? Sorry, but my
mother taught me better.

The Chauffeur glances at Debbie, condescendingly.

DEBBIE

Don't look at me -- I'm not his mother!

The Chauffeur opens the passenger door.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

CHAUFFEUR

My employer is expecting you.

EMMETT

And who is your employer?

DEBBIE

You know he's gonna tell you he's not at liberty to say.

CHAUFFEUR

I'm not at liberty to say.

Emmett looks at Debbie -- what to do?

DEBBIE

(shrugs)

Well, what else were you going to do tonight -- wash out your undies?

CUT TO:

12 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

12

ON BRIAN'S TV: a rare moment from Michael's hideous dating video. As he speaks, REVEAL Brian, Ted, MELANIE and LINDSAY watching amid pizza boxes. Michael turns to his nearest and dearest.

MICHAEL

(hopefully)

Well?

MELANIE

(diplomatic)

You have excellent posture.

TED

Nice shirt!

LINDSAY

You're absolutely adorable!

Brian picks up the remote, zaps Michael into oblivion.

BRIAN

Pathetic.

MICHAEL

At least someone's honest.

(beat)

Asshole.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(as he pulls the tape out of
the VCR)

What a fucking waste of time and money.

BRIAN

Look, you've got to sell yourself.
You're no different than toothpaste or
shampoo. People want sexy -- people
want hot!

TED

He's right. I think I'll re-heat the
pizza.

MICHAEL

So what am I supposed to do?

BRIAN

Don't move.

CUT TO:

12A INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - A SHORT TIME LATER, LIKE FIVE MINUTES 12A

Brian manipulates Michael into various sexy poses, adjusting
his clothes, body and bulge, as Ted snaps pictures with a
digital camera. Lindsay, Melanie and the others work on the
"copy" to go with the "ad".

LINDSAY

(writing copy)

Let's see -- "Nice guy..."

MELANIE

Make that "Hot guy --"

LINDSAY

"Well-rounded --"

BRIAN

Make that "Well-hung --"

LINDSAY

"With a spirit of adventure --"

TED

"Is into any scene."

MICHAEL

You can't say that!

BRIAN

Shut up and show me some skin.

(CONTINUED)

12A CONTINUED:

12A

LINDSAY

"If you're giving, have a great sense of humor, and a big heart --"

TED

"If you like to give it --"

MELANIE

"Have a great body --"

BRIAN

"And a big cock --"

LINDSAY

"...Then I want to hear from you."
Perfect.

Brian tears Michael's shirt open, has Michael grab his cock -- then pours bottled water over Michael's head. Michael gasps! Brian signals Ted, who snaps the perfect photo.

BRIAN

That's the one!

CUT TO:

BRIAN'S COMPUTER SCREEN

where we immediately see Michael's photo. It's fucking sexy, and so is the description. "Hot guy, well-hung, into any scene. If you like to give it, have a great body and a big cock, I want to hear from you." The gang gathers around, impressed by their work.

MICHAEL

I'd date me.

TED

So would I -- theoretically speaking.

LINDSAY

It's not exactly what I wrote --

BRIAN

Writers -- complaining every time you change a fuckin' word.

MELANIE

You'll be beating them off with a stick!

TED

Hopefully, you won't need the stick.

(CONTINUED)

Brian throws an arm around Michael.

BRIAN

How's it feel, Mikey, being the hottest
guy on the internet?

Brian leans over, gives Michael a kiss: the Pygamlion of
Pittsburgh turned on by his gay Galatea. As Michael grins --
he can hardly believe it himself:

CUT TO:

13 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

13

Emmett reclines in the back seat, sipping Cristal and
nibbling Beluga.

EMMETT

In the modern re-telling, the coach
would be a limo, the liveried footmen
would be the driver, and Cinderella
would, of course, be a a fag rather
than a woman, since no self-respecting
woman would ever let herself be enticed
to a strange man's home by jewelry, a
limo, champagne and caviar -- thank
God.

He stops, looks out the window, gasps, sees:

AN OLD STONE MANSION - NIGHT - EMMETT'S POV

It's Joan Fontaine seeing Madalay for the first time. (GAY
REFERENCE #20187: "Rebecca")

CUT TO:

14 INT. SHICKEL MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

14

As a maid leads Emmett into the Grand Hall. He gazes around,
in awe, but not speechless.

EMMETT

Something tells me I'm not in Kansas
anymore -- in fact, something tells me
I'm not in Pittsburgh anymore!

A DEEP RESONANT, COMPELLING,
MEZMERIZING VOICE (O.S.)

Fetch --?

(CONTINUED)

Emmett spins around, looks up, sees at the top of the Grand Staircase a HANDSOME, MAJESTIC, GORGEOUS MAN looking down upon him. Emmett's mouth drops.

EMMETT

(awestruck)

It's -- him.

(running up the stairs)

Your Majesty -- your Grace -- your
Gorgeousness! I received the bracelet -
- and I'm yours!

A beat. The MAN just looks at him.

BUTLER

I'm the butler, sir.

EMMETT

Oh.

BUTLER

This way.

As Emmett follows him, muttering sotto voce:

EMMETT

Jeesus, if he's the butler --!

15 INT. SHICKEL MANSION - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

15

The Butler leads Emmett into another beautiful room. Emmett tries his very best to be composed, until the Butler leaves, then he shrieks!

EMMETT

Oh -- my -- God!

A beat, then he starts singing in true musical comedy fashion, building, building very slowly, then:

EMMETT (CONT'D)

"If -- they -- could -- see me now,
that little gang of miiiiine --!"

(stopping himself)

No, no, no! Don't do that! This is no
time to be a show-tune queen. It's
more -- "Masterpiece Theatre" --

(suddenly veddy, veddy British)

"Your Highness, how kind of you to
invite me -- I love what you've done
with the place. Join you by the fire?
I'd be delighted!"

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

He strolls over to the fireplace, where there are a couple of high-back leather wing chairs.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

"By the way, I always wanted to know --
is Charming your first name or your
last --" AHHHHHH!

Emmett screams, as he sees that SOMEONE is sitting in one of the chairs. An older gentleman in his 60's, handsome, dapper, still virile, wearing a jacket and a red bowtie.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! You scared me to death!
I didn't know anyone was here.

He plops down in the other chair.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

I'm Fetch. I'm waiting for the master.

GEORGE

I'm George Schickel. I am the master.

EMMETT

(after a horrible beat)
Y -- you --?

GEORGE

(eyeing the bracelet)
I see you received my little token of
esteem.

EMMETT

Huh? Oh! Yes --

GEORGE

I was on the internet one day --
"surfing" I believe is the word -- when
I came upon you. You're a very
talented boy.

EMMETT

I'm hardly a boy.

GEORGE

At my age everyone's a boy. Now then,
shall we discuss your fee?

EMMETT

Fee?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE
For your services. I have no idea what
you people charge. Will a thousand
suffice?

EMMETT
A thousand?

GEORGE
All right, two.

EMMETT
Two --?

GEORGE
Three, then. You drive a hard bargain.
(with a chuckle)
So it had better be hard.

EMMETT
Excuse me, Mr. Schickel -- but I'm
afraid you've made a mistake. I am not
as you seem to think for hire. I came
here expecting --
(sadly)
-- well, it's not important now what I
came here expecting. Except to say I
didn't find it.

He takes off the bracelet, hands it back.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
Thank you for the lovely gift -- and
for allowing me a few moments to dream.
Now, if you'll excuse me --

And with that, he walks out, leaving George alone in his
chair, the firelight dancing off the bracelet.

16 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

16

Justin and Brian in the shower, soaping each other's body,
kissing. Brian suddenly turns around.

JUSTIN
(all excited)
You want me to fuck you?

BRIAN
No, I want you to wash my back.

16 CONTINUED:

16

JUSTIN

Okay, but we better get a move on --
the guys are waiting for us.

Brian gives him a backward glance -- "the guys"? -- then, off-handedly:

BRIAN

You know, maybe you ought to make some
friends your own age.

JUSTIN

(laughing it off)
You sound like my mother.

BRIAN

Sometimes your mommy's right.

JUSTIN

I have friends my own age. You're my
age.

(off his look)
Emotionally.

BRIAN

(smacks his butt)
I mean like Daphne.

JUSTIN

I'm not going to her lame-ass party.

BRIAN

You have something better to do?

JUSTIN

Be with you.

BRIAN

You can be with me any time.
(mock-annoyed)
You practically are.

JUSTIN

(testing Brian, maybe out of
his own insecurity)
And what if I meet some horny frat boy?

BRIAN

Fuck him for me!

Brian's off-handed remark, meant to make Justin laugh,
actually appears to have hurt him.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(tenderly)

Hey. I just want you to enjoy your youth.

(smile)

I certainly have!

As Brian reaches between Justin's legs, then turns him around:

CUT TO:

17 INT. TED'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

17

Michael and Ted are at the computer, checking to see if Michael's gotten any offers.

MICHAEL

Nineteen guys, already.

TED

(checking the candidates)

He's not bad.

Michael clicks through various pictures of the guys.

MICHAEL

He's even better.

And then -- Dream-Date! In awe:

TED

Oh my God.

MICHAEL

He's -- perfect.

TED

And he wants to meet you -- tonight.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MICHAEL

I've got to give Brian credit: he can sell anything. Even me.

Just then, Emmett walks in.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hey, Emm -- want to see my dream date?

EMMETT

(in a shitty mood)

Fuck off!

He starts to strip.

TED

Who pissed on your parade?

EMMETT

(ashamed to tell him)

My "secret admirer".

TED

You didn't. I thought we agreed --

EMMETT

I know, I know. But his chauffeur picked me up --

MICHAEL

You did it with his chauffeur?

EMMETT

No, sweetie -- his chauffeur drove me. To his place. It makes Buckingham Palace look like a Winnebago.

TED

Who is this guy, anyway?

EMMETT

(with a shrug)

George Schickel.

TED

"Schickel's Pickles"?

MICHAEL

"The pickle the people prefer"?

EMMETT

He can keep his pickle -- he's like three hundred years old!

(CONTINUED)

TED

They say he's worth a fortune.

EMMETT

Well, un-fortunately for him, he discovered there are certain things even his money can't buy. Namely me!

MICHAEL

He thought you were --

Emmett grabs a dildo and jar of lube from his locker.

EMMETT

A hustler! Can you imagine?

TED

It's unbelievable.

MICHAEL

The nerve!

EMMETT

(wagging the dildo like a scolding finger)

Well, I set him straight. I'm an artist! What I do requires concentration, dedication, determination.

TED

Don't forget ejaculation.

EMMETT

Take my word -- it's a lot harder than it looks.

Emmett goes over to his rotating bed with the twinkly lights that spell "Fetch", stretches out on it.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

If you're watching, Mr. Schickel -- what you see is definitely not what you get.

CUT TO:

18 INT. DAPHNE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

18 *

A Freshmen party is in full swing, with loud music and a crush of Students smoking and making out. Justin leans against the wall sipping a drink, awkward and alone. He notes a Jock looking his way.

(CONTINUED)

Justin cruises him, but Jock-boy sneers, turns away, talks with his friends. Daphne comes over, gives Justin a hug.

DAPHNE

Having fun?

JUSTIN

(sarcastic)

Can't you tell?

DAPHNE

You have to mingle!

JUSTIN

With your happy hetero friends?

DAPHNE

Hey, if I can deal with the homos at Woody's, you can handle them.

JUSTIN

That's the problem --

He glances around at all the straight boys talking to all the straight girls.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

No one to handle.

Daphne is drawn away by a male friend. Justin drains his beer, looking to leave. He moves through the crowded room, passes a really cute, naive-looking student (ERIC, 19) who looks equally out of place. Their eyes meet, Eric looks away.

His interest piqued, Justin positions himself for a good view of Eric. Eric ventures another look, but when he sees Justin cruising him, his eyes dart away, nervously.

Another try: Justin moves beside Eric now. Eric can't stop looking over, this time holding Justin's look longer, again looks away. But it's all the encouragement Justin needs. Justin reaches over, touches Eric's thigh. Eric flinches in surprise but doesn't move away. Amid the raging party, Justin moves his hand up to grab Eric's dick.

CUT TO:

19 INT. DAPHNE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

19

Justin quickly yanks Eric into the room, slams the door, locks it, aggressively starts undressing him, pulling Eric's T-shirt off over his head, licking his nipples, opening his jeans at the same time. *

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

Then he shoves Eric onto the bed, covered with coats, yanks his jeans and shoes off -- it's okay if it's awkward. Eric lies there, naked, nervous, watching Justin strip for him. Justin's eyes are on him the whole time. Justin moves on top of him, avoiding Eric's attempts to kiss him. He lifts Eric's legs up onto his shoulders.

ERIC

(scared)

Wait --! We have to be safe.

JUSTIN

Don't worry --

Holding up a condom, rips it open with his teeth:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I come prepared. Here -- put it on my dick.

ERIC

Just go slow, okay?

(confesses)

I -- I've never --

Justin smiles, very Brian-like.

JUSTIN

I didn't think so. I'll go easy.

As he enters him:

CUT TO:

20 INT. MICHAEL AND EMMETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

20

Emmett comes out of the kitchen with dinner on a tray. He settles on the sofa for a night home, as Michael, looking hot in leather pants and a tight T-shirt, comes out.

MICHAEL

I thought you were going out.

EMMETT

And miss the Betty Hutton Film Festival on AMC?

*
*

MICHAEL

But my date's coming over.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

So?

MICHAEL

He looks really hot. What if we want to fuck right here on the floor?

EMMETT

I promise not to leave any crumbs.

(then)

And honey, I hate to burst your bubble -
- but most of these guys don't even use
their own photos. Or else they took
them 30 years ago.

*
*
*

MICHAEL

Don't be so cynical.

EMMETT

And don't be surprised when he shows up
at the door and turns out to be some
old geezer.

A knock at the door. As Michael crosses to answer:

MICHAEL

Just because you had a bad experience
doesn't mean everyone's out to get
whatever they want by whatever means
they can.

(going to answer the door)

There're still some honest people in
the --

Michael throws open the door, horrified to find old George
standing there.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

-- world.

He quickly slams the door.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You're right, they all lie! He's this
three hundred year old guy in a red
bowtie!

Sounds familiar.

EMMETT

I believe that one's for me.

(CONTINUED)

Another knock. Emmett shoos Michael to his bedroom, takes a deep breath, wipes his mouth elegantly with his napkin, opens the door:

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Mr. Schickel, I don't appreciate being stalked. So if you'll kindly remove yourself from my doorway, my building, my street and my life --

GEORGE

Please -- I went to a lot of trouble to find you.

EMMETT

Unnecessary, I assure you --

He's about to slam the door --

GEORGE

(stopping him, sincerely)
I was horrified when I realized I'd made such a miscalculation --

EMMETT

A miscalculation is when you can't balance your checkbook! This was --

GEORGE

An insult. I realize that. And I've come to offer my apologies --
(offering the bracelet)
And this. I still would like you to have it.

EMMETT

I don't accept gifts from fans.

He nonetheless gives it one last, longing look. But, no!

GEORGE

Then have dinner with me?

EMMETT

(gesturing to his dinner)
Sorry, but I already --

GEORGE

Please. It would be a small but nevertheless heartfelt expression of my deepest regret, for having treated you in such a rude and reprehensible manner.

EMMETT

(softening)
I don't think your manner's that reprehensible.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

20 CONTINUED: (4)

20

EMMETT (CONT'D)

(a beat, then)

Oh, all right. Rev up the carriage,
Prince Charming, I'll get my slippers.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

Emmett sends George off, goes to get his shoes as DREAM-DATE appears.

DREAM-DATE

Excuse me. I'm looking for Michael.

EMMETT

Oh, my God, you -- you really are a dream.

(calls)

Michael, your date's here!

(to Dream-Date)

Where were you ten seconds ago when I was still available?

*
*

Emmett leaves as Michael comes in, stops dead.

MICHAEL

You -- you really are real.

DREAM-DATE

So are you.

They laugh, nervously. Michael remembers his manners.

MICHAEL

Come on in.

DREAM-DATE

Thanks.

Beat.

MICHAEL / DREAM-DATE

So --

They laugh again. Michael takes the lead.

MICHAEL

So I thought we could go for a pizza and a movie --

DREAM-DATE

Or Tex-Mex and dancing --

MICHAEL

Or we could stay here and fuck our brains out.

DREAM-DATE

(picking)

That one.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Negative?

DREAM-DATE

(nods)

You?

Michael nods. A nano-beat, then as they lunge for each others' mouths:

CUT TO:

21 INT. DAPHNE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

21 *

While thumping music and party chatter seep through the wall, Justin fucks Eric to an amazing climax. They collapse into one another, exhausted.

ERIC

(breathless)

That -- was -- awesome!

JUSTIN

(playing it cool)

It wasn't bad -- for your first time.

Blissed out, Eric tries to kiss Justin, but Justin turns away, ostensibly to light a cigarette. He offers it to Eric, who refuses. Justin takes a puff.

ERIC

So what was yours like -- your first time?

JUSTIN

I saw him and I knew right away he was the one.

ERIC

Were you scared?

JUSTIN

Shitless. We went back to his place, and I swear, I could barely speak my heart was pounding so hard. But I let him fuck me.

(beat)

I can still remember feeling him inside me. Seeing his face when he came.

Wanting it to go on forever.

Eric watches Justin speak, feeling himself getting hard, feeling himself falling in love.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

ERIC

I know what you mean.

PARTIER (O.S.)

(banging on the door)

We need our coats!

JUSTIN

Fuck off!

He and Eric laugh together, two naughty boys.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

God, I hate these stupid parties.

ERIC

Me, too.

JUSTIN

I only came because if I didn't, my friend Daphne would never speak to me again.

ERIC

I usually spend the whole time standing in the corner, watching the "dudes" and the "babes" and thinking I should've stayed home and watched MTV.

JUSTIN

Why don't you go out to the clubs, the bars? You'd meet lots of guys there.

ERIC

I don't want to meet a lot of guys. I want to meet just one -- that I can be with, just the two of us.

A remembrance of that dream can be seen in Justin's eyes, only to vanish in a blink.

JUSTIN

Yeah. Well, it doesn't exactly work out that way.

ERIC

It can if you want it to.

He tries to kiss Justin again, but again Justin stops him. Eric gets the message, starts to get up.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I guess we'd better get dressed --

(CONTINUED)

Justin watches him for a beat, picking his clothes up off the floor. Finally:

JUSTIN

Come back here.

Eric obeys. Suddenly Justin pulls Eric into a long, deep kiss. As they start to make love again:

EMMETT (V.O.)

Mmmmmmmmm. Ah! Mmmmmfff!

22 INT. GEORGE'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

22

In the back of the limo, Emmett and George devour burgers and fries from a local drive-in -- wash it down with champagne.

EMMETT

I love Burger Queen. But for me what really makes it a Royal Treat isn't the all-meat patty or the special bun, it's the pickles.

GEORGE

I "relish" the compliment. They're mine, you know.

EMMETT

Yeah? I'm a pickle-lover from way back. In fact, my great Aunt Lulah back in Hazelhurst, Mississippi used to make them. Had a vat right there on her kitchen porch. I'd go over after school and we'd sit out back and gab and suck on those big ol' things -- which was probably more significant to later stages of my psycho-sexual development than I care to go into.

GEORGE

(laughing)

It sounds as if you have quite a colorful family.

EMMETT

I prefer to think of them as lunatics. Except for Aunt Lulah, who was supposed to be the crazy one. She was my only friend. The rest of them wanted nothing to do with me -- the local "sissy-boy".

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

GEORGE

You must've been very lonely.

EMMETT

Didn't stop me from being who I wanted to be. "Fuck 'em all!" That was my motto. Still is.

George studies Emmett for a beat, not in a sexual way, but as a person.

GEORGE

I admire your courage. I wish I'd had it. But instead, I chose to live a lie -- subjugating my freedom, my desires to the family fortune. Even let them marry me off to a meat packing heiress so we could make beautiful sandwiches together. It was a perfect merger -- until one day about five years ago she came home and discovered me giving the gardener a blow-job in the middle of her prize-winning rose garden.

EMMETT

Why, George, you rake! French-fry?

GEORGE

It wasn't as if I was cheating on her -- we hadn't had sex since 1972.

(a beat)

She sued me for millions, turned the children against me. Needless to say, I became a social pariah.

EMMETT

At least you're finally free to be yourself --

GEORGE

To be alone, friendless, buying companionship off the Internet.
(muttering a sad, very belated curse)
"Fuck 'em all --"

Emmett studies George for a beat. But not as a geezer. As a person.

CUT TO:

23 SCENE OMITTED

23

24 INT. MICHAEL AND EMMETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

24

Michael and Dream-Date are fucking on the rug. They kiss wildly, their glistening bodies pressed close. We're headed for the finish line.

MICHAEL

Oh, yeah --

DREAM-DATE

Oh, yeah --

MICHAEL

Oh, yeah --

MICHAEL AND DREAM-DATE

OH, GOD!

They lie there panting. Michael gazes over at Dream-Date.

MICHAEL

You really are perfect.

DREAM-DATE

I know. But I wasn't always. I used to weigh 350 pounds, was bald, had hideous, course body hair all over my back, my shoulders, my stomach --

MICHAEL

(thanks for sharing)

Really --?

DREAM-DATE

Not to mention no chin, a huge honker and zero cheekbones. Definitely not a pretty sight.

MICHAEL

But you look so --

DREAM-DATE

It started with liposuction. Then a series of operations to tighten my skin. Next, laser hair removal everywhere, except my pubes, which of course, I trim.

MICHAEL

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

DREAM-DATE

After that, hair trans-plantation,
scalp reduction, nose job, cheek and
chin implants --

MICHAEL

Must've cost a fortune --!

DREAM-DATE

A hundred thou, give or take, but my
folks have money. Now I work out with
a trainer -- Adolph -- five hours a
day, six days a week. It's brutal, but
you've got to maintain, And food
combining. Very important. You can
eat protein with vegetables, or carbs
with vegetables, but never never never
proteins and carbs --

MICHAEL

Got it.

DREAM-DATE

And supplements! Supplements are
essential.

Michael goes to the fridge, takes out a pint of ice cream:

MICHAEL

You want some Haagen-Daaz?

Dream-Date looks at Michael as if he'd just offered him rat
poison.

DREAM-DATE

Have you been listening?
(then, trying to be helpful)
You know you could use a little
improvement, yourself. Laser hair
removal on your chest, pec implants --
the bridge of your nose is definitely
too wide. And nothing personal, but
you might want to consider a penile
extension --

As Michael decides to eat the entire pint:

MICHAEL

Thanks for the -- tip.

CUT TO:

25 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - DAY

25

Justin is still sleeping. A hand reaches under the covers, starts playing with his dick. Still asleep, Justin stirs, aroused.

JUSTIN
Oh, yeah --

He wakes, sees it's Brian.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
(groggy)
Hi --

BRIAN
(perky and bright)
Hi!

He peeks under the blanket.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
You're finally up.

Justin laughs -- sort of.

JUSTIN
What time is it?

BRIAN
Time to take care of your morning hard-
on -- although it's after noon.

As he kisses his way down Justin's stomach:

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Somebody got home late last night.

JUSTIN
2:58. Just under the wire.

BRIAN
Ol' Daph must've had one kick-ass
party.

JUSTIN
It was all right.

Brian sniffs Justin.

BRIAN
My nose tells me it was better than
"all right".

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(sniff, sniff)
I smell -- a varsity lacrosse player.

JUSTIN
Way off.

BRIAN
Hold on, it's coming. A nice, tight
computer nerd.

JUSTIN
Warmer --

BRIAN
(sniff, sniff)
With a scent of innocence. A virgin!

JUSTIN
Lucky guess.

Justin tries to get up, but Brian holds him down -- kisses him long on the mouth. Finally, Brian pulls away. A quiet look of someone who's just discovered something unexpected -- and unwelcome.

BRIAN
You kissed him.

Justin doesn't answer. He doesn't have to.

JUSTIN
I've got to take a shower.

Brian lets him go.

CUT TO:

26 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

26

Melanie, Lindsay and Michael in a booth with Gus. In the b.g. Debbie serving.

MICHAEL
The face was great. The body was great. The sex was great. Then he started talking.

MELANIE
Let me get this straight. You had sex on a date before you even had a conversation?

MICHAEL
You wouldn't understand.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

LINDSAY

And why's that?

MICHAEL

Sex is different for men than it is for women. The need is more immediate, more intense. At least that's what I've read.

LINDSAY

Where, in "Field and Stream"?

MELANIE

For your information, Lindsay and I fuck like crazy. We drool and pant like a couple of bitches in heat. Our pussies soak the sheets.

LINDSAY

And we can go at it a lot longer than the "ten minute tumble" you guys call sex.

MELANIE

And you don't even want to hear about the number of times we get off in a night.

MICHAEL

(a bit nauseated)

You're right, I don't.

Just then, Debbie joins them. Michael throws his arms around her, terrified.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Ma --!

DEBBIE

What's the matter, honey, did something scare you?

LINDSAY

Just us.

MELANIE

Michael had a bad date.

She foists another of Ida's cards on Michael.

DEBBIE

I'm telling you, go see Ida, for Chrissakes! She's a fucking genius.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

MICHAEL
I'll end up with a Jewish Princess.

LINDSAY
You could do a lot worse.

She kisses Melanie as Michael looks at the card: so how bad could it hurt?

CUT TO:

27 INT. RIPT GYM - DAY

27

Ted spots as Brian bench presses, straining under the weight, his face red, his breath strained.

TED
Easy --! You've got a lot on there.

Brian forces out another, puffing.

BRIAN
Feel slack.
(puff, puff)
Gotta firm up.

TED
You've got a 19 year old -- what do you have to worry about?

Emmett arrives, just in time to supply the answer.

EMMETT
Keeping him.

Brian turns to shoot Emmett a death ray.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
It's a shame you can't enjoy your golden years without having to worry about every wrinkle, every sag.

TED
But I guess that's what happens when you date someone so many many years your junior -- there's always the constant, nagging fear that he might dump you for a hotter, cuter, firmer, younger stud.

EMMETT
I don't envy you your youth.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

BRIAN

You don't have to since you're dating someone who's 103.

EMMETT

I'm not dating him. We shared a burger.

BRIAN

He can have solids?

EMMETT

George may not be twenty-nine, or have a perfect chin line or a 30 inch waist, but he's a lot nicer than certain arrogant, contemptuous, self-deluded assholes I know.

TED

Don't tell me you're going to see him again?

EMMETT

When we said goodnight, we also said goodbye.

With unexpected sadness, Emmett goes to work out.

TED

You think he actually liked him?

BRIAN

Some guys are into prime, aged cock.

TED

Better hope Justin is.

As Brian hits the bench, starts pressing -- hard:

CUT TO:

28 INT. IDA'S KITCHEN - DAY

28

Michael sits on a naugahyde chair in front of a Formica-top table. Suburban Jewish, circa 1960s. IDA (50s) has her wide-load back to him. Her voice is smoky, her accent, chicken soup.

IDA

So you're Michael. Your mother just raves about you.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

MICHAEL

(nervous, uncomfortable)

You, too. So are you a P-Flag mom?

Ida turns around holding a bundt cake. Michael's surprised to see that "Ida" is actually a plump transvestite with a bad wig, tight dress and gaudy rings on her big knuckles. In an eerie way, not unlike our Debbie.

IDA

Actually, I'm a P-Flag son. Have some bundt.

She joins him at the table with a recipe box of eligible bachelors' names. Seeing how nervous he is:

IDA (CONT'D)

Relax, darling, it's not like you gotta date me. Now tell me what you're looking for.

MICHAEL

Well, I'd like him to be tall, blue eyes, built like Superman --

IDA

We all know you boys want beauties, that's a given.

MICHAEL

You asked me what I wanted --

IDA

I'm not talking about the outside. What do you want on the inside?

Michael looks at Ida.

MICHAEL

I -- I don't know.

IDA

Sure you do, darling. Close your eyes and think.

Michael thinks for a moment, then summons an answer. Ida's right. He knows exactly what he wants.

MICHAEL

He's got to be passionate about life -- he's worked hard to survive. Yet he still maintains his humor. And he's charming -- and kind.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

He's creative -- maybe a writer. And into spiritual stuff -- like Buddha. He lives in the now, because there's no time to waste.

(he almost forgot)

Oh, and when I'm with him -- I feel like a better person.

IDA

(after a beat)

Uh-huh.

She goes through her recipe box, clucks her tongue, pulls a card.

IDA (CONT'D)

Ah!

(then)

No.

She goes through it again. Finally:

IDA (CONT'D)

Here he is: the Limelight on Liberty Avenue, eight o'clock.

MICHAEL

What's he look like? Shouldn't I see a photograph?

IDA

You don't need one. Trust me, you'll know.

CUT TO:

29 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

29

Eric enters, nervously looks around at the ravers coming down, the middle-aged brunchers, the trannies and dykes. Clapping eyes on him, Debbie correctly pegs Eric as another frightened newbie, out for the first time.

DEBBIE

Just keep breathing baby, and have a seat. Be right with you.

ERIC

A-Actually, I'm looking for someone.

DEBBIE

In this joint, who isn't?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

Just then, Justin comes out from the kitchen, bussing apron on, carrying a flat of glasses. Eric's face lights up when he sees him.

ERIC
Justin --!

Justin looks up, frozen.

DEBBIE
(to Justin)
Friend of yours?

Justin avoids answering, instead:

JUSTIN
Mind if I take a break?

DEBBIE
Take all the time you need -- long as you're back in five minutes.

Justin signals Eric out. Debbie watches them, knows something's up.

30 EXT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

30

Once they're alone alongside the diner, Eric starts to kiss Justin -- but Justin stops him.

JUSTIN
What're you doing?

ERIC
I've been thinking about you since last night. I really missed you!

JUSTIN
You don't even know me.

ERIC
Sure I do.
(their little secret)
And you know me, too!

JUSTIN
Look, I don't want you to come here again, okay?

ERIC
Why not?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

JUSTIN
'Cause I said so.

ERIC
But after what happened --

JUSTIN
Nothing happened. We fucked, that's
all.

ERIC
It's not all.
(a beat, then devotedly)
I love you.

JUSTIN
(totally dismissive)
You don't "love me" --

ERIC
And from the way you kissed me, I can
tell you --

That does it.

JUSTIN
Do you know how pathetic you are? One
lousy fuck and you're carrying on like
some lovesick fairy. You've got a lot
to learn. Fags'll say anything to get
their cock sucked, or fuck a nice ass.
Then it's on to the next.

ERIC
I don't believe you. I know what I
felt.

JUSTIN
Well I didn't. I didn't feel a thing.
As far as I'm concerned, you're
yesterday's fuck. Now leave me alone.

Eric looks at him, destroyed. Then leaves, in tears. As
Justin forces himself not to feel anything:

CUT TO:

31 EXT. SHICKEL MANSION - GARDEN - DAY

31

George is planting bulbs in a flower bed.

ANGLE ON EMMETT

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

watching him (holding a paper sack of fast food) This time it's George who's being observed.

EMMETT

Shouldn't you let the gardener do that?

George looks up, surprised, then:

GEORGE

My gardener's good for some things --
(off Emmett's look)
-- it's a new gardener. But these need special care.

EMMETT

(picking up a bulb)
Who'd think an ugly little thing like this could contain something so beautiful.

(joining him on his knees)

I used to help my mother in the garden. I remember once I planted a lightbulb -- thought, come spring, there'd be a chandelier. Dumb, huh?

GEORGE

But nevertheless charming.

EMMETT

(producing the fast food bag)
To thank you for dinner I brought us some lunch.

GEORGE

You really must love Burger Queen.

EMMETT

I asked for extra pickles.

GEORGE

That's very thoughtful of you, Fetch.

A beat.

EMMETT

Actually, Fetch isn't my real name.
(suddenly shy)
It's -- uh -- Emmett.

George looks at him, smiles.

GEORGE

Nice to meet you -- Emmett.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2) 31

As Emmett offers him a burger:

CUT TO:

32 INT. LIMELIGHT PIANO BAR - NIGHT 32

The piano player plays and sings "I'll Know" (from Guys and Dolls). Michael enters, nervously.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Disturbing Question Number One: How am I supposed to recognize my date when I've never seen him? Disturbing Question Number Two: Why do I listen to my mother?

He looks around and ZOOM, there's BEN at a table.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Shit! Ben's here. And this time I'm not hallucinating -- it really is him. Disturbing Question Number Three: How can I impress my date when --

Then the horrible realization strikes him.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck. Ben is my date. That meshugena yenta actually fixed me up with -- oh God, he's looking at me! What'll I do?

BEN

Michael?

MICHAEL

Ben! What a surprise.

BEN

Small world.

MICHAEL

Isn't it? Ida was sure right when she said I'd know who it was.

BEN

Who?

MICHAEL

Ida. The matchmaker. My mother's going to shit when she hears about this.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

BEN
About what?

MICHAEL
You and me!

BEN
(totally confused)
Sorry, I --

MICHAEL
Aren't you here for a date?

BEN
Yeah, I am.

Just then, BEN'S DATE comes over, sits down. Ben turns back to Michael.

BEN (CONT'D)
But not with you.

Michael watches as Ben puts an arm around his new guy, then staggers out the door, just as his real date is on his way in. He passes Real Date without even noticing. As his real date surveys the cafe:

CUT TO:

33 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

33

The muscles, the music, the martinis-- another night out in Boyztown. On the catwalk above the swirling chaos stand Brian and Justin, rulers of Babylon.

BRIAN
So many men, so little body hair.

JUSTIN
See any one you like?

He hopes Brian'll say no, but:

BRIAN
He's hot.

JUSTIN
I guess --

BRIAN
You?

He hopes Justin won't see anyone.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

JUSTIN

Him.

BRIAN

Kind of young.

(then)

Let's go for it.

Brian starts to walk away. Justin reaches out, slips his hand in Brian's, a simple romantic gesture.

JUSTIN

Or we could go home -- just the two of us.

BRIAN

What about the game?

JUSTIN

Fuck the game.

Justin pulls Brian to him, into a long, deep kiss. As they stand there above the crowd, everyone else forgotten:

THE END