

Family Administration

queer as folk

EPISODE 214

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Story By
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Bale Harold

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TEMPLE STREET
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queerasfolk

EPISODE 214

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
BEN BRUCKNER.....Robert Gant
and as
DEBBIE NOVOTNY.....Sharon Gless

GUEST CAST

GARY "THE SAP" SAPPERSTEIN	TWEAKED TOMMY
GEORGE SCHICKEL	BOB
DETECTIVE CARL HORVATH	OFFICER
CO-JERKER	WACKO
STEWARD	DOCTOR

FADE IN:

1

INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

1

Back once more to the Mecca of Liberty Avenue. Throbbing MUSIC, flashing LIGHTS and bodies glistening with sex and sweat. JUSTIN gyrates on the bar, as MICHAEL, TED, EMMETT and BRIAN watch.

MICHAEL

From high school senior to go-go boy in under a year. Got to be a record.

TED

Another success story from "Father Kinney's Home for Runaway Boys."

EMMETT

And to think some people say he doesn't make a good role model.

TED

If I were Brian, I'd go crazy seeing all those guys pawing my boyfriend.

Brian joins them:

BRIAN

You know, it must be true what they say about deafening music damaging your eardrums? I could swear I heard you say "if you were me".

MICHAEL

Come on, doesn't it bother you just a little? Everybody knows the only way you get to dance on the bar is to let the boss blow you.

Brian looks over at Justin, turns away.

BRIAN

It's business.

EMMETT

Getting head to get ahead?

Brian watches as Justin takes a ten dollar bill down his crotch:

BRIAN

He's earning an honest living, not taking any handouts.

(CONTINUED)

Justin jumps off the bar, joins them, sweaty -- and high.

JUSTIN

Look how much I'm making!

He hands Brian a fistful of bills from his Speedo.

BRIAN

Enough to put a child through school.

MICHAEL

Shouldn't the child be at home, in bed?

BRIAN

(pulling Justin to him)

Good idea.

*
*
*

JUSTIN

Can't. I've got to work 'til two.

*

EMMETT

But Sweetie, you look exhausted already. How're you going to keep it up?

TED

Especially when you get home.

JUSTIN

Don't worry.

He gives Brian a hot, horny kiss as GARY "THE SAP" SAPPERSTEIN, comes over.

GARY

I'm not paying you to make out with your boyfriend.

JUSTIN

I'm on a break.

GARY

Break's over.

BRIAN

Relax, "Sap". He's keeping the customers happy.

*

GARY

It's "Sapperstein", Kinney. And they're my customers -- not yours.

*

He leads Justin off.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

TED
What an asshole --

*

Brian looks over, sees The Sap giving Justin some coke. As Justin snorts it -- and Brian watches:

CUT TO:

2 INT. GEORGE'S STABLE - DAY

2

*

As a groom finishes saddling two beautiful horses for Emmett and George to ride:

*
*

EMMETT
Did I ever mention that I have this irrational but nevertheless intense fear of any physical activity that doesn't take place in bed?

GEORGE
It's just horseback riding. Stop being a sissy.

*

EMMETT
Any other impossible requests?

GEORGE
Come on! Where's your sense of adventure?

*
*

EMMETT
Back in the cozy, warm bed I crawled out of so I could freeze my precious buns off with you!

*

GEORGE
Well it's time you tried something daring, something new!

*
*
*

EMMETT
I'm perfectly content with my boring, mundane little life in Pittsburgh.

*
*
*

GEORGE
You mean you never wanted to travel? Go around the world?

*
*
*

EMMETT
I believe we did that last night --

*
*

GEORGE
I mean, for real.
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Emmett, when you were a boy, growing up in Hazelhurst, what did you dream of?

EMMETT

Getting out -- what else?

GEORGE

And where did you dream of going?

EMMETT

Biloxi.

(explaining)

It was the closest airport.

*

GEORGE

But after that?

EMMETT

New York, Paris, Rome -- anyplace Audrey Hepburn ever made a movie. And where there weren't guys in shitkickers, kicking the shit out of me. But I only got as far as Pittsburgh.

GEORGE

Well now you can go anywhere you want. The world is yours -- yours and mine!

(he mounts up)

Just say the words.

*

*

*

Emmett looks at George for a beat, then says the words:

EMMETT

The world is -- mine.

(after a beat)

Well what the hell are we waiting for?

As the groom helps Emmett mount up:

*

CUT TO:

3 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

3

As Michael, Ben and Ted swallow Emmett's news before they swallow breakfast:

MICHAEL

Around the world?! The entire world?

EMMETT

Bora Bora, the Himalayas, the Seren- whatever. George says we could be gone six months -- a year!

*

*

(CONTINUED)

TED

A trip like that isn't just a vacation -
- it's a life experience.

BEN

God, there're so many places I want to
go to --

MICHAEL

Like where?

BEN

China, Japan, Tibet -- to meet the
Dalai Lama.

TED

I want to go to Berlin, Amsterdam,
Prague --

BEN

I know what you mean. Great art, great
history --

TED

Great men.

As Debbie comes over with their order:

DEBBIE

You don't have to leave Liberty Avenue
to get International Cuisine. French
toast -- Belgian waffles -- and a
Spanish omelette for our own little jet-
setter!

As she snaps her fingers, turns to go:

BEN

Uh -- Debbie?

DEBBIE

Yes -- Ben? *

BEN

What about my breakfast?

DEBBIE

I'm working on it. I've only got so
many hands.

And she walks away.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

That's such crap. You always get served last. It always comes cold.

BEN

Well, I did order Wheaties.

Michael gets up, goes after Debbie.

MICHAEL

Ma --?

DEBBIE

Yes, sweetie?

MICHAEL

What's going on, Ma?

DEBBIE

With what?

MICHAEL

"With what". The way you're behaving toward Ben.

DEBBIE

You mean because I didn't "hop to" and bring him his cereal?

MICHAEL

It's more than that. You never say hello, you barely speak to him unless you have to --

DEBBIE

Forgive me for not sitting down and chatting with him about world events over a cup of tea. But I happen to be busy -- or haven't you noticed? Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got to get someone his Breakfast of Champions.

As she moves on, leaving Michael standing there:

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - DAY

The SOUND of an ALARM CLOCK pierces the quiet of Brian's loft. Justin, sleeping off the night before, reaches over to hit the snooze bar -- but it's not there.

(CONTINUED)

He painfully opens one eye, than the other, only to find the clock hovering inches from his ear-- held by Brian, already dressed and ready for work.

BRIAN
Morning, "Sunshine".

Justin reaches out, slams the snoozebar, SILENCES the thing.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Thought you had a class.

JUSTIN
Ditched it.

Justin tries to pull the sheets over his head, but Brian rips them off. Justin pulls them back.

BRIAN
How do you expect to do your best work when you're up all night fucking around?

JUSTIN
I'm taking lessons from you. And I'm not fucking around. I'm working.

BRIAN
I saw how "you work": sticking that funny, white substance The Sap gave you up your cute little button nose.

Justin swats Brian's hand away.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
You're supposed to be putting yourself through school, not getting so hammered you can't make it to class.

Justin holds up a wad of cash.

JUSTIN
(proudly)
Four hundred and ten dollars. In one night.

BRIAN
To pay for your tuition. Which you won't have to worry about once you get kicked out.

JUSTIN
You sound like my father. Fuck off!

(CONTINUED)

He pulls the sheets back over his head. Brian stares at him for a beat, then turns the shrill alarm back ON, places the clock well out of Justin's reach. As Justin tries to grab for it and Brian walks out of the room:

CUT TO:

5 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

5

The breakfast crowd is gone, and the diner is nearly empty. Debbie chalks up the lunchtime specials on a board. DETECTIVE CARL HORVATH, approaches the counter.

DEBBIE
Break in the case?

HORVATH
Nothing yet.

DEBBIE
(back to the board)
So why're you here?

HORVATH
This is a diner, isn't it? It's
lunchtime, isn't it?

DEBBIE
(all business)
It's a little early, isn't it? But
what'll it be?

Carl takes a breath. It's now or never.

HORVATH
Meatloaf sandwich, side of fries and
how 'bout you and me goin' out tomorrow
night?

Debbie needs a second to respond.

DEBBIE
That last item's not on the menu.

He plunges ahead anyway.

HORVATH
I was thinking we could get some of
that fancy coffee -- mocha -- frappa --
lattie -- whatever the hell they call
it.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

Considering how much I pour of it,
that'd be a busman's holiday.

HORVATH

How about dinner then? Someone can
wait on you for a change.

Debbie thinks it over, then:

DEBBIE

No, thanks.

HORVATH

"No thanks", not tomorrow, or "no
thanks", not ever?

DEBBIE

Just "no thanks".

Carl getting the picture, nods, then gets up, heads for the
exit. Debbie calls to him:

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Hey, Horvath? Would you like a lemon
bar for the road?

He looks back at her for a beat, echoes her.

HORVATH

No, thanks.

Carl leaves. As Debbie watches him go -- a bit flustered:

CUT TO:

6 SCENE OMITTED

6 *

7 INT. TED'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

7

Emmett -- that is, Fetch Dixon -- is at the climax of his
farewell performance. And like any great performer, it's one
for the history books. Just as he's about to explode:

CUT TO:

8 INT. TED'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

8

A champagne cork POPS. The bubbly pours out. Balloons and
confetti rain down.

(CONTINUED)

A CROWD -- which includes Michael, Brian, Justin, and several of Emmett's CO-JERKERS taking a few minutes off from their duties -- cheers Emmett, who stands beneath a banner that reads, "Farewell, Fetch!" As Ted finishes pouring everyone a glass:

TED

To Fetch Dixon -- a big, big talent.
You're a hard act to follow.

Applause! Applause!

ALL

Bravo! Here, here! Say something!
Speech!

Emmett stands there, blushing modestly. As only the greats of show business would do.

EMMETT

You guys -- I don't know what to say.

TED

Good, let's have some cake.

EMMETT

(stopping him)
HOWEVER!

Everybody freezes.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Even though I'm retiring from the biz,
I'll always be grateful for this
fabulous experience -- and for Fetch
Dixon. If it hadn't been for him, I
never would've met my honey.

MICHAEL

Or be going around the world!

CO-JERKER

You're an inspiration to us all!

EMMETT

Me? An "inspiration"? No just lucky.
But the same thing could happen to you -
- because you never know who's out
there watching. So, never give up
hope. One day your Prince will come!

*

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

And when he does, Ted'll be making
nineteen ninety-five for the first ten
minutes.

EMMETT

Ooo! Presents!

As they all crowd around the gift table, Brian notices that
Justin looks like he's about to fall asleep, nudges him.

BRIAN

Working tonight?

JUSTIN

Nine to two.

BRIAN

You can hardly keep your head up.

JUSTIN

I'll be all right.

BRIAN

The Sap'll see to that.

Justin doesn't care to discuss it, walks away as Emmett opens
a gift box stuffed with:

EMMETT

Dramamine --?

MICHAEL

It's for motion sickness.

TED

Well, that takes care of the sex!

BRIAN

(stopping Justin)

You don't want me to give you the
money, I'll loan it to you. *

JUSTIN

I don't need your hand-outs. *

BRIAN

It's not a hand-out. When you graduate
and get a job, you pay me back. With
interest. *

JUSTIN

No, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT
 (opening another gift)
 A dictionary of foreign phrases --!

*
*
*

TED
 Now you'll be able to say "fuck me
 harder" in Farsi.

*
*
*

BRIAN
 Why are you being such a twat?

JUSTIN
 I'm not being a twat. I'm trying to
 look after myself for once, instead of
 you always doing it for me.

Brian glances away, doesn't respond.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
 Look, you once told me you wanted me to
 make me the best homosexual I could
 possibly be. Well, doesn't that
 include being a man?

BRIAN
 Sometimes a man knows when to accept
 help.

Emmett reads a gift card:

*

EMMETT
 "Sexy underwear for your trip --"

He opens the box, tips it over.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
 It's empty.

TED
 Exactly!

As everyone hoots:

CUT TO:

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Debbie is cleaning up as Vic goes through the personal ads in "Out".

(CONTINUED)

VIC

(reading)

"Wine, Men and Song -- late 40's
epicurean, looking for fellow gourmand.
Peel me a grape, and I'll peel you
one."

DEBBIE

Sounds perfect!

VIC

(still reading, disappointed)

"HIV-negative only need apply."

She gives him a consoling pat.

DEBBIE

You'll meet the right guy someday.

VIC

At my age, it'd better be some day
soon.

DEBBIE

Don't give me that "at my age" crap.
Emmett fell for George, didn't he?
That goes to prove, love is possible no
matter how old you are.

VIC

So what's your excuse?

DEBBIE

Don't have one. But then, I don't need
to -- since I got asked out today.

VIC

You?

DEBBIE

Yes, me!

VIC

What I mean is, you live with fags, you
work with fags -- you haven't seen a
straight man in years.

DEBBIE

What do you call that Detective?

VIC

The one investigating the murder? He
asked you?

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

None other.

VIC

Holy shit! So, when're you going?

DEBBIE

I'm not.

VIC

You turned him down?

DEBBIE

He's not my type.

VIC

He's alive and he's got a dick. What more do you need?

DEBBIE

Someone who's not a homophobe.

VIC

Because he made a couple of cracks? That doesn't mean he's a fag-hater -- it just means he needs enlightening.

DEBBIE

So you go out with him.

VIC

You're more his type.

(then)

How long's it been since you went on a date?

DEBBIE

How the fuck do I know?

(then)

1992.

VIC

Must be so rusty it squeaks.

DEBBIE

I've been busy.

VIC

Doin' what?

DEBBIE

(reminding him)

Taking care of you!

(CONTINUED)

VIC

So what's your excuse now?

DEBBIE

I already told him no.

VIC

You're a woman. Somewhat out of practice, but nonetheless -- you're allowed to change your mind.

Vic picks up the phone, holds the receiver out to her. She hesitates.

VIC (CONT'D)

Well, go on. Say yes -- for both of us.

As she takes it:

CUT TO:

10 INT. MICHAEL AND EMMETT'S APARTMENT - DAY

10

The CAMERA TRACKS across the floor. Heavy breathing and serious exertion punctuate the following:

EMMETT (V.O.)

Come on -- shove it in!

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I'm trying --!

EMMETT (V.O.)

Harder!

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Maybe -- if you -- sat on it --

EMMETT (V.O.)

Good idea --

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Push!

EMMETT (V.O.)

Yes -- yes!

They both grunt and groan to a crescendo together. REVEAL them collapsed on top of one of Emmett's large suitcases.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Whew! Never thought I'd get all that in.

MICHAEL

Guess that's that --

Emmett, seeing Michael's sad look, cheers him.

EMMETT

Hey! Now that I won't be here, you and Ben'll have the place all to yourselves. You can hump and bump and make mad, passionate love at the top of your lungs without me listening through the walls --

(beat)

On second thought, I think I'll stay.

A horn HONKS. Michael checks the street.

MICHAEL

Too late, the limo's here.

Emmett runs to the window, opens it, calls out excitedly:

EMMETT

Come on up, Georgie!

(then, stopping himself)

I've got to remember not to act like a shopgirl. Don't want to embarrass him, worldwide.

MICHAEL

Why would you embarrass him?

EMMETT

Back in Hazelhurst, George is what we used to call "refined". And I'm what we used to call a piece of trash. Someone like him would never associate with the likes of me.

MICHAEL

Well, you're not in Hazelhurst anymore, and George doesn't feel that way.

EMMETT

I know. It's just more than I ever dreamed --

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

You deserve a fabulous life, Em. As
fabulous as you.

The BUZZER BUZZES. Emmett runs to answer the door. It's
George and his Chauffeur.

EMMETT

My dream-date!

He kisses him.

GEORGE

All packed?
(then seeing the luggage)
Allow me to rephrase that. Is there
anything you didn't pack?

As the chauffeur carries out the luggage:

MICHAEL

(to George)
Have a great trip.

GEORGE

Thank you, Michael.

EMMETT

(then, it hits him)
Well, I guess this is really it.
(trying to be brave)
Don't forget to tell the asshole super
to fix the radiator.
(to George)
We had to go to the bathroom in parkas
last winter.
(back to Michael)
And make sure he paints in the spring.
He's only been promising for two years.
And -- oh God, I'm going to miss you!

He throws himself into Michael's arms.

GEORGE

Hate to interrupt this, but we have a
plane to catch!

As he hustles Emmett out the door:

EMMETT

I'll send you postcards from Rio -- and
Positano -- and Beijing!

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

And they're off!

CUT TO:

11 SCENE OMITTED

11 *

11A INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

11A *

Babylon is bustling with BARTENDERS and DANCERS, making last minute preparations before the club opens. The CAMERA FOLLOWS Justin as he chases after Gary "The Sap" Sapperstein.

JUSTIN

It's just for this weekend-- so I can finish a project.

GARY

Maybe you don't understand something. This isn't a party. This is a business. I need to be able to depend on my employees to show up on time, do their job --

JUSTIN

But if I don't, my professor told me he's going to fail me.

Gary looks at him for a beat, his expression almost sympathetic -- for a reptile.

GARY

I feel for you, kiddo, I really do.

JUSTIN

Right --

He starts to walk away.

GARY

I'll tell you what. Just this once -- I'll let you off.

JUSTIN

(jubilant)
Thanks, Sap --
(off his look)
-- uh, Gary.

He starts to go, but The Sap stops him.

GARY

But I want you to do me a little favor.

(CONTINUED)

11A CONTINUED:

11A

Off Justin's look:

CUT TO:

11B INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

11B

Justin sits at his computer, using his "wand" to do some graceful line drawings. Maybe something like Ellsworth Kelly's leaf prints, or Hockney's "Celia". Brian walks over to where Justin's working.

BRIAN
(re: artwork)
Not bad.

JUSTIN
Thanks.

BRIAN
Maybe we'll even hang it.

JUSTIN
Oh, yeah?

BRIAN
(kissing Justin on the neck)
Then you can tell everybody you're hung.

JUSTIN
(kissing him back)
I already do.

BRIAN
So how'd you get the night off?

JUSTIN
Talked to the boss, said I had to finish my project.

BRIAN
That was easy.

JUSTIN
(cocky)
See? I told you I could handle it.

Brian pinches his tit.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Ow!

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
Smart-ass --

JUSTIN
In fact, he said I could have the whole
weekend if I go to some after-hours
party he's having at his place.

BRIAN
For what?

JUSTIN
(shrugs)
He wants some pretty boys there, for
"decoration".

BRIAN
Who else is going to be there?

JUSTIN
How do I know? His friends --

BRIAN
I can imagine who his friends are. And
I can guess the kind of party he's
having. The guy's a fucking sleaze.

JUSTIN
You don't know him.

BRIAN
I know how you got to dance on the bar.

Well, now that that's out:

JUSTIN
So I let him blow me. Big deal.

A beat. Brian looks at Justin's artwork.

BRIAN
I'll give you five-thousand dollars.

JUSTIN
For what?

BRIAN
Your drawing.

JUSTIN
It's not for sale.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

No, just you.

*
*

As Brian picks up his leather jacket, walks out:

*

CUT TO:

*

12 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM OR KITCHEN - NIGHT

12

Lindsay brushes Debbie's hair while MELANIE works on Debbie's make-up.

MELANIE

Don't open your eyes. I'm still doing your mascara.

DEBBIE

I don't get all the fuss. Horvath already knows what I look like.

LINDSAY

This isn't for Horvath.

MELANIE

It's for you.

DEBBIE

Well, I know what I look like, too.

MELANIE

Okay, ready? Open 'em.

CLOSE ON Debbie as she opens her eyes, stares at herself in the mirror Melanie holds before her.

DEBBIE

Holy shit, I look -- nice.

*

LINDSAY

Nicer than nice. You look like a princess.

DEBBIE

Better than looking like the Queen Mother!

*

Just then, the doorbell RINGS.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

(nervous)

Christ, must be him!

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

Don't be nervous --

DEBBIE

Who's nervous? I've got everything under control.

MELANIE

Good -- because the front door's that way.

Pointing her in the right direction, Debbie goes to the door, opens it. There's Horvath. An awkward beat.

HORVATH

You look -- you look --

DEBBIE

Are the words you're searching for -- "like a princess."

HORVATH

I was gonna say -- "not bad".

DEBBIE

That'll do, too!

Carl nods. Debbie looks back at the girls for support.

LINDSAY

(mouthing, quietly)

Ask him in!

DEBBIE

Oh, yeah! Come on in.

HORVATH

Thanks --

Lindsay and Melanie stand there grinning, waiting to be introduced.

DEBBIE

This is Melanie and Lindsay. They're lesbians.

HORVATH

That's -- nice.

DEBBIE

And this is Detective Horvath.

(CONTINUED)

HORVATH

Carl.

MELANIE

Nice to meet you, Carl.

LINDSAY

Well, we'll be on our way. Have fun!

MELANIE

Have a great night -- uh, evening!

The girls vanish in a hurry, leaving Debbie and Carl to face each other in awkward silence.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. DEBBIE'S STREET - NIGHT

13

Michael and Vic walk down the street, carrying groceries.

MICHAEL

Ben's working on his book, so I figured I'd have dinner with you and Mom, maybe try a little diplomacy.

VIC

Well, if you mean about you and him, forget it. She's dug her high heels in and she's not budging.

MICHAEL

Still worth a try.

VIC

Not tonight.
(beat)
She's got a date.

MICHAEL

(in disbelief)
With a man?

VIC

Of course with a man. Why should she be different from us?

As they approach the house they SEE Debbie and Carl walking toward Horvath's late model Ford.

MICHAEL

Is that him? Detective Columbo?

(CONTINUED)

VIC
I always found trenchcoats sexy.

MICHAEL
I thought Mom said he's a total
homophobe!

As Carl opens the door for Debbie, Michael approaches.

DEBBIE
Hi, sweetheart!
(then)
Carl, you remember my son, Michael.

HORVATH
Sure. How's it going, Mike?

He extends his hand to Michael, who reluctantly takes it.

MICHAEL
Fine.

DEBBIE
Well, we're off!

Carl helps Debbie into the car. As Michael stands on the
curb watching them drive away:.

CUT TO:

14	OMITTED	14
15	SCENE MOVED AND RENUMBERED 11A	15 *
16	SCENE MOVED AND RENUMBERED 11B	16 *
		*
17	INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS CABIN - NIGHT	17

A STEWARD has rolled his lavish cheese and dessert cart in
front of Emmett and George. Emmett's practically in heaven.

EMMETT
I'll have some of the brie -- and the
tarte au chocolat -- and the creme
brulee -- and don't be stingy with the
champagne!

As the hunky Steward piles a plate, George roars:

GEORGE

You've been eating ever since we took off!

EMMETT

It's my first time in first class. I want to make sure I get your money's worth.

The Steward fills Emmett's glass, moves on. Emmett sips some champagne, then:

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Listen!

GEORGE

What?

EMMETT

If you're very quiet, you can almost hear them moo.

GEORGE

Who?

EMMETT

The cattle in coach. I know. I used to be one of the herd. But now that I'm finally on the other side of that curtain, it's a whole new world!

GEORGE

From now on, I hope the world will be a whole new world.

EMMETT

It will. Because I'm with you. *

GEORGE

Will you find it terribly tedious if I tell you again how marvelous you are -- and how much you mean to me?

EMMETT

I'll try to endure it.

GEORGE

No one's ever given me more pleasure, or made me feel as good about myself. I want you to always remember that.

EMMETT

Thank you, Georgie.

(CONTINUED)

George takes Emmett's hand, excitedly.

GEORGE

I can't wait to make love at every destination! On top of Machu Picchu, in a gondola in Venice, on the Great Wall of China -- !

EMMETT

I wonder if there's a three-thousand year-old glory hole?

GEORGE

I wish we could do it right now!

EMMETT

Why not?

(off his look)

Haven't you ever heard of the "Mile High Club"? Honey, it's why Orville and Wilbur invented aviation. You go into the little boys' room first, then when no one is looking, I'll slip in after you and we'll --

He whispers naughty things into George's ear. George's eyes light up.

GEORGE

What if there's turbulence?

EMMETT

The bumpier the better!

Emmett and George exchange a wicked glance, then, George looks around, gets up, gives Emmett a wink, and heads for the head. After a beat, Emmett glances casually around to make sure everyone's preoccupied, then gets up, makes his way nonchalantly to the lavatory, goes in. As we see the latch slide with a sharp snap to "OCCUPIED":

CUT TO:

18 INT. THE LOBSTER PIT - NIGHT

18

It is what it says it is. No pretension, no bullshit -- a nautically-themed fishhouse for the coupon crowd. Debbie and Carl sit at the table with bibs tied around their necks, digging into two tasty lobsters. Horvath shows Debbie photos from his wallet, trying not to get drawn butter on them.

(CONTINUED)

HORVATH
 That's my son, Carl, Junior. In the
 Air Force, stationed in Germany. He's
 got two little ones.

*
*

DEBBIE
 Very nice.

HORVATH
 And my daughter, Vicki, named for her
 Mom, God rest her soul. Lives in Salt
 Lake. Music teacher.

DEBBIE
 Married?

HORVATH
 Yeah --

From the tone of it, Debbie knows there's a problem.

HORVATH (CONT'D)
 To a black guy.

DEBBIE
 Oh.

HORVATH
 Now don't go getting the wrong idea --!

DEBBIE
 Did you hear me say a word?

HORVATH
 He's nice enough. A lawyer.
 Successful, too.

DEBBIE
 But you don't like it.

HORVATH
 I'm working on it.

DEBBIE
 Big of you.

HORVATH
 You got enough there?

DEBBIE
 Plenty.

HORVATH

I just don't get why she'd want to go make her life more difficult. I tried telling her, but --

DEBBIE

You can't dictate to your kids how to live their lives, or who to love. You try, it only makes things worse.

HORVATH

Sounds like we're talking from personal experience here.

A beat, then:

DEBBIE

My son's seeing someone who's got HIV.

HORVATH

Holy shit.

DEBBIE

Yeah, that's what I say. But try telling him, he'll bite your head off.

She cracks a lobster claw.

HORVATH

Well like you said, it's none of our business. We're just the poor suckers who brought 'em into the world.

(beat)

But I worry for her. For their kids, when they have 'em.

DEBBIE

I worry, too. For my kid's life. So I'm the ogre.

HORVATH

A damn pretty one.

DEBBIE

Don't try to sweet talk me.

HORVATH

(laughs)

Can't take a compliment?

DEBBIE

Been so long since I had one, I wouldn't know what to do with it!

(CONTINUED)

HORVATH

You savor it. Like this --

He sucks a juicy bite of lobster out of the shell, butter dripping down his chin. Signals Debbie to do the same. She does, butter dripping. He reaches over with his napkin, tenderly dabs it off her chin. As they continue savoring their meal:

CUT TO:

18A INT. AIRPLANE - LAVATORY - NIGHT

18A *

Emmett and George are crammed into the tiny bathroom. George is crammed into Emmett. His pants are down and he's bent over the sink. *

EMMETT *

(reading between thrusts) *

"As a courtesy to the other passengers, please clean up before leaving." We wouldn't dream otherwise, would we, George? *

George, ecstatic, ploughs Emmett's field: *

GEORGE *

(re: the bathroom) *

It's -- very -- tight -- in here. *

EMMETT *

(blushing) *

Thanks. *

GEORGE *

Uh! -- Uh! -- Uh! *

EMMETT *

Shhhhhh! Don't want the steward hearing us and bursting in. Although, he was kinda cute. *

Suddenly, an ANNOUNCEMENT: *

STEWARD (V.O.) *

Ladies and Gentlemen, we're experiencing a little turbulence -- *

EMMETT *

(gripping the sink) *

Them, too? *

(CONTINUED)

STEWARD (V.O.)

The Captain has turned on the seatbelt sign and requested you please return to your seat.

EMMETT

Sorry, my seat's taken.

Just then, George lets out what sounds like a long, satisfied passionate moan:

GEORGE

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

EMMETT

That sounded like a good one!

But George isn't moving. Feeling the full weight of him on his back, Emmett tries to turn around.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Georgie --?

Emmett looks in the mirror, sees a lifeless George hanging on him. He starts to panic:

EMMETT (CONT'D)

George --?! Are you all right?
George?

Emmett cups some water from the sink, throws it on George's face. Nothing. The horrible reality begins to dawn on Emmett's face. On top of that, his pants are down and he's still penetrated.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Oh, God -- no.
(then, a tremulous plea)
Help!

CUT TO:

19 OMITTED

19

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

20

Later. Debbie lets herself into the dark house -- is startled to find Michael sitting there, waiting for her.

DEBBIE

Well what do you know. You waiting up for me.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
It's after midnight.

DEBBIE
You gonna ground me?

She giggles.

MICHAEL
(beat)
You're drunk.

DEBBIE
So, I had a couple glasses of wine.
And a nice time, in case you're
interested.

MICHAEL
With that homophobic prick?

A beat. That catches her off-guard.

DEBBIE
He's not a homophobic prick.

MICHAEL
Okay. So now what is he?

DEBBIE
A fifty-five year-old straight guy with
fifty-five year-old straight guy
attitudes who needs to have his eyes
opened.

MICHAEL
He's not the only one. For a free meal
and a little attention, you're willing
to overlook everything you believe in!

DEBBIE
You don't know him, Michael.

MICHAEL
Neither do you.

DEBBIE
Well, I'd like to. And if you don't
approve, then I suggest you take your
own words of advice when I said I
didn't want you seeing Ben, and "Mind
your own fucking business."

(CONTINUED)

Michael grabs his coat, heads for the door. Debbie goes after him. *

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

You know, you might try remembering all the years I raised you and looked after your Uncle Vic, never once taking so much as a minute for myself. Now, the first time a guy actually asks me out in -- I don't even remember how long -- You've got a problem, 'stead of being happy for me!

MICHAEL

Happy that you're so fucking desperate you'd go out with anyone?

She stares at him for a beat, in disbelief. Then smacks him in the face. He stands there looking at her, then turns and leaves.

CUT TO:

21 SCENE MOVED AND RENUMBERED 18A

21 *

22 INT. WOODY'S - NIGHT

22

Brian and Ted at the bar, well on their way to wasted.

TED

Michael's got Ben. You've got Justin. Even Emmett has George for chrissakes. How come everybody's got someone but me?

BRIAN

The reason you don't have a boyfriend is because you don't want one.

TED

I don't?

BRIAN

(quick, crisp, professional) *

If you had one, it would challenge the firmly established opinion you have of yourself as a worthless sack of shit who nobody wants. Therefore, you go after guys you know will reject you, then stand around here and bitch like a high school girl when, in fact, you're getting exactly what you want. Mainly, nothing. *

(CONTINUED)

When he's right, he's right.

TED

Thank you, Doctor Kinney. You just saved me years of therapy, not to mention several thousand dollars.

Michael enters, freaking.

MICHAEL

She hit me! My mother fucking hit me!

TED

She's always hitting you.

BRIAN

It's how she expresses affection.

MICHAEL

I mean for real.

BRIAN

Uh-oh. What did Mikey do?

MICHAEL

I don't want to talk about it.

Brian and Ted take a sip of their drinks, exchange a knowing look, wait a beat. Finally:

*
*

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I told her she's pathetic for going out with a fag-hating cop!

TED

She keeps this up, we'll have to take her "Honorary Queer" button away.

MICHAEL

Where are her values -- her principles?

BRIAN

You know how it is when you want cock -- they're the first things to go.

(downing his drink)

Come on, let's get out of here. I'll drive.

He weaves his way to the door.

MICHAEL

The fuck you will.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

As he grabs the car keys from Brian:

CUT TO:

23 INT. GARY'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

23

Gary The Sap's condo: Pottery Barn, personalized with black and white homoerotic "art" photos (a la Bruce Weber) and maybe a poster from a favorite Broadway musical. Among GARY'S FRIENDS, a rich and varied collection of low-lives, FIND a few TWINKS, including our little Justin. He's getting some attention from the guests -- but not as much as TWEAKED TOMMY, another boy-toy, who's got his shirt off.

*
*

TWEAKED TOMMY
(impressed by the surroundings)
Cool place, huh?

*
*
*

JUSTIN
Yeah -- cool.

*
*

TWEAKED TOMMY
These guys really think I'm hot!

*
*

Justin watches as Tommy's led away by a couple of guys. Gary comes over, smoking a joint.

*
*

GARY
Want some?

JUSTIN
No, thanks.

GARY
Come on -- loosen up, relax.

Justin takes a toke.

GARY (CONT'D)
Why don't you take your shirt off?

JUSTIN
What for?

GARY
It's why you're here, remember?

JUSTIN
"Decoration".

GARY
That was the deal.

(CONTINUED)

Justin reluctantly removes his shirt. Gary takes it, tosses it aside.

GARY (CONT'D)
That's better.

He teases Justin's nipple as BOB, a friend of Gary's, joins them with a drink.

BOB
Your little friend looks like he could use a drink. Why don't we offer him something?

GARY
Later.

He glances over, SEES another guest giving shirtless boy-toy Tommy something to sip. Tommy appears woozy, as a lot of hands and lips caress him. Someone unbuttons his jeans, several hands reach in. Gary passes the joint back to Justin.

GARY (CONT'D)
Have some more -- it's great shit.

Justin looks at it, already feeling a little stoned, takes another toke. What the hell, he can handle it.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. STREET/INT. BRIAN'S JEEP - NIGHT

24

The Jeep speeds down Liberty Avenue with Michael behind the wheel, Ted next to him and Brian in back, drunk off his ass.

BRIAN
(sing-song)
"Little Mikey's jealous, Little Mikey's
jealous --"

MICHAEL
What are you talking about? Shut the
fuck up!

*
*

BRIAN
Think they did it? Think he slipped
her the big greaser?

TED
What do you say we have some music?

(CONTINUED)

He turns on the RADIO. Real LOUD. Brian has to shout to be heard. And he will be heard.

BRIAN

It's your classic, garden-variety Oedipal thing. All your life you've been her little man. Suddenly, some big old dick pops up, threatens to take her away. You're hurt, you're angry, you're mad enough to kill --!

Michael's furious, floors the gas pedal, burns rubber.

TED

One more word from you and I'm throwing you out of the car -- even if it is yours!

Suddenly, a SIREN and swirling POLICE LIGHTS.

MICHAEL

Shit!

TED

Now what?

MICHAEL

We're getting pulled over. Fuck! *

TED *

(to Brian, panicked)

Do you have anything on you? *

BRIAN *

Sixteen pounds of cocaine, twenty-four ounces of heroin -- *

TED *

This is no time to be funny! *

BRIAN *

Who's being funny? *

Ted looks terrified. Michael pulls over. An OFFICER gets out of his car, or off his cycle, walks up to the Jeep. *

OFFICER *

License and registration, sir. *

Michael, sulkily, does as he's told -- gives the officer his license and registration from the glove compartment. *

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER (CONT'D) *
Are you the owner of the vehicle? *

MICHAEL *
No, he is. *

BRIAN *
Lovely evening, isn't it, officer? *

OFFICER *
Are you aware you were speeding? *

MICHAEL *
Oh, that must be why it felt like we *
were going so fast. *

TED *
(admonishing) *
Michael --! *

OFFICER *
You were doing sixty in a thirty-five *
mile zone. *

MICHAEL *
What do you know. Give the office a *
jelly donut! *

OFFICER *
Excuse me, sir? *

MICHAEL *
Don't you have something useful to do -- *
like arrest a murderer? *

TED *
Jesus! What the hell are you doing? *

OFFICER *
(to Michael) *
Do you have a problem with police *
officers, sir? *

BRIAN *
Only ones who are boffing his mother. *

MICHAEL *
Shut up, asshole. *
(to the officer) *
Just give me the goddamn ticket! *

(CONTINUED)

TED
(mutters)
Now he's done it --

OFFICER
Get out of the car, sir.

TED
Now we're going to get arrested --

Michael gets out.

MICHAEL
What next? Gonna work me over?

TED
Now we're going to jail --

The Officer pushes Michael up against the Jeep. Then to Brian and Ted:

OFFICER
You, too!

TED
W-w-what did w-w-we do?

OFFICER
I said out!

Ted quickly obeys. Brian stumbles out, smashed, raises his hand which is holding a practically empty bottle of Jack in it.

BRIAN
(generously)
I'll be happy to drive these gentlemen home, Officer!

As the Officer pushes them up against the Jeep along side Michael:

CUT TO:

25 INT. AIRPLANE - GALLEY - NIGHT

25

George's body is covered with a blanket and laid out on the floor of the cramped galley. Emmett sits on the tiny jumpseat, shocked and shaken. The Steward makes sure the curtain to the main cabin remains closed and that no one comes in while a DOCTOR, kneeling beside George's body, covers his face.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR

It appears the gentleman suffered a massive myocardial infarction --
 (off Emmett's "huh?" look)
 -- a heart attack. Brought on by --
 (politely)
 -- over-exertion.

EMMETT

Thank you, Doctor. How lucky to have a heart specialist on board.

DOCTOR

Actually, I'm a Doctor of Economics. But the same thing happened to my uncle. What a way to go.

He leaves. The Steward comes over.

STEWARD

Is there anything I can get you?

EMMETT

A drink. I could really use a drink.

The Steward opens a drawer, takes out a mini-liquor bottle.

STEWARD

Over ice?

EMMETT

That won't be necessary.

The Steward hands Emmett the drink. *

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Thanks.

(he takes a sip, then) *
 You mind if I stay up here? I don't want to leave him alone.

STEWARD

Make yourself comfortable. And if you need anything, just holler -- I'll "Fetch" it for you.

He gives Emmett a smile and a wink. A friend in need. Leaves.

EMMETT

Did you hear that, George? He recognized me. I guess stardom sometimes has its advantages. *

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

Emmett looks at George's covered body for a beat, adjusts the blanket.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

So here we are, honey. Flying around
somewhere between heaven and earth.
Lost in the stars.

(beat)

We had so many places to go, things to
do -- a whole new life. For both of
us. Now -- I guess it's the next plane
home.

As he sits there, devastated:

CUT TO:

26 INT. GARY'S CONDO - NIGHT

26

Justin is dancing shirtless for some guests now. He's pretty stoned. On the sofa, another TWINK sits, pants down around his ankles, getting blown by a couple of GUESTS. The Sap and his pal, Bob, watch Justin with interest, exchange a whisper and a laugh, then The Sap goes over to Justin.

GARY

You look kind of thirsty. Have a sip.

He offers Justin his drink.

JUSTIN

Thanks --

Justin takes a sip.

GARY

You haven't seen my place. C'mon, I'll
show you around.

He leads Justin down a hallway to:

27 INT. GARY'S CONDO - PLAYROOM - CONTINUOUS

27

Gary opens the door. In the center of the room, hanging naked in a sling is a totally out-of-it Tommy. Several GUYS surround him, taking turns fucking him, getting their dicks sucked, making sure there's a bottle of poppers under his nose at all times. Gary pets the back of Justin's head like a little puppy. Soothingly:

GARY

Looks like he's having a good time.
Ever been in a sling?

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

(woozy)

Not really --

GARY

You'd love it. It's really hot.

He gestures to the guys to remove Tommy.

GARY (CONT'D)

Come on, why don't you give it a try?

He unbuttons Justin's pants.

JUSTIN

No, wait -- I don't want to --

Gary signals to the guy with the poppers to stick them under Justin's nose. Justin's head spins from the pot and the poppers and whatever was in that drink, as Gary and his friend, Bob, start to hoist Justin up under the knees and behind the back to lift him into the sling. Justin struggles --

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I said I don't want to --!

Justin kicks out, catches Gary in the mouth with his shoe. Gary drops him, bleeding.

GARY

Shit! If you broke one of my caps --!

Justin scrambles dizzily to his feet.

JUSTIN

Sorry --

GARY

Fucker --! You know how much these cost me?

JUSTIN

I'd better go --

GARY

Goddamn right! And don't bother coming back to work --! My caps --! My fucking caps --!

As Justin stumbles past Sap's good friends:

CUT TO:

28 INT. JAIL - CELL - DAY

28

Michael, Brian and Ted have spent a crummy and uncomfortable night in jail. They're unshaven, cold, hungry and tired. A scuzzy WACKO sleeps it off in a corner. *

TED

I am so disappointed.

MICHAEL

(guiltily)

I know. I fucked up big time.

TED

I don't mean that. All the porno flicks I've seen that take place in prison always show hot, criminal types in heavy man-to-man action.

(glancing around)

It's nothing like -- this.

WACKO

(rolling over)

You're not exactly what I was hoping for, either. *

BRIAN

Who do I have to blow to get a triple non-fat latte around here?

Just then, a HUNKY UNIFORMED OFFICER opens the cell door:

BRIAN (CONT'D)

If you say so --

Then Horvath appears.

HORVATH

Okay, you're free to go.

Ted, Brian and Michael make their way past him.

TED

Thank you, sir! Thank you!

BRIAN

Your housekeeping staff deserves a thrashing.

They leave, followed by Michael, with a silent scowl. Horvath stops him.

(CONTINUED)

HORVATH

A word?

Michael stops, glares at Horvath in silent disdain.

HORVATH (CONT'D)

If you've got a problem, talk to me about it -- instead of taking it out on the officer who pulled you over.

MICHAEL

Fine. You're a homophobic bigot and I want you to stay away from my mother. *

HORVATH

Thank you for being forthright. May I be the same?

(he proceeds)

I don't hate gays. I just don't get it. But then you could say the same about me -- so we're even.

(beat)

As for your mother, she's a very nice lady. Big heart, big personality, big mouth. Call me crazy, but I like that. And she sure as hell loves you.

A beat, then handing him a ticket.

HORVATH (CONT'D)

So go pay your speeding ticket at the front desk, and there'll be no record of your night in the slammer for you or your friends.

Michael is taken aback by this unexpected act of kindness.

MICHAEL

Thanks --

HORVATH

You're welcome, Michael. And no word of this to your mother. If she knew, she'd punch your heart out. *

CUT TO:

29 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

29

Michael and Ben are trying to get Debbie's attention.

MICHAEL

Mom -- ? ~~Mother~~ --!

DEBBIE
 (friendly, all business)
 Yes?

MICHAEL
 Could we order please?

DEBBIE
 You look like shit.

MICHAEL
 Thank you.

DEBBIE
 (takes out her pad)
 So what do you want?

MICHAEL
 Two eggs over easy, bacon, raisin toast
 -- and to say I'm sorry.

DEBBIE
 (to Ben)
 What about you?

BEN
 Wheaties.

She turns to go.

MICHAEL
 Mom? Did you hear what I said?

DEBBIE
 Two eggs over easy, bacon, raisin toast
 --

MICHAEL
 I meant the sorry part!
 (beat)
 I said I was sorry. *

DEBBIE
 Like something you were ordering off
 the menu, and now you expect me to
 bring you a nice plate of forgiveness --
 like that? *

She snaps her fingers.

BEN
 Look, I think I'd better leave and let
 you two work this out --

(CONTINUED)

He starts to get up. Michael stops him.

*

MICHAEL

Stay.

*

(a beat, then continuing to Debbie)

I had no right judging Detective Horvath without knowing him, and I had no right saying those things I said about you. You're entitled to date whoever you want--

DEBBIE

Goddamn right I am --

MICHAEL

Right. But then -- so am I.

*

Debbie looks at him for a beat. Then, to Ben:

DEBBIE

Cereal's coming right up --

*

(then)

-- Ben.

BEN

Thanks.

As Debbie goes to get their order, Michael and Ben exchange a glance -- it's a small step. But it's a step.

CUT TO:

30 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - DAY

30

Brian comes in bleary-eyed to discover Justin in his shorts, sitting at the foot of the bed with his computer, drawing him. As Brian takes off his shoes, his shirt:

*

*

JUSTIN

What happened to you last night?

BRIAN

Don't ask.

JUSTIN

We have an agreement.

BRIAN

Home by three or my balls turn into pumpkins.

(beat)

Believe me, you didn't miss a thing.

(CONTINUED)

Justin figures he'll hear about it later. Or not. Goes back to work.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
How was the party?

JUSTIN
Incredibly tedious. I left early.

BRIAN
Bet The Sap didn't like that.

Brian goes to the bedroom. *

JUSTIN
Fuck the Sap. *

Justin gets up from the computer, follows Brian into the bedroom. *

JUSTIN (CONT'D) *

Anyway, I quit.

Brian raises a barely discernible eyebrow.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
I decided that working all night and going to school all day was counter-productive to my goals. I need to prioritize. Concentrate on my art.

BRIAN
(takes off his pants) *

Uh-huh.

He gets into bed. *

JUSTIN
(after a beat)
So I'd like to take you up on your offer. If it still stands.

BRIAN
(checking under the sheets)
Still stands.

They laugh, then Justin climbs into bed, moves into Brian's arms.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

Of course, we'll have to discuss the terms of the loan -- interest, repayment schedule. And we'll need something in writing.

BRIAN

(proud of him)

Of course.

(then)

So what made you change your mind?

JUSTIN

A man has to know when to ask for help.

Brian slips Justin's shorts off, moves on top of him. But as they're kissing, Justin rolls Brian over, so that Justin is now on top. A look is exchanged between them, an unspoken understanding. As Justin reaches for a condom and Brian slips it on him:

FADE OUT.

THE END