

queer asfolk

EPISODE 302

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LIMITED DIST'

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queerasfolk

EPISODE 302

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
ETHAN GOLD.....Fabrizio Filippo
VIC GRASSI.....Jack Wetherall
JENNIFER TAYLOR.....Sherry Miller
DAPHNE CHANDERS.....Makyla Smith

and as

DEBBIE NOVOTNY.....Sharon Gless

GUEST CAST

TWINK

DIJON

FAN

CRAIG TAYLOR

DUSTY

WOMAN

HEAVY BREATHER

DEAN (P.I.F.A.-FINANCIAL
SERVICES)

FADE IN:

1 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

1

BRIAN is wildly fucking his latest trick. As the CAMERA CIRCLES around, we SEE that -- surprise! -- it's JUSTIN. Brian caresses his lover's familiar body, timing his thrusts to drive Justin wild.

JUSTIN
Oh yeah! Fuck me! Harder!
(then)
I'm gonna come!

Justin shoots all over his chest as Brian shoots up his ass.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Oh -- God --!

Empty and exhausted, Brian collapses onto Justin. Eyes shut, he holds Justin tight.

TWINK (O.S.)
That was one of my top ten fucks! *

At the sound of this STRANGER'S VOICE, Brian's eyes snap open and dart around, as if he's just awoken from a dream. Brian lifts himself off "Justin", and we discover that what was too good to be true -- isn't. It's just another TWINK Brian's brought home.

BRIAN
Definitely one of my top ten --
thousand. *

TWINK
God, I shot buckets! Mind if I use
your shower?

BRIAN
Wear it home proudly. I'm busy.

TWINK
You're just gonna kick me out?

BRIAN
You got it.

As Twink gets up, wipes off his slick chest with his underwear, yanks on his jeans, grumbling:

TWINK
Why are the best fucks always the
biggest jerks? *

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 1

As Twink lets himself out, Brian lights up a cigarette, takes a long drag.

CUT TO:

2 INT. TED'S CONDO - BEDROOM - DAY 2

Emmett is asleep in Ted's bed. A cup of steaming hot coffee comes into view. Like a television commercial, the aroma wafts over to Emmett causing him to stir.

TED

Rise and shine, lover.

EMMETT

"Lover". How I love that word!

(then)

What smells so yummy?

TED

I made you my special roast -- hope you like it

EMMETT

I like my coffee like I like my men.

(taking a sip)

Strong, full-bodied, and piping hot!

TED

Stop --!

EMMETT

It's true! You -- were -- magnificent!

TED

I was?

EMMETT

So gentle, so sensitive -- and yet, sooo forceful. Who knew?

TED

Even though you're my best friend, there're some things only a lover can know.

EMMETT

"Lover". How I love that word!

TED

And what about you? You're -- sensational.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

No, no. I'm not.

(then, quickly)

Really?

TED

The miracles you can perform with your tongue. Taunting me, teasing me, driving me mad! And your ass. It's softer than my new Egyptian cotton, 2000 thread-count sheets.

(then)

Careful, don't spill.

(shaking his head in awe)

And they said it would never work.

EMMETT

The fools! What do they know?

TED

More cream, sweetheart

EMMETT

Thanks, lover.

TED

"Lover". How I love that word!

As they kiss preciously on the lips:

CUT TO:

AT THE COUNTER: Ted and Emmett continue their glucose-drip routine as Ted cuts a donut and feeds it to Emmett.

TED

Have another bite, Lamb Chop.

EMMETT

Thank you, Teddy Bear.

Brian sits nearby recoiling like a vampire from sunlight.

BRIAN

I'm going to heave my hash-browns.

(to Ted and Emmett)

I don't care what unspeakable acts of perversion you two freaks commit in private -- but do you have to flaunt it in the faces of decent, God-fearing citizens?

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

You're just jealous because we have what you don't.

BRIAN

Gonorrhoea?

TED

A loving, mature relationship.
(giving Emmett another bite)
Open up for the choo-choo, boo-boo!

CONTINUED

NEARBY, DEBBIE is checking out MICHAEL's bruised eye:

DEBBIE

How's that shiner coming along --?

MICHAEL

It's nothing -- OW!

DEBBIE

Still smarts?
(shooting killer darts at
Brian)
Animal!

MICHAEL

Leave him alone, Ma. I asked for it.

DEBBIE

Nobody asks to be socked in the eye.
Since when do gay guys use their fists?

As they all burst into a laugh:

EMMETT

I'll get Big Hairy Al to explain it to you!

Nearby, a FAN (late 30's) comes up to Michael:

FAN

You wrote "Rage", right?

MICHAEL

(thrown)
Right. That is, me and -- a partner.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN

bussing tables. He glowers at Michael, moves on.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

I'm his mother. I bought him his first comic book!

FAN

I just want you to know how much this means to me -- having a gay superhero. I only wish he'd been around when I was growing up.

MICHAEL

Yeah -- me, too.

FAN

So, when's the next issue coming out?

Michael hesitates.

MICHAEL

Actually --

BRIAN

(cutting in)

Yeah, Mikey -- when is the next issue coming out?

Michael just stands there, unable to answer.

CUT TO:

Michael comes out of the diner, sees Justin chalking the daily specials on the board. Michael hesitates -- this is hard for him. Finally:

MICHAEL

Life goes on as usual, hmmm?

Justin looks at him, turns back to his work.

JUSTIN

I wanted to quit -- but your mom wouldn't let me.

MICHAEL

We know how subtle her powers of persuasion can be.

JUSTIN

Besides, I need the money.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

MICHAEL

Guess Brian came in handy for something.

Justin just gives him a glare, doesn't answer.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Well, if you want money the comic book's a big hit. We've already sold out the first issue, people are asking for more --

CONTINUED

JUSTIN

(incredulous)

Are you saying we should work together?

MICHAEL

We don't have to like each other. But we did make a commitment --

JUSTIN

You fucking betrayed me!

MICHAEL

You betrayed yourself. And Brian.

JUSTIN

(finishing up the board)

Well, I don't want anything to do with "Rage". Or you.

And with that, he goes back into the diner -- leaving Michael standing there.

CUT TO:

5

EXT. PARK - PLAYGROUND - DAY

5

Mothers and children at play. You could call it "Dykes and Tykes" -- as most of the mothers are of the lesbian variety. FIND LINDSAY scooping Gus in her arms he zooms down a slide:

LINDSAY

Whoa -- Mommy's got you!

MELANIE comes toward them looking incongruous in her power suit. She's on her cell:

*
*
*
*
*
*

MELANIE

(into phone)

No, they're not appealing. It's settled. We need to draft up a payment schedule, stat. Notes are on my hard drive.

(CONTINUED)

She kisses Gus.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

(to Gus)

Hey, sweetie. Look what Mama's got for you!

She hands Gus a cookie, which Gus is about to grab -- until Lindsay grabs it first.

LINDSAY

Not before lunch!

Lindsay takes a bite, as Melanie takes Gus in her arms.

MELANIE

Mean old Mommy won't let you carb up after your workout!

Juggling an infant and a toddler, big-boned DUSTY joins them.

DUSTY

Hey, Mel -- haven't seen you at the swing sets lately.

MELANIE

The only recess I get is when Judge Jamison calls it.

LINDSAY

I thought you were supposed to be in court all day.

MELANIE

We finally settled the Kittrich Case.

LINDSAY

My God -- it's been two years!

MELANIE

Of deferred fees. Now -- paid in full!

Lindsay whoops it up, hugs her.

DUSTY

Congratulations, you guys.

MELANIE

You, too, Dusty! On your second.

DUSTY

A few years ago who'd-a-thunk this big ole dyke would have a kid? Now I can hardly wait for my third!

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

(laughing)

Three?

(running after Gus)

Come here, you little rat!

DUSTY

What about you? Aren't you due for another?

LINDSAY

Are you kidding? I have my hands full enough with one!

Lindsay catches Gus, gives him a big kiss. STAY ON Melanie -- hearing Lindsay's emphatic declaration.

CUT TO:

Justin shares a table with DAPHNE, her textbooks piled high besides their coffees. He's sketching ETHAN, who's on the corner, busking his heart out. Suddenly, Justin's hand starts to tremble.

DAPHNE

You okay?

JUSTIN

The Claw gets tired sometimes, that's all.

As they watch Ethan for a beat:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Know how much he averages a day? Forty bucks.

DAPHNE

(a sting of sarcasm)

I had no idea being a beggar could be so lucrative.

JUSTIN

He's not a beggar. He's a street performer.

DAPHNE

How romantic.

JUSTIN

You have no idea! Last night we made love on the roof. Under the stars.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Never did anything like that with Brian.

DAPHNE

I recall hearing about some pretty hot nights. Remember how he'd fuck you so hard you'd still feel him inside you the next morning?

JUSTIN

Daphne --!

DAPHNE

Your words, darling, not mine.

Ethan comes over, grabs a chair, starts counting his take.

ETHAN

If I have to play the goddamn Meditation from "Thais" one more time, I'll scream. But I suppose it's better than having to suffer the soulless existence of a lawyer or a doctor.

DAPHNE

Actually -- I'm in pre-med.

Ethan looks at her -- as Justin jumps in FAST:

JUSTIN

What're you taking next term, Daph?

DAPHNE

"Comp Anat", "Bio-Chem" --

ETHAN

(intensely disinterested)
"Blood and Guts" --

DAPHNE

Sorry. We can't all be "geniuses".
(then, to Justin)
What about you?

Justin drops the bomb -- but casually:

JUSTIN

Actually, I'm not. I'm dropping out.

DAPHNE

No way.

JUSTIN

No money.

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN

Well, who's been paying so far?

DAPHNE

Who do you think?

The expression on Justin's face tells all. Ethan doesn't need to hear Brian's name.

CUT TO:

7 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

7

Speak of the devil. Looking to hook up, Brian surfs the Internet on his computer, rapidly clicking through various photo/profiles of men of different shapes and sizes, but none hit the spot.

HEAVY BREATHER (V.O.)

(on phone)

Heard your profile. You sound hot.

BRIAN

(bored)

Yeah --

While he browses, Brian talks on the chat lines using his hands-free headset phone -- multi-tasking at its best.

HEAVY BREATHER (ON PHONE)

So what are you into?

BRIAN

For starters, sitting on your face while you suck my balls.

Bored of the computer, Brian searches for a gay news rag: rows of back-page ads: personals and hustlers with photos.

HEAVY BREATHER (V.O.)

(on phone)

Fuck --! I'm so hard.

BRIAN

(stifling a yawn)

Why don't you take a hit of poppers, stick a couple of fingers up your hole while you jerk off?

He throws the magazine across the room, sick of the search. Meanwhile, HEAVY BREATHER continues, moaning out of control.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

HEAVY BREATHER (V.O.)

(on phone)

Oh. Yeah.

BRIAN

You ciose?

HEAVY BREATHER (V.O.)

(on phone)

So ciose --

(climaxing)

I'm gonna come!

BRIAN

Wasting it on the phone. What kind of pathetic troll are you?

Brian slams down the phone in disgust. He stands for a beat, then grabs his jacket and takes off.

CUT TO:

8 INT. MELANIE AND LINDSAY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

8

Melanie's going down, down, down on Lindsay.

LINDSAY

You're awfully frisky!

MELANIE

Nothing like a rich cash settlement to get my juices flowing.

LINDSAY

Must be a "butch" thing.

MELANIE

It's a Jewish thing -- and don't knock it. Now we can fix up the basement, pay down the house --

(nibble, nibble)

-- maybe have our second kid?

A beat. Cunnilingus interruptus. She moves up to face Lindsay.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

You didn't mean what you said in the park, did you?

LINDSAY

No cookies before lunch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELANIE

No more babies after Gus.

LINDSAY

(uncomfortably)

Well -- now that Gus is in preschool, I was hoping to return to civilian life. Teach, get back into my art. Sara even said if I had enough paintings she'd give me a show. How am I supposed to do that if we have another kid --?

MELANIE

I understand completely. But it's not like we can pop out a baby whenever we want. It requires timing, planning --

LINDSAY

But the thought of being pregnant again --

MELANIE

You loved being pregnant!

LINDSAY

I did?

MELANIE

That's what you said.

LINDSAY

It must've been the hormones speaking.

MELANIE

Well, listen to your hormones. Were you ever sexy! Big hard belly, hot luscious tits, horny all the time --
(adding the final incentive)
And imagine if this time we had a little girl -- who looks just like you.

As Melanie resumes irrigating the fertile crescent:

CUT TO:

9 INT. MICHAEL AND EMMETT'S (AND BEN'S) APARTMENT - NIGHT

9

Emmett blows through, scurrying about getting ready to go out, finds Michael setting the table, BEN at the stove.

EMMETT

Mmmmm! What smells so scrumptilicious?

MICHAEL

Ben's stirring up some Thai delight.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Want to join us? There's plenty.

EMMETT

Thank you, Benjamin -- but I'm off to meet Mr. Right.

MICHAEL

Thought you already met him.

EMMETT

It's a game Teddy and I play.

(explaining)

We find each other at Babylon and he'll say something to me like "Come here often"? And I'll say something to him like "Only when my boyfriend's out of town". Then we go back to his place and fuck like bunnies!

BEN

Cute.

EMMETT

Want to hook up later?

MICHAEL

Nothing could drag us out of the house tonight.

BEN

We're going to have a little dinner, watch a little TV --

MICHAEL

Then turn in early.

EMMETT

In other words, you want me out of here toot-sweet so you can fuck like bunnies.

MICHAEL AND BEN

Got it!

EMMETT

Ta!

Emmett leaves. As the door slams shut:

BEN

(serving)

Come and get it.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

The words I've been drooling to hear.

He's about to kiss the cook-- as there's a KNOCK at the door.

BEN

Emmett forget his key?

MICHAEL

(cautious)

Emmett never forgets his key.

Another KNOCK. They begin to suspect:

BEN

You don't suppose it could be --

MICHAEL

(whispering)

Don't answer it. Maybe he'll go away.

BRIAN (O.S.)

(calling from behind the door)

You told me I'm welcome anytime!

As Ben throws open the door, defeated:

BEN

Fuck!!

BRIAN

At least give me a little dinner and shmooze me up first.

(heading straight for the table)

So -- what's for din-din?

(sampling)

Mee krob. That's good!

BEN

I only made enough for two.

BRIAN

(taking his place at the table)

So which of you wants to join me?

(putting his napkin in his lap)

After we dine, how about a little dancing at Babylon?

A beat -- as Michael and Ben exchange a glance.

MICHAEL

We thought we'd spend a quiet evening at--

*

(CONTINUED)

Brian cuts him right off.

BRIAN

It's Nine Inch Nite. Any guy with nine or more gets in free. So with what I save, I'll treat you two to your tickets.

BEN

Thanks for the generous offer -- but we prefer to sit this one out.

CUT TO:

10 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

10

Amid the crush of Babylonians undulating on the dance floor, FIND Brian and Michael lost in the high of the music, the rush of the drugs, the thrill of sweaty contact. ALSO FIND Ben on the sidelines with Ted and Emmett.

EMMETT

I thought you and Michael were spending a quiet evening alone together.

BEN

The best un-laid plans --

EMMETT

(to Ted)

Another beer, baby?

TED

Love it, luscious.

They give each other a sickening smooch, then Emmett goes off to the bar. Ted tries to cheer Ben.

TED (CONT'D)

Look at all those poor fools out there. All they really want is what you and I have.

BEN

A boyfriend who's dancing with someone else?

TED

That's what it may appear to be. But Michael's just looking after a friend in his time of need. Inspiring, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Florence Nightingale Novotny.

As they continue to watch Brian and Michael dance, we ZOOOOOM over to the BAR where Emmett is getting the drinks. He hears:

MAN (O.S.)

Hello, stranger, come here often?

Emmett grins, thinking it's Ted.

EMMETT

(playing the game)

Only when my boyfriend's out of --

He turns, surprised to find himself groin-to-groin with a hot, shirtless black man (DIJON). Sweat gleams off every muscle of his massive chest, powerful arms and impressive six-pack.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Oh my God, it's --

DIJON

DiJon. Like the mustard.

EMMETT

(flustered)

Right! I knew you were a condiment.

DIJON

I've been thinking about you, baby.

EMMETT

Y-you have? That's --sweet.

DIJON

More like hot n'spicy! I'm back from my flight.

EMMETT

(remembering)

You're a flight attendant!

DIJON

Riiiiight! Just had a three day lay-over.

(chuckling)

Which is plenty of time to get laid over and over. Still up for that date?

EMMETT

"Date"?

(CONTINUED)

DIJON

That we made at the gym a few weeks ago. Maybe this'll jog your memory --

Dijon starts to rub Emmett's crotch. Emmett starts to respond.

EMMETT

It's coming back now.
(then, trying to maintain composure)
And as much as I'd love to, the world, as we know it, has changed.

CONTINUED.

DIJON

(confused)
Postage went up?

EMMETT

I have a boyfriend.

DIJON

(flashing his sensational smile)
Honey, I won't tell your boyfriend if you won't tell mine! Here's the address.

He writes it on a card, slips it in Emmett's shirt pocket.

DIJON (CONT'D)

Tomorrow -- say around seven?

He tweaks Emmett's nipples, then goes off -- leaving him on the horny horns of a big, thick dilemma. He HEARS:

TED (O.S.)

Hello, stranger, come here often?

Emmett reacts, startled, then sees:

EMMETT

Teddy! It's you.

TED

Who'd you think it was?
(taking his beer)
You've been gone so long I thought you met someone.

EMMETT

Met someone --? Ha, ha! You are sooo funny!

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

ZOOOOOM BACK to where Brian and Michael come off the dance floor, joining Ben.

BEN
(to Michael)
It's about time. Ready to go?

BRIAN
The night's still young.

BEN
(a fig)
Not as young as it once was

MICHAEL
Why don't you come dance?

BEN
I told you -- I've got a class first thing in the morning.

BRIAN
Perfect. You can leave from here.

MICHAEL
(to Brian)
Gotta go.

BRIAN
Sure, Mikey. See you tomorrow.

Brian watches as Michael and Ben leave, then starts to hunt his next prey. He catches sight of JUSTIN across the crowded room. Brian smiles, makes his way toward him, glimpsing him through the dancers as he moves. He's just about to reach him, when Justin turns around. Only it's NOT Justin. He gives Brian a come-on smile. Brian cools, turns away, disappears into the sea of dancers.

CUT TO:

11 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

11

Justin and Ethan are finishing up lunch with JENNIFER. The boys, spiffed up and on their best behavior to impress Mom, amp up the charm.

JENNIFER
Justin tells me you're a genius.

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN

(immodestly modest)

I was born with a gift -- which I like to think I inherited from my grandfather.

JUSTIN

He was in a concentration camp.

JENNIFER

(shocked)

Oh --! I -- I'm sorry --

ETHAN

Luckily, he survived and taught me how to play.

JENNIFER

Thank God --

ETHAN

I'm also fortunate to have parents who paid for all those lessons -- even though they didn't have much money.

JENNIFER

How nice to hear someone praising their parents for a change.

JUSTIN

Hey, I say nice things about you all the time! You're just not around to hear it.

ETHAN

I better get going -- I've got to practice.

JUSTIN

(proudly)

Ethan's a finalist in the Heifetz Competition.

JENNIFER

That's wonderful! I hope you win.

ETHAN

I expect to.

(to Jennifer)

Nice meeting you, Mrs. Taylor -- and thanks again for lunch.

JENNIFER

My pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

Justin and Ethan share a kiss and an embrace.

ETHAN

See you at home --

As Ethan makes his way out of the restaurant:

JENNIFER

He seems to be quite an accomplished --
not to mention confident -- young man.

JUSTIN

Don't leave out cute!

JENNIFER

Very -- cute. And certainly more
appropriate for you than Brian. Not
that I have anything against Brian. In
fact, to be honest, I don't know what
either of us would've done if it hadn't
been for --

JUSTIN

Do you mind if we not talk about him?
I'm with Ethan now.

JENNIFER

Sorry.

As she starts to sign the credit card slip:

JUSTIN

Here, let me leave the tip --

JENNIFER

Put your money away.

JUSTIN

It's not like I'll be needing it.

JENNIFER

(a beat, then)
Look, about school. I might be able to
put a little something together --

JUSTIN

You've got enough looking after
yourself and Molly.

A beat, then Jennifer proceeds with extreme caution.

JENNIFER

She tells me he asks about you.

(CONTINUED)

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11 CONTINUED: (3)

21.
11

JUSTIN

Like I give a shit.

JENNIFER

Maybe now that you're not with Brian,
he might --

JUSTIN

I'm not asking Dad for a fucking thing!

JENNIFER

He's been very generous with your
sister. If you explained the
situation, he just might come through.
After all, he's still your father. At
least give him a chance.

CUT TO:

12 INT. TORSO - DAY

12

Emmett on a cordless, paces agitatedly, arguing with some
unknown entity on the other end of the line.

EMMETT

Look! I may not be standing here with
a razor blade at my wrist or a
lightbulb up my ass, but I've got to
talk to somebody -- now!

He waits impatiently, as Brian appears, two pair of underwear
in hand.

BRIAN

I don't like waiting to be serviced.

EMMETT

I've been waiting for the goddamned Gay
Crisis Help Line to take my call for
the past fifteen minutes!

BRIAN

I'm sure if you'd told them you had a
bad tint job, they'd have put you right
through.

Brian takes the phone from Emmett, hangs it up.

BRIAN (cont'd)

What's the emergency?

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

The emergency is --
(suddenly guarded)
-- I have this "friend".

BRIAN

That would be you.

EMMETT

Who's in love with his best friend.

BRIAN

That would be Theodore.

EMMETT

But before they realized they were in
love, my "friend" made this previous
commitment.

BRIAN

A fuck date.

EMMETT

With this really really hot flight
attendant.

BRIAN

Dijon. Like the mustard. He's a first
class fuck. Plus your "friend'll" also
get free bonus miles.

EMMETT

But what about the remorse, the guilt?

BRIAN

Tell him not to sweat it. He's
protected by the Grandfather Clause.

EMMETT

What's that?

BRIAN

It states that any agreements made
prior to the current arrangement are
exempt from obligation.

EMMETT

(incredulous)
You mean my friend could actually blow
him and not be held accountable?

BRIAN

Long as he keeps his mouth shut --
afterwards.

(CONTINUED)

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23.

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

As Brian takes his underwear, goes off:

CUT TO:

13 EXT. SUPERMARKET - PARKING LOT - DAY

13

Lindsay and Dusty head from their cars to the supermarket, their kids in tow.

LINDSAY

How about a Tide?

DUSTY

Already got it.

LINDSAY

Multi-Grain Cheerios?

DUSTY

For your Ragu?

LINDSAY

Deal!

They swap coupons. Lindsay has to laugh.

DUSTY

What's so funny?

LINDSAY

Remember when I was teaching that class in Abstract Expressionism? And you were lecturing on the Metaphysical Poets? Now we're swapping coupons in the parking lot of the Shop-n-Save.

DUSTY

Tell you the truth? I don't mind it. Besides, what can you say about Rothko or Donne that hasn't already been said?

LINDSAY

It's just that, sometimes, I feel like I'm missing all the excitement. Melanie's out there, making the world a better place, and what am I doing?

DUSTY

Raising beautiful children to live in that world?

LINDSAY

Correction: one child.

(CONTINUED)

DUSTY

That's not what I hear!

(off Lindsay's perplexed stare)

I saw your better half at the cash machine this morning -- she told me the big news --

LINDSAY

What big --?

DUSTY

And I've already got the names picked out. Shane if it's a boy, Sabrina if it's a girl. You can tell I've been watching AMC.

LINDSAY

Melanie told you we're having another kid?

DUSTY

(distracted, to her little girl)

Honey, didn't mommy tell you not to touch yourself there when we're out?

(back to Lindsay)

I say go forth and multiply!

As Lindsay subtly seethes:

CUT TO:

14 INT. RED CAPE COMICS - DAY

14

Michael's finishing up with a customer. Brian, perched on the counter, flips through a comic.

BRIAN

I was puking my guts out last night.

MICHAEL

Must be the vast amount of drugs you consumed.

BRIAN

Or maybe it was that weird Asian shit Ben concocted. Hasn't he ever heard of a meatloaf?

(leaping down from the counter)

So what time's dinner? *

MICHAEL

It's not. We're going to my Mom's.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

That should be fun.

(beat)

In fact, almost as much fun as the underwear party.

MICHAEL

What underwear party?

BRIAN

The one I'm attending this evening.

MICHAEL

Jesus, I don't know how you do it -- working all day, fucking all night.

BRIAN

They say in the vast emptiness of space, the faster you move, the slower you age. Figure the same holds true of Pittsburgh.

MICHAEL

You'll just have to stay forever young without me.

Brian puts a sincere hand on Michael's shoulder.

BRIAN

It's okay, I understand. You're in a loving committed monogamous relationship with your -- what's that hideous expression? "Significant Other"? So I'll see you tomorrow.

As Michael watches him go:

CUT TO:

15 EXT. RED CAPE COMICS - NIGHT

15

Michael is locking up the shop. Out of the shadows, a FIGURE pounces on him. Sticks a gun in his back.

SHADOWY FIGURE

(raspy, whispery)

Do as I tell you and you won't get hurt.

MICHAEL

(terrified)

Okay, okay -- take it easy!

He turns around and sees -- Brian! The "gun" in his back -- Brian's finger.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Fuck -- Brian!

BRIAN
(hooting)
Gotcha!

MICHAEL
(shoving Brian)
You scared the shit out of me! What're
you still doing here?

BRIAN
Thought I'd drop you at your Mama's.

As they get into the Jeep:

MICHAEL
You're pathetic, you know that?

BRIAN
Actually, you are.

CUT TO:

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

16

As they drive along:

MICHAEL
So what time's the party start?

BRIAN
When I get there, of course.

MICHAEL
Hey, you missed Mom's turn --

BRIAN
Or should I say, when we get there?

MICHAEL
I told you I can't go -- now turn back!

BRIAN
Too late.

MICHAEL
This isn't funny! Let me out!

BRIAN
Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

MICHAEL

I'm calling Ben.

He takes out his cell, but Brian grabs it, sticks it down his pants.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing --?

BRIAN

Sit back, relax.

(pulling out a pair of undies)

Oh -- and here's a little party outfit

I got you.

As he tosses them to him"

CUT TO:

17 INT. DIJON'S APARTMENT - FOYER - NIGHT

17

A KNOCK at the door. Dijon, in a skimpy ensemble that shows off everything he's got, opens it to REVEAL EMMETT.

EMMETT

I can't stay. The only reason I'm here is because my Aunt Lula always told me that if you have to deliver bad news it's best to do it in person. It's just plain good manners. So -- bye.

DIJON

(stopping him)

What's your hurry, baby? Come on in.

He guides a reluctant Emmett into:

18 INT. DIJON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

18

The apartment has an airplane motif. Even the easy chair is a First Class seat.

EMMETT

I'm afraid it's impossible for us to keep this little tryst. You see, I'm in a relationship now, with this wonderful man --

DIJON

Uh-huh --

He seats Emmett in the First Class seat.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

And even though I could cite the Grandfather Clause --

DIJON

Can I get you a beverage?

Dijon wheels an airline drink cart over to Emmett.

EMMETT

Bloody Mary.

Dijon prepares it expertly -- just as if he's in flight.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

-- I've chosen not to. Instead, I choose to honor my commitment. To the letter.

DIJON

(handing him a drink)
Peanuts or pretzels?

EMMETT

Peanuts.

Dijon gives him a little packet.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

So I hope you'll understand that, even though I would love to stay for the in-flight entertainment, I --

*
*
*

He stops, notices an impressive winged award next to him.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

What's that?

DIJON

The airline awarded it to me. For servicing over ten thousand passengers.

*

EMMETT

(reading the inscription)
"To Dijon. Like the mustard. Who will go to any lengths to make sure satisfaction is guaranteed"

Emmett looks up. Dijon unzips his fly, pulls out a dick the size of an emergency slide.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

I see what they mean by -- any length.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

DIJON

(pleased)

And I see you're already in an upright,
locked position.

As he straps in:

CUT TO:

19 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

19

Ben and Vic are at the table set for four. Michael is M.I.A.
Debbie explodes into the phone:

DEBBIE

(into phone)

Where the hell are you, you little
asshole? I've been calling and leaving
you messages for the last hour -- and
not a fuckin' "boo" outta you! Well,
you'd just better be on your way over
here is all I gotta say, 'cause my
goddamn dinner's turning to shit!

(a beat, then)

Love, mother.

She hangs up.

VIC

(samples, almost breaks a tooth)

This garlic bread's not bad -- for a
doorstop.

DEBBIE

Shut up!

(then)

So it's a dried out mess. That's why
the Italians invented sauce.

She takes her seat, regains her composure.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Well, we're going ahead with our dinner
-- With or without my son.

VIC

You know, it isn't like Michael not to
show up, or even call --

DEBBIE

No, but it's exactly like you-know-who.

BEN

Brian?

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE
(passing him a platter)
You win the veal!

BEN
What makes you think he's with Brian?

VIC
You said they've been out every night
this week.

DEBBIE
And last.

BEN
Brian needs his best friend right now.
Of course, he'd never admit that. He
wants everyone to think he doesn't give
a crap -- excuse me --

VIC
Cover your ears, sis --

BEN
But he's hurting inside. And the more
he's hurting, the more he tries to hide
it.

DEBBIE
What an incredibly kind, compassionate
thing to say. You really are one hell
of a nice guy.

BEN
(blushes)
Thanks, Deb --

DEBBIE
Fuck nice! Unless you knock some sense
into that boyfriend of yours, Brian's
gonna keep draggin' him off to God-
knows-where -- when he ought to be here
with you!

BEN
There's not much I can do. It's his
call. I can't control him.

VIC
Why not? She's been doing it for
thirty years.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

Well, let's hope Michael wakes up and realizes he's just a substitute for Justin.

VIC

Only trouble is, the substitute's usually the last to know.

Ben absorbs this for a beat.

DEBBIE

(to Ben, with a smile)

More sauce?

CUT TO:

20 INT. MELANIE AND LINDSAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

20

Lindsay comes downstairs to find Melanie poring over legal files.

LINDSAY

Your son was a cranky little cuss tonight.

MELANIE

(amused)

I love how when he's cranky, he's my son. You look a little cranky yourself.

LINDSAY

Do I?

(then)

I went to the supermarket today.

MELANIE

(barely, listening)

Oh?

LINDSAY

And while I was there, I ran into Dusty, who told me the most astounding news.

MELANIE

Really? What?

LINDSAY

You and I are having another baby!

MELANIE

I didn't see any reason to keep it a secret --

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

LINDSAY

You might've at least told me --!

MELANIE

We talked about it last night, we decided --

LINDSAY

We didn't decide anything -- I said I'd think about it. And since I'm the one who'll be carrying it, shouldn't I at least have some say when?

MELANIE

Of course you should, honey.

LINDSAY

And stop trying to placate me -- you sound just like my father.

MELANIE

I'm not trying to placate you. And I'm definitely not your father.

LINDSAY

Well, you sure as hell sound like him. Just because you're the breadwinner doesn't give you the right to tell me when to pop out another loaf!

MELANIE

I'm not telling you anything. But it's been three years and --

LINDSAY

I don't give a damn how long it's been. And if you're so anxious to have another kid, then give birth to it yourself!

MELANIE

You know I can't. The doctors told me --

LINDSAY

That was years ago. You and I both know there are new procedures. They could zap you with a laser and you'd be fertile as Mother Earth. But you'd rather be "Dad", passing out cigars in the waiting room. Well, find someone else to play "Mom"!

CUT TO:

21 INT. CRAIG TAYLOR'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

21

CRAIG TAYLOR looks pretty much the same as the last time we saw him: a cashmere sweater kind of guy. He pours a couple of scotches hands one to Justin.

JUSTIN

Thanks.

Craig watches his son take a practical swig.

CRAIG

You look older than the last time I saw you.

JUSTIN

It's been a while.

CRAIG

Molly tells me you're better.

JUSTIN

I'm doing all right.

An awkward silence, interrupted by:

WOMAN (O.S.)

Honey --?

CRAIG

Be right back --

Justin watches through the doorway as his father goes out into the foyer to talk to AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, younger than his mother. A beat, then his father returns.

JUSTIN

She's pretty.

CRAIG

We've been seeing each other for about a year now.

Justin absorbs that, then changing the subject:

JUSTIN

I thought you might like to see some of my work.

CRAIG

I'm not much of an art critic.

(CONTINUED)

Still, he flips through his son's more accessible (and inoffensive) works, hands them back with little interest and a perfunctory:

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Very good.

Justin may be disappointed, but he's damned if he'll show it. He charges on.

JUSTIN

The new term's coming up -- and I need some financial assistance. I was hoping you could help me out.

CRAIG

Justin, I told you when you were applying to colleges --

JUSTIN

I know what you told me. But now that I've completed my first year with honors -- and in spite of my hand -- I thought you might change your mind.

Craig doesn't answer.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Look, I can't get a scholarship because my family has too much money. And I can't go to school and work full-time --

CRAIG

What about Brian?

JUSTIN

(beat)

We're not together anymore.

CRAIG

Finally, some good news. I'm glad to hear you've come to your senses, given up that disgusting lifestyle. Now, if you want to talk to me about going to Dartmouth --

JUSTIN

I'm never going to be a lawyer.

(beat)

And I'm never going to be straight.

Craig looks at his son.

(CONTINUED)

CRAIG

You know, when you were a kid, the one thing that meant the most to you -- even more than making your mother happy -- was making me proud. Every time you got an A on a test or a report card, it was me you'd come running to. And no father could ever have been prouder of his son than I was of you.

JUSTIN

But now you're ashamed. That I'm not the man you wanted me to be.

(off his father's silence)

Well, I'm the man I want to be. The only man I can be.

(beat)

I guess I somehow thought you'd be proud of me for that as well.

As he collects his drawings, picks up his portfolio:

CUT TO:

22 INT. UNDERWEAR PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

22

Brian and Michael arrive at the underwear party -- where guys stripped down to their skivvies kiss, make out, fuck. Michael is fuming.

MICHAEL

I should take the fucking car and leave you here!

BRIAN

(taking in the sights)

Fine with me.

He starts to take off his pants, retrieves Michael's cell.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Oh -- here's your phone.

MICHAEL

(grabbing it)

Thank you!

(starts to dial)

Shit --! Battery's dead.

BRIAN

(a la Rage)

I was feeding on it's energy.

Michael gives him a death stare.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN (CONT'D)

As long as you're here -- why don't you take off your clothes and join the party?

MICHAEL

Because I don't want to.

BRIAN

Christ -- it's like the first time I blindfolded you and took you to the Liberty Baths. You walked up and down the halls were so hot in your corduroys and flannel.

(starting to undo Michael's pants)

Loosen up --

MICHAEL

I said no!

BRIAN

So you'd rather watch. That can be arranged.

Brian surveys the field SEES A HOT YOUNG THING in tightie-whities giving him the eye.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

See that upstanding young man over there?

(whispering seductively in Michael's ear)

First I'm going to wear out his jaw sucking my cock. Then I'm going reach back, start fingering his hole. Then I'm --

(stops)

But I hate spoilers who give away the plot. See for yourself.

Brian gives Michael a kiss on the neck, moves over to H.Y.T. -- who's only too eager to go down on Brian. Brian never lets his gaze shift from Michael -- even as he rrrrrrips the undies off his sex-slave and starts pumping him. As Michael watches, transfixed, unable to turn away -- or to stop himself from becoming aroused:

CUT TO:

23 INT. LIBERTY DINER - EARLY MORNING

23

6:15 a.m. The place is nearly empty except for a couple of all-night PARTY BOYS -- and Melanie at the counter. Debbie pours her some coffee.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

They say there're only two species that never sleep -- sharks and lawyers.

MELANIE

I need to get some work done -- in peace.

DEBBIE

I don't envy you breadwinners. Out of the house before your kid wakes up, home after he's gone to sleep. Hardly know you've got one.

MELANIE

Mind if we lay off the "bread"? I'm trying to cut back on my carbs.

DEBBIE

How about some eggs? Sunny-side up!

MELANIE

Eggs are the last thing I want to think about. Don't even mention them!

(off her look)

Lindsay says if I want a second baby, I should carry it!

DEBBIE

Excuse me for sayin', Scarlett, but you're not exactly the birthin' babies type.

MELANIE

(bristling a bit, defensively)

Even if I could do it, I'm not sure I'd want to. All that mess. All that pain.

DEBBIE

It's definitely not for control freaks -
- or for the faint of heart.

Melanie absorbs herself organizing the counter's condiments.

MELANIE

That let's me out. You see, my life works best when everything's going according to plan. My plan. As for pain -- pain is definitely not on my "TO DO LIST".

DEBBIE

So you leave the dirty work to Lindsay.

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

It's not just that.

(beat)

She's braver and stronger and kinder
and wiser than I'll ever be.

Debbie looks at her, tears welling.

DEBBIE

Would you excuse me while I gag on my
oatmeal, because that's the biggest
load of crap I ever heard!

(then)

You're selling yourself short because
you think you won't be any good at it --
that you'll fail. Well, I'm not
telling you it isn't scary -- it's
fuckin' terrifying! And I'm not saying
it isn't painful -- although I've
somehow forgotten that. But what I am
telling you is, having a kid is the
number one, top-rated experience of my
life. Now how about I get you some
eggs and a nice fresh bun.

As she leaves Melanie to take a sip of her coffee and
consider birthin' babies::

CUT TO:

24 INT. MICHAEL AND EMMETT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 24

Michael stumbles in from the bedroom, groggy, yawning (and
finally in his underwear). Ben's finishing up his morning
protein shake.

BEN

Didn't expect you up so early after
getting in so late.

MICHAEL

One-thirty-ish.

BEN

Try two-forty-five-ish.

MICHAEL

(collapsing into a chair)
He kidnapped me.

BEN

He kidnapped you.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Then he took my cell phone and shoved it down his pants!

BEN

That's one way to save on long-distance rates.

He packs his schoolwork in his saddlebag.

MICHAEL

Look, I know it sounds ridiculous --

BEN

You ought to call your Mom and Vic and apologize.

MICHAEL

The person I need to apologize to the most is you.

BEN

You don't have to apologize to me, Michael. I just thought that when you asked me to move in with you, you might actually be here from time to time.

MICHAEL

I wanted to be -- I swear.

Ben looks at him for a beat, then finally:

BEN

I guess this wasn't such a good idea.

MICHAEL

What wasn't?

BEN

Us living together.

MICHAEL

What are you saying? Of course it was!

BEN

We didn't plan on it -- it just happened, out of circumstance.

MICHAEL

So what!

(CONTINUED)

BEN

So maybe we're not ready. Maybe there're some things in our lives we need to work out first.

MICHAEL

Look if you want me to tell him I can't see him any more --

BEN

I'd never ask you to do that. But if we're going to be together, I want it to be an elective. Not a requirement.

(a beat)

So maybe I should start looking for another place.

As he wheels his bike out the front door, leaving Michael:

CUT TO:

25 INT. P.I.F.A. - BURSAR'S OFFICE - DAY

25

Justin and Ethan sit in front of the DEAN of Financial Services.

DEAN

I'm afraid I don't see what the problem is.

ETHAN

The "problem" is that unless Mr. Taylor can continue his studies, the world will be deprived of his staggering gift!

Justin nudges him -- cool it! -- the Dean suppresses a smile.

DEAN

That would be a shame.

JUSTIN

(reasonably)

If there's any way of deferring payment of my tuition, until I can somehow figure out some way to get a loan --

DEAN

But you don't need a loan.

ETHAN

How else is he supposed to pay --?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

It's already been paid.
(off their confusion)
It's in your file.

She shows Justin. They check it out in disbelief.

ETHAN

You said your asshole father refused.

JUSTIN

He did. At least -- I thought he did.

DEAN

Well, apparently he changed his mind.

Ethan lets out a whoop, kisses Justin.

ETHAN

Whatever you said to him -- it worked!

DEAN

(clearing her throat)
Congratulations, Mr. Taylor. The world
can now anticipate your gift.

Justin can hardly believe it. In fact, should he?

CUT TO:

26 INT. RIPT GYM - DAY

26

Ted and Emmett are working out. Emmett's doing some
unusually energetic squats.

TED

Don't use up all your energy. Got to
save some for our workout later on!

Emmett forces a guilt-ridden giggle just as he catches sight
of Dijon, sashaying by. The Mustard Man.

EMMETT

(feigning injury)
Ow! Ow!

TED

(alarmed)
Sweetheart, what's wrong?

EMMETT

I think I pulled a muscle --

(CONTINUED)

TED
Poor baby --!

EMMETT
I -- I'll be all right. Just needs
some heat. I'll go sit in the
steamroom --

He tries to make a quick getaway -- but Dijon is quicker. He
pulls him close.

DIJON
Hey, sweet thing --!

Emmett looks over, sees Ted watching. Trapped, he tries good
manners.

EMMETT
Teddy, this is Dijon, like the mustard.
(signalling Dijon)
Ted's my new "boyfriend"? The person
I'm in a "relationship" with?

DIJON
Riiight.
(then)
I'm on a flight tonight to Miami --

EMMETT
Thank God. I mean, how exciting!

DIJON
But when I get be back, I'll give you a
call.

Dijon runs a suggestive finger down Emmett's chest, then goes
off. Ted gives him a look.

TED
Why should he give you a call?

EMMETT
He's a flight attendant. He might be
able to get us an upgrade.

TED
We're not going anywhere. And why was
he touching you like that?

EMMETT
He won an award for service! He's very
attentive.

(CONTINUED)

TED

I noticed.

(then, looking into guilty eyes)

You did it with him, didn't you?

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

TED (CONT'D)

At least I know what muscle you pulled.

As he walks off:

CUT TO:

27 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

27

Brian opens his door to find Justin standing in the hall. They regard one another for a moment, wounds still unhealed, old feelings buried. Finally, Brian smiles. Not threatening, but also not revealing anything.

BRIAN

Planning on coming in?

Justin enters cautiously, glances around.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

If you're looking for someone -- there's no one else here.

JUSTIN

For a change.

(noticing)

New coffee table.

BRIAN

van der Rohe.

JUSTIN

Must've cost a fortune.

Brian flops onto the sofa, puts his feet up on the new treasure.

BRIAN

Yep.

JUSTIN

I went to the Bursar's office today.

(beat)

I can't accept it.

BRIAN

Accept what?

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

The tuition.

BRIAN

Oh, that. Is someone else covering it?

JUSTIN

No.

BRIAN

Then you can't afford not to.

JUSTIN

But we're not together anymore.

BRIAN

We signed an agreement. I pay for your school, you pay me back. With interest.

JUSTIN

You don't have to honor it.

BRIAN

A deal's a deal.

JUSTIN

I could be poor for a long time.

BRIAN

Knowing your tastes, you'd better not be.

JUSTIN

It's not like I've got a shitload of great money-making opportunities.

BRIAN

(after a beat)

You've got one.

Justin knows what he means, doesn't answer, turns to leave.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Aren't you forgetting something?

JUSTIN

(remembering his manners)

Thank you.

BRIAN

Not that. That.

He points to the computer.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

JUSTIN

It's yours.

BRIAN

Bullshit. You need it. Take it.

Justin studies Brian's face for clues to a feeling. Brian reveals nothing, puts his feet back up on the expensive new coffee table.

CUT TO:

28 INT. TED'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

28

Twinks and hunks in cubicles, whacking off. Ted is at his desk monitoring the action -- as Emmett stands before him, penitent, contrite.

TED

"The Grandfather Clause"! I can't believe you'd actually use such a ludicrous excuse!

EMMETT

Seemed to make sense when Brian explained it.

TED

Or that you'd go to Gulden's house to tell him you couldn't see him.

EMMETT

Dijon.

TED

Whatever! Didn't you ever hear of a phone?

(to one of his boys)

Slow down, Corey -- you've got another hour and a half!

(back to Emmett)

Now would you please go?

Emmett, heartbroken, starts to leave, pauses on his way out.

EMMETT

You know the one thing I wish more than anything in the world right now? That I could talk to my best friend, Teddy. He's always so wise and caring. Only now he's my boyfriend. And there're just some things you can't say to your boyfriend -- no matter how much you love him.

(CONTINUED)

Ted looks at Emmett for a beat, fights it, finally gives in :

TED

All right -- what is it?

EMMETT

I don't know what's wrong with me -- I must be crazy! I no sooner get together with this --

(glancing at Ted)

-- wonderful person, than I go off and do something with someone who means absolutely nothing to me. Why, oh why, do I do these things?

TED

Because you never met a cock you didn't like. It's part of your charm, so don't be so hard on yourself.

(beat)

That's your best friend speaking.

(then)

But as your boyfriend, I'd say what you did was a flagrant betrayal and I'm not sure I can ever trust you again!

(beat)

Then again, as your best friend, it's understandable you'd give in to temptation. You've been single all these years -- it's not easy to "settle down" overnight.

(beat)

Still, it's one thing to know that as your best friend, and another to accept it as your lover.

EMMETT

I'm so sorry, Teddy. For hurting you. For destroying what we might've had.

He starts to weep. Ted looks at him for a beat, offers him some Kleenex.

TED

These usually aren't used for wiping tears.

EMMETT

I know --

He blows his nose. Hard.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

I don't blame you for hating me.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

TED

I don't hate you. I love you. I know you very well -- and I still love you.

EMMETT

Are you saying that as my lover -- or my best friend?

TED

(after a beat)

Both.

As he offers Emmett another Kleenex:

CUT TO:

29 INT. RED CAPE COMICS - NIGHT

29

Toting a box of back-issues, Michael comes out of the storage room, surprised to find Justin browsing the racks.

JUSTIN

You're open late.

MICHAEL

Inventory.

(an awkward silence)

I suppose you came for this --

He pulls out an envelope from behind the counter, hands it to Justin. Justin opens it, removes a check.

JUSTIN

Six hundred dollars --

MICHAEL

Half of what we've made so far on Rage, minus the costs. I've been meaning to drop it at the diner --

JUSTIN

You know, I was thinking -- what if J.T. played trumpet in his high school band. And what if Rage teaches him with his mind-control powers to play a note so high and so loud he can blow things up!

MICHAEL

Like his homophobic principal. Not bad.

JUSTIN

It's fucking genius and you know it.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Except I thought you didn't want to work together anymore.

JUSTIN

"A deal's a deal."

Michael looks at Justin for a beat -- nods. His cell phone RINGS.

MICHAEL

(into phone)

Where are you?

(straining to hear)

What?

(beat)

Oh. I could've guessed.

(then)

I can't tonight. I said, I can't. I'm going home. Home! And if I'm lucky -- he'll be there.

As Michael clicks off:

CUT TO:

30 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

30

LIGHTS FLASHING, MUSIC BLASTING -- FIND Brian in the middle of the dance floor, surrounded by a hundred men. As he clicks off his cell phone, alone in the crowd:

FADE OUT.

THE END