

queer asfolk

EPISODE 304

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queerasfolk

EPISODE 304

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
VIC GRASSI.....Jack Wetherall
DET. CARL HORVATH.....Peter MacNeill

and as

DEBBIE NOVOTNY.....Sharon Gless

GUEST CAST

HOST

GARDNER VANCE

CLAIRE

CYNTHIA

JOHN

CUSTOMER

GUS

HUNKY MOVER

POLICEMAN

JOAN KINNEY

YOUNG TRICK

1 INT. GRAND HALL - NIGHT

1

FLASH! We're on a runway. A BEAUTY PAGEANT is in progress. Gorgeous men parade their stuff. Wait a second -- those gorgeous guys are -- none other than our boys! As each has their moment in the spotlight, our HOST for the evening presents them:

*
*
*

HOST

Our next contestant -- Michael Novotny!
And here comes -- Ted Schmidt! First-time entry -- Justin Taylor! Always a favorite -- Brian Kinney! A real crowd-pleaser -- Emmett Honeycutt! And let's hear it for -- Ben Bruckner!

*
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*

CUT TO:

*

THE STAGE

*

Where our guys stand in a row, filled with eager anticipation.

*
*

HOST

And here they are -- our six finalists! Sensational, gentlemen -- just sensational. Definitely some "stiff" competition. I'm sure our judges had a "hard" time deciding!
(producing an envelope)
But decide they did.

*
*
*
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*
*
*

A DRUMROLL. The guys hold their breath, look to each other. The host milks the moment for all it's worth, tears open the envelope.

*
*
*

HOST (CONT'D)

And the winner is -- Brian Kinney!

*

Cheers! Applause! Winner music! As the Host places a crown on Brian's head, Brian steps forward with a huge grin -- was there ever any question?

*
*
*

SMASH CUT TO:

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

2

Melanie bolts up in bed, calls out:

MELANIE

No! No!

Lindsay jumps up too, turns on the light.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

Mel! Mel -- what is it?

MELANIE

(disoriented at first)

Huh? Oh -- I had that dream. Again!

LINDSAY

The Mr. Sperm Donor Pageant? So who won this time?

MELANIE

Guess.

LINDSAY

(knowing)

Maybe it's some kind of sign.

MELANIE

That Brian should be the father?

Lindsay shrugs -- what else could it mean?

MELANIE (CONT'D)

I already told you -- I want someone else.

LINDSAY

But we agreed it's important for our kids to have the same parent.

MELANIE

We didn't agree it should be the same asshole.

LINDSAY

(annoyed)

Fine. We'll pull a name out of a hat. Now let's get some sleep, before the alarm goes off.

She turns out the light. They lie there for a few beats, in the dark. Finally Melanie confesses:

MELANIE

Look, I know how much he means to you. He always has, and he always will.

(beat)

But he doesn't mean the same to me.

As Lindsay considers this for a beat:

CUT TO:

3

INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

3

GARDNER VANCE enters, discovers Brian at his desk, contemplating -- a potato chip.

VANCE

"To eat, or not to eat?"

BRIAN

Try one.

VANCE

You know I'm trying to watch my weight--

BRIAN

One's not going to kill you.

Vance pops one in his mouth, chews. Steam practically comes out of his ears. The whites of his eyes turn red.

VANCE

(choking)

Water --!

Brian calmly passes him a glass, which he empties down his throat -- then, panting:

VANCE (CONT'D)

Jesus! God! You said it wouldn't kill me. What the hell's in those things?

BRIAN

(reading the package)

Chili powder, tabasco, peppers -- and a soupcon of sulphuric acid for that extra little kick.

(then)

Meet our newest account, "Hot P'taters".

VANCE

I defy you to make those sexy.

Brian casually hands him a page of copy.

VANCE (CONT'D)

(reads)

"Hotter than your date last Saturday night". Genius.

Just then:

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (O.S.)

I don't care what he's doing! I have
to see him! *

CLAIRE, Brian's sister, barges into his office, pulling her
12-year-old son, JOHN, behind her. CYNTHIA follows.

CYNTHIA

I'm sorry, Brian, but she insisted --! *

CLAIRE

Brian, I need to talk to you. The
school just called -- Peter broke his
arm in soccer practice.

BRIAN

Gardner, my sister, Claire. Claire,
the founder and CEO of Vanguard, Gardner
Vance.

Claire gives him a look -- "So?"

VANCE

It sounds like you're having a bit of a
family crisis, so perhaps I'd better
leave you to sort it out. Pleasure. *

He and Cynthia make a hasty exit.

CLAIRE

I have to get to the emergency room,
right away.

BRIAN

Then what are you doing here?

CLAIRE

You have to help me. Can you look
after John?

BRIAN

In case you haven't noticed -- I'm
working?

CLAIRE

I don't know what else to do with him.

BRIAN

Stick him in a locker at the bus
station?

(off her look)

Ever hear of a sitter?

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

You expect me to find someone on a moment's notice -- in the middle of the day?

BRIAN

Leave him with Mom.

CLAIRE

(politely)
Mom's -- indisposed.

BRIAN

(not so politely)
Passed out drunk on the floor again?

CLAIRE

Brian, please. I'll do anything -- anything you want if you'll just do this one favor for me.

Brian looks at her. At the kid. Sighs.

BRIAN

How long'll you be --

CLAIRE

I don't know, but I'll call as soon as I hear.

(then to John, admonishing)
You behave yourself, you hear me?

*
*

She runs out before Brian can change his mind. Alone, Brian glares at the kid. The kid glares back. Finally:

JOHN

You still a fag?

Brian smiles, benevolently picks up the bag of chips, offers it to his nephew.

BRIAN

Here, have one. Have two.

As John stuffs his face -- and Brian calmly waits:

CUT TO:

4 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

4

CLOSEUP OF JUSTIN, at work. We HEAR:

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Look at that bone structure -- those adorable little seashell ears -- and he's incredibly talented.

MELANIE (O.S.)

He's also nineteen.

FIND MELANIE AND LINDSAY

at the counter, list in hand, staring at Justin.

LINDSAY

That's a plus, isn't it? Fresh, young sperm?

MELANIE

To me, he's still a baby. Just doesn't seem right having a baby with a baby.

She scratches him off the list.

ANGLE ON A BOOTH

where Michael and Ben, Ted and Emmett are seated. The gals check out the occupants.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Ben's brainy and brawny.

BACK TO MELANIE AND LINDSAY

MELANIE

I'd say he's just about perfect -- except for one thing.

LINDSAY

Right --

Regrettably, they cross him off the list.

CLOSE ON TED

sitting with Emmett.

LINDSAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There's always Ted.

BACK TO MEL AND LINZ

MELANIE

(yawning)

Good old reliable Teddy.

(CONTINUED)

They scratch him off the list. Next:

LINDSAY

Emmett?

CLOSE ON EMMETT

who shrieks with girlish glee.

BACK TO THE GIRLS

who say nothing -- simply scratch him off. Just then:

BRIAN and JOHN enter. John checks out the clientele, notices two boys in a booth making out.

JOHN

What is this place?

BRIAN

It's called a diner.

TED

Hey, Bri -- get yourself a new boyfriend?

EMMETT

He's even younger than the last one!

Justin sticks his finger in Emmett's water glass, spritzes Emmett.

*
*

JUSTIN

Ha. Ha.

*
*

JOHN

(gritting his teeth)
God I hope nobody sees me.

BRIAN

Sit down and shut up.

Debbie comes over to take their order.

DEBBIE

Who's the cutie?

BRIAN

Spawn of Satan and my sister.

*

DEBBIE

Thought I recognized a family resemblance.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Both sides.

JOHN

(to Brian)

Is she a drag queen?

DEBBIE

What can I get you, honey?

JOHN

I'm not eating anything in here.

BRIAN

Bring him a burger. Extra ground glass.

As Debbie goes off and Justin brings over some set-ups.
Justin and Brian exchange a look.

JUSTIN

Hey.

BRIAN

Hey.

JOHN

I want to go to the arcade in the mall.
I go every day after school.

BRIAN

Does your mama know?

JOHN

She thinks I'm at choir practice. Bet
you'd like that.

It's very important we SEE Justin HEAR this remark, since the
story hinges on it. Michael comes over.

MICHAEL

(to Brian)

What're you doing with your nephew?

BRIAN

Brat sitting.

MICHAEL

Hey, John. I'm Brian's friend,
Michael, remember me?

JOHN

(he gives a shit)

No.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

(to Brian)

You should bring him over to my shop.

(to John)

I've got a comic book store right down the street.

JOHN

You got the new "Avengers"?

MICHAEL

I've got everything. Why don't you stop by, check it out? I give free samples.

JOHN

(suddenly transformed)

Can we, Uncle Bri?

BRIAN

All of a sudden we're related.

BACK TO LINDSAY AND MELANIE

LINDSAY

Wasn't that sweet of Michael?

MELANIE

Yeah, he's a real mensch.

The idea crosses both of their minds at the same time.
Bingo.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

And he wouldn't give us any trouble.

As they size up a possible Dad:

CUT TO:

5 INT. RED CAPE COMICS - DAY

5

John brings a slew of comic books over to the counter.

JOHN

(to Michael)

Can I have this Spiderman, too?

BRIAN

Don't be so fucking greedy. He's already given you a shitload.

MICHAEL

It's yours.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
What do you say?

JOHN
Thanks, Mike!

Ben comes over, joins them. *

BRIAN
(shaking his head)
You guys want a kid?

BEN
(waxing professorial)
Actually, I've given it serious thought
because the studies show that two men
are every bit as capable of raising a
child as --

BRIAN
(cutting him off)
I mean this one.
(to John)
Come on.

As Brian pulls John out of the store:

BEN
You were great with him, you know that?

MICHAEL
Kids love me. Don't ask me why.

BEN
I don't have to.

He hugs Michael.

MICHAEL
God, you're hard!

BEN
You, too.

They're interrupted by a CUSTOMER. *

CUSTOMER
Do you have the new "Superman"?

MICHAEL
You're looking at him.
(then, pointing)
Right over there.
(back to Ben)
(MORE) *

(CONTINUED) *

5

CONTINUED: (2)

5

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

All those workouts are really paying off. See you for dinner?

BEN

Thought I'd hit the gym tonight, put in some extra time on my chest and stomach.

MICHAEL

But I thought we made plans.

BEN

(a little irritated)

So we'll change them. It's not a problem, is it?

MICHAEL

No, not a problem.

Off Michael's tentative smile:

CUT TO:

6

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

6

Opera PLAYS softly in the b.g. Candlelight flickers. Ted and Emmett sit at the dining table, their eyes never leaving each other as they cut their meat, take a sip of their wine.

EMMETT

You're a wonder.

TED

I am?

EMMETT

I've known you for -- how long? five, six years -- and yet, I had no idea you could cook.

TED

That's because I had no one to cook for. But now that I do, you won't believe the delights I plan to whip up.

EMMETT

(slyly)

I can hardly wait for dessert.

He leans over to kiss Ted, but Ted stops him.

TED

In a minute. I want to clean up first.

As he clears their plates:

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

But everything's already clean. The kitchen's practically spotless.

TED

You know me -- can't relax until everything's in order.

EMMETT

When I cook, the kitchen looks like a hurricane hit it.

TED

It'll just take a second --

He puts their plates in the dishwasher, dries his hands.

TED (CONT'D)

There!

(then)

This is so nice. I wish you didn't have to go.

EMMETT

(going to his honey)

Who's going anywhere?

TED

I mean it's so inconvenient, having to run back and forth to your place --

EMMETT

Sometimes one does need a fresh pair of undies.

TED

But wouldn't it be more practical if the underwear came to you -- instead of you going to the underwear?

Emmett looks at him for a beat, then:

EMMETT

Teddy, are you saying --?

TED

Why not move in?

EMMETT

You mean --

TED

Live together. Shack up!

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

"Shack up". I've always wanted to hear those words.

(then)

But don't you think it's too soon?

TED

You're probably right. We've only known each other -- how long? -- five, six years? We should wait at least another five more.

EMMETT

You know what I mean. Loving someone and living together are two different things. What if we drive each other crazy?

*
*

TED

No way to know unless we try.

(a beat)

You know what I mean.

*
*

EMMETT

Just as long as I won't be in the way.

*

TED

How could you ever be in the way?

As he pulls Emmett into a kiss:

CUT TO:

7 INT. LINDSAY AND MELANIE'S - NIGHT

7

Michael's on the floor, playing with Gus.

MICHAEL

Okay, Gus, make your happy face.

He and Gus share a great big smile. Melanie and Lindsay laugh.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Okay, now how about your sad face?

Now they make a big, sad face together.

LINDSAY

You know, you're really good with kids.

MELANIE

Gus adores you.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

That's because I'm a push-over.

He rolls over backward, to Gus' delight.

LINDSAY

That's because you have a good heart.

MICHAEL

That's what my Mom always tells me. She says, "Michael, you've got a good heart. You know what happens to a good heart? It gets the shit kicked out of it".

LINDSAY

She's just kidding.

MICHAEL

I think she always secretly wished I was more like Brian.

MELANIE

No heart? A kind and loving nature is one of the most important qualities a person can have.

LINDSAY

I agree. It's certainly something we intend to instill in Gus.

MELANIE

And it's something we want our next child to have as well.

MICHAEL

You're having another kid?
(excitedly)
Hey, Gus, make another happy face!
You're going to have a baby brother --
or sister.

MELANIE

And this time, I'm going to carry it.

MICHAEL

No shit! Oops --
(covering Gus' ears)
Sorry. I mean, that's really great.

LINDSAY

Which is why we asked you to stop by.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

You need me to babysit? It's a little soon, isn't it? *

MELANIE

We'd like you to be the father. *

MICHAEL

Me? No way! Get outta here!

LINDSAY

It's true.

MICHAEL

But what about Brian? He's Gus' Dad --

MELANIE

I know. But after having discussed it, weighed all the pros and cons and come to the conclusion that --

MICHAEL

-- you'd rather die than have his sperm inside you --

MELANIE

-- Right, we decided to opt for someone else.

LINDSAY

Namely you.

MICHAEL

(taking this in)

Wow. I can't believe it. You actually want -- me.

MELANIE

You're a good man, Michael. It would be an honor and a privilege if you'd say yes.

Off Michael, truly moved.

CUT TO:

8 INT. MICHAEL & EMMETT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

8

Ben is back from the gym, wearing his sweats. He's emptying his shorts, t-shirt and towel from his gym bag into the hamper. *

BEN

I think it's great. *

(CONTINUED) *

MICHAEL

You do?

BEN

Fathering a child, helping Melanie and Lindsay create a family --

MICHAEL

It's a big responsibility, bringing a human life into the world. I'm not sure I'm ready to be "the old man".

BEN

You're more ready than you think.

A few vials of steroids fall out of his gym bag, onto the floor. He quickly picks them up, tosses them back into the gym bag, zips it up.

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*
*

BEN (CONT'D)

(quickly, recovering)

Want to take a shower?

*
*
*

CUT TO:

*

8A OMITTED

8A

*

8B INT. MICHAEL AND EMMETT'S APARTMENT - SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

8B

*

Michael and Ben are soaping each other up.

*

MICHAEL

You know, it is kind of exciting --

(concerned)

But I better not fuck it up.

*
*
*
*

BEN

How could you fuck it up? All you have to do is supply the sperm.

*
*
*

MICHAEL

I wish we could have one.

BEN

(laughing)

That'd be a first!

MICHAEL

(teasing)

You could carry it.

BEN

And lose my figure?

*
*
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*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

All right, I'll carry it.

BEN

I think you've been writing too many fantastical adventures, young man.

MICHAEL

It's a nice thought, though, isn't it?

A beat. Ben has a far-away expression. Michael doesn't see it.

BEN

Yeah. A nice thought.

Then, as Michael pulls him into a kiss and they start to get serious --

CUT TO:

9 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

9

We hear the shower running as John aimlessly snoops around. He picks up some porn tapes sitting by the TV, looks at the covers -- gross! Crosses to the night stand, opens Brian's sex drawer, finds a double-headed black dildo, some anal beads -- what the hell's that? Pockets some condoms.

Then he spots Brian's keys, watch, bracelet and wallet on the bed. He listens for the shower -- still safe. He tries on the watch. Too big. Examines the bracelet. Pockets it. Picks up the wallet, opens it. Holy shit. Full of cash. Takes the wad out. Suddenly:

BRIAN (O.S.)

Put it back.

John drops the wallet, startled, backs away holding the cash as Brian walks into the room, wearing only a towel.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I said, put it back in the fucking wallet. Now.

JOHN

What for?

(stuffing it in his pocket)

You've got more money than you know what to do with.

BRIAN

Who told you that -- your Mommy?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

She said you're a selfish son-of-a-bitch who never gave anyone in this family a red cent!

BRIAN

I wonder why. Now hand it over.

Brian grabs John, reaches in the struggling boy's pants, retrieves the money. John takes a swing at Brian, then another.

JOHN

You fucking goddamn faggot! You and all your faggot friends are going to hell!

BRIAN

Who told you that -- Granny?

JOHN

You touched my dick!

Brian dodges the punches, but the kid nails Brian's shin with a swift kick.

BRIAN

Ow! You little shit!

He grabs John, carries the boy, bodily, kicking and SCREAMING, into:

10 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 10

JOHN

Put me down, butt-fucker!

Brian wrestles the kid upside down, sticks his head in the toilet, flushes, giving him a much deserved swirly. He pulls John up, SPEWING and COUGHING.

BRIAN

That'll teach you to fuck with faggots.

JOHN

(crying)

You're gonna be sorry! You're gonna be so sorry!

CUT TO:

11 INT./EXT. MICHAEL & EMMETT'S APARTMENT - DAY 11 *

A few days later.

(CONTINUED)

A COUPLE OF HOT, SEXY MOVING MEN exit the building, carrying cartons to a moving truck. Muscles bulging, they walk past:

BRIAN, MICHAEL, TED AND EMMETT

Lined up, leaning against Brian's new Corvette. Their heads turn as they follow the flesh parade with unblinking interest.

MICHAEL

Where'd you find the hunky moving men?

TED

Under "Hunky Moving Men" in the Gay Yellow Pages.

EMMETT

Actually, they're pink --

TED

They're Liberty Avenue's top movers.

BRIAN

That one's a bottom. Trust me.

MICHAEL

He's a walking wet dream.

BRIAN

Don't get too turned on -- you have to save your cum to squirt up Melanie's twat.

TED

Our little Michael, siring an offspring.

EMMETT

Does this mean you two'll be related?

BRIAN

Lesbians once removed.

EMMETT

I think it's exciting, bringing a kid into the world!

BRIAN

I know one I'd like to help leave.

MICHAEL

Your nephew's just going through a phase.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

The Sociopathic Years? I caught him trying to rip me off.

But Brian -- for once -- is upstaged as the Hunky Mover wipes glistening sweat from his pecs and perfect abs. The boys watch, breathless.

EMMETT

Who says moving's such a chore?

BRIAN

You two lovebirds had better hold on to your boxes -- I give it 24 hours.

As he and the Hunky Mover exchange a "deep, meaningful" glance:

CUT TO:

12 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

12

FOLLOW DEBBIE down the booths, as she delivers her orders:

DEBBIE

Stuffed tomato -- I'm gonna be a grandma! Pot pie -- I'm gonna be a grandma! Grilled cheese -- I'm gonna be a grandma!

FIND Michael, Ben and Vic, also in a booth. Ben is hearing everything that's being said. Even though he's not saying anything, WE SEE he's getting distressed.

*
*
*

MICHAEL

Could someone please make her stop?

VIC

Let her gloat a little -- she never in her wildest dreams thought she'd be a grandma.

Debbie stops at their table.

DEBBIE

Here he is -- Big Daddy!

MICHAEL

You're being a little premature, aren't you? You should at least wait until, oh, say -- conception?

DEBBIE

So when do you make your first deposit?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

We haven't discussed it.

DEBBIE

Well, these things don't happen by magic, you know. It takes planning, preparation.

She slides in across from him for a serious conversation.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

What kind of shorts are you wearing?

MICHAEL

None of your business.

DEBBIE

Well, make sure they're not too tight. Tightness constricts your balls. A heat wave down there and your little soldiers'll be decimated. Get yourself some Fruit of the Looms. Big, baggy boxers. Vic'll lend you his.

VIC

Thanks a lot!

DEBBIE

(to Ben and Michael)
And cut back on the sex. You need to save up your payload.

Ben impatiently gets up:

BEN

Think I'll hit the gym. Vic-- Debbie--
(to Michael)
See you later.

He hurries out. Vic watches him go, knows something's wrong. As he starts to follow him:

DEBBIE

Where're you going?

VIC

To get Michael a pair of my big, baggy Fruit of the Looms!

As he goes:

CUT TO:

13 EXT. LIBERTY DINER / LIBERTY AVENUE - DAY

13

As Vic catches up with Ben:

VIC
Ben --! Mind if I walk with you?

BEN
No --

VIC
All that baby talk --!

BEN
I'm thrilled for Michael and the girls--

VIC
I never wanted kids, myself.

BEN
I did.
(a beat)
But, of course, that's not going to
happen now.

VIC
One of the ways we're not like "them"
anymore.

BEN
I try not to think about it. Some
days, I even succeed.

VIC
I know what you mean. But then
something always happens to remind me:
a touch of the flu, someone donating
sperm, a lover who dies --

BEN
(abruptly)
I'll see you later.

Ben darts across the street, leaving Vic standing there.

CUT TO:

14 INT. BRIAN'S BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY

14 *

Brian and the hunky Moving Man are getting it on as the
elevator climbs. Buttons pop, zippers unzip -- as they tear
into each other. It's as if their heat is powering the lift.
Moving Man tries to position Brian to fuck him: *

(CONTINUED)

MOVING MAN

Turn around --

BRIAN

Sorry, Buddy -- this end up!

Brian slams Moving Man against the wall of the elevator, pulls out his dick and a condom, is just about to plow that field, when the car stops on his floor and Brian sees:

A UNIFORMED POLICEMAN

Standing at his front door.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(evaluating with a grin)

Talk about perfect timing.

POLICEMAN

Brian Kinney?

BRIAN

(flashing that killer smile)

Caught me.

(as he unlocks his door, opens it)

So where'd we meet -- Uniform Night at Babylon? Hope you brought your handcuffs and nightstick.

As Moving Man moves into the loft.

POLICEMAN

I'm Officer Hanson, Pittsburgh Police.

Brian looks at him for a beat.

BRIAN

Christ. You're for real?

POLICEMAN

You need to come with me to headquarters, Mr. Kinney.

Off Brian, we:

CUT TO:

15 START ON A HIDEOUS DINNER PLATE WITH A CLOWN FACE PAINTED ON IT. WE ARE IN: 15

(CONTINUED)

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Debbie is giving a few of her "treasures" to Justin. Vic is ironing a shirt.

DEBBIE

Always finish a meal with a smile!
(then, holding up a bright,
hideous kitchen towel)
Useful and decorative. I know Ethan's
Jewish, so tell him to just ignore
Jesus on the Cross. And this. One of
my faves!
(holding up a hideous ceramic
cat with HUGE eyes)
It's been in Vic's room all these
years.

VIC

(with a mock sigh)
But I'm willing to part with it.

DEBBIE

It's to remind you that wherever you
are, I'm always there looking out for
you.

JUSTIN

(hoping against hope)
Are you sure you don't want them.

DEBBIE

They're family heirlooms. But since
you boys need some things, I'm passing
them on to you and Ethan for safe
keeping.

Just then, there's a knock at the door. Vic answers. It's
Horvath.

HORVATH

Hey, Vic --

VIC

Detective Horvath.
(calling)
Sis, your dick's here!

HORVATH

Hey, Honey!

DEBBIE

Hi, Sweetmeat!

(CONTINUED)

They kiss and embrace as Vic and Justin observe.

VIC

Heterosexual love. See, Justin, they're not that different from us.

DEBBIE

(confused)

I thought we were on for tomorrow night.

HORVATH

We are. But I thought you'd want to know -- one of your Lost Boys is in trouble.

DEBBIE

(concerned)

Which one?

HORVATH

Kinney.

JUSTIN

(leaping on that)

Brian --? Something happen to Brian?

DEBBIE

What did he do -- run somebody over in that new sports car --?

HORVATH

Seems his 12-year old nephew's accused him of molesting him.

DEBBIE

Holy shit --

JUSTIN

That's bullshit. There's no way Brian would ever do something like that. *

VIC

Has he been arrested? *

HORVATH

So far they're just questioning him. *

DEBBIE

Brian may be a lot of things -- and I'm the first to say so. But he's no child molester! *

CUT TO: *

16 INT. CAFE - DAY

16

Melanie and Lindsay are with Michael.

LINDSAY

Now you're sure you want to do this?

MICHAEL

Ben and I were up half the night talking it over. He's almost as excited as I am.

MELANIE

And you understand what's required?

MICHAEL

Unless they're making babies a new way these days, I have a pretty good idea.

MELANIE

Okay, then all you have to do is sign this.

She takes out a legal agreement, hands it to him. He starts to read.

MICHAEL

"The donor agrees" -- "no parental rights" -- "visitation strictly by permission" --

A beat. He looks up at them, confused.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What's all this?

MELANIE

It's just a formality.

LINDSAY

For your protection as well as ours.

MICHAEL

Protection from what?

MELANIE

As you can see in Section Two, Paragraph Four, it relieves you of any financial responsibilities whatsoever.

Michael flips to the paragraph, reads:

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

"Once the party of the second part has performed his 'function', he is free of any further obligation".

(putting the document down)

That is a relief -- knowing I'll never have to see my own kid.

Lindsay looks at Michael, a little more sensitive.

LINDSAY

You'll know the baby, Michael -- and the baby'll know you.

MICHAEL

Sure. And when he-or-she is old enough, you can explain that I'm "the donor".

MELANIE

That is what this is about.

MICHAEL

Then I must've heard wrong, because I could swear you said you wanted me to be the "father".

Lindsay glances at Melanie -- "you explain".

MELANIE

After what happened with Brian not wanting to give up his parental rights, I'm sure you understand.

MICHAEL

Yeah -- I'm beginning to understand how he must've felt.

(a beat)

And I sure as hell understand how a kid feels who doesn't have a Dad. Because I never did. And as hard as my Mom tried, she couldn't be all things, all the time.

(then)

So if you need to do this -- make sure everything is legal and all, then go ahead. You have to do what's right for you.

As he hands the document back to Melanie.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

But so do I.

CUT TO:

17 INT. TED'S CONDO - DUSK

17

Emmett's in the kitchen -- stirring, whipping, frying. Just as he said, it looks like a hurricane's hit. In fact, the kitchen's more battered than the chicken parts Emmett is breading. CLUB music throbs thumpa!, thumpa! thumpa! As he bops along, Ted comes in.

EMMETT

Welcome home, honey! How was work?

TED

Oh -- the usual. An orgy, a gang rape, an enema-thon --

He stops at the sight.

EMMETT

You must be exhausted.

TED

(assessing the mess, but still smiling)

Got to give our website members the kind of high-quality entertainment they deserve.

(beat)

So what's all this?

EMMETT

My Aunt Lulah's Biloxi-battered chicken. She used to say she could deep-fat-fry a horse apple and they'd come running.

Ted nods, silent.

TED

Well, I'll just go and, uh, wash my hands.

EMMETT

(calls)

By the way, I hung a few things up to dry!

A beat. Ted comes back holding a pair of dripping undies.

(CONTINUED)

TED

I see.

EMMETT

Why don't you go sit down, put your feet up? Din-din'll be ready in a min-min!

TED

Right.

Ted goes into:

THE LIVING ROOM

where Emmett's touches are in evidence everywhere -- in fact, everything's been totally rearranged.

TED (CONT'D)

What -- what happened to the living room?

EMMETT

I fung-shwayed it.
(hopeful)
Do you like it?

TED

(forcing a smile)
It really gives the room a -- flow.

He finds his desk (or table), flips through his mail -- bills, junk. Suddenly, he notices:

TED (CONT'D)

My nail --

EMMETT

What, Teddy?

TED

(anxiously)
There was a bent nail -- right there.

EMMETT

You mean that rusty, old thing?

TED

Yes that rusty, old thing. Where is it? *

EMMETT

While I was fung-shwaying, it fell on the floor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

EMMETT (CONT'D)

You know how dangerous that would be if you stepped on it in your bare feet -- you'd need a tetanus shot.

TED

What did you do with it?

EMMETT

I threw it out.

Beat.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

It's just an old nail.

TED

(upset)

It's not just an old nail. It's Pavarotti's old nail. Before every performance, he has to find a bent nail backstage for good luck -- everybody knows that! The night he was performing "Turandot" at the Pittsburgh Opera, I was an extra. He found it, kissed it, threw it over his shoulder -- and I picked it up. It's been my good luck charm ever since.

(beat)

Now it's gone.

EMMETT

I didn't know -- I'm sorry --

TED

You had no right touching it. You had no right touching anything! Now, I would appreciate it if you'd put everything put back the way you found it. And that includes removing your dripping shorts from my bathroom.

EMMETT

Your bathroom? I thought it was our bathroom. In fact, I thought it was our place.

Ted doesn't answer.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Apparently not.

(removing his apron)

Well, like you said, we have to find out sooner or later if we're compatible.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

EMMETT (CONT'D)

(beat)

Better to have found out sooner.

As he leaves the room, deeply hurt:

CUT TO:

18 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

18

Brian charges out of the precinct. Michael dashes to keep to keep up with him.

MICHAEL

He said you made him suck your cock?

BRIAN

That's what he told my cunt-sister, and that's what my cunt-sister told the cops.

MICHAEL

(indignant)

And I gave that little asshole free comics! They don't believe him, do they?

BRIAN

Listen up, Michael. Are you listening?

MICHAEL

Yeah, I'm listening.

BRIAN

They're het-er-o-sex-u-als. They think all us perverts want only one thing: to get our hands on some sweet piece of little boy meat.

MICHAEL

So all he has to do is accuse you, and they automatically believe him?

Brian shrugs -- guess so.

BRIAN

Now I have to spend the money I was going to use for my botox treatments on some goddamn three-hundred-dollar-an-hour lawyer.

MICHAEL

They're not going to arrest you, are they?

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
How do I know?

MICHAEL
Shit! You could go to prison!

BRIAN
Hey. Don't get yourself all worked up. *

MICHAEL
I'm half Italian and half drag-queen --
I'm allowed to get worked up.
(then)
Well, you can't just wait for them to
come and take you away!

BRIAN
I don't intend to.

As he snatches the parking ticket off his windshield, ditches
it:

CUT TO:

19 EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

19

Brian BANGS on the door.

BRIAN
Open the door! I said open the fucking
door!

Claire finally opens the door wide enough to scream at him.

CLAIRE
Go away, you son-of-a-bitch, or I'll
call the police! *

Brian pushes past her.

20 INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

20

Brian storms in, Claire on his heels.

CLAIRE
Get out of here, Brian --!

BRIAN
Where is he?
(tearing through the house)
JOHN! Get your ass out here, you
little fuck!

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

You're not going near him, you sick
pervert!

BRIAN

You actually think I molested your son.
If you'd bothered to ask me first,
before you called the cops --!

CLAIRE

Why should I --? Why would he make it
up?

BRIAN

Because your kid's a twisted, fag-
hating liar, Claire. That's why. And
who'd he learn it from?

At that moment, JOAN, Brian's mother enters, more than three
sheets to the wind. Make it four and a half. But holding it
impeccably well.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Enter Mom. Stage left.

JOAN

You have a hell of a nerve, showing
your face.

BRIAN

Nice to see you, too. Don't I get a
kiss?

JOAN

Stay away from me.

BRIAN

Don't worry. You're not my type.

CLAIRE

God only knows what permanent damage
you've done to him.

BRIAN

That you haven't already?

JOAN

(almost matter-of-fact)
You should be locked up. Put away.

BRIAN

Thanks, old sport.
(pours her a drink, sweetly)
Have another.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

And if I have anything to say about it,
you will be!

JOAN

Calm down, Claire.
(then, to Brian)
How could you?

BRIAN

How could I what? Make little Johnny
suck my dick? *

(calling to John) *

I'm going to find you, you lying sack
of shit! And this time, you won't be
coming up for air!

CLAIRE

Did you hear that, mother? He just
threatened him! I'm calling the
police!

She goes for the phone.

BRIAN

Go on, sis. Tell 'em I'm a depraved
monster. A godless fag -- right Mom?

JOAN

If you think you're getting a reaction
out of me, you're not.

(beat)

However, I will say -- knowing the kind
of life you live, the type of people
you associate with -- that I'm not
surprised. It's what happens when you
turn your back on the Lord.

BRIAN

Fuck the Lord. And fuck you. *

He takes the drink out of his mother's hand, drains it, hands
her back the empty glass, then walks out. *

CUT TO: *

21 INT. MICHAEL & EMMETT'S APARTMENT - MICHAEL'S BEDROOM / 21
LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael and Ben are getting ready for bed.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

I told my mother not to get her hopes up, but she had to go around telling everybody --! Now she's going to be all disappointed, probably mope around for days --

BEN

Good thing you're not like her.

MICHAEL

(hopes crushed, moping)
Yeah --

Ben stops him.

BEN

If it's any consolation, I'm disappointed, too. I was looking forward to being Uncle Ben --

MICHAEL

Like the rice?

They almost manage a smile, then:

BEN

It's probably the closest I'll ever come to being a Dad. *

MICHAEL

I didn't know you wanted to be one.

BEN

It was always a thought. But I never knew how much I wanted it until I couldn't -- *

Just then, a NOISE in the living room interrupts him. *

MICHAEL

Shit! -- there's someone in the apartment.

They make their way cautiously into the darkened:

Michael turns on a light. There's

EMMETT

carrying a carton in the apartment.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

MICHAEL

Jesus, Em --! What's going on?
What're you doing back?

EMMETT

Brian was right. It's a good thing I
saved the boxes.

Close to tears, he goes into his room, slams the door.

CUT TO:

23 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

23

Ted stands by the rail, watching the hot sweaty, shirtless
bodies below on the dance floor move to the THUMPA, THUMPA,
THUMPA, of the MUSIC. He takes a swig of his drink as Brian
settles next to him. He's already had a few. Make that a
lot.

BRIAN

Where's your wife?

TED

She went home to her mother.

BRIAN

(checks his watch)
Less than 24 hours. I surpassed even
my own predictions.

TED

Congratulations. You must feel an
overwhelming sense of satisfaction.

BRIAN

What I feel is an overwhelming sense of
disgust, seeing two pathetic fags try
to turn themselves into something even
more pathetic -- two happily married
heterosexuals.

TED

It's got nothing to do with that, it's
got to do with what us lower lifeforms
generally refer to as love. Just
because you can't comprehend it doesn't
mean that the rest of us should be
condemned to live out our life
sentences in solitary confinement, our
hearts banished to one of Jupiter's ice-
moons.

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Very poetic. For a former accountant. Well, I sincerely hope you find the dream that justifies your existence. But until then, how about I buy you a drink?

TED

Fuck off.

BRIAN

Good idea.

CUT TO:

24 INT. BABYLON - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

24 *

Brian enters the back room. Looks around at the sucking and fucking. A YOUNG TRICK approaches him.

YOUNG TRICK

Hey.

Brian starts to feel beneath the boy's opened shirt, approaches his cock. Then stops.

BRIAN

Sorry, you're a little young for me.

YOUNG TRICK

That's not what I heard.

Brian's expression changes. As he pushes his way out of the backroom:

CUT TO:

25 INT. ARCADE - DAY

25

A game arcade, filled with teenagers who should be home doing their homework. In later years, they will be useless drunks hanging out in bars. Justin makes his way past the fatso in the token booth, down an aisle of the hope that is our children until he spots John, his eye pressed to the sight of a high-powered rifle, mowing down some ugly alien or filthy foreigner.

JUSTIN

How's choir practice?

John gives him a sneer. Then, as the computerized carnage reaches massacre proportions:

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Yeah, motherfuckers. Die!

Someone pushes past Justin, shoves him into John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Asshole! You made me miss.

(then, suspiciously)

Who are you?

JUSTIN

I'm a friend of your uncle's.

JOHN

Another fag? Get away from me or I'll call the police.

Justin doesn't flinch.

JUSTIN

What're you going to tell them? That I made you suck me off, too?

A beat, then:

JOHN

What do you want?

JUSTIN

The truth.

JOHN

I already told the truth. He offered me money. But I wouldn't do it.

(then, with a smirk)

Did he offer you money, too?

JUSTIN

He didn't have to. I would've paid him.

John looks at him with contempt, goes back to playing.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

If you don't admit you're lying -- that you made it all up -- Brian could go to jail.

JOHN

Good. Then he can get raped by a gang of black guys.

JUSTIN

Your mother must subscribe to HBO.

(CONTINUED)

John returns to his game. Justin sees he's wearing Brian's shell bracelet, grabs his arm. *

JOHN

What the fuck are you doing? Get your hands off me!

JUSTIN

(after a beat) *

Cool bracelet. *

John yanks his arm away, goes back to preparing for his future success. As Justin just looks at him: *

CUT TO:

26 EXT. STREET - DAY

26

Melanie and Lindsay are out shopping, walking down the street.

LINDSAY

Maybe the terms of the agreement were a bit -- harsh.

MELANIE

I was only trying to protect us.

LINDSAY

But Michael's not Brian. That's why we chose him in the first place.

MELANIE

I say we get a genius from the Sperm Bank. It's easier.

LINDSAY

For who, Mel? Our kid? Never knowing its Dad, except by a number --

MELANIE

I'm not having a repeat of what we went through with Brian --

LINDSAY

I just said Michael's not Brian! Are you even listening to me?

MELANIE

The entire street's listening to you.

A beat, then:

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

This isn't about Michael, or who the father'll be.

(beat)

It's about trust. Trusting to Fate, to God, to the OBGYN that somehow everything'll be all right. If you can't accept that -- we should stop right now.

As Lindsay leaves Melanie to consider that:

CUT TO:

27 INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

27

John has just come home to discover Debbie, Horvath, Justin and Claire waiting. Smartly sensing something's up, he asks:

JOHN

What's up?

DEBBIE

How about you telling us.

HORVATH

Let me handle this, Debbie.

Horvath shows John his badge.

HORVATH (CONT'D)

Detective Carl Horvath, Pittsburgh P.D. I understand you made some allegations recently, regarding your uncle, Brian Kinney.

JOHN

He made me do things to him --

HORVATH

That's a pretty serious charge, son -- if it's true.

JOHN

I'm not lying!

HORVATH

He says you made it up because he caught you stealing money from his wallet.

JOHN

He's the liar --!

(CONTINUED)

HORVATH

And that you also took some kind of bracelet with shells.

JOHN

I don't have any stupid bracelet.

JUSTIN

I saw you wearing it today at the arcade.

JOHN

Why should anyone believe you?

A beat, then Claire recalls:

CLAIRE

John, is that the bracelet you had on at breakfast this morning?

JOHN

Mom, would you shut up!

CLAIRE

You said you got it at the mall.

JOHN

I bought it with my allowance. At that store across from the pet shop --

HORVATH

Let's see the bracelet, son.

JOHN

I don't have it. I lost it.

CLAIRE

Show it to him!

Reluctantly, John pulls the bracelet out of his pocket, hands it to Horvath.

DEBBIE

Michael got him that bracelet when they were in high school.

JUSTIN

His initials are carved on one of the shells.

Horvath checks, finds them.

(CONTINUED)

*
*
*

*

CLAIRE
I want the truth, John. Tell me the
truth! Did Brian really --
(she can't say it)
-- do what you said? *

John looks around, sees everyone's eyes on him. Then, to his
mother:

JOHN
He's a fag! Like you said. A goddamn
fag!

Debbie gets up, walks over to John.

DEBBIE
Shame on you.
(then, to Claire)
But most of all -- shame on you.

CUT TO:

27A INT. RED CAPE COMICS - DAY

27A

Michael's helping a young kid pick out some comics.

MICHAEL
And this "Hulk" from 1988 has a really
cool battle with Wolverine and some
great art by Todd MacFarlane.

-- when Lindsay and Melanie come in the store. He sees, then
goes over.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(reserved)
Hi.

LINDSAY
Hope we didn't come at a bad time --

MICHAEL
Just advising a collector. He's
actually one of my best customers.

MELANIE
Then we won't stay too long. Michael,
about the agreement -- *

MICHAEL
I already told you --

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

We know. That's why we've decided to amend some of the fine points.

She signals Melanie, who takes out the agreement -- and tears it in half.

MELANIE

(warm, self-deprecating)
Provided you fulfill your "function", you will herewith be referred to as "the father", with full parental rights, including visitation.

LINDSAY

What do you say -- Dad?

As Michael's eyes well up, and our gals embrace him:

CUT TO:

28 INT. WOODY'S - NIGHT

28

Emmett is at the bar. Ted comes over, joins him.

TED

Mind if I have a drink?

EMMETT

(shrugs)
Name on the door's "Woody's", not "Emmett's".

TED

(to the bartender)
Grey Goose and tonic.
(then, to Emmett)
Emm --

EMMETT

Save your breath. It's quite obvious that you and I were not meant to live together.

TED

Look, I'm sorry if I got upset--

EMMETT

Upset? Try "went ballistic".

TED

It's just that I'm kind of finicky --

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

Finicky's when you turn up your nose at Friskies.

TED

-- when it comes to my things.

EMMETT

Well, why shouldn't you be, honey?
It's your place. So in the future,
don't ask someone to move in.

The Bartender brings Ted his drink.

TED

You know, after you left, I walked up
and down Liberty Avenue, finally wound
up at the diner with a stale lemon bar
and last week's copy of "Pittsburgh
Out".

(offers it to him)

Have you seen it?

EMMETT

(supremely disinterested)

Is the headline "Finicky Boyfriend Goes
Berserk"?

TED

There's an interesting letter in "Dear
Abs".

EMMETT

Don't tell me you actually read that
silly queen --

Ted gestures him to read it.

TED

Go on.

EMMETT

(with reluctance)

"Dear Abs. My boyfriend just moved in
with me and has taken over. He even
moved the lube to the right side of the
bed. Help! Atta Loss."

(after a beat)

So?

TED

Now his answer --

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

"Dear Atta. Get a new place that's both of yours. Unless you want to jack off alone. As for the lube, I'd let your boyfriend put it wherever he wants."

TED

There must've been a reason I was reading that at two in the morning.

(beat)

I don't want to lose you, Emm. But there's no way we can live together in my place. So I suggest we take Dear Abs' advice and get our place.

(beat)

A house.

EMMETT

(after a beat)

A -- house?

TED

With a backyard, and rooms you can decorate --

EMMETT

Decorate?

TED

(ever the accountant)

It's the best investment one can make. Not only is it a great deduction, but it's a proven hedge against inflation and an unstable economy. What do you say?

EMMETT

I say --

But Emmett doesn't know what to say. Finally:

EMMETT (CONT'D)

I say -- those are the most romantic words I've ever heard!

As he throws his arms around Ted, kisses him:

CUT TO:

29 INT. MICHAEL & BEN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

29

Michael has a calendar up on the wall and is X-ing out certain days of each month. Ben comes in, dressed for the gym.

BEN
Counting off how many shopping days
left till Christmas?

MICHAEL
It's Melanie's ovulation cycle.

BEN
(sarcastic)
And what a perfect spot for it -- right
over our bed. *

MICHAEL
It's to remind me when we can do it,
and when we can't.

BEN
Whoever thought our sex life would be
ruled by a fertility chart?

MICHAEL
Now that I'm going to be the father,
with full credit and everything, I've
got to be extra-special responsible.
(checking the calendar)
Tonight looks -- good. You up for it? *

BEN
Soon as I get back from the gym. *

MICHAEL
You're going again? Well, don't be too
late.

BEN
And miss my window of opportunity?

Michael smiles, gives him a hot kiss, then continues X-ing
out the days. Follow Ben into: *

30 INT. MICHAEL & BEN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT -
CONTINUOUS

30

On his way out, Ben stops at the bathroom. He closes the
door -- which doesn't quite close all the way because it's
been painted so many times. The camera moves to the door,
where we can just get a glimpse of Ben through the crack.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

He opens his gym bag, takes out a syringe, fills it from a small vial. As he lowers his shorts: gives himself an injection:

CUT TO:

31 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

31

Justin holds out the bracelet.

JUSTIN

I believe this belongs to you.

Brian looks at it for a beat, takes it.

BRIAN

Thanks.

JUSTIN

Any time.

Brian goes to put it on. *

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Here --

Justin fastens it for him. As he does so, Brian stares at him. Justin looks up, their eyes meet for a tense and awkward moment. Then they each move away.

BRIAN

Shouldn't you be getting back to your boyfriend?

JUSTIN

Yeah.

Justin turns, leaves. Brian closes the door behind him. And as he looks at the bracelet:

FADE OUT.