

queer as folk

EPISODE 309

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FADE IN:

INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

1

The MUSIC is THROBBING. The natives are dancing. Sex oozes from the dance floor.

CAMERA FINDS BRIAN

dancing with two hot men. He's shirtless, sweaty and high as a Georgia pine. He looks across the sea of men and CAMERA RAMPS to:

FIND JUSTIN

whose sweat is being massaged into his glistening flesh by the greedy hands of a WORSHIPPER. Brian stares, glares, his eyes willing Justin to look over. And the mating dance begins to the TECHNO BEAT. Like magnets, our boys are drawn to each other, abandoning everything and everyone around them. Hands start to explore familiar bodies. Lips and tongues probe as the passion ignites. It all makes sense. At least to them. CAMERA RAMPS to:

FIND EMMETT, TED, MICHAEL AND BEN

standing by the bar, watching, wagging their tongues.

TED

(blinks, trying to focus)
Holy fuck. Am I seeing what I'm seeing or is it my mixing Vodka and Vicadin?

MICHAEL

No, Liza, you're still among the lucid.

EMMETT

Looks like the fiddler fell off the roof.

TED

I'll drink to that.

EMMETT

Honey, you'll drink to anything. Maybe you should slow down and come work off your little potion on the dance floor.

TED

And ruin my buzz? No thank you.

Michael registers concern.

EMMETT

Well, I feel the need to shake a tail feather. Michael, can I borrow your husband?

MICHAEL

Sure, just keep both hands above his waist at all times.

EMMETT

You take all the fun out of everything.

Ben gives Michael a kiss.

BEN

(sotto)

Two songs, then come rescue me.

MICHAEL

Deal.

Ted moves to the bar, popping another pill. Michael follows.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Your back still acting up?

TED

Not as long as I keep downing these.

(then to BARTENDER)

Grey Goose and tonic.

MICHAEL

Maybe you should slow down a little.

TED

Why? It's not like I have to get up for work in the morning. Hell, it's not like I have to get up for anything.

Michael watches his friend slug down another drink, then turns and sees:

BRIAN AND JUSTIN

heading to the back room.

JUSTIN

...maybe we should just go to your place. I heard there are undercover cops everywhere.

BRIAN

That's what makes it so hot.

He pulls Justin into the back room.

CUT TO:

INT. STOCKWELL'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

2

A CAMERA CREW is shooting a commercial, Brian overseeing, watching the monitor next to the DIRECTOR.

ON MONITOR

STOCKWELL sits with his sons, COBY, 7, and DANIEL, 10, working on a model airplane. Stockwell turns and speaks directly to camera.

STOCKWELL

...my Dad always told me if you're going to talk the talk, you better walk the walk. I subscribe to his words every day of my life. So, if I say it, I mean it. Right boys?

BOYS

Right, Dad.

STOCKWELL

Trust my words. Watch my actions.

Stockwell goes back to working on the airplane.

DIRECTOR

And cut!

(to Brian)

You good?

BRIAN

Yup.

DIRECTOR

That's a wrap.

LINDA, Stockwell's pretty wife, enters the room.

LINDA

Come on, boys, we're late to
basketball practice.

(then to Stockwell)

We'll be back around six. I'll
bring home dinner. Mexican okay?

STOCKWELL

Perfect. Get me one of those spicy
burrito things. Thanks boys. Give
your Dad a hug.

They do, AD-LIB GOOD-BYES and are gone. Brian walks over.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

How'd I do?

BRIAN

Fanfuckin'tastic.

STOCKWELL

I wasn't too stiff?

BRIAN

Not a stiff bone in your body.

STOCKWELL

Well, I at least have one. This
campaign is wearing me out. My
entire body is a knot of stress.
Hey, if you get rid of this crew, I
might just have time for a soak in
my new hot tub. Care to join me?

BRIAN

I don't usually travel with a
swimsuit.

STOCKWELL

Who needs suits? We're just a
couple of guys.

CUT TO:

3

INT. BIG Q - DAY

3

Ted and Michael walk through the Big Q, Ted dressed in a
sport jacket and tie.

TED

I really appreciate this.

MICHAEL

It's no big deal. When I found out that Tracy got promoted, I just made a call. Easy.

TED

(nervous)

I just hope they like me. I don't always make the best first impression. And even though I've met Tracy, I'm just not sure she'll remember me. People don't always remember me, you know.

MICHAEL

Calm down. It's the Big Q for crissakes.

(spots TRACY)

Trace!

TRACY

(rushing over)

Michael! Oh my God, you look great! Being in love so agrees with you. I hate you. Hey, Ted.

TED

Hello, Tracy. Good to see you again. I really appreciate this opportunity.

TRACY

Well, from what Michael said about you, you're way too good for us.

TED

Oh, I don't know about that.

MARLEY rushes up.

MARLEY

Michael Novocky! What are you doing slumming at the Big Q?

MICHAEL

Looking for you.

MARLEY

Liar. C'mon. I'm on break. We'll go to the kitchen and make out.

MICHAEL
 Or we could have coffee.
 (to Ted)
 Come get me when you're done.

He heads off with Marley.

TRACY
 My office is right up those stairs.

CUT TO:

4 INT. TRACY'S OFFICE - DAY

4

Tracy is looking over Ted's resume.

TRACY
 ... senior accountant four years at
 Wertschafters, then owned your own
 business?

Tracy looks a little confused.

TED
 I know, I know. But I suffered
 burnout and really needed a change.

TRACY
 Right. I don't know if Michael
 told you, but the only job I have
 available is for an assistant
 bookkeeper. You really are way
 over-qualified, Ted.

TED
 Look Tracy, I was always taught
 that there is no shame in making a
 living. I'm just really anxious to
 get back to work.

TRACY
 Can you start on Monday?

TED
 I can start right now.

TRACY
 Monday'll be fine. I just need to
 send your application over to the
 District Manager, but that's just a
 formality. So -- welcome to the
 Big Q.

TED
Thank you. Thank you so much!

CUT TO:

INT. LAW FIRM - MELANIE'S OFFICE - DAY

5

Melanie is behind her desk. Two of her associates, ERIC and DIEDRA, sit in chairs in front of her desk.

MELANIE
The problem is our main witness is in intensive care with pneumonia, so we need a continuance. Eric, I need you to get right on that.

She hands the file to Eric as CRAIG JACOBS, a partner, pokes his head in.

CRAIG
(excited)
Okay, good, you're all sitting down. This is big.

MELANIE
What?

CRAIG
The State Supreme Court has agreed to hear Taggart vs. Taggart!

Melanie bolts up, rushes over, hugs Craig.

MELANIE
Oh my God! When?

CRAIG
In four months. You want me to take over as lead counsel?

MELANIE
Are you kidding? As hard as I've worked? No. This one's all mine.

CRAIG
I thought you were cutting back what with the baby coming and all.

MELANIE
I was. But Craig, this case is where I live and breathe. No, I can do it. I'll just have to figure a way to make it work.

She glances over at a picture of Lindsay and Gus on her desk.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

I have to.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. STOCKWELL'S HOUSE - HOT TUB - DAY 6

Steam rises from the jacuzzi as Brian steps in, bare-ass naked. He crosses in front of Stockwell, then eases into the hot water, across from him.

BRIAN

Hot.

STOCKWELL

Takes a little getting used to, but once you enter -- damn does it feels good.

BRIAN

(re: water)

Oooh, yeah.

STOCKWELL

(studies Brian)

I like you, Kinney. A lot. You know what my plan is after I get elected?

BRIAN

To bail on all your campaign promises and embezzle money from the city?

STOCKWELL

(laughs, then)

Nope, I plan to introduce you to every fat cat that's backed my campaign.

BRIAN

Well, I hope so, otherwise, I don't know why the fuck I'm doing this.

STOCKWELL

(laughs)

I like your style, Kinney. Balls the size of Pittsburgh.

BRIAN

I also have a really big cock.

STOCKWELL
Hey, I didn't look.

They LAUGH like guys do. Brian now studies him.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)
People are asking questions about
you. You know who Marv Katzman is?

BRIAN
CEO of Jerusalem Steel?

STOCKWELL
That's right. Big supporter of
mine. Nice guy. Actually, gave me
this jacuzzi.

BRIAN
Sweet.

STOCKWELL
Well, Marv called yesterday and
asked for your number. I said, get
in line. I want him all to myself
'til I win. That is, if I win.

BRIAN
You're going to win, my friend. I
promise I will make that happen.

STOCKWELL
(pause, sighs)
Wanna know a secret?

BRIAN
Sure.

STOCKWELL
I'm scared shitless. I'm not sure
I can do this.

BRIAN
You probably can't, but it hasn't
stopped all the other assholes that
are in office.

Stockwell LAUGHS again.

STOCKWELL
Damn, I wish I had your balls.

CUT TO:

7

INT. COMIC BOOK STORE - DAY

7

JUSTIN (V.O.)

Come on, Michael, admit it. It's genius. It pushes the fuckin' envelope and will sell a shit load of copies.

INSERT OF A DRAWING OF RAGE

propped up in the corner of a dressing room -- boas, wigs and gowns all around. Rage is frozen stiff against the wall, icicles hanging off him. J.T. kneels in front of him, sweetly holding his frozen ass, tears in his eyes as he sucks Rage back to life.

MICHAEL AND JUSTIN

compare the two covers.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Plus, it's a statement about Rage and J.T.'s relationship.

MICHAEL

It's great, but it's just too much. And it totally gives away the ending.

JUSTIN

So, you'd rather have -- ?

INSERT OF ANOTHER DRAWING

a Divine-like drag queen, COLDA ZEIZ stands over Rage, frozen stiff.

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

... the evil drag queen Colda Zeiz freezing Rage with her Ice-scepter?

Colda holds her massive ice-scepter, powers zapping out of it. Rage's hands and feet are tied with feather boas.

MICHAEL AND JUSTIN

continue to compare the two cover possibilities.

MICHAEL

Yeah, drag queens are funny and it shows that Rage is in danger.

Justin picks up the erotic cover.

JUSTIN

(studies the drawing)

If J.T. had only listened to Rage,
none of this would have happened.
On his knees, unthawing his heart,
sucking him back to life -- it
shows their love is undying. Their
soul connection.

Michael stares at Justin.

MICHAEL

Seems like art is imitating life.

JUSTIN

You were right. I never
appreciated what I had. Brain
showed me he loved me every day.
With actions. Even though he never
said it and even if he never does --
I know it now.

Michael places his hand on Justin's shoulder and gives it a
squeeze, looks back down at the hot cover possibility.

MICHAEL

It's just so fuckin' dirty.

JUSTIN

(smiles)

I know.

CUT TO:

INT. LESBIAN KITCHEN - NIGHT

8

Melanie is chopping onions and garlic while Lindsay feeds
Gus.

MELANIE

... so she leaves her husband --
and if you saw him, you'd
understand why -- for a woman.

LINDSAY

Ouch.

(to Gus)

Open up, sweetie.

MELANIE

(overlap)

Exactly. The ultimate slap to a straight man. How long do I grill the onions and garlic?

LINDSAY

Until they turn a little clear, but not too soft.

Melanie dumps the onions and garlic in a hot skillet and starts stirring.

MELANIE

So, Straight Rich Asshole sues Lesbian Ex for custody of their two children -- and wins!

LINDSAY

So wrong.

MELANIE

All she has now is supervised visitation rights, two hours a week. Like she's some kind of criminal or something.

LINDSAY

It's like gay parents have to be better parents than straight parents just to prove to society we're worthy.

MELANIE

I know. And that's why I have to win this. It's going to be a lot of work, but I just have to.

The words "a lot of work" register with Lindsay. Pause.

LINDSAY

(lacking enthusiasm)

Well -- congratulations, Mel.

MELANIE

Ooh, that's a little half-hearted. What's wrong?

LINDSAY

It's just that... nothing. It's great. Really great.

Melanie dumps a bowl of chopped tomatoes in the skillet, continues to stir.

MELANIE

Baby, I know I said I would work less, but this is a landmark case. What I've worked for my entire career. And it's for us. For our community. Our family.

LINDSAY

I know.

MELANIE

And as soon as I win, I'll cut back and that'll be a couple of months before the baby comes.

LINDSAY

Okay. You're right. It's important. How can you not do it?

MELANIE

(kisses Lindsay)

Thank you.

She pours a colander of spaghetti in the skillet.

LINDSAY

Turn the flame down a little.

Melanie does.

MELANIE

Thanks. Oh, could you do me a huge favor just this once and take Gus to nursery school in the morning. I have an early breakfast with the defendants, the only time they can meet.

LINDSAY

(here we go already)

Sure.

MELANIE

I can pick him up, but --
(big smile)

This is so amazing, Linz. Thanks for being so understanding.

(offering a bite of sauce)

Here, taste.

LINDSAY
Ummm. Good. Let in simmer another
five minutes.

MELANIE
See, I can do it all.

Lindsay smiles, continues to feed Gus, conflicted, but
trying.

CUT TO:

9 INT. DINER - DAY

9

Ted and Emmett sit at the counter.

EMMETT
You start Monday? Teddy, this is
so exciting!

TED
Well, it's not exactly the job of
my dreams, but at least I'm working
again.

EMMETT
I'm so proud of you.

Emmett leans over and kisses Ted.

HORVATH (O.S.)
Hey, hey. Don't make me get the
garden hose.

They turn to see HORVATH, who slides into the seat next to
Emmett.

EMMETT
Oooh, straight-oriented humor. How
rare.

HORVATH
Where's that woman of mine?

A RED GLOVE

wraps around the doorway from the kitchen.

A RED STILETTO

kicks out.

DEBBIE (O.S.)
 (stripper beat)
 Bom, bom, bom, bom, bom, bom, bom
 bom bom, bom bom...

REVEAL DEBBIE

as she saunters out, dressed in red low-cut, sequined evening gown, with a slit up one leg, wearing a platinum wig. Emmett and Ted WHOOP and WHISTLE, Horvath just stares, mouth agape. Debbie struts around the counter, pulling Horvath up to her.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
 (a la Mae West)
 Well, hello big boy. Is that a billy club in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?

HORVATH
 Oh, I'm happy. Real happy.

They kiss.

EMMETT
 Debbie, you look like -- a hundred bucks. What's the occasion?

DEBBIE
 I'm hosting "Reveal For A Cause" at Woody's.
 (to Horvath)
 Amateur strip contest. All proceeds go to the Center's Teen Suicide Hotline.

TED
 What happened to Safonda?

HORVATH
 Who?

EMMETT
 Safonda Dicks. The regular hostess. Pittsburgh's most famous drag queen.

DEBBIE
 Poor old Safonda got drunk and dropped her teeth down the garbage disposal and accidently ground them up.

EMMETT

Again?

TED

So Pittsburgh's second most popular
drag queen steps in.

DEBBIE

Fuck you.

HORVATH

Don't listen to them. This is true
beauty if I ever saw true beauty.

DEBBIE

(another kiss)

Finally, a man around her who
appreciates a real woman.
Wanna come?

EMMETT

Right here in public!? Debbie!

DEBBIE

To the strip show, you pervert!

HORVATH

Male strippers? I'll pass. But
keep the dress on and I'll give you
a private show later. Here's a
twenty for your cause.

He hands her a twenty. Debbie plants another one on him.

DEBBIE

(announcing)

Is this one fucking great man! Am
I fucking lucky or what?

HORVATH

God, I love that mouth.

DEBBIE

With good reason! I'll walk you
out.

Michael and Ben enter. Michael stares at Debbie.

MICHAEL

Ma?

DEBBIE
 No, it's a skinny less fucked-up
 Anna Nicole Smith. Now you boys
 get a move on and meet me at
 Woody's!

Debbie and Horvath exit as everybody gets up to go. Ted
 throws his arm around Michael.

TED
 I really appreciate you going to
 bat for me today.

Michael takes a moment. How do you say this?

TED (CONT'D)
 What's wrong?

MICHAEL
 Tracy just called me. Her district
 manager recognized your name and --

EMMETT
 No...

TED
 Great. I'm not even good enough
 for the fuckin' Big Q.

He storms out. Emmett chases after him.

EMMETT
 Teddy...

CUT TO:

INT. WOODY'S - NIGHT

10

Nine Inch Nail's "I Want To Fuck You Like An Animal" BLARES
 as A HOT STRIPPER grinds for the audience. He tears off his
 shirt and throws it to the CHEERING audience which includes:
 Ben, Michael, Vic, along with Justin, DAPHNE and --

BRIAN

engaged in conversation with MATTHEW, a contestant who is
 dressed in a red, white and blue tank with white lace-up
 football pants.

BRIAN
 A hundred extra if you show cock.

Matthew unlaces his pants and shows Brian his dick.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 Well, God bless America.
 (then points)
 Up there. On stage.

Brian throws a wicked smile to Justin who returns it. Daphne is trying to make sense of this.

DAPHNE
 I thought you guys are back together.

JUSTIN
 We are.

DAPHNE
 I'll never understand gay men.

CHEERS erupt as:

ON STAGE

Hot Stripper takes off his pants to reveal a huge bulge in a G-string. MUSIC ENDS and Debbie takes the mike.

DEBBIE
 Let's give a big hand for Jacob's big -- finish.
 (re: bulge)
 Honey, is that real or are ya stuffin'?

JACOB grabs her free hand and forces it on his cock. Debbie SQUEALS.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
 It's real all right! Well, let's see how our next contestant measures up. Put your hands together for Matthew!!!

Matthew jumps on the stage as Springstein's "Born in the USA" BLARES. He begins to strip as the audience CHEERS.

Debbie grabs a clip board and heads over to Ben, Michael and Vic.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
 I need more contestants. Come on, Ben, you'll win the grand prize if you're cock is as big as your peccs.

BEN
Flattery will get you everywhere.

Ben starts to sign up, Michael takes the pen and hands it back to Debbie.

MICHAEL
No way! He only stripes for me,
Ma.

DEBBIE
Who the fuck raised you, anyway?
(turns to Vic)
Vic, come on. We're desperate.

VIC
Thanks a lot.

BACK TO STAGE

Matthew rips off the breakaway football pants, leaving a flag thong. The CROWD goes nuts. He looks over to Brian who nods and BAM! Off comes the thong, out pops the cock! The CROWD is out of control! And yes, the boy is blessed. CAMERA RAMPS to:

FRONT DOOR

where POLICEMAN storm in. The MUSIC ENDS abruptly. Confusion and AD-LIBS of panic.

DEBBIE
What the fuck!?

OFFICER
Okay, everybody out! This establishment is now closed for over occupancy.

FIND BRIAN

as he pulls Matthew off stage, now wrapped in an American flag.

A POLICEMAN

clocks Brian and Matthew exiting out the side door.

INT. MELANIE'S OFFICE - DAY

11

Melanie's desk is piled high. Craig sits across from her.

MELANIE

...what's really sad is that Sue Taggart has lost three years of being a mother to those children.

Looking over the file, pulls out a picture.

CRAIG

She'll be great on the stand. She doesn't even look like a lesbian.

MELANIE

And what exactly is a lesbian supposed to look like?

CRAIG

Sorry. God, I should know better not to step on that land mine. You know what I'm saying.

MELANIE

Unfortunately, yes. The courts will respond better to someone who doesn't look like a truck driver.

JASON, Melanie's assistant, pokes his head in.

JASON

The Taggart children's social worker needs to push your meeting to four o'clock.

MELANIE

Shit. Okay.

CRAIG

You want me to take the meeting alone?

MELANIE

No, it'll be okay. I'll just get Lindsay to pick up Gus.

Melanie picks up the phone and dials.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Hi, yes, Lindsay Peterson please.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

12

Debbie has rallied the troops; everybody grabbing their signs and coats, getting ready for the big protest. Signs read: "POLICE PROTECTION, NOT POLICE STATE", "LIBERATE LIBERTY AVENUE" etc. Debbie's reads: "STOCKWELL IS A GODDAMNED PIECE OF SHIT NAZI HOMOPHOBE."

Ben, Michael and Justin are there, along with some DRAG QUEENS, LEATHER GUYS, DYKES who do look like truck drivers, along with some REGULAR FOLKS, a real cross-section of Liberty Avenue.

DEBBIE

... We're going to do this peacefully, but we're going to be loud! They can't fuckin' do this to our community.

AD-LIBS of "That's right", "Tell it like it is" etc.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

(building momentum)

But we will not remain silent! We will make a difference because what they did to Woody's sucks donkey dick! Two people over the legal limit!? That's bullshit! And the Teen Suicide Hotline suffers. Goddamn mutherfuckin' asshole Republican Stockwell.

The CROWD CHEERS as Brian enters, take in the scene.

BRIAN

Shit...

DEBBIE

And there's the man behind the asshole.

The crowd turns, GROANS and BOOS.

MICHAEL

Brian's always behind the asshole.

Some LAUGHS.

DEBBIE

Goddamn it, Michael, this is fuckin' serious. And your best friend there is responsible.

Brian grabs his "to go" order and turns to walk out.

BRIAN

This was fun, but I'm late for my prayer group.

DEBBIE

Why don't you do the right thing for once in your life and come march with us?

BRIAN

Because that would mean I thought you weren't insane, Deb. Now if you lunatics will excuse me, I have a real job to go to.

Brian exits.

DEBBIE

That's right, go. Go work for the enemy. You fuckin' scab!

She turns on Michael and Justin.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Am I the only one who will stand up to him?

Justin averts her stare.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Oh, I forgot. Sunshine is fuckin' him again.

JUSTIN

I'm here, aren't I?

MICHAEL

Ma, come on. Brian didn't cause the raid.

BEN

I'm sorry, Michael, but Deb's right. Brian's culpable for some of what's happening to Liberty Avenue. What about Hunter and all the street kids?

MICHAEL

Brian's just doing his job. It's business and when it comes to business, you put your personal feelings aside.

DEBBIE

What are you? Brian's fuckin' parrot? You don't put your personal feelings aside when it comes to your friends and your family and your community.

(lowers voice)

I thought I raised you better.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

13

Brian is getting into his car when Michael comes running out of the diner.

MICHAEL

How can continue to work for that guy?

BRIAN

Oh Christ, not you too. Come on, Mikey, Stockwell is just stirring up shit. It means nothing. Nothing. As soon as he gets elected, it'll all blow over.

MICHAEL

You think this is going to blow over for Ted?

BRIAN

Ted fucked up. Not my problem.

MICHAEL

You are so fucking selfish. Ma's right. All you care about is yourself.

BRIAN

No, I care about getting out of this armpit. And Stockwell's election is my one way ticket to New York. When I'm running the New York office, trust me, I could give a hairy shit about Woody's or Liberty Avenue.

MICHAEL

Oh, now I get it. You'll get all of Stockwell's backers, all those accounts, but abandon us. Well, fuck you, Brian!

Michael storms back towards the diner. Brian stares after him for a moment, then puts his sunglasses on, gets in his convertible and drives away.

CUT TO:

14

INT. TED'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

14

Emmett and Vic sit at the counter, drinking coffee, eating croissants, Emmett sketching on a paper.

EMMETT

...it's at a fabulous private home. Very cha cha. Democrat fundraiser.

VIC

What about all seafood hors d'oeuvres? Jumbo shrimp, stuffed mushroom with crabmeat...

EMMETT

Oh, and those crackers you made for the art gallery. With cream cheese and dollops of beluga caviar. That just reeks "class."

VIC

And my pastries for the big finale.

Ted stumbles out from the bedroom still in his bathrobe?

TED

Morning, Vic.

VIC

Afternoon, Ted.

EMMETT

Sweetie, it's almost one.

TED

Ah, so it is.

VIC

How you feel, Ted?

TED
Well, my life sucks, but at least
my honey is doing well.

He kisses Emmett, then goes to get some coffee. Emmett
follows him into:

THE KITCHEN

Ted pours coffee; Emmett puts his arms around him.

EMMETT
Honey, you're better off not
working at that Polyester Palace.
Besides, I'd never be able to visit
you there.

TED
Why?

EMMETT
Because I'm allergic to white
trash.

Ted LAUGHS, turns and hugs Emmett.

TED
I love you, Emmett Honeycutt.

EMMETT
And I love you, Teddy Bear. And
like my Aunt Lulah used to say:
"This too shall pass." I mean,
honey, look at Vanessa Williams.
One day she's a dethroned Miss
America for licking pussy in
Penthouse, but a little time passes
and she's singing the theme song to
Disney's Pocahontas!

TED
That did it. I am now officially
inspired.

EMMETT
Good! Because I have work to do.
I have to find two waiters and a
bartender for tonight's party.

Emmett picks up the phone.

TED

Emm -- what about me? I could
bartend. I mean, I can pour a gin
and tonic as good as anyone.

EMMETT

Oh honey, I couldn't let you do
that?

TED

Nothing wrong with earning my keep.

EMMETT

Snookums, you earn your keep every
time you stick your dick up my ass.

TED

Charmer.

CUT TO:

15

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

15

Debbie's group marches. Top to bottom, leather to lace.
Ben, Justin, Daphne are there, but no Michael.

FIND DEBBIE

on the steps, REPORTERS around her, mikes thrust in her face.

DEBBIE

...Stockwell's making the gays the
goddamn scapegoats! He's a
homophobe is what he is. Same
thing fuckin' happened in the past
to other minorities. And for those
assholes who say it can't fuckin'
happen here, well fuck you because
it's fuckin' happenin'!

As Debbie rants on --

FIND HORVATH

Walking up the steps, down from the protest, with a few COP
BUDDIES.

OFFICER

Isn't that your girlfriend over
there?

HORVATH

Oh boy.

OFFICER

I think it's time you put your woman on a leash.

BACK TO DEBBIE

DEBBIE

...it's no fuckin' different that what the fuckin' Nazis did to the Jews and no fuckin' different than what the fuckin' assholes in the South did to our black breathern, like that whole drinkin' fountain incident with Cecily Tyson...

Debbie spots Horvath.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

(to reporters)

'Cuse me.

She rushes over to Horvath as he meets her half-way, breaking away from the other officers.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

How could you have let this happen?

HORVATH

Let what happen?

DEBBIE

The goddamn bust at Woody's. You just fuckin' let me walk right into that hornet's nest.

HORVATH

Debbie, I didn't know jack shit about --

DEBBIE

Save it, Carl. Now hurry along or you'll be late to work -- for the fuckin' enemy!

Debbie stalks off, Horvath shakes his head and walks away.

FIND MICHAEL

Rushing up the steps, to join the protest. He spots Justin.

MICHAEL

Justin!

JUSTIN
Where were you?

MICHAEL
I had to drop the comic book off at
the printers. Issue #2 will hit
the streets in a week.

JUSTIN
Which cover?

MICHAEL
(big smile)
Your's.

JUSTIN
Yes!

MICHAEL
(takes it all in)
We need to be fearless in the face
of oppression.

Justin throws an arm around Michael and they join the chant:

GROUP
Liberation, not police nation,
Liberation not police nation.

CUT TO:

16 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

16

The kitchen table is full of laundry, Lindsay folding fast and furious, matching her foul mood. Dirty dishes peak out from the sink. Gus sits on the floor, playing with his toys. Melanie stands by the counter, arms crossed, trying to reason with her mate.

MELANIE
What was I supposed to do? It was
the only time the social worker
could meet, and she's one of the
key witnesses.

LINDSAY
The only time until the court date?
Give me a break.

MELANIE
We're building a case here, Linz.
I need to... Never mind, you
wouldn't understand.

Lindsay throws down a towel.

LINDSAY

Don't you dare condescend to me! I understand perfectly.

MELANIE

This is a landmark case, Linz.

LINDSAY

So I've heard. And as usual, you --

MELANIE

Let me finish! Can I please finish?

LINDSAY

Then finish!

MELANIE

What the courts have said basically is that what we are, what this family is, is "less than" families with straight parents. It's my duty to --

LINDSAY

I get it, Mel! But you have no respect for my life or my job.

MELANIE

Okay, okay! I fucked up. I'm sorry. Jesus, I hope that I didn't create some life threatening catastrophe at the art gallery!

LINDSAY

You selfish bitch! What I do has never been as important as what you do and it never will. Talk about making someone "less than."

MELANIE

It's my job that pays for this mortgage and it's my salary that pays for Gus's day care and for this entire operation!

LINDSAY

Fuck you, Melanie! We made a deal!

MELANIE

This is the case of my career!

LINDSAY

And this is laundry and those are dishes and this is our son that needs a bath now.

She picks up Gus and exits.

MELANIE

(meekly)

I can wash these dishes.

CUT TO:

17 INT. PARTY - NIGHT

17

Emmett scurries around, supervising. A couple of waiters work the room; Ted tends bar off to one side.

MRS. MAC LENNAN, tonight's hostess, rushes to Emmett. She is perhaps a little tipsy.

MRS. MAC LENNAN

Everyone is just raving about everything! The caviar crackers are just divine. And the shrimp to die for! My cholesterol is going to hit the roof.

EMMETT

Well, you only live once.

MRS. MAC LENNAN

True. I'm going to recommend you to all my friends. Now could you be a love and go get me a re-fill? Rum and Diet Coke.

EMMETT

My pleasure.

Emmett takes her glass over to Ted.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

We're a hit! Thank you for helping out. If it wouldn't cause a scene, I'd blow you right here in appreciation.

TED

Well, it's the thought that counts.

EMMETT

Another rum and Diet Coke for our drunk rich hostess.

TED

Coming right up.

Vic passes by with another tray of hors d' oeuvres, handing them off to a waiter.

EMMETT

Vic, they're lining up like pigs at the trough.

VIC

Just the review I've been waiting for.

EMMETT

I hope we don't run out.

VIC

I brought plenty. Now stop being such a nervous Nelly.

Ted hands the drink to Emmett as Vic returns to the kitchen.

EMMETT

Thanks.

Emmett spots Mrs. MacLennan and is off. Ted watches him, smiles, then his expression changes as GARTH RACINE approaches.

GARTH

(questioning)

Tad?

TED

Ted. Ted Schmidt.

GARTH

Oh right. Garth --

TED

Racine, I remember.

GARTH

(with a smirk)

How are things?

TED

Great. Awesome. Just dandy.

Garth gives him the "once over" as if to say, "Yeah, right."

TED (CONT'D)

I'll bet you're wondering... Well, I'm just doing this because, um, that's my boyfriend over there, he's the party planner here tonight, and he got in a bind, bartender bailed, and needed a little help, so viola! Me. To help. Just to fill in. This once.

GARTH

I see. Gin and tonic, please.

TED

Right...

(mutter)

Who can't make a gin and tonic?

Ted quickly fixes the drink, Garth walks over to another A-Gay.

GARTH

Well, the porn king has fallen to new depths. What a loser.

As they LAUGH and walk away, Ted's face drops, his reality crashing down once again.

CUT TO:

18

INT. STOCKWELL'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

18

Stockwell sits in his study, reading the paper. His wife, Linda, enters.

LINDA

Jim, Brian Kinney's here.

STOCKWELL

Send him in.

Brian enters, holding a video tape.

BRAIN

Wait 'til you see the edit of the new commercial.

Linda exchanges a worried look with Stockwell, who nods her away.

STOCKWELL

Just leave it there on the table
and I'll look at it later.

Something's up. Brian studies Stockwell.

BRIAN

What's going on?

STOCKWELL

Listen, Brian, you've done a good
job, but I think we're going to go
a different way now.

BRIAN

What -- ?

STOCKWELL

Let's just say I'm just not sure
we're on the same team anymore.

Brian stares, digests this, gets it.

BRIAN

If I'm not sucking your cock, my
lifestyle is really none of your
business.

STOCKWELL

I don't know what you're talking
about.

BRIAN

Don't insult me. One of your
police goons saw me the night of
the Woody's raid and reported back
to Big Daddy Cop.

STOCKWELL

You should have told me.

BRIAN

I repeat. It's none of your
fucking business.

STOCKWELL

Well, that's where you're wrong,
Kinney. Because anything that can
cost me election is my business.

CUT TO:

19

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

19

Emmett and Ted are cleaning up. Vic walks through, carrying out a final load.

VIC

Well, another smashing success,
Emmett.

EMMETT

Thanks for your help, Vic. I'll be
calling you.

He waves some business cards.

VIC

Anytime. Night, Ted.

TED

(distant)
Night.

Vic exits. Emmett watches Ted for a moment as he scrapes dirty plates in the garbage.

EMMETT

You okay?

TED

Yeah, fine. Just fine.

EMMETT

They're assholes, Teddy. They
aren't your friends and never were.

TED

I know. Like water off a duck's
back. Hey, a wise man once taught
me. Fuck 'em.

EMMETT/TED

Fuck 'em all!

EMMETT

(pause, then)
You up for some good news?

TED

Sure.

Emmett shows Ted a card.

EMMETT

Garth Racine is hosting a little private get together for about, oh, two hundred people. And he wants me to plan it!

TED

(trying)

That's great, Emm.

He scrapes another plate.

EMMETT

I'm so nervous. You know how picky those queens can be. It's in two weeks, so I have plenty of time to prepare. I was thinking maybe a "Dim Sum and Then Some" theme for the food.

TED

Catchy.

EMMETT

You don't mind me taking the job, do you?

TED

No, no, of course not.

He scrapes another plate into the garbage.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

20

Vic and Debbie walk down the street towards Woody's, Debbie eating left-over pastries that Vic brought her from the party.

DEBBIE

I don't know why I was dating a fuckin' cop anyway.

VIC

Because he adored you and was good in the sack?

Debbie gives him a questioning look.

VIC (CONT'D)

Hey, I heard all that screaming and moaning coming from your bedroom.

DEBBIE
Oh christ, you did?

VIC
And even though it's not so easy
listening to your sister have sex,
I rejoiced that you were finally
getting laid.

DEBBIE
Yeah, well, I hear you and Rodney
too.
(imitating)
Pound that ass, baby, pound it
harder. Oh yeah, suck that cock.
(re: pastry)
Goddamn this is good.

They arrive at the bar. The sign reads: "Fuck You, We're
Open!" They walk in.

CUT TO:

21 INT. WOODY'S - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

21

Debbie and Vic enter the crowded bar.

VIC
I don't think Carl knew about the
raid, Deb.

DEBBIE
Of course he knew. He's a fuckin'
cop.

VIC
What if he didn't?

DEBBIE
(realizing)
Oh shit. What if he didn't? That
means I fucked up.

VIC
Wouldn't be the first time.

DEBBIE
Shit... What am I going to do?

VIC
Eat a little crow -- so the good
detective can get back to eating
you.

Vic walks off as Debbie digests this.

DEBBIE
(mutters)
Damn...

FIND BRIAN AND MICHAEL

playing darts.

MICHAEL
He fired you?

BRIAN
He saw my cock and fell in love.
Then he freaked fuckin' out and
yeah, basically fired me.

MICHAEL
Fuckin' Republican. You're better
off. Aren't you the one who
taught me to never trust heteros?

BRIAN
Yes, Mickey, that was me.

MICHAEL
Should have taken your own advice.

BRIAN
Fuck you.

Brian throws a dart, hard.

ANGLE ON DEBBIE

now sitting alone at the bar as the BARTENDER puts down three
shots. Ben slides up in the seat next to her as Debbie downs
a shot.

DEBBIE
Hey.

BEN
Why so glum?

DEBBIE
Because I'm an asshole.

BEN
Ah. Been there, done that.

Ben points to the TV above the bar.

BEN (CONT'D)

But you're a star tonight! Look.
 (calling)
 Hey everybody. Deb's on the news.

ON TV

Debbie goes off for the cameras.

DEBBIE

...Stockwell's making the gay's the
 BLEEP scapegoats! Same thing BLEEP
 happened in the past to other
 minorities. And for those BLEEP
 who say it can't BLEEP happen here,
 well BLEEP you because it's BLEEP
 happenin'!

BACK IN WOODY'S

The CROWD CHEERS, AD-LIBBING "I guess you told Stockwell,"
 "Way to go, girl!" etc.

FIND BRIAN

making his way over to the bar, watching intently.

ON TV

NEWSCASTER

And as the gay community cries
 "foul," mayoral candidate Jim
 Stockwell has yet to respond.

BACK IN WOODY'S

Debbie spots Brian.

DEBBIE

Hey Brian, guess your guy doesn't
 look so good now, does he?!

A few CHEERS as the light bulb goes off in Brian's head.

CUT TO:

22

INT. STOCKWELL'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

22

Stockwell watches T.V. eating a bowl of Cheerios, flipping
 channels.

ON TV

Debbie spews.

DEBBIE

...he's a homophobe is what he is!

BACK IN STOCKWELL'S STUDY

Brian is ushered in by Linda.

LINDA

Jim, Brian Kinney is here.

Stockwell doesn't even look up from the TV, continues to flip channels.

ON TV

NEWSCASTER #2

...several gay organizations have blasted mayoral candidate Jim Stockwell after yesterday's rally on the steps of Police Headquarater.

BACK IN STOCKWELL'S STUDY

Stockwell MUTES the TV, the images continue to project.

STOCKWELL

Some of the gays are pissed.

BRIAN

I heard. How's the rest of your day going?

STOCKWELL

Got my boys off to school. They have a basketball game today. Eating my Cheerios now.

BRIAN

Their team still ahead?

STOCKWELL

Tied in their league now. They need to win today.

CUT TO:

23

INT. LESBIAN HOUSE - LINDSAY'S LOFT - DAY

23

Lindsay is painting. Melanie enters, stands behind her and watches.

MELANIE

That's pretty.

LINDSAY

Yeah, well, it won't pay the mortgage, but it makes me happy.

MELANIE

I'm sorry I said those things.

No response.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Look, Linz. I'm not you.
And I'll never be the kind of
mother you are. I just can't be.

Lindsay stops painting.

LINDSAY

What are you saying?

MELANIE

I'm saying that I can work, have a
career and still be a mother. I'll
just be a different kind of mother
than you or Debbie or anybody else.
But we can still make this work.

LINDSAY

So you want me to quit my job?

MELANIE

I didn't say that. Linz, this
isn't brain surgery. We can figure
it out. I think maybe we need a
part time nanny.

LINDSAY

No! I was raised by nannies and I
will not have Gus raised by someone
else!

MELANIE

Then we can get Vic or Debbie or
Dusty to pick up Gus and keep him
until one of us gets off. A couple
of hours a day.

(MORE)

MELANIE (CONT'D)

We can make this work. So both of us can be what we want to be.

Lindsay just sits there, digesting this, then resumes painting.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Well?

LINDSAY

Well, what?

MELANIE

What do you think?

LINDSAY

(as she paints)

I think that your case is really important, and I'm glad you're making a difference. I am. But I like working again. And I think my job's important too. At least to me. So -- I guess we need to figure out a way to make this work, Mel. For everybody.

MELANIE

Yeah.

Melanie goes over and kisses Lindsay on the top of her head.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

I'm going to go get dinner started.

She exits. Lindsay continues to paint.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- HALLWAY - DAY

24

Debbie walks down the hallway, persona non grata. OFFICERS MUTTER and stare.

DEBBIE

Gettin' an eye full?

She walks up to Horvath's office and KNOCKS.

HORVATH (O.S.)

Come in, it's open.

Debbie enters:

25

INT. HORVATH'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

25

Horvath looks up from some paperwork, somewhat surprised to see Debbie.

DEBBIE

Look, I think I fucked up and I just wanted to say that, well, I fucked up and I'm sorry.

HORVATH

Thanks.

He walks around his desk.

DEBBIE

I made an accusation that I had no right to --

HORVATH

I understand. It's okay.

DEBBIE

Great! Problem solved.

She throws her arms around him.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

So, what'da say I make dinner tonight and I'll put on my red dress and you give me that private strip show you promised.

Pause. Horvath struggles with how to say what he has to say.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

What?

HORVATH

I need you to tone it down.

DEBBIE

Tone it down?

HORVATH

Your big mouth has gotten me in shit load of trouble here.

DEBBIE

I thought you liked my big mouth.

HORVATH

Not when it affects my work. You were on TV for crissakes -- blasting my boss.

DEBBIE

Because he's a goddamn fuckin' Nazi homophobe!

HORVATH

See, that's what I mean. You need to tone it down.

Debbie stares at him for a moment, then:

DEBBIE

(low boil, building)

What I said was what I believe. And what I said was right -- and you know it. So -- I will not apologize for defending my friends, my son, or my community. If I'm not mistaken, freedom of speech still exists in this country -- and as long as there is a breath in my body, I will exercise my fuckin' right to speak! And I will exercise it loudly! So, no, Detective Horvath, I will not "tone it down." And I guess that just makes us the latest casualty of that goddamn fuckin' shit-for-brains asshole Jim Stockwell.

She waits, hoping Horvath will say something. He doesn't.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Good bye, Carl.

She turns, exits, slamming the door.

HORVATH

Good bye, Debbie.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- HALLWAY

26

Debbie walks down the hallway trying to hold it together. More stares.

DEBBIE

What the hell are you staring at?!

Her eyes glisten over and she walks on.

CUT TO:

27

INT. TED AND EMMETT'S CONDO - NIGHT

27

Ben and Michael both hold canapés with their mouths full.
More canapés sit on the counter on a tray.

MICHAEL

Oh my God! The pâté one is lethal.

BEN

My favorite is the Brie.

He takes a bite from another one.

BEN (CONT'D)

No, no, you're right. The pâté.

EMMETT

Vic, you're a genius!

VIC

Spread the word. I've been trying
to start that rumor for years.

BEN

So where's Ted?

EMMETT

(covering)

Oh. I guess he's, you know,
running late. He said he was
really going to pound the pavement
today looking for a job.

The front door swings open and a very drunk Ted stumbles in.

TED

Honey, I'm home..

EMMETT

Teddy, we have guests. Remember?
Taste test for Garth Racine's big
party next week?

Ben, Michael and Vic exchange worried looks.

TED

So sorry. I got -- detained. So
very very sorry.

EMMETT
Where were you?

TED
At McDonalds.

VIC
McDonalds over my canapés?

TED
No, no, I was passing by and saw a
"Now Hiring" sign in the window, so
I applied for the position of
French Fryer.

EMMETT
Oh, you big fat liar. You did not.

TED
Did so. But guess what? They
found out I did McPorn and wouldn't
give me the fuckin' McJob.

More exchanging of looks.

TED (CONT'D)
Tough crowd tonight.

EMMETT
Well, why don't you sit your McAss
down and try some of these Mc
Canapés.

Ted stumbles over, gets emotional as good drunks often do.

TED
This man. This man of mine. Oh
my man I love him so. He'll never
know...

He reaches over to give Emmett a sloppy kiss and knocks over
the entire tray of canapés in his attempt.

TED (CONT'D)
Oh no! I ruined all the pretty
little foo foo cakies.

EMMETT
It's okay. Let's just get you to
bed.
(to others)
He's just been through so much.

TED

No, I made a mess, I'll clean it up. But first I want to say something.

EMMETT

Oh, there's really no need. Let's get you to bed. Come, come.

Emmett takes his arm, Ted jerks it away.

TED

I don't want to go to bed! I want to tell everybody that...

(emotional again)

That... that this man. My man... I just want to say that Emmett Honeycutt is a God!

And with a final drunken sweeping gesture, Ted smacks Emmett right in the face.

EMMETT

Oww.

BEN

(overlap)

Oh god.

MICHAEL

(overlap)

You okay?

TED

(overlap)

I'm sorry. Oh baby, I'm so sorry.

EMMETT

(overlap)

It's okay. It's okay. I'm okay. Come on, let's go. Time for beddy, Teddy.

Ben and Michael watch as Emmett ushers Ted to the bedroom.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

He's just been through so much.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

28

Stockwell stands on the steps, Brian by his side, REPORTERS all around, a press conference taking place.

STOCKWELL

In my entire career, in my entire life, I have never denied anyone their rights. My actions have always spoken very loudly. Yes, I do want to clean up drugs, I do want to eliminate prostitution, to put places out of business that profit by illicit sex. But mostly, I want to protect our children. Our future. Our community. And that includes the gay community, many of whom are upstanding citizens who agree with me.

He puts his arm around Brian.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

Like this man here. The man in charge of my advertising campaign, who is in fact -- gay.

Flashbulbs EXPLODE.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

29

Justin and Brian lay in bed, naked, post sex. Brian is reading the mock up of Issue #2 of Rage.

BRIAN

So fuckin' hot.

JUSTIN

I know.

BRIAN

Got me hard again.

He indicates his dick.

JUSTIN

Once again, art imitates life.

Justin starts kiss Brian's stomach, working down his hard cock. DOORBELL BUZZES. Brian pulls Justin off.