

queer asfolk

EPISODE 312

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FADE IN:

1 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

1

The CAMERA swoops and soars above the heads of the crowd on the floor of Babylon. Like an eagle, it glides unfettered and free through the boundless infinitude of -- SCREECH! It comes to an abrupt stop in front of the DOOR TO THE BACKROOM. Padlocked -- again.

RAMP TO:

JUSTIN and BRIAN

Standing, staring at it, along with a bunch of other pissed off, horny guys.

JUSTIN

They fucking closed it again! Well we're just going to have to re-open it again -- right?

BRIAN

Wrong, blond boy.

(he starts to walk away)

I've done enough for the fags of this burg. Let someone else lead the charge.

JUSTIN

You're just going to take it lying down?

BRIAN

That's generally how it's done.

JUSTIN

I thought you wanted to get even.

BRIAN

I'd rather get laid.

CUT TO:

2 INT. MICHAEL AND BEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

2

BEN chugs a breakfast shake while MICHAEL picks up a trail of grimy clothes, wet towels, empty bags of chips.

MICHAEL

It's bad enough he's holed up in the spare room, but does he have to turn our home into a pig-sty?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN

How tidy were you when you were his age?

MICHAEL

At least I didn't leave my smelly socks on the dining room table.

(finding an empty cookie bag)

Christ! He even found my secret stash of Mrs. Chips!

BEN

Give the kid a break, Michael. For him, a bag of cookies and a warm bed are a luxury.

MICHAEL

You know what would be a luxury to me?

BEN

A live-in maid?

MICHAEL

Loud. Uninhibited. Screaming. Raunchy. Sex.

BEN

I noticed last night you were holding your breath. That's not healthy. It's like keeping in a sneeze.

MICHAEL

Well I don't want him to hear us and scream "God bless you".

BEN

I'm sure he's heard worse.

MICHAEL

I'm sure he's done worse.

Michael goes to the door of Hunter's room, raps. No answer. Raps again. As he opens the door, goes in:

2A INT. MICHAEL AND BEN'S APARTMENT - HUNTER'S ROOM-CONTINUOUS 2A

MICHAEL

It's time to get --

He finds HUNTER sound asleep -- the alarm beside him BEEPING, insistently.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

-- up.

(CONTINUED)

2A CONTINUED:

2A

Not a twitch. Not a stir. Michael shuts off the alarm, shakes him awake.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey! We're leaving and so are you.

Hunter pokes his head up, groggy.

HUNTER

Can't I just sleep? I was up half the night.

MICHAEL

Doing what?

HUNTER

Listening to you guys trying to keep it down. "Shhh! He'll hear us." Next time just fuck your brains out -- get it over with.

MICHAEL

Thanks for the sex tip.

HUNTER

Any time.

As he covers his head with a pillow, Michael walks back into:

3 INT. MICHAEL AND BEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 3

BEN

Maybe we should just give him a key.

MICHAEL

We are not giving him a key!

*

BEN

But now that he's living here--

*

*

MICHAEL

He is not living here, he's staying here. Temporarily.

*

*

*

BEN

He still needs to get in.

*

*

MICHAEL

He can get in when we let him in.

*

*

BEN

And where's he going to go all day?

*

*

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
(it's a wild idea, but --)
School, perhaps?

*
*
*

BEN
Maybe you could take him to the store,
with you.

*
*
*

MICHAEL
Why not take him to class, with you?

*

BEN
My lecture today is on "Latent
Homosexuality in the Works of Thomas
Mann". Somehow, I thought he'd
appreciate the second issue of Rage
more.

(off Michael's look)
Not that it isn't a post-modern
masterpiece.

Just then, Hunter emerges from his bedroom tucking in his
shirt, flattening his hair.

HUNTER
Awright, awright, I'm up. So what the
fuck's the rush?

*
*

As he heads to the kitchen and Michael and Ben exchange a
look:

CUT TO:

4 INT. TED'S CONDO - DAY

4

EMMETT has on an apron and rubber gloves (in addition to his
other attire -- this isn't "Naked Maid Two"). He's cleaning
furiously to an opera that's playing, keeping pace with the
tempo. As the music rises and swells, he wipes faster and
faster.

Just then, the doorbell BUZZZZZZZZES. Emmett turns off the
CD, rushes to the door, his heart pounding with hope.

EMMETT
Pleezee God, let it be you, Teddy!
(then, realizing)
No, of course it isn't you. You have a
key.
(then, hopeful again)
But you could've lost it --!

He throws open the door -- only to discover MELANIE and
LINDSAY.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT (CONT'D)
(disappointed)
Oh --
(then, quickly recovering)
-- Hi!

LINDSAY
Look at you, cleaning everything from
top to bottom.

EMMETT
(weakly joking)
At the moment, there's only a bottom.

MELANIE
You certainly are a busy beaver.

EMMETT
That's a true compliment, Melanie,
coming from you. So what're you girls
up to?

LINDSAY
We had a little outing this morning.
First we went to the Farmer's Market,
then we took Gus to buy new shoes --

MELANIE
(pointedly)
Then we went to the bank.

EMMETT
Not exactly "A Day in Gay Paree" --

LINDSAY
And guess what? The missing funds from
Gus' account have magically reappeared.

MELANIE
Every penny.

EMMETT
That ~~is~~ is a nifty trick. See -- I told
you not to worry.

MELANIE
So what's going on? One minute they're
gone, next minute they're back --

EMMETT
Beats me! But I always was a
bubblebrain when it came to math.
(MORE)

*
*

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

EMMETT (CONT'D)

If Carlene Dawes hadn't given me the answers to that quiz in fifth grade, I'd still be sitting there today!

MELANIE

And where's Ted? Why hasn't he returned our calls?

EMMETT

He's out having his -- tires rotated.

LINDSAY

Come on, Emm, you can be honest with us. What's wrong?

EMMETT

Wrong? What could possibly be --

The phone rings. He grabs it, instantly.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Teddy? Oh -- hi, Vic. No, everything's fine, I just thought it was Ted. He's -- at the grocery. Always forgetting something. Got to keep the line clear. Ta!

He hangs up, meets the hard stares of Melanie and Lindsay.

MELANIE

You said he was having his tires rotated.

EMMETT

That was before the grocery. After that, he -- he --

He starts to crack, confesses:

EMMETT (CONT'D)

He's disappeared. Vanished.

MELANIE/LINDSAY

What?

EMMETT

I haven't heard from him for days. He hasn't called. I don't know what to do -- I'm worried sick!

As Melanie and Lindsay try to comfort their friend:

CUT TO:

5 INT. COMIC STORE - DAY

5

Michael is setting up a big "Rage" display -- "Rage Is Back!" -- while Hunter lounges on the sofa, reading a comic.

MICHAEL

As long as you're here, it wouldn't kill you to help out: straighten the racks, dust --

HUNTER

Is that why you took me in -- slave labor?

Michael tosses a feather duster at his head, playfully.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Hey! I'm allergic to feathers!

He tosses it back at him.

MICHAEL

More like allergic to work.

HUNTER

Can't you see I'm reading?

MICHAEL

X-men? Spiderman?

Hunter holds up the latest issue of RAGE. Michael feigns disinterest.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

So, uh, how do you like it?

HUNTER

It eats shit.

MICHAEL

(practically speechless)
Excuse me?

HUNTER

Whoever heard of gay crusaders? All fags care about is getting their dicks sucked.

MICHAEL

Yeah? Well, for your information, I wrote that.

(CONTINUED)

HUNTER

Then you oughta know.

(adding)

Besides, a hot, hunky superhero like Rage would never exist. Not in a million years.

Just then, the door opens. Hunter lowers the comic book to see Brian enter, looking -- well, a lot like Rage.

BRIAN

Yo! Shopkeep!

Hunter stares. Agog.

HUNTER

(under his breath)

Fuck me --

Hunter watches, starry-eyed, as Brian gives Michael a big kiss.

MICHAEL

What're you doing here? I figured you'd be out looking for a job.

BRIAN

I am. Blow jobs.

MICHAEL

What's the matter -- Justin having dental work?

BRIAN

Since there's no place in town left to party, I've decided to have one of my own.

He slaps down various scanned photos of several hot, naked cuties.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Thought you'd like to check out the guest list -- in case you and the Professor decide to drop by.

*
*

Hunter joins them.

HUNTER

They go to bed at nine.

(flirting shamelessly)

But I stay up late.

Brian sizes up Hunter.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
. This the kid?

MICHAEL
Hunter, this is Brian.

HUNTER
Wanna fuck?

BRIAN
. Nice to meet you, too.

MICHAEL
(shoving a broom in Hunter's
hand)
Now go do something useful.

HUNTER
(winking at Brian)
. I was trying to.

He goes off to sweep.

BRIAN
Precocious tyke.

Michael shakes his head in dismay.

MICHAEL
As if I didn't already have enough in
my life --

BRIAN
Now, now. I think what you and Ben are
doing is incredibly generous.
Altruistic. Noble.

MICHAEL
In other words, I should have my head
examined.

As Brian looks at him -- you said it, I didn't:

CUT TO:

6 INT. TED'S CONDO - DAY

6

Emmett has fallen asleep on the sofa with his clothes and the TV on when TED arrives back home from his trip. Exhausted, fucked-out, debauched, he slinks in, guiltily, spots Emmett, looks at him for a beat, then not wanting to disturb him, starts toward the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT
(opening his eyes)
Aren't you going to say hello?

Ted stops, not knowing what to say.

TED
I -- uh -- I thought you were sleeping.
I didn't want to disturb you.

EMMETT
"Disturb me"? I've only been up for
the past three nights.
(then)
Where the fuck have you been? Are you
all right?

TED
I -- I'm fine. I just needed to get
away --

EMMETT
Well you could've at least told me you
were going. Why didn't you call, or
leave a message? Did it occur to you
that I might be scared out of my mind?

TED
Of course it did. And I meant to call.
(a feeble excuse)
I -- I just wasn't in a very good
place.

Emmett looks at him for a beat, then:

EMMETT
I've always heard Palm Springs was a
very good place.

Ted freezes, doesn't know what to say.

TED
How -- how did you know --?

EMMETT
It doesn't matter how I know.
(then)
Well, I hope you had fun.

TED
If you call a circuit party with 20,000
tweaked out fags "fun".

*
*

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

Then why'd you go?

TED

I'd never been before, and since I had the time --

EMMETT

(not buying a fucking word)
And the money --

A beat. Ted doesn't say anything.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Must've cost a pretty penny, leaving at the last minute. Where'd it come from?
(before Ted can answer)

And before you say the check your granny sent you for your birthday, how about Gus' college fund? The one Mel and Linz entrusted you with! How could you steal money -- from a baby?

TED

It's not like he's going to need it for another fifteen years. Anyway, I didn't steal it, I borrowed it. And I have every intention of paying them back. With interest.

EMMETT

You don't have to re-pay them. I already replaced it -- every cent -- with the money I was going to use to buy that oven.

A beat, then touched:

TED

You did that? For me?

EMMETT

Not just for you. For them. So they wouldn't have to look at someone they love and trust, and realize he's become a thief and a liar.

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

Ted averts his eyes, ashamed, then walks wearily to the bedroom.

CUT TO:

7 INT. LIBERTY DINER - NIGHT

7

Michael, Ben and Hunter are in a booth, having dinner. Hunter, devouring his burger, suddenly asks, his mouth full:

HUNTER

So did you and Brian ever fuck?

MICHAEL

What --?

HUNTER

I said -- did you and Brian ever --

MICHAEL

No, we never --

HUNTER

I didn't think so. You're not his type.

MICHAEL

Neither are you!

HUNTER

We'll see about that.

BEN

Hey, what's this all about?

MICHAEL

(teasing Hunter)

Somebody has a schoolboy crush.

HUNTER

I do not!

BEN

Christ, that's all we need.

MICHAEL

(sounding very much like his mother)

Well, you just stay away from him -- he's a bad influence!

Just then, DEBBIE comes over with a big sundae, which she places in front of Hunter.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

I made you a triple scoop pistachio sundae -- with extra hot fudge and sprinkles on top.

HUNTER

What the fuck do I look like, a nine year-old?

DEBBIE

No, honey, you don't. You look like a smart-ass little twerp who could use some manners.

Hunter actually looks shocked.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Now how about a nice big "Thank you"?

HUNTER

Thank you.

DEBBIE

That's better.

He gets up, starts to leave.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Hey, aren't you going to eat it?

HUNTER

I hate pistachio.

He heads for the door -- but suddenly stops, stares at Debbie's photo gallery of gay victims of unsolved crimes. Debbie, Michael and Ben notice. Debbie goes over to him.

DEBBIE

What's the matter?

HUNTER

Nothing --

He continues to stare at one photograph in particular -- Jason Kemp.

DEBBIE

Did you know him -- Jason Kemp?

HUNTER

Kinda.

DEBBIE

Did he hustle, too?

(CONTINUED)

HUNTER
(boasting a bit)
Just starting out. Hadn't learned the ropes, like who to go with, who not to - make sure you collect up front. I was trying to teach him.

DEBBIE
How thoughtful.

As Michael and Ben join them.

HUNTER
I've gotta get to work --

DEBBIE
Hold it! If you know anything at all about the night he died -- where he was, who he was with -- then you owe it to him to say something.

HUNTER
He's dead. I don't owe him shit. Anyway, he owed me. Fifty bucks.

Debbie takes out some bills, puts them on the counter.

DEBBIE
There. Now it's your turn.

A beat. Hunter hesitates. Finally starts.

HUNTER
The night he got killed, we were at a bar. He went off with this trick. I warned him not to -- guy's a mean son-of-a-bitch. But Jason needed the money. So he went anyway.
(beat)
That's the last time I saw him. The last time anyone saw him.

BEN
Any idea who this guy was?

Hunter reluctantly nods.

DEBBIE
Why didn't you go to the police?

HUNTER
You've gotta be kidding.
(then)
Anyway, they'd never arrest him.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

MICHAEL

Why not?

HUNTER

You figure it out.

CUT TO:

8 INT. POLICE STATION - HORVATH'S OFFICE - DAY

8

HORVATH is seated at his desk, working. He looks up at Debbie.

HORVATH

A cop.

DEBBIE

That's right.

HORVATH

You're saying a cop killed Jason Kemp.

DEBBIE

I'm saying this kid saw him leave a hustler bar at two in the morning with someone he knew was a cop. A couple of hours later, the boy turns up dead in a dumpster.

A beat, then:

HORVATH

And why should I take the word of some hustler?

DEBBIE

Why shouldn't you?

HORVATH

Any number of reasons. They're liars, thieves, drug dealers, addicts. Just because your son and his friend have a soft spot in their hearts -- make that their heads -- and took one in doesn't mean he's to be believed or trusted.

DEBBIE

You could at least talk to him -- get a fuckin' description!

A couple of cops glance over at the argument. Horvath looks at Debbie to keep her voice down. She appears contrite, for once. He continues.

(CONTINUED)

HORVATH

Of someone he has it in for? Who chased him off his corner, harassed one of his tricks, arrested him for prostitution?

DEBBIE

It's a fucking lead, Carl. Can't you just follow it?

HORVATH

It's off my desk. Cold-cased.

*

DEBBIE

By who?

HORVATH

The higher-ups.

DEBBIE

You mean Stockwell?

HORVATH

That's classified police information. None of your business.

DEBBIE

Whoever killed Jason Kemp is my business. So you can tell the "higher-ups" for me to get their asses down here and put it back on the front burner!

HORVATH

Sorry, Mrs. Novotny, but I don't take my orders from you.

CUT TO:

9 INT. WOODY'S - NIGHT

9

Emmett is having a drink with Michael.

EMMETT

He said he didn't do anything, but he had that "Rings of Saturn" look under his eyes.

*

MICHAEL

Crystal?

EMMETT

We all know the drug of choice at the White Party ain't Advil.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
I can't imagine -- Ted. You'd think
he'd know better than to mess with that
shit.

EMMETT
I could've killed him.
(beat)
But he looked so tired, so pained -- I
just wanted to hug him and tell him
everything's going to be all right.

Just then, Ted wanders in, searching for Emmett. He spots
him, goes over.

TED
Hey, guys.

MICHAEL
Teddy.

Emmett turns away, finishes his drink. There's a long
awkward silence. Finally, Michael breaks it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Listen, if you ever want to get
together, just to talk things out --

TED
Thanks, Michael. But I've had my "Lost
Weekend" and it's over.
(trying to joke)
I can now officially say I've been to
my first White Party. And my last.

Michael attempts a smile, then:

MICHAEL
See you guys later --

He goes off, leaving Emmett and Ted alone.

EMMETT
(to the bartender)
Another cosmo, please.

TED
Club soda.
(then)
I must've fallen asleep. When I woke
up, you weren't there.

EMMETT

I needed to get away. I'm sure you can understand that.

(then, despite his hurt)
I'm glad you got some rest.

TED

Emm --

EMMETT

There's nothing to say. It's perfectly logical. One day you're Ted Schmidt, my best friend and love of my life -- the next day you're "Ted Schmidt, Circuit Boy". And don't tell me you didn't take any drugs, because it's obvious you did.

TED

(after a beat)

Okay -- I tried it. I'm a late-bloomer. I mean, I didn't even have sex with another guy until I was twenty-one.

EMMETT

Well I'm sure you made up for it this weekend.

TED

Look, it's over and done. I chalk it up to experience and move on. Tomorrow morning, life begins anew. I was thinking -- maybe I'll start another business. Become a financial planner. Build up a list of clients.

(taking a breath)

But first I'm going to go to tell Melanie and Lindsay the truth.

EMMETT

That -- that's very admirable.

TED

I hope they'll accept my apology.

(beat)

Then I'm going to make it up to you. I know it'll take more than just words. But, somehow, I'll find a way.

As Emmett looks at him, wanting to believe him:

CUT TO:

10 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

10

Debbie raps on Brian's door. Hearing loud music playing, she slides it open to DISCOVER Brian in the middle of a sex-fest with several HOTTIES.

DEBBIE

Another quiet evening at the Kinney residence.

As she makes her way through the writhing bodies:

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

'Scuse me -- pardon me -- glad to see you're playing safely --

Finally, she comes upon Brian and the BOY he's banging.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Did I come at a bad time?

BRIAN

No, but I did.

BOTTOM BOY

Who the fuck's she?

BRIAN

The Avon Lady. Can't you see I'm in the middle of someone?

DEBBIE

Sorry to pull you away -- but there's something I thought you should know.

He waits impatiently, then:

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

That kid Michael and Ben took in said the night Jason Kemp died, he saw him in a hustler bar, picking up a cop.

BRIAN

What're you telling me for?

DEBBIE

If you tried thinking with your brain instead of your dick, you might realize Stockwell's campaign would be in big trouble if it turned out the killer was one of Pittsburgh's finest.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

BRIAN

Do me a favor, Deb -- tell it to your boyfriend.

DEBBIE

He's not my boyfriend, and I already did. But he wouldn't do anything.

BRIAN

Well what do you expect me to do?

DEBBIE

Nail the bastard!

BRIAN

(pointing to Bottom Boy)
The only person I'm interested in nailing is him. Now, if you'll excuse me --

As he picks up a condom and a jar of lube, heads back to the party:

CUT TO:

11 INT. MICHAEL AND BEN'S APT. - LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT 11

To the sound of LOUD MOANING, we PAN across the living room to Michael's bedroom -- where we FIND Michael and Ben in bed. Michael is trying to get Ben aroused. *

MICHAEL

Come on! Fuck me! Give it to me! *

BEN

Hey, they'll hear you in Scranton.

MICHAEL

What if they do? *

Ben tries, but --

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

BEN

I just have a lot on my mind, that's all. This course I'm teaching, this chapter I'm stuck on --

MICHAEL

This kid.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

BEN

(sighs, confesses)

He's out there on the street, turning tricks -- hopefully being careful. But what if he picks up the wrong guy? He could end up the next kid in a dumpster.

MICHAEL

Christ!

He sits up, turns ON the bedstand light.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

He fucks up our sex life when he's here, now he's fucking it up when he's not here!

Just then, there's a loud knocking at the front door.

BEN

That's him!

As Ben gets up to answer the door, and Michael collapses back on the bed:

MICHAEL

At least everyone in Scranton'll get a good night's sleep.

CUT TO:

12 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

12

Debbie sits in pj's chomping Cheetos and watching the Shopping Channel, when VIC and RODNEY tromp in.

DEBBIE

(not looking up)

Where you two been?

VIC

Movie and a mattress sale.

RODNEY

60% off.

DEBBIE

Well, I hope it gets here soon. Listenin' to that old thing squeak every time you two go at it's keepin' me awake.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

VIC

Maybe if you didn't have your ear pressed to the wall --

RODNEY

Think I'll go warm up the sheets.

He and Vic exchange a kiss, as Debbie watches. Rodney heads upstairs.

VIC

So why're your tits in a twist?

(re: the TV)

They run out of that Empress Alexandra bracelet you've been waiting for? *

DEBBIE

You wouldn't understand.

VIC

Of course not. We've known each other such a brief time.

DEBBIE

Never mind -- Rodney's waiting.

VIC

He'll understand.

(sitting beside her)

What is it, sis?

A beat. Then, with difficulty:

DEBBIE

He looked right through me.

VIC

Who did?

DEBBIE

Horvath -- who do you think? He called me "Mrs. Novotny" -- like I was a stranger. A total fuckin' stranger!

(stuffing Cheetos in her mouth)

I hate men. Why couldn't I have been a lesbian?

VIC

Because Mom would've had a heart attack if both her kids were gay.

(taking the Cheetos away)

And stuffing this in your mouth isn't going to make you feel any better.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

She grabs the bag back, pulls one out.

DEBBIE

You know, Horvath's like a cheese doodle.

VIC

You told me he was well-endowed.

DEBBIE

I mean you should never start -- because once you do, all you want is more. Better to never have had it at all, than to have tasted it and --

(then, at the TV)

Shit! They just sold out!

CUT TO:

13 MOVED TO SCENE 14A

13

14 INT. MICHAEL AND BEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

14

Ben's at the table grading papers and Michael's doing some bookkeeping at his laptop when Hunter comes out of his bedroom, ready to hit the streets.

BEN

Better wear some gloves and a skicap, it's freezing outside.

(stops)

Christ, did I just say that? I sound like my mother. No, make that your mother.

MICHAEL

Thanks --

HUNTER

Anything else?

MICHAEL

Be sure to wear your rubbers.

Hunter, unamused, ignores him, goes to leave.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Wait up --

HUNTER

Now what?

Michael holds out a key.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Thought you might need this.

Hunter looks at it.

HUNTER

Thought you didn't trust me.

MICHAEL

At least this way we won't have to
stop --

(modestly)

-- whatever we're doing -- to let you
in.

A beat, then Hunter grabs the key, leaves. Ben looks at
Michael, secretly pleased.

BEN

I'm surprised you did that.

MICHAEL

(shrugs, indifferently)

Once he's gone, we can always have the
lock changed.

Michael goes back to work. Ben regards Michael's studied
nonchalance with a smile, then goes back to grading papers.

CUT TO:

14A INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - DAY

14A

Justin surveys the aftermath of Brian's Big Bash: empty
bottles and beer cans, overflowing ashtrays, used condoms and
torn wrappers, underwear left behind.

JUSTIN

It must've been quite an elegant
affair.

Brian stumbles to the sofa in his shorts with a mug of
coffee.

BRIAN

"Long Night's Journey Into Day". You
should've been there.

He flops down, pulls a pair of someone's shorts from under
him, tosses them away.

JUSTIN

Had to help Daph study for midterms.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Twenty of the hottest, horniest hunks
in Pittsburgh.

(beat)

And Debbie.

JUSTIN

I know how much she wants to be a gay
man -- but is it wise to encourage her?

BRIAN

She couldn't wait to tell me the news.

(beat)

Seems The Littlest Hustler knew
Dumpster Boy. Saw him picking up some
cop the night he was murdered.

JUSTIN

No shit.

Brian finds the tail end of a joint, lights it.

BRIAN

For some reason, she thought I'd be
interested.

JUSTIN

(he certainly is)

Aren't you?

BRIAN

I already told you --

JUSTIN

You want to have fun, fun, fun 'til
your Daddy takes your freedom away.
Well, in case you haven't noticed, he
already has.

Brian goes to the sugar bowl, finds a used condom. He takes
it out, delicately drops it into the trash. *

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

But if you're content with turning your
place into the new backroom, fine.
Only how do you expect to keep a
cleaning lady?

CUT TO:

15 INT. MELANIE AND LINDSAY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 15

Ted is apologizing to Mel and Linz, as Emmett listens. It's
not easy -- he can barely look at them.

(CONTINUED)

TED

I made a hasty decision. A poor one.
One for which I'll always be ashamed.
But I hope that you can find it in your
hearts to forgive me. If not today --
someday. And that -- somehow -- I'll
be able to earn back your love and
respect.

Melanie and Lindsay take a moment to digest this, as Emmett
touches Ted's hand, very proud of him.

LINDSAY

(finally)

That's -- very brave of you, Ted. To
come here and own up to what you did.
Don't you think, Mel?

MELANIE

Yeah, it took guts. And it was a very
nice speech.

(a beat)

But -- we'll have to wait and see.

EMMETT

See what?

MELANIE

Saying you're sorry is one thing.
Meaning it is another.

EMMETT

He told you that it was a mistake --

TED

It's okay, Emm. You don't have to
defend me.

(to Melanie)

I don't blame you for not accepting my
apology, Mel. If I were you, I doubt I
would, either.

LINDSAY

She didn't say she didn't accept it.

MELANIE

All I'm saying is, we'll see. That's
all.

TED

I understand.

(then, embarrassed, wanting to
flee from the room)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

TED (CONT'D)

Would you excuse me, I have to use the bathroom --

And he goes off.

EMMETT

(pissed)

Do you have any idea how hard that was for him? *

LINDSAY

I know, I feel so bad for him --

MELANIE

Well, I don't. He's a fucking drug user.

EMMETT

That's not true. He tried it once.

MELANIE

Oh, come off it, Emmett. For him to get to the point where he'd actually steal our money --!

EMMETT

He didn't steal it. He borrowed it. He was planning to put it back.

MELANIE

And you believe him? *

EMMETT

Don't you? *

(finally, off their silence) *

I thought you were his friends.

LINDSAY

We are his friends.

MELANIE

Damn good friends!

EMMETT

Then why can't you show him the teeniest, tiniest bit of compassion?

MELANIE

Because he'd only abuse it. And us.

LINDSAY

Mel --

MELANIE

The same way he's abusing you.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

He's not abusing me.

MELANIE

And what do you call it?

EMMETT

He's counting on me. To be there for him. To believe in him. To help him get his life back in order --

Ted comes back from the bathroom. It's obvious he's heard every word.

MELANIE

Would you stop acting like a silly faggot and have some balls, for Chrissakes?

*
*
*

TED

(joking)

Who said Emmett doesn't have balls? I've seen them. I know.

EMMETT

(finally)

Well, I may be a silly faggot. But you know something, Mel? You're a cunt.

And with that, he grabs Ted and heads for the door. As Melanie reels from being called the "c" word:

CUT TO:

16 INT. MICHAEL AND BEN'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

16

Michael and Ben are making out in front of their door, as Ben fishes for his keys.

MICHAEL

Jesus, I'm so hot, I could go down on you right here!

BEN

(gesturing across the hall)

I don't think Mrs. Giannini would appreciate taking Tiberius out for his stroll and seeing you giving me a blowjob.

*
*

MICHAEL

Then hurry up and open the fucking door.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

BEN
(unlocking the door)
Be patient. We have the place to
ourselves all afternoon. You can
scream as loud as you --

Madly kissing and embracing, they tumble into:

17 INT. MICHAEL AND BEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 17

Where they stop short at the sight of Hunter sitting on their
sofa, his back to them. Suddenly, a strange man's (TRICK)
head pops up. He's been giving Hunter a blowjob.

HUNTER
Shit --

MICHAEL
What the fuck --?

HUNTER
I thought you were working.

MICHAEL
We didn't know you'd be!

Ben angrily grabs Hunter's Trick.

BEN
Get out of here, you sick fuck!

TRICK
I want my money back!

MICHAEL
(seeing some bills on the
coffee table)
Here! You can put it toward your bail
after I call the police and have you
arrested for soliciting a minor!

The guy grabs the cash, flees with his pants half yanked.

HUNTER
(angrily)
One more happy, satisfied customer --
thanks to you!

MICHAEL
We didn't give you a key so you could
turn tricks in our home.

HUNTER
You never said I couldn't.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

MICHAEL

Because we never thought you would.

HUNTER

(pulling on his shirt)

I need the money, okay?

BEN

For what?

HUNTER

For when you get tired of doing your good deed and kick me out.

BEN

Who said anything about kicking you out?

MICHAEL

You pull another stunt like this and we will!

Ben quiets him, continues.

BEN

Look, if this is some test -- to see how far you can go -- to provoke us so that we'll tell you to leave -- it's not going to work.

(beat)

We want you here.

HUNTER

So you can feel good about yourself? Well, fuck that shit! You can keep your damn key!

He hurls the key at them, storms out.

CUT TO:

18

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

18

Angry, defiant, Hunter stalks the street, pacing back and forth like a caged animal, waiting for prey. A car slows down to check out the goods. He calls out, aggressively:

HUNTER

Hey! You like young dick? It's yours! Fifty bucks!

The car passes. Hunter shouts:

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Wouldn'ta done you anyway,
motherfucker!

He takes out a cigarette, lights it, seething with rage. Just then, a Stingray pulls up, stops. Hunter runs over, looks in, shocked to see Brian. He masks it quickly -- or at least tries to -- with a seductive smile.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Figured you'd come around eventually.

BRIAN

Get in.

HUNTER

Thought you'd never ask.

Hunter ditches the cigarette butt, slides his butt onto the seat next to his new hero.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Sweet ride.

BRIAN

Thanks.

Hunter flirts, shamelessly.

HUNTER

So, you ready for a big night?

BRIAN

Yeah, what about you?

HUNTER

I'm up for anything.

He places his hand on Brian's crotch. Brian delicately removes it.

BRIAN

Then Better Buckle Up -- for safety.

*

As they zoom off:

CUT TO:

19 INT. UPSCALE SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

19

Emmett and Vic are both pushing shopping carts -- loaded with supplies for a party they're planning. Ted ambles forlornly behind.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

(checking a long, long list)
We've got the fruit, the vino -- all we
need is the cheese.

VIC

(grousing)
And a new oven. I thought you said
you'd saved up enough.

Ted and Emmett exchange an uneasy look.

EMMETT

I -- miscalculated.
(going into his routine)
I'm a bubblehead when it comes to math.
Why, if Carlene Dawes hadn't given me
the answers to that quiz in fifth grade
--
(then, a weary sigh)
-- aw, fuck it.

VIC

Well, we'll never be able to do all we
have to do with the equipment you've
got.

EMMETT

I've never had any complaints about my
equipment before.

Just then, Ted's cell phone BEEEEEEPS!

TED

(answering his phone)
Yeah --? Oh, hi --

As he goes over to a corner to talk:

VIC

(once Ted's out of range)
How's he doing?

EMMETT

He's been through a lot, poor baby.
But he's back now. That's all I care
about.

VIC

Well, I'd keep an eye on him -- just in
case.

EMMETT

(prickly)

You know, I'm getting a little sick of everyone telling me what I should do, and what they would do. So he went to a fucking circuit party -- like every other faggot in the world. It's not like all of a sudden he's a crystal queen.

*
*
*

Emmett looks over at Ted talking on his phone.

CLOSE ON TED - EMMETT'S P.O.V.

Gabbing on his phone. He catches sight of Emmett watching. He turns his back.

VIC

I'm just saying it may be awhile, until he's himself.

Emmett turns back to Vic, then back to Ted -- then angrily takes it out on the poor fruit.

EMMETT

Look at these anemic apples -- and these pathetic pears.

*

VIC

That's why Pittsburgh's famous for it's steel, not it's produce.

Emmett stares at Ted for a beat. Finally:

EMMETT

Vic -- can you handle the party tomorrow night?

VIC

You're not going to be there?

EMMETT

Just this once. I want to -- take the night off. If that's all right with you.

As Emmett looks at Ted, who continues talking on his phone:

CUT TO:

20 INT. HUSTLER BAR - NIGHT

20

Young boys. Older men. Brian sits at a corner table or booth with Hunter, observing the pick-up action. He chugs his beer with growing impatience.

BRIAN

Thought you said he comes here every night.

*

HUNTER

He does.

*

BRIAN

So where the fuck is he?

HUNTER

How do I know? Maybe he got lucky.

(then)

You could get lucky, too.

(moving closer)

Come on -- I've got a tight ass and no gag reflex. Whadda ya say?

BRIAN

I say we give it another five minutes, then you can ply your charms on the Drooler at the end of the bar.

*

Hunter looks off, pissed and frustrated -- what the hell's it going to take to land this guy?

HUNTER

How about I pay you?

BRIAN

You couldn't afford me.

Just then, an average looking guy (KEN RIKERT), early 40's, walks in. Maybe an athlete once. Gone to pot now.

HUNTER

(whispers to Brian, nervously)

That's the guy.

Brian watches as Rikert goes to the bar, orders a drink.

BRIAN

Not exactly a beauty.

HUNTER

You were expecting a Playgirl centerfold?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUNTER (CONT'D)

(bravely volunteering -- for
Brian)

Want me to come with you?

He starts to rise. Brian pushes him back in his seat.

BRIAN

You just sit there and behave yourself.
And don't talk to any strangers.

Brian grabs his beer, amiably sidles up to the bar where
Rikert sits, alone.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Slim pickings tonight.

Rikert ignores Brian, as if he didn't exist -- watches the TV
behind the bar.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(joking -- badly)

But then, I like 'em slim. What about
you?

(no response)

You come here often? My first time.

Still nada. Brian doesn't know how to get this guy to open
up. Just then, one of his campaign ads appears on TV:
Stockwell playing basketball. Brian notices Chatty Cathy
watching.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You know, I miss the good old days of
politics, when we had real crooks and
real liars: Nixon, Bush the First. Now
we have these second-rate amateurs who
can't even pull that off.

Rikert casts Brian a brief, disparaging glance. Brian,
encouraged, forges on.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I mean, look at this clown. Clueless.
A moron. Barely can put words
together. So they show him playing
basketball. That supposed to qualify
the jerk to run the city?

RIKERT

(almost to himself)

He'll make a hell of a mayor.

BRIAN

You say something?

(CONTINUED)

RIKERT

I said he'll make a hell of a mayor!

Brian casually sips his beer.

BRIAN

Hasn't made much of a police chief.

Rikert seems to take personal affront.

RIKERT

What the hell do you know?

BRIAN

C'mon -- everybody knows he can be bought faster than a piece of chicken-to-go.

A "chicken" cruises Brian, but Brian's attention never waivers as he continues his good-natured taunting.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Once his fat-cat supporters put him in office, you can bet there won't be any more crime on the streets -- it'll be in City Hall!

Rikert's had enough.

RIKERT

That's a goddamn lie. I worked with Jim for fifteen years. I never saw him take a cent from anyone. There's no more honest guy.

BRIAN

("backing off")

Whatever you say.

(then, playfully nervously)

Say, you're not a cop, are you? 'Cause I'm just having a drink.

Rikert looks at Brian for a beat, then:

RIKERT

You ask too many questions.

He walks away. Hunter comes over.

HUNTER

What happened? What did he say? Think he killed him?

Brian looks at him for a beat, then:

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
You ask too many questions.

CUT TO:

21 INT. POLICE STATION - HORVATH'S OFFICE - DAY

21

Horvath slams shut his filing cabinet, turns to Brian, who's sitting on the corner of his desk.

HORVATH
So maybe he knows him. So maybe he is a cop. So what.

Brian rifles through papers, which Horvath removes.

BRIAN
So maybe it proves the kid was telling the truth.

HORVATH
But what it doesn't prove is that he picked up Jason Kemp, had sex with him, then murdered him.

BRIAN
Well, maybe if you talked to the guy --

Horvath glances at Brian, not appreciating his tone, then:

HORVATH
What's his name?

BRIAN
He didn't give me his card.

HORVATH
What'd he look like?

BRIAN
Somewhat bald, somewhat middle-aged, somewhat overweight --

HORVATH
You just described half the guys on the Force.

BRIAN
Including you.

Horvath, not amused, smooths his hair, sucks it in, then:

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

HORVATH

Look, I know what this is about -- and it's not justice. You want to point the finger at an officer of the law to embarrass the Chief. Well, don't expect any help from me.

*
*
*
*

BRIAN

Then how about doing it for Debbie?

*

HORVATH

(sharply)

Leave her out of this.

A beat, then:

BRIAN

So what would it take?

*

HORVATH

To reheat this case? A lot more than what you've brought me.

*

BRIAN

Such as --

*

HORVATH

Hard evidence. Something to link the victim with the suspect -- to prove they were together.

BRIAN

DNA?

*
*

HORVATH

Saliva -- a hair --

BRIAN

A condom full of jizz?

HORVATH

Sure -- if you want to collect it. Now you mind removing your ass from my desk?

*
*
*

CUT TO:

*

22 EXT. STREET - DAY

22

Hunter is loitering in front of a pizza joint with some other hustlers when Michael approaches. Annoyed, Hunter sees him, starts to walk off. Michael calls after him.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Hey!

Hunter stops, reluctantly. Michael catches up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Didn't you see me coming?

HUNTER

Why do you think I was trying to get away?

(then)

So what do you want?

A beat, then Michael pulls out the key.

MICHAEL

You dropped this.

HUNTER

I don't want it. I already told you -- I'm not coming back.

MICHAEL

Where do you plan to go?

HUNTER

Mauï -- the South of France -- I haven't decided yet.

MICHAEL

Well until you do, you're staying with us. That means you're going to make your bed, pick up your shit -- and if you ever, ever bring home a trick again, I'm going to kick your fuckin' ass!

HUNTER

That's child abuse!

MICHAEL

Report me!

HUNTER

You're not my parents!

MICHAEL

And you're not my son!

Oddly enough, that seems to hurt Hunter. Michael gets a fleeting glimpse, before the wall goes back up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(continuing, kinder now)

But we are the ones who're giving you three squares and a roof over your head. Who aren't giving you away.

(putting the key in his hand)

So make sure you're back by midnight -- and bolt the door.

As he walks away:

CUT TO:

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

23

Ted and Emmett on are on the couch, having a little wine.

TED

You didn't have to miss your party tonight.

EMMETT

Vic can handle it.

TED

You can still go if you want --

EMMETT

I'd rather be here with you -- just the two of us.

He pours them both some wine. Ted takes his hand.

TED

I can't tell you how much it meant -- the way you stood up for me in front of Mel and Linz.

EMMETT

I couldn't believe the things they were saying -- some friends! Well from now on, this is a dyke-free zone. Those two are "puss-ona non grata".

Ted forces a smile for Emmett, who snuggles closer.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Now, as long as I have you all to myself, why don't we make the most of it?

As they move into an embrace and a kiss:

CUT TO:

24 INT. HUSTLER BAR - NIGHT

24

Brian and Justin enter the bar. Justin is dressed like a hustler. He surveys the establishment, SEES every OLD TROLL in the place staring at him.

JUSTIN

Look at these old guys. *

BRIAN

Sad, isn't it? (CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

Some of them are even older than you. But I suppose at their age, the only way they can get it is to pay for it. *

BRIAN

Another reason to die young.

JUSTIN

Or else face the fact that youth and beauty are fleeting, that time will eventually leave its mark, and that we must accept our mortality with grace and dignity. *

An OLD WINKING TROLL gives Justin the eye. *

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

But until then, I could really clean up in here.

BRIAN

(directing him to a barstool)
Just sit there and wait.

JUSTIN

So what do I say to this guy?

BRIAN

Be your natural self. Charm him with your witty repartee -- "How'd you like to plow my tight, smooth ass?" Then, when he's slobbering down your neck, you discreetly pocket his cigarette butt.

JUSTIN

I swear, you're going to owe me a hundred blow jobs for this.

Just then, Hunter comes over.

(CONTINUED)

HUNTER
(to Brian, flirting)
Look who's here. Come to find me?

As Hunter
sees

BRIAN
You're all I've been thinking about.

HUNTER
(to Justin)
Fuck off.

JUSTIN
Excuse me?

HUNTER
I said get lost. I saw him first.

JUSTIN
Really?

BRIAN
Justin, this is Hunter -- Michael and Ben's new foundling. They discovered him on their doorstep.
(spiriting Hunter away)
Now, go play someplace else -- we've got work to do.

HUNTER
If you want to hustle that cop, you shoulda asked me --
(a condescending glance toward Justin)
At least I'm a professional.

BRIAN
We just need a little DNA.

HUNTER
(all excited)
Nothin' to it! I can do it!

BRIAN
I'm sure you can -- but you've already done enough. Now scamper on home to your aunties -- they must be beside themselves.

As Hunter sulks, Brian goes back to Justin, who hands him a beer.

JUSTIN
Fuckin' teenagers -- I don't know how anybody puts up with them.

(CONTINUED)

But I...
takes

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43.

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

As Brian raises an eyebrow, gives him a look:

He does
exactly

CUT TO:

25 INT. TED'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

25

Emmett and Ted in an embrace and a kiss -- only this time, they're in bed, naked. But Ted isn't responding.

EMMETT

What is it, baby?

(CONTINUED)

TED

Nothing --

EMMETT

Then get those lips over here --!

Emmett pulls him into another round. Ted rolls over in frustration.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Teddy --?

TED

I'm sorry --

EMMETT

It's all right --

TED

I've just got a lot on my mind --

EMMETT

Relax -- roll over. I'll give you a
massage.

But instead, Ted opens a drawer from the side of the bed,
takes out a box.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

What's that?

TED

A little "magic".

He opens it. Takes out a vial of powder. Emmett's not
exactly thrilled to see it.

EMMETT

I thought you said you were through
with that.

(CONTINUED)

MA YOUNG
PAC, 333

44.

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44.

25 CONTINUED:

25

MA YOUNG
PAC, 333
MA YOUNG
PAC, 333

TED

I am. It's just a little souvenir from sunny Palm Springs.

(then)

Ever try it?

MA YOUNG
PAC, 333

EMMETT

In my wayward youth. But it didn't do much for me.

TED

Then you didn't have the right stuff. This stuff -- you can't believe it.

(his eyes suddenly bright with excitement and desire)

I felt so good for once. All those voices telling me I'm shit, I'm nothing, I'm ugly -- they were gone! Instead, I felt hot and sexy --

(with a laugh)

-- like Brian must feel all the time. And everybody wanted me. And I wanted them. I could fuck a room full of guys, and still want to fuck some more!

EMMETT

Well you don't need them now, 'cause you've got me. So just put that away and --

But Ted isn't listening. He takes a snort.

TED

And when you cum, it's like you cum for hours. Days!

He wraps himself around Emmett, like a snake, whispers in his ear, seductively:

TED (CONT'D)

Come on, Emm -- try it with me. Then you'll know what it's like. It'll all make sense -- why we were born. Why we were put here. To fuck and fuck --

He puts some magic powder on his hand, offers it to Emmett. As Emmett stares at it -- then takes it, snorts it. As Ted smiles:

CUT TO:

26 MOVED TO SCENE 28

26

27 INT. MICHAEL AND BEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 27

Michael paces back and forth. The door to Hunter's room is open. WE SEE his bed is empty. Ben comes in from their bedroom.

BEN
Coming to bed?

MICHAEL
In a while.

BEN
It's after midnight.

MICHAEL
I know -- I just thought I'd give him a few more minutes.

BEN
You set a rule. You've got to live by it. So does he.

Michael doesn't answer. Finally:

MICHAEL
What if he doesn't come back?

Ben puts an arm around him, gives him a kiss.

BEN
Come to bed.

Michael waits for a beat, then goes to the door. Slowly, reluctantly, he takes the chain, slips it in its notch. Then he turns out the light.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. HUSTLER BAR / STREET - NIGHT 28

The street outside the bar is dark with shadow and fog. Definitely the kind of spot you'd run into Jack the Ripper. Hunter leaves the bar feeling pissed, rejected. He stuffs his hands in his pockets, head hung low, on his way home. Just then, HEADLIGHTS slash the dark as a car pulls up, stops. A figure gets out. Hunter SEES it's Rikert. He watches him head toward the bar.

HUNTER
Hey --!

Rikert stops, turns as Hunter joins him.

(CONTINUED)

HUNTER (CONT'D)

No need checking it out -- nobody there.

RIKERT

I'll take a look for myself.

He moves to pass, but Hunter dodges to get in front.

HUNTER

(all over him)

You won't do better there than what's right here.

Rikert stares at him.

RIKERT

You've never been interested in me before. Why tonight?

HUNTER

Must be the moonlight.

He offers Rikert his most engaging smile. Rikert heads toward the bar.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Fifty for a blowjob -- a hundred to fuck!

RIKERT

How much without a condom?

HUNTER

I don't do that. But you won't be disappointed.

(a promise)

I'll make sure of it.

A beat, Hunter meets his stare dead-on. As they go off together into the night:

*
*

FADE OUT.

THE END