

queer asfolk

EPISODE 313

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PRODUCTION DRAFT (WHITE) 02-28-2003

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queerasfolk

EPISODE 313

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
JIM STOCKWELL.....David Gianopoulos
HUNTER.....Harris Allan
and as
DEBBIE NOVOTNY.....Sharon Gless

GUEST CAST

DEAN RYERSON	DR. C
KEN RIKERT	DEREK
DOMINIC	ROMAN
NANCY	GUS

FADE IN:

1 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

1

JUSTIN is in only a leather jacket (part of his hustler gear from the previous episode) riding BRIAN's cock. It's wild, raunchy, aggressive. Justin takes a hit of poppers, passes it to Brian, who does the same. They both get crazy, playing their "roles" to the hilt.

JUSTIN

"That's it, fucker -- plug my hole!
You're the best I ever had!"

BRIAN

"Yeah -- take it!"

They both shoot, screaming, collapse soaked with sweat and cum. Finally, dazed:

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You make a great hustler.

JUSTIN

That'll be a hundred dollars.

BRIAN

We were pretending, remember?

JUSTIN

Maybe you were.

Brian pulls him into a kiss -- just as a LOUD pounding at the door interrupts. He starts to get it. Justin stops him.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Have you noticed that whenever there's an unexpected pounding at your door, it's usually someone you don't want to see?

The pounding continues.

BRIAN

I've also noticed that unless I answer it, they usually don't go away.

Brian slips on his shorts, goes to the door, slides it open. HUNTER's standing there. Dumbstruck, he stares at Brian's crotch.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What do you want? Other than that.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

Hunter manages to tear his eyes away long enough to stammer:

HUNTER

I -- I brought you this.

He holds up a condom filled with jizz.

BRIAN

How thoughtful. Did you make it yourself?

HUNTER

It's the cop's.

Brian stares at him for a beat.

BRIAN

You fucked the cop?

HUNTER

You said you needed DNA --

BRIAN

A cigarette butt would have sufficed.

HUNTER

He doesn't smoke.

BRIAN

I've got to hand it to you, kid.
You've got --

(re: the creme-filled condom)
-- spunk.

HUNTER

(moving close)
I told you I'd do anything.

He moves past Brian into the loft, looks around, impressed.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Holy shit, it's like the movies.

Brian gets a baggie from the kitchen.

BRIAN

I don't recall a scene like this from
any of the five films nominated for
Best Picture.

He holds open the plastic bag. Hunter deposits the used
condom.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED: (2)

1

HUNTER

I also found out his name.

He pulls a TV Guide from his pocket, hands it to Brian, who reads the mailing label.

BRIAN

Kenneth Rikert.

HUNTER

I lifted it from the garbage when he wasn't looking.

BRIAN

(flipping through it)

What do you know -- they cancelled "Gay As Blazes".

Hunter comes on strong --

HUNTER

So how about expressing your appreciation?

-- just as Justin appears from the bedroom.

JUSTIN

He already has. Three times. With me.

HUNTER

(to Brian)

What're you bothering with that for?
How much is he charging you?

BRIAN

A hundred.

JUSTIN

But he refuses to pay.

HUNTER

I don't blame him. I wouldn't give you ten bucks!

BRIAN

Okay, I think it's time someone was tucked in bed -- and not mine.

CUT TO:

2

INT. MICHAEL & BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

2

A short time later. Brian's delivered Hunter to MICHAEL and BEN, who've just heard the news. If their heads weren't attached to their necks, they'd blow off.

MICHAEL

You fucked a murderer?

HUNTER

What's the big deal? I used a condom.

BRIAN

Congratulations. Your safe-sex lecture paid off.

MICHAEL

Shut the fuck up!

BEN

Let's try to stay calm?

BRIAN

The Professor's right. Reason should prevail.

MICHAEL

What the hell do you know? You're the one who put him up to this.

HUNTER

He didn't put me up to shit. I was trying to help.

MICHAEL

You were trying to impress Brian!

BRIAN

He wouldn't be the first.

MICHAEL

Well he's already got a boyfriend.

HUNTER

(crest-fallen)

You do?

BRIAN

In a non-defined, unconventional sort of way.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

BEN

Let's not lose focus here.

(to Hunter)

You need to understand that what you did was extremely dangerous.

MICHAEL

This guy could've killed you.

HUNTER

They all could.

MICHAEL

Well if you know that, why do you do it?

HUNTER

I have low self-esteem. I was sexualized at too early an age. It's exciting, fun and a great way to make non-reportable income.

MICHAEL

I'd like an honest answer, smart-ass.

BRIAN

He just gave you one.

BEN

Well, we're not going to let you throw your life away. You're going to stop hustling, take care of yourself --

MICHAEL

Respect the curfew, not sleep till noon --

BEN

Go back to school --

MICHAEL

Think about your future --

HUNTER

(exploding)

Christ! I'd rather get killed and tossed in a dumpster than listen to the two of you!

And with that, Hunter grabs his jacket, bolts.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

BRIAN
Nice goin', Ma and Pa.

CUT TO:

3 INT. TED'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

3

TED and EMMETT are in the throes of sex. Ted is really going at it -- sweating, moaning, practically devouring Emmett, who is trying to give his all, but ultimately has to stop it.

EMMETT
Ted --? Teddy --?

But Ted keeps going. Emmett pulls back.

TED
(breathless)
I'm not done.

EMMETT
But we've been going at it for hours,
and -- I never thought in my lifetime
I'd ever hear myself say anything like
this, but -- I think I need a rest.

Ted grabs some more crystal.

TED
Here. Take some more.

EMMETT
(refusing)
I don't want any more. And maybe you
shouldn't --

But it's too late. Ted's already snorted.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
-- either.

TED
Come on, Emm --!

EMMETT
I said I don't want to.

TED
But wasn't it amazing?

EMMETT
It was amazing, all right.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

TED

Like someone turned on the power and it went surging through every -- what?

EMMETT

Every nerve? Every muscle?

TED

See how lucid you are? That's the beauty of crystal. It makes everything -- crystal clear!

(then)

Feel my dick. My dick's so hard. Let's fuck!

He starts again.

EMMETT

Please, Teddy. I just told you --

He tries to get up, but Ted pulls him back, starts to caress him.

TED

Being able to share this with you means -- everything. It's all I wanted -- for us to do this, together.

But Emmett resists.

EMMETT

I'm going to take a shower, brush my teeth -- get this awful taste out of my mouth.

TED

(snapping)

Well, what the fuck am I supposed to do? I want to cum.

(then)

Jerk me off. Think you can handle that?

EMMETT

Maybe later.

TED

Not later! Now!

Emmett, not knowing what else to do, and a little afraid, takes Ted's cock in hand, begins to stroke him. As Ted starts to get off --

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2).

3

TED (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah -- keep going --!

CUT TO:

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

4

HORVATH is seated at his desk talking on the phone.

HORVATH

Where's the goddamn ballistics report?

(beat)

Well somebody'd better do some
"detective work" and find it. I
haven't got all --

His expression changes when he looks up, SEES Brian swinging a used condom back and forth in front of him like a hypnotist.

HORVATH (CONT'D)

-- day.

He hangs up the phone, stares at it.

BRIAN

(mesmerizing)

Your eyes are tired -- you're getting
sleepy --

HORVATH

What the hell's that?

BRIAN

This newfangled contraption called a
"condom".

(then)

You asked for hard evidence. It
doesn't get much harder.

HORVATH

Christ, are you telling me you actually
went and --

BRIAN

Not me, Officer Krupke.

(beat)

That kid. The one whose word you
wouldn't take. Maybe you'll take it
now.

He drops the condom -- kerplunk! -- on Horvath's desk.
Horvath regards it with distaste.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

HORVATH

And what do you expect me to do with it?

BRIAN

Test it. See if it matches the load you siphoned out of Dumpster Boy's ass.

A beat, then:

HORVATH

This so-called cop. Has he got a name?

Brian tosses the TV Guide on Horvath's desk. Horvath reads:

HORVATH (CONT'D)

Kenneth Rikert.

BRIAN

Ring a bell?

Horvath doesn't answer, sits in silence.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Hel-lo?

Horvath finally looks up.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I said --

HORVATH

He was an officer.

BRIAN

Was?

HORVATH

He retired from the force about a year ago. Said he was under a lot of pressure.

BRIAN

I'm sure murdering someone can be very stressful.

HORVATH

(sharply)
You don't know that.

BRIAN

Did he know Stockwell?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2) 4

A beat, then:

HORVATH

You could say so. They were partners.

(beat)

For fifteen years.

CUT TO:

5 INT. PITTSBURGH INSTITUTE OF FINE ARTS - DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY 5

Justin has been summoned to see DEAN RYERSON, who attempts to control his rage:

DEAN RYERSON

(flapping a letter)

Having sexual relations with a partner in the firm -- using agency resources to produce subversive materials in order to undermine a valued client --

(tossing the letter down)

Mr. Vance was livid. Livid! And if this is true, I don't blame him.

Justin stands there -- silent.

DEAN RYERSON (CONT'D)

Well? Is it?

JUSTIN

I suppose it depends on how one perceives the situation.

DEAN RYERSON

And how do you perceive it?

JUSTIN

Mr. Kinney and I had a personal relationship prior to my internship at Vanguard. So it wasn't as if I was fucking the boss.

Ryerson might look a bit taken aback.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

As for producing subversive materials, I made a few posters based on my own political beliefs --

DEAN RYERSON

(cutting him off)

I'm not interested in your political beliefs -- or your sexual relations.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

DEAN RYERSON (CONT'D)

What I'm interested in is the reputation of this school. Your behavior has jeopardized the entire internship program. To say I'm disappointed, Mr. Taylor, is an understatement.

JUSTIN

If it's any consolation, I was doing a kick-ass job --

Ryerson waves to him to be silent, then:

DEAN RYERSON

You will therefore appear before the Disciplinary Committee, to apologize for your actions.

JUSTIN

Did you say "apologize"?

DEAN RYERSON

You heard me. That is, if you care to remain a student at this Institute.

CUT TO:

6 INT. RED CAPE COMICS - DAY

6

Michael is speaking into an amplification device on MELANIE's belly, as LINDSAY watches.

MICHAEL

Hello in there. It's me, Michael. But you can call me "Dad".

MELANIE

You think this thing really works?

MICHAEL

The article said pre-natal learning is possible. Voice recognition, names --

MELANIE

Linz, come say something.

LINDSAY

I don't know what to say.

MELANIE

You don't have to recite The Gettysburg Address. Just say "hi".

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

LINDSAY

Hi! This is your -- other Mom.

MELANIE

(into device)

And this is the concierge. We hope you're enjoying your stay. If you need anything, just holler.

They all laugh as Emmett comes in -- cranky and looking completely fucked-out. A very awkward beat. He and Melanie stare at each other in silence.

EMMETT

I'll come back later.

He turns to go, Michael stops him.

MICHAEL

Em, wait -- you want to say something to the baby?

EMMETT

I'm not sure his-or-her-parents would like him-or-her to hear what I have to say.

MELANIE

Let's go.

Melanie and Lindsay gather their things, show Michael extra affection -- "Bye, sweetie, thank you for this, we love you" - ignore Emmett as they leave. After they're gone:

MICHAEL

How long is this going to go on for?

EMMETT

Until they apologize to Teddy for not accepting his apology.

MICHAEL

And what about your apology, for calling Mel a cunt?

EMMETT

I'll apologize for calling her a cunt when she apologizes for calling me a silly faggot.

MICHAEL

Look -- they're your friends. You know how much they love you. And Ted.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

EMMETT

Then they could've shown a little understanding. So he used crystal -- he's hardly the only one. I'm sure half the people in this community have tried it.

MICHAEL

I haven't.

EMMETT

Well if you had, you'd realize it's not that big a deal.

MICHAEL

Are you saying you --?

Off Emmett's guilty look:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Don't tell me --! You didn't!

EMMETT

It just -- happened.

MICHAEL

Taking crystal doesn't "just happen".

EMMETT

I thought if I did it with him -- he'd know I wasn't judging him, or being disapproving, like everyone else. That he'd trust me and know that I love him. So that when I asked him to stop, he would.

MICHAEL

And did he say he'd stop?

A beat, then:

EMMETT

He said he never felt so close to anyone in his life. That he can't wait for us to do it again.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. LIBERTY AVENUE - DAY

7

Justin's in mid-rant as he and Brian walk down the street.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

JUSTIN

The fuck if I'm going to go before the
Disciplinary Committee and apologize!
As if I did something wrong!

BRIAN

Didn't you?

He starts to cross the street. Justin stops him,
incredulous.

JUSTIN

You agree with him?

BRIAN

If someone'd told me what you were up
to, I'd have fired your ass.

(beat)

If I didn't have my dick in it.

JUSTIN

Well I'm not sorry -- for anything!

BRIAN

I didn't say you should be sorry. I'm
saying you should apologize.

JUSTIN

Give in to them? Roll over?

BRIAN

You want to finish your education? You
want a degree? You want a good job?
You want to be rich?

JUSTIN

I don't care about money.

BRIAN

You want the freedom to create whatever
you want and not have to answer to
anyone?

JUSTIN

Who doesn't?

BRIAN

Then you care about money. So go
apologize. Not for them. For you.

CUT TO:

8

INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

8

DEBBIE's carrying a couple of Pink Plate Specials over to TWO DRAG QUEENS in a booth.

DEBBIE

Here're your pork tenderloins, girls.

(then)

Speaking of tenderloins, Paprika, did you get that bikini wax?

She gives the dragster with the bright red hair a laugh and a slap on the back, returns to the counter where she FINDS Horvath. Her mood alters -- significantly.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Detective Horvath. Out of all the places in Greater Pittsburgh where you could get a tuna melt -- extra cheese, double cole slaw -- what brings you to our humble little establishment?

HORVATH

I have a date.

DEBBIE

(covering her disappointment)

Oh.

Brian enters.

HORVATH

And here he is.

Brian takes a seat beside Horvath.

DEBBIE

(to Brian)

What'd you do -- convert him?

BRIAN

Coffee, Deb, please.

As she goes to pour:

HORVATH

You were right.

BRIAN

My three favorite words after "nine inches cut".

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

DEBBIE
About what?

BRIAN
The cream.

DEBBIE
(sniffing the creamer)
Did it turn?

HORVATH
(to Brian)
It matches that found in Jason Kemp's
rectum.

DEBBIE
(indignant)
For your information, I just poured it!

HORVATH
I'm referring to a sperm sample taken
from the police officer this kid Hunter
said he saw with the victim.

DEBBIE
Holy shit! Does that mean he's the
killer?

HORVATH
It means he had anal intercourse with
him the night he was murdered.

BRIAN
Isn't that enough to make him a
suspect?

HORVATH
Not necessarily --

BRIAN
We had a bargain. You said if I
brought you hard evidence, you'd re-
open the case.

HORVATH
I know what I said.

BRIAN
Well I held up my end -- and so did
Hunter. Now it's your turn.

HORVATH
Sorry, Kinney -- it's still not enough.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2) 8

As Horvath walks out, leaving Brian and Debbie there:

CUT TO:

9 INT. MICHAEL AND BEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 9

Ben's perched on the sofa, legs up, with a legal pad and pencil, staring off. Michael comes in from the bedroom, finds him.

MICHAEL

Still searching for that exquisite turn of phrase that in five words or less captures the essence of what your character's feeling?

BEN

I'm frustrated as shit.

MICHAEL

(counting)

Only four. Congratulations. Now come to bed.

As Ben glances at the front door, then turns OUT the light:

10 INT. MICHAEL AND BEN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 10

As they undress:

MICHAEL

It must be hard to concentrate on your writing -- or anything else for that matter -- when your mind's on other things.

BEN

(not listening)

Huh --?

MICHAEL

Case in point.

Ben takes a deep sigh, then:

BEN

I'm sorry, Michael, it's just that after what he did, it's obvious we're not getting through to him. He's still hustling, he's still coming home whenever he pleases, he won't even discuss the possibility of going back to school --

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

MICHAEL

Aren't you the one who said these things take time?

BEN

It can't go on like this indefinitely.

MICHAEL

We're doing the best we can.

BEN

Maybe our best's not good enough. Maybe he'd be better off with someone else.

MICHAEL

There isn't anyone else. Just us.

BEN

And we're in over our heads -- thanks to me.

MICHAEL

No point feeling guilty--

BEN

Why not? We had this great life, just the two of us -- before I had to try and save the world.

MICHAEL

Not the world. Just one kid.

BEN

One kid more than we can handle.

(beat)

So it's best we ask him to go.

MICHAEL

Are you sure?

BEN

We're not helping him. And he doesn't want our help. So we should just admit our failure and move on.

As they sit on the bed, confronting that sorry conclusion, the CAMERA PULLS out of their room, back into:

11 INT. MICHAEL AND BEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 11

Where Hunter stands in the dark, his coat still on. From his expression, it's apparent he's heard every word they've said.

CUT TO:

12 INT. HUSTLER BAR - NIGHT 12

Brian enters, spots KEN RIKERT at the bar, takes the stool next to him.

BRIAN
(to bartender)
Your very best scotch.
(adds)
In a clean glass.
(then, re: Rikert's drink)
And another one of those.

RIKERT
(looks up)
I don't accept drinks from strangers.

BRIAN
That must be the first time those words
have ever been spoken in here!

Rikert glances at Brian, recognizes him.

RIKERT
You're the asshole from the other
night.

BRIAN
Good memory. I'm impressed. While
you're at it --

Brian takes out a picture of Dumpster Boy, shows it to him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Remember him?

Rather than shit in his pants:

RIKERT
Can't say I do.

BRIAN
He used to come in here. Really. Hot.
Ass.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

RIKERT

I wouldn't know.

BRIAN

Huh. That's strange. Since they found your load up it.

Rikert decides it would be a good time to excuse himself. Brian stops him, as the bartender brings their drinks.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Hey, where're you going? Your drink's here.

RIKERT

Look, I don't know what the fuck you're up to, or who the hell you are --

BRIAN

How rude, not to introduce myself. Brian Kinney, concerned citizen.

RIKERT

But you're talking to the wrong guy.

BRIAN

Forgive me.

(taking out the TV Guide)

I thought you were Kenneth Rikert, 1-7-3-7 Vista Court Lane.

Rikert stops, stares at it.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

That kid you picked up out front the other night? What a rascal! He also snatched the condom you used. And guess what? The police did a little science project. Turns out your little swimmers and the ones found in Dumpster Boy's ass are members of the same team.

As if in shock -- or simply not knowing what to do -- Rikert stands there, stares at him. Brian clinks glasses.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Bottoms up.

He downs his drink, then:

BRIAN (CONT'D)

So just out of curiosity -- why'd you kill him? Was it an accident?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Did things get too rough? Or did he find out you're a cop -- try to blackmail you?

Rikert sips his drink, stares at the television. The world hasn't changed -- still showing reruns of (fill in the blank).

BRIAN (CONT'D)

And how come you resigned? Was that your idea -- or Stockwell's?

RIKERT

Shut up.

BRIAN

Did you go to him, confess the whole thing? Did he promise to protect you if you quit the force? That's real loyalty.

(beat)

Then again, maybe he figured if it came out that his friend -- his partner -- was a murderer and a fag, it would kill, so to speak, his chances of being mayor --

Rikert suddenly grabs Brian -- with a look that could kill.

RIKERT

I said shut up.

Brian continues, calmly.

BRIAN

However, I'm sure if you were to confess, everyone would be most sympathetic. After all, you wanted to do the right thing -- right?

Rikert releases Brian. Brian takes out some cash, places it on the bar.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(to the bartender)

That's for mine -- and the gentleman's.

As Brian watches Rikert leave the bar:

CUT TO:

13 INT. MICHAEL AND BEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

13

Next morning, Ben stands at the window, staring down at the street -- the spot where he first saw Hunter. Michael comes over, holds a piece of bacon in front of his nose.

MICHAEL

Turkey bacon?

BEN

No, thanks, I already had my protein shake.

Then, reconsidering, he grabs the bacon strip, gobbles it up, nervously.

BEN (CONT'D)

I've been trying to figure out what to say.

MICHAEL

Yeah -- me, too.

BEN

I guess the best thing is to be direct -
- honest.

MICHAEL

The truth is, all we ever were to him was one step up from sleeping in a doorway. I'm sure he'll leave and never think of us again.

Just then, Hunter enters from his room -- hair combed, shirt tucked into his jeans. He's not about to win a GQ award, but it's obvious he's made an effort.

BEN

Hey. You want some breakfast?

HUNTER

I already ate.

MICHAEL

I didn't see any dirty dishes in the sink.

HUNTER

That's because I washed them.

That's a surprise.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

BEN

You also washed your hair.

HUNTER

Cleaned up the bathroom, too.

MICHAEL

What's the occasion?

HUNTER

Got a date -- with a high school principal.

MICHAEL

I'm sure the kids' parents would love to hear that.

HUNTER

I mean I'm thinking about going back to school --

BEN

Really?

(then suppressing his excitement)

That is, you're not just saying that?

HUNTER

No harm checking it out.

As Michael and Ben look at each other: don't even breathe on it --

CUT TO:

14 INT. FILO (A TRENDY RESTAURANT) - DAY

14

Emmett's at a table going over lists, figures for his business, when Ted arrives: speedy, tweaked, a bit -- stale.

EMMETT

There you are.

TED

Whoo-hoo -- would you look at this place? I didn't realize it'd be so fancy-schmancy.

EMMETT

I brought one of my clients here and just fell in love with it. They make a fennel filo pie that's to die for. So, what would you like for lunch?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

TED
Nothing for me.

EMMETT
You have to eat.

TED
I'll just watch your fennel filo
feedfest.

He drains his water glass, as Emmett inquires, perhaps a bit too casually:

EMMETT
So -- where've you been?

TED
Visiting a friend.

EMMETT
Michael? Brian?

TED
Mark.

EMMETT
Young Doctor Crystal.

TED
So we do a little Tina.

EMMETT
Since when are we on a first-name basis
with illegal substances?

TED
(reminding him)
You loved it, too.

EMMETT
I didn't love it. I did it to make you
happy. And I'm never doing it again.

He looks around the restaurant, irritably.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
Where the hell's the goddamn waiter?

TED
Wasn't so long ago you were a goddamn
waiter. And a maid. And a porn star.
But now --
(looking at all the lists)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

TED (CONT'D)

Planning parties for everyone in town.
(then)

Well how about planning one for me?
Unless, of course, I'm not good enough.

EMMETT

Who said anything about --
(after a beat)

Fine. You want a party, I'll give you
a party.

TED

I'm honored.

EMMETT

So what kind do you want?

TED

Hey -- you speak to me like I'm your
best customer. Like you'd speak to
Mrs. Henry Ashcroft III.

EMMETT

All right, "Mr. Schmidt" -- what sort
of event were you thinking of?

TED

Muuuuch better.
(then)

A small, intimate affair -- tomorrow
night -- for, say, six of my closest
friends. So everything must, must,
must be perfect! Do I make myself
clear?

EMMETT

Crystal clear.

TED

Excellent! Then I leave it in your
capable hands.

As their waiter comes over.

TED (CONT'D)

(cheerfully)

At last -- the goddamn waiter!

CUT TO:

15 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

15

Debbie's putting groceries away when the doorbell RINGS. She
goes to answer, FINDS Horvath standing there.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

DEBBIE

Who you got a date with this time --
Vic?

HORVATH

I was hoping maybe you.

DEBBIE

Not interested.

She starts to close the door.

HORVATH

Would you listen?

DEBBIE

Talk fast. I've got ice cream melting.

CUT TO:

16 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

16

She continues putting groceries away.

HORVATH

Since when's ice cream on your diet?

DEBBIE

Since when's what I eat any of your
business?

HORVATH

Look, I just wanted to explain --

DEBBIE

Save your breath. And your
explanations.

HORVATH

Debbie, honey, please --

DEBBIE

And don't call me honey!

HORVATH

I'm sorry, but you've got to
understand --

DEBBIE

That with all the fuckin' evidence in
the world starin' you in the face, you
still won't re-open the case!

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

He struggles for a beat, then:

HORVATH

If I were to proceed with this investigation, and it turns out Stockwell was protecting his former partner -- not to mention himself --

DEBBIE

You'd be a hero.

HORVATH

I'd be a dead man. At least as far as my future with the Pittsburgh P.D.'s concerned.

DEBBIE

So you're tellin' me you're scared.

HORVATH

You're fucking right I'm scared.

She shrugs, goes back to unpacking groceries.

HORVATH (CONT'D)

I've been with the force for 24 years. I can retire soon. I just want to collect my pension and go home.

DEBBIE

Then by all means, Carl, that's what you should do. Go plant tomatoes in the backyard and watch the game in your Barcalounger. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got a date. With a pint of chocolate chocolate chip.

CUT TO:

17 SCENE MOVED AND RENUMBERED (SCENE 18A) 17

18 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY 18

Students are pouring out of the doors. In the crowd, FIND Michael, Ben and Hunter. Michael's holding a pile of papers. Hunter's glancing uncomfortably at the OTHER STUDENTS: an outsider, looking in.

MICHAEL

Would you look at these forms? You'd think we were applying for a bank loan.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

BEN
Or citizenship.

A student bumps into Hunter.

HUNTER
Hey, watch where you're goin', asshole!

MICHAEL
Making friends already?

BEN
(re: the forms)
At least we'll finally get to know all
about you.

MICHAEL
Name?

HUNTER
Hunter.

MICHAEL
Hunter what?

HUNTER
Just Hunter.

MICHAEL
You think you're an aging rock diva?

HUNTER
Last names tend to get in the way of my
work.

BEN
From now on, the only work you're doing
is homework. Out with it.

Hunter struggles. Finally:

HUNTER
James. Hunter. Montgomery.

BEN
That's a beautiful name.

MICHAEL
Nice to meet you -- "Jimmy".

He offers his hand. Hunter swats it, laughing.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

HUNTER

Shut up!

BEN

(re: the forms)

When were you born?

HUNTER

I wasn't born. My mother was too drunk to give birth. So I was delivered. Sixteen glorious years ago last Tuesday.

MICHAEL

Last Tuesday? You had a birthday and didn't tell us?

BEN

We could've done something to celebrate.

HUNTER

Like blow out a candle? I blew three tricks that day. Made three hundred bucks. Now, that's what I call celebrating!

CUT TO:

18A INT. STOCKWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

18A

STOCKWELL's at his desk, flanked by DOMINIC and NANCY, who are ecstatic.

DOMINIC

(placing the newspaper in front of him)

The press has endorsed your candidacy!

NANCY

And the polls all favor you to win.

DOMINIC

It's practically a shoo-in.

STOCKWELL

We all know, the last week of a campaign, anything can happen. So let's not count our votes -- until they're counted.

His tense smile fades a bit, as an ASSISTANT comes in, whispers in his ear.

(CONTINUED)

18A CONTINUED:

18A

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

Send him in.

(then to Dominic and Nancy)

Would you excuse me --?

They leave. A moment later, Brian enters. A tense moment as they exchange a look, then:

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

Thanks for stopping by.

BRIAN

Any time, Jim. So what can I do for you?

STOCKWELL

I was thinking more of what I can do for you.

BRIAN

Even better.

STOCKWELL

I'm sure you've been following the campaign.

BRIAN

Actually, I've been busy. Shopping. Blow-drying my hair --

STOCKWELL

They're predicting this time next week, I'll be the new mayor of Pittsburgh.

BRIAN

(after a beat)

What do you know. You did it.

STOCKWELL

Thanks in no small part to you. Have a seat.

BRIAN

I'll stand.

STOCKWELL

I asked to see you because -- I want to say how much I regret what happened.

BRIAN

That's very classy of you.

(CONTINUED)

18A CONTINUED: (2)

18A

STOCKWELL

And that perhaps I acted in haste.
Misjudged the situation.

BRIAN

No apologies. No regrets.

STOCKWELL

We made a great team. You did me a
great service.

BRIAN

You offering me my great job back?

STOCKWELL

I'm offering you a future. There's a
lot I can do. Even more than before.

BRIAN

How's that?

STOCKWELL

You always wanted my backers for your
client's list. I can still deliver
them. And now you can keep them -- all
to yourself.

As Brian thinks that over:

CUT TO:

19 INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

19

Soothing classical MUSIC is playing as Emmett puts the
finishing touches on elaborate platters and flower
arrangements. Ted comes in from the bedroom.

TED

Would ya look at this! Some enchanted
evening.

EMMETT

(coolly)

I'm glad it meets with your approval.

TED

Must be costing me a pretty penny. But
since I don't have a penny -- pretty or
otherwise -- cost is no object!

He flips OFF the classical, flips ON some party music as the
door BUZZES.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

TED (CONT'D)

Why, it must be our guests!

He goes to the door, welcomes DR. C, accompanied by DEREK, ROMAN, and three other hunky TWEAKERS.

TED (CONT'D)

Hey, guys. Come on in. Emmett, you know Doctor Mark --

Emmett nods.

DR. C

(surveying Emmett's elaborate presentation)

Looks like Elton John's Oscar bash.

TED

And we have none other to thank than Pittsburgh's Pre-eminent Party Planner -
- and your hostess for the evening,
Emmett Honeycutt.

He claps loudly, and alone, as the others start to undress.

ROMAN

If we're going to "party", might as well make ourselves comfortable!

Ted shows off Emmett's beautifully prepared table to Dr. C.

TED

If you're observant, you'll discern tonight's theme.

(to Emmett)

Em's divine creations always have a "theme".

(back to Dr. C)

Let me give you a hint:

(pointing out)

Crystal goblets, crystal plates,
crystal nut dishes, crystal
candlesticks --

Dr. C gets it.

DR. C

Then it's a good thing I brought this.

He pulls out his stash.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

TED

So much more thoughtful than wine or
flowers --

(to Emmett)

Wouldn't you agree?

He then opens a drawer (or cabinet or closet), takes out a
bong made of medical supplies: a beaker, test tubes, etc.

EMMETT

Where'd you get that?

TED

Doctor Mark gave it to me.

DR. C

I make them myself. From my medical
supplies.

EMMETT

How nice to see our insurance dollars
aren't going to waste.

(then, to the guests)

I hope everyone'll try the asparagus
and goat cheese souffles -- they're a
specialty.

By now, the guests have "made themselves comfortable". Roman
approaches Emmett.

ROMAN

You're hot.

EMMETT

Thanks --

Roman offers him some snort.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

-- but no thanks. There's also popcorn
shrimp and seared ahi tuna --

Roman moves on -- hooks up with two naked guys who are making
out. Ted is smoking with Dr. C. Emmett looks around,
disgusted -- then gets his coat.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

(basically to himself)

Be sure to take the lemon pop-overs out
of the oven in ten minutes -- don't
want them to -- over-pop.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

But no one's listening -- and no one cares. As Emmett leaves, unnoticed:

CUT TO:

20 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

20

Brian follows Horvath to his car.

BRIAN

No sooner do I talk to Rikert, then who should call me but Stockwell, saying he wants to kiss and make up. What does that tell you?

HORVATH

He had a change of heart?

BRIAN

Or else after my little visit, Rikert called his old pal, and now he's scared shitless.

HORVATH

Rikert's dead.

Brian stops.

HORVATH (CONT'D)

I went to bring him in for questioning. I found him in his garage. Washed his car, then shot himself in the head.

BRIAN

That's a shame. Looks like rain.

(beat)

But thanks for giving it a shot.

CUT TO:

21 INT. MICHAEL AND BEN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

21

Michael's making a cake from a cake mix. It's a disaster. So's the kitchen. Michael comforts himself with licks of chocolate icing from the bowl, as Emmett comes in -- groggy and aching, in Michael's robe.

MICHAEL

If it isn't Little Mary Sunshine.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

EMMETT

(slouching toward the coffee)
Little Mary Sunshine died. I'm Little
Mary Go Fuck Yourself.

MICHAEL

How was the sofa?

As if he needs to ask.

EMMETT

Where's a good chiropractor when you
need one?

(off Michael's glare)

Sorry --

Then noticing his lop-sided cake:

EMMETT (CONT'D)

What's that supposed to be?

MICHAEL

It's "supposed" to be a cake.

EMMETT

Why didn't you ask Vic to make you one
of his creations?

MICHAEL

I wanted a good old-fashioned Betty
Crocker triple-layer, like my mom used
to make.

EMMETT

Too bad it didn't turn out like hers:

MICHAEL

It turned out exactly like hers.

EMMETT

Well, let's see if we can even it out.

As he tries to slice the layers evenly, and Michael takes
another lick of icing:

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Just like old times, huh? You and me --
roomies.

MICHAEL

The good old days.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

EMMETT

(sadly)

I had no idea how good.

Michael feeds him some icing off his finger to cheer him up.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Thanks, I needed that. So, what's the occasion?

MICHAEL

Hunter's birthday. We're giving him a party. Want to come?

EMMETT

I wouldn't be much fun, after last night.

MICHAEL

You know you can stay here, long as you want.

EMMETT

Thanks, sweetie -- but you have a full house, and I have to face Ted. I spent the entire night preparing what to say.

MICHAEL

Think he'll listen?

EMMETT

I don't know -- but he'll damn well hear me.

(finishing leveling out the cake)

There! Now we just have to frost it, and Hunter'll have a birthday cake that'll make Betty and your mamma proud.

He picks up the bowl of frosting -- only to discover they've eaten it all. As he and Michael lick their fingers, guiltily:

CUT TO:

22 INT. PITTSBURGH INSTITUTE OF FINE ARTS - LIBRARY - DAY

22

Justin stands in front of the Disciplinary Committee, which consists of Dean Ryerson and TWO OTHER PROFESSORS. He forces himself to speak the words he does not believe, but, knows he must say.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

JUSTIN

I would like to apologize to the Disciplinary Board, to the faculty and to my fellow students for any embarrassment I may have caused the Pittsburgh Institute of Fine Arts. If, by my behavior, I have damaged the Internship Program in any way, I am truly sorry.

Having survived that, he waits for the Committee to respond.

DEAN RYERSON

The Board accepts your apology, Mr. Taylor. You've obviously taken time to consider your behavior -- which regrettably, you did not do before you acted so hastily and inappropriately.

Justin is about to breathe a sigh of relief.

DEAN RYERSON (CONT'D)

But given the gravity of the situation, we feel some sort of disciplinary action is required.

(beat)

We therefore expect you to write a letter of apology to Mr. Gardner Vance, president of the Vanguard Agency, expressing your regret for any embarrassment you may have caused him or his firm.

(continuing)

Furthermore, you will apologize to Police Chief Stockwell for humiliating him and trying to damage his campaign --

Justin, who has up until now endured his chastisement in silence, interrupts.

JUSTIN

I won't do it.

DEAN RYERSON

Did you say something?

JUSTIN

I said I won't do it. I will not apologize.

DEAN RYERSON

I'm afraid, Mr. Taylor, you have no choice.

(CONTINUED)

.22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

JUSTIN

Which is exactly what he'd like! He's already taken away my right to assemble, to fuck --

DEAN RYERSON

This isn't about your being gay!

Justin considers that for a beat, then:

JUSTIN

You're right.

(then)

It's about freedom of expression -- as an artist, and as a person -- without fear of censure or reprisal.

(finally)

Therefore I will not apologize to him -- here, or under any circumstance.

CUT TO:

23 INT. TED'S CONDO - DAY

23

The place is a mess -- empty water bottles everywhere. Emmett's platters of food remain untouched. Dr. C and Derek grab their jackets, as Ted takes a hit off a pipe.

TED

Leaving already?

DR. C

Got a tonsillectomy in an hour.

TED

How do you do it?

DR. C

(taking a snort)

As with everything, the secret is moderation.

They laugh as Emmett comes in.

TED

Well, look who it is. The party's over.

DR. C

The party's never over. Some friends are stopping by this evening.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

TED
I'll be there.

DR. C
(to Emmett)
I'd ask you to cater -- but we're
watching our weight.

He and Derek leave, laughing. Emmett surveys the wreckage,
sees his pop-overs burned to a crisp.

EMMETT
Nobody touched a thing.

TED
Too beautiful to eat.

EMMETT
More like too tweaked to eat.
(sniffing)
This place reeks.

He finds a can of aerosol, sprays.

TED
So where'd you go?

EMMETT
Does it matter?

TED
Of course it matters. That you
embarrassed me.

EMMETT
(incredulous)
I -- embarrassed -- you ?!

TED
It was extremely rude to just take off.
My friends think you don't like them.

EMMETT
I don't.

TED
And since when are you so fucking
superior? You think just because you
put some cheese on a cracker and pawn
it off as chic that you're better than
everyone else?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

TED (CONT'D)

Well, no matter how many fancy parties
you give, or how much money they give
you to give 'em -- you'll always be a
piece of trash from Hazelhurst,
Mississippi.

Emmett looks at Ted for a beat, then:

EMMETT

I don't need you to tell me that.
Because I tell myself that every day.
(a beat, then)
But at least I'm not a tweaked out,
fucked out crystal queen --!

He stops himself -- tries one last time:

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Teddy, please -- it's not too late.
You can still be you again. My sweet,
uptight accountant who'd freak if
someone put a drink down without a
coaster --

TED

I don't want to be "me" again. I hated
that person. For the first time in my
life, I'm relaxed, I'm happy, I'm
having fun --

EMMETT

You call this "fun"? This is --
pathetic.

Beat.

TED

"Pathetic"? Is that what you think I
am? Well, I don't need you criticizing
me, bringing me down, making me feel
like shit!

(in his face)

I'm beautiful. Everything's beautiful.
And if you don't see it that way, then
you can get the fuck out.

And as Emmett leaves, Ted, who takes another hit, hardly even
notices.

CUT TO:

24 INT. MICHAEL & BEN'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY/APARTMENT - NIGHT 24

Ben and Hunter are schlepping up the stairs with shopping bags. Hunter's wearing a new shirt, jeans and a hot new jacket.

BEN

Did we do damage, or what?

HUNTER

Cool shit, dude -- but I coulda saved you some bucks.

BEN

Running for the door while I distract the salesperson isn't exactly my style.
(re: Hunter's new duds)
But these sure are yours. You'll be the center of attention.

HUNTER

The guys'll think I found me a rich sugar daddy!

BEN

I meant at school.

Ben opens the door. Michael, Debbie, VIC, Emmett, Lindsay, Melanie and Gus, amid balloons and birthday decorations, yell:

ALL

Surprise!

Hunter just stares. No reaction. Michael comes over.

MICHAEL

Well, aren't you going to say anything?

HUNTER

What the fuck's going on?

DEBBIE

(to Vic)
Sweet kid, isn't he?

MICHAEL

It's a surprise party.

HUNTER

For who?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

BEN

For you. It's your birthday. Now,
come say hello.

He leads him to the group gathered around the cake. Debbie's
lighting the candles.

BEN (CONT'D)

This is Melanie and Lindsay --

LINDSAY/MELANIE

Hi, Hunter -- Happy birthday --

MICHAEL

And this is Uncle Vic --

HUNTER

I give senior discounts.

VIC

Thank God for Social Security.

MICHAEL

(re: the birthday cake)
Hope you like chocolate -- I made it
myself.

HUNTER

(teasing)
Looks it.

DEBBIE

Betty Crocker Golden Fudge -- the same
kind I used to make for you!

She finishes lighting the candles.

BEN

(to Hunter)
Okay, ready to blow?

DEBBIE

Bet ya' never heard that before!

She laughs, elbows Hunter.

LINDSAY

Better hurry -- the candles are
melting.

MELANIE

One, two, three --

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

MICHAEL

Wait!

(to Hunter)

First you've got to make a wish.

HUNTER

For what?

MELANIE

Something you want.

LINDSAY

More than anything.

Hunter glances at Ben and Michael -- then blows out the candles. As everyone applauds, Michael sees Emmett in the doorway, looking distraught. He hands Debbie the cake knife, goes to Emmett, concerned.

EMMETT

Sorry I'm late for the surprise -- but I just had one of my own.

(a beat, then)

Ted just kicked me out.

Michael puts his arms around Emmett, consoling him.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, Em --

EMMETT

I tried so hard -- to help him, to be there for him --

MICHAEL

I know you did --

EMMETT

But there was nothing I could do.

MICHAEL

(after a beat)

Come join us --

EMMETT

The last thing you need at a festive occasion is a guest on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Besides, I need to find someplace to stay.

MELANIE (O.S.)

You can stay with us.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3)

24

Emmett turns, and to his surprise, sees Melanie and Lindsay standing there.

LINDSAY

That is, if you don't mind a rowdy two-year old --

MELANIE

And a cranky pregnant lady.

EMMETT

But after what I called you --

MELANIE

No worse than what I called you.

EMMETT

You were right. I am just a silly faggot.

MELANIE

No. You stood by your partner. No matter what anyone said. That makes you a very loyal, very brave faggot.

CUT TO:

25 INT. WOODY'S - NIGHT

25

Brian and Justin are at the bar. Justin reacts excitedly to the latest news.

JUSTIN

So what if the guy's dead? It only proves he did it, and that's why he killed himself -- to avoid disgrace and protect Stockwell, who I suspect he secretly loved --

BRIAN

Leave it to a queen to turn anything into a drama.

JUSTIN

What else could it be?

BRIAN

We'll never know. And he'll never tell.

A sobering beat. Finally:

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

.26

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

For Chrissakes, Vic, what's takin' you
so long?

VIC

I'm waiting for you!

They finally leave. Michael stands there for a beat.

MICHAEL

Did you hear what my Mom said?

BEN

You're a good man. I could've told you
that.

He goes over to Hunter.

BEN (CONT'D)

You got some pretty neat stuff.
(then)
So -- you going out?

HUNTER

Maybe later.

Ben nods, then goes over to Michael, helps him clear the
table.

MICHAEL

I hope he got what he wished for.

As they look over to Hunter, sprawled on the floor absorbed
in the game:

BEN

I know I did.

And as they continue to clean up:

FADE OUT.

THE END