

# queer as folk

EPISODE 402

Teleplay By  
Michael MacLennan

Story By  
Ron Cowen & Daniel Lipman & Michael MacLennan

LIMITED DISTRIBUTION  
\*\*SUBJECT TO REVISION\*\*

SECOND PRE-PRODUCTION DRAFT 09-23-2003

THIS SCREENPLAY IS THE SOLE PROPERTY OF SHOWTIME NETWORKS, INC. NO PORTION MAY BE DISCUSSED, PUBLISHED, REFORMATTED, REPRODUCED, SOLD, USED BY ANY MEANS, QUOTED, COMMUNICATED OR OTHERWISE DISSEMINATED OR PUBLICIZED IN ANY FORM OR MEDIA, INCLUDING WITHOUT LIMITATION, IN ANY WRITTEN ARTICLE, TELEVISION AND/OR RADIO INTERVIEW OR ON THE INTERNET, WITHOUT THE EXPRESS PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT OF SHOWTIME NETWORKS, INC.

NO ONE IS AUTHORIZED TO DISPOSE OF SAME.

IF LOST OR DESTROYED, PLEASE NOTIFY THE STORY DEPARTMENT AT SHOWTIME NETWORKS,  
10880 WILSHIRE BLVD., SUITE 1600, LOS ANGELES, CA 90024  
TEL. 310.234.5200

© 2003

# queerasfolk

EPISODE 402

---

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  
GARDNER VANCE.....Carlo Rota  
HUNTER.....Harris Allan  
BLAKE WYZECKI.....Dean Armstrong

and as

DEBBIE NOVOTNY.....Sharon Gless

---

GUEST CAST

JONATHAN	NAKED PLAYER	MODERATOR
MARIA	MR. CYNIC	THOMAS
DARREN	MR. PRACTICAL	SALLY
SPANDEX QUEEN	YOUNG WOMAN	BILL
PERIWINKLE	CODY BELL	RAYMOND
CYNTHIA	HARRY HENNESEY	
FIRST HUNKY FAERIE (WOLFEN)	LAWRENCE REMSON	
SECOND HUNKY FAERIE (PISTON)	LEATHER SHAMAN	

---

FADE IN:

1 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - DAY 1

START ON THE NAKED GUY PAINTING, back where it belongs.

HEAD-HUNTER (V.O.)

(on phone)

It's a first-rate company, Mr. Kinney.  
You'd fit right in.

PAN OVER TO BRIAN, naked on the bed, talking on his cordless phone to a head-hunter.

BRIAN

It's an interesting offer --

Brian looks over, SEES JUSTIN, bare-assed and fresh from the shower, approach the foot of his bed with a devilish smile that says he's up for some head-hunting himself.

BRIAN (cont'd)

(back into phone)

"Interesting" in that they'd think I'd actually agree to it. Two-thirds of what I was previously making? A lesser title? No profit-sharing until the fifth year --?

HEAD-HUNTER (V.O.)

Times are tough, Mr. Kinney. It's a job.

Brian pulls Justin onto the bed, on top of him.

BRIAN

You mean indentured servitude.

HEAD-HUNTER (V.O.)

(astonished)

Then -- you're passing?

Brian flips Justin on his back, straddles him.

BRIAN

You can tell them I've just assumed a new position.

He hangs up, much to Justin's disbelief.

JUSTIN

I can't believe you just did that.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN  
Flipped you on your back?

JUSTIN  
Flipped off that head-hunter.

BRIAN  
I can do better.

JUSTIN  
Doing what?

BRIAN  
Working for me, instead of other  
people.

JUSTIN  
But all of your clients turned you  
down.

BRIAN  
Fuck 'em, I'll get others.

JUSTIN  
What if they say no, too? You'll be  
destitute. You'll have nothing!

BRIAN  
Since when did you turn into a Jewish  
mother -- or Michael?

JUSTIN  
Your taking an awful big risk, that's  
all.

BRIAN  
Maybe so. But if I don't do this now --  
I never will.

And as they "do it":

CUT TO:

2 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

2

START ON A CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL

His head in his hands, moaning.

MICHAEL  
Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh --!

DEBBIE's face comes into frame.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

What's the matter, sweetheart? Tummy ache?

MICHAEL

Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh --!

Now BEN's face joins them.

BEN

What is it, Michael? A migraine?

MICHAEL

Impacted wisdom teeth. Ohhhhhh --!

DEBBIE

But you had them all extracted.

MICHAEL

(quickly dropping the act)

Emmett doesn't know that!

(then)

What possessed me? Why did I ever agree to go with him? Why? WHY?

DEBBIE

Because you're a kind-hearted human being who'd do anything for his friend.

MICHAEL

Because I'm a lame-brained human doormat who doesn't know how to say no.

BEN

It'll only be for a couple of days --

MICHAEL

More like an eternity --!

BEN

It could be a very empowering and enlightening experience. We've discussed these radical faerie gatherings in my class. In fact, Harry Hay started them back in the 70's so we could get back in touch with our Inner Magic.

MICHAEL

If it's so empowering and enlightening, why don't you go?

BEN

I have classes, there's Hunter --  
anyway Emmett asked you, not me.

MICHAEL

Well, I'm not going. No way!

Just then, Justin comes by carrying a load of take-out.

JUSTIN

Darren told me to thank you for all the  
food you've been sending over, Deb.

DEBBIE

Poor kid. It's the least we can do.

BEN

How's he doing?

JUSTIN

I'm afraid it's going to be a while  
before Shanda Leer appears in public  
again.

DEBBIE

At least he's got one ray of Sunshine  
in his life.

She sweetly brushes the hair out of Justin's eyes.

BEN

Tell him we'll miss him tonight at the  
Center, but we're all going to make  
sure this never happens again.

And EMMETT comes in, dressed for a road trip.

DEBBIE

Ready to find your Inner Faerie?

EMMETT

When I do, he'll probably look more  
like Captain Hook than Tinkerbelle.

(then, to Michael)

All packed?

MICHAEL

(holding his cheek)

Emm, I --

EMMETT

Before you say anything. As we all know, I've been going through some pretty tough times lately, and I guess you could say my headlights are on low beam.

(beat)

Make that fog. However, I'm willing to do anything to turn the brights back on.

(beat)

But whatever happens, the important thing is I will always, always be grateful that your son, your boyfriend - and my best pal in all the world will be there with me, offering his love and support.

He gives Michael a hug -- as Ben and Debbie give Michael a look.

MICHAEL

(clears his throat)

Uh --! We'd better get a move-on -- or these faeries won't get their wings.

CUT TO:

3 INT. REHAB - GROUP THERAPY ROOM - DAY 3

TED sits with his fellow REHABILITANTS in Group -- led by counselor BLAKE.

TED

It was actually a good thing I left here that night.

(joking)

See, my condo needed dusting -- and I don't trust my cleaning lady.

Laffs. Blake smiles. Ted continues.

TED (cont'd)

And -- it also gave me time to think. Think about where I should be, and what I should be doing.

(beat)

So I came back -- and I'm glad I did. Although it hasn't been easy. Every day's been a challenge.

BLAKE

But you did it. You completed the program.

(CONTINUED)

TED

And now, it's time for me to leave --  
the right way. With my eyes clear, and  
my head held high.

(to Blake)

Guess that's what happens when you have  
a great counselor -- and your health  
insurance runs out.

More laughter -- except for one dour-faced group member,  
JONATHAN.

JONATHAN

(muttering)

He'll be back.

BLAKE

What'd you say, Jonathan?

JONATHAN

I said he'll be back.

TED

Sure. For Group. As an out-patient.

JONATHAN

I mean back using. Then back here.

MARIA

Jesus, Jonathan, can't you be positive?

JONATHAN

Oh, I'm ~~that~~, too. But that doesn't  
mean I have to laugh at "Billy Crystal"  
here, doing his stand-up.

(to Ted)

It's not going to be any different for  
you than it is for the rest of us.

TED

You're wrong.

JONATHAN

You'll find out soon enough, it's not  
the same world you left when you came  
here.

TED

(after a beat, determined)

I'm going to be all right. I'll make  
sure of it.

JONATHAN

Just in case, we'll leave a light on.

(CONTINUED)

As Ted looks to Blake:

CUT TO:

4 INT. DARREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

4

The humble studio apartment of a young urban fag: rainbow motif knickknacks, hunk calendars and a poster of Shanda Leer. Drag memorabilia covers one wall: photographs, posters, tiaras and drag awards ("most promising," etc.) DARREN (22), the nice-looking guy we previously saw as Shanda Leer, lies on the sofa. With a pin in his leg and a broken right collarbone, he's clearly seen brighter days and better moods. Justin opens the bag from the diner.

DARREN

Better not be a parakeet in there,  
Jane.

JUSTIN

Huh?

DARREN

"Whatever Happened To Baby Jane",  
starring the two greatest bitch  
goddesses in the history of the human  
race, Miss Joan Crawford and Miss Bette  
Davis?

(imitating Miss Davis)

"Miss Crawford and I nehhh-ver got  
along."

JUSTIN

Right. I never saw it.

DARREN

I suppose there's no point even  
mentioning Esther Blodgett.

JUSTIN

Wait, I know that one. "A Star Is  
Born", right?

DARREN

Thank God, he really is gay.

JUSTIN

(pulling out a styrofoam box)  
Eat.

DARREN

No, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN  
(re: the parakeet)  
It's only tuna salad -- I swear.

DARREN  
Not hungry.

JUSTIN  
You're going to need your strength.

DARREN  
For what? Thanks to this pin in my  
leg, the doctor says I'll have a  
permanent limp. That should brighten  
up my act.

JUSTIN  
What're you listening to doctors for?  
After they stuffed my brain back in my  
head and sewed it up, they said I'd  
never draw again.

DARREN  
Do you?

JUSTIN  
For about fifteen minutes -- then my  
hand starts to shake. So I use a  
computer. But the point is --

DARREN  
(dramatically)  
You went on!

JUSTIN  
So'll you.

He practically stuffs half the tuna sandwich in Darren's  
mouth.

DARREN  
You're so -- reasonable. I keep hoping  
when they catch my bashers, they'll  
sentence them to life in prison and  
that they'll get fucked to death -- by  
prisoners with AIDS.

JUSTIN  
Keep those pleasant thoughts.

DARREN  
When it happened to you -- weren't you  
angry?

JUSTIN

(slightly distressed)

I don't remember -- I guess I tried not to think about it.

DARREN

I can't stop thinking about it. I see their faces, their boots smashing into me. I hugged this one guy's foot, held it to my stomach, to stop him from kicking.

JUSTIN

If you're still holding onto that boot, then you're still on the ground taking it. Forget about it.

DARREN

Listen, if you'd been reduced to jerking off with your left hand, you'd want 'em dead, too.

As they both laugh, breaking the tension.

CUT TO: 

5 INT./EXT. SLINGS N' EROS - DAY

5

CLOSE ON Brian as he finishes closing a deal.

BRIAN

We'll start with a new logo, launch an aggressive ad campaign in the locals, set up some high-profile sponsorships --

We now SEE Brian standing in a sex boutique on Liberty Avenue, talking to a dizzy SPANDEX QUEEN who's dressing a mannequin's big stuffed basket with a black, studded leather thong, while listening to Brian's pitch.

SPANDEX QUEEN

Sounds bigger than we can handle.

BRIAN

It's simple branding.

SPANDEX QUEEN

Our customers aren't into branding. Tattoos, piercings maybe --

BRIAN

I'm talking about a new image.

(CONTINUED)

SPANDEX QUEEN

I adore make-overs, but our ad budget's only two hundred a month.

Ouch. Sometimes the littlest cuts hurt the most.

BRIAN

Then we'll run a lean campaign, no fat.

SPANDEX QUEEN

Just like our customers. Perfect!

Brian squeezes out a smile, nods goodbye. As he exits the store, sighs:

CUT TO: ↓

6 EXT. FOREST PATH - DAY

6

Michael and Emmett push a wheelbarrow full of luggage along a forest path. There are ornaments in the trees, deconstructed Barbie dolls, beads, fabric blowing in the wind. Dozens of FAERIES of all ages, sizes, shapes and colors pass them. Their garb is Anything Goes. They may be just shirtless in cutoffs or jeans or boy scout uniforms, or in tutus, muumuus, saris, even gowns with army boots and leather jackets.

EMMETT

Something tells me we're not in Pittsburgh anymore.

MICHAEL

Something tells me we're not even on the planet anymore.

PERIWINKLE (O.S.)

You two must be virgins!

They look up to SEE PERIWINKLE, a big-boned, big-bearded hairy-as-can-be bear -- all dolled up in a wedding gown.

EMMETT

I haven't been a virgin since I was fifteen.

PERIWINKLE

Maybe "out there". But here your life as a faerie has just begun. I'm Periwinkle, the Queen Registrar -- and Official Greeter.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL  
"Periwinkle"?

\*  
\*

PERIWINKLE  
It's my faerie name. Everyone here has one.

\*  
\*  
\*

EMMETT  
What's wrong with our real names?

\*  
\*

PERIWINKLE  
Real names are fine for the real world. But this is a special place. A magical place, where you leave your real life behind -- at least for a little while. So take your time. Give it thought -- it'll be your faerie name forever. Now go settle in your cabin -- Dinner's whenever Spiral and Elk quit beading hair and start boiling the garbanzos. And there's a Midnight Massage in the yurt -- you don't want to miss that.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

As Periwinkle goes off to greet the next new faerie:

EMMETT  
A -- yurt?

\*  
\*

MICHAEL  
If we back up real slow, nobody'd even know we were here.

\*

EMMETT  
We've come this far, we might as well go through with it. Besides, what's the worst that can happen?

MICHAEL  
(pointing)  
That?

\*

Two bald-head, pierced and tattooed FAIRIES in women's 1950's one-piece bathing suits and high-heels walk by, hand-in-nail-polished hand.

\*

CUT TO:

7 INT. REHAB - DAY

7

Ted, carrying his overnight bag and some books, walks down the corridor with Blake.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

Just between us, around here we refer  
to Jonathan as D & G.

TED

Dolce and Gabbana?

BLAKE

Doom and Gloom.

TED

He didn't bother me.

BLAKE

That's good. Although, to be honest --  
he's not entirely wrong. A lot of  
patients do wind up coming back.

TED

Not me.

Blake appreciates the optimism, however:

BLAKE

Just remember what we talked about.

TED

(nods)

Give myself time. To adjust.

BLAKE

And not just you. The people in your  
life are going to need some time, too.

As they get to reception and the exit:

BLAKE (cont'd)

Well -- here we are.

Ted stares at the door, takes a gulp.

TED

I never thought I'd be so scared to see  
a door.

BLAKE

Don't think of it as a door. Think of  
it as -- a "threshold". To a new life.

TED

(gulp)

Right.

A beat, then Ted looks at Blake.

(CONTINUED)

TED (cont'd)

Well, thanks -- for everything.

BLAKE

Hey, don't thank me. You did it all.

TED

(lovingly)

With your help.

BLAKE

(after a beat)

You're still an amazing guy, Ted.

TED

Some people don't think so.

BLAKE

Give them time, remember?

Ted nods, then:

TED

Listen, I was wondering if I -- well, maybe -- I could call you sometime.

(before Blake can respond)

I mean, strictly on a professional basis. You know -- like if I suddenly find myself standing on a ledge with a rope around my neck?

BLAKE

(with a smile)

Or maybe just to say "hello"?

TED

That, too.

Blake jots down his number, hands it to Ted who folds it, puts it carefully away. An awkward beat, then Ted pulls Blake to him -- perhaps hugs him a little too tight and a little too long.

BLAKE

Good luck.

Ted nods, then leaves rehab. As Blake watches him go:

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

A PRINT AD

A brightly-colored photograph of a couple of super-hunky shirtless MALE MODELS in shorts, wearing backpacks, mountain climbing. A stunning vista of snow-capped mountains is in the b.g., with the somewhat suggestive slogan: "BE BACK ON TOP WITH RIDOVIR".

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Recognize this?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are in:

8 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

8

Brian regards the ad, CYNTHIA is showing him. Justin is also there.

BRIAN

Ah, yes. The Remson Pharmaceuticals' Account. My last campaign --

JUSTIN

-- before the Old Warrior was unceremoniously escorted from the building --

BRIAN/JUSTIN

"--without so much as a ballpoint pen."

JUSTIN

(re: the ad)

So what does this magic pill do?

BRIAN

It's guaranteed to turn you into a hottie who can climb the Matterhorn.

(incidentally)

Oh, and also reduce your viral load.

(to Cynthia)

What're you showing it to me for?

CYNTHIA

Vance is taking your idea and pitching it to Remson tomorrow.

BRIAN

He should. He owns it.

JUSTIN

But you thought it up!

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Basic rule of advertising and Eternal Damnation: when you sell your soul to the devil, he holds the copyright.

JUSTIN

So come up with another idea.

CYNTHIA

Then you can steal the account from Vance -- and your former assistant along with it.

BRIAN

An ingenious plan, Cynthia. But what pharmaceutical company's going to entrust their wonder weapon to a one-man band working out of his house?

JUSTIN

It's not the size that matters --

BRIAN

Have I taught you nothing --?

JUSTIN

-- it's the vision! You win this account -- you'll "be back on top"!

BRIAN

For once, I'll stick to the bottom.

He checks out the artwork for "Slings n' Eros" -- a head-on shot of a guy's butt in a sling -- the "o" in "Eros" over his asshole.

CYNTHIA

But if anyone can take on Vance, it's you.

BRIAN

It's not Vance I'd be going up against -  
- it's myself.

JUSTIN

Then what better man for the job?

As Brian ignores this, goes back to work:

CUT TO:

9 INT. FAERIE GATHERING - TENT - DAY

9

As Periwinkle leads Emmett and Michael into a wardrobe tent, filled with every outrageous outfit and accessory known to gay mankind.

PERIWINKLE

You have to throw off your civilian drag and become true faeries -- or else the magic doesn't work.

He rifles through a rack, pulls out a vintage yellow organza ball gown, holds it up to Michael.

PERIWINKLE (cont'd)

You'd look enchanting in this. \*

MICHAEL

(backing off) \*

Strapless makes me look fat.

PERIWINKLE

Then use your own divine powers and come up with something -- fabulous.

Emmett sorts through a rack of rag-tag clothes. \*

EMMETT

From these schmatas? \*

PERIWINKLE

Every faerie has a God-given gift to take what's ugly and turn it into something beautiful. You'll soon discover you have it, too! Now I really must fly -- I'm late for ear-candling. If you care to join me, it's down by the bog. \*

EMMETT

Where's the bog? \*

PERIWINKLE

Make a left at the yurt. \*

He rifles through costumes, each one more hideous than the next. \*

MICHAEL

When I agreed to come here with you, I didn't agree to look like my mother. \*

Emmett holds up a hopelessly hideous frock. \*

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

Maybe if we put something on, we'll  
"feel the magic", like he said.

SMASH CUT TO:

10 EXT. FOREST PATH - DAY

10

Emmett trudges along in mules, a turban -- and a sarong.

EMMETT

I look like Hedy Lamarr in "South Sea  
Woman" and I still don't feel the  
magic.

(calling over his shoulder)

You know, maybe you were right. We  
should just forfeit the registration  
fee and go home.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Now you tell me?

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

wearing short-short jeans, construction boots, a long strand  
of pearls and a wide-brimmed sun bonnet.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

I look completely and utterly --

He's about to say "ridiculous" when two HUNKY FAERIES pass.  
They give Michael the once-over:

FIRST HUNKY FAERIE

Hot!

SECOND HUNKY FAERIE

Totally hot.

MICHAEL

(the demure ingenue)

It's just a little something I picked  
off the rack --

FIRST HUNKY FAERIE

I'm Piston.

SECOND HUNKY FAERIE

I'm Wolfen.

MICHAEL

I'm -- Dumpling.

Emmett regards Michael for a long beat.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

"Dumpling"? Where'd you get that?

MICHAEL

I don't know. It just suddenly -- came to me.

As he muses over the mystical moment, OFF SCREEN VOICES call, "Yoo hoo!" They look over, SEE:

IN A FIELD

A nude volleyball game in progress.

NAKED PLAYER

Wanna play?

MICHAEL

That must be the naked volleyball game.

EMMETT

Your powers of observation are remarkable.

MICHAEL

Want to give it a try?

EMMETT

You're not serious.

MICHAEL

I bet it's fun, romping around bare-ass in the open air.

EMMETT

You go --

Michael runs off to join the game. As Emmett watches from the sidelines:

CUT TO:

11 INT. GAY AND LESBIAN CENTER - NIGHT

11

A community meeting, led by Ben and MELANIE, is in progress. LINDSAY and Debbie are in the crowd.

BEN

As you know, the Police are still working to apprehend the three men who attacked Darren West.

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

In the meantime, we've met with the liaison officer --

A BULLDYKE LIAISON OFFICER waves from the sidelines.

MELANIE (cont'd)

-- who's asked us to keep a lookout for anyone matching their descriptions and to take extra precautions when we're out -- especially at night.

BEN

With that in mind, we'd like to open the floor to your suggestions on how to make Liberty Avenue a safer environment for all of us.

The crowd begins to put up their hands.

DEBBIE

Never thought I'd say this, but first thing we need's more cops on the beat.

MELANIE

We've already talked to the new Police Chief. He said he'd do his best.

MR. CYNIC

We've all heard that one before.

LINDSAY

Then let's send a petition to the Mayor, demanding something be done.

MR. PRACTICAL

Let's be practical. We need more lighting on the side streets.

As the others nod and mutter in agreement, we SEE a group of five or six militant queer PUNKS (young fags and dykes) standing at the back, scoffing at the ideas.

BEN

Good idea. We'll take note of that.  
(pointing to a YOUNG WOMAN)  
Yes?

YOUNG WOMAN

I think we should wear little whistles around our necks. That way, if someone attacks us, all we have to do is blow.

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

Someone in the back WHISTLES. Loud, shrill, long. Heads turn to see CODY BELL, 23, a skinny, scrappy, almost too pretty young man with a defiant edge. His fingertips are poised between his lips.

CODY

Like that?

A beat as everyone, including Justin, stare at him.

MELANIE

Would you like to say something?

Cody looks at the Young Woman, then:

CODY

Who do you think'll come running?

(he gestures to the room)

Them? They don't even know how to defend themselves. The cops?

(he almost has to laugh it's so laughable)

If a bunch of homo-haters want to beat the shit out of you, you aren't going stop them by blowing a little whistle.

BEN

Then what do you suggest?

CODY

We protect ourselves, patrol the streets ourselves.

LINDSAY

You mean a vigilante group?

CODY

(a charming idea)

The Pink Posse!

People don't know whether to take him seriously or not. Some are amused, some are dismissive. A few listen.

MELANIE

Isn't that taking the law into your own hands?

CODY

Which law is that? The one saying you can't get married, or have job protection, or adopt, or visit your dying partner in the hospital without "special permission", or inherit their Social Security, or fuck --?

(CONTINUED)

BEN  
That was changed.

CODY  
Right. You can now copulate in Texas.  
Well, yippie-ki-yo-ki-ay.

Cody is hooted down -- "Shut up!", "Sit down!" Ben shouts for order.

BEN  
Let's have some order!

A beat as everyone quiets down. Cody continues. Calmly now.

CODY  
They wouldn't dare call a black man a nigger, because they know if they did, he'd kill them. They wouldn't dare call an Israeli a kike because they know they'd be blown off the face of the Earth. But they have no problem calling us fags. Why? Because they can. Because we're sissies. Because we're too scared to do anything. So sign your petitions. And write your letters. And blow your whistles. But nothing's going to change until you fight back. Until you learn to say, "Don't fuck with me!"

Having made his point, Cody walks out of the hall with quiet dignity. As Justin watches him go:

CUT TO:

12 INT. RIPT GYM - DAY

12 \*

Brian is pitching a deal to the GYM MANAGER, adding another account to his stable. \*

BRIAN  
We can do a cross-pollination campaign with Torso. A new membership here gets you ten percent off there. Two hundred bucks of clubwear there gets you ten percent off here -- \*

As Brian explains, Ben enters with HUNTER. \*

BEN  
Here's your first new member. \*

BRIAN

It's Batman and the new Robin.

BEN

Better not let the old Robin hear you say that.

HUNTER

(flirting with Brian)

Great pecs, dude. Wanna hook up in the steam room?

BRIAN

Yeah, he should fit in here just fine --

BEN

We didn't come here so you could hit on the guys -- that includes Brian. We came so you could stay healthy.

HUNTER

Little late for that, isn't it?

BEN

It's never too late to get in shape.

BRIAN

You want to develop that six-pack before you start drinking it.

(hmm...)

Think I'll use that for the ad.

Hunter points to an ad poster for another HIV drug: a couple of hunky cyclists racing across the finish line.

HUNTER

Why work out when I can take same meds and -- ka-pow! It's so long, virus.

BEN

Because it's better to build your immune system naturally.

HUNTER

Those guys taking them look pretty damn good to me.

BEN

That's not what HIV looks like. And meds don't "fix" anything. They buy you time, if they work. Then there're dozens of side-effects -- skin rashes, liver failure, cardiac arrest.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

It was all thanks to Darren's description.

LINDSAY

I bet he must feel relieved.

JUSTIN

More like bloodthirsty.

DEBBIE

And we all know there's nothing more terrifying than a bloodthirsty drag queen.

And then, who should ENTER but --

TED

Hey, Deb -- how about a cup of coffee?

DEBBIE

Sure, honey. Grab a seat and I'll --  
(then, surprised)  
Teddy!

As the others react along with her:

ALL

Ted --! Ohmygod --! Look who's here!  
I can't believe it! What a surprise!  
You look great! How're you doing -- ?

Then, after this spontaneous explosion -- silence. A long, dead silence. Nobody knows what to say.

LINDSAY

(finally)  
Soooo -- what's new?

TED

I just got out of rehab -- today. It all went well. In fact, it was probably the most significant experience of my life. You see --

DEBBIE

Hon, would you excuse me? I've got a grilled cheese that's turning into cement.

LINDSAY

(taking her cue)  
And I've got to get back to the gallery --

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

I'd love to hear about it, but Gus is waiting at day-care --

And they all scurry on their way -- leaving Ted standing there with Justin.

TED

Don't you have to be somewhere?

JUSTIN

Thanks for reminding me.  
(as he dashes)  
Welcome back!

TED

Thanks --

Ted's alone. Suddenly, Brian, at the counter, swivels around, wipes his lips delicately with his napkin. He's been sitting there all along.

BRIAN

Well, I feel you're to be commended, Theodore.

TED

(appreciatively)  
Thank you, Brian.

BRIAN

What you've accomplished is an amazing achievement --

TED

(modestly)  
Well, I wouldn't go so far as--

BRIAN

To sink so low. Hit bottom with such a resounding thud.

TED

You know, you should be a guest motivational speaker in rehab.

BRIAN

But, of course, the good news is when you've hit bottom, you can't go any lower. So there's only one way to go, and that way is --

He wants Ted to say it. Prompts him. Finally holds up his coffee cup. Points to it.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (cont'd)  
"Sounds like" --

TED  
(after a beat)  
Up.

As he gives Ted a supportive slap on the shoulder, takes off:

CUT TO: \*

---

14 EXT. FAERIE GATHERING - FOREST PATH - DAY 14

Emmett watches gloomily as happy faeries walk by, chatting, laughing, holding hands. One couple is making out under a tree, another couple is making love behind a bush. Emmett sighs, decides to get off this road, makes a detour into: \*

CUT TO:

---

15 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST - DAY 15

Deeper. Darker. Emmett appears to have lost his way. The further he goes, the more lost he becomes. Finally, he HEARS:

HARRY (O.S.)  
Looking for the naked Twister  
competition?

Through a clearing, Emmett SEES an elderly man (HARRY). Thick, black horn-rimmed glasses, sandals, a long flowing skirt and an old straw hat. He's moving rocks, placing them in a circle.

EMMETT  
Actually, that's probably the last  
thing I'm looking for.

HARRY  
Then how about giving me a hand,  
darling?

EMMETT  
What're you doing?

HARRY  
Important work.

EMMETT  
Moving rocks --?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Depends on why you're moving them.  
Here, help me place them in a circle. \*

As Emmett obeys, Harry sizes him up.

HARRY (cont'd)

You're a new faerie, aren't cha?

EMMETT

Around here I suppose I am. \*

HARRY

What's your name?

EMMETT

Emmett.

HARRY

(annoyed)

I don't mean your worldly name. What's  
your faerie name?

EMMETT

I haven't thought of one.

HARRY

What's stopping you?

EMMETT

(shrugs)

I don't know -- \*

HARRY

I do. You don't believe in faeries.  
You think this is all nonsense, don't  
cha?

EMMETT

No! I don't! Really!  
(then, as Harry sees right  
through him)  
Yeah. I do. \*

HARRY

Well maybe when you stop thinking that  
way, your faerie name'll come to you.  
But somehow, I doubt it.  
(off Emmett's look)  
You see, darling, I can always tell. \*  
You're not one of us -- a proud faerie. \*

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

I happen to be a very proud fairy! Ask anyone who knows me. My flame burns bright!

HARRY

Right now, it couldn't toast a marshmallow.

EMMETT

So it may be a little low --

HARRY

Because you've been hurt, by someone you loved. Now all you can feel is anger, and pain.

EMMETT

(resentful)  
How do you know?

HARRY

(re: his thick glasses)  
I don't need these to see that. You wear it like that outfit which, by the way, isn't very flattering.

EMMETT

(after a beat)  
That's why I came -- to renew my spirit. But it isn't working.

HARRY

And it won't. Because what you're looking for isn't here. Give me that --

Harry grabs a large heavy rock out of Emmett's arms like it were -- a marshmallow.

EMMETT

You're pretty strong for --

HARRY

An old faerie? It's called Faerie Power. It's what gives us our will to survive. But sometimes we forget we have it.

(lifting another rock with ease)

That's why the Gathering was started. To help us remember. To celebrate. And if anyone doesn't like it -- fuck'em all!

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT  
(surprised)  
That's what I used to say.

HARRY  
I know.

EMMETT  
So if it isn't here, where will I find  
it?

Harry doesn't answer, his mind on his work.

HARRY  
There. The circle is complete.

CUT TO:

16 INT. TED'S CONDO - DAY 16

START ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

Ted's going through his e-mail. There are fifty messages, all from Dr. Crystal. Suddenly, an IM POP-UP from Dr. C: "Hey, Teddy! You there? Where've you been?"

A MEMORY FLASH: Dr. C leering at Ted, puffing on his pipe: "Hot, hot, hot!".

Clearly distressed, Ted quickly deletes all the e-mail, pulls the computer cord out of the wall.

He goes to a drawer, pulls out:

HIS DRUG BOX

He places it on the counter, hesitates, then opens it. He reaches in, pulls out a bag of crystal, takes out his glass pipe, stares at it for a beat.

A MEMORY FLASH: As Ted takes a pull from the pipe -- and a hunky druggie starts sucking him off.

The DOORBELL rings, shocking Ted back into reality. He opens the door. There are Melanie and Lindsay. Lindsay holds his orchid plant. Melanie carries a grocery bag.

LINDSAY  
Hi. Can we come in --?

TED  
Uh -- sure.

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

Listen we didn't mean to run out of the diner like that --

LINDSAY

We were just in a hurry --

TED

(saving them the discomfort)  
It's okay -- I understand.

An awkward silence.

MELANIE

So, are you all right?

TED

Fine, fine -- don't worry about me.

LINDSAY

We brought Droopy back -- though, you might have to rename him. He's not drooping anymore. And look, he's even got a new bud.

MELANIE

Just needed a little TLC.

LINDSAY

That's tender "lesbian" care.

MELANIE

And your mail.

LINDSAY

We also thought you might need a few things --

MELANIE

Milk, eggs, coffee --

They start to put items on the counter, SEE the drugs and the pipe. An awkward beat as Ted notices them noticing.

TED

I was -- uh -- just getting rid of the triggers in my life.

LINDSAY

Is that what they call them?

TED

Anything that reminds you of what you don't want to be reminded of.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

TED (cont'd)

For me -- well, let's just say I should move to a desert island and start from scratch. Anyway, it's the first thing they tell you to do.

(beat)

You don't think I was --

(getting a little distressed)

Because I wasn't.

LINDSAY

No, of course not.

MELANIE

No one said you were.

But the doubt, the worry, the distrust is implicit. He quickly disposes of the drug paraphernalia, pulls a box of cereal from the grocery bag. With fake cheer:

TED

Crunchy granola! You girls trying to convert me?

CUT TO:

17 INT. VANGARD - BOARD ROOM - DAY

17

VANCE, assisted by Cynthia, presents Vanguard's campaign for Ridovir to LAWRENCE REMSON and TWO ASSOCIATES.

VANCE

(solemn, devout, oozing import)

What is Ridovir? Is it a drug? A pill? The latest miracle of medical technology? Of course it's all those things. And more.

He now reveals Vanguard's (or make that Brian's ads: images of young buff men, cycling, hiking, sailing, laughing).

VANCE (cont'd)

It's the promise of health. Of a future bright with hope. Of dreams fulfilled. Of being --

(to quote the copy)

-- "Back on Top". And so we've designed a campaign to accentuate the positive aspects of being positive. A campaign based on one simple word. And that word is --

BRIAN (O.S.)

Bullshit?

(CONTINUED)

Everyone turns to SEE Brian standing there, a fruit platter in one hand, his portfolio in the other.

VANCE

I was going to say "Optimism".

BRIAN

Melon ball, anyone?

VANCE

How the hell did you know about this meeting?

Cynthia discreetly turns away, busies herself pouring coffee, cleaning windows, anything.

BRIAN

I'm the one who set it up -- before I left.

REMSON

I like what you've done. Down-played the disease. Emphasized quality of life.

BRIAN

I should be so lucky to have HIV. Then I, too, could go mountain-climbing with my shirtless, hunky buds.

VANCE

(whispering to Brian)

If you don't get your ass out of here, I'm calling security.

BRIAN

Regretfully, Mr. Remson, I must be going. But before I leave, I'd like, with your permission, to show you a new campaign I've designed, "based on one simple word", and that word is honesty.

Before anyone can object, Brian places his ads on top of Vance's. In contrast to the hunky healthy athletes, the new ads show average-looking and truly HIV+ people. Men, women, children of all ages, races. Untouched-up. Uncensored.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Gentlemen, the real face of HIV.

REMSON

Oh -- my God.

As Vance reads the copy, mockingly:

(CONTINUED)

VANCE

"Some days I feel like shit, but at least I'm still alive." "I don't want to climb a mountain, I just want to live another day." "Sure, there are side effects, but nothing I can't handle."

REMSON

(appalled)  
You've got to be kidding.

BRIAN

It's strong medicine, I'll admit --

REMSON

Try a lethal dose. We spent six years and fifty million. I personally worked my ass off to get this through the FDA. You think I'm going to throw it away on some ad campaign that tells people they're going to feel like shit?

BRIAN

They already know that. And they're willing to accept it -- provided your drug'll buy them another month, another year. That's all they're hoping for, that's all they want. And that's all you can honestly offer.

VANCE

Our job is to make your product as attractive to the consumer as possible. And that is exactly what we've done. In fact, it was Mr. Kinney's idea.

BRIAN

And since it was my idea, may I be the first to say it stinks.

(to Remson)

Having HIV may not be a ride in the park, but with Ridovir, it's also not a death sentence. So why not just say that? Tell them the truth. After all, it's their life -- and their disease.

As Remson sizes up Brian:

CUT TO:

18 INT. DARREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

18

Justin has brought Darren food, magazines and most importantly, the newspaper article -- which he reads to him with great excitement.

JUSTIN

(reading)

"Suspects matching the description of three men who attacked a young gay man were apprehended last night in the vicinity of Liberty Avenue -- charges will be filed pending an investigation -- ?

(to Darren)

Isn't that great? They caught the mother-fuckers! Now all you have to do is finger them -- metaphorically speaking, of course -- and they can rot behind bars for the next twenty years. Or better yet, get gang-raped nightly by prisoners with AIDS.

DARREN

(absorbed in a mag)

Doesn't Christina Aguilera look fabulous? I love her hair. Maybe Shanda Leer should try something like that for her comeback. If she comes back.

JUSTIN

She will. Didn't you hear me?

DARREN

Of course I heard you. "Gang-raped nightly by prisoners with AIDS." Where do you come up with such gruesome thoughts?

JUSTIN

(giving him a look)

So when's the line-up?

DARREN

If you're referring to what goes on in the backroom of a certain club, I don't engage in such activity.

JUSTIN

I'm referring to the police line-up. When're you going to identify them?

(CONTINUED)

DARREN

(one final glance through the magazine, then)

I'm not.

(off Justin's surprised look)

I don't really have a very clear memory of what they looked like.

JUSTIN

You're the one who described them!

DARREN

Guess I've forgotten.

JUSTIN

Maybe seeing them again'll refresh your--

DARREN

I already told the police, "Sorry, wish I could help, but I really can't. Thanks for asking."

JUSTIN

But if you don't point them out --

DARREN

I really don't care to discuss it further. Now, what's for lunch?

JUSTIN

Chicken.

(then)

Why'd you change your mind?

DARREN

What's the expression -- "cowardice is the better part of valor"?

JUSTIN

Not exactly.

DARREN

But you get my drift. Say I identify them. Say they go to trial. Say they get off. Say they come looking for me. Need I go on?

Justin looks at him for a beat.

JUSTIN

Say they're back on the street tomorrow 'cause you didn't do anything. Say they attack someone else?

(CONTINUED)

DARREN

Look, you're the one who told me to put it all behind me. Get on with my life. I do love her hair --

JUSTIN

Maybe I was wrong. Maybe it's time we stood up for ourselves. Fight back!

DARREN

(turning on him)

When your attacker bashed you, left you for dead, and then got off, practically scot-free -- what exactly did you do?

CUT TO:

19 EXT. LIBERTY AVENUE - NIGHT

19

FIND Ted and Blake walking along. Ted is nervous, agitated.

TED

I know I said I'd only call you if I was on a ledge with a rope around my neck, but will a curb and a scarf suffice?

BLAKE

I told you, you can call me anytime. As a friend.

As they pass a Starbucks:

BLAKE (cont'd)

How about some coffee -- a cappuccino?

TED

If I was any more wired, I'd light up Times Square.

BLAKE

Be patient. You've only been back in your life for one day.

TED

One day, and already I'm a wreck. I even have -- sweaty palms!

(off Blake's "I don't get it" look)

Rod Longbottom. He was a guy I dated once for five minutes. Lived up to both names. Gorgeous. Amazing. I dumped him. Want to know why? Sweaty palms!

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

Remember in group we discussed it would take some getting used to? Not just for you, but for everyone around you.

Ted recalls, but:

TED

I make my friends nervous. They don't know what to say. They see me and want to flee. They don't trust me. They think I'm still using.

BLAKE

Same thing happened to me. But eventually they came around, and even forgave me.

(a beat)

Except for one.

TED

Your mother? Your father?

BLAKE

No. The first guy who ever believed in me. I never really made amends to him.

A beat as Blake looks at Ted. Ted understands.

TED

Did you try?

BLAKE

(shaking his head)

We lost touch. But recently we've -- reconnected. So maybe now I'll have the chance.

As they continue to walk along:

CUT TO:

20 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

20

A series of comic panels: Rage and JT in a violent, bloody battle sequence. They rip off bashers' body parts, chop off their dicks, shove them into the bashers' own mouths. End on the final, most gruesome panel -- with Justin's hand adding the finishing touches.

ANGLE ON BRIAN

watching over Justin's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Since when did our superheroes become  
the Merry Butchers of Gayopolis?

JUSTIN

Somebody has to do it, since fags are  
too cowardly to stand up for  
themselves.

Fatigued by his frenetic work, Justin's hand starts to  
quiver, trembling so bad he drops the pencil.

JUSTIN (cont'd)

Fuck!

He massages his hand, shaken and frustrated.

BRIAN

Somebody's pissed off.

JUSTIN

You'd be too if you'd gotten your head  
bashed in!

Justin's so caught up in his own rage he doesn't notice it's  
a painful blow to Brian as well, suddenly being reminded of  
that night.

BRIAN

(softly)

I know -- I was there.

(then)

I thought you'd put it behind you.  
Moved on.

JUSTIN

I don't want to talk about it.

He goes back to drawing. At least trying to. Brian turns  
him around in his swivel chair, squats down, looks at him.  
Justin raises his eyes. Brian tenderly, and with love,  
strokes his cheek, calming him. Finally:

JUSTIN (cont'd)

Darren's refused to identify his  
attackers. They're going to get off.  
When I told him he should be brave,  
stand up for himself, he said, "What  
did you do?"

Brian unfurls a sample of Justin's art: the "Laughing Stock"  
poster of Stockwell.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

You did this.

JUSTIN

Big deal.

BRIAN

Damn right. He lost.

JUSTIN

Because of you, not some stupid poster.

(then)

I was a coward. I should've done something. Gotten even.

BRIAN

You want to get even? I'll tell you how to get even. By being the biggest fucking success you can possibly--

JUSTIN

I already know --

BRIAN

Then if you know, take that anger, hold it tight, let it burn. Then use it to have more money, more power, more sex than any poor hetero schmuck. Because trust me -- nothing pisses off a straight guy more than a successful fag. Let that be your revenge.

A beat, then:

JUSTIN

You know Guernica? People say it's the greatest war protest painting ever made.

(beat)

Well I say bullshit. It hangs in a fucking museum, collecting dust. And this is bullshit. It doesn't do a fucking goddamned thing!

As he wads up his drawing, hurls it across the room:

CUT TO:

21 EXT. FAERIE GATHERING - FAERIE MEADOW - NIGHT

21

A faerie "Heart Circle". Faeries sit around a bonfire on the rocks that Emmett and Harry assembled. "The Wand" -- a faerie talisman -- is being passed from faerie to faerie, their faces lit from the flames.

(CONTINUED)

PISTON

I feel the power --

He passes the wand to:

WOLFEN

I feel the power --

He passes the wand to:

MICHAEL

I feel the power, too. I'll never think of a "faerie" the same way again.

Michael's the last faerie left holding The Wand. THE LEATHER SHAMAN -- a High Priest decked out in full leather regalia -- leads the ritual.

LEATHER SHAMAN

Now let us stoke our fires and release our burdens into the flames --

EMMETT (V.O.)

Hold it, darling!

Everyone turns, sees Emmett standing there in a new and utterly fabulous outfit.

EMMETT (cont'd)

I'll take that, Dumpling.  
(as Michael passes him The Wand)

My name is -- "On A Clear Day You Can See Forever". It just sorta came to me -- yaknowwhatImean? But you can call me Clear Day.

Michael gives him a big grin, Emmett returns it with a wink.

LEATHER SHAMAN

This is a heart circle, Clear Day. We share our feelings here. Is there anything you'd like to share?

EMMETT

Besides the fact that for a High Priest you look fuckin' hot?

(after a beat)

The truth is, I dind't really want to come here. In fact, I resisted every minute of it. But then somehow, something -- magical -- happened.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT (cont'd)

I realized that if it's true that faeries have the power to create beauty out of ugliness, joy out of pain, that power can only come from one place. Which I guess I knew all along, only I'd forgotten. Thank you for helping me to remember.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LEATHER SHAMAN

Everyone rise.

\*

They do.

LEATHER SHAMAN (cont'd)

We thank the powers of the Earth and the Heavens for giving us our special gifts. We celebrate our faerie forefathers and the generations of faeries to follow. And our Faerie Founder, Harry Hay --

\*  
\*  
\*

As Emmett cranes his neck, searches:

EMMETT

Where is he, anyway?

\*  
\*

PERIWINKLE

Harry Hay?

\*  
\*

EMMETT

I helped him put the rocks in this circle.

\*  
\*

PERIWINKLE

Honey, Harry passed away two years ago.

\*  
\*

Emmett looks, well, confused.

\*

CUT TO:

Blake holds open a garbage bag -- as Ted does a hurried housecleaning disposing of "triggers".

TED

Fuck Clothes.  
(filthy, smelly)  
Christ, they stink --

Repelled, he tosses them into the bag, grabs a pile of sex toys.

TED (cont'd)

Won't be needing these --

He tosses them into the bag, then grabs a stack of porn tapes and magazines.

TED (cont'd)  
-- or these.

He chucks them into the bag as well. He picks up a framed portrait of Giacomo Puccini, starts to dump it.

BLAKE  
Wait --  
(perplexed)  
-- how's Puccini a trigger?

TED  
He was watching the whole time.

Blake puts the picture back.

BLAKE  
I say we give him a reprieve. That it?

TED  
Almost.

He goes to his laptop, grabs it.

BLAKE  
Sure you want to trash that?

TED  
Never brought me anything but trouble.  
Hook-ups, pornsites -- not to mention  
endless e-mails to increase my dick  
size.

BLAKE  
I don't recall that being one of your  
shortcomings.

TED  
And I remember it snowing up to here.  
That's the beauty of memory --  
everything seems bigger.

They laugh for a beat, but then Ted's smile vanishes.

TED (cont'd)  
You know, even if I got rid of every  
trigger, every reminder, I'd still  
remember what I did -- how I hurt the  
people I loved.

Then he picks up the bag, carries it to the front door.

(CONTINUED)

TED (cont'd)

That's that.

(then checking the time)

I didn't know it was so late --

BLAKE

Guess I better go. You going to be all right?

TED

To tell you the truth, after rehab -- where they never left you alone -- I'm feeling a little freaked, being here by myself.

BLAKE

I could stay with you -- if you'd like.

TED

I -- I couldn't ask you to do that --

BLAKE

If it'd make you feel better --

A beat, then awkwardly:

TED

So, uh, where do we -- I mean --

BLAKE

I'll crash on the sofa.

TED

The sofa. Right! I'll, uh, get you a blanket. And a pillow --!

Ted goes into the bedroom as Blake sits on the sofa. A beat, then Ted returns with a pillow and a blanket.

TED (cont'd)

Blanket and pillow!

(beat)

Well --

BLAKE

Well -- good night.

TED

Sleep tight.

BLAKE

See you in the morning?

(CONTINUED)

TED  
You'd better.

BLAKE  
And if you need anything -- I'm here.

As Ted nods, gratefully, then, awkwardly, goes into the bedroom:

CUT TO:

23 INT. FOCUS GROUP ROOM/OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY 23

A friendly MODERATOR is showing a focus group of TEN HIV-POSITIVE PEOPLE images from Vangard's campaign.

MODERATOR  
So how do you feel about these ads? If you saw them in a newspaper or a magazine or on a billboard, would they make you want to ask your doctor about Ridovir?

THOMAS, a gay white male 30, points to a topless hottie in the ad.

THOMAS  
Sure, if it came with his phone number.

SALLY, a woman in her 40's adds:

SALLY  
It's pretty much the same-old same-old --

BILL, a black male, 20's agrees:

BILL  
Hunky white dudes having fun.

RAYMOND, a Latino male, 30's remarks:

RAYMOND  
I like the message of hope.

THOMAS  
(getting the innuendo)  
And being "on top".

MODERATOR  
What about these?

The images of the Vangard campaign are replaced -- with images of Brian's new campaign. The group stares in silence.

(CONTINUED)

A couple are distressed. A couple take a hard swallow, moved to see an accurate reflection -- of themselves. A noticeably different reaction.

THOMAS

You've got to be kidding.

SALLY

I don't believe it -- finally a woman with HIV.

BILL

Not to mention a black man.

RAYMOND

Who would run ads like this?

SALLY

You mean that tell the truth? Some days I do feel like shit.

BILL

But to actually to see it --

THOMAS

You think you're ever going to see that?

The CAMERA PANS behind a TWO-WAY MIRROR on the wall to REVEAL Brian and Remson, observing the group, listening over a speaker.

THOMAS (cont'd)

(his voice over the speaker)

That's one ad you'll never see. They wouldn't have the balls.

As the others in the group agree, Brian stands observing Remson.

CUT TO:

24 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

24

Emmett, in a flashy ensemble, dancing like a whirling-dervish. The bitch is definitely back! Babylonians on the floor give him room to show off, as they watch in admiration.  
RAMP TO:

THE BAR

Where Michael is excitedly showing snapshots to Brian and Ben:

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Here's Piston and Wolfen -- and  
Periwinkle -- and here's Emmett -- I  
mean, Clear Day --

BEN

Don't forget the cutie in the short-  
shorts and the pearls.

BRIAN

I think you may have found your  
Christmas card.

BEN

Didn't I tell you it would be a once-in-  
a-lifetime experience -- "Dumpling"?

Beat.

BRIAN

"Dumpling"?

MICHAEL

It's my faerie name. And if you ever  
so much as call me that --!

Just then, Emmett comes over, happy and bright as a -- well,  
faerie.

EMMETT

Cosmo, please!

He grabs a handful of glitter out of a baggie, tosses it over  
Brian, Michael and Ben.

BRIAN

(after a beat)

Why did you do that?

EMMETT

Just trying to spread the magic!

BEN

You know, maybe next year we should all  
go.

MICHAEL/EMMETT

Great idea!

BEN

What about you, Brian?

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

I'd rather have my tongue super-glued  
to a lesbian's twat.

(then)

Anyway, I'm going to be far too busy  
with my new business -- and my new  
account.

MICHAEL

(enjoying a dig)

The "Circus of Porn" isn't exactly  
going to buy you your summer home in P-  
Town.

BRIAN

But Remson Pharmaceuticals will.

Brian grabs the faerie dust from Emmett, dumps it over  
everyone's heads. \*

BRIAN (cont'd)

Here's to "Kinnetics". Drinks are on  
me. \*

CUT TO:

25 INT. WOODY'S - NIGHT

25

Justin stands at the bar, having a beer, surveying the  
night's offerings: fags leaning on every column, cruising,  
posing. Friends giggling and gossiping, a few regulars  
playing pool. In a far corner, he SPOTS Cody and followers,  
huddled around a table, engrossed in serious conversation.  
Justin takes his beer, ventures over.

CODY

They don't even get it. They think  
it's about walking their poodles  
without getting mugged. But it's more  
than that --

Cody looks up, SEES Justin standing at the table.

CODY (cont'd)

Well, if it isn't Meg Ryan.

The others laugh, but Justin takes the humiliation without  
flinching. He's endured worse.

JUSTIN

I heard what you said at the Center.

(beat)

And I agree.

(CONTINUED)

CODY

That's nice.

(back to the group, ignoring  
Justin)

They need to understand it's not about  
being a victim --

JUSTIN

(speaking out)

It's about not allowing yourself to be  
victimized.

Cody stops, looks at Justin for a long beat. Finally a small  
smile forms.

CODY

Cody Bell.

JUSTIN

Justin Taylor.

CODY

Ready to kick some straight ass?

Justin smiles as he pulls up a chair, joins the group:

FADE OUT.

THE END