

queer as folk

EPISODE 410

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PRODUCTIONS

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PRODUCTIONS

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queerasfolk

EPISODE 410



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
 HUNTER.....Harris Allan
 SAM AUERBACH.....Robin Thomas

and as

DEBBIE NOVOTNY.....Sharon Gless



GUEST CAST

NURSE

MR. NEE

DREW BOYD

MRS. NEE

REPORTER

JOAN KINNEY

CYNTHIA

SIDNEY BLOOM

ANTHONY

STEAMROOM STUD

*BETTY



FADE IN:

1 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

1

BRIAN and JUSTIN are in bed, engaging in some hot and heavy foreplay. Justin rolls on top of Brian, smiling down at him, as he pins his arms over his head by the wrists. Brian looks up at him. Suddenly, Justin's image is REPLACED by:

A NURSE

looming over him:

NURSE

Just count backwards from ten Mr.
Kinney --

BACK TO BRIAN

flipping Justin over, now the one on top, he reaches for a condom. As he rips off the foil:

A SCALPEL

slices into Brian's flesh.

CLOSE UP ON BRIAN'S FACE

perspiration popping out as he struggles to enter Justin.

A SURGICAL INSTRUMENT

removes a small, bloody organ. Drops it into a steel pan.

BRIAN

trying hard to stay hard, continues to fuck Justin. But as his frustration grows, his dick does the opposite. Finally, he rolls off. Silent in defeat. Finally:

JUSTIN

Brian --?

BRIAN

Don't say anything.

Brian gets out of bed, lights a cigarette.

JUSTIN

Look, I'm sure it's just a temporary
malfunction.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

JUSTIN (cont'd)

It takes time: to regain your strength,
for your body to heal itself.

(placing a sympathetic hand on
Brian's shoulder)

Be patient. Everything'll be up and
running in no time.

BRIAN

Thanks for not saying anything.

CUT TO:

2

INT. MICHAEL & BEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

2

Morning. Getting ready for the day. HUNTER, excitedly,
hounds MICHAEL.

HUNTER

I want to get those cool Pumas and a
pair of Diesel jeans -- maybe two!

MICHAEL

Hey, hey -- whoa. What do you think --
I'm made of money?

HUNTER

Like -- yeah. You're having a movie
made.

MICHAEL

We hope. And I didn't work my ass off
to put expensive jeans on yours.

Just then, BEN comes in.

HUNTER

Ben --! I want to get a couple of pair
of Diesel jeans --

BEN

Pull your pants up. I can see your
shorts.

HUNTER

That's the fuckin' point!

MICHAEL

We're taking Hunter to buy some new
clothes --

HUNTER

And have pizza and go to a movie --

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
(quickly adding)
Not a Brett Keller movie.
(then)
Tomorrow night? The mall? The three
of us?

BEN
(putting papers in his
saddlebag)
Sure. Fine.

His cell phone BZZZZZES.

BEN (cont'd)
That's probably Mark Bluestein. Has
the flu. I said I'd cover his class --
(answering his phone)
Hello --? Hey --! Uh-huh. Sure.
Breakfast, lunch, whatever. See ya'
then.

He clicks off.

MICHAEL
For someone who's laid up with the flu,
he has a pretty healthy appetite.

BEN
That wasn't Mark. It was Anthony.
From the library. Remember I told you
about him?

MICHAEL
How could I forget? He only calls you
every hour.

BEN
That's not true.

HUNTER
(teasing him)
Maybe he has a crush on you.

BEN
That's not true, either. He's just a
nice kid who wants to be a writer. We
get together and discuss books, that's
all.

Michael starts to retort -- but before he can answer:

BEN (cont'd)
(to Hunter)
So! Tomorrow night -- pizza -- a movie
and Diesel jeans!

HUNTER
Tight!

BEN
(tugging Hunter's baggy pants)
You mean -- "loose".

CUT TO:

3 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

3

EMMETT gets royally fucked by DREW BOYD. Having a whopping
orgasm: *

EMMETT
Touchdown!
(then, breathless) *
My, how that boy can score. *

DREW
I've got a good kicker.

EMMETT *
I'll say. *

DREW *
That's a quarterback's secret weapon.

Emmett flops back in bliss as they enjoy a little post-game
chat.

EMMETT
Speaking of secrets, does your fiancée
know?

DREW
Know what?

EMMETT
That you're --

He gestures, without saying it.

DREW
That I'm --?

He gestures similarly. *

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

Do I really have to say it? That
you're --

(beat)

The "H" word.

DREW

Hard-bodied? Hot? Hung?

(gloating)

Yeah, she knows all that.

EMMETT

I mean "homosexual". Gay. Queer.

DREW

Hey, I'm not a fag!

EMMETT

Did I use that word?

DREW

A fag is a sissy. A pansy. A girl.
You think I'm that? *

EMMETT

Hardly --

DREW

A fag can't even throw a ball! You
know how far I can throw?

EMMETT

I reckon a country mile.

DREW

I'm a hero! To millions! Name one fag
who's a hero. Name one fag who's
gotten a call from the President
saying, "Great game!" Name one fag
who's fucked every Dallas Cheerleader --
and I don't even play for Dallas! Name
one fag every kid wants to grow up to
be!

EMMETT

Harvey Fierstein --?

DREW

So how could anyone think I was a fag?

EMMETT

Because you had your dick up my ass?

DREW

Okay, so I like to fuck guys. But that doesn't mean I love them. Or want to kiss them. Or even know them. This is just for fun. To get off. That's all.

(a beat)

And nobody's ever to hear about this -- understand?

*
*
*
*

Emmett regards him for a beat, then:

EMMETT

Who'd believe me if I told them?

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY BLOOM GALLERY - DAY

An attractive REPORTER from some local news show is interviewing SAM in the middle of the gallery. LINDSAY, working, observes.

REPORTER

Next week, an enormous 250 foot mural of yours will be unveiled at Penn Plaza. Tomorrow, an exhibition of your drawings opens here at the Sidney Bloom Gallery. Tell me, Mr. Auerbach. Why did you choose Pittsburgh?

AUERBACH

Because unless you're a Pirates fan,
there's not a goddamn reason to come
here. Now there will be.

Auerbach glances with a smile at Lindsay who avoids his gaze.

REPORTER

I've heard your ego's as big as -- your
mural.

AUERBACH

I hope I haven't let you down. And I
hope this bagel-deprived burg feels the
same way when they see my work. *

REPORTER

I think that's all we need.
(killing the camera, then to
Sam)
That was great. Thank you.

AUERBACH

Any time, honey.

He goes over to Lindsay, who busies herself.

AUERBACH (cont'd)

How was I?

LINDSAY

Okay. I guess. I wasn't really
listening. I was working. *

AUERBACH

Glad I didn't distract you.

LINDSAY

Not at all.

She goes over to a file of lithographs. He follows her.

AUERBACH

You know, I have this strange feeling
that I'm being -- *

(he can barely say it)

-- ignored. Strange, because -- let's
face it -- I'm not used to being
ignored. In fact, I think the last
time it happened I was fourteen. Suzie
Schroeder was her name. *

(MORE) *

CONTINUED: (2)

AUERBACH (cont'd)

Ditched me at the Taste Freeze for a guy with a triple scoop. Broke my heart.

LINDSAY

Well you needn't worry, I haven't been to a Taste Freeze in years. Now why don't you go over and flirt with the nice girl reporter and leave me to my work?

*
*

And as she continues on her way, leaving Sam puzzled:

CUT TO:

INT. KINNETIK - BRIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Mounds of files on his desk, Brian works the phone, juggling three telephone conversations at once.

*

BRIAN

(line one)

Harvey, have I ever let you down? Name one time. Okay, name a second. Hold on --

(line two)

Mr. DeCarlo, sorry to keep you.

(listens for a beat, then lying through is teeth)

We're right on schedule. Looks great! When? Hold on.

(on to line three)

Tell Jacob if the Dandy Lube art isn't on my desk by 9 a.m. Friday, he'll be teaching remedial finger-painting to kindergartners!

(back to line two)

Mr DeCarlo? How does 10 a.m. Friday sound?

He hangs up, then remembers Harvey.

*

BRIAN (cont'd)

(line one)

Harvey? So have you thought of a second? See? I told you. Now stop worrying, I'll get you the back cover!

He hangs up again as TED approaches with a handful of papers, which he dumps on the desk, alongside a mound of other papers.

(CONTINUED)

TED

With an act like that, you should be in Vegas making tigers vanish into thin air.

BRIAN

Throw me a fuckin' bone, I'm trying to juggle fifteen balls at once. No remarks. Nice suit.

TED

Worked wonders on Son of Dandy Lube.

BRIAN

I like your new found self-confidence, Theodore. Far preferable to your former lack thereof.

TED

"So what's my next assignment, Jim?"

On cue, CYNTHIA enters.

CYNTHIA

Congrats!

(handing him a fax)

Brown Athletics is committing a cool mil to snag a model for their new underwear line.

TED

As luck would have it, I happen to be available.

CYNTHIA

Unfortunately, they're looking for someone with a higher profile.

BRIAN

Not to mention bigger basket.

CYNTHIA

They want a famous sports figure.

TED

I happen to have been Pittsburgh's 1986 Junior Class Ping Pong Champion. Well, runner-up.

BRIAN

(glancing at the pile of papers on his desk)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (cont'd)

And at what hour of the day or night am I supposed to conduct this star search?

TED

I'll do it for you, Bri.

BRIAN

You?

TED

(flashing his new-found confidence)

I landed Dandy Lube, didn't I? I'll talk to some agents, a few managers, see who's interested, then put together a short-list. Final draft choice is yours, of course.

*
*

BRIAN

Sounds perfect, except for one itty-bitty detail: you don't know a fucking thing about sports.

TED

But I know about sex. What looks good in a pair of shorts. After all, I'm a gay man -- and sex is our national past-time.

*
*
*
*

As he "adjusts" himself, struts out:

CUT TO:

Michael is looking over Justin's latest sketches of Rage and JT (who look a lot like Brian and Justin, of course) having wild sex.

MICHAEL

These drawings of Rage and JT are hot. But why can't we ever show Zephyr having a fuckfest with some great-looking guy?

JUSTIN

Because nobody buys our comics to see Zephyr get laid.

MICHAEL

That is so not true! Just because you don't want to see it --

*

JUSTIN

It's not that I don't want to see it --
it's that I can't imagine it. *

MICHAEL

Well, I can. When he and his hunky
boyfriend, the world famous
paleontologist, Professor Ken
Kirschner, get it on, they really
rattle the old dinosaur bones.

(beat)

Except ever since the scientific
community rejected the professor's
latest research findings, they haven't
felt much like doing it.

JUSTIN

I know what that's like.
(tossing the drawing aside)
JT hasn't been able to get a rise out
of Rage ever since Ice Teena zapped him
with her radiation gun. *

MICHAEL

You mean --?

JUSTIN

Not since the operation.

MICHAEL

But I thought the doctor said --

JUSTIN

That "nothing would be affected"?
Well, something sure as hell isn't
working.

MICHAEL

Maybe he needs some Viagra.

JUSTIN

You try telling him that!

MICHAEL

Okay, then how about we take a little
trip to Chinatown?

JUSTIN

I already ate.

MICHAEL

I meant to see Master Nee.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

Who's he?

MICHAEL

This herbalist Ben goes to. Says he's a miracle worker. Gave him stuff that actually helped lower his viral load.

JUSTIN

Come on -- you don't believe that.

MICHAEL

Chinese medicine's been working for thousands of years. Who am I to doubt it? Besides, if he can lower Ben's count, who knows, maybe he can help raise --

JUSTIN

-- the Titanic?

CUT TO:

EXT. CARNEGIE MELLON CAMPUS - DAY

Ben's walking to his class, after lunch. He may have a cup of coffee. ANTHONY accompanies him.

BEN

I give them an assignment to critique one of Tennessee Williams' plays, and what do they do? Rip him to shreds -- like a pack of jackals.

ANTHONY

You know how some queers are -- they're not content to criticize, they have to seek and destroy.

BEN

All I know is, it's a lot harder to create something than it is to tear it apart.

ANTHONY

Like your book. It must've been like giving birth.

BEN

Most people have no idea.

(CONTINUED)

ANTHONY

I do. Every sentence I write -- or try to -- is agony. I don't know why I do it.

*
*

BEN

Probably for the same reason I do: you have no choice.

*
*
*

(then)

If you ever want me to read anything -- a story, a chapter, a sentence -- just ask. I promise to be gentle.

*

ANTHONY

I'm sure you would be.

An awkward moment, then Anthony quickly covers.

ANTHONY (cont'd)

So what do you think about Edmund White?

*
*

BEN

His essays and articles on being positive influenced me tremendously. But I particularly love his autobiographical fiction. In fact, "A Boy's Own Story" inspired me to write "R-U-1-2".

*
*
*
*

ANTHONY

Then how about coming with me to his lecture tomorrow night? I've got an extra ticket.

BEN

I'd love to -- but I already made plans with my partner and our foster son.

*
*
*

ANTHONY

That takes priority. But in case something changes, I'll save you the seat.

*
*

CUT TO:

INT. LINDSAY & MELANIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

MELANIE and Lindsay are in the middle of making love. Mel's between Lindsay's legs, going at it with her usual expertise. But Lindsay's struggling to get into this tonight. Finally, she pulls Melanie up.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

Honey --

MELANIE

Huh --?

LINDSAY

That feels wonderful. *

MELANIE

I'm glad -- *

LINDSAY

But do you mind if we --

She hesitates.

MELANIE

What --?

A beat, then Lindsay turns to the bed stand, opens a drawer, pulls out -- a vibrator.

LINDSAY

If we use this?

MELANIE

(a beat, surprised)

Glinda's magic wand? We haven't used that since Dorothy went home to Kansas.

LINDSAY

I just felt -- I don't know -- in the mood, I guess.

(then)

But if you don't want to --

She starts to put it away.

MELANIE

(stopping her)

No, no --! If that's what you want --

She takes the vibrator from Lindsay, turns it on: BZZZZZZZZ!

MELANIE (cont'd)

-- then let's give it a whirl! *

She begins to rub it gently along Lindsay's belly, down her thighs.

Lindsay gives herself over to the sensation as Melanie pleasures her. From her expression, we can see she's thinking of something -- or someone.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBERTY DINER - NIGHT

Brian in his suit and topcoat, carrying a briefcase and looking pretty weary after a long day's work, is paying for some take-out (a sandwich, whatever) at the counter.

BETTY

There you go.

*
*

She gives him his change and a brown paper bag --

BRIAN

Thanks --

-- as DEBBIE, slipping on her coat, passes.

BETTY

Take it easy, Deb.

*
*

DEBBIE

You, too, Betty honey. See you tomorrow.

*

She exits, ignoring Brian's presence. He notices.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBERTY DINER - NIGHT

Brian comes out of the Diner, sees Debbie walking down the deserted street, alone. He catches up with her.

BRIAN

In case you didn't notice, I was in the diner.

DEBBIE

(chilly)
I noticed.

Dead silence.

BRIAN

Walk you home?

DEBBIE

That's okay.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

It's late.

DEBBIE

I've been doing it on my own for twenty years. I can take care of myself.

BRIAN

And you've got a right hook to prove it.

She casts him a glance. Finally:

DEBBIE

You're working late.

BRIAN

Got to get the job done.

DEBBIE

Used to be the only reason you'd still be up was because you were still -- "up".

He gets her drift.

BRIAN

A lot of things "used to be".

DEBBIE

You're tellin' me.

A beat, then:

BRIAN

I shouldn't have said what I did about Vic.

DEBBIE

Damn straight you shouldn't've.

(beat)

Not that you were wrong -- he was lucky he got those extra years. But it was the way you said it. Tossin' it off like it didn't mean a thing. Like his fuckin' life didn't mean a thing. *

BRIAN

I see your point.

DEBBIE

So why didn't you see it then?

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

(shrugs)

Maybe because I didn't know I had cancer then.

That takes a second to register. She stops.

DEBBIE

What?

BRIAN

You going to make me say it twice?

DEBBIE

I just want to make sure I --

BRIAN

You heard it.

DEBBIE

Shit. Are you --?

BRIAN

All right? They think. Who the hell knows?

DEBBIE

Then what the fuck're you doin' out at two in the morning? You should be home getting your rest!

BRIAN

It's hard to sleep. Sometimes I have these -- dreams.

DEBBIE

Well force yourself. And make sure you eat, you hear me? Gotta keep your strength up.

BRIAN

Yes, mother.

Beat.

DEBBIE

Does she know?

He gives her a look -- she's got to be kidding.

BRIAN

So far, only Justin and Michael. Oh,
and Theodore.

DEBBIE

(pissed)
And nobody told me?

BRIAN

I'm telling you.

She looks at him, finally:

DEBBIE

How come?

BRIAN

So you'll forgive me and take pity on
me.

DEBBIE

Son of a bitch.

She stops right there, throws her arms around him, holds him
to her, whispers:

DEBBIE (cont'd)

You're gonna be all right, you hear me?
You're gonna be all right.

And almost like a kid, he rests his head on her shoulder. As
they stand there like that on the deserted street:

CUT TO:

11 INT. LINDSAY & MELANIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

11

Lindsay is going through the pantry and fridge putting
together a shopping list, as Melanie comes in.

LINDSAY

I'm making a list for the grocery.
Tide, butter, oatmeal -- can you think
of anything else?

MELANIE

Batteries.

LINDSAY

Huh --?

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

After last night, Glinda's magic wand's going to need recharging.

LINDSAY

Oh.

MELANIE

You were wild, honey!

LINDSAY

(embarrassed)

Mel --

MELANIE

Don't be embarrassed. It was hot to see you so turned on.

LINDSAY

We're out of fruit.

(concentrating on her list)

Pears, apples -- should I get more bananas?

(catching herself, flustered)

I mean --

MELANIE

I would say so!

(then)

By the way, I talked to Dusty. She said we can bring Gus over around four - - which would give us plenty of time to get ready to go to the opening.

LINDSAY

(re: her list)

More cranapple juice --

MELANIE

So are we going together -- or do you have to be there early?

LINDSAY

I don't need to be there at all.

MELANIE

Then you can be a guest like everyone else?

LINDSAY

I mean I've decided not to go.

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

What're you talking about? It's your show. You put the whole thing together.

LINDSAY

I know.

MELANIE

Then why wouldn't you want to--

LINDSAY

I've spent enough time on it already, okay? It's time I started being more attentive to you. To our family. Michael even had to go to Lamaze for me --

MELANIE

Hey, when I feel like I'm not getting enough attention, I'll let you know.

(putting her arms around her)

Now, I want you to go. Get some of the attention you deserve.

LINDSAY

Maybe I'll stop by later, when it's over -- see how it went.

(grabbing her grocery list)

But now -- I'm going to the grocery.

As she leaves Melanie in the kitchen:

CUT TO:

12 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

12

Ted sits at the counter, pouring through a huge stack of sports magazines. Emmett comes in, sees him, observes, curiously:

EMMETT

Since when did Ted Schmidt, reigning Opera Queen of Pittsburgh, give up Puccini for pigskin?

TED

Since I told Brian I'd help him find a famous sports figure to model Brown Athletics new underwear line. Now I have to come up with someone or it's strike three, I'm out.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

I'm sure you'll find some hunky jock to drop trou and smile for the birdy.

TED

Except I don't know who any of these guys are.

EMMETT

Perhaps I can help you out.

TED

You? At least I know the difference between a football, a baseball and a basketball.

EMMETT

(with a shrug)

Balls are balls.

He picks up a football magazine, flips through it, finds a photo of Drew in uniform.

EMMETT (cont'd)

What about him?

TED

Who?

EMMETT

Drew Boyd. Star quarterback for the Ironmen, 62% pass completions, threw 2 touchdowns, passed last game, ran for 2, and led his team in rushing yards as a quarterback. If he continues to play the way he's been, he's a cinch to lead his team to a conference championship, then to the Super Bowl.

*
*
*
*

A beat, as Ted stares at Emmett in disbelief.

EMMETT (cont'd)

What --?

*

TED

How do you know all that?

EMMETT

(coily)

Life's full of surprises.

(then)

He's also gorgeous.

*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

EMMETT (cont'd)

Just look at that smile. And those
broad shoulders. And those burly arms.
And that rock hard butt --

TED

You're drooling on the magazine.
(studying the photo)
He is hot. Too bad he's straight.

Emmett smiles, slyly, evasively:

EMMETT

A girl can always dream.

CUT TO:

13 INT. HERBALIST SHOP - DAY

13

Michael and Justin enter a musty old shop in Chinatown. Wall-to-wall shelves of jars with rare herbs, powders and teas. The ancient Chinese herbalist, MR. NEE, is behind the counter. The boys feel a little intimidated, but finally, Michael gathers his courage, asks:

MICHAEL

Excuse me. We're looking for something
to -- improve performance?

MR. NEE

(heavy accent)

You a singer? Dancer? Comedian?

MICHAEL

Not that kind of performance.
(lowering his voice)
Sexual performance.

MR. NEE

(loud)

HAH?

JUSTIN

Sexual performance.

MR. NEE

(loud and shrill)

Sexual? Sexual?

MRS. NEE, his wife, pipes in:

MRS. NEE

Sexual!

(CONTINUED)

She translates to her husband in Cantonese.

MR. NEE

Oh! You not get hard, come too fast?

MICHAEL

No! It's not for me. It's for my friend.

MRS. NEE

That's what they all say!

They laugh, then Mr. Nee grabs Michael's hand, takes his pulse. Mrs. Nee grabs his chin, forces his mouth open.

MR. NEE

Hmmm -- weak pulse.

MRS. NEE

Low qi. Exhausted chang meridian. *

MR. NEE

You have decline of fire in your Gate of Life. But no worry. We make you hard -- like rock!

MICHAEL

I told you -- it's for someone else!

JUSTIN

It's for my boyfriend. He had to have a testicle removed. They gave him radiation.

MRS. NEE

Oh... cancer.

She repeats it to her husband in Cantonese. He shakes his head, sadly.

MR. NEE

Western medicine. Kill you before it cure you.

He and his wife begin to pull jars off the shelves.

MR. NEE (cont'd)

Too much water, drown out his fire.
Velvet deer horn and cinnamon bark warm kidneys. Norinda root and Chinese leek seed strengthen yang.

MRS. NEE
Rehmannia root nourish blood, cornus
fruit moisten yin.

MR. NEE
Make a tea. Plenty good sex.

MICHAEL
(to Justin, pleased)
See? What'd I tell you?

As the Herbalist and his wife measure and wrap up the herbs,
they converse in Cantonese. We SEE THE TRANSLATION in
subtitles on the screen. *

MR. NEE
(checking out Michael and
Justin)
Which one you think is the top?

MRS. NEE
Both look like major bottoms to me.

They beam smiles at Michael and Justin. As Michael and
Justin beam back:

CUT TO:

14 SCENE MOVED & RENUMBERED (#21A) 14 *

15 INT. BATHHOUSE STEAMROOM - DAY 15

We MOVE through the steam. Two guys are fucking here --
another guy is sucking someone off there. Brian watches --
hoping the sight of them will get him off. A well muscled
arm reaches for him. Perhaps being a participant and not
just a spectator will -- shall we say -- do the trick. It
doesn't. Brian pushes his admirer away, frustrated, grabs a
towel, walks out. *

CUT TO:

16 SCENE MOVED & RENUMBERED (#17A) 16 *

17 INT. MOTEL - DAY 17 *

Wet from a shower, Drew comes out of the bathroom, naked,
towelling his hair. Emmett lies naked on the bed.

DREW
Your turn.

EMMETT

I'm in no hurry.

He watches as Drew slips on his tightie-whities.

EMMETT (cont'd)

Did anyone ever tell you how hot you look in your undies?

DREW

About 300 women.

EMMETT

How many men? *

Drew doesn't answer. He checks himself in the mirror. Puts on his watch, his ring. Pulls on a shirt. *

EMMETT (cont'd)

It's a shame the rest of the world can't see.

DREW

See what?

EMMETT

How gorgeous you are.

DREW

Cut it out.

EMMETT

I'm serious. You should display your manly charms.

DREW

Flash my cock in Playgirl?

EMMETT

I was thinking more like in an underwear ad. *

DREW

(laughs)
You kidding? *

EMMETT

A friend of mine works for this ad agency, says Brown Athletics is looking for a famous sports figure to be their new underwear model.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

EMMETT (cont'd)

(beat)

And you have quite the figure.

DREW

I'm not posing in my shorts.
Everyone'll think I'm a homo!

EMMETT

What everyone'll think is, "I wish I
had a body like that -- and that
somebody'd pay me all that money to
show it off!"

(then)

Why don't you pose?

DREW

Here --?

EMMETT

Why not? I'll snap your picture.

(pretending to be the
photographer)

Come on!

Drew hesitates for a beat, then plays along, strikes various
poses, as Emmett pretends to be the photographer.

EMMETT (cont'd)

That's it. Show it to me. That's the
way. Make love to the camera. Make me
want to suck your dick --!

As Emmett starts to pull down his shorts --

*

CUT TO:

17A INT. MICHAEL & BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

17A

Michael and Hunter are putting on their jackets to go
shopping.

MICHAEL

(to Hunter)

Would you stop nagging me already? I
told you, I'm not paying a hundred and
fifty dollars for a pair of jeans.

HUNTER

Diesel's quality, man!

MICHAEL

They're ripped full of holes. They'll
be rags after two washings.

(CONTINUED)

HUNTER

Please, Dad?
(off Michael's look, quickly)
I mean dude.

Just then, Ben comes into the apartment. *

MICHAEL *

There you are! Hurry and put down your
books. We've got to get to the mall -- *

BEN *

If it's okay with you, I think I'll
pass. *

MICHAEL *

(after a beat)
It's not okay. We had this planned.

HUNTER

Trashy movie, greasy pizza, over-priced
clothes -- what more could a man ask
for? *

BEN

I got invited to a lecture. Edmund
White.

HUNTER

Who?

BEN

One of our greatest gay writers.

MICHAEL

Who invited you?

BEN

Anthony.

MICHAEL

(not surprised)
Anthony.

BEN

Look, this is important to me --

MICHAEL

And this is important to Hunter.

BEN

It doesn't take two of us to buy him a pair of jeans.

MICHAEL

That's not the point!

HUNTER

Hey! Hey! It's just the mall. In fact, why don't you both not go and give me your credit card? *

MICHAEL

Thank you for your thoughtful suggestion -- but I'm still going.

(then to Ben)

Sorry you're not.

He gives Ben a look, then as he pushes Hunter out the door:

CUT TO:

18 INT. SIDNEY BLOOM GALLERY - NIGHT

18

The opening is over. The last of the GUESTS and catering staff are leaving, as Lindsay explains herself to Sidney. *

LINDSAY

(lying perfectly)

I'm sorry I'm late, Sidney, but it couldn't be helped. Gus got a fever, Mel had to work late -- my hands were full. *

SIDNEY

So were mine: accepting checks, Visa, or MasterCard.

LINDSAY

Then it was a success?

SIDNEY

"Awesome." Too bad you missed it. *

LINDSAY

Sounds like you've had quite a night. Why don't you go home -- I'll close up. *

SIDNEY

You sure?

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

You earned it.

SIDNEY

You're right, I did.

(getting his coat)

Don't forget to turn on the alarm.

He leaves. Alone now, Lindsay looks at "her" show, all alone, then she starts to TURN OUT the lights. She turns to go back to the office area -- and walks straight into Auerbach. She gasps, or even screams.

LINDSAY

My God! You scared me to death!

AUERBACH

Good thing I came back from the can --- you'd have locked me in.

LINDSAY

What're you doing here? *

AUERBACH

I had an opening tonight, in case you forgot.

LINDSAY

I didn't forget.

AUERBACH

Then where the hell were you?

LINDSAY

I had things to attend to --

AUERBACH

Don't give me that shit! This was the most important night of your life!

LINDSAY

Don't flatter yourself.

AUERBACH

Your Aunt Minnie could've died and you wouldn't have missed it.

LINDSAY

I don't have an Aunt Minnie.

(CONTINUED)

AUERBACH

Well, I do, and believe me, if you knew her, it's all the more reason you'd have been here.

(beat)

So why weren't you?

LINDSAY

I already told you. Now let me lock up so I can go home.

Instead of retreating, he moves even closer.

AUERBACH

What's your rush? You just got here.

He reaches out, touches her.

LINDSAY

What are you doing?

AUERBACH

Responding to my senses. It's what an artist does.

LINDSAY

Well tell your senses to respond to this: back off!

AUERBACH

You sure?

LINDSAY

Yes, I'm sure!

AUERBACH

Well, I'm not. In fact, I think you've got a lot of contradictory feelings going on here.

LINDSAY

Is that so.

AUERBACH

I knew from the minute I met you, you wanted me to fuck you.

LINDSAY

Why, you smug, arrogant -- I want you to leave! Now!

(CONTINUED)

AUERBACH

Sure. But you ain't foolin' me, lady.
More important, you ain't foolin'
yourself.

He casually heads for the door. She follows him.

LINDSAY

And don't you dare tell me how I feel!
You have no idea how I feel! And it's
not true what you said!

AUERBACH

Liar, liar.

LINDSAY

I have no feelings for you! How could
I -- I'm a lesbian!

He abruptly, suddenly yanks her to him, gives her a
passionate kiss.

AUERBACH

That's how.

She looks at him. Then she pulls him to her, gives him a
kiss as passionate as the one he just gave her. She shoves
him up against the wall, butting up against one of his
paintings. She unzips his pants, puts him inside her. Feels
him. He pulls her to the floor. As she rides him --

CUT TO:

19 INT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

19

After the lecture. Ben has accompanied Anthony back to his
modest, student apartment. They've almost drained a bottle
of wine.

ANTHONY

He was amazing! And to think I never
would've heard of him if it hadn't been
for your class.

BEN

I'm sure you'd have discovered his work
eventually.

(CONTINUED)

ANTHONY

I thought the part where he talked about how being positive changed his life was particularly powerful, didn't you?

He starts to pour Ben more wine. Ben stops him.

BEN

I'd better not --

ANTHONY

C'mon. Gotta help me finish the bottle.

Ben acquiesces, takes another sip.

BEN

What constantly impresses and amazes me is how when confronted with the worst of circumstances, we as gay men somehow manage to rise to the challenge. To survive and go on. *

ANTHONY

Like Edmund White. Like you.

Anthony is very close to Ben now. They look at each other for a beat, then Anthony leans forward, boldly kisses Ben. Finally, when they part:

BEN

Anthony -- if this is where all of this has been leading, you've made a mistake.

ANTHONY

I don't think so. Tell me you didn't want me to kiss you. Tell me you wanted me to stop. *

Ben can't say that.

BEN

That's not the point. I have a partner. We have a foster kid --

ANTHONY

I know. And I'm not asking for anything more than I can have. All I want -- is this. *

(CONTINUED)

He unbuttons Ben's shirt, starts to lightly kiss his chest.

ANTHONY (cont'd)
From the moment I saw you in class --
I've fantasized about you. Admired
you. Wanted to be like you.

Anthony works his way up to Ben's lips, whispers:

ANTHONY (cont'd)
That's why I want you to give me the
gift.

Ben freezes, not sure he's heard what he's just heard.

BEN
What --?

ANTHONY
I want you to be the one.

BEN
Anthony --

ANTHONY
Make me positive. Like you.

He tries to kiss Ben again.

BEN
Stop it!

ANTHONY
What for? It's going to happen anyway.
It's just a matter of time before it
does.

BEN
Not if you're safe.

ANTHONY
Why be safe? All my friends who've
converted say they feel liberated.
Free. They don't have to worry about
it anymore. It's over. Done.
(kissing Ben)
I want to be like them -- like you.

He reaches for Ben's crotch. Ben pulls away. Gets up.

BEN
It's late -- I have to get home --

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

As he starts for the door:

ANTHONY

It would mean so much. Please, Ben --

Ben looks at him, speechless, then leaves.

CUT TO:

20 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

20

START ON all the packages of weird herbs, barks and -- Buddah-knows-what. Justin has brewed it all into a tea. He takes it over to Brian.

JUSTIN

Here -- drink this.

BRIAN

Smells like yak shit.

JUSTIN

I wouldn't be surprised if that was in it, too.

(explains)

It's a magic potion from this Chinese herbalist.

BRIAN

Will it make me small?

JUSTIN

I'm hoping it'll make you large. Very large.

Brian considers the cup, then chugs the whole thing back, gags.

BRIAN

Fuck! Shit! That's disgusting!

JUSTIN

Who cares, long as it works.

Justin starts to kiss Brian. Deep, long, slow, passionate kisses.

JUSTIN (cont'd)

Feel anything?

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

If you're expecting my glasses to steam up, I hate to disappoint you. *

JUSTIN

It's supposed to rekindle the fire in your Life Gate.

Brian would almost laugh if it weren't so hopeless.

BRIAN

My "Life Gate". *

JUSTIN

I know it sounds ludicrous, but if it works, who gives a shit? *

BRIAN

Maybe it can also stop me from thinking about what's no longer there -- and that in it's place is this piece of plastic. Or from picturing them sucking this bloody, disease-ridden ball out of me. Or feeling so shitty after they burn me to a crisp with their ray gun that all I want to do is dig a hole and climb in, only I'm too busy vomiting. *

(a beat)

Who knows -- maybe then I might even be able to get it up. *

Justin goes to Brian, puts his arms around him, trying to calm his frustration. *

JUSTIN

There's got to be something. *

BRIAN

Whatever it is, it's not a cup of Lipton's. *

CUT TO:

21 INT. LINDSAY & MELANIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT 21

Lindsay comes out of the shower, goes into the bedroom where Melanie is asleep. She stands watching her, then carefully crawls into bed, trying not to wake her.

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

(stirs)

You're all wet. How was the opening?

LINDSAY

Practically sold out.

MELANIE

That's great. Congratulations.

LINDSAY

Thanks.

MELANIE

Now aren't you glad I made you go?

Melanie snuggles up to Lindsay, falls back asleep. As Lindsay lies there, eyes wide open:

CUT TO:

21A INT. CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL - DAY

21A

Kneeling in a side chapel, Debbie lights a prayer candle.

DEBBIE

As you know, I don't come here a hell of a lot. I figure you've got enough on your hands without hearing from me. But this is important.

(beat)

It's about my brother, Vic. Vic Grassi. He's gay -- which seems to bother some of the people you've got workin' for you. Well I'd say considering what's been going on in your church lately, they've got some hell of a nerve judging others. Anyway, I'm sure you've got more love in your heart than they do, and that there's a special place in heaven just for Vic. But keep an eye on him, just in case.

(beat)

Oh, and one more thing. Brian Kinney. No doubt you've heard of him. He wouldn't like me telling you this, but the biggest organ he's got is his heart. So please, God, make him well.

(then)

Guess that's about it. Thanks for listenin'.

(CONTINUED)

Debbie rises, drops some coins in the box, is about to leave when she sees JOAN KINNEY, prayerbook in hand. She goes over to her.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Joan --? It's Debbie. Debbie Novotny.

Joan regards her for a beat, wants nothing more than to flee. Instead:

JOAN

Oh, hello, Debbie. I'm surprised to see you here.

DEBBIE

As I was just saying, I don't stop by too often. But when the going gets tough, I still haul my ass back here like a good little Catholic girl.

*
*

JOAN

That's the blessing of suffering -- it brings us closer to God.

DEBBIE

That's one way of lookin' at it. Another way is to say to Him, "Would you cut it out already!"

*
*
*

JOAN

I heard about your brother's passing. Please accept my condolences.

*
*

DEBBIE

Thanks.

*

JOAN

I remember when I lost my sister, I felt as if I'd lost my best friend, my confidante, my witness.

*
*
*

DEBBIE

That about sums it up.

*

JOAN

But at least we have our children. That's some comfort -- providing they're talking to you.

*
*
*

(beat)

Well. God bless.

*
*

She starts to walk away:

*

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

Joan, when's the last time you talked
to Brian? *

JOAN

It's -- been awhile. *

DEBBIE

You might want to give him a call.

JOAN

I doubt he has anything to say to me. *

DEBBIE

There might be something you want to
say to him. *

CUT TO:

22 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

22

In his ongoing commitment to the Novotny Beautification
Project, Emmett is working on an enchanting flower
arrangement in Debbie's living room as Ted declares,
incredulously:

TED

I got him!

EMMETT

Got who?

TED

Drew Boyd! He's agreed to be the
underwear model for Brown Athletics.

EMMETT

That's wonderful, Teddy.

TED

It's beyond wonderful. It's
incredible. It's astonishing. It's --
unbelievable.

EMMETT

It's not that unbelievable. After all,
they are paying him a million dollars.

TED

How do you know that?

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

(oops!)

Uh -- well, they are, aren't they?

TED

Yes, but --

EMMETT

So why are you so amazed?

TED

Never mind.

Emmett stops arranging.

EMMETT

You know, I absolutely hate when you do that.

TED

Do what?

EMMETT

Start to say something then say, "never mind". Then I have to spend the next ten minutes begging you to tell me what it is.

TED

(a bit hurt)

I never knew it irritated you that much. Why didn't you tell me?

EMMETT

What good would it do? You'd just get hurt and sulk --

TED

(hurt and sulking)

I would not sulk.

EMMETT

Then I'd have to spend another ten minutes convincing you that I still love you and begging you to forgive me, and you finally would, so would you just tell me what the fuck it is so we don't have to go through the entire song and dance?!

TED

I forget what it is I wasn't going to tell you.

EMMETT

You were going to tell me why it's so unbelievable that Drewsie -- I mean, Drew Boyd said yes.

TED

Right.

(finally)

Because I was sure he'd say no. That he'd turn me down flat and then I'd have to face the wrath of Brian for being a wretched failure --

EMMETT

But that's not what happened. He said yes. *

TED

And it's all because of you. *

EMMETT

(nervously)

M-me? *

TED

You're the one who suggested him, aren't you? *

EMMETT

I suppose I did. *

TED

Although I must've been pret-ty damn impressive to convince a big, famous jock like Drew Boyd to stand around in his shorts.

EMMETT

Damn straight! I mean, damn right! *

TED

So I guess it's not so unbelievable after all. *

EMMETT

(with affection)

No, Teddy, it's not so unbelievable at all. *

And as Emmett goes back to arranging flowers with a secret smile, and Ted stands there feeling very pleased with himself:

CUT TO:

23 INT. CAMPUS LIBRARY - DAY

23

Ben steps in line with a stack of books. When it's his turn, he goes to the checkout desk. Anthony looks up.

ANTHONY
Professor Bruckner.

BEN
I'd like to check these out.

ANTHONY
Certainly.

There's an uncomfortable silence between them.

BEN
(finally)
Anthony --

ANTHONY
I'm sorry about last night, Ben -- I didn't mean to put you in an awkward situation.

BEN
It wasn't so much awkward as it was upsetting to learn that what you really wanted was for me to give you -- "the gift".

ANTHONY
You were and still are my inspiration.

BEN
Then listen to me. You have no idea what it's really like to be positive. No book, no lecture could ever describe that. So please believe me when I tell you, you don't want it. You don't. It's not what you think.

ANTHONY
Thanks for trying to talk me out of it -
- but it's too late.

(CONTINUED)

Ben looks at him, fearing the worst.

ANTHONY (cont'd)

You see, I went to a party last night.

BEN

(fearing the worst)

What kind of party?

ANTHONY

It's called a conversion party. I had unprotected sex with a dozen or so guys. It's not the way I would've preferred it, but hopefully it worked.

BEN

Anthony, for God's sake --

ANTHONY

They said I should know in a couple of weeks.

(an ironic smile)

The same time these books are due back.

He hands Ben his books. As Ben stares at him -- sickened, numb, incredulous:

CUT TO:

Joan Kinney glances around Brian's office.

JOAN

Your new office is quite impressive.

Brian doesn't say anything.

JOAN (cont'd)

And I like the name -- Kinnetik, with two "n's". Very clever.

He simply nods.

JOAN (cont'd)

I'm glad you're doing so well.

BRIAN

That makes two of us.

Joan looks at her son for a beat, perhaps trying to recall the faded image of a little boy, then:

(CONTINUED)

JOAN

I saw that Debbie Novotny in church
this morning.

BRIAN

What the hell was she doing there?

JOAN

What most people do. Pray.

(beat)

She's quite a character. *

BRIAN

I'll drink to that.

JOAN

I don't know how her poor son ever
survived.

BRIAN

Maybe because she loved him.

JOAN

And I love you. You may not believe
that, but it's true. That's why it
hurt so much, that I had to hear it
from her, not from you. Why didn't you
tell me? *

BRIAN

And the reason being? *

JOAN

So I could help you!

BRIAN

I'm a big boy, Mom. I can dress
myself.

JOAN

I meant pray for you. Help you to see
God's plan.

BRIAN

God has a plan?

JOAN

He spared you for a reason. Do you
know why?

Indeed, he does.

BRIAN

To torment you.

(off her look)

No martyr was ever sainted without a
shitload of pain and suffering.

(smiles)

Well, Saint Joan, say hello to your
shitload.

JOAN

Brian, whatever anger, whatever hatred
you have for me, you're still my son.
That's why I'm trying to save you from
the eternal fire.

BRIAN

They warn you on the Food Channel not
to overcook. Makes the meat tough.

JOAN

Every time you engage in behavior that
the Bible expressedly says is an
abomination, you're adding another
eternity to your sentence.

BRIAN

(half to himself)

I wish I were engaging in it --

JOAN

It brings tears to Jesus' eyes, knowing
that you've sinned. But only you can
save yourself from God's punishment.

Beat.

BRIAN

You think God gave me cancer to punish
me?

JOAN

(taking his hand)

It's not too late. You can still
change if you want to. I know you can.

BRIAN

I can?

JOAN

Although it won't be easy. You'll have
to fight temptation. Be strong.
Harden yourself!

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

I want to be hard, Mom. You have no idea how much I want to be hard. Oh Lord, make me hard, so I can fuck every hot guy I see! That's why God gave me a second chance -- to use the one ball I have left!

*
*
*
*
*

JOAN

Shame. Shame on you.

She heads out the door, into the hall. Brian follows, calls after her angrily:

*

BRIAN

If I have to spend an eternity of eternities burning in Hell, better than spending one day in Heaven with you!

He glances at a couple of astonished OFFICE WORKERS, then goes back into his office, seething with rage. Suddenly, he feels something stirring below. He looks down. As a beatific smile brightens his face:

*

CUT TO:

25 INT. MOTEL - DAY

25

Emmett's in bed with Drew. Drew sips a Bud (or some other brew. Whatever.)

*
*

EMMETT

So, in this dream there's this gigantic billboard of you on Times Square, forty stories high, in your underwear.

*

DREW

My agent said it'd be great exposure.

EMMETT

Anyway, you know I have this little eccentricity about size, and your crotch goes from like the sixteenth to the twenty-third floor. So I get on this scaffolding that conveniently happens to be there and pull myself up. And the amazing thing is, the billboard comes to life! So I leap onto your shorts and pull them down, and you have this humongous boner that extends halfway across Times Square.

*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

EMMETT (cont'd)

I climb out onto it to give you a blow-
job, and I'm hanging off of it when
suddenly you shoot! It's like this
exploding cascade, and I ride it and
land safely in front of the Winter
Garden Theatre where Mama Mia's
playing.

Drew stares at him for a very long time.

DREW

You're a very weird guy.

EMMETT

Know what I think it means?

Drew shrugs, sips some Bud.

EMMETT (cont'd)

For one thing it means you're a bigger-
than-life person. *

DREW

Got it.

EMMETT

(a beat)

And I guess I'm afraid that once the
world sees you, I'll be just another
face in the crowd. *

A beat. Then Drew suddenly leans in, kisses Emmett, who's
caught off-guard. *

EMMETT (cont'd)

What'd you do that for?

DREW

'Cause I wanted to.

(CONTINUED)

Then, as he takes another chug of beer:

CUT TO:

INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

Brian pushes his way through the crush of hot bodies to find Justin on the dance floor.

JUSTIN

Hey! What's up?

BRIAN

Funny you should ask.

Brian unzips, shows him, as well as anyone else who cares to look.

JUSTIN

Who-o-o-oo!

BRIAN

Is that a thing of beauty?

JUSTIN

And a joy forever.

As Brian pulls him into:

INT. BABYLON - BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

JUSTIN

So the Happy Time Tea actually worked?

BRIAN

Unlikely.

JUSTIN

Then whence the woodie?

BRIAN

Let's just say that God gave me a second chance. I don't want to blow it.

(pulling Justin to him)

But you feel free to.

They kiss. Then as Justin descends to do just that:

CUT TO:

28 INT. MICHAEL & BEN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 28

Michael lies on the bed, reading typed pages. He finishes, stares off for several beats, finally gets up, goes into:

29 INT. MICHAEL & BEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 29

Where Ben paces, anxiously. He stops when he sees Michael.

BEN

Well?

MICHAEL

You sure you want my opinion after the last time?

BEN

I wouldn't have asked you to read it if I didn't.

MICHAEL

Okay. My honest opinion is --

(taking a breath)

-- it's brilliant.

(emphatically)

I mean it. At first I was shocked, even disgusted, that someone would actually want to be positive. But somehow, by the end, I felt sorry for the guy -- that he could be that lost and alone.

(handing Ben the pages)

It takes a pretty amazing writer to be able to pull that off.

Ben takes Michael in his arms, gives him a grateful kiss, then:

BEN

So how was the trip to the mall?

MICHAEL

I splurged and got Hunter his jeans.

And he got something for us: a CD.

BEN

Not some Rap crap --

MICHAEL

Now, now, dear. Mustn't criticize the younger generation's music.

(CONTINUED)

Michael switches on the CD player. A slow, sexy, romantic ballad begins to PLAY. They listen for a few beats.

BEN

Not bad --

MICHAEL

C'mon, you big lug -- waltz me around the floor.

They move easily into each other's arms. Michael puts his head on Ben's chest. They sway for a beat or two.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

You know the part of your story I liked best?

BEN

What?

MICHAEL

When the gift-giver decides not to sleep with the bug-chaser and goes back to his partner.

Ben smiles, doesn't say anything, just holds Michael tighter. As they continue to dance:

FADE OUT.

THE END