

# queer as folk

EPISODE 412

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Producer

Sheila Höckin

**COWLIP**  
PRODUCTIONS

**TONY JONAS**  
PRODUCTIONS

**TEMPLE STREET**  
PRODUCTIONS

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# queerasfolk

EPISODE 412

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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  
and as  
DEBBIE NOVOTNY.....Sharon Gless

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GUEST CAST

MRS. CROWE	DUSTY
STEVE LEESON	DREW BOYD
AMBER MORGAN-LEESON	CALLIE LEESON
ONCOLOGIST	GENE
TANNIS	LAWRENCE REMSON
LITTLE OLD LADY	DOCTOR MAGNUSSEN
GUS	HOT SPINNING INSTRUCTOR
JUDY	SIERRA
SARAH	

---

FADE IN: \*

1 MOVED AND RENUMBERED SCENE 3A 1 \*

1A INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - NIGHT 1A \*

A Parent-Teacher's meeting. The room is filled with hets -- and BEN and MICHAEL. They speak with MRS. CROWE, one of Hunter's teachers.

MRS. CROWE  
Hunter's shown remarkable progress.

BEN  
That's good to hear.

MRS. CROWE  
Yes, he's extremely bright.

MICHAEL  
Runs in the family.

Ben gives him a slight nudge.

MRS. CROWE  
However, he's not the most disciplined student and he has a tendency to be a bit of a --

She hesitates.

BEN  
Smartass?  
(glancing at Michael)  
That runs in the family, too.

MRS. CROWE  
But you're to be commended for doing an excellent job.

BEN  
Thank you, Mrs. Crowe.

As Mrs. Crowe moves on:

MICHAEL  
Did you hear that? That's the first time a teacher ever gave me an "excellent!"

Just then, STEVE and AMBER MORGAN-LEESON come over.

(CONTINUED)

AMBER

Excuse us. Are you Hunter's parents?

BEN

That's right.

STEVE

We're Callie's folks.

BEN

(after a beat)

Callie --

STEVE

Our kids are seeing one another?

Suddenly it registers.

BEN

Yes, of course. The famous Callie.

STEVE

Steve Leeson --

AMBER

Amber Morgan-Leeson.

BEN

Ben Bruckner --

MICHAEL

Michael -- Novotny-Bruckner.

AMBER

Hunter speaks of you both with such admiration.

MICHAEL

He -- does?

STEVE

You know how kids are. They'll never tell you to your face.

AMBER

Callie's like a schoolgirl every time she mentions his name.

STEVE

(joking)

She is a schoolgirl.

\*

(CONTINUED)

AMBER

You should be very proud. He's a very nice young man.

BEN

I think he'd prefer "cool dude".

STEVE

Listen, we'd love to get together with you guys.

MICHAEL

That'd be great.

AMBER

I'll be in touch -- we'll plan an evening.

They exchange good-byes and the Leasons go off. Ben puts his arm around Michael and as they give each other self-satisfied smiles:

CUT TO:

2 INT. ONCOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

2

BRIAN lies on an examination table, gown pulled up. The ONCOLOGIST expertly palpates his prosthetic testicle.

ONCOLOGIST

How does that feel?

BRIAN

It'd be a lot better with poppers.

ONCOLOGIST

Try to describe the sensation.

BRIAN

It feels as if -- someone was rotating my artificial ball.

The doctor gestures for Brian to step onto the scale.

ONCOLOGIST

Please --

Brian hops on. The doctor fiddles with the weights.

ONCOLOGIST (cont'd)

You've put on some weight.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

I realize to you this is good news. To me, it's a disaster.

The doctor steps away from the scale, makes notes.

ONCOLOGIST

You can dress now.

BRIAN

So what's the verdict?

Brian pulls his clothes on as they speak.

ONCOLOGIST

Are you still experiencing fatigue?

BRIAN

Not as much.

ONCOLOGIST

How's your sex drive?

BRIAN

With both hands on the wheel.

ONCOLOGIST

Of course it'll be months, even years, before we can be certain that the cancer won't reoccur. But the sonograms and blood tests show no sign of spreading.

BRIAN

So how soon can I resume a normal life: doing recreational drugs, consuming vast amounts of alcohol, going to the gym?

ONCOLOGIST

I don't think there's any problem with some light stretching and mild cardio.

BRIAN

Doc, I'm a fag. I don't go to the gym to be healthy, I go to look good. Light stretching and mild cardio aren't going to cut it.

The doctor gives Brian an indulgent, professional smile.

(CONTINUED)

ONCOLOGIST

Brian, you've had cancer. Your body's been through a series of radiation treatments. I suggest you take it easy. Give yourself time to recover. After all -- you're not twenty-one anymore.

Brian flashes the doctor a fake smile -- but his eyes say "Fuck you."

CUT TO:

3 MOVED AND RENUMBERED SCENE 1A 3 \*

3A INT. GAY & LESBIAN CENTER - BOARDROOM - DAY 3A \*

OPEN TIGHT on MELANIE's stricken expression.

MELANIE

This is a fucking catastrophe!

Pull back to reveal Mel, with BEN, and the board of the G.L.C., led by the inevitable TANNIS (Phillip is on a whirlwind theatre weekend in New York). \*

MELANIE (cont'd)

What the hell happened to Jeffrey Pendergrass?

TANNIS

He felt he didn't have the support of certain influential members of the community, and that without their backing he couldn't successfully meet the goals. \*

BEN

So he took off -- with practically every cent we managed to raise. \*

MELANIE

Bastard --! \*

TANNIS

We agreed to pay all his expenses -- \*

BEN

(examining the expense sheet) Including hotel suite, champagne and the kick-off party at Babylon --? \*

(CONTINUED)

TANNIS

Which it "barely" managed to cover,  
according to him.

BEN

Guess Brian had his number all along.

MELANIE

So what do we do now?

TANNIS

There's only one thing we can do:  
cancel the Liberty Ride. Refund  
everyone's money.

MELANIE

How can you refund it when you haven't  
got it?

BEN

How much are we in the hole?

Tannis hesitates, then confesses:

TANNIS

Almost twenty-five thousand dollars.

A shocked buzz.

MELANIE

Congratulations, everyone, on being the  
first charity ride to pedal backwards. \*

BEN

Look, Liberty House is depending on us.  
Without this ride, they'll be forced to  
close their doors.

MELANIE

Then we have no choice but to go ahead  
with it.

BEN

And hope that we find more pledges and  
sponsors.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. STREET - DAY

4

TED and EMMETT stroll along the busy thoroughfare.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

It's awfully sweet of you, Teddy -- to take me to lunch.

TED

Thought you could use some cheering up.

EMMETT

I have to admit, it hasn't been easy. After all, how many times in your life do you get to live out a fantasy? To have a secret affair with a famous football star? To have him ride your back end three times a week with his rock-hard ten-inch battering ram until your screams of ecstasy fill an entire stadium? To lie there exhausted, spent, insensate -- and that's only halftime.

Ted loosens his collar, takes a deep breath, exhales.

TED

Not often.

(then)

So what're you in the mood for?

EMMETT

I could do with a Chinese chicken salad -- and without any more talk of Drew Boyd.

With firm resolve, they turn a corner -- only to confront a KIOSK covered with Drew Boyd in his undies, holding a football. \*

TED

(after a beat)

In that case, you may want to avoid major thoroughfares --

Emmett turns away -- just as a CITY BUS stops in front of him, another ad of Drew across its side.

TED (cont'd)

All forms of public transportation --

Emmett turns away again. \*

(CONTINUED)

TED (cont'd)

(adding)

Better shops and department stores.  
I'd also stay away from publications  
such as newspapers and magazines for --  
oh -- a year or so.

(a beat)

And don't look up.

\*  
\*  
\*

As Emmett looks up and sees a GIGANTIC BILLBOARD of Drew.

EMMETT

Gouge my eyes out now.

Emmett shuts his eyes tight. Ted leads him down the street  
like a blind man -- past a LITTLE OLD LADY putting money in  
the parking meter. She places a coin in Emmett's hand.

LITTLE OLD LADY

Poor thing.

As Emmett and Ted watch her go:

CUT TO:

We're at a child's birthday party at Dusty's. SOME LESBIAN  
MOTHERS (DUSTY, JUDY and SARAH) are gathered around Mel,  
admiring her pregnant belly.

JUDY

You look absolutely radiant, Mel.

SARAH

Like a Boticelli Madonna.

Mel gives them a bright but strained smile.

MELANIE

I was thinking more like a Ringling  
Brothers elephant.

DUSTY

This must be the happiest time of your  
life.

MELANIE

(ironic)

Must be.

Just then, LINDSAY arrives, still dressed from work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDSAY

Hi, everyone.

(CONTINUED)

Friendly hellos are exchanged. Lindsay moves to Melanie, kisses her quickly.

LINDSAY (cont'd)  
Sorry I'm late.

MELANIE  
(chilly)  
Last minute Auerbach sale?

DUSTY  
How about some fruit punch? I've also got ginger-ale or Vanilla Soy Drink.

LINDSAY  
I wish they'd lower the drinking age to five -- I could sure use a scotch.

SARAH  
Congratulations on the show at the gallery.

JUDY  
It's been all over the papers.

DUSTY  
It must've been a real thrill working with a famous artist like Sam Auerbach.

MELANIE  
You can't imagine how attentive she was -- tending to his every need.

As she offers Lindsay an acidic smile:

CUT TO:

6 INT. DUSTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

6

Melanie is dumping paper plates dripping with puddles of half-eaten cake and ice-cream into the garbage. Lindsay stands next to her, also holding plates. Lindsay finally breaks the silence.

LINDSAY  
Was that remark really necessary?

MELANIE  
What remark?

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

You know what remark. About my attending to his "every need".

MELANIE

It's true, isn't it? In fact, I'm surprised you even bothered to come.

LINDSAY

Why wouldn't I?

MELANIE

Not a man in sight. Just us dykes.

LINDSAY

Look, I told you how sorry I am -- that it was a mistake --

MELANIE

Actually you said it was a "good thing".

LINDSAY

I never said it was a good thing!

MELANIE

That it gave you a chance to contrast and compare, and come to the conclusion that given the choices, you still prefer me.

LINDSAY

That part's true.

MELANIE

Well it's not true for me. I know which team I play on. And it's not a choice. Or a preference. It's who I am. It's who I've always been. A rug-muncher. A muff-diver. A cunt-lapper. A bull. A lezzie. A dyke.

LINDSAY

What do you think I am?

MELANIE

Don't ask me to make up your mind for you. You'll have to do that all by yourself.

LINDSAY

I'm a lesbian.

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

Not if you're having sex with a man,  
honey. While I'm pregnant, yet. I  
don't know which betrayal to never  
forgive you for first!

Just then, Dusty breezes in with a stack of cups and glasses.  
She's immediately aware of the tension in the room.

DUSTY

Bad timing?

LINDSAY

No. We're just having a discussion.

Dusty moves to the dishwasher, loads cups and glasses.

DUSTY

Listen, you don't have to explain to me  
-- I've had three. There's nothing  
like a good pregnancy to turn you into  
a raving bitch.

As Lindsay doesn't say anything, and Melanie does a slow  
burn:

CUT TO:

7

EXT. STREET/RIPT GYM - DAY

7

Brian is walking with JUSTIN, Michael, Ben and Ted. Everyone  
but Brian has a gym bag.

MICHAEL

This guy Pendergrass skipped town,  
leaving the Center high and dry?

BEN

That's about the long and short of it.

TED

More the short of it -- as in cash.

MICHAEL

Wonder what happened?

He glances at Brian.

BRIAN

What're you looking at me for?

(CONTINUED)

BEN

It doesn't matter. We're still going to train, and we're still going to ride.

They arrive in front of:

THE GYM

MICHAEL

(to Brian)  
You coming in?

JUSTIN

Brian's doctor cautioned him to take it easy.

TED

What's that -- getting laid three times a week instead of four?

JUSTIN

(defending Brian's reputation)  
More like seven times instead of nine.

BEN

Some recuperation.

Brian offers a tight, tolerant smile.

MICHAEL

(to Brian)  
Too bad you can't go with us.

TED

Even if Brian was in peak condition, I doubt he'd be donating his backside for charity.

BEN

It's not just a "charity". We all know someone -- or at least heard of someone -- who spent his last days at Liberty House. Some day, it might be one of us.

MICHAEL

(to Ben, reassuringly)  
Not as long as I'm around.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

The point is, we all deserve to die  
with dignity and a friend by our side.

(to Brian)

I'm sure even Brian would agree with  
that. \*

As the guys head into the gym, leaving Brian standing on the  
sidewalk:

CUT TO:

8 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - DAY

8

Emmett finds Debbie nervously peering out the front window.

EMMETT

What's up?

DEBBIE

There's this big, black SUV been  
circlin' the block. Keeps stoppin' in  
front of the house. Christ, now it's  
parking --!

Emmett peers out with her. Indeed, a big, black, HUMMER  
thing is parked out front.

EMMETT

So --?

DEBBIE

I don't like it. I don't like it at  
all.

(then)

You don't suppose Vic had a secret  
life, do ya? That he worked for the  
CIA or the Mafia or a foreign  
government and now that he's gone,  
they've decided to rub us out?

Emmett thinks that over for a beat.

EMMETT

No.

DEBBIE

I've got to get to work -- but I'm  
afraid to go out there.

EMMETT

Use the back way. I'll distract them.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

Good idea. But I'm tellin' Carl about this -- just in case!

CUT TO:

EXT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Emmett comes out of Debbie's house, heads down the street. The Hummer pulls away from the curb, starts to follow him. Emmett walks faster, the car begins to speed up. Emmett stops, the car stops. Emmett's had enough. He goes to the driver's side, taps on the blackened-out window.

EMMETT

If you're planning to accost me, you should know they don't call us screaming faggots for nothing. And if you're hoping to score -- you're going about it all wrong.

A beat. The window is lowered. It's DREW.

DREW

Get in.

Emmett is startled, but keeps walking.

EMMETT

I don't accept rides from strangers. Especially ones who don't show up or at least call.

DREW

Get in.

He's not to be argued with. Emmett climbs in.

INT. DREW'S HUMMER - CONTINUOUS

EMMETT

Nice oil tanker. So what brings you to Queersville?

DREW

My game's been shit.

EMMETT

Talk to your coach.

DREW

I can't sleep.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

Take a Xanax.

DREW

I'm drinking too much.

EMMETT

Buy more beer nuts.

DREW

I miss you.

A beat.

EMMETT

You -- do?

DREW

Can we go to the motel?

EMMETT

Yeah! I mean -- no. I can't go back there. \*

DREW

I thought you love when I fuck you.

EMMETT

I do love when you fuck me. But this isn't the Atkins Diet -- you can't live on meat alone. At least this man can't. \*

---

Drew looks at Emmett, sees he's serious.

DREW

All right, we'll go out.

EMMETT

You mean it?

Drew starts to kiss him. Emmett stops him. \*

EMMETT (cont'd)

Careful -- what if someone sees us?

DREW

They can't.  
(tapping the glass)  
Remember?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

Drew pulls him into a hot kiss. This time, Emmett doesn't stop him. \*

CUT TO:

11 INT. CALLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

11

HUNTER and CALLIE on her bed, kissing.

CALLIE

You have nice lips. Really soft.

HUNTER

Thanks -- you, too.

CALLIE

They're the first thing I noticed about you.

HUNTER

Yeah?

CALLIE

What's the first thing you noticed about me?

HUNTER

Your nose.

CALLIE

(laughs)

Liar!

---

He lightly touches her breasts.

HUNTER

These.

He caresses them. They start to kiss. Hot, intense. He moves on top of her. She puts her hands down the back of his jeans.

CALLIE

Did I also mention you have a really cute ass?

His hands move under her, removing her panties. She reaches around, feels his hard-on. Stars explode. \*

(CONTINUED)

CALLIE (cont'd)  
You have a condom?

HUNTER  
Huh --?

CALLIE  
A con-dom.

HUNTER  
I know what it is --

CALLIE  
If you don't, I appropriated some from  
my brother.

He stops, looks at her.

HUNTER  
You really want to --?

CALLIE  
Don't you?

HUNTER  
Sure. It's just that -- before we do --

He hesitates, uncertain how to tell her.

HUNTER (cont'd)  
There's -- something you should know.

A beat, then finally:

HUNTER (cont'd)  
I'm -- positive.

She looks at him, not quite sure what he means. That he  
means -- that.

CALLIE  
Positive.  
(then)  
You mean --

HUNTER  
I have HIV.

CALLIE  
(concerned -- for him)  
Shit. Are you all right?

HUNTER

I'm not sick or anything. It's just --  
there. Inside me.

She reaches out, touches him, gently.

CALLIE

How'd you get it? Was it a  
transfusion? From doing drugs?

Hunter looks down, distressed. Doesn't answer.

CALLIE (cont'd)

It's okay. You don't have to tell me.  
(then)  
Does anyone else at school know?

\*  
\*  
\*

HUNTER

Fuck, no!

\*

CALLIE

I promise I won't tell anyone.  
(a beat, then)  
I -- I'm sorry.

\*  
\*  
\*

HUNTER

Yeah --

(then)

I guess we better get dressed.

\*

\*

He starts to get up.

CALLIE

Wait. My parents won't be home for a  
couple of hours.

HUNTER

But I thought --

CALLIE

(holding up a condom)  
We have these, don't we? As long as we  
use one, then it's safe -- right?

They look at each other. Hunter kisses her softly. As they  
begin to make love:

CUT TO:

12 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

12

START ON A MAGAZINE AD of Drew Boyd in his Brown Athletics undies. PULL BACK TO FIND Emmett drinking it in, along with his strawberry shake. Suddenly, a hand comes in from out of frame, snatches the magazine away.

TED

I thought we agreed you were going to avoid all major thoroughfares, stores and publications.

EMMETT

I know, but --

TED

You have to be strong, Em. Sitting here pining away, sipping ice cream sodas is no solution. You need to shift your focus.

EMMETT

You're right.

He pulls out another magazine, opens it up to a photo of Drew.

TED

God, I wish there was a meeting you could go to tonight.

EMMETT

I can't. Drew's taking me out -- on a real date. I'm finally going to see something beside the ceiling of Room 12 at the Hacienda Motel.

TED

I thought you and he broke up. \*

EMMETT

He missed me. Isn't that amazing? This man, who only a few days ago was in the closet deeper than a lime green leisure suit has decided to go out because --

(very touched)

-- because of me.

(beat)

Well, I'd better get ready.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

EMMETT (cont'd)

I'm going to get a manicure, then a facial -- we're going to have a faaabulous time. Who knows -- after painting the town mauve, we might even end up at Babylon!

As Emmett rushes off, leaving Ted staring at the ad of Drew in his shorts, he passes MELANIE, who sits alone in a booth with a stack of baby care books. Debbie comes over with a sandwich and a glass of milk.

DEBBIE

You planning on having that baby here?

MELANIE

(looking up from her book)  
Huh --?

DEBBIE

You've been sittin' there since breakfast.  
(putting the food down)  
Here's lunch.

MELANIE

I didn't order this.

DEBBIE

I know. I'm just practicing being a loving, attentive grandma.

MELANIE

(sadly)  
Thanks, Deb.

Debbie observes her for a beat, then sits down.

DEBBIE

Now I'm going to practice being a nosy, meddlesome grandma.  
(then)  
Something wrong, honey?

MELANIE

It's nothing --

DEBBIE

Not with a punim like that.

MELANIE

How do you know that word?

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

Ya live long enough, everybody's Jewish.

(then, with concern)

Everything okay with the baby?

MELANIE

(easing her mind)

Baby's okay. I'm okay -- nothing to do with that.

(but then)

It's Lindsay and me. We're in trouble, Deb. Real trouble. You see --

DEBBIE

Stop right there.

(off Mel's confusion)

I know I asked. That I practically pulled it out of you like an impacted wisdom tooth. But I don't want to know. 'Cause whatever it is -- it doesn't matter. What matters is, you're about to have a baby. That's all that counts. It's up to you to make things work.

(then)

So you chew on that, along with your chicken salad, while I grab you a piece of key lime.

As she goes off and Mel does exactly that:

CUT TO:

13 INT. LIBERTY HOUSE HOSPICE - DAY

13

GENE, the hospice director, is giving a tour of the house to Brian and LAWRENCE REMSON, head of Remson Pharmaceuticals and manufacturer of Endovir. As he leads them into the living room:

GENE

As I said, Mister Remson, we're a modest facility, tending to the final needs of those for whom medications such as Endovir proved ineffective, or simply too late.

(then, revealing)

I consider myself among the fortunate ones.

(CONTINUED)

REMSON

You're doing a hell of a job. I'm sure it's not easy.

GENE

The hardest part is not being able to do more. We've already had to send a couple of our sickest clients to the county hospital, simply because we no longer have the staff or capability to tend to their needs.

REMSON

It's a shame.

GENE

It's money. State funding's been reduced. Private donations have all but dried up, due to the misconception that no one dies of AIDS anymore.

REMSON

Well I hope you manage to find the necessary funds.

GENE

It may be too late for that. Like our clients, we're running out of time. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to get back to work. There're only two of us --

\*

They shake hands. Gene nods to Brian, leaves. Brian and Remson stand there for a moment, silent.

\*

13A EXT. LIBERTY HOUSE HOSPICE - DAY

13A

\*

As Brian and Remson approach their cars:

\*

REMSON

I suppose you're going to hit me up now. And after what I've just seen, it's going to be very hard to say no.

BRIAN

It's for a worthy cause.

REMSON

They're all worthy causes.

\*

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

All I'm asking is for you to sponsor  
one person on the Liberty Ride.

REMSON

That's it?

BRIAN

That's it.

REMSON

Well, I'm sure we can handle that. How  
much do you want?

Brian thinks for beat, then nonchalantly:

BRIAN

A hundred thousand.

(off Remson's stunned look)

It's no more than you'd spend for an ad  
in a magazine. And think of the good  
will you'll be generating -- more than  
any campaign I could come up with.

(leading him out)

As for the rider you'll be sponsoring --  
he's an amazing athlete, a renowned  
humanitarian.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

14 INT. RED CAPE COMICS - DAY

14

Michael methodically puts on thin cotton gloves. Hunter  
observes, in disbelief:

HUNTER

What the fuck are you doing -- brain  
surgery?

MICHAEL

Far more delicate.

He carefully places a comic book in a protective plastic sleeve.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

This is a very rare comic. From the  
50's. You're not supposed to let the  
acid from your fingers touch the paper --  
(as he completes the task)

There! The operation is a success.  
"Michael Novotny, Doctor of Comicology"  
triumphs again!

(CONTINUED)

HUNTER

Freak show. \*

Michael's cell phone BLEEEEEEPS on the counter.

MICHAEL

Would you get it -- and tell whoever it is that the doctor is in?

HUNTER

(answering the phone)

Hello? Uh -- sure. Hold on --

(to Michael, surprised)

It's Mr. Leeson.

Michael looks at him -- "Who"?

HUNTER (cont'd)

Callie's Dad!

Michael takes the phone.

MICHAEL

Steve? Hi. It was great meeting you and Amber the other night. Ben and I are really looking forward to getting together --

(beat)

Tonight? I'll have to check with Ben, but I'm sure it'll be okay. Where would you like to meet?

(beat)

That'll be fine. Say eight o'clock? See you then.

He hangs up. \*

HUNTER

What was that about?

MICHAEL

We'd better go home and dust. Your in-laws-to-be are coming over.

CUT TO:

15 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

15

Justin is riding Brian's cock to a loud and lustful finish. They both come very vocally. They lie there, breathless. Finally, Justin dismounts, and Brian pulls off the condom.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Of all the times we've fucked -- and by now I'd say we're well into quadruple digits -- that would have to place in the top five.

JUSTIN

Good. That'll be a thousand dollars, please.

BRIAN

Quite an increase from the two-bits you were charging when we met.

JUSTIN

To experience perfection is a privilege -- whatever the price. Besides, I need you to sponsor me for the Liberty Ride.

BRIAN

Sorry, Sunshine, but I'm already sponsoring someone else.

(off Justin's look)

Me.

Justin looks at Brian, can't believe he's serious.

JUSTIN

What?

BRIAN

I'm doing the ride.

JUSTIN

You can't do the ride. You've barely recovered. The doctor told you to take it easy, that at your age --

BRIAN

At "my age" I can make up my own mind.

JUSTIN

But you hate bicycling, you despise camping out, you detest any and all forms of charity, you loathe the Gay and Lesbian Center and everyone associated with it, so give me one -- one! -- good reason why --

BRIAN

I want to.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

Well you can't. You haven't trained, you're not in shape -- there's no way you could make it out of Toronto, much less the three-hundred and twenty-two miles back to Pittsburgh.

BRIAN

Your prophecies of doom only incite me more.

JUSTIN

I'm just being realistic.

BRIAN

We dreamers have no time for that. When's the next spin class?

JUSTIN

Tomorrow.

BRIAN

A little practice, and I'll fly like the wind.

As Justin casts him a highly dubious glance:

CUT TO:

16 INT. MELANIE & LINDSAY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

16

Melanie and Lindsay sit across from each other at the table finishing dinner, but they might as well be miles apart. Little has been said. Melanie, trying to follow Debbie's instructions, finally breaks the silence.

MELANIE

The salmon was delicious.

Lindsay, eager to restore harmony, takes this as a hopeful sign.

LINDSAY

Thanks. I tried to cook it the way you like, almost rare. Would you like some more?

MELANIE

No. Thanks.

Melanie picks up her plate, rises.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

LINDSAY

Here, let me --

MELANIE

No, no. You cooked, I'll clean up.

Nonetheless, Lindsay picks up her own plate, follows Melanie into:

16A INT. MELANIE & LINDSAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

16A

Putting dishes in the sink:

MELANIE

By the way, the premium for the variable annuity arrived, we both have to write checks. And the termite inspector's coming tomorrow --

LINDSAY

It never stops, does it?

MELANIE

What?

LINDSAY

The house. Keeping things in order. If it isn't one thing, it's another.

MELANIE

We don't want the foundation to rot.

Their eyes meet. A beat.

LINDSAY

No. We don't.

MELANIE

Then we have to take care of it. After all, it's our home.

(beat)

Oh, I forgot to tell you --

Follow them back into:

16B INT. MELANIE & LINDSAY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

16B

Gathering up glasses, serving dishes, whatever.

MELANIE

Susannah called. About those tickets to the Eugeny Kissin recital?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16B CONTINUED:

16B

MELANIE (cont'd)

She wanted to know if we're still planning to go with her and Tess -- I said, of course.

LINDSAY

Oh, Mel --

She throws her arms around Melanie, starts to kiss her.

MELANIE

Stop --  
(then, angrily)  
Stop it!

Lindsay backs off, surprised.

LINDSAY

What --? I just wanted to give you a hug and a kiss.

MELANIE

I don't want you giving me a hug. Or a kiss.

LINDSAY

But I thought -- I mean -- that everything was going to be okay.

MELANIE

How could everything be okay?  
(a beat, then)  
I'm just trying to maintain some sense of order -- hold things together.

LINDSAY

I see.  
(beat)  
I thought you'd actually decided to forgive me.

Melanie looks at her, astonished.

MELANIE

You must expect miracles. Or amnesia. Well, I'm sorry I can't give you what you want. But that's par for the course, isn't it?

LINDSAY

What's that supposed to mean?

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

There's nothing I can do that'll ever make you completely happy. You'll always feel unsatisfied, and I'll always feel that I'm not enough.

LINDSAY

That's not true.

MELANIE

Bullshit! Of course it is. Otherwise none of this would've happened.

She slams the dishes back on the table, heads upstairs.

LINDSAY

Mel --!

Halfway up the stairs, Melanie stops. But it's not at Lindsay's bequest. She holds herself in pain. Lindsay rushes to her, alarmed. \*

LINDSAY (cont'd)

Mel --?

CUT TO:

17 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

17

Thumpa-thumpa! The dance floor pulses. And pulsing along with it are Brian and Justin, Ben and Michael -- and even Ted. They're all dancing up a storm.

ANGLE ON EMMETT

As he struts into the club -- his arm wrapped around Drew's brawny bicep. They both look hot, hot, hot! The Babylonians start to whisper and gossip as they pass:

BABYLONIANS

" -- Isn't that Drew Boyd, the football player--? He's dreamy! What's he doing here --? Who's he with --? Is that his boyfriend --?"

There's so much buzzzzzzing, it sounds like a beehive. As Emmett reaches our gang:

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

Drewsie, you know Brian and Ted, of course. That's Michael and Ben and Justin --

DREW

Hi, guys.

A beat as Emmett observes his friends gawking.

EMMETT

Close your mouths, boys, the drool's getting all over the floor. Someone could slip.

(then)

Now, it's my honey's first trip to Babylon, so let's show him a good time.

(to Drew)

Come on baby, we're going to exercise our thighs in a different way tonight!

And with that, he pulls Drew into the Dance. The crowd parts like the Red Sea. Emmett sensuously unbuttons his shirt, never taking his eyes off Drew, flings it away. Drew, his eyes locked on Emmett, matches him button for button, tosses his shirt aside. They start to dance wildly, their eyes locked on each other. As everyone watches in awe:

SMASH CUT TO:

A CLOSE UP OF EMMETT'S FACE

His mind still in Babylon.

DREW (O.S.)

Another beer?

Back to reality.

EMMETT

Huh --?

WE ARE IN:

18 INT. SQUIRE'S STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

18

A clubby, "man's" restaurant -- stiff white table clothes, dark wood paneling, shields and crossed swords on the wall, a suit of armor -- you know the place. Emmett and Drew are at a table for two, in the very center.

(CONTINUED)

DREW

Want another beer?

EMMETT

Thanks, but I haven't finished this one yet.

Emmett watches as Drew finishes his steak. He looks around. It's only now that we realize they are the only two people in the entire restaurant.

EMMETT (cont'd)

Did you happen to notice anything -- peculiar?

DREW

Like what?

EMMETT

Like this is one of Pittsburgh's most famous restaurants -- yet, we're the only ones here.

DREW

Must be a slow night. You going to finish that?

EMMETT

Huh --?

(realizing Drew means his half-eaten steak)

Uh -- no.

---

Drew harpoons it. Emmett watches as he devours it.

EMMETT (cont'd)

You know, when you said we were going to go out -- somehow this isn't exactly what I imagined.

DREW

What did you imagine?

EMMETT

For one thing -- people.

(a beat)

Did you -- buy this place out? So we wouldn't be seen together?

(CONTINUED)

DREW

(with a shrug)

I don't like all the attention, that's all. It's hard to have a meal -- or even a conversation -- with fans coming up every two minutes, asking for an autograph --

EMMETT

Uh-huh.

DREW

Trust me. It's better this way.

(then)

It's a good thing you saved room for dessert. They've got a killer chocolate cake, must be a foot high. I'll need an extra-long "work-out" after that.

He gives Emmett a wink and one of his irresistible smiles. Emmett returns it as best he can. Then as he looks around at the empty restaurant:

CUT TO:

19 INT. MICHAEL AND BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

19 \*

Michael and Ben are finishing dressing. As they get ready, Hunter hounds them, nervously:

HUNTER

(to Michael)

Just don't swear or fart or make stupid jokes, okay? And don't do any Bette Davis impressions.

MICHAEL

When have I ev-ah done a Bet-te Da-vis im-presh-shun?

HUNTER

Ben --!

BEN

We promise we won't embarrass you, pal.

Just then, the DOORBELL RINGS.

HUNTER

(anxiously)

That's them!

(CONTINUED)

Ben gives him a reassuring squeeze, opens the door to reveal Steve and Amber.

BEN  
Steve -- Amber.

MICHAEL  
Come on in. Can I take your coats?

STEVE  
(tersely)  
No, thanks. We're not staying. \*

As they move into the apartment, past Ben and Michael who exchange a glance:

CUT TO:

20 INT. MICHAEL AND BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

20 \*

Minutes later:

AMBER  
If we hadn't gone through her journal,  
we never would have known.

STEVE  
Considering what kids are up to these  
days, you do whatever you have to.

AMBER  
You have no idea how upset we were --

STEVE  
Are --!

AMBER  
Your son may have exposed our daughter  
to --  
(she can barely say it)  
-- AIDS. \*

BEN  
Hunter doesn't have AIDS. He's HIV-  
positive.

STEVE  
What difference does it make?

BEN  
A very big difference. I ought to  
know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

BEN (cont'd)  
(taking a beat)  
I happen to be HIV-positive, too.

MICHAEL  
We're very aware of safe sex -- and  
we've instructed Hunter to be as well. \*

HUNTER  
I wore a condom. \*

AMBER  
(to Michael and Ben)  
I'm glad you can be so matter-of-fact  
about it -- \*

STEVE  
But you still should've told us! \*

BEN  
If Michael and I knew in advance that  
Hunter and Callie were going to have  
sex -- which, for the record, we didn't  
-- we would've discussed it. However,  
the important thing is, they both acted  
responsibly.

STEVE  
What the hell do they know? They're  
sixteen!

HUNTER  
More than you!

Steve looks at Hunter for a beat, then turns to Michael and Ben.

STEVE  
We don't want him seeing Callie again.

HUNTER  
No fucking way!

MICHAEL  
Calm down --

STEVE  
That's final. \*

HUNTER  
Fuck this shit!

BEN  
Hunter. That's enough.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Excuse yourself. Go on.

Angrily, Hunter obeys, starts to go to his room. \*

AMBER

We're sorry about Hunter. But we have to protect Callie.

STEVE

How'd he get it, anyway?

Michael and Ben hesitate. Finally:

BEN

That's a private matter.

AMBER

He had sex with our daughter. I think we have a right to know.

HUNTER (O.S.)

Why don't you tell them?

They all turn to Hunter:

HUNTER (cont'd)

(hurt and angry)

Go on! Tell them everything! Or would you like me to?

CUT TO:

20A INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

20A

Melanie lies in a hospital bed. Lindsay sits in the chair next to her. DOCTOR MAGNUSSEN enters. \*

DOCTOR

How are you feeling?

MELANIE

I'm fine. How's the baby?

DOCTOR

Baby's fine, too. For now.

LINDSAY

Thank God.

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

What the hell happened?

DOCTOR

You went into early labor. Probably brought on by stress.

Melanie and Lindsay exchange a guilty look. Wonder what could've caused that?

DOCTOR (cont'd)

What did I tell you about taking it easy?

MELANIE

I know, I know --

DOCTOR

Obviously, you didn't, or you wouldn't be here. Well this time you're going to listen. If you deliver too prematurely, there could be serious complications.

\*  
\*  
\*

MELANIE

Are you trying to scare me?

DOCTOR

You're damn right I am. We've managed to stop the labor with drugs, but for the remainder of the pregnancy, you're not to leave your bed except for a trip to the bathroom. No extended walking, no lifting, no physical exertion of any kind. Do I make myself clear?

Melanie nods. The doctor turns to Lindsay:

DOCTOR (cont'd)

Keep her in bed. Don't let her out.

LINDSAY

I'll strap her to it if I have to.

DOCTOR

You might.

(then, to Melanie)

You're lucky you have such a devoted partner -- because you're going to be spending a lot of time together.

(CONTINUED)

Off Melanie and Lindsay's look:

CUT TO:

21 INT. SPINNING CLASS - DAY

21

A spinning class is about to start. Ted and Justin, as well as OTHER RIDERS are on their bikes, ready to go. The HOT SPINNING INSTRUCTOR calls to the class:

SPINNING INSTRUCTOR  
Everybody ready?

An O.S. voice calls:

VOICE (O.S.)  
Don't leave without me!

Everyone turns to SEE Brian standing there in spinning gear. \*

TED  
(to Justin)  
What the hell's he doing here?

JUSTIN  
Today the Liberty Ride, tomorrow the  
Tour de France.

Brian climbs on a stationary bike behind Justin. The instructor blows his WHISTLE. Loud, disco MUSIC starts to pound. COLORED LIGHTS flash in time to the beat.

SPINNING INSTRUCTOR  
(calls to the class over a hand-  
held microphone)  
Okay! Fifteen minute interval, no  
breaks.

The class starts to pedal. Brian calls to Justin:

BRIAN  
You should've told me it's Babylon on  
wheels!

As Brian pedals, easily keeping up with the others -- piece of cake, PAN to the wheels of the bicycles spinning.

CUT TO:

21A INT. SPINNING CLASS - DAY

21A

A short time later. The workout has become more intense. Ted and Justin keep up easily. Justin takes a quick look over to Brian. He's still keeping pace, but the smile's no longer so confident. Sweat beads his forehead. He strains to keep up. PAN to the wheels of the bicycles spinning, faster.

CUT TO:

21B INT. SPINNING CLASS - DAY

21B

A short time later. Things have really heated up. Justin and Ted are beginning to sweat. The instructor calls to the class:

SPINNING INSTRUCTOR

Turn up the tension on your bikes!  
Work it!

Ted glances over at Brian. He's still keeping up -- barely, but he's sitting on his seat, sweat pouring off his face. PAN to the wheels of the bicycles spinning, faster and faster.

CUT TO:

21C INT. SPINNING CLASS - DAY

21C

A short time later. Everyone's working hard to keep up now. The instructor barks orders.

SPINNING INSTRUCTOR

Okay, let's bring it on home! No more breaks, no more water, let's gooooo!

Justin glances over to Brian, no longer able to keep up. He's soaked, his hair plastered to his face. Barely able to breathe. Finally he stops pedalling. Exhausted, he gets off the bike, walks out of the room. As Justin and Ted watch him go:

CUT TO:

22 INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - DAY

22

Emmett's on his cell phone, doing business, engulfed by his planning books, papers and menus.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

How many pigs does your daughter have in her collection? Thirty-five -- hundred. That's a lot of pigs. Well, if she wants a cake in the shape of a pig, we'll get her a cake in the shape of a pig!

(another call comes in)

Oops! Can you excuse me for one moment, Mrs. Newburg?

(clicking to the other call)

Hello --?

SIERRA slide into view on her cell phone. She's very upset (maybe even teary).

SIERRA

Emmett --?

EMMETT

Yes --?

SIERRA

It's -- Sierra.

A beat. The blood rushes to Emmett's head.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

We have to talk.

EMMETT

We -- do?

SIERRA

Right away. Today.

As he swallows hard:

CUT TO:

23 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

23

A toney watering hole where the ladies (and Emmett) lunch. We FIND a very nervous Emmett seated at a table with Sierra.

SIERRA

Emmett -- I don't think I've ever been so upset.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

I -- can imagine.

SIERRA

Which is why I called.

(beat)

I felt the best way to deal with the situation is for us to sit down together and discuss it.

EMMETT

That seems -- perfectly reasonable.

She takes a breath, then proceeds.

SIERRA

I was in the shower this morning when Drew got the call.

A tiny moment of confusion.

EMMETT

What -- call?

SIERRA

From our wedding planner. She was rushed to the hospital. Her appendix burst. She's going to be out of commission for months.

EMMETT

That's a shame.

SIERRA

It's worse than a shame -- it's an absolute disaster. Drew and I can't postpone our wedding -- so I've decided I want you to do it.

Emmett looks at her, speechless.

SIERRA (cont'd)

I realize I caught you off-guard, that you don't know what to say -- but please, Emmett -- say yes! You have no idea how important it is to me.

EMMETT

But what about Drew? Something tells me he wouldn't want me to --

(CONTINUED)

SIERRA

I know sometimes he can be a bit gruff, but oh, Emmett -- if you only knew him the way I do! Of course, he's gorgeous and strong and athletic. But he's also kind and loving -- and honest. He's -- well, my hero. And we need a wedding worthy of a hero. My mother used to tell me that to have a perfect marriage, you have to start off with a perfect wedding. I just know you'll give us that perfect start.

As she places her hand on top of his:

CUT TO:

24 MOVED AND RENUMBERED SCENE 20A 24

25 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY 25

Hunter's searching for Callie. He turns a corner, sees her.

HUNTER

(catching up)

Hey --! I waited for you outside the cafeteria. Where were you?

CALLIE

I had to study. For the Chem final.

HUNTER

You missed a great lunch: Mystery Meat.

She forces a smile. That's all. They walk in silence for a beat. Finally, "fishing" --

HUNTER (cont'd)

Did your parents tell you about "the talk"?

(off her nod)

It was twisted.

(then, nervously)

So -- what'd they say?

(off her silence)

Callie?

CALLIE

They said you told them you were a -- prostitute. That you had sex with men. That that's how you got it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

CALLIE (cont'd)

(beat)

Is it true?

Hunter finally nods.

CALLIE (cont'd)

Why didn't you tell me?

HUNTER

How do you tell your girlfriend that  
you used to fuck guys for a living?  
You'd never talk to me again! You're  
barely talking to me now. \*

CALLIE

(after a beat)

Then you're gay?

HUNTER

I thought I was. Until I met you.

He takes her hand to pull her to him -- but she stops him. \*

CALLIE

All I can think about is you with all  
those men. Them doing things to you.  
You doing things to them.

HUNTER

I don't do it anymore. I swear.

Her eyes meet his for a beat, sadly. Then --

CALLIE

I've got to get to class.

She rushes off, leaves him standing there.

CUT TO:

26

INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

26

Brian's at a table eating lunch, going over some papers.  
Debbie's serving a nearby table. Justin and Ted enter,  
carrying their gym bags, slip into the seat across from  
Brian, big grins on. \*

(CONTINUED)

TED

We just heard that Remson  
Pharmaceuticals is sponsoring the ride  
to the tune of a hundred G's.

BRIAN

Will wonders never cease?

JUSTIN

We didn't say anything, of course --

TED

Having been trained not to divulge any  
information on penalty of death. But  
the fingerprints of one Brian Kinney  
are all over it.

Debbie stands by their table, hearing all of this.

JUSTIN

So now you can forget about the ride.

TED

Take care of yourself.  
(pat, pat)  
You need your rest. Go take a nap.

Brian glares at them.

BRIAN

You want to cut up my meat for me, too?

JUSTIN

Guess we'd better get to spinning.

TED

Gotta train.

They take off. Once they're gone, Debbie comes over, sits  
across from him.

DEBBIE

Freshen your hemlock?

BRIAN

What makes you think I want to kill  
myself?

DEBBIE

The look on your face for one thing.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Maybe I should've.

DEBBIE

Well, there is an alternative to going out in a blaze of glory, and that's givin' them all The Big Fuck You.

A beat, off Brian's look: \*

DEBBIE (CONT'D) \*

You know, I always say it's because of me that Vic survived those last four years. I fed him, bathed him --

BRIAN

(he knows)

-- wiped his ass.

DEBBIE

(a bit embarrassed)

Right.

(beat)

But the truth is -- Vic fought like a son of a bitch. Every time a new infection hit, or some new med would make him feel worse than what it was supposed to be curing, he'd reach down into some unfathomable place in himself and say, "I'm not giving up yet, so fuck off!" \*

(handing him the bill)

Now you can give me my tip.

CUT TO:

27 INT. MELANIE & LINDSAY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

27

Lindsay's making up the spare bed that she and Michael carried downstairs. It's smack-dab in the middle of the living room. Melanie sits in a chair in her robe.

LINDSAY

Thanks for helping me drag this down, Michael --

MELANIE

Yes, thank you, Michael.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Hey, this is my kid, too. If anything happens to him --

MELANIE

Nothing's going to happen. I'm fine --  
(rubbing her tummy)  
We're fine.

LINDSAY

A lot of women have to do this at the end of their pregnancy.

MICHAEL

Yet another reason why I'm glad I'm a guy.

LINDSAY

Still, there are many pleasures --

MELANIE

(pointedly)  
Along with the pain.

Lindsay finishes making up the bed.

LINDSAY

(to Melanie)  
There. All right. Get in.

As she does and settles in.

MICHAEL

And stay in. If you need anything else --

He gives them each a kiss --

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Call me. Better yet, I'll call you --  
in about an hour!

He leaves.

MELANIE

Oy! He's never going to leave me alone, is he?

LINDSAY

Probably not.

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

And then there's Debbie.

She starts to get out of bed.

LINDSAY

Where're you going?

MELANIE

To get a bottle of water.

LINDSAY

I'll get it. The doctor said you're not to move. Christ, don't you listen to anybody --?

MELANIE

It's just to the kitchen.

LINDSAY

You can go to the bathroom. That's it. Until the baby's born I'm your arms and legs.

A beat, then:

MELANIE

So, I guess we're stuck.

LINDSAY

You in bed.  
(beat)  
Us with each other.

MELANIE

Funny, isn't it?

LINDSAY

Achingly. I'll get you your water.

As she leaves Melanie, stuck there, in bed:

CUT TO:

28 INT. MOTEL - DAY

28

Drew's lying on the bed, surfing channels, chugging a brew, ready for action. After a few beats, Emmett comes in.

(CONTINUED)

DREW

Hey, sport -- I was wondering what happened to you. Peel off those pants and let's start the clock.

EMMETT

Sorry I'm late -- I was with Sierra.

(beat)

I'm afraid you're going to have to deal with a very distraught fiancée when you get home.

DREW

(suddenly alarmed)

You didn't tell her --?

EMMETT

Of course not. I leave that up to you. I just told her that I couldn't plan your wedding.

DREW

Oh. That.

Emmett sits on the side of the bed. A beat.

EMMETT

So -- when are you going to tell her?

DREW

About what?

EMMETT

About you. About me. She loves you, you know. More than loves you. Worships you. Adores you. Believes in you. Do you know how hurt, how devastated she'd be if she ever found out --

DREW

Why should she ever find out? Why should anybody?

EMMETT

Because it's the truth?

DREW

The "truth" is -- I have nothing to gain and everything to lose. You see, I'm an industry. Drew Boyd, Inc.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DREW (cont'd)

A lot of people make millions off of me. Do you know what would happen? I'd lose my friends, my teammates, my fans --

(snapping his Brown briefs)

-- my endorsements. But most of all, I'd lose the thing I love most in the world: Playing football.

(a beat)

Besides, I love Sierra. I want a wife and kids, just like everybody else.

EMMETT

And what about us?

He finishes his beer, pulls Emmett close.

DREW

Nothing has to change. And nobody needs to know. It's none of their goddamn business.

EMMETT

You know, everything you said made perfectly good sense. And I'm sure most people would agree with you. Why tell anyone, why lose everything, when it can be your little secret?

(beat)

But you see, for me it was different. It was obvious to everyone from the start who I was -- which, believe me, didn't make my life any easier. I've been beaten up, spit on, cursed at from Day One. But in a way, it's been worth it -- because I've never had to live a lie.

(beat)

And I'm not about to start now. Not for you -- or for anyone.

\*

\*

\*

As he leaves Drew alone in the motel room:

CUT TO:

29 INT. MICHAEL & BEN'S APARTMENT - HUNTER'S ROOM - NIGHT

29

Michael and Ben are trying to console Hunter.

HUNTER

What girl's going to want me when she finds out what I've got -- and how I got it?

MICHAEL

You'll find someone. You'll see.

BEN

Just like Michael and I found each other.

HUNTER

It's different with a guy and a girl!

A beat. This is exactly what Michael was afraid of.

HUNTER (cont'd)

I mean, some day, she'll want to have kids. I can never do that.

BEN

That's not true. They're working on that.

HUNTER

(angrily)

I never should've told her! That way no one ever would've known!

BEN

No. You did the right thing -- the honorable thing -- telling her the truth.

HUNTER

I really love her.

Ben moves close to Hunter, holds him.

BEN

I know --

HUNTER

No one's ever going to love me.

BEN

That's not true. We love you. Whether you're positive or not, whether you're gay or not.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

And so will others. Including girls.  
Just give it time.

CUT TO:

30 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

30

Justin comes out of the bathroom, drying himself off after a shower, FINDS Brian putting on his coat.

JUSTIN

Where're you going? Babylon?

BRIAN

Hopefully, I'll have the strength for  
one quick spin around the floor.

JUSTIN

(letting it ride)

Don't make noise when you come in --  
I've got to get up early, go to spin  
class.

BRIAN

You youngsters, I don't know where you  
get your strength.

He gives Justin a pat on the top of the head, leaves. As Justin watches him go, we HEAR the thumpa-thumpa of the disco beat getting LOUDER and LOUDER:

CUT TO:

BRIGHT COLORED FLASHING LIGHTS

It looks like Babylon. It sounds like Babylon.

We PAN down from the lights to FIND Brian, head bobbing, sweat streaming down his face as if he's dancing. But when we PULL BACK we discover we're not in Babylon, but in:

31 INT. SPINNING CLASS - NIGHT

31 \*

It's late. He's the only one in the spinning room. Brian's on a stationary bike, pedaling faster and faster, harder, pushing himself. Never give up, never give up. As the camera PUSHES IN on Brian's determined face:

FADE OUT.

THE END