

# queer as folk

EPISODE 414

Written By  
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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  
VIC GRASSI.....Jack Wetherall  
DET. CARL HORVATH.....Peter McNeill  
HUNTER.....Harris Allan  
and as  
DEBBIE NOVOTNY.....Sharon Gless

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GUEST CAST

OFFICER BUTZ	JENNY REBECCA
BRETT KELLER	TANNIS
CONNOR JAMES	PHILIP
JAKE	GENE
NURSE	RODNEY

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1. EXT. CANADA - OH, CANADA! - DAY p.1  
Soaring through a crystal-blue sky we LOOK DOWN as we FLY OVER
2. EXT. A HIGHWAY - DAY p.1  
seemingly self-perpetuating, threading itself like a vein through
3. INT. MELANIE AND LINDSAY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY p.1  
MELANIE -- in bed, of course -- is on the house phone (extra long
4. EXT. U.S. CUSTOMS \_IMMIGRATION BORDER STATION - DAY p.1  
Michael and Ben are standing outside the Station, heads pressed
5. INT. U.S. CUSTOMS \_IMMIGRATION BORDER STATION - DAY p.3  
TRAVELLERS lined up at windows showing IMMIGRATION OFFICERS
6. INT. BRETT KELLER'S OFFICE - STUDIO LOT - DAY p.6  
JUSTIN is examining the posters in BRETT's "star" office on the
- ① 7. EXT. CAMPGROUNDS - NIGHT p.8  
Ted is eating at one of the picnic tables. Emmett comes over with
8. EXT. THE LA-LA LOUNGE (LOS ANGELES) - NIGHT p.12  
An exclusive club in West Hollywood. There's a SECURITY GUARD, a
- 8A. INT. THE LA-LA LOUNGE - NIGHT p.12  
Once inside the lounge, Justin finds himself surrounded by young,
9. INT. MELANIE AND LINDSAY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY p.14  
Lindsay pours the tea from a lovely old porcelain teapot into a
- ② 10. EXT. CAMPGROUNDS - DAY p.16  
The Riders are packing up their stuff, tossing it on the trucks,
11. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY p.18  
A bright, sunny day -- hopefully. If not -- a miserable, dreary
12. EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD / INT. AMBULANCE - DAY p.19  
Brian is in the back of an ambulance receiving emergency roadside
13. INT. BRETT KELLER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY p.20  
Justin passes through the kitchen on his way to the guest house,
- ③ 14. EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY p.21  
Riders setting up tents. Unpacking. Or just relaxing. FIND our
15. INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - DAY p.24  
Melanie's soaked with sweat, crying out in pain.
16. EXT. ROAD - NIGHT p.25  
It's getting dark. Emmett is sitting on the side of the road,
17. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY p.28  
Brian struggles as he lags far behind the other riders. It's
18. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY p.30  
Morning. Emmett and Ted trudge down a country road, walking their
19. EXT. LIBERTY AVENUE - DAY p.32  
The Finish Line for the Liberty Ride. A large CROWD is there to
20. EXT. LIBERTY AVENUE - NIGHT p.34  
-- Liberty Avenue becomes practically deserted, except for Debbie,
21. INT. HOSPITAL - MELANIE'S ROOM - DAY p.36  
START ON a NEWBORN INFANT being placed into Michael's arms. The
22. INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY p.37  
Ted and Emmett stand at the counter, as Debbie places a humongous

23. EXT. LIBERTY HOUSE HOSPICE - DAY p.40  
A LARGE GROUP -- Riders from the Liberty Ride, friends and
24. INT. BABYLON - NIGHT p.42  
Brian's on the dance floor, in the midst of a post-ride
25. INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - DAY p.43  
Brian, asleep on the sofa, wakes up.
26. INT. HOSPITAL - MELANIE'S ROOM - NIGHT p.45  
Melanie's out of bed now, sitting in a chair, breast-feeding Jenny
27. INT. MICHAEL AND BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT p.47  
It's late. Michael and Ben are in bed, wearing their silver

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CANADA - OH, CANADA! - DAY 1

Soaring through a crystal-blue sky we LOOK DOWN as we FLY OVER fields and trees, villages and farms to SEE:

2 EXT. A HIGHWAY - DAY 2

seemingly self-perpetuating, threading itself like a vein through the body of Earth, carrying life in the form of

BICYCLE RIDERS

in a broken but steady procession. As we MOVE IN CLOSER, we recognize:

FAMILIAR FACES

gliding by, eyes intently focused on the road and the journey ahead: MICHAEL, BEN, HUNTER, BRIAN, EMMETT, TED -- and in a support vehicle, DEBBIE riding shotgun, keeping an eye on her brood. They pass:

A SIGN

That announces: CANADA - UNITED STATES BORDER 2 MILES. PREPARE TO STOP. Michael smiles at Ben, looks back over his shoulder, points to the sign, attracting his friends' attention to it. As they all fly past it:

CUT TO:

3 INT. MELANIE AND LINDSAY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 3

MELANIE -- in bed, of course -- is on the house phone (extra long extension), LINDSAY is pacing about on the wireless extension phone. POPPING in and out are Michael and Ben on their cell phone.

MELANIE

MARRIED --?!

LINDSAY

Married --? Oh my God!

INTERCUT WITH:

4 EXT. U.S. CUSTOMS & IMMIGRATION BORDER STATION - DAY 4

Michael and Ben are standing outside the Station, heads pressed together, sharing a cell phone, as BIKERS troop past to go through Customs.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

We did it in Toronto --

MICHAEL

Where it's actually legal!

BEN

We wish you'd been there with us.

LINDSAY

Us, too! I'm going to cry, anyway!

MELANIE

Mazel tov! Mazel tov!

MICHAEL

I know that means congratulations.

MELANIE

It means more than that. It means good health, good life, and all God's blessings.

BEN

When we get back we'll all go out and celebrate.

MICHAEL

The two married couples! Call us if the baby beats us to the finish line?

MELANIE

Oy, vey! Stop with the worrying!

LINDSAY

See you in a few days.

MELANIE

And congratulations -- !

They all hang up, or click off. STAY WITH Melanie and Lindsay.

LINDSAY

Married. Legally.

MELANIE

At least in Canada.

LINDSAY

Some day, here --

(CONTINUED)

MELANIE

That's when gay people'll find out: "be careful what you wish for, it might come true".

LINDSAY

(a bitter laugh)

That's for sure. What makes them think they'll be any better at it than all those long-suffering straight people?

MELANIE

The only ones who'll profit from it'll be the divorce lawyers -- a whole new clientele to bill.

A beat. The bitter laughter fades.

LINDSAY

I guess that's the one good thing about not being allowed to marry.

MELANIE

Not having to get a divorce.

As they give each other a look --

CUT TO: \*

5 INT. U.S. CUSTOMS & IMMIGRATION BORDER STATION - DAY

5

TRAVELLERS lined up at windows showing IMMIGRATION OFFICERS required papers: passport, driver's license, birth certificate, entry forms. One of the officers -- OFFICER BUTZ -- calls:

OFFICER BUTZ

Next!

Michael and Ben, along with Hunter, step up to the window, present the officer with the required forms. As he checks them:

OFFICER BUTZ (cont'd)

How long were you in Canada?

BEN

Two days.

OFFICER BUTZ

Purpose of visit?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

We're doing a bicycle ride for charity.

Butz gruntz, checks their immigration form.

OFFICER BUTZ

Both your names are on this.

BEN

It says spouses can use the same form.

MICHAEL

While we were in Toronto, officer, we took advantage of the fact that same-sex marriages are legal.

BEN

So we tied the knot.

Michael presents him with their marriage license as Hunter pipes up:

HUNTER

They're husband and husband.

OFFICER BUTZ

Who's he?

BEN

Our son.

Butz casts a disdainful glance at Hunter, then hands the marriage license back to Michael and Ben.

OFFICER BUTZ

This may be legal in Canada, but the United States of America doesn't recognize gay marriages.

Brian, in line beside them, interjects:

BRIAN

C'mon, Officer, they're just a couple of crazy kids who fell in love and got hitched. Give 'em a break.

OFFICER BUTZ

(ignoring Brian)

If you want to enter the country, you'll have to fill out two separate form, as single individuals. Next!

Debbie sidles up to the counter looking none too pleased. She plunks down her form in front of him. He looks it over.

OFFICER BUTZ (cont'd)

It says you're bringing fruit into the country.

DEBBIE

Two-hundred and fifty of 'em -- on bicycles.

OFFICER BUTZ

And that the purpose of your visit to Canada was "to experience the greatest joy I've ever known seeing my gay son marry his lover".

DEBBIE

Ya gotta a problem with that, Butz?

MICHAEL

Ma --

OFFICER BUTZ

As I explained to your son, the government of the United States doesn't recognize gays getting married.

DEBBIE

But you recognize Britney fuckin' Spears gettin' loaded and married one night, then havin' it annulled the next morning. Or two total strangers gettin' married for a million fuckin' dollars on television. Is that the "sanctity of marriage" you assholes are protecting --?

MICHAEL

Ma --!

DEBBIE

What is this shit, they won't let you back in your own country? That your marriage doesn't count?

(to Butz)

If it's good enough for Canada, and the Queen of fuckin' England, it's good enough for Butz!

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER BUTZ  
Ma'am, you like smoked salmon?

DEBBIE  
What's that got to do with anything?

OFFICER BUTZ  
'Cause if you don't shut your goddamn  
mouth, you're going to be spending the  
rest of your life in Nova Scotia!

He gives her back her passport. She gives him a look that  
could kill.

BEN  
Debbie, we knew they wouldn't recognize  
our marriage.

DEBBIE  
Then why the hell'd you fill out the  
form?

BEN  
To make a point: that all Americans are  
entitled to their same rights and  
freedoms. Whatever our President  
thinks --

\*

MICHAEL  
Now if you don't mind, we'd like to get  
this over with, so we can go home.

As Debbie, Brian and Hunter watch Michael and Ben walk away,  
defeated but unbowed:

CUT TO:

A series of posters: "CRUISE-RAGE", "KUTCHER- RAGE", "DEPP-  
RAGE", "FARRELL-RAGE". WE ARE IN:

6 INT. BRETT KELLER'S OFFICE - STUDIO LOT - DAY

6

JUSTIN is examining the posters in BRETT's "star" office on  
the lot.

\*

BRETT  
I had these mocked-up. Just to get a  
feel.

JUSTIN  
Feels -- unreal!

(CONTINUED)

BRETT

For now. But not for long.

He shows Justin an over-sized water color rendering.

BRETT (cont'd)

I also asked a Production Designer I  
have in mind to do a rendering of  
Rage's Lair. What do you think?

A few beats, as Justin studies it.

JUSTIN

It's -- good. But it needs to be  
darker. Not dark scary. Dark sexy. A  
place you dream of getting fucked in.  
And his bed should be more at the  
center and raised, like an altar --  
since Rage's sexual energy is what  
motivates his character and drives the  
action.

BRETT

(with a smile)

I couldn't have put it better, myself.

The desk phone BUZZZZZZES, Brett picks up. Or he can use the  
monitor. Whatever.

ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Brett, Marty's on the line.

Brett gives Justin a look, picks up.

BRETT

Hi, Marty. Yeah, it was a good  
meeting. That's why I wanted you to  
meet him.

(with a wink to Justin)

Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Well, if you say so.  
You're the Boss.

He hangs up. A beat. Justin looks at him.

BRETT (cont'd)

(finally)

We got the green light!

JUSTIN

Awesome!

(CONTINUED)

6

BRETT

No, you were awesome. You showed everyone in that meeting one thing Hollywood fears most.

JUSTIN

Bad hair?

BRETT

Honesty.

JUSTIN

I was just speaking my mind.

BRETT

You hungry? Getting a "go" always makes me famished.

(buzzing his assistant)

Blair, get me a table at Spago.

(to Justin, joking)

If you're lucky, we might have a Nancy Reagan sighting!

\*  
\*

Justin laughs.

BRETT (cont'd)

(back to his assistant)

Oh and cancel Mister Taylor's flight. He'll be staying until tomorrow.

JUSTIN

(confused)

What for?

BRETT

You just got a picture picked up. You can't leave town without celebrating!

\*

CUT TO:

7

EXT. CAMPGROUNDS - NIGHT

7

Ted is eating at one of the picnic tables. Emmett comes over with his tray.

EMMETT

This seat taken?

(producing a pillow, he sits on it)

Oh, my aching tush! It's been given a work out and a work over before -- but never like this!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT (cont'd)  
(then, to Ted)  
How's yours?

TED  
(nervous, distracted)  
Huh?

EMMETT  
Your tush.

TED  
It's fine.

EMMETT  
How's your steak?

TED  
It's fine, too.

EMMETT  
Well, something's not.

A beat, Ted finally answers:

TED  
Tomorrow's my birthday.

EMMETT  
Unless you've been reborn, your  
birthday's in August. \*

TED  
My twelve-step birthday. It'll be six  
months since I've been in the program.

EMMETT  
I'll drink to that!

TED  
I'd rather you didn't. And it would've  
been nice to have celebrated it at a  
meeting -- instead of being stuck out  
here in East Jesus. \*

EMMETT  
(trying for levity)  
West. The sign a couple of miles back  
said "West Jesus".  
(Ted doesn't crack a smile)  
Just trying to keep things gay -- \*

(CONTINUED)

TED

This is exactly what I was afraid of.  
I can feel myself getting anxious --  
insecure --

As Emmett looks at Ted, concerned, FOLLOW a couple of RIDERS  
over to Debbie, dishing out food from the meal wagon.

DEBBIE

There you go, hon -- there's plenty  
more if you want seconds.

She wipes her hands, goes to where Michael, Ben and Hunter  
are sitting.

BEN

Why don't you sit down and eat  
something, Deb?

DEBBIE

I'm not hungry.

She collapses, depressed, on the bench next to Michael, who  
puts a comforting arm around her.

MICHAEL

Come on, Ma -- you've got to keep up  
your strength.

DEBBIE

Goddamn border guard -- not lettin' you  
in.

MICHAEL

He was just following the law.  
Marriage doesn't exist. At least, not  
here. Not for us.

BEN

But it will. Once the snowball starts  
rolling -- and it has -- there's no way  
to stop it.

HUNTER

"For the times they are a-changin'".

DEBBIE

How do you know that?

HUNTER

I have an affinity for the music of  
bygone eras.

DEBBIE

Watch your mouth, kid. The man who wrote that'll be forever young.

Just then, Brian arrives, followed by a DELIVERY GUY carrying a tiered wedding cake with two grooms on top.

BRIAN

This way -- over here --

He signals for him to set the cake down in front of Michael and Ben.

BRIAN (cont'd)

(enormously pleased)

Well?

MICHAEL

What the fuck's that?

BRIAN

You've been to enough heterosexual suicide pacts to know: it's a wedding cake. For your reception.

\*

MICHAEL

But where'd you get it?

BEN

And in the middle of nowhere.

BRIAN

We're back in the U.S. of A. For enough money, you can get anything.

He hands the delivery guy a wad of cash, then, pulling a magnum of bubbly from under his arm:

BRIAN (cont'd)

And here's a little something to wash it down with.

DEBBIE

That stuff costs a fortune!

HUNTER

(eagerly reaching for the bottle)

I'll pour!

BRIAN

The fuck you will.

(CONTINUED)

7

DEBBIE

You're the last person I ever expected  
to be celebrating a marriage. Even if  
it only did last a day.

BRIAN

(he pops the cork)  
To the Novotny-Bruckners. Long may it  
wave.

As the group applauds, a KLEZMER BAND of three Hassidic Jews  
appears, starts to PLAY a Yiddish tune.

DEBBIE

A Klezmer band?

BRIAN

What were you expecting -- Tommy  
Dorsey?

He pulls Michael and Ben up, starts dancing with them around  
in a circle. Hunter and Debbie join in, as do others --  
including a GORGEOUS CYCLER. Brian makes eye-contact with  
him across the circle. As they go around, faster and faster:

CUT TO:

---

8 EXT. THE LA-LA LOUNGE (LOS ANGELES) - NIGHT

8

An exclusive club in West Hollywood. There's a SECURITY  
GUARD, a line and a list, which Brett and Justin breeze past.

---

8A INT. THE LA-LA LOUNGE - NIGHT

8A

Once inside the lounge, Justin finds himself surrounded by  
young, gorgeous guys.

JUSTIN

(a bit intimidated)  
This place looks pretty exclusive.

BRETT

Nah, they're just people.  
(beat)  
Rich people. Gorgeous people. Famous  
people. Something tells me you'll feel  
right at home in no time.

JUSTIN

It'll be tough going back to Pittsburgh  
after this.

(CONTINUED)

BRETT

Then why go?

Off Justin's look:

BRETT (cont'd)

Stay here. Work in the movies.

JUSTIN

Doing what?

BRETT

How does Production Consultant on  
"Rage" sound?

JUSTIN

You're kidding.

BRETT

You've got talent, passion, ambition --  
and if I may add, the backing of an A-  
list director. What else do you need?

JUSTIN

(realizing Brett's serious)  
How long would I be here for?

BRETT

Six, eight months, depending on the  
schedule.

As Justin considers, CONNOR JAMES -- the handsome young actor  
we met at Brett's house last episode -- comes up to them.

CONNOR

Brettski!

BRETT

Hey, Con --!

They kiss.

BRETT (cont'd)

You remember Justin?

CONNOR

Of course. The man who makes Rage fly.

JUSTIN

Nice to see you again.

BRETT

Fenderman gave us the green light.

(CONTINUED)

CONNOR  
Awesome. Congrats!

BRETT  
A script's coming your way, so keep going to the gym. Those tights show no mercy.

Connor laughs, glances over at Justin, who's staring at him. Justin quickly looks away, embarrassed to be caught star-gazing. But Brett observes the exchange of glances.

CONNOR  
Come on, I'll buy you guys a drink to celebrate. Then maybe we can go to my place.

BRETT  
Love to, but I see too many familiar faces I want to flaunt the news in. But why don't you two go?

Brett goes off. Connor looks at Justin, flashes his ten million a picture smile. As Justin smiles back:

CUT TO:

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

9

Lindsay pours the tea from a lovely old porcelain teapot into a paper-thin china cup. The discussion she and Melanie are having is a difficult one -- but everything seems more civilized over tea.

MELANIE  
Where'll you go?

LINDSAY  
I'll find an apartment.

She hands the cup to Melanie.

MELANIE  
Thanks.

LINDSAY  
Hopefully, near Gus's school.

MELANIE  
(agreeing)  
We don't want to pull him out -- it'll be traumatic enough as it is.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

For all of us.

A look is exchanged, then Lindsay pours herself a cup, as Melanie helps herself to a cookie from an antique plate.

MELANIE

God, these are good.

LINDSAY

Baking's very therapeutic.

MELANIE

Chocolate chip therapy could put every shrink out of business.

LINDSAY

I also think we should keep all the accounts the same, at least for now. No need to throw everything into chaos.

MELANIE

I agree.

She starts to climb out of bed.

LINDSAY

Where're you going?

MELANIE

(wearily)

The bathroom -- for the ten thousandth time today.

\*

LINDSAY

Ah, yes. I remember it well.

(then)

I'll go give Gus his bath.

Melanie stops. A beat.

MELANIE

How do we explain all this to him?

LINDSAY

I don't know.

(a beat)

I guess we wait fifteen years and he'll tell us the reason he's so screwed up is because of his crazy mothers.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

Melanie can't argue with that. She picks up the teapot.

\*

(CONTINUED)

9

LINDSAY (cont'd)  
I'll do that --

MELANIE  
It's okay -- long as I'm up --

Lindsay doesn't want to argue, starts on her way. Suddenly, the SOUND of china shattering. She turns, SEES that Melanie's dropped teapot. \*

LINDSAY  
I wish you'd have let me do that -- now there's tea everywhere.

Melanie stands there, dazed. Finally:

MELANIE  
It's not tea.  
(beat)  
My water just broke.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. CAMPGROUNDS - DAY - *ROUSE PARK*

10

The Riders are packing up their stuff, tossing it on the trucks, checking out the bicycles, heading off on the day's journey. Emmett finds Ted, about to depart.

EMMETT  
Happy birthday, baby!

TED  
Mind not rubbing it in?

EMMETT  
Who's rubbing it in? Check this out!

He pulls out a map.

TED  
What's that?

EMMETT  
It's commonly referred to as a "map". Seems Brad -- you know, Mister Hunky with the broad shoulders and the big arms who hauls our tents around? -- is from these parts and he says we're not too far from this town -- Little Hope. See?

(CONTINUED)

TED  
(squinting)  
Where?

EMMETT  
There.

TED  
That's a smudge.

EMMETT  
It's a town -- and they have a twelve-  
step meeting every day at the First  
Methodist Church.  
(a thought)  
Although it's such a small town, they  
probably just do a two-step.

TED  
(dismissing it)  
A lot of good it's going to do me --  
it's not even on our route.

EMMETT  
No, but if we veer off here, ride to  
Little Hope there, then take this road  
back, we can rejoin the group -- ici!

Ted studies the map.

TED  
It's not a totally idiotic idea --

EMMETT  
(a peeved Peter Pan)  
Think lovelier thoughts, Michael --

Michael passes on his bike, overhearing:

MICHAEL  
"Christmas"?

And he's gone. Ted looks at Emmett, touched.

TED  
Thank you, Emm. Really.

EMMETT  
I told you I'd be here for you, didn't  
I?

Putting a confident arm around Ted's shoulder:

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT (cont'd)

And I was so grateful to Brad that I --  
well, let's just say we got a head  
start celebrating your birthday.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

11

A bright, sunny day -- hopefully. If not -- a miserable,  
dreary day. Either way, our riders are back on the road of  
life -- or at least on "The Road to Pittsburgh". Michael,  
riding behind Ben and Hunter, slows up to allow Brian to  
catch up with him.

MICHAEL

Hey, sport. How're ya doin'?

BRIAN

I should never have had that second  
piece of wedding cake. But when the  
love of your life marries someone else,  
what choice do you have but to drown  
your sorrows in butter cream filling?

MICHAEL

You'll burn it off in no time.

BRIAN

(shouts)

'Cause I'm the man!

Michael, proud of him:

MICHAEL

You are, dude!

BRIAN

Fuck the doctors! Fuck the naysayers!  
I'm still young, I'm still guh-guh-gor-  
juss, I'm still hot.

MICHAEL

You know it!

BRIAN

Look Mikey -- no hands!

Brian lifts his hands off the handlebars --

MICHAEL

Hey, careful --!

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

-- just as the GORGEOUS CYCLER Brian made eye contact with at the wedding party pedals by. Brian turns his head to cruise him and loses control of the bike. As he and the bicycle go careening off the side of the road --

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Bri-i-i-an --!

CUT TO:

12 EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD / INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

12

Brian is in the back of an ambulance receiving emergency roadside assistance from JAKE, a handsome young medic. Michael is at Brian's side as Jake finishes examining Brian, who sits shirtless and in a lot of pain. \*

JAKE

You've broken your clavicle.

MICHAEL

What's that?

BRIAN

An 18th Century string keyboard instrument similar to a harpsichord. I knew I should've left it at home.

JAKE

It's your collarbone.

BRIAN

And it hurts like a mother-fucker.

MICHAEL

That'll teach you to cruise guys no-handed.

JAKE

The good news is, it's a clean break so it'll mend well.

BRIAN

Did I mention it hurts like a mother-fucker?

MICHAEL

Is he going to have to wear a cast?

JAKE

Because of the where he injured himself, all we can do is wrap it.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

I'm sure I mentioned it hurts like a mother-fucker.

JAKE

We'll give you some Vicadin --

BRIAN

Hear that? Just like Babylon!

\*

JAKE

-- then we'll send you home.

Beat.

BRIAN

Excuse me?

JAKE

We'll find a volunteer to drive you back to Pittsburgh.

(off their looks)

Sorry, buddy. The ride's over.

\*

He starts to wrap Brian.

\*

CUT TO:

13 INT. BRETT KELLER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

13

Justin passes through the kitchen on his way to the guest house, still in the same clothes from the night before.

BRETT (O.S.)

Coffee?

Justin turns, sees Brett.

JUSTIN

I didn't think you'd be up.

BRETT

Are you kidding? I've already worked out with my trainer, made ten calls to New York, read two scripts and the trades. Have a roll from Campanile. Best bread on the planet. Fuck the carbs.

(handing him coffee)

So, how was your evening? Connor take good care of you?

\*

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

He's a cool guy.

BRETT

And hot.

(beat)

Does Brian know about your extra-marital activities?

JUSTIN

We're not married. Brian detests marriage.

BRETT

A unique position to take when every fag on earth wants to say "I do".

JUSTIN

We'd rather say "I don't". That way we can be together because we want to be. Not because we have to be.

BRETT

How very "Rage-ian".

(then)

Better go clean up and pack. A car's going to be here in an hour to take you to the airport.

Justin starts to go. Stops.

JUSTIN

By the way -- I've thought about your offer.

(off Brett's look)

I really appreciate it.

BRETT

(waiting for the other shoe to drop)

"But" --

JUSTIN

There is no "but".

(simply)

I want to do it. I'm coming back.

\*

CUT TO:

14 EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

14

Riders setting up tents. Unpacking. Or just relaxing. FIND our guys.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

The paramedic said there's no way he can finish.

HUNTER

That sucks the hairy wang.

BEN

Now what?

MICHAEL

Some volunteer's going to drive him home.

DEBBIE

Poor guy. He worked so hard.  
(a sad beat, then)  
Well, I'd better go set the table --  
for two-hundred.

HUNTER

What's for dinner?

DEBBIE

Rack of lamb with porcini risotto, or  
lobster in truffle sauce, with  
chocolate souffle for dessert.

BEN

Really?

DEBBIE

Chopped beef or tuna surprise.  
Personally, I don't care for surprises.

As she goes off:

MICHAEL

Ted and Emmett better get back from  
their "sight-seeing excursion" or  
they're going to miss it.

Just then, Brian rides by on his bicycle. Michael's  
horrified.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Excuse me! Pardon me, mister!

BRIAN

(stops)  
You talkin' to me?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

You're in severe pain. You're supposed to be resting. What the hell are you doing?

BRIAN

Practicing riding one-handed.

A beat. Stunned.

MICHAEL

You're not seriously --!

BRIAN

Oh yes, I am seriously --!

BEN

But you're seriously injured.

BRIAN

Could we stop using the word "seriously"?

BEN

They're sending someone to take you back.

BRIAN

Not going.

MICHAEL

Oh, yes you are. The paramedic told you --

BRIAN

Fuck what the paramedic told me.

BEN

But there's no way you can bicycle all the way --

BRIAN

And stop telling me what I can't do!


He resumes pedalling, calls:

BRIAN (cont'd)

See you on the road!

And off he goes.

CUT TO:



15 INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

15

Melanie's soaked with sweat, crying out in pain.

NURSE

It's going to be okay, honey.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Don't worry, Mel --

Melanie looks over, sees Lindsay wearing a mask, a gown -- whatever is appropriate for a delivery room. Lindsay moves to her side.

MELANIE

I'm scared, Linz. This is all so -- weird.

LINDSAY

I know. I've been through it. Now, how many husbands can say that to their wives?

Melanie smiles, winces in pain. Lindsay wipes the perspiration from her forehead.

MELANIE

I remember feeling so left out when you had Gus --

LINDSAY

Aren't you grateful you're getting to experience this yourself?

MELANIE

No! I want them to knock me out. Wake me when this fucking thing is over!

They both laugh, Melanie clutches Lindsay's hand, tightly.

MELANIE (cont'd)

Don't leave -- stay.

A beat. Lindsay looks at her -- what did she say?

MELANIE (cont'd)

Get me through this.

LINDSAY

(after a beat)

And give up my theatre tickets?

Melanie looks at her, Lindsay smiles, grasps her hand.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY (cont'd)  
Now do you remember what we learned at  
Lamaze?

MELANIE  
(through her pain)  
Barely --

LINDSAY  
It'll come back to you.  
(taking her position)  
Let's start with the breathing --

Lindsay leads, Melanie forces herself to follow, work through  
the pain.

LINDSAY (cont'd)  
That's it -- that's the way -- keep  
going --

As they work together, breathing as one:

CUT TO:

16 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

16

It's getting dark. Emmett is sitting on the side of the  
road, fumbling with the map.

EMMETT  
I think we should've made a right at  
this squiggle here --

TED  
I thought you knew how to read a map.

EMMETT  
Of course I know how to read a map.  
You go down this road, make a left at  
"Up Yours", then continue three miles  
to "Go Fuck Yourself"!

Suddenly, Ted starts to breathe heavily.

EMMETT (cont'd)  
Teddy -- what is it?

TED  
It's getting dark and we're lost and  
I'm never going to make it to that  
meeting and I'm having a panic attack  
and -- why did I ever listen to you in  
the first place?

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

I was just trying to help --

TED

Well you've only made things worse.

They sit in silence for a beat, then:

EMMETT

We can have a meeting. Right here.  
Right now.

The sound of a cow, mooing.

TED

With what? Livestock?

EMMETT

It only takes two people to have a  
meeting, right? One to talk and one to  
listen.

(clearing his throat)

This meeting will come to order!

(beat)

Now what?

TED

(grudgingly)

Since it's my birthday -- someone has  
to introduce me.

EMMETT

(looks around, then)

Guess that'd be me!

(introducing)

Can I have your attention, please? We  
have a birthday tonight! Six months,  
clean and sober. You know him. You  
love him. The one and only -- Ted  
Schmidt! How was that?

TED

Perfect, if I was appearing at the  
Copacobana. And we only use first  
names. It's -- "anonymous"?

\*

EMMETT

Oops. Sorry -- "Ted". Well, go on.  
Get up there.

\*

TED

This is ridiculous.

(CONTINUED)

But nevertheless, he reluctantly stands, addresses the "meeting".

TED (cont'd)

Hi. I'm Ted. And I'm a substance abuser.

(beat)

You're supposed to say "Hi, Ted".

EMMETT

Right! Hi, Ted! Now what?

TED

I tell everyone -- or in this case, one -- that it's my birthday, and then they bring me a cake. \*

EMMETT

A cake. A cake.

He searches in his backpack, pulls out a donut.

EMMETT (cont'd)

How's this?

Ted rolls his eyes.

EMMETT (cont'd)

What next?

TED

I share.

(a beat, then)

Six months ago, my life was out of control. I was lost. But now, thanks to Bill W., The Good Lord and the program, I've turned my life around. I have faith. I have purpose. But most of all --

He stops. Looks at Emmett for a beat.

TED (cont'd)

I have wonderful friends who've stood by me and helped lead me down the right road. Thank God they didn't need a map to do it.

Emmett beams.

TED (cont'd)

And now, we cut the cake.

(CONTINUED)

Ted sits beside Emmett, who pulls the donut in two, gives half to Emmett.

EMMETT

Happy birthday, Teddy.

TED

Thanks, Emm.

As they devour the donut:

EMMETT

So what do we do now?

TED

This is the part where we usually go out for coffee.

But not tonight. As they snuggle together for warmth:

CUT TO:

17 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

17

Brian struggles as he lags far behind the other riders. It's obvious he's in pain. Michael keeps a constant eye on him. Suddenly, Brian has a sharp pain, forcing him to stop. Michael immediately pulls over.

MICHAEL

Okay. That does it. I'm calling for help.

BRIAN

The fuck you are. Would you just -- go on? \*

MICHAEL

And leave you alone? \*

BRIAN

I'll be all right. \*

MICHAEL

I can see that.

(then)

I'm staying here with you.

Brian shrugs -- "Have it your way." Michael looks at him for a beat, annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Why are you doing this? Hmm? To show everyone what a hero you are? That despite insurmountable odds, the Great Kinney can cross the finish line with one arm tied behind his back?

BRIAN

In front of my back.

MICHAEL

In front of your back. Well, there's no need to. You've already proved yourself. You raised one-hundred thousand dollars for the hospice. What more do you have to do?

BRIAN

It's not about the money.

MICHAEL

Then what? Killing yourself?

Brian struggles to light a cigarette. Michael tries to assist, Brian barks:

BRIAN

Would you fuck off? I can do it!  
(he lights it, takes a puff,  
then)

Did you ever see this story on TV about these women who had cancer --

MICHAEL

He says, lighting a cigarette --

Brian blows a smoke ring in Michael's face.

BRIAN

You mind if I finish?

MICHAEL

Be my guest.

BRIAN

Anyway, they all have cancer. So what do they do? They go to this boot camp where they have to climb over walls and crawl through the mud and swing over bottomless pits while some former Luftwaffe drill sergeant terrorizes them and I'm watching this thinking, "Christ!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

BRIAN (cont'd)

Don't you crazy bitches have enough  
shit to deal with?"

(a beat)

But then one of them comes out of a  
swamp filled with fucking crocodiles or  
sharks or something and she's laughing.  
Laughing! And she says: "If I can  
survive this, I can survive anything."

Michael looks at him for several beats. Finally:

MICHAEL

Come on.

He gets on his bicycle. Brian grinds out his cigarette, gets  
on his. As they ride off together:

CUT TO:

18 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

18

Morning. Emmett and Ted trudge down a country road, walking  
their bicycles.

EMMETT

One thing I can honestly say -- that  
was the worst night's sleep I've ever  
had.

TED

You actually slept? Congratulations.  
Lucky you.

EMMETT

Look, I woke up this morning with no  
coffee and worse, I'm out of breath  
mints. So would you kindly spare me  
your rapier wit?

Ted does as instructed, feelings hurt.

EMMETT (cont'd)

I'm sorry, Teddy. Here I'm supposed to  
be your support system and instead I'm  
pulling the props out from under you.  
Well you go ahead, make all the  
sarcastic, insensitive remarks you  
want.

TED

I'm sorry, too, Em. You've been a  
wonderful support.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TED (cont'd)

But if it turns out that we're hopelessly lost -- and for whatever reasons I don't survive the elements -- then I want you to know you have my permission to eat me.

EMMETT

Thank you, Teddy. That's the most generous thing any person ever said to another.

And just then, in their deepest moment of despair --

EMMETT (cont'd)

Look! There's a highway!

They look both ways.

TED

But which way do we go?

Emmett pulls out the map.

EMMETT

Let's take a look.

Ted grabs it, tosses it.

TED

The hell with that thing! It hasn't led us in the right direction yet.

EMMETT

(suddenly)  
Shhhhh!

TED

What --?

EMMETT

Don't you hear it?

Emmett gets down, puts his ear to the ground.

TED

What're you doing?

EMMETT

Native Americans used to do this to hear which way the Cavalry was advancing.

Ted glances off in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

TED

Wouldn't it be easier just to look?

Emmett gets up, looks in the direction Ted's looking, SEES the riders coming their way.

EMMETT

Ohmigod, Teddy --! It's the Liberty Ride!

TED

(confounded)

But how --?

A beat, then wisely:

EMMETT

I guess even though we didn't know it, you and I have been on the right road all along.

They exchange a smile, then as they hop on their bikes, re-join the ride:

CUT TO:

19 EXT. LIBERTY AVENUE - DAY

19

The Finish Line for the Liberty Ride. A large CROWD is there to welcome the returning heroes. Debbie and a few other volunteers are pouring cups of juice which they hand to the riders as they cross the finish line.

DEBBIE

Congratulations --! We're so proud of you --! Have some juice, it'll perk ya right up --!

As Ted and Emmett make it over the finish line:

EMMETT

We did it, Teddy!

TED

(in disbelief)

We did it!

DEBBIE

Welcome home, guys! How'd you get here so fast?

TED

Faith, focus, fortitude --

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

Not to mention pedaling our fuckin'  
fannies off!

Debbie spots Justin:

DEBBIE

And, here's a little bit of Sunshine  
straight from Hollywood!

EMMETT

How was it out there, sweetie?

JUSTIN

Amazing! But I'm sorry I missed the  
ride.

DEBBIE

You made it for the best part -- The  
Big Finish.

TED

And you'll never guess who went along.

JUSTIN

Brian? He told me he wasn't going.

\*

DEBBIE

Unfortunately, he had a little injury.

JUSTIN

Is he all right?

DEBBIE

Stubborn sonofabitch insisted on  
finishing the ride.

At that moment, Ben and Hunter cross the finish line. Debbie  
grabs them each in a big hug and a kiss.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Look who's here! I'm so proud of my  
men.

(then, looking)

But where's Michael?

HUNTER

With Brian.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

But don't worry -- they should be here  
any minute.

SWING UP TO:

A HIGH SHOT OF LIBERTY AVENUE

The riders DISSOLVE away. The crowd DISSOLVES away. The  
traffic DISSOLVES away. The day DISSOLVES into night, as --

-- Liberty Avenue becomes practically deserted, except for  
Debbie, Ben, Hunter and Justin who are still waiting.

DEBBIE

I'm starting to get worried. Actually,  
I started to get worried four hours  
ago.

BEN

(trying his cell)  
I still can't get through to them --

JUSTIN

Maybe we should go out searching --

HUNTER

Look!

IN THE DISTANCE

Two stray riders slowly approach. It's Brian and Michael.  
Michael's supporting Brian, or holding onto the handlebar of  
Brian's bike. Justin starts to run for them, Debbie holds  
him back.

DEBBIE

No. Let them finish.

ANOTHER SHOT OF THE STREET

As Brian and Michael come to a dead stop -- fifty feet from  
the finish line. After a beat or two: \*

MICHAEL

Come on --

BRIAN

I can't.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

But we're this close --!

BRIAN

Fuck it.

\*  
\*

A beat, then:

MICHAEL

I see this really hot guy.

\*

BRIAN

(not dead yet)

Where?

MICHAEL

(pointing)

There. At the finish line. Blond  
hair. Really hot. Kinda looks like  
Justin. And he's waiting for you.

\*  
\*  
\*

As Brian pushes himself with everything he's got -- they  
finally, finally, barely cross the Finish Line. Our GANG  
erupts in cheers and hugs and kisses. Justin kisses Brian,  
Ben kisses Michael, Debbie kisses everybody!

\*  
\*

JUSTIN

I could kill you for doing this.

BRIAN

I almost saved you the trouble.

BEN

(to Michael)

We thought maybe you went to the  
hospital.

MICHAEL

No need to. Brian's going to be okay.

BEN

I didn't mean that. Lindsay called  
around an hour ago.

(a beat)

You're a daddy.

Michael stands there stunned. Ben kisses Michael, Justin  
kisses Brian, Debbie kisses everybody!

CUT TO:

21 INT. HOSPITAL - MELANIE'S ROOM - DAY

21

START ON a NEWBORN INFANT being placed into Michael's arms.  
The proud papa beams.

MICHAEL

Oh my God -- look at her.  
(to his daughter)  
You're so tiny.

\*

MELANIE

She didn't feel that way coming out.

LINDSAY

The labor lasted fourteen hours.

MELANIE

It was like passing a bowling ball  
through the eye of a needle.

\*

MICHAEL

T. M. I.

\*

\*

BEN

(off their looks)  
Too much information.

\*

\*

\*

MICHAEL

But you're here, you're finally here.

\*

BEN

Have you got a name picked out?

MELANIE

Contingent on the approval of all three  
parties, I was thinking of Jenny  
Rebecca.

BEN

Late grandmothers?

MELANIE

Early Streisand.

\*

BEN

Let's get a picture!

\*

\*

Ben takes a few of Michael and his daughter. Snap, snap,  
snap!

BEN (cont'd)

Now all three parents -- squeeze in!

\*

(CONTINUED)

Michael and Lindsay squeeze next to Melanie, holding the infant. Ben snaps them,

BEN (cont'd)  
Smile -- perfect! Okay, how about one of the two happy Moms?

\*

Melanie and Lindsay exchange a tentative look, acquiesce.

BEN (cont'd)  
Come on, get closer. Closer!

A beat. Melanie and Lindsay get closer.

\*

BEN (cont'd)  
Got it! That'll be one to frame.

\*

As Melanie and Lindsay still sitting close, holding their infant daughter, exchange an uncertain glance:

\*

CUT TO:

ON THE MENU BOARD

In Debbie's scrawl: TODAY'S SPECIAL: "Jenny Rebecca - six pounds, twelve ounces. Comes with a side of love and extra kisses!"

22 INT. LIBERTY DINER - DAY

22

Ted and Emmett stand at the counter, as Debbie places a humongous sundae in front of them.

DEBBIE  
There ya go! The "Jenny Rebecca Triple Ripple Hot Fudge Sundae" named in honor of my darling new granddaughter.

EMMETT  
And they say it took Joan Crawford twenty years to get a sandwich named after her at the Stage Deli.

DEBBIE  
Why don't you boys sit down?

TED  
Thanks, but we prefer to stand.

EMMETT  
Our bums are a lit-tle battered.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE  
(handing Ted a spoon)  
You, I can understand.  
(handing Emmett a spoon)  
But you. You're a disgrace to nelly  
bottoms everywhere!

As she goes off:

EMMETT  
The first thing I did when I got home  
last night was to weigh myself. \*

TED  
You, too? So how much did you lose?

EMMETT  
Seven pounds.

TED  
Five and a half --  
(then)  
I could'nt've done it without you. \*

EMMETT  
Lost weight? \*

TED  
The ride, Emm.

EMMETT  
Sure you could.

TED  
Maybe.  
(beat)  
But I'd rather have done it with my  
best friend.

As they dig in to their sundae, getting lots of whipped cream  
on their noses, HORVATH comes in, SEES Debbie taking an  
order, goes over to her. \*

HORVATH  
Look what I've got for you!

He holds up a tee-shirt -- "I ('heart') MY GRANDDAUGHTER".

DEBBIE  
Carl! I love it.

(CONTINUED)

HORVATH

Thought you would.

(adding)

And it's a lot more accurate than the one you got on.

He gestures to the "I ('heart') MY PENIS" tee-short she's wearing. They both laugh, then:

HORVATH (cont'd)

So now that you're a grandmother, you ready to be a bride?

DEBBIE

(a beat, then)

Carl --

HORVATH

What kind of wedding do you want? Big? Small? Indoor? Outdoor? -- although it's still a little nippy. It's up to you. Whatever you say.

\*  
\*  
\*

DEBBIE

Whatever. I say.

(beat)

In that case -- I don't want a wedding.

HORVATH

No wedding --?

She takes his hand.

\*

DEBBIE

I'm sorry, Carl -- but I can't marry you. And not because I don't love you, because God knows, I do.

HORVATH

Then what?

DEBBIE

How can I get married when my own son can't? When that asshole in the White House wants to change the fuckin' Constitution to prevent Michael and Ben and all these beautiful gay men and women from havin' the same rights you and I do? Somehow, it doesn't seem right.

\*

(CONTINUED)

HORVATH

That's -- very noble, sweetheart. But you're only one person. \*

DEBBIE

Sometimes that's all it takes. Look at Gandhi! Ben Kingsley starved himself -- and it turned the tide.

HORVATH

You're not going to starve yourself?

DEBBIE

There's only so much I'm humanly capable of. But I am going to send a message -- and the finger -- to the White House. Until my son can walk down the aisle in this country, neither'll I.

HORVATH

But where's that leave us?

DEBBIE

How do you feel about livin' in sin?

HORVATH

Aren't we a little too old for that?

DEBBIE

Christ, I hope not!

As she gives Horvath a big kiss, sweeping him off his feet, right there in the middle of the diner:

CUT TO:

23 EXT. LIBERTY HOUSE HOSPICE - DAY

23

A LARGE GROUP -- Riders from the Liberty Ride, friends and supporters of the Gay and Lesbian Center, members of the community -- have gathered for the ceremony in front of Liberty House. Among the crowd we see Michael, Ben, Hunter and Debbie, Emmett and Ted, Brian and Justin. TANNIS and PHILIP present a check to GENE, the head of the hospice. Into microphone:

TANNIS

On behalf of the Gay and Lesbian Center, we would like to present Liberty House with this check for seven-hundred and forty thousand dollars.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Every cent raised will go to maintaining the hospice and providing its clients with the best care possible.

Applause, cheers from the crowd.

TANNIS

We'd like to thank everyone who rode, who lent their support, their time, their sponsorship.

More applause, cheers, as they present the check to Gene, who steps up to the microphone.

GENE

Thank you, Tannis, Philip and everyone whose valiant efforts helped save Liberty House. And now, in honor of one of our brothers who we recently lost -- a great friend, supporter and volunteer -- we would like to rename Liberty House and dedicate -- "The Vic Grassi House".

Debbie gasps audibly, as a plaque in front of the hospice is revealed: "Vic Grassi House". Debbie is embraced and kissed by all her "sons" -- including RODNEY -- as the crowd applauds. As she wipes her eyes, she sees Brian standing there. She goes to him.

DEBBIE

You got them to do this, didn't you.

Brian shrugs.

BRETT

It's still America, Deb. Money talks.

Debbie nods. This is true.

DEBBIE

But for once, it said the right thing.

She embraces Brian, kisses him. He kisses her back. Then she pulls Michael to her.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

Your uncle would've been so proud.

MICHAEL

It's too bad he didn't live to see it.

(CONTINUED)

As Brian looks at the plaque, the thumpa-thumpa starts to filter in.

CUT TO:

24 INT. BABYLON - NIGHT

24

Brian's on the dance floor, in the midst of a post-ride celebration. GO-GO BOYS in biker shorts gyrate on the pedestals. Brian's injury seems to have healed with remarkable speed, as he waves both his arms over his head. As he dances, there's a tap on his shoulder. He turns to see VIC.

BRIAN

I figured I'd be seeing you.

VIC

Sometimes, predictability can be more effective than surprise.

BRIAN

Let's hope this is one of those times.

(beat)

So have I atoned for my sins?

VIC

That would take an eternity. But you sure as hell get an A for effort.

BRIAN

Please don't say hell.

VIC

By the way, I happen to agree with you. I was damn lucky to get those four extra years. Sure I'd've liked more -- who wouldn't?

(beat)

But you're going to have a lot more than that.

BRIAN

(hopeful)

Did God tell you that?

VIC

He keeps to himself. I'm just guessing.

\*  
\*

He gives Brian a slug in the arm.

CUT TO:

25 INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - DAY

25

Brian, asleep on the sofa, wakes up.

BRIAN

Owww!

His injured arm is once again in a sling. Justin rushes over.

JUSTIN

Hurt yourself?

BRIAN

(cryptically)

It was someone with a perverse sense of humor.

Justin puts his arm around him, gently.

BRIAN (cont'd)

So'd you fuck Tom Cruise?

JUSTIN

Everyone knows he's not gay.

BRIAN

Adrian Brody?

JUSTIN

Nice -- but, alas.

BRIAN

Tobey McGuire?

JUSTIN

Please.

He whispers in Brian's ear. Brian's eyes widen.

BRIAN

No shit.

Justin nods.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Sounds like you had a most excellent adventure.

JUSTIN

(avoiding further discussion)

Sounds like you did, too.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Bicycling down life's endless highway,  
I had time to think.

JUSTIN

Oh --?

BRIAN

About what I'd do differently if I  
survived cancer -- and sleeping in a  
tent.

JUSTIN

Equally unpleasant, I agree. But now  
that you have -- what did you decide?

BRIAN

First thing I'd do differently is the  
bedroom. Get rid of that thing over  
the bed.

JUSTIN

Very 90's. I agree.

BRIAN

Then I'd like to spend more time with  
my son. He's at an age now where he's  
going to need a strong, masculine  
influence -- especially being raised by  
a couple of dykes. He's got to know  
about Armani, Gucci, Prada. Not just  
football and engine-tuning.

JUSTIN

Unquestionably.

(beat)

Any other decisions?

Brian looks at Justin for a beat, then:

BRIAN

One more. I want you to move back in.

JUSTIN

Huh --?

BRIAN

I said I'd like it if you and I were to  
live together.

JUSTIN

Are you -- proposing?

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Of course not. What with the recent and unexpected state of gay marriages, I'd hate to add to the glut.

(then)

But all this running back and forth between here and Daphne's is time consuming as well as inconvenient. Why, just last week you forgot your socks and had to borrow a pair of mine.

(clears his throat)

As for the times when you're not around -- I wouldn't mind particularly if you were.

After a beat, then:

\*

JUSTIN

(softly)

I've been waiting for you to ask me that ever since the first time you brought me here.

\*

BRIAN

Then what do you say? Do I make room in the drawer for your tighty-whities?

\*

\*

\*

Off Justin not knowing what to say:

\*

CUT TO:

26 INT. HOSPITAL - MELANIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

26

Melanie's out of bed now, sitting in a chair, breast-feeding Jenny Rebecca.

MELANIE

She's much calmer than Gus. Yes you are, you cutie. Remember how fidgety and fussy he was?

LINDSAY

I should -- it was my breast.

Melanie looks over at her, smiles.

MELANIE

It's not nearly as painful as I thought.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

Get back to me in a few weeks. You'll be wishing she'd find somewhere else to eat.

Lindsay touches the baby, gently.

LINDSAY (cont'd)

You're finally here. You have no idea how much your mommy wanted you -- and what she had to go through to get you.

MELANIE

Don't worry -- I'll be sure and tell her.

LINDSAY

That old Jewish recipe --? Add one tablespoon of guilt to mother's milk, stir briskly.

MELANIE

We have without a doubt the most beautiful children God has ever created.

LINDSAY

I won't argue with that.

MELANIE

(joking)

That's nice for a change!

A beat. Their smiles fade.

MELANIE (cont'd)

I didn't mean --

LINDSAY

I know.

(then)

Can I get you any --

MELANIE

No. Thanks. I'm fine.

The Nurse comes in.

NURSE

All right, young lady, time for bed. Tell your mommies good-night.

She takes her from Melanie.

(CONTINUED)

26

MELANIE

Sweet dreams, sweetheart --

LINDSAY

Sleep tight --

They watch as the nurse takes the baby, leaves. A silence is left behind. Finally:

LINDSAY (cont'd)

I spoke to Dusty -- she said she'd be happy to take you home. And I contacted the Center's Child Care Services -- they have a list of several women who can come help you out --

MELANIE

Then you're really going.

LINDSAY

We agreed, after the baby was born --

Melanie nods. As they look at each other for a beat. And then another.

CUT TO:

27 INT. MICHAEL AND BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

27

It's late. Michael and Ben are in bed, wearing their silver wedding bands -- and nothing else. Michael stirs.

MICHAEL

Ben --?

BEN

Hmmm --?

MICHAEL

Just wanted to see if you were asleep.

BEN

I'm wide awake. Now. You okay?

MICHAEL

I don't know -- I can't seem to settle down. Too much excitement, I guess.

BEN

It has been pretty eventful --

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL  
No shit. My head's spinning. The  
ride, the baby, the wedding --

BEN  
(pulling him close)  
Can you believe we're really married?

A beat, as Michael looks at the band on his finger.

MICHAEL  
Are we? Really?

BEN  
Of course we are. As long as there's a  
place on this planet that recognizes  
you and I are husband and husband.

MICHAEL  
But we don't live in Canada. We live  
here. So -- is it still real?

BEN  
Let me ask you a question. If it was  
real for even just a day -- would it've  
been worth it?

MICHAEL  
So worth it.

BEN  
It won't be long before it happens  
here. It's all beginning. And we're  
part of it.

Michael kisses Ben. Then:

BEN (cont'd)  
Hnnnnnn --

MICHAEL  
What?

BEN  
Come to think of it -- we never had a  
proper wedding night.

MICHAEL  
Sure we did. Shivering in our tent on  
our little air mattresses.

BEN  
I think we can do better than that.

(CONTINUED)

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

They share a smile, move into each others arms, begin to  
kiss. Then slipping out from under the sheet, they start to  
make love. The camera MOVES up their bodies to their hands  
clasped together, their fingers entwined. And as we SEE  
their silver wedding bands --

\*

FADE OUT.

THE END