

PUSSIES

CHAPTER ONE:
"SOUL MATES AND GAY DATES"

by

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Red Hour Entertainment
Ulterior Productions

Legendary Television

"Maybe it was when craft beers began outselling Budweisers. Or when the U.S. Military started teaching its recruits mindfulness meditation. But there's a new type of man these days...a whole new generation of sensitive, evolved millennial men whom Don Draper wouldn't recognize, but today's women love not just for their ability but their *desire* to talk about their feelings..."

-- GQ Magazine, November 2014

EXT. THE GROVE - DAY

The Pussies (**TODD** -- 31, confident, at ease with everything in life except women and **FOGEL**, 31, smart, bespectacled, and surprisingly adept with the ladies despite having a torso that looks like E.T. went through puberty) walk around the lifestyle center that is The Grove, hitting their weed vaporizer. They are psyched.

FOGEL

I love this. This is what real men do after soul crushing breakups. Expand their horizons.

TODD

Learn new skillz.

FOGEL

Self-actualize!

TODD

GROWTH!!!!

FOGEL

"He not busy being born is busy dying." Bob Dylan.

TODD

You're smart. Imagine us cooking great meals with our future girlfriends.

FOGEL

Me and my girl are gonna keep it simple. It's all about the ingredients.

TODD

Has to be. I want clean food. Rich sauces and truffle oil are for jock bro shitheads.

FOGEL

Me and my next girl are gonna be cooking seasonal and local. Tradish but with a twist.

TODD

I'm gonna take my next girlfriend on a food tour of Italy. It'll be like the couples version of Eat Pray Love: Eat Eat Binge Watch Shark Tank... Love.

FOGEL

Hilarious. One of our specialities is gonna be a riff on calamari --

TODD

In Italy we call it calimah' -- you gotta leave off the last vowel to sound authentic. Prosciut'. Mozzarel'.

FOGEL

That doesn't sound right.

TODD

It's very right actually.

FOGEL

Anyway, the squid is gonna be on the *outside* and the breeding's gonna be on the *inside*.

TODD

That's a delicious idea. I would eat that. I would actually eat that right now.

FOGEL

Right!?

TODD

Then I come back from eating my way down The Boot and with your clever calimah' and some lasagna recipes I've gotten from some old Italian nonas?

(hits the weed)

We open a restaurant. A little neighborhood trattoria.

FOGEL

I've always thought I'd be a good restaurateur. Like I'm always at the front of the house with a big welcoming smile like, welcome to my table. My family table.

TODD

I'll be in the back smoking cigs with the bus boys and just getting into all sorts of trouble.

FOGEL

This is our greatest idea ever and it all starts right now.

They are now standing outside Sur La Table.

FOGEL (CONT'D)
Cooking class!

TODD
Cooking class!

They HIGH FIVE. SLAM TO TITLE:

PUSSIES

CUT TO:

INT. SUR LA TABLE - "TEACHING KITCHEN" - NIGHT

PANNING AROUND -- all happy, adorable COUPLES wearing aprons.
We land on The Pussies.

TODD
Didn't realize it was Couples Night.
Is all of this activating you right
now?

FOGEL
Big time. Karen and I used to come
here all the time and imagine the
expensive tagines we'd buy when we
were rich.

TODD
You're so brave to be here and I'm
proud of you. I'm so happy you moved
in. I don't know what I would've done
these last few weeks without you.

FOGEL
You are my rock. Anna Banana was so
wrong when she said that you
proposing right after you broke up
with her was just a sign of your
compulsive fear of letting go. It was
a sign of your heart expanding.

TODD
Oldest story in the book: a man who's
more in touch with his feelings than
his girlfriend.

FOGEL
We're from Venus and they're from
Mars.

The old, maternal, hippie-ish SUR LA TABLE INSTRUCTOR enters.

COOKING INSTRUCTOR

Welcome to Cooking for Two: Date Night. Now we all know there's nothing better than a romantic night in, a little Ella playing, sharing the sensual smells of a home-cooked meal with your lover...

The Pussies' eyes tear up as they nod.

CUT TO:

LATER. PANNING AROUND --

The COUPLES are slicing and dicing. Fogel finishing chopping and proudly points to his cutting board.

FOGEL

I don't need Karen to enjoy cooking!
I feel like Ratatouille!

But Todd is eavesdropping on the HANDSOME ECHO PARK GAY COUPLE next to him (we'll call them Bill and Sam). He gets Fogel's attention and they both listen in.

BILL

I'd like to chop at some point?

SAM

It's faster if I do it.

BILL

We're here so you can let go of some of your control issues around food and the kitchen.

SAM

(sighs)
When you're right you're right. Take my knife, please.

BILL

(chuckles)
Thanks boo boo.

Bill begins to chop. Not well. It's driving Sam nuts.

BILL (CONT'D)

Oh screw it. You're supposed to be having fun on your one night away from the hospital and you're better at chopping anyway.

SAM

You sure?

BILL

Your happiness is a little more important than my knife skillz. I'll start the sauce.

SAM

Thank you. Wait 'til we get home.
(grabbing Bill's ass)
Make sure you leave room for dessert.

BILL

Yes chef.

Off Fogel and Todd, blown away by this adorable couple.

EXT. THE GROVE - NIGHT

Fogel and Todd, smoking from the weed vaporizer and eating ice cream cones, walk feverishly.

FOGEL

God those gay guys were amazing.

TODD

So cute. So open.

FOGEL

Karen was never that nice to me when I cooked. She'd only tell me to use less butter.

TODD

But fat is flavor.

FOGEL

I know! Those gay guys knew that. Gay guys love flavor!

TODD

They're both from Venus!

FOGEL

They hate Mars!

TODD

You know what I respect about gay men? Their commitment to open relationships. They get that love and sex are not the same thing. Not only is extracurricular activity encouraged -- sometimes it's shared! How enlightened is that?

FOGEL

They're Buddhas with boners.

TODD

Women are so hard. The turn intimacy into Alcatraz. All I want is for my girlfriend to let me go to a party, flirt it up, get a little attention...

FOGEL

You like being the belle of the ball. Nothing wrong with that, bubs.

TODD

I do. And why do I always have to tell her how pretty she is but she never has to compliment *me*? I care about how I look too! Would a kind word be so hard?

They walk and smoke for a moment. Fogel's gears are turning.

FOGEL

Fifteen years I've been failing with women.

TODD

Sixteen for me. Elena Genovese. Camp Ramah. I told her I had a crush on her, she said she would date me. I kissed her and she dumped me, all in three hours. Little bitch.

FOGEL

Is it possible that we're not the problem? Maybe it's them.

TODD

It's obviously them.

FOGEL

They're so confusing.

TODD

Befuddling Martians.

FOGEL

They want you to be sensitive and present for all their needs but decisive and quote unquote manly when they're feeling insecure.

TODD

They're always wearing activewear in public. When did that become okay?

FOGEL

I'm all for everyone being equal, but why do I need to do all the romantic stuff? Just once I'd like to be swept off *my* feet. Like in an old romantic French movie.

TODD

They never want to just smoke a joint and talk about how hard monogamy is. That's like my favorite thing to do.

FOGEL

It's so much easier with men.

TODD

Direct.

FOGEL

Rational.

TODD

Chill as fuck. I've been looking for a woman for years who I like hanging out with as much as you.

Fogel takes a huge hit off the vaporizer. Then:

FOGEL

We've spent a lifetime not being able to make it work with women. And we love men. So what if we just tried to be...gay?

TODD

We're straight.

FOGEL

Look: we don't need to be totally gay. Like even if we could just be one percent gay we'd have a fifty percent greater chance of finding love. How do you like those odds?

TODD

You're convincing me with those odds. I want love more than anything. But what do we do with their penises?

FOGEL

Hmmmm.

TODD

Hmmmmmmmm.

Todd takes a hit off the vaporizer.

TODD (CONT'D)

Okay. Here's what I'm proposing: is a penis a problem?

FOGEL

Interested.

TODD

I already love one penis: mine. I love looking at it and washing it and touching it.

FOGEL

Sometimes I do gratitude practice to mine. Like thank you for the pleasure.

TODD

I need to start doing that. So think about it. I already LOVE one penis. How hard is it gonna be to love one more?

FOGEL

Not that hard. It's one more penis. Not that hard -- funny right?

TODD

Say no more. I'm in. Let's reclaim our romantic lives!

FOGEL

Let's get some cocks up in heeeeyyaaa!

TODD

This is it. Our last best shot at love: men!

INT. TODD AND FOGEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Pussies are on their iPhones. On Grindr.

TODD

What tribe am I looking for? Hm. Clean cut. Daddies. Definitely.

FOGEL

My tribe is geek discreets.

TODD

Type of relationship? Definitely open slash experimental.

FOGEL
Committed. Exclusive.

TODD
I'm gonna start grinding.

Todd starts flipping through pics of hunky dudes.

TODD (CONT'D)
Look at these guys. Smart, hot and
ripped? Fogel: we are in the presence
of Homo Superiorus.

FOGEL
I don't feel comfortable with this.

TODD
We just need to go to the gym and
drink whey protein all day.

FOGEL
No. This is a rich, deep, and complex
culture. We can't just Grind right
through it.

TODD
You're right. We can't be tourists in
Gay World.

FOGEL
It's an insult.

TODD
A slap in the face.

FOGEL
We have to be citizens.

TODD
We need our gay passports.

FOGEL
Gay passports are called assports.

They both laugh. Then become concerned.

TODD
No more hilarious gay puns 'til we're
gayer.

FOGEL
You're right, bubs. You're right.

"Lady Marmalade" begins as we kick off OUR MONTAGE:

-- Todd comes home with a stack of DVDs: "The Boys in the Band." "The Rose." "Mommy Dearest." "Cruising." "A Documentary on Stonewall." "A Normal Heart." He slams them down on the table.

TODD
Homework!

-- The Pussies attend a Margaret Cho show. She makes a joke about gay guys bleaching their assholes and The Pussies look confused.

-- The Pussies are in front of the computer like Woodward and Bernstein.

FOGEL
We're not barrel chested or hairy enough to be bears. Yet we're not Scandinavian enough to be twink.

TODD
You're an otter!

FOGEL
What's that?

TODD
(reading)
A gay man who is very hairy all over his body, but is smaller in frame and weighs considerably less than a bear.

Fogel makes a seal noise and claps his hands together.

-- Fogel is hanging a Judy Garland "Live at Carnegie Hall poster" while Todd reads a gay blog.

TODD (CONT'D)
This is what Margaret Cho was talking about. Gay men bleach their assholes for both asshole eating out and disease prevention.

FOGEL
Does this look straight to you?

TODD
(queeny)
Honey, it's definitely not straight.

The Pussies laugh.

-- Fogel serves Todd a big bowl of soup.

FOGEL

It's Streisand night. I made us Yentl
Soup.

TODD

Clever AND gay. I love it, ya big
homo.

FOGEL

Oh shush, ya lame old fag.

The Pussies giggle with delight. They sit down and begin to
watch Yentl.

-- The Pussies attend another Margaret Cho show. She makes a
joke about gay guys bleaching their assholes and this time
they laugh and laugh and laugh.

-- Todd walks into the house wearing a very loud shirt. He's
radiating happiness.

TODD

I just set my first date! He's
looking for a passionate relationship
with a lot of outside visitors.

He finds Fogel watching "A Normal Heart" and weeping.

FOGEL

Got mine tonight. God what the
generation before went through for
us.

TODD

Trailblazers.

FOGEL

(wiping his eyes)
Ruffalo should win all the Emmys and
if he doesn't I swear to God I am
calling going to march right down to
the Television Academy and spray
paint WE ARE PEOPLE TOO right on
their gilded facade.

(sounding super gay)
Great. Now I'm all worked up before
my big date. What do we have to de-
puff these freaking eyes?

END MONTAGE.

EXT. SUNSET TOWER HOTEL - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Glittering, spectacular, romantic Los Angeles.

INT. SUNSET TOWER HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Fogel, shaking, walks down the hallway.

FOGEL

You're gay. You're gay. Just another
penis. Just another penis.

He swings open the door --

INT. SUNSET TOWER HOTEL - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Fogel nervously walks inside. Sitting at the bar is handsome salt-and-pepper early 60s intellectual, BRIAN DUPRE (think John Slattery), sipping a glass of rosé and reading "The Anatomy Lesson," by Philip Roth.

FOGEL

Brian?

BRIAN

Matthew, hi.

Brian opens his arms for a hug. Fogel stiffens and puts out his hand. They shake.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Please. Sit, sit.

Fogel sits on the stool next to Brian.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I have to say. It's always nice when
they're cuter than their profile
pictures.

FOGEL

(change the subject now)
Philip Roth, huh? He's my favorite
writer. Not too many people know "The
Anatomy Lesson."

BRIAN

I was teaching at Penn when Phil was
a visiting professor. He was curious
about one of my classes -- Sex and
Sexuality in Buñuel -- and we hit it
off. For years I was part of a small
coterie whom he'd nervously send his
first drafts to.

FOGEL

You're friends with Philip Roth?

BRIAN

He's a difficult, difficult man and we're not as close as we once were. But every once in awhile I receive a two page typewritten letter. Angry, hilarious screeds in which he rages at the dying light.

FOGEL

Of course he still writes letters.

BRIAN

Please. Could you imagine PortnoysComplaint@gmail.com?

Fogel laughs heartily. He's kind of digging Brian?

INT. TODD AND FOGEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Todd nervously waits. He gets a text from Rod: "Here." Todd takes a breath, steels himself. Then walks out.

TODD

Just another penis.

EXT. TODD AND FOGEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A cool vintage Volvo pulls up. Todd waves. His eyes bug as he sees that the man driving looks EXACTLY LIKE HIM. Meet Todd's gay doppelgänger, ROD (the same actor plays both roles).

Todd nervously gets in the car.

ROD

Hi Todd. Great to meet you.

TODD

Hi...Rod.

ROD

You're cuter than your profile pic.

TODD

Hm. Thanks. I couldn't really tell what you looked like, so...

ROD

I hope you're not disappointed.

TODD

No, no...

An awkward silence.

ROD
Ready to eat some dim sum?

TODD
Yeah.

ROD
Shanghai Noodle House Number One
sound good?

TODD
Did I tell you that was my favorite?

ROD
No.

Rod begins to drive. A moment of awkward silence.

TODD
This is an S30, huh?

ROD
One of the last manual transmission
s30s they made. You know your cars.

TODD
Yeah. I have the same one.

They look at each other. Todd is freaked out. Rod accelerates. Todd steals another look at him. What the fuck?

INT. SUNSET TOWER HOTEL - NIGHT

Fogel and Brian eat. Los Angeles unfolds behind them.

FOGEL
Very fresh flavors. That cilantro.

BRIAN
Mmmm. It's actually toasted coriander
dust. Much more flavor when you heat
up the spice.

FOGEL
I did not know that.

BRIAN
Maybe I'll have the honor of cooking
for you sometime. As long as you like
butter.

FOGEL
(change the subject now)
So why'd you come to LA? New York was
too interesting for you?

BRIAN
I'm writing a book about the golden
age of movie musicals.

Fogel is visibly affected.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Did I say something wrong?

FOGEL
No. I just...I love musicals.

BRIAN
You? I would've never taken you for a
fellow theater queen.

FOGEL
Me neither.

BRIAN
Top three.

FOGEL
Hm. Obviously "Singing in the Rain."

BRIAN
Honey, I meant three favorites *after*
"Singing in the Rain."

Fogel chuckles.

FOGEL
I'm gonna have to say "All That
Jazz."

BRIAN
Mmmph. Fosse. Good. The number with
Ann Reinking and his daughter.

FOGEL
Forget it, the best. Then -- don't
laugh, I just loved it as a kid, it
was like my strep throat home from
school movie -- "Yankee Doodle
Dandy."

BRIAN
Why would I laugh? Curtiz is
dismissed as a craftsman but I
consider him a genius.

FOGEL

Yes! Thank you! My favorite...it's this French movie...no one's ever heard of it. Le Parapluises De Cherbourg.

BRIAN

(not missing a beat)
The only musical ever to win the Palm D'Or.

FOGEL

(blown away)
Oh, Brian.

INT. SHANGHAI NOODLE HOUSE NUMBER ONE - NIGHT

Todd and Rod are examining the War and Peace length menu.

ROD

Everything here is the tits.

TODD

That's why I always want to do splitsies.

ROD

I love splitsies.

TODD

You do? I've never been on a date with someone who was into splitsies.

ROD

What kind of monsters have you been dating?

TODD

Oh, Rod. You have no idea.

ROD

I love this one dish, I actually don't know what's in it...

TODD

#43.

ROD (CONT'D)

#43.

Todd studies Rod for a long beat.

TODD

Rod. Um, don't you think this is a little weird?

ROD

What's a little weird?

TODD

That we look exactly alike, drive the same car, and have like all the same tastes in everything?

Rod looks at him. And CRACKS UP.

ROD

I've been wanting to say something for the last forty-five minutes!

TODD

Me too. I just didn't want it to be awkward.

ROD

Me neither!

The waiter comes up to them.

TODD

We'll have two orders of soup dumplings, garlic broccoli, those little pork bun things, those kind of big muffiny things with the diced chicken in them, #43, and a side of white rice.

WAITER

You want drink?

Rod and Todd look at each other.

TODD

We didn't talk about it. Do you know what you want?

ROD

Yes. Do you?

TODD

Uh huh. On three. One. Two. Three.

TODD/ROD

Vodka soda with a splash of grapefruit juice.

They both crack up. The waiter looks at them like they're nuts.

TODD

This is fun!

INT. THE FRANCHIS' HOUSE - THE NEXT NIGHT

Fogel and Todd eat dinner with their other best friend, tiny Italian super-bro **FRANCHI**, and his wife, **HILLARY**, who is tougher and more manly than anyone else in this show.

Todd wears a new blazer, Fogel wears a No H8 shirt, and Franchi and Hillary wear New York Mets jerseys.

FOGEL

-- and then Brian was all 'Yankee Doodle Dandy is one of the most underrated musicals ever.' That's so Brian. Validating me up the wazoo.

TODD

I can't wait 'til you guys meet Rod. I've heard about soulmates. But this is deeper. He's literally my twin.

FRANCHI

(cracking up)

Your gay soulmate who looks exactly like you is named Rod.

TODD

Yes! Todd and Rod! How cute is that? And guess what? He loves splitsies!

FOGEL

You didn't tell me that.

TODD

(queeny)

A girl can't reveal all her secrets.

FOGEL

(queenier)

Toddy, you're soooo bad.

Hillary, who has been slowly boiling over, finally explodes.

HILLARY

What the hell are you guys doing!?

Everyone stops cold.

FOGEL

What do you mean?

HILLARY

You know what I mean.

FOGEL

We're looking for love like every other gay single who's tired of the whole bath house scene.

HILLARY

But you're not gay.

TODD

Says who?

HILLARY

I've known you both since freshman year. You like women. You love women. You are more obsessed with women than any other men I know.

FOGEL

Were.

TODD

We're fags now.

HILLARY

No you're not. You can't become gay any more than you can stop being gay!

TODD

Listen to yourself. Franchi, your wife is a bigot.

HILLARY

Have you had sex with Rod?

TODD

We had one date.

HILLARY

You try and sleep with every woman after your first date.

TODD

Well, Rod's different. He's not just some Johnny Come Quickly
(looks at Franchi)
like some other men at this table.

FOGEL

Meow.

Hillary rolls her eyes. Franchi cracks up.

HILLARY

Did you even kiss Brian goodnight?

FOGEL

Now that I'm gay I have to be some
disco-loving promiscuous Peter?

TODD

So stereotypical.

FOGEL

Breeders.

Franchi cracks up. He's loving this.

HILLARY

So let me get this straight.

TODD

(under his breath)
Interesting word choice.

HILLARY

You guys are pretending to be gay but
are too afraid to hook up.

The Pussies look down at their feet...she's right.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

You know what you are? You're
cockteases!

The Pussies look down at their feet again.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

Stop looking at your feet like
children! How much longer do you
think you have until they bail? Todd,
how long do you give a girl to hook
up with you before you end it?

TODD

Three dates at most.

HILLARY

Fogel?

FOGEL

Three dates. Four if she has a
history of sexual trauma.

HILLARY

Well buckle up your chaps 'cause if
you want to keep your soulmates
around? In two dates you're gonna
have to do some serious buttfucking.
Are you really ready for that?

The Pussies look back down at their shoes.

FOGEL
You're right.

HILLARY
Of course I'm right. You guys should
end this.

TODD
I'd feel hurt if a lesbian was acting
straight just to get a slice of my
delightful company.

FOGEL
I'm writing a text.

TODD
We can't break up over text. That's
inconsiderate.

FOGEL
You're right. We'll do it on our next
date. Gently, compassionately.

TODD
I'm proud of us. Our first gay
breakup.

FOGEL
Growth!!!

Franchi is laughing so hard he spits Diet Dr. Pepper all over
his Mets jersey.

SLAM TO:

A TITLE CARD:

It is decorated with ancient Greek man-boy catamite love
drawings and in big letters says:

DATE TWO

INT. CAFE STELLA - AFTERNOON

Fogel and Brian are doing their thing: drinkin' rosé.

FOGEL
Brian. I think you're such a warm,
fascinating human person.

BRIAN
(laughing)
Human person.

FOGEL
But I need to tell you something.

BRIAN
Don't tell me you did the same thing.

FOGEL
What?

BRIAN
The New Beverly is showing *Le Parapluies de Cherbourg* tonight. I already bought us tickets.

Fogel can't help it, he smiles.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
What did you want to tell me?

FOGEL
It can wait.

INT. HAMBURGER MARY'S - NIGHT

Todd and Rod are eating hamburgers surrounded by every Bear in West Hollywood.

TODD
Rod. I need to talk to you.

ROD
Sounds serious.

TODD
Kinda is.

ROD
Todd! It's Saturday night. We're gonna eat a lot of hamburgers and then work off said burgers dancing.

TODD
But --

ROD
No butts except your cute one. We can get all serious tomorrow at brunch. Tonight we blast off to the moon!

INT. NEW BEVERLY MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

The heartbreaking finale of *Umbrellas of Cherbourg*: Catherine Deneuve saying her final *au revoir* to her lover.

It's the most romantic moment in movie history: that fact that everyone and everything on screen are popping in bright primary colors makes everything that much more beautiful.

TRACKING ALONG

Rows of teary-eyed silver foxy gay men. Arrive on Brian, and then Fogel, watching, as he wipes away a tear.

Brian puts his arm around Fogel. Fogel instantly tenses but lets it rest there. Gorgeous music continues to play as we

CUT TO:

INT. AKBAR - NIGHT

Packed with gay men. Dancing, talking, drinking, comparing tribal tattoos. A lot of men are checking out Todd. He is incredibly uncomfortable.

ROD
Everything okay? You're being uncharacteristically quiet.

TODD
(to the bartender)
Double vodka soda with a splash of grapefruit juice.

He looks around. The men are staring at him like lions stare at an antelope. A CUTE CUB walks up to him.

CUTE CUB
I love your shirt. Opening Ceremony?

TODD
Thanks. How did you know?

CUTE CUB
I work there.

TODD
I knew you looked familiar! You're the guy on the second floor who wears t-shirts with ties.

CUTE CUB
Yes!

TODD
You're like my fashion hero.

CUTE CUB

You left the other day and me and my co-worker was like "finally a guy with style comes in here, not just some rich bitch Japanese guy with no taste."

TODD

(so so touched)
You think I have style?

The Cute Cub looks at Rod.

CUTE CUB

He's so cute! You have to dance with me.

TODD

I'm kinda with him.

Both Rod and The Cute Cub look at Todd like he's nuts.

ROD

Go! Fly little bird. Your nest will be right here waiting for you.

Todd downs his vodka soda and gets pulled onto the dance floor.

EXT. NEW BEVERLY MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Stars sparkle in the sky. All the colors in the world seem more primary. It feels as intoxicatingly romantic as Cherbourg itself.

The Cherbourg MUSIC continues as Fogel and Brian loiter outside the theater, sniffing.

FOGEL

Brian. I thought we should talk --

BRIAN

-- before you say another word. I want to show you my favorite secret corner of Los Angeles.

Before Fogel can respond, Brian takes his hand, and giggling, they run across the street like in Jules and Jim.

INT. AKBAR - NIGHT

In the middle of the dance floor, Todd is dancing. He's spazzy but he can do no wrong tonight.

IN QUICK CUTS, different GAY MEN approach Todd:

GAY MAN
I love your bone structure.

TODD
I'm doing the best with what God gave
me!

CUT TO: Todd is dancing, hand in hand, with a different gay.

GAY GUY
Your hands are so soft!

TODD
Never done a day of hard labor in my
life!

CUT TO: A different gay whispers in Todd's ear. He laughs.

GAY GUY
Your teeth are incredible!

TODD
Six years of braces from Dr.
Eckstein!

CUT TO: Todd is dancing while making fierce eye contact.

GAY DUDE
You're so in the moment!

TODD
I've been meditating for a year! So
happy to hear it's working!

CUT TO: A BIG DANCE CIRCLE has formed around Todd. He downs
another shot and starts to do the running man. All the Gay
Guys start chanting "Go Todd! Go Todd!"

Todd shoots a look over at Rod. Rod happily watches as The
Gay Men grind up on Todd.

TODD (CONT'D)
I'M THE BELLE OF THE BALL!!!!!!

EXT. LOS ANGELES FLOWER MARKET - NIGHT

Thousands of gorgeous flowers from one of America's biggest
flower markets fill the frame. Fogel's eyes are closed as
Brian leads him in front of the most beautiful display of
orchids ever.

BRIAN
Now open.

Fogel opens his eyes. His breath is taken away.

FOGEL

Orchids.

BRIAN

Did you know Jacques Demy loved flowers more than anything in the world? That's why he chose umbrellas. He said that from above they looked like flowers desperate for a drink.

Fogel has his schnoz deep in a flower.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Have you ever been to the south of France? Cherbourg? Nantes?

FOGEL

I've been saving up for a trip for three years.

BRIAN

I have to go back Provence in the spring for a symposium on the French New Wave. They usually let me bring a plus one.

The Cherbourg music is BOOMING.

FOGEL

Am I dreaming?

BRIAN

No. Was there something you wanted to talk to me about?

Off Fogel, torn...

INT. AKBAR - NIGHT

A very drunk Todd rejoins Rod at the bar.

TODD

That was amazing. I've always hated monogamy because it's so controlling. Like you can never flirt. But tonight. You let me be me but I could just come back to you. That's amazing.

ROD

Monogamy is for boring straight people. I hope you saved me a dance.

As he pulls Todd onto the dance floor...

EXT. LOS ANGELES FLOWER MARKET- NIGHT

As Fogel and Brian leave the market, there is A RUMBLE OF THUNDER.

It begins to rain. Beautiful, thick-sheeted movie rain.

Brian reaches into his WNYC Pledge Drive Tote Bag and takes out a BRIGHT RED UMBRELLA. He holds it over him and Fogel, Cherbourg-style. If there's any doubt about it: Fogel is now in a full-blown French romance movie.

BRIAN

Let's go home.

FOGEL

I -- I -- I have to work.

BRIAN

It's Saturday.

FOGEL

I'm sorry.

BRIAN

Matthew? This isn't my first rodeo.
If you're not interested --

FOGEL

-- Brian, I am. I am *so* interested.
But I'm just getting over this really gnarly break up and --

BRIAN

(smiling)

Oh! I'm sorry for smiling but now everything makes sense. All my friends were like "why didn't he even kiss you?" And I was like rationalizing that the new young gays are a little more conservative...but now I realize why. You're still healing.

Fogel, whimpering, nods.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I can tell he really hurt you.

FOGEL

He did.

BRIAN

Men can be brutal.

FOGEL
(getting emotional)
He left me out of nowhere. We had a
home inspiration board on Pinterest.

BRIAN
You poor, poor boy.

Brian holds out his arms. A distraught Fogel hugs him.

The score from Umbrellas of Cherbourg blares.

Fogel rests his head on Brian's shoulder.

FOGEL
Don't give up on me Brian. Don't give
up on me.

INT. AN UBER - NIGHT

The car drives through rainy LA. So romantic. Todd and Rod,
both unbelievably wasted, are staring at each other.

ROD
You are my mirror.

TODD
Better than a mirror. Because a
mirror inverts the image. For the
first time I see who I truly am.

ROD
I see you, Rod.

TODD
I see you, Todd. I see your fear.

ROD
I see your vulnerability that you
hide behind a curtain of sarcasm.

TODD
I see how you use sex to express
every emotion except intimacy.

ROD
I see that you feel like you spend
your whole life faking it.

TODD
I see the little boy in you who is
still so afraid of being excluded.

ROD
Am I Rod? Or am I Todd?

TODD
I am Trod.

They stare at each other in silence for a deep deep moment.
Then both begin to CRACK UP.

TODD (CONT'D)
I'm so fucking wasted right now!

ROD
Me too! Trod!

UBER DRIVER
(so over it)
We are at one of your houses.

Suddenly Todd stops laughing.

ROD
Let's go to bed, boo.

TODD
(panic)
Can't. My little sister's here
tonight.

ROD
Then let's go back to my place.

TODD
My sister's expecting me so...

ROD
Is that what you tried to tell me at
the beginning of the night?

TODD
Um, yes. This was the best night of
my life. Next date will be all ours.

ROD
Promise?

TODD
Promise.

Rod leans in for a kiss, but Todd's already halfway out the door. Rod watches, smitten, as Todd skips toward the door like Audrey Hepburn.

EXT. THE FRANCHIS' HOUSE - DAY

Fogel, wearing an open-necked gray sweater with an image of Madonna silk-screened on it, stands next to Todd. They are both happier than we've ever seen them. The door swings open.

FOGEL/TODD
We're in love!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

INT. THE FRANCHI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Hillary and Ken listen.

TODD
Part of his conception of *us* is
letting me just be me!

FOGEL
Don't expect a lotta Fogel Time in
April. Brian and I will be watching
the cherry blossoms bloom in Tokyo.

HILLARY
You fingerpop their assholes yet?

The Pussies look down at their feet.

FOGEL
Lingering hug.

HILLARY
You must've sucked Rod dry?

TODD
Not yet.

HILLARY
You at least jerked them off though,
right?

The Pussies look down at their feet again.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
But you're still gay?

FOGEL
Honey, we're queer as a two dollar
bill.

HILLARY
I have an idea! Why don't you guys do
date three here? We'll make a little
dinner party.

TODD
You want us to bring the boys?

HILLARY
Ken will make his famous gravy and
rigaton' and some calamah' and then
you guys get buttfucked.

TODD
You drop the vowel right?

HILLARY
Obviously.

TODD
(to Fogel)
Told you!

INT. TODD AND FOGEL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Fogel and Todd are gussying themselves in the mirror.

FOGEL
I'm gonna give an awesome blowjob.
I'm just gonna do everything I've
always wanted girls to do to me.

TODD
Do I need to decide right now if I'm
a top or bottom? Because I'm
emotionally a top but a bottom -- the
prostate is the male G-Spot. Don't I
deserve that pleasure?

FOGEL
Talk to him. The whole top/bottom
dichotomy is so last generation.

TODD
I'm gonna ask Rod to just flatten my
G-Spot like a pleasure pancake.

FOGEL
Brian's gonna cum so hard he's gonna
think it's 1973 in The Castro!

TODD
We're doing this!

FOGEL
Love and sex and happiness!

Then a long moment of awkward silence...

TODD
I can't do this.

FOGEL
Oh my God. No. I can't I can't I
can't. Last time we hugged I felt his
(shudders)
whiskers.

TODD

He hugged me and I felt his bulge and I gagged. No more no more! I'm cancelling! It's all over!

FOGEL

Over!

TODD

Goddamn it! I finally found my soulmate: me!

FOGEL

And I've finally found my people: sixty-something gay intellectuals. Next week Brian's friend James Lapine -- oh, you might know him as Stephen Sondheim's fucking *librettist* -- is having a weekend at his exquisite, modernist home in Palm Springs. We're all going to see "The Follies." Do you know how long I've been trying to find someone who wants to see "The Follies" with me? He's swept me off my feet! When I'm with him I feel like I'm in a fucking French romance movie!

Todd OPEN HAND SLAPS Fogel so hard in the face.

Long silent beat.

Then Fogel OPEN HAND SLAPS Todd so hard back.

FOGEL (CONT'D)

Thank you for slapping me.

TODD

Thank YOU for slapping me.

FOGEL

We're so butch.

A deep breath.

TODD

We've been on a long road, huh?

FOGEL

Yeah.

TODD

And we've come a long way, isn't that true?

FOGEL

All the way from a once unknown bar
called Stonewall.

TODD

Exactly! So we are going to go to
dinner with our heads held high and
shove some dicks down our throats.
Because this is our last shot at
love.

FOGEL

We just have to surrender to it.
Surrender to love.

TODD

Just another penis.

FOGEL

Just another penis.

TODD

Just another penis. Just
another penis.

FOGEL (CONT'D)

Just another penis. Just
another penis.

SLAM TO A TITLE CARD decorated with a gorgeous oil painting
of Freddie Mercury. It reads:

DATE THREE

EXT. THE FRANCHI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The door swings open. Fogel now looks even gayer: hair
slicked back, wearing a Fire Island tanktop, with Brian's arm
around him. Todd wears the loudest shirt/blazer combination
ever. Rod's outfit is almost identical; they hold hands.

The Franchis regard them.

FOGEL

This is Brian Dupre, Professor of
Film Studies and Adorableness.

TODD

This is Rod Krauss-Chulson.
Boys, these are The Franchis.

Hillary can't stop staring at Rod. Franchi is trying so hard
not to laugh he turns around and has a coughing fit.

INT. THE FRANCHIS' HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is eating. Wine and conversation flowing.

TODD
 ...and I was like "I know it's
 weird." You're like my double!

Everyone chuckles.

ROD
 Isn't all romance fundamentally
 narcissistic?

BRIAN
 The Greeks certainly thought so. In
 "The Symposium" Plato said love is
 trying to find the other half we were
 separated from at the moment of
 creation. So we aren't looking to
 know another but to actually complete
 ourselves.

Fogel nods to the Franchis like -- Brian's *amazing*.

ROD
 I just told my friend: when Todd and
 I finally consummate the relationship
 I'm not sure if it's gonna be sex or
 masturbation.

Everyone cracks up except for Todd. Fogel suddenly YELPS.
 Brian's hand is on the inside of his thigh.

Hillary clocks it. Franchi is about to have a seizure from
 holding in the laughter. Hillary raises her glass:

HILLARY
 As the Greeks said. To our other
 halves. Let's all feel a little more
 connected and complete tonight.

Todd looks at Fogel like -- "surrender, surrender." They all
 clink glasses.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
 Celebrity anyone?

A JAZZY COCKTAIL PARTY VERSION of "Lady Marmalade" plays
 under the following:

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Everyone is playing Celebrity. Brian reaches into the hat and
 takes out a name.

BRIAN
 Pills.

FOGEL
Judy Garland.

BRIAN
Hack.

FOGEL
Andrew Lloyd Webber.

BRIAN
Scum.

FOGEL
Rick Santorum.

BRIAN
God.

FOGEL
(crazy jazz hands and sings
at the top of his lungs)
MS. BETTE MIDLER!!!!!!

Everyone applauds. Brian BEAR HUGS Fogel. Fogel tenses and it kind of looks like Brian is giving him the Heimlich. But he surrenders...and hugs him back.

LATER IN CELEBRITY --

Hillary is doing a charade. Brian keeps rubbing Fogel's shoulder. Rod keeps running his finger around Todd's ear. Finally, when no one's looking, Rod seductively nibbles Todd's neck. Todd pushes himself to melt into it.

LATER IN THE EVENING --

They are now all eating dessert.

BRIAN
Hillary. This cake. So moist.

ROD
Todd, you must try this.

Rod dips his finger into the icing and holds it out.

ROD (CONT'D)
Try this, boo.

TODD
No more empty calories thank you very much.

ROD
Just try it.

Everyone is looking. Todd leans in and, in deep inner conflict, sucks the icing off Rod's finger. Rod moans softly.

BRIAN
How cute are they?

HILLARY
Adorable. Well. We have to be up at six for Gymboree.

TODD
We'll get out of your hair.

HILLARY
Oh no, not at all. The bedrooms are on the other side of the house. And before you go -- Todd? You *must* show Rod the view from the roof. You can see all the way to Reseda.

ROD
I'd love to peep Reseda. Maybe we can see Dirk Diggler.

Todd can't help but chuckle at the exact joke he'd make.

ROD (CONT'D)
Let's go, boo.

Todd and Rod leave. It's just Fogel, Brian and The Franchis.

BRIAN
Can I help you clean up?

HILLARY
No. You must go see the pool. We just put up Italian wedding lights.

BRIAN
Come on, you.

Brian takes Fogel's hand and whisks him away. Fogel looks back at Hill. She makes a dick sucking motion with her mouth.

EXT. THE FRANCHI'S ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Todd and Rod stare out at the Valley. Rod walks up behind Todd. Presses himself into his back.

ROD
Hi, boo.

EXT. THE FRANCHI'S POOL - NIGHT

Fogel and Brian sit with their toes in the water.

BRIAN
Honey, in this light you look just
like Catherine Deneuve.

MUSIC UP: HITCHCOCK SUSPENSE STRINGS. We see the seduction in
INTENSE CLOSEUPS like a DE PALMA MOVIE:

...BRIAN'S HAND as it takes Fogel's hand...
...Brian's EYES stare deeply into Fogel's eyes...
...CLOSE ON ROD'S LIPS as they purse...
...Brian leans in...
...Rod closes his eyes...
...Todd's eyes bug open...
...Brian leans in...
...Rod leans in...
...Fogel closes his eyes...
...Todd closes his eyes...
...Fogel cocks his head, *here goes nothing*...
...Lips closing in...
...Rod's lips gently press against Todd's...
...Brian's lips gently press against Fogel's...
...A SENSUAL GAY KISS...

SMASH TO:

EXT. TODD AND FOGEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Pussies pace around at a fever pitch.

FOGEL
Not gay!!!

TODD
Not gay!!!!

FOGEL
Fuck. Back to women.

TODD
Back to goddamn befuddling Martians.

FOGEL

We're gonna figure this thing out one day.

TODD

What thing?

FOGEL

This little thing called life.

They collapse onto the couch, defeated.

TODD

Wanna watch "Boys in the Band?" Just for old time's sake.

FOGEL

I'll make the Yentl Soup.

TODD

Love ya, ya silly ol' straight.

FOGEL

Love ya too, ya dumb ol' breeder.

And as these straight idiots get ready for their night in, "I'm Coming Out" begins to play as the credits roll.