

KEN & BOBBY

Written by

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. MARS - JUST BEFORE DAWN**

Light breaks over the red planet's surface. Something in the vein of '*Also Sprach Zarathustra*' plays.

BOBBY (V.O.)

They say money can't buy happiness, but I used to have both, and trust me, they go together like black jeans with a chocolate brown jacket and boots. I may have even used the word *perfect*.

An astronaut in a pink NASA-like space suit, with a rainbow flag/pole in tow, turns to see the coming dawn ...

BOBBY (V.O.)

But then I learned, there is no such thing as *perfect*. Not in life, not in relationships, or friends -- not even the most seemingly perfect outfit.

Our spaceman is BOBBY (22). His flawless smile shimmers.

BOBBY (V.O.)

Even with a *fabular* jacket-jeans-boots combo, the wrong belt could throw the whole thing right out the window ... where was I going with this? Oh -- what should we strive for if perfection doesn't exist? Well, it depends.

Bobby looks pridefully at the flag and erects it.

BOBBY (V.O.)

All I've ever wanted in life was to meet my soul mate, and live happily ever after, like in a fairy tale.

Bobby pulls out a pink tablet and snaps a Mars selfie.

BOBBY (V.O.)

But I learned that we can't really find our soul mate until we find *ourselves*, and sadly, sometimes we can't know who we are until we know who we're not. And it wasn't until this moment that I figured out who I'm not, and that's --

A POPULAR GAY ANTHEM FADES IN.

## INT. WOKE PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

CAMERA FLASH.

In front of a white backdrop, Bobby poses in a high-fashion outfit that perfectly accents his flawlessly toned figure. He gives a fierce stare and flips his flowing blond hair for fashion photographer, MIKKEL MONTEFUSCO (36). Another FLASH.

SHAWNATHAN (O.S.)

*Bobby?!*

Just out of earshot, three gabby gays quietly observe:

ZHONG CHEW (23), a rich, haughty fashionista and socialite. If you have a flaw, he'll find it; he sees everything.

GULLIVER (21) -- socially awkward in that 'desperate sorority pledge' sort of way -- is the trio's overanxious 'yes man'.

GULLIVER (O.S.)

Yeah. He's, like, so beautiful ...  
don't you think?

SHAWNATHAN QUINN (29), a seasoned scene queen, local celebrity, and the trio's alpha, crosses his arms.

SHAWNATHAN

He's okay.

GULLIVER

(cool)  
Yeah, I mean, he's all right, I guess.

ZHONG

(rolling eyes)  
Hopeless.

SHAWNATHAN

A pretty face is fine for a mid-card attraction, but you need some real talent to be the main event.

Shawnathan checks his makeup in a compact.

GULLIVER

Yeah, but ... aren't there usually two people in a main event? Like, in boxing --

SHAWNATHAN

-- Gulliver, don't get it twisted. There's only room for one queen in this scene.

(MORE)

SHAWNATHAN (CONT'D)

And once you fight your way to the top, you gotta fight to stay there. You can't trust nobody.

ZHONG

And, if you're not at the top, you are nobody.

Bobby friend-hugs Mikkel and smiles.

SHAWNATHAN

People are either a follower or a threat -- there are no equals. Remember that.

GULLIVER

Oh ... kay?

Bobby joins the trio. Shawnathan's scowl morphs into a welcoming smile as he take's Bobby's hands.

SHAWNATHAN

Bobby, honey, welcome back! You look beautiful!

Gulliver gapes, befuddled. Bobby hugs Shawnathan.

BOBBY

Awww. You think so?

Mikkel approaches.

MIKKEL

Everyone thinks so. That's why I've decided to nominate both of you for Lit Vodka's Ultimate Pride Superstar Competition this year!

BOBBY

Oh-em-gee, are you *serial*?!

Bobby squeals and jumps for joy.

SHAWNATHAN

Yeah, Mikkel! Are you *serial*?!

MIKKEL

Yes, and Lit's holding auditions to select their top ten at The Abbey tomorrow at four pm, so be on time.

ZHONG

But -- you can't have two nominees -- rule sixty-six, article five states --

MIKKEL

-- Yes, yes, I know, they typically only let us nominate one performer per year, but I begged, pleaded, threatened, and demanded they make an exception this time, so do not make me look like a fool. Understand?

Bobby and Shawnathan nod.

GULLIVER

What's a Lit Vodka Pride competition?

ZHONG

It's like you just woke up gay yesterday. Every year, Lit Vodka chooses ten members of the L-G-B-T-Q-I-A community to compete for twenty-five hundred dollars and a contract to be the face of their summer ad campaign. They've only done it every pride since forever.

GULLIVER

Oooh! I wanna play!

Shawnathan and Zhong scoff.

SHAWNATHAN

It's not a lottery ticket. It's a competition to award beauty, originality, personality, and ferociousness.

GULLIVER

Oh ...

Gulliver frowns. Bobby sees his disappointment.

BOBBY

I think he means that all of the entrants need to be sponsored by local gay businesses, but since you're still really new to the scene, nobody's really had a chance to see you shine yet.

Gulliver perks up.

ZHONG

It'll be a while. Shawnathan Quinn is a talented model, actor, singer, dancer and drag queen tour de force, not to mention our reigning Lit Vodka Champion five years running.

Shawnathan puts his hands on his hips, cocky.

MIKKEL

Yes. It will be interesting to see who comes out on top. Shawnathan is a legend, but Bobby is taking the scene by storm.

BOBBY

I'm so honored!  
(to Shawnathan)  
You don't mind if I compete, do you?

SHAWNATHAN

No! We're all friends here. May the ultimate pride superstar win.

BOBBY

*Fabular!*

Bobby throws his arms around Shawnathan, who exchanges a raised eyebrow with Zhong.

**EXT. L.A. NORTH HOLLYWOOD STREETS - DAY**

A pink convertible Ferrari (with the top down) merges into traffic. Bobby drives, Shawnathan is beside him, and Zhong and Gulliver chill in the back. They're all in beach attire.

BOBBY

Is it possible we could tie? I'd feel bad if I won and you didn't.

SHAWNATHAN

We're getting a little ahead of ourselves, aren't we? We haven't even qualified yet.

BOBBY

Oh -- you're right. I'm just so excited -- Pride is my favorite time of year.

Zhong paws through a large cardboard box beside him.

ZHONG

We hadn't noticed.

Bobby glances back -- Zhong picks out a pride flag.

BOBBY

(laughing)  
Oh -- those are for the Pride after-party at my beach house.  
(MORE)



SHAWNATHAN

Okay, what the hell was that about?

BOBBY

Daddy's planning to run for mayor.  
That was his campaign manager.

SHAWNATHAN

Your dad doesn't know you're gay?

ZHONG

(looking him over)  
... How?

BOBBY

No. His supporters are hardcore conservatives. Plus, I come from a long line of masculine, womanizing Vanderpools. If he knew either of his sons were gay, he'd kill us -- or worse -- he'd cut us off!

GULLIVER

Wait -- Vanderpool, as in *Robert Vanderpool*?  
(pointing)  
That Robert Vanderpool?

Bobby follows his stare to a billboard featuring ROBERT VANDERPOOL II (50s), with a "million dollar" smile, beside the words "Vanderpool Realty: *your L.A., your home.*"

GULLIVER

The real estate mogul?!

SHAWNATHAN

That's right. Bobby comes from *old money*. A real valley *gurl*.

GULLIVER

Dude -- No way! You're like ... a celebrity!

BOBBY

(embarrassed)  
Maybe a little.

Shawnathan casts him an icy stare.

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY**

A POPULAR PRIDE ANTHEM FADES IN.

**MONTAGE - LIFE IN VENICE**



- Beautiful women in bikinis walk along the boardwalk.
- Freakshow performers blow and spin fire.
- Skaters rip and grind the skate park.
- Artists spray paint a mural.
- A kid demolishes his sister's sand castle.
- A surfer wipes out in the Pacific.

**END MONTAGE.**

**ON THE BEACH**

Bobby, in zebra print Speedos and a matching backpack, leads the way. Shawnathan and Zhong wear Asymmetric Man-Thongs while the pale Gulliver rocks baggy, over-sized cargo shorts.

Males and females watch in awe as Bobby passes them. He smiles at his admirers.

SHAWNATHAN

Ugh. Remind me again why you live in Malibu, but hang out in Venice?

BOBBY

I like the people. They're unique. They're never what you expect --

Bobby gapes at KEN WALKER (21) near the Pacific. The tall, dark, masculine jock catches a football and launches it back to HUNTER (20), a cocky surfer with a shredded physique.

Ken's muscles contract, in SLOW MOTION, as a guitar pick, dangling from his necklace, dances with his movement.

**QUICK FLASH MONTAGE**

- Ken, dressed as a Prince, kisses Bobby who, dressed as a male Snow White, awakens on an altar and smiles.
- Ken, as Prince Charming, slides a designer boot onto Bobby's foot (as a male Cinderella); he squeals and squirms, tickled.
- Ken and Bobby, dressed as Philip and a male Aurora (from Sleeping Beauty), dance in the clouds while gay "fairies" (Shawnathan, Zhong, and Gulliver) fly about with magic wands.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Ken returns to NORMAL SPEED, catches Bobby's "love at first sight" stare and returns it -- he's enamored. Bobby's MOTION SLOWS, his pearly teeth revealed by his perfect smile.

Life RETURNS TO NORMAL SPEED as the football peps Ken's head.  
Shawnathan catches the exchange and squints.

SHAWNATHAN  
No. He's straight.

BOBBY  
How do you know?

SHAWNATHAN  
(shouting)  
Is that Lady Gaga?!

Many effeminate men jump up and look for Gaga. They shuffle about the beach in anticipation. Ken is not one of them.

SHAWNATHAN  
See? Not even a flinch.

BOBBY  
That doesn't mean anyth--

SHAWNATHAN  
(snap)  
-- *Vamos*.

Shawnathan resumes his stroll. Bobby and company follow.

#### **NEAR THE SURF**

Ken lobs the ball back to Hunter.

KEN  
Hey, I should probably get going.

HUNTER  
I thought you were gonna get your  
tan on, bro.

Hunter drops the ball and takes a bottle of sunscreen from his back pocket.

KEN  
Not today. Gotta study.

Hunter makes a "jacking off" motion with the lotion and squirts into his palm.

HUNTER  
(mocking)  
*Gotta study*.

He applies lotion to his arms and torso.

HUNTER

What are you up to tomorrow?

KEN

Band practice.

HUNTER

Ah, right. You're tryin' to get all famous and shit.

KEN

Nah, man. It ain't even about that.

HUNTER

Uh-huh. Get my back?

Hunter tosses him the sunscreen.

Ken admires Hunter's glistening pecs. Hunter turns around, giving him a view of his muscular back. Ken swallows and squeezes lotion into his ever-so-slightly shaking palm and inches it toward Hunter's shoulder.

HUNTER

(squirming away)

Ha! You fag! You were totally gonna do it!

KEN

Hell no. I was just playin'.

He spikes the bottle back at Hunter, who laughs hysterically. They walk to a beach umbrella with two lawn chairs.

KEN

Anyway, I'm out. See you in class --

Ken stops cold and gapes. Dog tracks lead away from them.

KEN

-- Ah, shit.

#### **ON THE BEACH NEAR THE BOARDWALK**

Bobby, Shawnathan, Zhong, and Gulliver lick ice cream cones. A gaggle of six gays pass them on the way to a food truck and slow their stroll to look them over. Gulliver smiles.

ZHONG

(to the gaggle)

No. Not you. Go. Nuh-uh, go.

GULLIVER

Why'd you do that?

Zhong points at them in succession.

ZHONG

Too fat, too skinny, too skinny-fat,  
too hairy, too old, and that one's  
bald and wearing knock-off Cartier.

GULLIVER

Oh ... well, they looked *nice*.

ZHONG

You're free to join them.

Gulliver looks back at them, sulks, and shakes his head.

Bobby licks his strawberry scoop and glances to the Pacific.

SHAWNATHAN

Stop it.

BOBBY

Stop what?

SHAWNATHAN

You're looking for that breeder.

BOBBY

He was cute. But ... there was  
something different about him.

SHAWNATHAN

What happened the last time you fell  
for a straight guy?

Bobby's eyes drop -- *ouch*.

SHAWNATHAN

Bobby. Fate doesn't just bring star  
crossed lovers together like in a  
shitty Meg Ryan movie -- especially  
when one of them's straight! Trust  
me, I know.

Bobby opens his mouth to speak -- Shawnathan clamps his lips.

SHAWNATHAN

Life's no fairy tale, so drop this  
*bibbidi-bobbidi-bullshit* and get it  
together before you get your heart --

Suddenly, BUJU (3), an energetic chocolate lab, tackles Bobby  
and devours his ice cream. Bobby yelps. Ken and Hunter  
race up to retrieve him.

KEN

Buju!

Buju licks Bobby's face.

BOBBY

(jovial, to Buju)  
Well, hello, cutie.

KEN

Hey. You okay?

BOBBY

*Fabular.*

Ken pulls Buju away and offers Bobby a hand. The sun forms a halo around Ken's head. Bobby smiles and takes the assist.

KEN

Sorry about that. He's usually a saint. Ice cream's his weakness.

Shawnathan sees the endless stare between the two.

BOBBY

Mine, too. I'm --

SHAWNATHAN

(extending hand)  
-- Hi. I'm Shawnathan.

HUNTER

*Shawnathan?* That's the gayest thing I've ever heard in my life.

Hunter laughs. Ken winces, embarrassed. Shawnathan scowls.

Two bikini-clad women pass them. Hunter slides his sunglasses down for a glance and bites his bottom lip.

HUNTER

Damn. You see that? Forget the ice cream, I just want that cake!  
(to Ken)  
Come on, bro. We got the *look back*.

Hunter slaps Ken on the chest and hurries after the girls.

SHAWNATHAN

I hope those bitches likes shrinkage!  
(to Bobby)  
Come on. We're going.

Shawnathan stomps away. Zhong and Gulliver follow.

KEN  
Sorry about my buddy --

BOBBY  
I'm so sorry about that --  
he can --

They laugh, nervously, as though never flirting before.

KEN  
I'm Ken.

BOBBY  
(sotto)  
I'm Meg Ryan.

SHAWNATHAN (O.S.)  
Bobby!

BOBBY  
I'm Bobby. I should, uh ...

KEN  
Yeah. Me, too.

They're speechless, lost in each other's eyes ...

BOBBY  
See ya around.

KEN  
Will you?

BOBBY  
(running off)  
Yeah. You owe me a cone.

KEN  
I'm always around.

Bobby hurries after his clique. Buju licks ice cream off his nose and barks.

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - BOARDWALK - DAY**

Bobby catches up to his frenemies and twirls.

BOBBY  
Did you see that? It is fate! I am  
in a fairy tale! And magic is real.

SHAWNATHAN  
No, bitch. There ain't no such thing  
as fate. I done told you already --

GULLIVER  
-- Look.

Gulliver points to a velvet tent with a cardboard sign propped against it. It reads: "PSYCHIC - KNOW YOUR FATE."

Bobby squeals and skips to the tent. Shawnathan glares, arms crossed. Zhong slaps Gulliver in the back of the head. Gulliver winces as they follow after Bobby.

**INT. VADOMA'S TENT - DAY**

The twinks enter. VADOMA GRIGORE (60s) flips tarot cards at her table without paying them a single glance.

VADOMA  
(North Indian accent)  
I've been expecting you.

Bobby's eyes go wide, he grins at Shawnathan.

SHAWNATHAN  
Puh-leeze. The only thing this bitch be expecting is her social security check. I'm outta here.

VADOMA  
Do not underestimate my abilities, boy. I am true Romani, and I am not to be trifled with.

GULLIVER  
Can you talk to the dead?

ZHONG  
Oh! Ask Fred Phelps what hell is like.

VADOMA  
You think this is *joke*? I am world renowned medium.

SHAWNATHAN  
Medium? You look like a *large* from here, honey. We out.

BOBBY  
Wait -- I have to know -- is there such thing as soul mates and destiny?

Vadoma stacks her cards and slams them to the table.

VADOMA  
You have the *goolis* to insult the great Vadoma Grigore and then ask for help! Ha! Get out of my tent!

She picks up her crystal ball and turns to put it away.  
Bobby grabs hold of it -- it's a tug of war.

BOBBY

Please? I have so many questions!  
Do I have a soul mate? Will I ever  
find true love?

VADOMA

Let go and get out of my tent --

Bobby pulls the crystal ball free. Shawnathan slides his  
foot behind him -- Bobby trips and crashes to the ground.  
The crystal ball slips loose and shatters to pieces.

Vadoma gapes in horror.

ZHONG

So graceful.

BOBBY

Oh no! I'm so sorry!

He pops up, pulls his wallet out of his backpack, and counts  
out a few Benjamins.

BOBBY

I can replace it. How's two hundred?

VADOMA

Curse! I curse you!

BOBBY

So ... three hundred?

Vadoma snatches the money and tucks it into her bra strap.

VADOMA

May you lose everything and everyone  
you hold dear!

GULLIVER

Do you know who you're talking to?  
This is Bobby Vanderpool, heir to  
the Vanderpool fortune! He's like a  
celebrity, almost.

Vadoma cackles.

VADOMA

Then you have even more to lose!  
Your money. Your power. Your beauty.  
Your very way of life. All of it!

Vadoma pushes the twinks out of her tent.



VADOMA

May you have nothing to be proud of  
until the day comes when you can be  
proud of nothing!

She pulls her curtains closed.

GULLIVER

I probably shouldn't have said that.

His companions give him the "*ya think?*" look.

**EXT. MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - DUSK**

The hot pink beach house is bright and clean in the sunset.

BOBBY (O.S.)

What if I'm really cursed? What if  
everything she said comes true?

**INT. MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Bobby hangs rainbow streamers along the wall. Shawnathan  
holds a ladder while Gulliver hangs rainbow flags.

SHAWNATHAN

Then you gonna die, bitch. Leave me  
your shoes.

BOBBY

I'm being so *serial* right now. I  
don't know what I'd do without money.  
Or my family, or looks, or -- whatever  
else she said.

Zhong sashays in and snaps a puckered selfie.

ZHONG

(cold)

You seem to be doing fine without an  
interior decorator.

BOBBY

What? ... Oh, this?

(motioning to decor)

No, I like to decorate for Pride.  
It's the one time of year we're  
allowed to just be ourselves.

Gulliver smiles.

BOBBY

We can honor all the struggles our  
gay ancestors suffered to get us

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
 here and celebrate what we've become.  
 I think about that when I decorate.  
 It means something.

SARAH JESSICA BARKER (2), a Yorkie in a "Snow White" dress,  
 trots up to Bobby with a mini rainbow flag in her mouth.  
 Bobby takes it from her and gives her snuggles.

BOBBY  
 Thank you, Sarah. You're such a  
 good girl. Such a good girl!

ZHONG  
 (taking a selfie)  
 Well, I'm sure our gay ancestors  
 would be rolling in their graves if  
 they saw --  
 (seeing Sarah)  
 -- Great Streisand's ghost, what is  
that?

BOBBY  
 What? Sarah Jessica Barker?

Sarah barks. It's cute.

Zhong picks her up and admires her outfit.

ZHONG  
 No. This garment! I must know this  
 instant!

BOBBY  
 Well ... it's a princess dress. I  
 made it for Halloween last year --

ZHONG  
 -- You shut your whore face right  
 now! You did not make this.

BOBBY  
 I did.

Bobby opens a sketchbook on a display case. Zhong gasps and  
 carefully flips pages. There are men, women, and dogs  
 illustrated in colorful, ultra-chic designs, including Bobby  
 and Sarah's matching male and female "Snow White" garments.

Shawnathan smirks from the ladder.

ZHONG  
 Bobby ... these are fierce!

Shawnathan raises an eyebrow. The smirk dissipates.

BOBBY

... Really?

ZHONG

Yes, gurl! They're *revoloosh!*

Shawnathan and Gulliver join them.

GULLIVER

Oh, wow!

BOBBY

Hey -- do you think I could ever  
sell these?

Zhong catches Shawnathan's scowl.

ZHONG

... I don't ... know ...

SHAWNATHAN

They're okay, Bobby, but nobody would  
ever buy them.

GULLIVER

How can you say that? They're so --

SHAWNATHAN

-- I can say that, Gulliver, because  
I care about Bobby, and I don't want  
to see him waste his life on a silly  
dream. He'd be a laughing stock.  
Is that what you want?

Silence.

BOBBY

Oh ... I just thought -- since I  
already made some of them --

Zhong shoves the sketchbook into Bobby.

ZHONG

*Shut the fuck ever!* I insist you  
show me at once!

BOBBY

Okay!

Bobby sets the sketchbook down and leads Zhong and Gulliver  
upstairs. Shawnathan watches furiously, hands on his hips.

A CORDLESS PHONE RINGS.

BOBBY

Oh -- can you get that, Shawnathan?

SHAWNATHAN

(answering the phone)

Yeah?

SKIPPY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Hey ... Bobby?

SHAWNATHAN

Shawnathan.

SKIPPY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Oh -- this is Skippy. Hey, our dad's planning a surprise inspection tomorrow morning, so tell Bobby not to put up the pride decorations just yet, or dad will make us disappear faster than Beyonce tickets. Okay?

Shawnathan raises an eyebrow.

SHAWNATHAN

I'll pass it along. Toodles.

Shawnathan hangs up with a mischievous smirk.

Bobby slinks down the stairs.

BOBBY

Who was it?

SHAWNATHAN

Wrong number. Hey, you got any booze?

Bobby grins.

**INT. MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT**

Bobby, Shawnathan, Zhong, and Gulliver toast their Cosmos.

A PRIDE ANTHEM FADES IN.

**BEGIN MONTAGE - PARTY TIME**

- The boys try on wigs, clothes, makeup, and feather boas.
- Bobby sprays a bottle of Dom at his companions.
- The boys take mixed vodka shots.

- Zhong sneaks one of Sarah's outfits into his man bag. Sarah sneaks it back out and scurries away.
- The boys dance and spin rainbow flags about the room.
- The world spirals out of control, faster ... faster ...

**END MONTAGE.**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

Bobby, Shawnathan, Zhong, and Gulliver are sprawled out, unconscious, on an enormous bed, overlapping each other in flamboyant costumes, and clutching empty liquor bottles. Rainbow flags and inflatable men litter the room.

ROBERT (O.S.)  
What the hell is this?!

Bobby's eyes flutter open, as do those of his companions. Bobby pops up with a start.

BOBBY  
Daddy!

Robert stands, arms crossed, with a furious death stare in his Armani suit -- he's all business.

BABS (50), a former print model who's still gorgeous, covers her mouth in shock and horror.

BABS  
Oh, Sunshine.

Nearby, SKIPPY (19), a younger, edgier, more "alternative" version of Bobby, winces fearfully and bites his lip ring.

ROBERT  
(pointing at flags)  
What is all this gay shit doing in my beach house? ... Well?

BOBBY  
Uh ... there was uh ... uh...

SKIPPY  
Maybe some gay vandals broke in!

Everyone looks at Skippy.

SKIPPY  
Yeah ... Damn homos ...

Skippy sees Robert's death stare and falls silent.

ROBERT  
Bobby, I want you to be straight  
with me. Are you gay?

BOBBY  
Me? Gay? Daddy!

He laughs uncomfortably and grits his teeth at his frenemies.

GULLIVER	ZHONG
Oh -- Bobby? Pfft.	You should see how much
Straight as an arrow,	pussy he wrecks in this
this one --	bed --

ROBERT  
Enough!

Everyone jumps, falls silent ...

ROBERT  
Answer me, son.

SHAWNATHAN  
Tell him, Bobby. Remember what you  
said about *pride*.

Bobby drags his hungover ass to his feet and stands proudly.

BOBBY  
Yes, Daddy. I am. I'm gay and proud.

Gulliver hops up beside him, looking a bit green ...

GULLIVER  
Yeah! We're here, we're queer --

Gulliver vomits.

Robert stumbles -- he's devastated.

ROBERT  
No ... I can't believe it. I can't.

Sarah scurries in, wearing a unicorn costume, and barks.

ZHONG  
You *can't*?

ROBERT  
Get out! All of you! Now!

Shawnathan, Zhong, and Gulliver get their clothes and bags.

BOBBY  
Hey, see you at the studio later?

Shawnathan turns back with a sneer that only Zhong sees.

ROBERT  
(to Babs and Skippy)  
Wait in the car. I'll settle this.

BABS  
Robert, you're overreacting. Why don't we all just sit down and talk about this, as a family.

ROBERT  
I appreciate your enthusiasm, dear, but despite how many hours you spend drinking and crying, we're not the Kardashians. Wait. In the car.

Babs gives a "you win this round" glare.

BABS  
Listen to your father, Skippy. Just this once.  
(to Bobby)  
You know I love you, no matter what.

**EXT. MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - DAY**

Zhong drives Shawnathan and Gulliver away in his BMW.

Babs and Skippy head to a Mercedes-Benz. CASSIDY (40s), a sardonic butler -- and loyal keeper of all family secrets -- opens the door for them.

SKIPPY  
We can't just leave him alone in there. Dad's gonna kill him!

BABS  
He's not going to kill him. He's just going to yell, and fuss, and make unreasonable demands until either he gets his way, or burns a bridge.

SKIPPY  
Is that how he does business?

BABS  
That's how he does everything.  
(to Cassidy)  
Cassidy, dear, do you remember that bottle of gin I asked you to stash for a rainy day?

CASSIDY

Yes, ma'am.

BABS

Well, I just saw some lightning.

The Vanderpools get in.

CASSIDY

Right away, ma'am.

(to himself)

Not looking forward to the thunder.

**INT. MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

Robert paces.

ROBERT

Look, I know you've always been a little fruity, but, bottom line, I can't have a gay son!

BOBBY

Why not?

ROBERT

Why -- because we're Vanderpools! We come from a long line of masculine, virile, and successful Vanderpools, and you are my heir! You're supposed to finish school, learn the family business, and one day, have an heir of your own. But you can't do that if you're a Nancy-boy ... a pole smoker. A butt pirate --

BOBBY

-- Okay, I get it --

ROBERT

-- A fudge packer -- a colon cowboy --

BOBBY

-- Daddy!

Bobby sits, Robert joins him.

ROBERT

What I'm trying to say is, you can't father a child if you're being sodomized.

BOBBY

How do you know I'm not the one doing the sodomizing?



Robert jumps up, hands over his ears.

ROBERT

No! None of that. Damn it, Bobby.

BOBBY

I can still have an heir. I could get a surrogate. I could even adopt.

ROBERT

Unacceptable. What would people say? What would my voters say?

BOBBY

That's what this is really about. Isn't it?

Robert throws pride flags into a large cardboard box.

ROBERT

Bobby. I'm going to make this very simple. Give up this shameful life, put it behind you, and come back home. If anyone asks, we'll say it was just a phase.

BOBBY

It's not a phase. This is who I am. I'm Robert James Vanderpool, the Third, and I'm gay.

ROBERT

(turning his back)

No. I have no gay sons.

Bobby snickers.

ROBERT

So, you have a choice to make. Come home and get a fresh start -- a fresh heterosexual start -- or you'll be disowned and cut off completely.

BOBBY

What?

ROBERT

You have to choose. Either you're a Vanderpool --

He picks a rainbow flag out of the box.

ROBERT

-- Or you're *this*.

Bobby stands toe to toe with Robert.

BOBBY  
I'm sorry, Daddy.  
(taking the flag)  
But I choose to be me.

ROBERT  
Very well. You have ten minutes to vacate the beach house.

Robert checks his Rolex.

BOBBY  
What?! Daddy ... there's no way I can be moved out in ten minutes!

ROBERT  
You may take only what you can carry.

BOBBY  
Fine ... I'll make trips to the car.

ROBERT  
No car.

BOBBY  
... But ... I have my clothes, and my shoes. Sarah's toys ... *my toys* --

ROBERT  
-- Nine minutes, forty-five seconds.

Bobby screams. He snatches the box, dumps it out, and races around the room frantically packing like *Supermarket Sweep*.

**EXT. MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - DAY**

Robert paces the porch and ends a call on his cell. Bobby, dressed in beach clothes, box in tow, exits the house. Sarah waddles out after him. Robert taps his watch.

ROBERT  
... And, ten. Well done.

He paws through the box.

ROBERT  
Let's see what you plan to live on.  
Clothes. A sketchbook, pencils.  
Two pairs of shoes. A Rolex. Snacks.  
(squeezing a chew toy)  
Dog toys. Dog food. A rainbow flag.

He spies a lackluster 1970s Singer Sewing Machine.

ROBERT  
And an ancient sewing machine. You  
have your mother's resourcefulness.

Bobby avoids Robert's smug smile.

ROBERT  
Last chance.

Bobby digs in his pocket, pulls out a key ring, and hands it  
to Robert, defiantly. Robert nods, impressed.

ROBERT  
I give it a week, tops. Call me  
when you're ready to negotiate.

Robert locks the beach house.

BOBBY  
Negotiate? Or surrender?

Robert pats Bobby on the back and heads to the Mercedes.

ROBERT  
Oh -- word to the wise, your cards  
are canceled and cash goes fast, so  
I suggest you pace yourself.

Bobby clips Sarah's leash to his belt loop and starts walking.

**EXT. MALIBU - THREE BLOCKS FROM THE BEACH HOUSE - DAY**

The sun beats down on Bobby as he and Sarah trudge forward.  
He fumbles with the box as he listens on his cellular.

BOBBY  
(on the phone)  
Shawnathan, it's Bobby. Hey, I was  
wondering if I could crash at your  
place for a few days. Daddy cut me  
off, so ...  
(sigh)  
I dunno. I guess, call me when you  
get this? Thanks, hun.

He hangs up and looks at Sarah. She barks.

BOBBY  
Of course he cares. He's just busy.

A CAR HORN HONKS repetitively.

Bobby spins around to see his Ferrari speeding up to catch  
him. Skippy screeches to a halt and droops his sunglasses.

SKIPPY

Hey, Bobby, check out my new ride!

**EXT. SANTA MONICA - DAY**

Skippy speeds through traffic.

SKIPPY

Why did you put up the decorations?  
I told you dad was coming today!

BOBBY

No, you didn't!

SKIPPY

Yes, I did! I left a message with  
Shawnathan. Didn't he tell you?

BOBBY

No ... must have slipped his mind.  
We were drinking ...

SKIPPY

Well, anyway, I wish I could help,  
but dad said he'd freeze my accounts  
if I tried.

BOBBY

Maybe I should reconsider.

SKIPPY

Hell no! In fact, I should come  
out, too. He can't cut us both off.  
All he wants is an heir to the throne,  
and god knows he burned the sex bridge  
with mom a long time ago.

BOBBY

Gross. But, no. You can't come out  
until you finish school and can  
survive on your own.

Skippy speeds toward a yellow traffic light.

SKIPPY

I can take care of myself! I went  
to Burning Man -- twice!

BOBBY

Skippy. Promise me.

Skippy screeches to a stop as the light turns red.

SKIPPY

Fine. So ... what happens now?

BOBBY

I have no idea.

SKIPPY

Well ... do you have any money?

Bobby pulls out his wallet and counts his cash.

BOBBY

I have about fourteen-hundred dollars.

SKIPPY

You carry that in cash?

BOBBY

For emergencies. One time I was gonna buy this cute Versace jacket, but my card was expired --

SKIPPY

-- Okay, that makes sense. But that's not going to be enough to live on. What about your modeling money?

BOBBY

My modeling money!  
(suddenly distraught)  
No, I had it donated to the Beverly Hills Animal Shelter.

Bobby lights up.

BOBBY

Hey, maybe I can win the Lit Vodka Pride competition! Mikkell nominated me, and the auditions are today!

SKIPPY

Clutch! But, Pride's next week. What are you gonna do till then?

BOBBY

Oh, right. Ugh. I'm cursed. Wait -- that's it! I offended a gypsy in Venice yesterday, and she said I'd lose my fortune, my family, and my very way of life! I'm cursed, Skippy!

SKIPPY

Oh, snap! Well? Where is she now?

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - BOARDWALK - DAY**

Bobby leads Skippy to where Vadoma's tent was -- its gone.

BOBBY

No! It was right here!

He pulls at his blond mop, defeated.

SKIPPY

Well? Now what?

BOBBY

Now ... I dunno. I guess I should find a place to stay nearby. When she turns up, I can beg her to undo whatever it is she did to me.

SKIPPY

Right on. But ... do you have enough scrilla for a decent place?

Bobby looks toward the city.

**EXT. ALLOWANCE INN VENICE - DAY**

Sketchy-looking motel: bland, dirty, and polluted.

Bobby exits from the lobby and scoops Sarah out of the Ferrari. Skippy hops out and grabs the cardboard box.

SKIPPY

Well?

BOBBY

Seven-hundred dollars for a whole week! Isn't that bananas?

SKIPPY

Holy schnikes! Our bar tab in Cabo was more than that!

BOBBY

Right?! He said it has a microwave and a mini-fridge. So bohemian!

**INT. ALLOWANCE INN VENICE - ROOM #106 - DAY**

The DOOR slowly -- and loudly -- CREAKS OPEN.

Bobby steps in to find 1970s furniture and decor. A sheet of cardboard covers a missing piece of window near his feet.

BOBBY

It doesn't look anything like it did in the pics ...

SKIPPY

If you had a dollar for every time  
you said that, you'd be rich again.

Bobby turns to leave, but Skippy stops him.

SKIPPY

No -- come on -- it's okay. It'll  
be like when we used to go camping.  
(looking around)  
... Without the hot tub ... or heated  
floors, or electric fireplace ...  
but, I'm sure they have room service.

BOBBY

I asked the manager where the ice  
machine was. He gave me directions  
to Seven-Eleven.

Bobby sets Sarah down, brightens up, and heads to the window.

BOBBY

But, I think I saw a pool out there!

SKIPPY

That ... uh ... that was a sinkhole.

BOBBY

Oh ...

Bobby plops down on the bed. He breaks down and cries.

SKIPPY

No! You don't do that. The Bobby  
Vanderpool I know only cries during  
sad Jennifer Aniston movies.

BOBBY

(blubbering)  
Why doesn't it ever work for her?

Sarah waddles up to them with a syringe in her mouth. Skippy  
snatches it and tosses it away before Bobby can see.

SKIPPY

The Bobby I know never backs down,  
and he sure as hell doesn't give up.  
Where's the Bobby that stood up to  
dad when he wanted to be a cheerleader  
instead of a football player?

BOBBY

(sniffling)  
He thought I was doing it to meet  
girls.

SKIPPY

Oh ... well, what about the Bobby that sent me to the hospital when I blew out the candles at his ninth birthday party?

BOBBY

Okay, one -- I did not push you that hard, and, two -- I said I was sorry, like, a million times already!

SKIPPY

You're right, you're right -- my bad! But, what about the Bobby who's sacrificing his only income to help keep an animal shelter afloat?

Bobby stops crying and squints at him.

SKIPPY

(smiling)  
That's him.

BOBBY

Skippy, this is too big, and without money, that Bobby can't help anyone -- not even himself.

Skippy shakes Bobby, as though trying to wake him.

SKIPPY

It's not your money that defines you! Now, pull yourself together so we can go shopping!

BOBBY

Yeah. Shopping. I can still do that. I just have to be ... *frugal* for a while.

**EXT. THE FRUGAL RUBLE THRIFT STORE - DAY**

The Ferrari stands out in the shabby, crowded lot.

BOBBY (O.S.)

Screw this, I'm calling dad.

**INT. THE FRUGAL RUBEL THRIFT STORE - DAY**

Bobby holds a drab 90s shirt and shapeless acid-wash jeans against his body. An EMPLOYEE racks clothes nearby.

SKIPPY

I know it's an adjustment, but it's only temporary. You can do this!



Skippy takes the jeans.

SKIPPY

These aren't so ... I mean, if you just ... okay, you know what? They just need to be altered ... a bunch.

BOBBY

(to Employee)

Excuse me, may we speak to the tailor?

The Employee looks around -- *am I on a prank show?*

EMPLOYEE

I don't see him. He must have gone to lunch with the bathroom attendant.

BOBBY

Oh! See? That's why the bathroom looks like that! He's out to lunch.

**EXT. AUTO'S AUTOS - DAY**

Rinky-dink used car lot. Balloons and streamers galore.

Skippy and Bobby, holding car keys, stand between the Ferrari and a decent looking early-2000s sedan. They frown.

SKIPPY

Well ... call if you need anything.

BOBBY

(nodding)

Unless my phone gets cut off, too.

SKIPPY

It won't. Dad said he'd leave it on so you can call him when you *come to your senses* ... but, no data plan, because he doesn't want you using it for any *gay shit*.

Skippy hops into the Ferrari and starts her up.

BOBBY

Bet I can still get the *Bravo Network*.  
(feigned smile)

You know what? It's *whatevs*. Daddy's eventually gonna back down, right?

Skippy forces a smile and drives away.

BOBBY

... *Right?!*

Bobby passes the sedan to find a rusted 1965 Oldsmobile Delta. He gets in and starts it. Clouds of smoke sputter out and it SQUEALS like a banshee as he drives it off the lot.

**INT. ALLOWANCE INN VENICE - ROOM #106 - DAY**

Bobby opens the door and carries shopping bags inside.

BOBBY

Good news, Sarah! I found a car and some clothes. They're not perfect, by any means, but I bet I can make --

His eyes drift about. He checks under the bed.

BOBBY

Sarah?

The cardboard "window" is exposed across the room.

BOBBY

No ...

Bobby drops his bags, jumps to his feet and runs to --

**EXT. ALLOWANCE INN VENICE - ROOM #106 - DAY**

Bobby flings the door open and glances about -- a few transients, but no Sarah.

BOBBY

Sarah!

A CHILL GUITAR MELODY FADES UP, LEADING US TO --

**EXT. ELEANOR'S HOUSE - DAY**

A humble Southern Los Angeles house with bars on the windows.

**INT. ELEANOR'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY**

A man-cave with a practice area for an Alternative Reggae band on one side, couch and entertainment center on the other.

**IN THE PRACTICE AREA**

PHILTHY (21), a pierced and tattooed lead guitarist, hammers out the melody. His eyes drift to --

JABBERS (22), a grungy drummer, who joins in. He glances at --

REGGIE (23), a dapper, clean cut bassist, who adds to the mix. He smiles at --

Ken, the lead singer. His guitar adds rhythm to the tune, but he stares off into space, distracted.

As the band plays on, the others exchange confused glances, and return their eyes to Ken. One by one, the men drop out of the song until Ken plays alone.

Philthy sets his guitar down and approaches, cautiously.

Ken twitches back to reality and glances at his band mates.

KEN

'sup.

PHILTHY

Dude -- you were late. You're never late. You broken or somethin'?

KEN

Huh?

JABBERS

You missed some lyrics there, buddy. Like, all of them.

KEN

Sorry. Just got lost for a ... let's take it from the top.

Ken forces a focused face.

JABBERS

Uh-oh, you guys -- I know that face. *Kendo's got that lovin' feelin'.*

PHILTHY

Oooooo!

REGGIE

Oooooo!

PHILTHY

Who is she? Do we know her? Is it my ex? ... Which one?

KEN

No --

PHILTHY

-- My sister? She says she's a lesbo, but she always hugs you at our shows.

KEN

No, Philthy! It's nobody. Now, let's take it from the top.

Jabbers sets his sticks aside and stands up. Ken sighs.

JABBERS

(to Reggie)

What do you think, Reg? Campus chick?

The BASEMENT DOOR OPENS.

REGGIE

Doubtful. He hangs out with that Hunter kid on campus, and that fool's *campus chick* repellent.

ELEANOR (58), dressed comfortably in sweats and pink Crocs, enters with two pizza boxes and a pint of ice cream.

JABBERS

I bet you Grammy knows.

ELEANOR

Knows what?

KEN

Jabbers --

REGGIE

Ms. Eleanor, it has come to our attention that there may be a stealthy young vixen vying for young Kendall's affections, and as a local Venice band on the verge of stardom, we simply cannot allow your grandson to entertain such a vulgar conflict of interest.

Ken rolls his eyes. Eleanor gapes as Philthy takes the food.

REGGIE

Might you know the identity of the cunning succubus in question?

ELEANOR

This is news to me, Reginald.

(to Ken)

Well? Spit it out, boy. My biological great-grandma clock is-a-tickin'.

The guys help themselves to pizza.

KEN

Sorry to disappoint you, but, there's no girl. Have some pizza, Gram.

ELEANOR

I got a salad -- boy, don't change the subject.

KEN

Guys, there's no gir-- there's nobody.  
I'm just feeling a little restless  
is all. Just need to clear my head.

Ken eyes the strawberry ice cream.

KEN

In fact, I might go for a run.

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - BOARDWALK - DUSK**

Bobby carries a stack of flyers and approaches two women.

BOBBY

Hi. Have you seen this dog? She  
answers to Sarah ...

Bobby displays a flyer, which includes a photo of Sarah  
dressed as a unicorn, and the words:

"LOST DOG / SARAH JESSICA BARKER / LAST SEEN NEAR THE  
ALLOWANCE INN / SHE'S SASSY AND CUTE, AND I LOVE HER SO MUCH!  
PLEASE CALL WITH ANY INFORMATION / (310) 555-2624 / REWARD!!!"

The women shake their heads, sadly.

BOBBY

No? Well, how about an angry  
fortuneteller in a velvet tent?

Bobby flips the flyer over -- it's a caricature sketch of  
Vadoma, scowling and shaking her fist.

The women shake their heads, confused.

BOBBY

All right. Thanks anyway.

Bobby takes a deep breath and approaches a bulletin board.

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - DUSK**

Ken and Buju jog along the surf. Ken stops, catches his  
breath, and looks around, just missing Bobby in the distance.  
Ken frowns, shakes his head, and continues onward.

**ON THE BOARDWALK**

Bobby pins a flyer to the bulletin board. His PHONE RINGS.

He takes a peek -- Mikkel's face appears on the screen.

BOBBY

Shit! Shit, shit, shit, shit!  
(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
 (answering)  
 Mikkel! I'm so sorry! I can explain --

MIKKEL (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 -- Don't bother, it won't do either  
 of us any good.

Bobby winces.

MIKKEL (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 Bottom line, I asked you to not make  
 a fool of me, and you did it anyway.  
 Shawnathan will be representing Woke  
 Photography at this year's Lit Vodka  
 Pride Competition.

BOBBY  
 I'm so sorry, and I deserve that,  
 but -- is Shawnathan there? I've  
 been trying to reach him --

MIKKEL (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 -- In addition, I won't be requiring  
 your services anymore. You've  
 tarnished my reputation, and it's  
 only fair that I ruin yours.

BOBBY  
 (gasp)  
 Do you know who you're talking to?  
 I'm Bobby-freaking-Vanderpool! I'll  
 ruin your reputation!

MIKKEL (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 Ha! No one, short of the porn  
 industry, is going to give you the  
 time of day now, so best of luck to  
 you, *Bobby-freaking-Vanderpool*.

The call disconnects.

BOBBY  
 -- Mikkel? ... Shit! Daddy makes  
 it look so easy!

Bobby pouts. He is alone on the darkening beach.

**EXT. THE ROTTEN PLANK - NIGHT**

Sea-themed dive bar. A painted whale grins beside its sign:  
"THE ROTTEN PLANK / The best 'Wails' 'n Ales in Venice!"

Someone sings Karaoke to a CLASSIC ROCK SONG within.

**INT. THE ROTTEN PLANK - AT THE BAR - NIGHT**

Reggie empties a pitcher of beer into his mug. He glares as  
Philthy snatches it from him and chugs it down.

Ken laughs and shakes his head. Jabbers taps his shoulder.

JABBERS

Hey, man, you sure there's no girl?

Ken gives him the "*I already answered this question*" stare.

JABBERS

A'ight. Just makin' sure. Seeing  
as the girl at the pool table can't  
stop violating you with her eyes.

Ken glances at --

**THE POOL TABLE**

LANI WONG (23) smiles at Ken. She lines up her shot, exposing  
visible arm tats, and sinks two balls. Some of her friends  
lament, another one high-fives her.

LANI

Boom! Eight ball, corner pocket.

She lines up her kill shot.

**AT THE BAR**

Ken smiles back. Jabbers leans in.

JABBERS

Unless she's looking at me, that is.

KEN

Never know.

Lani approaches with her cue.

LANI

(to Ken)

Hey. I'm Lani.

KEN

Ken.

LANI

Ken? I saw you watching me, like  
you got game or somethin'.

She runs her gripped hands down the cue.

LANI

So? Do you?

Ken is dumbfounded. He smiles, flirtatiously.

**EXT. THE ROTTEN PLANK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Closing time. People head to their cars/Ubbers. Ken walks  
Lani to her convertible. They giggle.

LANI

Bullshit! You owe me a tie breaker.

KEN

Sorry, ma'am. Bar's closed.

LANI

Yeah. Lucky for you.

They laugh, look into each other's eyes. Awkward silence.

KEN

Well ... I won't keep you --

LANI

-- Come over.

Ken is taken aback. Lani takes his hands.

LANI

My roommate has a pool table. What  
do you say? Winner take *all*?

KEN

I ... can't.

LANI

Why not?

Ken looks at her uncomfortably.

LANI

You're not that kind of girl.  
(she smiles, nods)  
Another time then.

KEN

Are you coming to the Plank tomorrow?



LANI  
I wasn't planning to. Why?

KEN  
I have a gig ... with my band.

LANI  
Well, then, maybe I'll stop in.

Lani leans in for a kiss -- Ken gives her a peck on the cheek and hugs her. Lani's eyes sink in disappointment.

**INT. ELEANOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ken enters quietly and locks the front door behind him.

Eleanor, in a pink robe and slippers, sneaks out of the kitchen with a plate of Oreos and a glass of milk. They exchange awkward "walk of shame" faces.

ELEANOR  
You're supposed to be asleep.

KEN  
So are you. I thought you were giving up sweets before bed.

ELEANOR  
You ate all the pizza.

The awkward stare persists.

ELEANOR  
Well, come on then.

She returns to the kitchen.

**INT. ELEANOR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Eleanor and Ken dunk Oreos in a bowl of milk and scarf them down. Ken subconsciously plays with his guitar pick necklace.

ELEANOR  
Wanna talk about it?

KEN  
Talk about what?

ELEANOR  
Whatever's troubling you.

KEN  
Nothing's wrong, Gram.

ELEANOR  
Reginald says you've been distant.

KEN  
Reggie exaggerates.

ELEANOR  
No. He's right. You know, you haven't been to church in a month. Everybody's asking for you.

KEN  
I've just been busy with the band.

Eleanor nods.

ELEANOR  
You know, you used to talk to me, once upon a time.

Ken splits a cookie open and sets the cream half on one side of the plate, and the cookie top on the other.

KEN  
I've just been thinking ... maybe I should get my own place. I'm almost twenty-two and *still at grandma's*. People think that's weird, right?

ELEANOR  
Who cares what people think?

KEN  
I just want to be able to stretch out on my own ... and be comfortable in my own skin.

ELEANOR  
This is about a girl, isn't it?

KEN  
No ... it's just -- I know the band comes over a lot. We should probably get a new space to practice --

Eleanor takes Ken's Oreo, reassembles it, and dunks it.

ELEANOR  
-- You're staying right here, Kendall. This is your house too.  
(eating the cookie)  
You just worry about school for now, and learn how to be comfortable in your own skin at *grandma's* in the meantime. Okay?

Ken watches the Oreo crumbs swirl in milk.

**EXT. VENICE - DAY**

Bobby hurries out of a tent under the boardwalk. A homeless man peeks out, cockeyed.

BOBBY

I'm sorry -- I thought you were a fortuneteller! Wait -- are you a fortuneteller?

The homeless man angrily yanks the tent closed.

Bobby's PHONE RINGS. He pulls it out and answers.

BOBBY

(on the phone)

Hey, Skippy. If the call drops, it's because my phone died ... or I did, the way my week's going.

SKIPPY (V.O.)

(filtered)

So, no luck fixing your life?

BOBBY

Are you kidding? It's even worse now! Sarah ran away, and then Mikkel fired me when I tried to find her! I'm broke and dogless, Skippy!

SKIPPY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Okay, breathe, dude. You'll find Sarah. And as for everything else, I just stumbled upon a place where you could make some mad cash quick. I'm sending it ... now.

Bobby's phone BEEPS. He takes a look, then resumes the call.

BOBBY

Is ... is this for real?

HARD HOUSE MUSIC FADES UP.

**EXT. BOOTY'S - DAY**

ON BOBBY'S CELL

An ad depicting jocks in underwear says "BOOTY'S: NOW HIRING!"

Bobby lowers the phone to see Booty's -- essentially a gay Hooters with a bubble butt in their logo -- and a banner

that reads, "GRAND OPENING!" Several athletic, clean-shaven men in booty shorts deliver food to patrons on the patio.

Bobby stares in awe and enters the restaurant.

**INT. BOOTY'S - DAY**

Bobby weaves through the gastropub -- Booty's is *packed*. He smiles as though the place had been built just for him.

**AT THE CANTINA**

TERRI (36), a jolly woman with a mullet, counts cash.

BOBBY  
(approaching)  
Excuse me? Hi. Are you hiring?

TERRI  
(looking him over)  
I just might be, sweet cheeks.

**INT. BOOTY'S - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Terri looks over Bobby's application.

TERRI (O.S.)  
Bobby Vanderpool ... not Vanderpool,  
as in ...

BOBBY  
No relation.

Terri smiles and returns to the app.

TERRI  
You have customer service experience?

BOBBY  
Of course! I've ordered many things.

TERRI  
... Anything on the other end of it?  
As the vendor, perhaps?

BOBBY  
Oh, no ... I mostly just modeled.

TERRI  
Oh. Okay. I'm sorry -- which  
position are you applying for?

BOBBY  
I think I saw an ad for an assistant  
manager?

TERRI  
 (playful)  
 No, sorry, that job's not posted --  
 that's my job.

Bobby touches her leg with a comforting hand.

BOBBY  
 (serious face)  
 Oh -- they didn't tell you.

Terri bursts out in laughter. Bobby follows suit.

TERRI  
 I like you, kid. You're fun, but  
 the best I can offer you right now  
 is a server position, and I need to  
 know you're qualified to be part of  
 the Booty's team.

BOBBY  
*Butt*, of course!

Bobby stands up, turns around, and drops his pants. He slaps  
 his bubble buns in designer undies -- they BOUNCE.

TERRI  
 Welcome aboard!

BOBBY  
 Yay!

He redresses and takes his seat, galvanized.

TERRI  
 Now, if you can just follow the four  
 Booty Rules, you'll be peachy keen.

BOBBY  
 Booty ... rules?

Terri points to a framed sign of rules over her desk.

TERRI  
 That's right. Rule number one, *always*  
*keep your Booty's clean.*

Bobby's eyes bulge.

TERRI  
 Customers are more likely to return  
 to an establishment that's well  
 maintained, so keep your tables bussed  
 and sanitary in your downtime.

BOBBY  
Consider it bleached.

TERRI  
Rule number two, *show off those cheeks and dimples.*

Bobby raises an eyebrow.

TERRI  
In order to maintain great customer service, all employees are expected to be clean shaven and smiling at all times.

Bobby feigns an overly-enthusiastic smile.

TERRI  
Rule number three, *crack is whack.* Side cheek is perfectly acceptable, but keep your canyon covered -- *Butty's* is a family establishment.

BOBBY  
All blubber, no plumber. Got it.

TERRI  
And rule number four, *no drama.* This is, by far, the most important *Butty Rule* of all. The lack of typical gay boy drama is what allows us to keep such a up-beat, shade-free environment, so breaking rule number four is grounds for automatic termination. Any questions?

Bobby shakes his head and faux-smiles even bigger.

BOBBY  
No, ma'am!

TERRI  
Excellent. When can you start?

BOBBY  
Right now!

TERRI  
Well, all right then.  
(thumb toward door)  
Get to *twerk!*

**INT. BOOTY'S - CANTINA - DAY**

A "cougar" (50s) is bent over a server's knee while other studs SING HER A BIRTHDAY TUNE and take turns SPANKING her.

Bobby strolls confidently out of the office in booty shorts and a tank top. Many heads turn to watch him pass -- one misses his mouth with his burger. Bobby's buns bounce with every stride.

**BEGIN MONTAGE - BOOTY'S FUN**

- A male fist waves cash in the air.
- Bobby bends over to sort a tray of food.
- A female fist waves cash in the air.
- A bartender sprays servers with water behind the bar.
- Three fists of cash spring up, each vying for attention.

**END MONTAGE.****INT. BOOTY'S - TABLE SIX - DAY**

Shawnathan, Zhong, and Gulliver sip mimosas and study menus. Gulliver paws through his Pokémon wallet and frowns.

SHAWNATHAN

(glancing up)

Ugh. This bitch.

Zhong and Gulliver follow Shawnathan's glower and see a flamboyant man in a crop top walk by.

GULLIVER

Who is that?

SHAWNATHAN

Just another tragic scene queen from Denver.

GULLIVER

... *Another* one?

ZHONG

Gurl, it tracks. Denver's tragic scene queen population is so high, they have their own nightclub.

BOBBY (O.S.)

Shawnathan!

Shawnathan rolls his eyes. Bobby prances over and hugs him, but the gesture is not reciprocated.

BOBBY

Zhong!

Bobby hugs Zhong, who pats his arm with impatient insincerity.

BOBBY

Hey, Gulliver!

Gulliver hugs him back.

GULLIVER

Hey, Bobby!

BOBBY

Oh-em-gee, you guys! So much has happened -- first, daddy cut me off --

SHAWNATHAN

-- We're ready to order.

Shawnathan folds the menu and sets it down.

Bobby stares in stunned silence.

BOBBY

That's it? That's all you have to say? I've been calling you all week ... have you been avoiding me?

GULLIVER

(laughing)

No! Of course not!

He observes his companions' icy stares.

GULLIVER

... Have we?

ZHONG

(to himself)

A breakup in a crowded restaurant? No, nothing cliché about that.

BOBBY

Shawnathan ... what's going on?

SHAWNATHAN

You wanna know what's going on? He wants the tea, Zhong.

ZHONG

Give him the tea.



SHAWNATHAN

Here's the tea. Bobby, you are a joke.

ZHONG

A caricature.

SHAWNATHAN

You know why no one takes you seriously? It's because you talk a big game about pride, but you don't contribute a damn thing to this world, let alone *the scene*.

ZHONG

Except money.

SHAWNATHAN

Except money, and now, you can't even do that.

BOBBY

But ... I've learned so much since --

SHAWNATHAN

-- You ain't learned shit!

The whole room is tense now.

SHAWNATHAN

You think you're the only one who ended up on the street for being a fairy? My parents threw me away when I was sixteen years old -- and only after their church failed to *pray the gay away*.

Gulliver looks at the other patrons, uncomfortable.

SHAWNATHAN

Nobody was there to help me! Do you have any idea what I had to do to survive? No. You were a privileged rich kid who's had opportunities thrown at him his entire life!

Bobby's eyes well up.

SHAWNATHAN

I had to work. I had to sacrifice. I had to earn everything I ever got, because nobody gave me a damn thing, best believe.

(MORE)

SHAWNATHAN (CONT'D)

But, you don't work for shit your whole life, and you think you're about to come for my spot? Just who the hell do you think you are?

Bobby chokes back tears.

SHAWNATHAN

Well? Don't just stand there like a queer in the headlights -- say something!

Bobby wipes his eyes and shakes his head.

BOBBY

The only thing I ever wanted from you ... was your friendship.

Shawnathan softens, ever so slightly.

Terri approaches the table and claps.

TERRI

(smiling)

Okay, show's over, everybody! *Rim Job* shots are on the house!

Patrons awkwardly resume their conversations.

Bobby storms off. Terri sighs and hurries after him.

GULLIVER

Not cool, guys.

SHAWNATHAN

Gulliver. You are dismissed.

GULLIVER

What? ... What does that mean?

ZHONG

Why does everyone need everything spelled out today? You're out of the clique, Gulliver. Peace out!

Gulliver frowns. He drags himself up and hesitates.

GULLIVER

You drove me here --

SHAWNATHAN

-- Go!

ZHONG

-- Go!

Gulliver clenches his jaw and departs.

**INT. BOOTY'S - BAR - DAY**

Bobby downs a Rim Job shot.

TERRI  
You okay, kid?

BOBBY  
No. But I will be. As soon as I  
get back on my feet, I'm gonna prove  
him wrong. All of them.

TERRI  
(slamming tequila)  
I have no doubt.

BOBBY  
Anyway, I promise that'll never happen  
again. Tomorrow will be better --

TERRI  
-- Bobby, it really breaks my heart  
to do this, but ... I'm gonna need  
you to turn in your booty shorts.

Terri gestures to the "Booty Rules" sign over the bar.

BOBBY  
Right. Rule number four -- *no drama*.

Terri forces a half smile and takes his hand in hers.

**EXT. BOOTY'S - DUSK**

Bobby, back in his pink thrift store attire, has a good cry  
in the Delta. He wipes his tears and starts the ignition --  
it won't turn over. He tries again -- no dice.

BOBBY  
Are you *serial* right now?!

Bobby pounds the steering wheel. He winces from pain and  
checks his nails for damage. He takes out his cell.

The display flashes the words, "LOW BATTERY," followed by  
"GOODBYE!" -- the phone dies. Bobby grunts in frustration.

He gets out of the Delta and starts walking.

BOBBY  
If I had a fairy godmother, bitch  
would be fired, like, yesterday!

**EXT. VENICE STREETS - NIGHT**

Bobby waves his thumb at approaching cars, but none stop. He rubs his legs for a moment and resumes his walk.

Bobby pulls a handful of change out of his pocket. He looks up ahead to see --

**EXT. THE ROTTEN PLANK - NIGHT**

Loud LAUGHS, CHEERS, and LIVE ALTERNATIVE REGGAE MUSIC pour out of the bar. Bobby approaches the entrance.

**INT. THE ROTTEN PLANK - NIGHT**

Beyond the diverse crowd of bikers, punks, and middle-aged beach bums, Bobby uses a pay phone in the back.

BOBBY  
 ... It's called, uh ...  
 (reading a plaque)  
 The Rotten Plank. Yes, *fabular!*  
 And, Skippy? Hurry!

Bobby hangs up, takes a deep breath, and makes his way to --

**THE BAR**

The clientele look Bobby over with a peculiar stare -- as though they *don't take kindly to his type* here. A scruffy BARTENDER leans in to examine Bobby as he approaches.

BOBBY  
 Hi. May I have a Cosmo please?

BARTENDER  
 Say what, now?

BOBBY  
 Oh, sorry -- it's so loud -- would  
 you make me a Cosmopolitan, please?

The Bartender shrugs and pulls a recipe book from under the bar top. He blows dust off of the cover and delves in.

Bobby scans the room; his eyes stop at the stage. He gapes.

**ON THE STAGE**

*Eight Inches to Venice* performs. Ken sings to his fans.

The audience cheers and whistles. Lani smiles up at Ken, whose gaze shifts from her to the bar, where Bobby watches with amazement.

Ken stutters and skips lyrics. Jabbers exchanges a concerned glance with Reggie, then follows Ken's eyes to Bobby. Ken clears his throat and gets back on track. He finishes strong.

The crowd ERUPTS.

KEN  
Thank you! We are *Eight Inches To Venice*.

The band packs up.

Ken sets his guitar down and hops off stage. He heads toward the bar. Lani emerges from the crowd and embraces him.

Bobby weaves through the crowd and sees Lani and Ken. He frowns and turns back the way he came.

**INT. THE ROTTEN PLANK - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Graffiti and band stickers everywhere. Bobby washes his face and dries it with paper towels. Ken enters.

KEN  
Hey.

BOBBY  
Hey.

They stare at one another, speechless.

KEN  
I met you on the beach last week --

BOBBY  
-- Ken. I remember.

Ken nods.

KEN  
I went looking for you ... to replace that cone.

BOBBY  
You did?

Ken becomes lost in his eyes.

A toilet FLUSHES. A DRUNK BIKER stumbles out of a stall, passes between Ken and Bobby, and leaves.

KEN  
Hey, so -- this place isn't really safe for ... uh ...

BOBBY  
... Someone like *me*?

KEN  
Word. No offense. It's just --  
some people still live in the past.

BOBBY  
Or the closet.

Ken freezes.

KEN  
*Some people* have their reasons.

BOBBY  
Yeah. I saw her. She's pretty.

KEN  
That wasn't what it looked --

The bathroom door swings open -- the Drunk Biker returns and maneuvers to the sink.

DRUNK BIKER  
Almost forgot to wash up.

Bobby moves out of the biker's way and heads to the door.

BOBBY  
(to Ken)  
I'm gonna bounce. Wouldn't want to  
make *some people* uncomfortable.

He leaves. Ken stares at his reflection with disappointment.

#### **AT THE BAR**

Bobby swipes his Cosmo, chugs half of it, slaps a twenty down, and leaves. The bartender's jaw drops. He eyes the cash, sniffs the glass, and takes a sip of the Cosmo. He licks his lips and smiles.

#### **EXT. THE ROTTEN PLANK - NIGHT**

Bobby paces in front of the bar. He checks his watch. His knees clamp together. He grimaces.

BOBBY  
Should've went while I was in there.

He does the pee-pee dance and disappears behind the building.

**IN THE ALLEY**

Bobby takes a leak. He zips up and turns around to see THREE TEENAGE SKATERS moving in.

SKATER #1

'Sup, man?

BOBBY

(cautious)

Hello.

SKATER #1

You know, you shouldn't wander around Venice alone at night.

SKATER #2

It's not safe.

BOBBY

Oh. Thanks for the tip. I guess I'll just mosey back inside then.

Bobby tries to stroll past Skater #3, but he's blocked.

SKATER #3

Sure, sure, but -- quick question ... is that a Rolex?

BOBBY

(wincing)

Crumbs.

Bobby sprints past them. They catch him a few feet away and take him down. Bobby swings and kicks wildly. The skaters attack with stomps and their skateboards.

**EXT. THE ROTTEN PLANK - ALLEY ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

The door opens. Ken, Jabbers, Reggie, and Philthy carry instruments and equipment to a rusty cargo van.

JABBERS

Dude -- she's all about you!

KEN

I know, man, but I need to focus on school and the band first.

JABBERS

Oh, no. Don't use us as an excuse --

KEN

-- Shh.

Ken stops and turns to listen. GRUNTS and YELLS are heard deeper in the alley. The band moves in for a closer look.

KEN

Hey!

Ken sprints to the melee and throws Skater #2 aside. Philthy rams into Skater #1, knocking him down. Skater #3 throws a punch at Ken, who dodges and nails him with one of his own.

SKATER #1

We're out!

The thugs hop on their boards and skate away. Jabbers rushes over and crouches into a fighting stance with his drum sticks.

Reggie approaches, a phone to his ear.

REGGIE

(on the phone)

... I don't know. Just, three thugs.  
But -- I think we need an ambulance.

Ken gets on his hands and knees. He rolls Bobby over to see his swollen face. Ken seethes with anger, then breaks down.

**FADE OUT:**

**OVER BLACK**

KEN (O.S.)

Hey ... you okay?

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY - DREAM**

Bobby's eyes open to see Ken standing over him. The sun forms a halo over Ken's head.

BOBBY

*Fabular* ... but, wait -- is this  
really happening?

Ken lends him a hand and pulls him to his feet.

KEN

You tell me.

Ken eyes him seductively and bites his lip. He undoes his swim trunks and lets them slide off. Bobby gasps. Bobby's eyes drift from Ken's smile, to his chest and abs, to his crotch -- he has no genitals; he's *smooth* like a *Ken doll*!



Bobby SCREAMS, horrified!

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

Bobby's eyes flutter open. His head is bandaged, and his cheek and lip are swollen.

BOBBY  
(mumbling)  
... *Eight inches* my ass ...

Ken stands over Bobby, clutching his guitar pick necklace. He kisses it and sets it on the table next to the bed.

KEN  
Hey!

BOBBY  
(strained)  
What happened?

KEN  
You got jumped by some punks in the alley ... I didn't get there in time.

Bobby takes Ken's hand -- it quivers.

BOBBY  
It's okay.

Ken slips his hand free. Bobby watches its departure.

KEN  
Your brother's here.

BOBBY  
My brother?  
(eyes bulging)  
Ugh. That means he called --

Skippy bursts into the room. He runs to Bobby and throws his arms around him.

SKIPPY  
Oh, honey -- your face!

Robert and Babs enter. Babs winces as she hurries to Bobby and takes his hand.

Robert's face fills with anguish. He recomposes himself.

ROBERT

(to Ken)

So, you're the good Samaritan?

KEN

I was in the alley ...

(extending a hand)

Ken Walker.

Robert smirks. He pulls out his wallet and removes cash.

ROBERT

Of course. What are you looking for? Two hundred? Three?

KEN

... Sorry?

ROBERT

Come now. Nobody saves a Vanderpool without the promise of reward. Even if it means staging a suspicious scenario like this one.

BOBBY

Daddy!

SKIPPY

What the shit, dad?!

ROBERT

Oh, come on. Bobby gets cut off, and not even a week later, he's lying in the hospital because he's been --  
(air quotes)  
-- beaten and robbed by some unknown assailants?

Babs blocks Robert's approach.

BABS

Really, Robert? You think you're being extorted by your own son?

ROBERT

Well, it's no kidnapping, but Bobby doesn't exactly have the capacity for an intricately laid plan like that, does he?

(leaning in)

That kind of theatricality is more your cup of tea, isn't it, dear?

BABS

Please. The only acting I've ever done was in the bedroom with you.

KEN

Your son was just assaulted by three thugs in an alley! Why isn't anybody acting like it?

Robert studies Ken for a second.

ROBERT

Look ... Kevin? I do believe you've overstayed your welcome. Please, take your prize money and go.

He smugly waves the cash in front of Ken.

Ken shakes his head and storms out of the room.

BOBBY

Ken!

Ken leaves, but stops outside of the doorway to eavesdrop.

Robert shrugs, pockets the money, and approaches Bobby.

ROBERT

See? Now that's pride.

(sigh)

Okay. Suppose this isn't a ruse.

Suppose you were robbed and --

(air quotes)

-- *gay bashed*. Was it really worth it to keep up this decadent lifestyle?

#### **IN THE HALLWAY**

A bead of sweat rolls down Ken's brow.

ROBERT (O.S.)

You lost your family, your fortune, and now, here you are lying in a hospital bed, alone and barely recognizable. And, where are your friends now? Where's your community?

A female NURSE (20s) enters the room with a tray of food.

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

The nurse approaches the bed.

ROBERT  
This needs to stop, son. It's not natural.

The nurse sets the tray on the table and knocks the guitar pick on the floor. She bends down to pick it up/put it back.

Robert molests her with his eyes.

ROBERT  
You're a Vanderpool, damn it! You can have any woman you want. And so you should -- it's in your blood!

Babs catches this, smolders ...

The nurse politely returns Robert's smile on her way out.

ROBERT  
Please, son, reconsider my offer, before you go and get yourself killed.

BOBBY  
I'd rather die than spend my life pretending to be someone I'm not.

ROBERT  
Why willfully choose that hardship for yourself? Just what is it you're trying to accomplish?

BOBBY  
Happiness.

Robert frowns and nods.

ROBERT  
It's settled, then. I have no son.

SKIPPY  
Hey!

ROBERT  
(rolls eyes)  
One son. And only one, until Bobby learns to swallow his pride and do the right thing.  
(to Babs)  
Let's go.

Robert heads for the door. Babs and Skippy go to hug Bobby.

#### **IN THE HALLWAY**

Ken shakes his head and leaves.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Bobby sobs quietly to himself as he watches his family depart. He reaches for the food tray and spots the guitar pick. He picks it up and examines it, curiously ...

HUNTER (V.O.)

What a fag.

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY**

Ken and Hunter, in wet suits, walk toward the Pacific with surfboards. Ken stops in his tracks.

KEN

What?

HUNTER

That geezer; he's all over that kid.

Ken follows Hunter's stare.

A teen leads an older man to a lawn chair.

KEN

He's blind.

HUNTER

(another look)

Oh. Still, though.

Ken spots Bobby approaching from a few yards away -- they lock eyes.

KEN

Hey, why don't you go on ahead.  
I'll be right there.

Hunter shrugs and heads into the surf. Bobby approaches.

BOBBY

Hi.

KEN

Hey.

**IN THE SURF**

Hunter turns back and sees Ken and Bobby. His jaw drops.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Bobby takes a deep breath.

BOBBY

So, I'm sorry you had to see that last night. My family's -- we're kind of a mess.

KEN

Every family's a little extra sometimes. But, I still shouldn't have left like that.

BOBBY

It's okay. It's apparently the *in* thing to do this week. Anyway, I came to bring you something.

Bobby pulls Ken's necklace out of his pocket.

BOBBY

I found it by my bed ... figured you must've dropped it or something.

KEN

(blushing)

Yeah. That's my lucky pick. It's dumb ... I just thought ... I dunno.

BOBBY

You believe in magic?

KEN

It's more of a ... superstition.

BOBBY

Well, whatever it is, it worked, so thank you. For everything.

He hands Ken the necklace.

BOBBY

In fact, I was hoping I could buy you coffee to show my gratitude. Of course, we'd have to share one, 'cause I did just get robbed and all ...

Ken laughs.

KEN

You don't have to do that.

BOBBY

I want to. Five thirty?

KEN

Yeah. Okay.

BOBBY

*Fabular!* Meet me at the pier!

Bobby smiles and gingerly jogs away.

Ken heads into the surf. Hunter's face is filled with terror.

HUNTER

Dude -- what the fuck was that?!

KEN

Nothin', man. Just meeting up with a friend for coffee later.

HUNTER

No-nuh-nuh-no. It's a trap! Homos don't drink coffee like normal people, they drink that twenty-dollar pumpkin-spiced shit with their pinkies up!

Hunter demonstrates with an imaginary cup.

HUNTER

And, next thing you know, they're feeding you Long Islands at the gay bar and trying to get on your dick!

KEN

Damn, Hunter. You sure know a lot about gay people.

Hunter stammers in place. Ken runs his board into the surf.

**EXT. VENICE PIER - DUSK**

Ken and Bobby look over the Pacific as they saunter along with paper coffee cups.

KEN

So, you're a millionaire?

BOBBY

Billionaire. I used to be, anyway.

KEN

Word. And you hang out in Venice?

BOBBY

Yeah. Skippy and I spent a lot of time here when we were little.

Bobby looks through a telescope.

BOBBY

Our nanny brought us when our parents  
were fighting. Good old Maria.  
She'd sit us down someplace quiet,  
and we'd all put our toes in the  
ocean. And she'd tell us to let all  
of our anger, and our fears, and all  
of our bad feelings just wash away.

KEN

Did it work?

BOBBY

It used to.

Ken nods.

KEN

That's how I feel about music. It  
centers me, and helps me see clearly  
when I get lost. Till it doesn't.

He puts change in the telescope for Bobby.

BOBBY

So, what do you do?

KEN

For money? Mostly a student right  
now, but, I pick up shifts at The  
Plank sometimes.

BOBBY

Oh! You're a bartender.

KEN

Bartender in training, but I mostly  
barback right now.

BOBBY

Whoa -- slow down, handsome. We're  
not there yet.

Bobby sees the sunset -- his jaw drops in awe.

KEN

Huh? No, it's not --

BOBBY

-- Hey, let's take a selfie.

Bobby frames the two of them up with the sunset in the  
background. Bobby smiles, as does Ken, albeit uncomfortably.

Bobby snaps the pic and reviews his work.



BOBBY

Cute!

KEN

You're not gonna post that, right?

BOBBY

I was ...

KEN

I'd appreciate it if you didn't.

BOBBY

How come?

Ken looks through the telescope.

BOBBY

Because I'm gay.

KEN

Look, it's nothing personal. I'm just not comfortable with all this right now. You know?

BOBBY

With me being gay? Or you?

KEN

With the pic -- who said I'm gay?

BOBBY

Nobody.

Ken tenses up. Bobby's fingers gently graze Ken's.

BOBBY

Hey, whatever you are, it's okay. You'll figure it out in your own time.

(using telescope)

You know, I kept this side of myself a secret from my parents all my life, but now that everybody knows, despite everything, I've never felt so free.

KEN

How can you say that? After what happened in that alley ...

BOBBY

That didn't happen because I'm gay. It happened because they were greedy ass holes and I was at the wrong place at the wrong time.

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(points at black eye)

They would have done this to anybody for a Rolex. Ugh. They're lucky I chose volleyball over Karate, or it would have been a completely different story, trust.

Bobby Karate-chops his empty cup in the trash can.

KEN

You're not afraid of anything, are you?

BOBBY

I've been all over the world. I've jumped out of airplanes. I've visited countries with spiders the size of my dog, and now, I'm out of the closet. So, no. Besides, if you live in fear, you're not really living your life at all. Fear is.

Ken looks into the vast ocean. The sun sets.

**EXT. ALLOWANCE INN VENICE - NIGHT**

Ken's Jeep pulls in and parks.

**INT. KEN'S JEEP - NIGHT**

Bobby and Ken look at each other, awkwardly.

BOBBY

Well ... thanks for the ride. And, you know, for everything else.

Ken nods.

Bobby leans in. Ken shrinks back.

BOBBY

Well ... good night.

Bobby gets out and heads to his room.

Ken waits a moment, then does a face-palm. He watches Bobby through his window, takes a deep breath, and opens his door.

**EXT. ALLOWANCE INN VENICE - ROOM #106 - NIGHT**

Bobby is a few feet from his door. Ken jogs up behind him.

KEN

Hey, can I use your bathroom?

BOBBY

Oh -- uh ... so, I would *totes* say  
yes, but the whole place is kind of  
a disaster right now ...

KEN

I'm sure it's fine. It's just -- I  
have a half hour drive ahead of me --

BOBBY

-- Okay, but, you can't say I didn't  
warn you.

Bobby aims his key toward the keyhole -- but the entire  
doorknob, and the surrounding chunk of door, is missing.

BOBBY

What the *eff*?!

**INT. ALLOWANCE INN VENICE - ROOM #106 - NIGHT**

Bobby pushes the door open, flicks on the light, and enters.

The room is trashed. The bedding and towels are strewn about,  
and the TV and mini fridge are missing.

Bobby gasps.

BOBBY

Oh-em-gee!

Ken steps in. He gapes at the mess.

KEN

Damn. You weren't kidding.

BOBBY

No -- it's not always like this.  
I've been burgled!

He peeks into the ajar dresser drawers.

BOBBY

They stole my hideous clothes!

He flings open the closet door.

BOBBY

My jacket! My shoes!

He teeters toward the bed and sees his cardboard box  
overturned on the floor. He flips it over -- only his "lost  
dog" flyers remain.

BOBBY  
 (looking sadly at Ken)  
 They took my pride.

Ken slides his fist through the door's missing portion.

KEN  
 ... They took your doorknob ...

Bobby's eyes widen.

BOBBY  
 Oh, no. No no no no no ...

He digs through the scattered blankets and other debris.

KEN  
 What?

BOBBY  
 Please-oh-please-oh-please ...

He flings a pillow aside and finds the vintage sewing machine. Bobby breathes a sigh of relief and embraces it.

Ken closes the useless door. He nods to "the hole."

KEN  
 Damn. What are you going to do?

**EXT. ELEANOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Bobby and Ken sit in the parked Jeep.

**INT. KEN'S JEEP - NIGHT**

Ken white-knuckles the wheel as he watches the house. Bobby eyes him with a concerned stare.

BOBBY  
 Are we going inside, or ... ?

KEN  
 I don't know yet. Sometimes my Gram gets up for snacks in the middle of the night, but, she's gotta be up for work at six ...

BOBBY  
 Great. I'm excited to meet her.

KEN  
 You can't -- you're not supposed to be here.

BOBBY

Oh ...

KEN

No -- I don't mean it like --

BOBBY

-- It's okay, I get it. I'll be out by five thirty. Setting my alarm right now.

Bobby pulls out his cell phone and sets an alarm for five.

BOBBY

I have to start catching busses by then, anyway.

KEN

Why so early?

BOBBY

I've officially hit rock bottom. I'm going to swallow my pride, take the bus to Woke Photography, and beg for my job back, so I can start putting my life together again.

KEN

Fair enough ...

Ken stares at the house for a moment.

KEN

Okay, let's go.

**INT. ELEANOR'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

A LIGHT FLICKS ON. Ken and Bobby creep down the stairs.

Bobby glances at the musical practice area.

KEN

(whispering)

I'll get you some blankets.

Bobby sets his cardboard box aside and peruses the entertainment center. He picks up a framed photo of YOUNG KEN (1) and TARA LYNN (16) in front of a Christmas tree.

Ken returns from the closet with blankets.

BOBBY

Cute! Is that you?

KEN

Yeah.

BOBBY

She's so pretty. Your sister?

Ken takes the photo and puts it back.

KEN

That's my mom. She died young. Had me younger.

BOBBY

... I'm sorry ...

Ken shrugs it off.

KEN

I should let you sleep.

BOBBY

No -- I'm fine. Stay.

Ken nods and has a seat on the couch.

Bobby sits down and lays back across Ken's lap.

BOBBY

Why are you so tense all the time?

KEN

I'm not. It's just ... there's a lot that I don't know right now.

BOBBY

Well ... what would you like to know?

KEN

I dunno. I guess, maybe ... what's it like ... being with a guy?

BOBBY

It's different for everyone, but for me, it's dramatic. I haven't dated anyone since I've been back in the states. I guess I just haven't found what I'm looking for.

KEN

Got it. You're high maintenance.

BOBBY

No! Brat. I'm just holding out for someone really special, like in the movies. Something that feels ...

KEN

... *Perfect?*

BOBBY

Exactly. Instead, all I ever met were snobby, pretentious douche bags who were anything but.

KEN

(laughing)

White dudes, huh?

BOBBY

Not that *that* had anything to do with it.

KEN

I can't be around that fake snobby bullshit. I don't do so well around rich folk.

BOBBY

Rich people are just people too.

KEN

Y'all don't act like it sometimes.

BOBBY

(yawn)

Lucky for me I'm poor, I guess.

KEN

Have you ever been in love?

BOBBY

I thought I was, once. There was this surfer in Australia. He kept our relationship a secret because he thought it would jeopardize his chances of going pro.

KEN

What happened?

BOBBY

He went pro, and right back to women.

KEN

Ouch.

BOBBY

I promised myself I'd never fall for another *straight* guy as long as I lived.

Ken frowns. His eyes drift to Bobby's cardboard box.

KEN

So ... what's with the sewing machine?

BOBBY

It's my mom's. I found it in the attic when I was nine. Maria taught me how to use it. I was gonna be a designer when I grew up.

KEN

So, why aren't you?

BOBBY

Didn't think anyone would like my designs. I made a few things for myself and my dog, but that's it.

KEN

You have to pursue your dreams, if you want them to come true. My gramps used to say, *sometimes you gotta write your own fairy tale ending.*

BOBBY

(enlightened)

... *Write your own* ...

Ken nods and subconsciously plays with Bobby's hair.

BOBBY

That feels good. My mom used to do that when I was little. And then she'd sing me to sleep ...

Ken gives him the "*I know what you're doing*" face, and shakes his head. Bobby gives him the *puppy dog eyes*.

KEN

Come on. Seriously?

BOBBY

Please?

Ken covers his face from embarrassment and groans.

KEN

Don't you ever tell the band. I mean it. We make fun of guys like that.

BOBBY

I get to meet the band?



KEN

Don't push it.

Ken resumes the scalp massage, eyes his mom's photo on the entertainment center, and quietly SINGS A SWEET BALLAD.

A moment later, Bobby interrupts with a SNORE. Ken stops and smiles -- Bobby is an ugly sleeper. Ken tries to wiggle away from him, but he's trapped. He takes a deep breath and clicks the TV on. He watches a surf competition.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. ELEANOR'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

The AM NEWS is on TV -- a segment about L.A. Pride.

Ken is asleep on the couch. Bobby lays across him, curled up and shivering.

Eleanor creeps down the stairs with a laundry basket. She spots Ken and approaches ...

ELEANOR

You still awake? I thought you were --

Her eyes fix on Ken, then drift to Bobby. She does a double take and gasps. She bites her fist as her eyes tear up. She wipes them and takes a moment to focus on the sight.

Eleanor covers Bobby with the blanket. She pauses for one more look at Ken, smiles, and heads upstairs.

**EXT. ELEANOR'S HOUSE - DAWN**

BIRDS CHIRP as reds and oranges fill the sky.

**INT. ELEANOR'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - MORNING**

BUJU BARKS OUTSIDE.

Ken shakes awake. He touches his neck and winces. He spots Bobby asleep in his lap, and then looks at his watch ...

KEN

Oh shit!

Ken jumps to his feet -- Bobby rolls off of him, onto the floor, and wakes with a start.

KEN

Shit!

BOBBY

Owww.

KEN  
It's after seven!

Ken paces. He sees the laundry basket.

KEN  
She saw us! My gram saw us!

Bobby rubs his smarting head and gets up.

BOBBY  
We weren't doing anything.

KEN  
It doesn't matter! You weren't supposed to be here! I thought you set your alarm!

Bobby takes out his phone.

BOBBY  
(yawn)  
I did. Oh ...  
(pushing buttons)  
It's dead.

KEN  
Why didn't you charge it?!

BOBBY  
Because some *basic betch* broke into my room and stole my charger! I'm sorry! I thought it had enough juice --

KEN  
-- You have to go.

Bobby looks at him with a face of sorrow.

Ken stands firm, jaw clenched -- very masculine.

BOBBY  
Okay. But could you, maybe, give me a ride to Woke? It's gonna take me forever to get there now.

KEN  
Nah, man.

They exchange a tense look.

BOBBY  
Oh ... okay. I guess I'll ... see myself out.

Bobby gets his box and heads to the stairs.

KEN  
 Hey, look. This was a mistake. I'm  
 not gay, and I never will be. So  
 don't come around again, huh?

BOBBY  
 (hiding tears)  
 ... If that's what you want.

KEN  
 That's what I want.

Bobby heads upstairs.

Ken throws a pillow across the room in frustration.

**INT. BUS - DAY**

From his seat, Bobby watches the world go by outside.

**INT. ELEANOR'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY**

Water strikes Ken's goose flesh in the shower. He puts his  
 head against the tile and takes an invigorated breath. Water  
 and soap swirl down the drain at his feet.

**EXT. WOKE PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY**

Bobby gets off of the bus and looks at Woke across the street.

**INT. WOKE PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - LOBBY - DAY**

A PHONE RINGS.

SHIRAZ (26), in a flashy suit and bow tie, answers.

SHIRAZ  
 (on the phone)  
 Woke photography, you have Shiraz.  
 (listening)  
 Mikkel is in a shoot right now. Try  
 back later.

Bobby enters and casually passes the front desk.

SHIRAZ  
 (on the phone)  
 We do not take messages at Woke. We  
 live in the *moment*. Adieu.

Shiraz hangs up and lowers his glasses to look Bobby over.

SHIRAZ  
May I help you?

Bobby stops -- busted -- and turns to him slowly.

BOBBY  
Hi, Shiraz. I was just in the area  
and thought I'd stop in to say hey.  
Is Mikkel around?

SHIRAZ  
Do you have an appointment?

BOBBY  
(biting his lip)  
... Yes.

SHIRAZ  
Name please?

He opens his appointment book.

BOBBY  
Shiraz, you know who I am --

SHIRAZ  
-- Name please!

BOBBY  
(sigh)  
Bobby Vanderp--

SHIRAZ  
-- I'm sorry, you're not in the books.  
I'm going to have to ask you to leave,  
lest I be forced to call security.

He puckers his face, picks up the phone and dangles his finger  
over a red button.

BOBBY  
Please, Shiraz. It's really  
important.

An elevator door opens behind Bobby. Mikkel and a few high  
profile drag queens exit and approach.

BOBBY  
I just need five minutes of his time.

MIKKEL  
Bobby Vanderpool.

Bobby spins to see Mikkel.

Shiraz cradles the phone and pretends to organize papers.

MIKKEL

I told you, you're finished. What are you doing in my studio?

BOBBY

I was wrong, and I'm sorry. This has been the worst week of my life, and I have no one to blame but myself. I was just hoping you could find it in the goodness of your heart to give me one more chance.

MIKKEL

You're too late, Bobby. Shiraz?

Shiraz picks up the phone and points at the red button.

BOBBY

Wait -- you can pay me less. Give me the worst campaigns. Whatever you want me to do. I just want to work and earn an honest living.

Mikkel studies him. He shakes his head at Shiraz, who makes a snooty scowl and cradles the phone.

MIKKEL

(sigh)

I'm sorry. I cannot help you.

Mikkel and the drag queens head to the office. He stops ...

MIKKEL

But, I must say, this new attitude -- this integrity -- it's a good look.

They enter his office, sans Bobby. The door closes on him.

**INT. ELEANOR'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY**

Ken, Philthy, Reggie, and Jabbers finish performing a song. A clap comes from the stairs. They look to see Eleanor.

ELEANOR

Encore! Encore! Don't mind me, boys, I just need the laundry basket ... unless you still need it?

KEN

I'm done.

ELEANOR  
You sure now? It looked like you  
had a lot of *dirty laundry* to sort  
out this morning.

Ken's eyebrows furrow.

KEN  
Just needs to be emptied. I'll bring  
it up.

**INT. ELEANOR'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY**

Eleanor massages her hands with a grimace. Ken brings the  
empty laundry basket upstairs and frowns at her pain.

KEN  
Is it bad today?

ELEANOR  
(clenching fingers)  
About the same. Don't get old.

KEN  
I'll do my best.

Ken sets the basket down and turns to leave.

ELEANOR  
Where's your new friend?

Ken winces. Here we go ...

KEN  
... He's ... gone.

ELEANOR  
Well, when's he coming back?

KEN  
He's not.

ELEANOR  
Too bad. I was looking forward to  
meeting him. He looks almost as  
good in pink as I do, you know.

Ken starts to cry.

KEN  
Gram, I ... I'm sorry ...

She gets up and embraces him.

ELEANOR  
Oh, no. Come here. Shhh. It's  
okay, I knew, Kendall. I always knew.

Ken sobs in her arms.

KEN  
But ... I dated girls.

ELEANOR  
Isabeau?  
(laughing)  
The tomboy you took to prom?

KEN  
(laughing)  
Yeah. I guess so.  
(cries)  
I don't know what any of this means.

ELEANOR  
It means you have some things to  
figure out. But, you're a good boy.  
You deserve to be happy. So be happy.

Ken composes himself, wipes his eyes.

KEN  
(nodding to stairs)  
What about them?

ELEANOR  
Well, that depends. How close do  
you want them to be?

Ken's sad eyes turn to the stairs. He sighs.

**INT. ELEANOR'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY**

Jabbers, Philthy, and Reggie play hacky sack.

Ken comes downstairs. The sack comes his way, but he makes  
no attempt to volley. His friends groan.

PHILTHY  
Come on, man.

KEN  
Hey, there's something I gotta tell  
you guys.

JABBERS  
What's up, Kendo.

Ken takes a deep breath.

KEN

So, I guess I'm probably gay ... or  
maybe bi ... or something.

The rest of the band exchange nonplussed glances. Jabbers  
puts his hand out.

JABBERS

Pay up.

REGGIE

Damn it.

Philthy and Reggie scoff, reach into their billfolds, and  
pull out twenties. Jabbers collects them with a smug smile.

KEN

What the hell?

JABBERS

I knew it all the time. These two  
bitches were in denial, but I called  
it like, what, two years ago?

KEN

You guys talk about this shit?

REGGIE

It's cool, bro.

PHILTHY

Yeah. We still love you.

Philthy hugs Ken, then quickly breaks away.

PHILTHY

No homo.

Reggie slaps his arm in a "*what are you, stupid?*" fashion.

REGGIE

We support you one hundred percent.

Ken looks back and forth between their genuine faces.

KEN

I was so afraid to tell you guys. I  
thought if I buried it, I could make  
it not true, and nothing would ever  
change. But, then I met someone ...

JABBERS

The guy from the alley.

Ken hesitates. He nods.



KEN

How -- ?

JABBERS

The song you've been writing?  
*California Blonde*? That was clue  
 number one.

KEN

Could've been about anybody.

REGGIE

You avoided using pronouns in the  
 lyrics. Like, anywhere.

PHILTHY

Duh.

Ken winces and nods.

JABBERS

Dude, just call him over already.

PHILTHY

And tell him to bring some beer.

KEN

I can't. I messed up.

REGGIE

Already?

KEN

He stayed over last night. Gram  
 caught us.

PHILTHY

Were you being *naughty*?

He makes a "donut" with one hand and "fingers it" with the  
 other. He shakes his head -- *this isn't right* -- and turns  
 the "donut" around to finger *the back door*.

KEN

No. We just slept. And then, this  
 morning, I said some shit ... made  
 him leave.

JABBERS

So, what, that's it? It's just over,  
 just like that?

KEN

Yeah. Probably for the best.



Bobby's eyes bug out.

BOBBY

You!

Vadoma glances back -- her face fills with recognition. She waddles along faster. Bobby follows ...

BOBBY

You're the gypsy that cursed me!

VADOMA

This is offensive word you say!

BOBBY

You're right, and I'm sorry -- but, you cursed me! And you need to turn it off right flippin' now!

Vadoma turns the corner. Bobby pursues.

VADOMA

Romani curse is forever. Now leave me alone before I call the police!

BOBBY

Do it! I'll tell them all about your illegal shenanigans!

Vadoma approaches a tent between two fancy houses and digs into her takeout bag.

BOBBY

No? Well, then, I hope you're looking for a tent mate, because I'm not leaving until you un-curse me!

Vadoma cackles.

VADOMA

You think this is my house?

She gestures to the large house behind it.

VADOMA

That is my house. This is just tent for unwanted strays. Go ahead, move in! You should fit in just fine!

Vadoma whistles and hands out beef sticks to the outpouring cats and dogs. Sarah Jessica Barker is among them.

BOBBY

Sarah!

Bobby snatches her off the ground and spins, ecstatically.

VADOMA  
This is your bitch?

BOBBY  
(kissing Sarah)  
She is no *bitch*. She's an angel!

VADOMA  
I was talking to her. But. Hooray.  
Take your beast and go home.

Vadoma heads to her house. Bobby and Sarah follow.

BOBBY  
Not until you fix my life!

**INT. VADOMA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Vadoma tries to close the door on Bobby. He slinks in.

VADOMA  
Fix it? I should charge you doggy  
day care fee for taking care of her  
in the first place.

Vadoma takes off her Swami's hat and lets her hair down.

VADOMA  
You trust fund babies are all the  
same. Spoiled. Ungrateful. *Te*  
*bisterdon tumare anava.*

Vadoma lights a cigarette and takes off her jewelry.

BOBBY  
I don't have a trust fund. Thanks  
to you and your curse, I have nothing!  
No family. No friends. No fortune.

Sarah barks.

BOBBY  
Exactly! Finding Sarah is the best  
thing to happen to me in a week, and  
you're the one who had her all along!  
Now, I want my life back, and you're  
going to give it to me, or else!

Vadoma gapes at Bobby. She puts out the cig.

VADOMA  
 (with American accent)  
 Ah, hell. You'd better sit down for  
 this, kid.

Bobby gapes, perplexed.

SHIRAZ (V.O.)  
 May I help you?

**INT. WOKE PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - LOBBY - DAY**

Shiraz looks at Ken, judgingly, from behind his desk.

KEN  
 Hi. Is Bobby Vanderpool still here?

The elevator door opens behind him. Shawnathan steps out,  
 sees Ken, and quietly sneaks up to eavesdrop ...

SHIRAZ  
 He is not.

Ken waits for an explanation. It doesn't come.

KEN  
 Uh ... okay. Can I leave a message  
 for him? I just want him to know  
 that Ken stopped by to apologize --

SHIRAZ  
 -- We do not take messages at Woke.  
 We live in the *moment* --

SHAWNATHAN  
 -- It's okay, Shiraz, I got this.

Shiraz pretends to staple papers, eavesdrops ...

SHAWNATHAN  
 (smiling)  
 Hi. Ken, right? I'm Shawnathan,  
 Bobby's friend ... from the beach?

KEN  
 Right. Do you know where he is?

SHAWNATHAN  
 I don't. But, he's meeting us for  
 drinks at the Abbey tonight. You  
 should stop by and surprise him.

Ken looks at him with skepticism.

BOBBY (V.O.)

Charlatan!

**INT. VADOMA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Vadoma pours a glass of Chateau Margaux for each of them.

VADOMA

Okay, so maybe I grew up in Riverside, but I was not lying about my Romani heritage. I just ... embellished a little. You see, When I was your age, I fell in love with a very charming gadjé man.

She takes a violin from the wall and PLAYS A SAD ROMANI TUNE.

VADOMA

He filled my head with dreams of becoming a star, so I chose to run away with him, instead of marrying the suitor my parents had arranged, and they disowned me for it.

BOBBY

(slurping his wine)  
Story of my life.

VADOMA

I was crushed, but my handsome beau convinced me to see it as an opportunity. He drove us to Hollywood, where we moved into a cheap motel room for the night, and planned to start our new lives as performance artists in the morning.  
(she frowns)

But, when I woke up the next day, I found a note saying that my lover had changed his mind -- he made a mistake, and could not allow himself to keep his promise. He took the car, and all of our money, and left me with nothing but my clothes, a broken heart, and this violin.

A tear forms in her eye as she hits a crescendo.

VADOMA

I auditioned for many roles since then, but the only one anybody ever took seriously was this one. And, worst of all?

(MORE)

VADOMA (CONT'D)

I'm not even playing an authentic Romani fortuneteller, like I was born and raised to be. I'm playing a cliché.

She returns the violin to its wall.

VADOMA

Ironic, isn't it? I abandoned my culture to chase my dreams, and somehow ended up becoming a cheap imitation of the very thing my family intended me to be in the first place.

BOBBY

Wow ... did all of that really happen?

VADOMA

Some of it.

BOBBY

Okay, but ... what does any of this have to do with breaking my curse?

VADOMA

That's what I'm trying to tell you, princess. I don't have the power to curse you. Never did. It was all just ... theater.

She smiles sadly and takes a bow.

Bobby lets the revelation sink in. He sighs.

BOBBY

But ... if the curse wasn't real, then this is just my life now.

VADOMA

Listen, I feel for you, kid, but you're just gonna have to figure it out. It's called *adulthood*.

She pulls three twenties from her bra and counts them out.

VADOMA

In the meantime, here's a little something to get you started.

She hands him the cash. He examines it.

BOBBY

But ... I gave you three-hundred dollars for a new crystal ball ...

VADOMA

Yeah, that was dumb. Fifteen bucks on eBay. And the rest? I, uh, spent it on necessities. Times are tough, ya know?

Bobby looks around the dazzling house, then at the twenties.

**EXT. VADOMA'S HOUSE - DUSK**

Bobby crouches down to give Sarah some kisses.

BOBBY

Goodbye, Sarah. I promise I'll be back for you as soon as I have doors and windows again.

(to Vadoma)

Thank you for taking care of her.

VADOMA

I'll put it on your tab.

Bobby pets Sarah one last time and heads down the driveway. He turns around to see Vadoma still standing there.

BOBBY

Hey, do you ever regret taking this path? Like, if you could go back and stay with your family instead of chasing your dream, would you?

VADOMA

(North Indian accent,  
with a frown)

What? And give up all of this?

Bobby nods, and turns back toward the city.

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - BOARDWALK - DUSK**

Bobby kicks a rock as he nears a bulletin board.

BOBBY

Well, that mystery's solved. All that's left to do now is ...

He spots one of his "MISSING DOG" flyers on the board.

BOBBY

... Start over.

He yanks his flyer down to reveal two postings: one about training to become an astronaut, the other seeking males for a career in "Adult Modeling."



**INT. FILM STUDIO - "MARS" SET - NIGHT**

Something in the vein of '*Also Sprach Zarathustra*' plays on a SYNTHESIZER.

Bobby, in a generic NASA space suit, plants a rainbow flag/pole into a cheaply-constructed "surface of Mars."

KADEN (19), a slim twink, dressed as a "Grey" alien, in CVS Halloween costume-grade robes, waddles up from behind.

Bobby turns to see him and gasps.

KADEN

(alien voice)

Welcome to Mars, Earthling. Do not be frightened. We mean you no harm.

Bobby turns to see two more aliens -- TYLER (18), a short twink, and TRISTAN (20), a buff jock -- approaching from behind in jockstraps and cheesy alien masks.

BOBBY

Hello. I am Space Commander, Lucky Johnson, of Earth. I come in peace.

KADEN

(alien voice)

What a coincidence, my name is *Piece*. Please, allow us to greet you with our traditional Martian welcoming ceremony. We call it butt-fucking.

The COSMIC SYNTH MUSIC BECOMES CHEESY PORN MUSIC.

Kaden removes his costume to reveal his own jock strap.

The aliens surround Bobby and caress him.

BOBBY

(looking O.S.)

I'm sorry, but -- am I supposed to be scared or, like ... into it?

CHUCHO (O.S.)

Cut!

CHUCHO DE LA CRUZ (40s) stomps past his cameraman, FRANK PLOWS (69), and joins his actors. His bushy *pornstache* scrunches up as the "aliens" take off their masks.

CHUCHO

What's the problem, kid? It's porn. You spout some pointless drivel, and then you get pounded by Tyler!

TYLER  
Which one?

CHUCHO  
What?

TYLER  
Which Tyler? I'm Tyler Tristan,  
that's Kaden Tyler.

Chucho looks from Tyler to Tyler.

CHUCHO  
(to Tristan)  
Then who the hell are you?

TRISTAN  
I'm Tristan Kaden.

Chucho's eyes dart from man to man. He throws his arms up.

CHUCHO  
(to Bobby)  
They all fuck you. Back to one.

The actors redress.

HOUSE MUSIC FADES IN, leading us to --

**EXT. THE ABBEY - NIGHT**

Pride decorations. Lots of festively-dressed people in line.

**INT. THE ABBEY - NIGHT**

Packed dance floor. Jacked go-go dancers twerk on platforms.

Ken weaves through the crowd with wide eyes -- culture shock.

Shawnathan poses for a photo with fans. As they move on, he spots an oblivious Ken. Shawnathan taps him on the shoulder.

SHAWNATHAN  
Ken! Welcome to the Abbey.

KEN  
Thanks. It's pretty ... overwhelming.  
A lot to take in.

SHAWNATHAN  
That's what he said.  
(pointing around)  
And him, and him, and him.

Ken laughs, awkwardly. Shakes his head.

SHAWNATHAN

Come on, loosen up. It's Pride weekend. Let me buy you a drink. You like *Long Islands*?

KEN

No thanks. I need to be sober for this. Is Bobby here?

SHAWNATHAN

Soon. Come on, dance with me.

Ken complies. He barely moves, but blushes and avoids eye contact. Shawnathan dances his heart out. He backs into Ken's crotch and grinds, seductively. Ken backs away ...

KEN

Hey -- don't --

Zhong slips through the crowd and aims his phone at them.

ZHONG

Say Versace!

Shawnathan throws his arms around Ken and smiles.

SHAWNATHAN

Versace!

Zhong snaps a pic -- catching Ken completely off guard -- and disappears into the crowd.

Shawnathan moves in for a kiss -- Ken pushes him away.

KEN

Dude -- what the hell? You know I'm here for Bobby!

SHAWNATHAN

I know, baby, but why settle for a lowly peasant when you can have a sickening queen willing to make your dirtiest dreams come true?

He runs his hand down Ken's chest, to his abs, to his crotch. Ken grabs him by the wrist and returns it to Shawnathan.

KEN

No. For the first time in my life, I know exactly what I need, and I'm not gonna find it here.

Ken releases Shawnathan and storms out of the club.

Shawnathan glowers. He yanks his phone out of his pocket -- he has one new picture message from Zhong. He opens it to see the shot of himself hugging a startled Ken. He smirks.

**INT. FILM STUDIO - "MARS" SET - NIGHT**

Disco lights spin over a Martian altar, where Tyler and Tristan caress Kaden.

CHUCHO (O.S.)  
Okay ... cue the Earthling.

BOBBY  
(approaching the altar)  
Mind if I join in?

KADEN  
(alien voice)  
Please do! We have always wanted to explore *Uranus*.

Bobby removes his space suit to reveal silver bikini briefs.

CHUCHO (O.S.)  
Take off the helmet.

Bobby doesn't; he shakes his head like a child.

CHUCHO (O.S.)  
Take it off, kid.

BOBBY  
I probably shouldn't ...

CHUCHO (O.S.)  
Cut!

Chucho stomps on set. The twinks take off their masks.

CHUCHO  
What now?!

BOBBY  
(taking off the helmet)  
Well, if I took off my helmet, I'd run out of air, right?

CHUCHO  
Come here.

Chucho leads him away from the altar.

CHUCHO  
Do you know who I am?  
(MORE)

CHUCHO (CONT'D)

I'm five time *Splooshy* award-winning director, Chucho De La Cruz, which means that my time is very valuable. That said, there are three things I never waste my time on. Hacks, prudes, and finding my wife's g-spot. You get me?

BOBBY

... No, sir.

CHUCHO

I'm saying, you either lay down on that altar and beam those Martians to *Pound Town*, or you get the hell off my set! What's it gonna be?

BOBBY

Well ... I should've probably mentioned this earlier, but I'm kind of saving myself for the right guy. I was hoping we could get some, like, stunt genitals or something?

CHUCHO

Get out! You're fired!

BOBBY

What?!

CHUCHO

I said you're fired, get off my set!

BOBBY

No! I can't get fired from porn!  
I've already hit rock bottom!

KADEN

Bottom?  
(snaps at twink)  
*Spit roast* formation.

Kaden hops up on the platform and bends over.

CHUCHO

(to Bobby)

Go!

Bobby exhales, sets his helmet down, and leaves the set.

**INT. FILM STUDIO - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT**

Casting couch. Posters from various gay pornos on the wall.

Bobby, redressed, unplugs a phone charger from the wall and pockets his phone. Frank KNOCKS and enters.

FRANK

Hey. You okay?

BOBBY

Sure. Things could always be worse. I can't imagine how, but -- anyway, here's your charger. Thanks.

FRANK

(taking the charger)

Why'd you come here, kid? You know you were never gonna go through with it.

BOBBY

The truth is, I didn't really know what I was gonna do.

FRANK

No? I knew the minute I saw you.

Frank turns to the wall of posters.

FRANK

See, bus loads of boys come here with stars in their eyes every day. They're so hungry to break into film, they'll do anything to make it happen. Literally! But, most of them fail.

(searching the wall)

The ones that give up find something else to do with their lives, and the rest stay trapped in porn until they're either dead --

Frank finds a poster with himself (at 21) on it. The words, "INTRODUCING FRANK PLOWS" hover above his image. He points.

FRANK

-- Or a handsome recruiter-slash-cameraman.

He wiggles his eyebrows at Bobby, who grins.

FRANK

Don't get me wrong, some of us love it -- the sex, the cash, the attention -- it's a lot of fun. But, you wouldn't like it. I can see it in your eyes, you'd never forgive yourself.

Bobby's eyes fix on a poster in front of him; it depicts three half-naked men above the title: "*broke-and-slutty-gay-boys-pretending-to-be-straight.com*". One of the men is a 19-YEAR-OLD SHAWNATHAN. The words "*INTRODUCING MONDO BOTTOMS*" hover above his image.

Bobby gasps.

BOBBY

Thanks, Frank. You're a peach!

Bobby kisses him on the cheek, tears the poster off the wall, and hurries out of the green room.

**EXT. FILM STUDIO - NIGHT**

Bobby bursts through the backdoor, his phone to his ear.

BOBBY

(on the phone)

Skippy! You are not gonna believe this! After all that crap Shawnathan said at Booty's?!

SKIPPY (V.O.)

(filtered)

I know. I just saw it on Facebook. I'm so sorry, Bobby. I know how much you liked him.

BOBBY

What?! Who?!

SKIPPY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Wait -- what are you talking about?

BOBBY

Shawnathan made a crap ton of porn! What are you talking about?

SKIPPY (V.O.)

(filtered)

... Uh ... nothing ...

BOBBY

Fine, Skippy, I'll just look myself.

SKIPPY (V.O.)

(filtered)

No, wait --

Bobby opens Facebook on his phone. After tapping a couple of icons, he sees the pic of Shawnathan with Ken.

Bobby cries. He wipes his eyes and resumes the call.

SKIPPY (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Bobby ...

BOBBY  
It's okay, really. It took me a while to realize this, but some things just aren't meant to be, and other things are, whether we like them or not. Like being a masculine, virile, heterosexual Vanderpool. See you soon, Skippy.

SKIPPY (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Wait -- Bobby, no. Don't do it --

Bobby hangs up. He scrolls through his phone, dials ...

BOBBY  
(on the phone)  
Daddy? You win. I wanna come home.

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - DUSK**

Ken and Buju jog along the beach. Ken stops and looks around.

**EXT. VENICE PIER - DUSK**

Ken and Buju watch the sunset with a frown. He pulls out his cell and snaps a pic of the vivid colors. He sends it to Bobby with a glimmer of hope in his eye.

**INT. ALLOWANCE INN VENICE - ROOM #106 - DUSK**

Bobby sketches in his sketchbook. His PHONE BEEPS. He checks it -- Ken's sunset appears on the display.

**EXT. VENICE PIER - DUSK**

Ken's cell VIBRATES. He checks Bobby's incoming pic message -- it's the Facebook shot of Ken and Shawnathan.

Hope drains out of Ken's eyes. He fidgets with his guitar pick and watches the sun sink into the ocean.

**INT. ALLOWANCE INN VENICE - ROOM #106 - NIGHT**

Bobby deletes Ken's contact info from his phone.

There's a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

The door (missing the knob) drifts open to reveal Cassidy.



BOBBY

It's open.

Cassidy enters with a garment bag.

BOBBY

Hey, Cass.

CASSIDY

Master Bobby.

He hands him the bag.

CASSIDY

From your father. But, work fast, your reservations are for eight.

BOBBY

Reservations? I thought you were taking me home ...

Bobby opens the bag -- it's an Armani tux.

CASSIDY

You know your old man. Nothing's ever that easy.

BOBBY

Of course not.

CASSIDY

Saying you'll be straight isn't quite enough to convince him, so he's setting you up with one of his interns. He wants you to *walk the walk*, as it were.

BOBBY

So, I won't swing my arms so much.

CASSIDY

No ... he wants you to --

Cassidy takes a piece of paper out of his pocket.

CASSIDY

(reading)

*To reclaim his birthright, Bobby must escort Miss Camilla to dinner, and then consummate the affair immediately after.*

BOBBY

Like ... sex? ... With a vagina?!

Cassidy gives him a "duh" shrug.

BOBBY  
 (sigh)  
 Yeah, sure. Whatever.

Bobby takes his tux to the bathroom.

**EXT. MASTRO'S STEAKHOUSE BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT**

Crowded upscale restaurant. At their table, Bobby and CAMILLA (22) exchange awkward glances. She smiles sweetly.

BOBBY  
 So, Camilla ...

She raises an eyebrow.

BOBBY  
 You're ... uh ...

She raises her eyebrow higher.

BOBBY  
 Your breasts are ... very ... perky.  
 ... Where'd you ... get them?

Bobby winces -- epic fail. Camilla gapes.

CAMILLA  
 (laughing)  
 Bobby, are you gay?

BOBBY  
 What? Pffft. No. I'm as straight  
 as the heel on a Louboutin --  
 (clears throat)  
 -- Arrow.

Bobby downs his wine.

CAMILLA  
 A Louboutin heel? Like this one?

She throws her flexible leg, and designer heel, upon the table. The LOUD THUD draws attention from other patrons.

BOBBY  
 Oh-em-gee! Those are fierce!

He inspects her shoe.

BOBBY  
 I just happen to be designing a dress  
 that would go perfect with those.

CAMILLA  
I would love to see it.

Camilla seductively lowers her leg.

Bobby pulls out his phone, opens his digital gallery, and shows her a chic garment on a dress form.

CAMILLA  
(gasp)  
Bobby ... it's incredible!

BOBBY  
Not my favorite, but Sarah loves it.

CAMILLA  
Sarah?

BOBBY  
My dog. I make them for pets, too.

CAMILLA  
Shut up!

She scrolls to the next pic and sees Sarah wearing one.

CAMILLA  
Awww! It's precious!

She returns his phone.

CAMILLA  
What else have you made?

BOBBY  
I'm working on a few new ones, but the sketches are in my hotel room.

CAMILLA  
Perfect! Show me after we fuck.

Bobby grits his teeth into an uncomfortable smile.

**INT. ALLOWANCE INN VENICE - ROOM #106 - NIGHT**

Bobby pushes the janky door open.

BOBBY  
... If there was any such thing as magic, this is where it would happen --

Camilla and Bobby enter -- they look confused.

Lots of Louis Vuitton luggage occupies the room.

BOBBY

... Or, maybe there *is*?

Skippy comes out of the bathroom, toweling off his hair.

SKIPPY

Bobby! Tell me you didn't do it!

BOBBY

Do *what*?

SKIPPY

It! With her!

(sweet, to Camilla)

No offense. I'm Skippy, by the way.

CAMILLA

Hi ...

BOBBY

Skippy, what are you doing here?

SKIPPY

I came out to dad! And --

(gesturing to luggage)

-- I was smart enough to pack and get cash first --

BOBBY

-- You came out to dad?!

SKIPPY

Yeah! He said, if I don't *straighten up like Bobby*, I could kiss my inheritance goodbye, too. So, I told him what he could kiss instead.

BOBBY

Why, Skippy?!

SKIPPY

Because this is who I am -- this is who we are. We're young, we're free, and we don't have to answer to anyone.

CAMILLA

(clears throat)

Excuse me. Hi. I can see that things aren't going to work out between us, but I'm still getting paid for the whole night, right?

BOBBY

Paid?

CAMILLA

Yeah. For my --  
 (air quotes)  
 -- Services.

SKIPPY

You're a hooker?!

CAMILLA

I am no hooker. I'm an escort.  
 And, occasionally a porn star.

BOBBY

Please don't say that word.

CAMILLA

Porn star?

BOBBY

Yeah. I've had my fill for the week.

SKIPPY

What?!

BOBBY

Long story -- let's not get off topic  
 here. I can't be a Vanderpool unless  
 I have sex with Camilla!

CAMILLA

Funny. Your dad uses the same excuse.  
 The man's insatiable, I swear.

BOBBY

What?!

SKIPPY

What?!

CAMILLA

Sorry ... I thought you knew ...

BOBBY

Can't say I'm surprised. But, I'm  
 sorry, Camilla. The buck stops at  
one Vanderpool.

SKIPPY

I dunno ... I might be down.

BOBBY

Skippy!

SKIPPY

What? Maybe I'm bi.

CAMILLA

Skippy's right. You only get one life. You shouldn't waste it in *Daddy Warbucks'* shadow, and ... I shouldn't, either ...

SKIPPY

Exactly! I say we get up early tomorrow, go to the Pride parade, and live it up like it's our last weekend alive!

BOBBY

It probably is.

SKIPPY

I'm *serial!* What's stopping us?

BOBBY

Shawnathan, and everybody like him.

SKIPPY

Really? After everything he's done, you're really going to let him take Pride away from you, too?

BOBBY

It's over, Skippy. He won.

SKIPPY

He only wins if you give up your very way of life because of him. You really wanna give him that satisfaction? This is Pride!

Bobby perks up.

BOBBY

You know what, Skippy? You're right! This is my day! And, I don't care if I have to walk to the parade on foot, or wear outdated thrift store clothes from twenty-five years ago, I've never been more proud, and damn it, I'm gonna celebrate!

SKIPPY

Yeah!

BOBBY

And, what's more, I have half a mind to hop onto that Lit Vodka float, get up in Shawnathan's overly-beaten face, and tell him so myself!

SKIPPY

I brought some of your clothes from home, just so you know.

BOBBY

Oh, thank God for you.

Bobby hugs him tightly.

THE LATEST POPULAR GAY PRIDE TRACK FADES IN TO --

**EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD PARK - DAY**

Huge festival -- adults, children, and pets of every gender, race, shape, and size celebrate.

**BEGIN MONTAGE -- L.A. PRIDE CELEBRATION**

- Various floats travel toward North San Vicente Blvd.
- Lesbians walk dogs in the parade.
- Leather bears spank one another with paddles on a float.
- The Lit Vodka float comes last (behind the leather float).

**END MONTAGE**

**EXT. L.A. NORTH HOLLYWOOD STREETS - LIT VODKA FLOAT - DAY**

Shawnathan, in drag, and nine others, including drag queens and a wounded army vet, wave to the crowd from the 'Lit Vodka Ultimate Pride Superstar Top Ten Finalists'-emblazoned float.

Zhong, and several other supporters, walk along beside it.

Shawnathan and Zhong observe the bears ahead of them.

SHAWNATHAN

Zhong, have you ever seen a leather harness over a wool sweater before?

ZHONG

(lowering sunglasses)

Never. Oh, wait a minute -- that's back hair! Eww!

Shawnathan and Zhong wretch and gag.

ZHONG

It's reasons like that I'm glad my ass is naturally smooth.

SHAWNATHAN

Of course it is. You're a whore.  
You can't grow crops if people keep  
burning through the field.

Bobby and Skippy, dressed sexy and chic, emerge from the crowd and confidently march to the float. They hop on and confront Shawnathan. Zhong sees this, trails behind, and gets on his phone.

SHAWNATHAN

Well, well. Bobby Vanderpool. Did you get lost on the way to the float for Lit Vodka's bottom ten faces of Pride?

BOBBY

I don't think you have the right to be shaming any bottoms, *Mondo*.

He pulls the porno poster out of his pocket and displays it for Shawnathan -- and others -- to see. Shawnathan gasps.

BOBBY

You like to tell people you got where you are through years of *back-breaking work*, but the truth is, it's from years of getting *worked on your back*.

Shawnathan snatches the poster.

SHAWNATHAN

Where did you get that?!

Mikkel rushes up to Zhong, who says something inaudible and points at Bobby. Mikkel hops onto the float.

BOBBY

I believe you earned your way to the top, in the beginning. But anything you've gotten since was because you manipulated and sabotaged everyone in your path to stay there.

Mikkel sneaks up -- he hears everything.

BOBBY

Just like you did when you outed me to my dad, cost me my inheritance, and then stole a man you knew I was crazy about! Doesn't our community have enough problems without having to deal with this fake, snobby, vain, vindictive bullshit from each other?



MIKKEL

Shawnathan ... is this true?

SHAWNATHAN

Hell no! He's just jealous because he wants to have pride, but me? I am Pride.

BOBBY

No. Pride is enduring everything life throws at us, and not allowing it to turn us into someone like you.

Shawnathan's face fills with rage -- the armor is cracked.

MIKKEL

I'm sorry, Shawnathan. I cannot, in good conscience, let someone of your character represent Woke Photography. Please, step down.

Shawnathan looks at Bobby, then Mikkell, and then Zhong -- who abandons him and disappears in the crowd.

MIKKEL

Step down, Shawnathan.

Shawnathan breaks down and climbs off the float.

SHAWNATHAN

(to onlookers)

Go ahead and talk! This is what you've all been waiting for, right?

He storms away.

MIKKEL

I'm sorry, Bobby. I didn't know.

Bobby nods, triumphant.

MIKKEL

I seem to be down one nomination, if you're still interested.

GULLIVER (O.S.)

Bobby!

Bobby looks to the crowd. Gulliver waves, emphatically.

Bobby waves back and gestures for Gulliver to join them.

BOBBY

Thanks, but your nomination should be someone who represents all of us.

Gulliver jogs to the float and hops on.

BOBBY

I nominate Gulliver to take my place.

Mikkel looks him over. He sighs.

MIKKEL

Yeah, okay.

GULLIVER

Wait -- for reals?!

Mikkel nods. Gulliver jumps, excitedly.

GULLIVER

Yay! Thank you, Bobby!

They hug. Gulliver strips down to his SpongeBob boxers and swings his shirt toward the masses.

GULLIVER

Woo!

**EXT. NORTH SAN VICENTE BLVD. - DAY**

LIVE MUSIC ECHOES NEARBY.

Bobby wears a bittersweet grin as he and Skippy pass flirtatious admirers. Skippy points to a man in the distance.

SKIPPY

Oh -- what about him? The beast with the eight-pack? See him?

BOBBY

(not even looking)  
He's a beast.

SKIPPY

Hey. What's wrong? I thought you got your groove back.

BOBBY

I dunno. It's just -- now that I can finally enjoy all of this without having to hide who I am, I just wish I had someone special to enjoy it with. You know?

SKIPPY

No.

Skippy spots the bears from the leather bear float.

SKIPPY

But I think I'm starting to ...

Bobby follows his gaze and smiles. He scans the crowd and spots Shawnathan sobbing on a bench a few yards away.

BOBBY

I'll catch up with you, 'kay?

SKIPPY

Take your time.

Skippy drifts toward the bears with a flirtatious grin.

#### AT THE BENCH

Bobby joins Shawnathan.

BOBBY

Hey. For what it's worth, I'm sorry.

Shawnathan wipes his tears, toughens up.

SHAWNATHAN

It's whatever. ... Who won?

BOBBY

Would you believe Gulliver?

SHAWNATHAN

Shut. Up.  
(laughing)  
Good for him.

Bobby nods and turns to leave ...

SHAWNATHAN

I'm sorry, too. About your family,  
and Woke ... and everything else.

He stands to face Bobby.

SHAWNATHAN

I was jealous of you. I still am.  
When you get to the point where you  
go to the Pride parade and see more  
enemies than friends?  
(takes off wig)  
Yeah, well, I hit that point about  
five years ago. T-B-H, this is kind  
of a relief. You can't imagine how  
hard it is to be the Shawnathan Quinn.  
Always having to be different and  
original.

(MORE)

SHAWNATHAN (CONT'D)

All the extra hours at the gym, the expensive wigs, the new routines -- and none of it matters. They don't care what I go through. They just expect me to be ...

BOBBY

... *Perfect?*

SHAWNATHAN

Truth.

BOBBY

If I've learned anything over the past couple of weeks, it's that there's no such thing as perfect. Sometimes everything falls into place, other times, it all falls apart. But you can't worry about what anyone else thinks. You just learn to love who you are and you do your best. You have to *write your own fairy tale ending*.

SHAWNATHAN

Ha. I like that.

BOBBY

Thanks. I got it from Ken.

SHAWNATHAN

Hey, listen. Nothing happened between us. I tried -- boy did I try.

Bobby tenses up. Shawnathan raises his hands in defense.

SHAWNATHAN

He came to Woke to *apologize* after you left that day. I told him you were going to the Abbey. I tried to take advantage of him, but he shot me down. He was there for you, Bobby.

BOBBY

No, he wasn't. He's not even gay.

SHAWNATHAN

Well, whatever he is, he still wants you. He was *one hundred* about that.

BOBBY

Really?

SHAWNATHAN

Yes, Bobby, really. Now, go get your man, before he tunnels his way back into the closet. Go!

Bobby nods with renewed spirit and runs into the crowd.

Shawnathan smiles and plops down on the bench. Someone has joined him -- it's a nervous Hunter, who scratches himself.

HUNTER

'Sup? Shawnathan, right?

Shawnathan smirks.

**IN THE CROWD**

Bobby's eyes dart through the gaggle of gays.

BOBBY

Skippy? Skippy! Let's go!

Skippy makes out with a LEATHER BEAR. He comes up for air.

SKIPPY

Right now?

BOBBY

(rolls eyes)

I'll see you back at the hotel.

SKIPPY

Tomorrow!

Skippy resumes his make out.

Bobby smiles and hurries back through the crowd.

**INT. THE ROTTEN PLANK - BAR - NIGHT**

Ken pours a pitcher of beer. Lani approaches.

LANI

You having a special on Cosmos or something?

KEN

Huh?

She gestures across the bar to a few rough-looking bikers who toast Cosmos and laugh together.

KEN

Something like that. Want one?

LANI

No thanks. I was just in the neighborhood and thought I'd say hi.

KEN

I'm sorry I haven't called ... I ...

LANI

It's okay. I get it. You're not feeling it. It happens.

KEN

That's not it.

LANI

So what is it? Another girl?

KEN

No ...

LANI

... Another ... guy?

Ken looks away, sheepishly.

LANI

Oh.

Lani takes a moment to let it sink in.

LANI

Well, whoever he is, he must be pretty damn special if you picked him over me, because I am awesome.

Ken laughs.

LANI

Bring it in.

They hug.

Jabbers comes to the bar and raises an eyebrow.

KEN

Sure you don't want a Cosmo? I bet my boy, Jabbers, would love to buy you one.

Lani looks at Jabbers who takes the pitcher and smiles.

LANI

What for? He already bought me a pitcher.

She winks at Jabbers and takes the pitcher to his table. Jabbers gives Ken a 'thumbs up' and trots after Lani.

Ken laughs to himself and spots Bobby standing in front of the exit. Ken comes out from behind the bar and meets him.

KEN

I've been trying to get a hold of you ... I didn't mean what I said --

BOBBY

-- I know. Shawnathan told me. He told me everything.

KEN

Nothing happened, I swear.

BOBBY

I know.

Ken's eyes well up. He takes a half-step forward, as though to initiate a hug, but stops short.

KEN

Can I buy you a drink?

BOBBY

I did not take two busses and an Uber for a Cosmo.

KEN

... All right. So, why did you?

Sadness fills Bobby's eyes.

BOBBY

To write my own fairy tale ending.

He leans in for a kiss, but Ken pulls back. Ken looks for reactions around the bar, then at the band. Jabbers watches with anticipation. Ken swallows and locks eyes with Bobby.

Ken takes Bobby's face in his hands, closes his eyes, and slowly initiates a passionate kiss worthy of a fairy tale.

Jabbers, Reggie, and Philthy cheer him on. Jabbers puts his arm around Lani, who rests her head on his shoulder. Ken turns to see the crowd's reactions -- most haven't noticed, and no one seems to care.

KEN

You want to go someplace a little less public?

BOBBY  
I have a whole hotel room to myself.

KEN  
Did you get that door fixed?

BOBBY  
No, but there was a drug bust earlier,  
so the place is a ghost town.

**EXT. ALLOWANCE INN VENICE - NIGHT**

Bobby and Ken exit the Jeep and head toward room #106.

BOBBY  
-- So she had Sarah the whole time --  
Bobby stops in his tracks. His face fills with terror.

KEN  
What?  
Bobby points to a Mercedes-Benz at the edge of the lot.

**INT. ALLOWANCE INN VENICE - ROOM #106 - NIGHT**

Bobby pushes his door open.

BOBBY  
Daddy, I can explain --  
Bobby and Ken enter.

BOBBY  
-- Mom?  
Babs tinkers with her sewing machine on the desk.

BABS  
Sunshine! I can't believe you still  
have this old thing. And I can't  
believe you've been living like this!

She gives Bobby a dainty kiss on the cheek.

BABS  
(to Ken)  
Hello again.

KEN  
Hello.



BABS

(to Bobby)

Pack up your things. I don't want you spending another minute in this bacteria-infested room. You and your brother are coming back to the mansion immediately.

BOBBY

How? ... Is daddy dead?

BABS

He wishes he was. One of his floozies came forward on your behalf. She threatened to expose his inter-office affairs to the media if he didn't put a stop to this nonsense, accept his gay sons, and take up marriage counseling with me. Of course, I wish she'd asked me first. I was finally starting to make progress with Brad Pitt ...

BOBBY

Camilla ...

KEN

Who?

BOBBY

She's a prostitute I almost had sex with last night. Tell you later --

A FLUSH comes from the bathroom. The door opens, and out comes Robert, who dries his hands on a pocket square and returns it to Mr. Ellis, who follows him out with a grimace.

ROBERT

Ah. Bobby. And ... Ken, is it?

BOBBY

Daddy ... is it true? I'm a Vanderpool again?

Mr. Ellis whispers something into Robert's ear.

ROBERT

It is. You get it all back. Your family, your home, your inheritance ... everything.

Bobby jumps around, ecstatic. He eyes Ken, whose face fills with concern. Bobby stops jumping and frowns.

BABS

What is it, dear?

BOBBY

I thought that's what I wanted. But getting cut off is what allowed me -- no, forced me -- to find myself. My new life isn't easy, but I like it. ... I don't think I can go back now.

(to Robert)

Besides, I only want to be part of this family because you love me, not because you're being blackmailed.

Ellis whispers in Robert's ear. Robert waves him off.

ROBERT

No, I'm not going to deny it -- why don't you wait in the car, Ellis. This is a family matter.

Ellis gives him a shocked double-take, but does as he's told.

ROBERT

Of course I love you, son. Am I being blackmailed? Yes. But, when Camilla came forward, I realized I could lose everything -- my company, my campaign, my sons -- even my wife!

Babs gives him an icy glare.

ROBERT

And, I thought, *I can't imagine what it would feel like to lose everything that mattered to me* -- except my name and fortune, of course -- but, you actually did. You lost it all, and not because of something you did, but because of me, and my pride.

Bobby tears up.

ROBERT

I never wanted to hurt you, son. I just wanted you to carry on the Vanderpool legacy. Now, I just want you to live a happy life.

BOBBY

I am happy, Daddy.

ROBERT

(gesturing to room)

And, this is the life you want?

BOBBY

It is.

ROBERT

Well, I can't say I'm thrilled with your decision, but I respect it.

KEN

Bobby ... are you sure? This is everything.

Bobby takes Ken's hand. Ken doesn't resist.

BOBBY

No. This is everything.

BABS

If you're happy, then I'm happy. But your brother is moving home until he graduates ... where is he, anyway?

BOBBY

He's, uh ... I believe he went to try on some leather ... and fur.

BABS

That kid. He loves his bears.

Bobby gapes. Babs and Robert head to the door. Bobby's eyes drift to his sketchbook on the table.

BOBBY

Wait -- is it too late to ask for money to start a clothing line?

ROBERT

Oh, Bobby ... starting a new business in this economy --

BABS

-- Robert!

ROBERT

Consider it done.

BOBBY

How about the beach house?

ROBERT

I suppose so. Anything else?

BOBBY

No. ... Except, maybe, the Ferrari?

ROBERT  
Is that it?

Bobby looks at Ken, who shrugs. Bobby nods, emphatically.

ROBERT  
Done. Ciao.

Babs winks and closes the door behind them as best she can.  
Bobby and Ken embrace with a kiss. They fall to the bed.

BOBBY (V.O.)  
And that's how my new life began.

SOMETHING IN THE VEIN OF '*ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA*' FADES UP.

**INT. ELEANOR'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY**

**ON THE TV**

A commercial features Bobby in a pink NASA-like space suit on the surface of Mars (as we first met him).

BOBBY (V.O.)  
Not as Bobby Vanderpool, boy  
billionaire, and heir to the vast  
Vanderpool fortune, but Bobby  
Vanderpool, proud homosexual,  
entrepreneur, and loving boyfriend.

The astronaut erects a rainbow flag on the red planet. Sarah, in a matching doggie astronaut outfit, scurries up to him.

SUPER: A LOGO THAT SAYS '*FABÚLAR FASHIONS*'.

**ON THE COUCH**

Ken and Bobby snuggle, eat ice cream, and smile at the ad.

BOBBY (V.O.)  
It's not easy to find yourself, and  
accepting yourself can be even harder,  
but once you do, you're ready to  
find your soul mate.

Buju and Sarah climb onto the couch and attack Ken and Bobby with wet doggie kisses. The boys laugh and share a kiss.

BOBBY (V.O.)  
But, that's not your fairy tale  
*ending*, my *fabular* friends. It's  
just the *beginning*.

**FADE TO BLACK.**