

#INSTAGAY

EPISODES 1 & 2

"#GAYTHEBETTERWAY" & "#JOBOPENING"

Written by

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CHARACTERS:

TARELL- About 30 years old, very average. Like in every way. Tries to fly under every radar. Any Race.

BURTON- Asian, early twenties. Gender fluid, and loud about it, think young Billy Porter on Pose.

ANDREW- White, early twenties. Tall, handsome alpha type. The gayer version of Regina George.

WILL- Latino, late twenties. Obsessed with his body. He's in great shape and desperately wants to be Instagram famous, unfortunately he's also a neurotic mess looking for love.

JOSUE- Latino, Late twenties, sexual. Like really sexual. Has a ridiculously high libido and low impulse control. He's also really attractive so it works.

JERRY-Any Race, early 20s.very attractive and sweet. Like a gay mormon. The perfect "twink" archetype. He has a weird twitch and is oddly robotic.

MATT- Any Race. 40s. The perfect "daddy" archetype. He's also oddly robotic.

JEFFREY-Any Race. Mid-30s. Desperately clinging to his youth. Still attractive, and has an edge like a mean girl.

TREVOR- Any Race. 40s. Pathetic older queen with no self-esteem, but turns that into trying to be a bitch, and usually fails.

DON-50s. Business man type. No-nonsense.

WEN-30s. Asian. Slightly on the spectrum and queer. Says whatever he's thinking and is a genius.

ROME-30s. Any Race. She is a bookish type. Kind of quirky and sweet, think Zooey Deschanel if she were a scientist on The Big Bang Theory.

INT. HIS CORPS. TESTING CENTER- DAY OR NIGHT

From darkness, a blurry image appears, as if we're seeing through the eyes of someone who is waking up from a long sleep. The image slowly comes into focus as we hear a man's voice.

MAN

This isn't real. None of this is real.

Finally, we see the man's face. He is a Middle-Aged man smiling at whoever it is that is looking at him.

MAN (CONT'D)

Everything you are about to experience is false.

We hear breathing from the person he's talking to, a little rapid, as if there's panic involved.

MAN (CONT'D)

Don't try to speak. You won't be able to. Not yet. Our goal with you is a very special one. You are very special. Autonomous, but completely unaware. Think of it like Sleeping Beauty, but awake. So, I guess not at all like Sleeping Beauty. Awake Beauty is, well that just sounds stupid. I don't actually have a good comparison right now, so Sleeping Beauty is what I'm gonna go with. And what a beauty you are. Inside and out.

The breath increases. The man smiles wider and closes his eyes.

MAN (CONT'D)

I know. It's poetry.

The man leans down as if he's caressing whoever it is.

MAN (CONT'D)

Every man is a divinity in disguise.

The man looks intently into the camera. He is very serious now. He leans closer.

MAN (CONT'D)

You've been causing us some problems.

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

Oh, it's okay. All greatness must come with a little sacrifice. And soon you'll be a legend. Well, part of you.

The camera moves. As if the person whose POV it is is trying to get up. The man just smiles and puts his hand on the person to calm him.

MAN (CONT'D)

The trials are almost done. Soon we'll be ready to launch. Let's try again...

The struggle increases. There is an audible groan now. The man gets even closer.

MAN (CONT'D)

(Ominous whisper)
Garabombie!

Eyes close.

Blackness

In the blackness bird's chirping and sweet background music can be heard and then an Announcer's voice

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Are you tired of being a bad little faggot? Ready for something better?

Fade in on a perfect house in a perfect neighborhood, under a perfectly blue sky. This is clearly CGI. A perfect looking young gay man, in the perfectly gayest outfit you've ever seen appears and waves into the camera

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Then HIS Corps may be right for you. Transforming human trash heaps like you into something better.

PERFECT GAY

I was garbage. But thanks to HIS CORPS. now I'm better.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

So much better. And thanks to his good looks and sense of style. He has value again!

Perfect gay blushes and waves his hand toward the camera in an aw shucks gesture.

PERFECT GAY

And I'm super hot! Strangers on the street want me. They want me bad. I really do have it all!

Perfect Gay turns around to show us his Butt and then suddenly were on a rainbow, yep. A rainbow, a big fake arching rainbow, it's beautiful and fake. And perfect gay is now in a speedo. The rainbow is also lined with other perfect gays in speedos.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Because "all" is always better. And here at HIS CORPS, you can be all better too.

PERFECT GAY

Like me. I almost died. Because I was fat and ugly. Now I live a better day.

Perfect guy winks at the camera.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Because why "gay" any other way?

Perfect Gay now has a martini and a man on each arm. He smiles into the camera.

PERFECT GAY

I was in a gay nightmare.

All the guys on the rainbow laugh robotically.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Now he's living the god damned dream.

ALL THE GAYS

HIS CORPS!

Zoom onto Perfect Gay's perfect face.

PERFECT GAY

Gay, the better way!

He winks. A ding! A sparkle in his teeth. The screen goes to black. Silence.

Title card over blackness:

#instagay

A heartbeat is heard. It gets louder and louder until it stops. Then...

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: CLOSED EYES.

TARELL wakes up, his eyes open slowly.

He's in his pretty basic bedroom. He grabs, without looking, for his phone. It says 7:00am. He groans.

TARELL

Uuuuhhh....

The poster over his bed is of a beautiful shirtless man that reads, "You'll never look like this." The man on the poster comes to life, as he does, when Tarell sits up in bed. Tarell thinks nothing of it.

POSTER MAN

Good morning, dump truck. You are a fat piece of shit.

TARELL

Yeah. Morning.

Tarell stands up, his bare back is to the poster.

POSTER MAN

Wow. Look at that. Your ass and your back are finally indistinguishable from each other! Way to go, you fat fuck. Hey I got a Halloween idea for ya: less sexy Jabba the hut. My god, I've seen more definition in a bowl of Jell-o. What a sack of shit. Why are you even getting out of bed? Yeah, go in the room where the shit lives. And remember, if you run your wrists under hot water, the blade'll go farther in.

Tarell heads for the bathroom.

TARELL

Thanks. I'll consider it.

POSTER MAN

And stop making eye contact when you're jerking off! It makes me less gay.

Tarell closes the bathroom door as Poster Man laughs at him.

POSTER MAN (CONT'D)
Suicide is funny when it happens to
ugly people. (He sees his own
bicep) Well, hello there.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER-MORNING

Tarell stands under the hot water, his head hanging, he's just not thrilled. He picks up his shampoo bottle and goes to pour some into his hand when he sees the label, it's called Only Straight Men Buy This. He looks utterly defeated.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN- MORNING

Tarell opens his fridge and sees various bottles of pressed juices, strawberries, yogurts and kombucha. There is a solo 2 liter of Coke with a post-it that reads, "Apply directly to your ass, fat boy." He rolls his eyes.

TARELL

Fuck.

He grabs a bottle of water and a yogurt and closes the fridge.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING- DAY

Tarell is leaving his building for his day. He's wearing workout clothes- gym shorts, sleeveless black workout shirt. As soon as he steps on the stoop, a swarm of hot men walk past. They are all wearing better workout clothes than him. One of the guys, who looks like a fitness model looks at him and when Tarell smiles, the guy gives a disgusted look and mouths the word "Never". Tarell puts his large backpack over his shoulder and he walks quickly down the street. As he walks past the hot young guys, he turns his head to check them out, none of them look back.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PARADISE MOTEL- EVENING

A typical rundown, side of the highway motel. We are in the desert, near Palm Springs maybe, or somewhere that just looks generic. A car passes the hotel on the freeway. But only one. As we slowly zoom into one of the Motel room windows, we hear two men having sex.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM-

MATT and JERRY are having sex in the motel bed. They are just about finished. Matt is on top of Jerry.

MATT

Oh yeah, don't move! Don't move!

JERRY

Oh yeah, cum, cum, cum baby! Cum inside me! Fuck yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

Matt loudly, but like unnaturally loudly orgasms into Jerry.

They collapse onto the bed, sweaty and out of breath.

MATT

You're amazing, babe.

JERRY

I love, love, love you, Donny.

Jerry repeats the words as if he's a record skipping, the emphasis should be the same on every word he repeats. Almost robotic. Matt playfully slaps Jerry.

MATT

My name's Matt, silly goose!

JERRY

Oh! No. I know that. I'm sorry. I love you, Matty, Matty, Matty.

Matt sits up and looks at Jerry as if something is wrong.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What?

MATT

Is he here? Right now?

Matt looks at Jerry intently. Jerry listens for something.

JERRY

I don't know. I don't think so.

MATT

Then we're alone! (He smiles) I
love you too.

They kiss. Something's not quite natural about these two.
It's highly performative in a weirdly subtle way.

JERRY

Tell me again why we're doing this.

MATT

Freedom, baby. Gotta make sure we
can train these guys properly.

JERRY

When you say train? You, you, you
mean...?

MATT

Hey. Don't worry about it, babe.
All you got to do is look pretty.

JERRY

Obviously, I can do that.

They kiss.

MATT

I gotta pee.

Matt gets up and goes to pee. Jerry rolls over and holds a
pillow with a big smile on his face, and then realizes
something and sits up.

JERRY

It didn't, didn't, didn't feel any
different.

We hear Matt start to pee, he speaks over the sound.

MATT

What's that?

JERRY

I said, it didn't feel any
different. The sex. Did, did, did
it feel different to you?

Matt chuckles a little. Finishes peeing, flushes the toilet
and comes back to the room.

MATT

Why should it feel any different?

JERRY

Well, because of where we are.
Being away. It's, it's, it's...you
know...?

Matt smiles at Jerry.

MATT

You're silly.

Matt then turns his back and sits on the bed to put his
underwear and t-shirt on. Wrapped in a sheet, Jerry stands
and goes to pick his own clothes up off the floor.

MATT (CONT'D)

I'm excited about the event
tonight. It's our first. It's a big
deal.

JERRY

This hotel is kind of...I guess
it's, it's, it's-

MATT

Cheap?

Jerry is embarrassed and closes his eyes and smiles.

JERRY

I didn't mean-

MATT

No, you're right, it is. Way ahead
of you, babe.

JERRY

Oh! Are you taking me somewhere
else?

MATT

Maybe.

JERRY

You know what I want?

MATT

Yeah, but the refractory period
isn't over yet.

JERRY

No, you pervert! (He slaps Matt in
the arm)

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

I want to get a place somewhere
far, far, far away, with house boys
and a sex dungeon.

Jerry sits on the bed with his clothes. They kiss.

MATT

We're getting there, babe. Someday
we'll have everything we want. Like
for real. If this thing goes well,
the sky's the limit.

JERRY

Promise?

MATT

I promise.

JERRY

As long as we can still look, look,
look this good, good, good.

MATT

The stuttering is getting worse,
babe.

JERRY

They said it's normal. That I'll,
I'll, I'll be back to normal soon.

MATT

Well, I don't care how you sound,
as long as you do look this good.

JERRY

Aww, that's the sweetest thing
you've ever-

Jerry hears a noise and looks at the door. Matt stares at
Jerry, almost as if he's unaware that anything has changed.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Did you hear that?

We see the door.

Silence.

Matt smiles oddly.

MATT

Jerry? Can you hear me?

Jerry takes his hand.

JERRY

I don't like it here. I, I, I want
to leave.

We close up on the door. No sounds can be heard.

Matt turns to the door and stands up.

MATT

Jerry? Look at me, Jerry. Look at
me.

Jerry nods, but keeps looking at the door.

MATT (CONT'D)

Hey!

Jerry snaps out of it and looks at Matt.

MATT (CONT'D)

You good?

Jerry nods again.

JERRY

Yeah. Yeah, I'm good. Where to
next?

MATT

Surprise, remember.

JERRY

Right.

Matt whistles as he finishes dressing. Jerry looks back to
the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. YOGA STUDIO- DAY

Tarell walks up to the generic, but very hipstery yoga studio
and walks inside.

INT. YOGA STUDIO RECEPTION

-Continuous

The yoga instructor whose name is probably Megan or Toni
smiles at Tarell.

TARELL

Hi.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Hey....Tony.

TARELL

It's Tarell.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Right.

Just then a much younger, hotter Yogi cuts in front of Tarell to check in. Tarell just stands there with a look on his face that seems to be asking, Am I invisible?

GAY YOGI

Bitch look at you. Look at your booty in those new pants. I fucking hate you.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Oh my god, you dumb bitch! I'm so glad you're here! So many basic randos in class these days. I thought you were like shipped off to like some Russian city to be a male order bride or something.

GAY YOGI

Ugh! Don't I wish. I was in Nepal and then Cambodia. Yawn. My boyfriend is like doing outreach for different major political charities or whatever. But like Cambodia is so Asia minor. Which is for sure not sats, but I did get a parasite.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Oh no.

GAY YOGI

Luckily it was a stomach one, so that last five pounds is finally gone!

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

You do look better.

GAY YOGI

Well and with the botox.

He turns his face side to side so she can really see how good he looks.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Ugh! You look like a teenager. So jelly.

GAY YOGI

Just increasing my face value.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Respect.

GAY YOGI

Right!? I just don't trust people that age naturally. It's gross. (*His phone rings*) Gotta take this. You're fierce. Hate you. Kisses. See you in there.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Yeah, yeah, grab a block for class, you gorgeous beast!

The young, hot guy walks away answering his phone, mouthing the word "thanks," Tarell shakes his head and walks up to Yoga instructor.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. You're back.

TARELL

Yeah. I know. Gotta keep going, right?

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Oh my god, for sure.

She's typing something into her phone. Tarell nods.

TARELL

So...Grab a block?

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Thanks, poodle.

He shakes his head.

CUT TO:

YOGA STUDIO- DAY

It's near the end of class. All the men in class are shirtless except for Tarell, they also all have perfect bodies and hair. They are on their backs in a supine twist pose, legs to one side, head to the other. We see Tarell trying to get his leg to touch the ground, but he's not flexible enough.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Remember...you are where you are.
We're all at different places. And that's okay. Just take a moment and center. Feel your chakras...doing the thing they do. And just center. Just. Focus.

Tarell's eyes wander to the perfect guy next to him, who's basically perfected the stretch. The guy's eyes are closed and Tarell looks at his perfectly ripped, tanned and glistening body. The yoga instructor only speaks in that soft, yoga instructor tone.

TARELL (V.O.)

Okay. Focus. Breathe. Just breathe.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

You are fierce.

TARELL (V.O.)

I am fierce.

He's really staring at the guy now. This both turns him on and depresses him, so he switches sides, and just as he settles into the other side stretch, he sees a hot guy right next to him on that side.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

You are fierce.

TARELL (V.O.)

Okay. Yeah. I am fierce. I'm fierce.

He turns his head and sees the yoga instructor in the reflection of the mirror. She is looking right at him,

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

You're fierce.

TARELL (V.O.)

Yeah. I am!

He smiles and nods a little.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
You're also really fat.

His smile turns to a frown.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
Look around. Take it all in. That's what real beauty looks like. You're making the class uglier. Because you're Fat. But also, and more importantly, you're ugly. So take a deep breath in...Hold it at the top. No one will ever love you. And deep breath out. Everyone thinks you're gross. You fat, ugly fuck.

TARELL
Okay!

Discouraged, he sits up and looks at himself in the mirror in the front of class, and realizes he's a troll in the middle of a beautiful man forest. He throws his towel over his head.

CUT TO:

INT. YOGA STUDIO RECEPTION

Dressed for work now, Jeans and button-up shirt, neither fits quite right, Tarell is leaving the studio, and he walks past the front desk where the Yoga instructor is talking to two hot guys.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
Keep pushing yourself, Thomas! Yoga doesn't care what your body looks like.

TARELL
Um. Thanks. It's Tarell actually. But whatever. Thomas is fine. It was a /great class.

HOT GUY 1
Girl! Did you wanna see the profile of the guy I've been DL fucking behind my bf's back? He's like a scorching eleven on like a scale of fifteenish.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
Absolutely! I one-hundred percent need to see that.

Tarell sort of waves, but she's too busy grabbing the hot guy's phone to see a pic of another hot guy to notice him. And so Tarell just walks away like the dejected piece of shit he clearly is.

TARELL
I hate this town.

CUT TO:

Montage:

West Hollywood. Nightclubs, muscle boys, daddies, you know, a Weho weekday. All set to gay music. Yeah, that's right, gay music.

We close in on two men walking. One of the men is ANDREW, he's young, dumb and full of prescription street drugs named after American Girl Dolls. Andrew is wearing beach wear, you know short shorts, mesh tank, arm floaties, the works. The man next to him, is BURTON, his bestie and total cunt. Burton is wearing gender fluid everything. They are both on their phones, texting, swiping, spinning. The music fades but is still present as we follow these two stereotypes down the gay streets of Weho proper. They speak...really fucking fast, so pay attention.

ANDREW
Should I get my asshole bleached?

BURTON
That's a big decision.

ANDREW
There's a whole lot to consider.

BURTON
You remember Claude?

ANDREW
The queen that punctured my pocket
butthole with his pisshole spike.
No, who's that?

BURTON
His end was totally tragic. He got
his asshole bleached, met the love
of his life, Parker, and moved to
Palm Springs to sell ukulele
strings to stoned out homosexual
seniors.

ANDREW
Okay, well all of that is tragic.

BURTON
Six months later he was dead.

ANDREW
Yeah, wasn't he hit by a UPS truck?

BURTON
Exactly. So before you bleach, ask yourself, what can brown do for you?

ANDREW
Wait, he was with Parker?

BURTON
Yeah, they met at Queen Jane's annual Bleach Butthole Bingo- just to keep this congruous- It was a whole thing.

ANDREW
Parker? I thought Parker was with Malcolm?

BURTON
No Malcolm is with Carter?

ANDREW
But he used to be with Parker?

BURTON
No, that was Carter, he was with Carter just after he broke up with Marco. After Julio.

ANDREW
But before Tony?

BURTON
And Tony was the one who cheated on Sean with Mario.

ANDREW
And then married Mario's ex, Vic, who was Malcolm's first.

BURTON
No, Vic was Ashton's first.

ANDREW
I thought Sean was with Ashton.

BURTON
Yeah, but that was before Sean was
with Tristan.

ANDREW
Eli's Tristan?

BURTON
No, The Tristan that was with Mario
after Tony before he went with Vic
who then cheated on him with the
other Tristan's Topher.

ANDREW
Topher cheated on Bryce?

BURTON
Ohmagod! Okay! Bryce was with
Topher after Ashton who dated Mario
when he left Vic for Spencer who
was with Hunter after Justin but
before Tony who left Vic for
Malcolm who then broke up with him
for Parker who then died by way of
on-time delivery.

Andrew thinks for a moment...Then nods.

ANDREW
That tracks.

Burton groans as he watches something on his phone.

BURTON
Have you seen these weird
commercials for His corpse?

ANDREW
I think it's pronounced HIS Core.

BURTON
A gay nightmare?

Burton looks up from his phone, irritated.

BURTON (CONT'D)
What even is a gay nightmare?

ANDREW
I don't know, being trapped in an
episode of Entourage? Let me see.

Burton hands Andrew the phone.

BURTON

Whateves. I'm over it. What's on the sheds for the night?

ANDREW

I've told you! My opening.

BURTON

Gross. Never say that to me again.

ANDREW

The photographer who wanted to shoot my colon from a treehouse, you remember the litigious one who tried to copyright the word "prostate"? Well, he's hanging one of the photos he shot of my butthole in a gallery tonight..It's very high art, by which I mean everyone was high during the shoot and I'm pretty sure he does photography to keep his meth ring afloat.

BURTON

He wears a meth ring?

ANDREW

There'll be like alcohol and cheese. You should totally come.

BURTON

But if I look at a photo of your butthole, how will I ever come again?

ANDREW

It's a great space. Super millennial. It's a gallery that used to be a blood bank that got repurposed as an ice cream parlor for very upsetting reasons, but then it burned down and now it's a performance art slash homeless hangout space with only a partial roof and like asbestos warnings everywhere. Hashtag artlife.

BURTON

I don't go to openings. They come to me.

ANDREW

Lots of rich daddies with open
checkbooks lookin' at real bad art,
I may be slightly illiterate
because of an as-yet undiagnosed
form of dyslexia, but I think that
might spell romance.

BURTON

What's a checkbook?

ANDREW

I know, right?

Burton looks up from his phone. He's had a thought.

BURTON

Did you say cheese?

ANDREW

I knew you'd get there.

The camera stops, they continue walking out of frame.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SODOMITE ARMS APT. BUILDING- DAY

Camera starts at street level and then cranes up to a third
story window, inside is a bedroom. Let's go inside.

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM- DAY

Continuous:

We are inside the bedroom of WILL. A young...ish, Latino
boy...ish, who is standing in front of his mirrored closet
doors, looking at himself in just a speedo. He's fit. Like
real fit. Like athlete fit. But he's not happy with what he
sees. He turns, he checks himself from every angle. Sitting
on the bed behind him, scrolling fiercely through Grindr is
JOSUE, a hot, really hot Latino who is bored with his friend,
and looking to leave to have sex with an anonymous hottie.
You know, how ya do.

WILL

I can't! I can't do it. I can't go
on this online date.

JOSUE

Why not?

WILL

I'm fat.

JOSUE

Fat? Okay, Will, honey, have you been huffing those off-brand markers again?

WILL

Josue, I am almost...three decades old.

JOSUE

Thirty.

WILL

Shut up! And I'm still single. Why? Am I not pretty enough? Not thin enough? What more do I have to do? Oh god, do I have to start taking those Korean diuretics again? Because, and I mean this literally, I don't think I have it in me!

Josue is really into a nude photo of a guy on his phone.

JOSUE

What is it about men? They are so hot.

WILL

Okay well you're not gonna help me, you're just a latino stereotype.

Josue looks up from his phone.

JOSUE

Que? You wanna fuck?

WILL

No. No, I don't. I want a husband.

JOSUE

That's over my paid grade.

Will takes a photo of his bare torso and posts it. He waits a second.

WILL

Ugh! Only two hundred likes so far. Am I not influencing people anymore?

Josue picks up a piece of mail from the nightstand. It looks like a junk flyer.

JOSUE

What is this?

Will turns to him.

WILL

What? Oh, I don't know. It's some launch party for that HIS Corps place.

JOSUE

It says it's a pool party.

WILL

Yeah, I met a guy who works there. I let him jerk me off in an equinox steam room. He cried and called me Amber. And then he handed me that flier. It wasn't great.

JOSUE

This is a gay pool party. Like hot, gay guys? Like at a pool?

WILL

What is HIS Corps anyway?

Josue reads the bottom of the flyer, where it says, "Gay, the better way."

JOSUE

Gay the better way? What is that supposed to mean?

WILL

Ugh. It's probably a trick for conversion therapy.

JOSUE

So like hot, self-hating gay guys in bathing suits? Um, sign me up please.

WILL

Josue! Stop talking. That pool party isn't even until next month. I need help with this date tonight.

JOSUE

Fine. Let me help. Do you wanna fuck?

Will sighs. Josue stands up and puts the flyer in his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. A MALIBU RESTAURANT- DAY

Matt and Jerry are alone at a table in a beautiful restaurant. They are sitting at a table next to a huge window that overlooks the ocean. The other tables are set with china and silverware, fanned napkins placed inside large wine glasses. Jerry and Matt are looking at each other, as if they're in love, or something. We close in on them from the other side of the restaurant. They don't speak until the camera stops on them.

MATT

This is more like it, right.

JERRY

It's beautiful.

MATT

And the food tastes better than anything you've ever tasted.

JERRY

Ooh. I can't, can't, can't wait.

Beat. Matt cocks his head a bit as if something is wrong, even though Jerry hasn't changed.

MATT

What is it?

JERRY

Nothing.

Matt doesn't quite believe him. Matt picks up a coffee cup and takes a sip. Jerry nervously looks to the other side of the restaurant. There is a man, not a waiter, but an employee of some kind, standing near the kitchen door, staring at Jerry. Jerry is nervous.

MATT

I thought you'd like it here.

JERRY

I do.

MATT

What are you thinking, right now?

JERRY
How lucky we are.

The man at the door, smiles a creepy little smile at Jerry.
Jerry shoots Matt a look.

MATT
What?

JERRY
I think he's here.

MATT
What?

Jerry has figured something out.

JERRY
Yeah, he's definitely here.

MATT
Jerry.

JERRY
Oh no!

Jerry stands quickly. Matt doesn't move. The man by the door
also doesn't move. They both stare at Jerry.

MATT
Jerry? You're making a scene.
Jerry. You should sit down, Jerry.

JERRY
I want to go, go, go home. Ahh! Why
are you doing this?

MATT
Sit down, Jerry.

JERRY
Take me home, home, home!

MATT
That's enough, Jerry.

JERRY
He's trying to, to, to-

Matt stands and is very angry.

MATT
I said! Sit down! Jerry.

Jerry nervously sits. Matt sits and puts his napkin back in his lap. He doesn't look at Jerry.

MATT (CONT'D)

Now eat your food, Jerry. Don't make this harder than it has to be.

Jerry looks down at his plate. He has a plate full of food he hasn't touched. He picks up a fork. He sees that the man by the door is no longer looking at him, but is staring off. Jerry's head jerks a little, as if he's shaking off a bad idea and then suddenly he seems different.

JERRY

I'm Sorry, baby. I'm just, just, just...

Matt looks up and smiles at Jerry.

MATT

It's all good, babe. You're just, just, just getting "better."

Matt smiles at Jerry, who nods hoping he can believe it. And then they continue eating.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING-DAY

Burton and Andrew approach Burton's building, it's kind of old and run down, on a questionable street. Bass from music nearby can be heard. A few neighborhood people are sort of loitering around.

ANDREW

That is not racist!

BURTON

So racist.

ANDREW

You think everything is racist.

They both stop walking.

BURTON

Yeah, because everything white people say is racist. Just like everything straight people say is racist. Also...Mexicans.

Burton walks toward his mailbox.

ANDREW

Wow! Looks like the shoe's on the other racist foot now.

Burton turns to him very disappointed in him

BURTON

That was weak.

ANDREW

Your mom's weak.

BURTON

Uh, yeah, she has MS.

Burton goes back to the mailbox.

BURTON (CONT'D)

You're lucky my fortune cookie this morning told me to be nice to someone.

ANDREW

Oh, is that how fortune cookies work?

Burton takes the mail out of his box and turns dramatically to Andrew.

BURTON

Oh! I'm sorry. Are you explaining my culture to me!? Cuz, I'm pretty sure the only white guys who are allowed to do that are the lab techs at the clinic who tell me, you have oral gonorrhea ...again. Please take these pills and this literature, you may have a problem.

Andrew rolls his eyes and goes back to his phone. Burton looks through his mail.

Bill collector, bill collector, HIS CORPS flier. He looks at the flier.

BURTON (CONT'D)

Well, what in homo-hell...

ANDREW

What is it now?

BURTON

This. Look at this.

Burton holds the flier for Andrew to see. Andrew takes it.

ANDREW
HIS CORPS. again? What is this?

BURTON
I think it's a conspiracy.

Andrew is confused.

ANDREW
Of what?

BURTON
I actually haven't gotten that deep
into the thought yet.

Andrew reads the flier out loud.

ANDREW
Gay, a better way? I don't get it.
There's a bad way?

BURTON
Apparently the company is launching
something at a pool party next
month?

ANDREW
Why are you invited?

BURTON
I have friends, Andrew!

ANDREW
No, you don't.

BURTON
Yeah, I know this must be a
mistake.

Burton closes his mailbox.

CUT TO:

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM

We can now see that the room has clothes everywhere. Will has been trying on everything he owns, and he's not having any of it. Josue flops back on the bed and goes back to his phone.

WILL

I have nothing to wear!

JOSUE

Stop being so dramatic.

WILL

I'm not dramatic. And don't tell me what to do. My father did that right before he shot himself and like... six of our neighbors. Such a trigger. It was an old gun, faulty trigger.

Will looks at his own ass in the mirror and kind of approves. He then turns to Josue who is very engrossed with his phone.

WILL (CONT'D)

Okay, so no pressure, because I really don't like things that squeeze me, but if this guy isn't the one, I'm going to drown myself in the fountain out front!

JOSUE

Dios mio. Papi, do you think I'm a sex addict?

WILL

Look at me! I'm cute, right? I'm like a little gay tea kettle.

He stands like a tea kettle and poses in the mirror. Just cuz.

WILL (CONT'D)

Mostly because if you drop me I'll shatter. But I also whistle when I'm hot and Asians love me.

Josue is especially impressed with the photo of the guy he's chatting with on Grindr and holds the phone up for Will to see.

JOSUE

Should I fuck this guy?

WILL

I mean, this date tonight is like fifty ribeye tripping balls on Molly.

Josue actually was listening and stares with a what the fuck face.

WILL (CONT'D)
It's really high stakes.

Josue gets immediately distracted by a pic that comes in via text on his phone.

JOSUE
Well I definitely have to fuck this guy!

Will is back in the mirror looking at every flaw he can find.

WILL
I'm disgusting aren't I? I don't want to be disgusting.

Josue is staring at an ass. It doesn't matter whose. He's having a moment.

JOSUE
I don't want to be a sex addict. That means I have to stop having sex. But maybe I'm afraid to stop having sex because I'm a sex addict. Oh my god. It's like a circle. Or a ring. Or a really hot guy's butthole.

Will is standing so close to the mirror his nose is almost touching...itself.

WILL
This is the best I'll ever be.
(Beat; his eyes widen) Oh god. That was a terrifying flash forward!

Josue goes up behind Will and almost, but doesn't touch him. It's kinda hot.

JOSUE
Should we just fuck? Would that help?

Will turns dramatically and they are face to face.

WILL
No, we're roommates. It would complicate things.

JOSUE
Why?

WILL
Because I'm super dramatic, and
wouldn't be able to handle it.

JOSUE
Oh.

WILL
Plus, you're a sex addict.

JOSUE
Oh my god, I am, aren't I?

WILL
And I'm just one eating disorder
away from being the best me I can
be. So it would be...super...wrong.

They almost kiss, but at the last second they both turn away.
This is not silent.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP- DAY

A gay coffee shop. It looks like a Starbucks, but with a rainbow as a logo under the name which is "Big Grindr" Gay men are walking into it, and a few people pass by on the street.

INT. COFFEE SHOP- DAY

Tarell is in line, waiting to order his coffee. He has his phone in his hand reading an article about something, when the person behind him taps him on the shoulder. He turns around, a heavy set man of about 35 smiles at him.

COFFEE CUSTOMER
Are you Pig handler 27?

Tarell is so caught off guard.

TARELL
I'm sorry, what?

COFFEE CUSTOMER
I'm supposed to meet this guy, his
screen name on the app is Pig
Handler 27? I don't get the 27.
Maybe it's his age. Is it you?

The guy holds his phone up so Tarell can see an erect penis, covered in shit. Tarell reacts audibly.

TARELL

Ahh! Why?! I would never. That's upsetting.

Tarell looks around to make sure no one else saw that. The guy puts his phone down and is very serious.

COFFEE CUSTOMER

Some people like poop. Okay, Princess. Jesus. Judge much? Let me guess; you're a missionary style- I wish I could just be normal kinda faggot, right?

TARELL

I'm sorry, did you just call me-

COFFEE CUSTOMER

Grow up! Homophobia exists, you straight-washed, I assume Cis-gendered fuck bucket.

Tarell's mouth is open but he can't respond.

COFFEE CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

Order your coffee, Gay Hitler!

Disoriented, Tarell turns to see that he is next in line. He moves toward the barista to order, but he's still a bit in shock.

BARISTA

Hi. Was the line not long enough? Not enough time for you to make up your mind?

TARELL

Uh, no, I'll have-

COFFEE CUSTOMER

Make his privileged ass wait! Some of us know what we want. We don't need to be validated by heteronormative, patriarchal bullshit!

BARISTA

Dude, there's a line.

TARELL

I just want coffee.

COFFEE CUSTOMER
What a special snowflake!

BARISTA
Okay, you just literally ordered a non-specific version of everything we sell.

COFFEE CUSTOMER
What a basic fuck!

TARELL
Coffee! Just. Black coffee.

COFFEE CUSTOMER
What size? You dumb bitch!

Tarell turns to the customer, he's ready to engage.

BARISTA
You look like a Medium. Medium black coffee. Generic. What's your name? Or should I just write Sad?

Tarell turns back to the barista.

TARELL
My name is Tarell.

BARISTA
I'm not gonna ask how to spell that.

COFFEE CUSTOMER
He probably just made it up to seem more interesting, cuz he's basically the Chik Fil-A of people. Cuz he's bad for you, but pretends not to be, and no gay guy would be caught dead inside of him!

BARISTA
That'll be two dollars and you-might-as-well-be-straight cents.

The barista smiles sincerely. Tarell hands him a credit card. The barista very bitchily points to the credit card machine next to Tarell.

BARISTA (CONT'D)
The machine is next to you. It's been there for well over a year.

The barista stops smiling and raises an eyebrow

COFFEE CUSTOMER
Come on! You fucking vagina
sniffer!

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP- DAY

Tarell walks out of the coffee shop, coffee cup in hand, and a look of shock on his face. He walks a few feet from the door, very slowly, he looks back at the coffee shop. He turns to the street, a bus is driving by, and stopping at the red light in front of Tarell. The side of the bus has an advertisement. That says, "H.I.S CORPS. Gay! The Better way!" Tarell reads the sign, and then remembers something.

TARELL
Shit!

He takes out his phone and scrolls until the name WEN pops up, he hits call and holds the phone to his ear.

TARELL (CONT'D)
Hey Wen, what's up? Sorry. Yeah, I forgot. I've had a weird morning. Yeah. Yeah, I'll be there tonight. Yeah. Are you sure? It's one-hundred percent safe? Okay. Yeah. I gotta go, I'm late for work.

He starts to walk across the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. H.I.S CORP- DAY

The building is a medium-sized brick building surrounded by trees. It's in a fairly secluded looking area. The sign in front of the building reads H.I.S CORPS in big block letters.

INT. WEN'S OFFICE, H.I.S CORPS- DAY

Wen is in a white lab coat, in a small office with three computers on a large table and no window. Wen is holding his phone up to his ear.

WEN

Safe? Why wouldn't it be safe?
You're being weird, and I don't
have facial clues to pick up on
over the phone, so...we should stop
talking. Okay. Yes. You should go
to work, I'll see you tonight. Good
Bye.

Wen puts his phone down. And he goes back to one of the computers. It looks like he's entering code into it. ROME enters, also in a lab coat, she shares this office with WEN, she's carrying two coffees.

ROME

They were out of almond milk.

WEN

That's unacceptable. How can a
coffee kiosk be out of almond milk?
Has the world devolved into utter
chaos.

ROME

They had hemp milk.

WEN

That's not even close to the same
thing. That's like ordering a pizza
and receiving a football. You
wouldn't eat a football, would you?

ROME

I would not.

Rome sets both coffees down and sits near Wen at her own monitor. After a moment of silence, where Wen is merely staring at his coffee as if it's a foreign object.

ROME (CONT'D)

So, how's everything in the--?

WEN

No. I'm sorry. I don't interact
with my lab assistants. Nothing
personal, I think I'm slightly on
the spectrum and I don't like your
lipstick color. So.

Wen goes back to his computer. Rome nods, accepts this and sits at her computer. Wen takes a sip of coffee and winces.

WEN (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, that's real bad.

ROME

Sorry.

Wen ignores her and stares at his computer screen.

WEN

Huh.

ROME

What?

WEN

Hmm?

Wen looks up at her confused.

ROME

You said, "huh." Why?

WEN

I saw an anomaly.

ROME

Oh. Where?

WEN

I haven't cross-checked it yet, so I'm not one hundred percent confident to speak about it at this time. Hence the huh. May I go back to the screen now?

ROME

Uh, yeah. Sure.

Wen looks closer, it looks like vital signs happening all across the bottom of the screen, under it are the words:
Subject: G- ZERO

WEN

Response to simulation is negative.

ROME

Are you talking about Subject zero?

WEN

I was talking to myself.

Rome shrugs this off again and continues to work.

WEN (CONT'D)

Wait!

Wen starts typing rapidly. Rome looks at him as if he's crazy. She wants to ask, but realizes it would be pointless, so she just keeps working. Wen suddenly stops typing.

WEN (CONT'D)

I'll have to change the experiment tonight.

Wen looks up.

WEN (CONT'D)

I'll have to use my friend. It might not be safe. But I just told him it was safe. Oh no. I lied. Without knowing it.

Rome turns to him.

ROME

Do you always speak your inner-monologues?

WEN

Why is she talking to me still?

Wen makes eye contact with her and stares a moment.

ROME

Are you okay?

WEN

This launch next month, I think there might be an ulterior motive that could be devastating to the attendants of the launch.

ROME

What? Why would you say that?

WEN

The anomaly I earlier referenced. I think HIS Corps might have an operative that wants to do something less than noble.

ROME

Like what?

Wen has to consider this.

WEN

How are you at handling devastating news?

ROME

I didn't freak out when they told
me who my new lab partner was, did
I?

Beat.

WEN

I don't get humor.

ROME

Right. I handle it fine.

WEN

Good. Because I never speak in
hyperbole, and I think someone in
this company is out to
...destroy the world.

Dramatic music.

End of Episode 1

EPISODE 2

DARKNESS

Announcer's voice is heard again.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Ever wondered how good it would
feel to be better?

FADE IN:

Perfect Gay man is there, this time he's on a swing. Slowly swinging back and forth, with a giant smile on his face. Behind him is the Eiffel Tower, CGI of course.

PERFECT GAY
I wasn't happy. Not until I got
better.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Wouldn't you like to gay...this
way?

Close up on Perfect Gay, he has a look underneath the smile of genuine terror.

PERFECT GAY
Thanks to HIS CORPS. (*he takes a
breath*) Now I really know how to
gay. The better way.

Another smile. Head tilts to the side.

Blackness. Silence.

EXT. A GAY DINER- DAY

The diner is called "Gay Diner". Tarell is on his laptop in a corner table. The diner is filled with attractive gay men, all on a device or sitting very close to another man canoodling. Tarell doesn't want to be seen, so he stays pretty low almost in his computer screen. He has an empty glass of ice, and a plate with a napkin on it, he's just finished eating. A gay waiter approaches with a water pitcher. He's just finished watching the ad we just saw and he opens an email.

GAY WAITER
You want more water?

TARELL

No thanks.

The waiter leans in and sees the HIS Corps logo on the computer.

GAY WAITER

Oh, HIS Corpse. I know about them.

TARELL

I think it's pronounced core.

GAY WAITER

They have those gay ads, right?

TARELL

Yeah.

GAY WAITER

And I heard that guy that's in the ads, you know that really hot one. I heard they found his dead body in a dumpster with no skin on it.

TARELL

What?! That can't be right?

Tarell starts Googling this.

GAY WAITER

Mmhmm. Rumor has it, he was held against his will and forced to be the face of the company, and when he tried to escape, they scalped him. Hashtag bury my heart at wounded knee rules.

Tarell reads an article that suggests the exact thing the waiter just told him. The headline is "Gay model found skinned" Tarell reads intently until.

GAY WAITER (CONT'D)

I told you! What does His Corps even stand for anyway?

TARELL

Um-actually I don't know.

GAY WAITER

I heard they kidnap gay men and turn them into Scientologists.

TARELL

I don't think that's-

GAY WAITER

Do you work there? What are you reading? I can lean in and ask personal questions because obviously I'm better looking than you and therefore more important.

The waiter sets the water pitcher on the table and looks closer. Tarell gets nervous and turns the computer back to himself.

GAY WAITER (CONT'D)

So what is this? It is like a state secret? Like the President's underground bunker, or the nuclear codes, or Lady Gaga's real name.

TARELL

Well, it's Stefani. And no, it's just, um, it's actually, it's an invite. To their launch party.

The waiter looks at Tarell with surprise.

GAY WAITER

Shut up! Her name is Stefani? That's so Orange County. And launch party? Launch, you mean something that takes off like a rocket? Like Ipods, or Pokemon, or Lady Gaga's film career? When and where? How do I get there?

Gay waiter turns the computer back toward himself and reads.

TARELL

Um, it's only, it's actually just by invite only.

GAY WAITER

So, invite me? And why did you get an invite? Do you work there? Are there like really hot guys everywhere? Is it just sex and drugs and stuff. Cuz, like, that's amazing. Hashtag, I obviously love Lady Gaga.

TARELL

No, it's not, I don't work there. One of my friends does.

GAY WAITER

Have you seen those ads? Be a better faggot, or whatever.

TARELL

You mean, Gay, the better way?

GAY WAITER

Yeah! How do we do that?

TARELL

Well, I think you can go to their website. I don't actually have any information. I've never been. Sorry.

Tarell pulls his computer back to himself and looks into it, ignoring the waiter.

GAY WAITER

Well you should check it out. You should definitely gay a better way. If you know what I mean. I mean your hair. And back fat. And those pants. And that body. And like everything from the neck up. And down. So....

The gay waiter walks away. Tarell closes his eyes and shakes his head for a moment and then looks at the computer screen. It's an invite for HIS Corps. Launch party. It has a date and time and the man from the ads, the perfect one, smiling. The bottom reads, "Mention Garabombie, for a special surprise." Tarell mouths the word Garabombie. The word confuses him.

TARELL

Garabombie?

Blackout

In the blackness, the Man's voice is heard once again.

MAN (V.O.)

Okay. Let's try this again.

POV:

Eyes open, same as beginning. It takes a moment again to focus. Man is smiling, same as before.

MAN

You are a stubborn one. You're making this very difficult.

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

The world cannot change, if we resist it. I don't want to hurt you. You're going to force me to hurt you. Unless you cooperate. So? Are you going to cooperate?

After a moment. The camera nods because it's the POV of the person he's talking to, and he or she does, in fact, understand.

MAN (CONT'D)

Good. Good. I need you to stop trying to do things. You have to let this happen.

The person looks around trying to assess where the hell they are. After a second.

MAN (CONT'D)

No, no, look at me. Look at me.

Back to stillness on the man's face.

MAN (CONT'D)

There you go. You're the wrong kind of person. You know that. But you want to be better, don't you?

A hesitant nod.

MAN (CONT'D)

That's a good boy. That's a very, very good boy. We're almost there. Soon you'll be joined by others. Soon we'll take over. We're almost ready. Soon you won't remember anything at all. You're all mine now.

Dramatic music.

Evil smile on man's face.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIS CORPS.- AFTERNOON.

INT. HIS CORPS. WAITING ROOM

It's a fabulous waiting room. It's pristine and white and Perfect. The tables are all glass, like legs and all.

Tarell is waiting in a comfy recliner chair, reading The Advocate when WEN appears by the reception desk. He waves to Tarell. Tarell smiles and gets up and goes to him.

TARELL

Hey.

WEN

Yes. Hey. You can follow me back here.

TARELL

Okay.

They walk down a long hallway, past doors that are all closed.

WEN

I know I told you that everything was totally safe tonight, but I may have spoken hastily and without all knowledge aforethought.

TARELL

Okay. I don't know what that means.

WEN

I think I need you for an experiment that might not be totally safe.

TARELL

What? What do you mean?

WEN

What I just said. It's an experiment. There's a small amount of danger whenever you want to be on the cutting edge of anything, at least anything worth being on the cutting edge of, and I thought you said you wanted to try it.

TARELL

I did. But I'm confused. What is happening here? I keep seeing all these ads, and I got a flier in the mail that was like super cryptic and weird, but it had like a really hot guy on it, so I'm pretty sure I have to go to it. Whatever it is.

(MORE)

TARELL (CONT'D)

And then I heard that the guy who does all the ads for you guys was like found in a garbage can with none of his skin. So like what's going on here?

WEN

I told you, I'm sworn to secrecy. Like life or death secrecy. But this experiment will illuminate some of it for you. Or not. We just don't know yet. And you might notice some side effects.

TARELL

What? What kind of side effects?

WEN

That's unclear at this juncture. Most likely blindness or some kind of brain cancer?

TARELL

What?!

WEN

Hey! I had to get you special clearance for this very privileged experiment. Luckily you're an unattractive gay, so no one cared.

TARELL

Oh gee, I'm flattered.

A door near Tarell opens and he stops walking. He peeks in and sees a naked man hooked up to a bunch of machines, with a lab tech, spraying whipped cream on him. Tarell is confused and wants to say something, but Wen closes the door.

WEN

Let's keep walking.

TARELL

Umm...

Wen walks away, Tarell rushes to catch him.

TARELL (CONT'D)

You have to tell me what's going on.

Wen stops walking and takes a breath. He looks around to make sure no one is listening.

WEN

Tarell. I can't talk about it.

TARELL

Okay. At least tell me everything is okay.

WEN

I can't tell you anything. It's super sensitive.

TARELL

Like my eczema.

WEN

And it might be dangerous.

TARELL

Like my asthma.

WEN

And it has to be a secret.

TARELL

Like my...*(He stops himself before he gives it away)*

WEN

You'll be monitored, so there shouldn't be any permanent damage.

TARELL

Jesus.

WEN

I said there shouldn't be.

Tarell sees that Wen is deathly serious. Rome appears around the corner, and she and Wen make eye contact. Rome nods, Wen nods. Tarell looks back at Rome and then to Wen.

TARELL

I mean. Yeah. Okay. I guess I trust you.

WEN

Good. Wait here.

Wen goes to Rome. Tarell watches intently.

TARELL

(To himself)

It was hemorrhoids, I have hemorrhoids.

INT. BURTON'S BEDROOM- DAY

The room is a mess. Like for real. Clothes everywhere, the bed is not made. The walls are covered in posters of female pop stars: Pink, Lady Gaga, Madonna, Katy Perry. Burton is wearing a Kimono and standing near the bathroom door. He also has a white cream mask on his face, because all gay men have a white cream mask on their face when getting ready to go to a party. Andrew is looking at his phone sitting on Burton's bed. Again, they talk real fucking fast.

BURTON
Hashtag tangent!

ANDREW
Get ready! Jesus... Didn't take
this much time to come back from
the dead.

BURTON
Okay, if we're gonna go down that
road...you're gonna have to explain
to me what that means!

JUMP CUT:

Burton is now sitting on the bed, Andrew is standing near him. Burton has a shocked look on his face.

Title card over image reads

LITERALLY TWO MINUTES LATER

BURTON (CONT'D)
That's what white people believe?

ANDREW
Christians. Not whites.

BURTON
You say potato, I say forced
colonial assimilation.

ANDREW
Anyway...back to my opening.

BURTON
That one's too easy.

ANDREW
Right. But I'm sort of working
there tonight.

BURTON
Gross. We're millennials, we don't
work, we gig.

ANDREW
Fine! I'm gigging the opening
tonight.

BURTON
Well now you're just making it
sexual.

ANDREW
And I know how you feel about doing
anything.

BURTON
I'm against it.

ANDREW
But I need your help, the bartender
got sick at the last minute and my
friend is sort of screwed.

BURTON
I hate being sort of screwed. Why
can't men wait until I'm done?

ANDREW
So get dressed, you're our new
bartender.

Andrew forces a smile.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Thanks. Love you.

Burton takes a moment and then stands up to confront Andrew.

BURTON
I can't express in words, because I
don't know enough of them, the
anguish you have given me. So...

Burton gives him a face to convey his anguish and holds it.

CUT TO:

EXT. A MALIBU BEACH HOUSE- DAY

It's a perfect sunny day. The house is stunningly beautiful,
on a cliff over the looking the Pacific.

INT. BEACH HOME BEDROOM-

The bedroom is all white. Perfectly decorated, right out of a magazine complete with a floor to ceiling window overlooking the sea. Jerry and Matt, both in white linen pants and dress shirts are standing in the middle of the room.

JERRY

Why did you bring me here?

MATT

I thought you'd want to see it.

JERRY

Is it ours?

MATT

It could be.

JERRY

I could, could, could get used to this. My god.

Jerry walks to the closet and flips the light on. It's the size of another bedroom.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Oh my god! If my closet looked, looked, looked like this I never would have come out of it.

Matt smiles at Jerry's excitement.

MATT

Are you happy?

JERRY

I am. Thank you, babe.

Jerry, amazed, walks over to the window to take in the view.

JERRY (CONT'D)

It's amazing.

Matt walks up behind Jerry. Jerry's face suddenly changes a bit. He feels that Matt is right behind him and he looks a bit worried.

MATT

It's okay. We're alone, Jerry.
We're all alone.

JERRY

Yeah.

Matt tries to see Jerry's face, Jerry doesn't move.

MATT
This is our future.

Jerry closes his eyes. He's remembering something.

JERRY
Right. That's, that's, that's
right.

MATT
Hey.

Matt puts his hand on Jerry's shoulder. Jerry turns to him and opens his eyes. He forces a smile.

JERRY
I could be happy here.

He hugs Matt.

MATT
Me too.

JERRY
I could be better.

Jerry smiles and then he sees the door to the bedroom. It's closed and his face drops. He's terrified of what's on the other side of it. He stares at it in fear.

Music.

Slow zoom to the door.

Back to Jerry's terrified face.

Back to the door.

Matt breaks this by releasing Jerry from the embrace.

MATT
I got an idea! Let's fire up the
hot tub!

JERRY
How long can we stay?

MATT
As long as we want.

JERRY
I didn't bring a bathing, bathing,
bathing suit.

Matt gives Jerry a look.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Did I?

MATT
I don't think we need to worry
about that. Silly! Besides, we got
some time before the event tonight.

Matt tussles Jerry's hair.

MATT (CONT'D)
Such a sexy man.

Jerry smiles a little shyly.

MATT (CONT'D)
Come on!

Matt takes his hand and starts toward the door, Jerry pulls him back to him, as if in an embrace. Jerry goes right up to Matt's ear and speaks ominously.

JERRY
Help me.

Matt's face is filled with fear. Something is different about him.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Please. Help me.

Dramatic music. Matt doesn't know what to do. A noise is heard on the other side of the door. They're both terrified. The door handle jiggles, someone is trying to get in.

CUT TO:

INT. AN ART GALLERY

A few hours later. Burton is behind a bar, the gallery has just opened. It's not very bright and there are photos of nude men or just body parts sporadically on the walls. Andrew, in a suit and tie is on the other side of the bar.

ANDREW
You're the best.

BURTON

Wait! I don't remember agreeing to this! Did you incept me again?

Andrew walks away. Burton gets louder.

BURTON (CONT'D)

I know you're not treating me like a rash you get right after sex—Just ignore it and hope it'll go away on its own!

A hipster dude walks up to Burton. He just looks like a douche.

BURTON (CONT'D)

I won't go away without a topical cream. Antibiotics kill. Hashtag anti-vaxers.

Burton sees the guy and immediately judges him

BURTON (CONT'D)

Who opened your cage?

HIPSTER

I'll have a deflated tire in a mule mug with a fennel seed rim.

Burton doesn't even try to make a drink.

BURTON

I only understood two of those words, and I don't give consent for either.

Hipster stares blankly.

Burton stares pointedly back.

CUT TO:

EXT. A RESTAURANT- NIGHT

The restaurant is called Gay Pear Ree

Queers are walking by the restaurant being queer.

INT. RESTAURANT- NIGHT

The restaurant is strangely gay. Elton John's "Blue Eyes" is playing.

The walls are pale pink, Lady Gaga's likeness is painted in a mural on the back wall. The waiters are shirtless, gay men and women are on dates at tables, and Will is sitting at a corner booth lit by candle. He's in the middle of his date with a hunky 40ish daddy type. Will is wearing sparkles. Like everywhere, and his hunky date is in a very tight fitting dress shirt and jeans. Almost as if they've been painted on. We close in on their conversation. Will is laughing as if the date just said something incredibly funny, but it's a really fake laugh.

WILL

Oh, that's funny. I love that.
You're so funny.

DADDY DATE

I've never gone back there since.

WILL

Oh God, I don't blame you.

Daddy date nods, Will takes a sip of wine, and then Daddy leans in very seriously.

DADDY DATE

Do you squeak when you're getting
fucked?

Will freezes, mid drink, and then sets his glass of wine down, unsure what to say.

WILL

That's...a very specific question.

DADDY DATE

I like it when a guy squeaks. But
like a dog toy, not like a girl.

WILL

I mean, I guess I could. I don't
know that I've ever, per se,
"squeaked."

DADDY DATE

Also, I'm looking for a boy. Like a
bad boy. Like a bad boy who doesn't
do his chores and has to squeeze
into things.

WILL

Sure. Now, when you say squeeze...?

DADDY DATE

Do you have any objections to
sleeping in a wooden toy chest?

Will's face can't hide his surprise.

WILL

Oh boy. Would I fit?

DADDY DATE

Will you open your mouth for me?

WILL

Um...

Will looks around slightly embarrassed.

DADDY DATE

Go ahead, open your mouth all the
way.

Will hesitates and then opens his mouth slightly.

DADDY DATE (CONT'D)

Come on. Pretend I'm your dentist.
Or like I got one of those throat
culture sticks, or like a giant
horse cock that I'm gonna get your
neck pregnant with.

Will opens his mouth all the way and tilts his head back.

DADDY DATE (CONT'D)

There she is.

A person dressed as a giant rainbow flag pear appears at the
table. He speaks in a high-pitched and enthusiastic voice.

REE

Hi homos! I'm Ree, the gay pear!

WILL

Wouldn't it make more sense to say
the Gay pear, Ree?

REE

I don't get it! Would you like to
pay twenty dollars for me to jerk
off on your salad?

Daddy date never even looks at Ree, he's too into Will's
mouth.

DADDY DATE

Fuck off, fruit boy, you're killin'
my boner here.

REE

But it's a theme! I'm a fruit. Get
it, fruit salad? Yeah, it's not
great.

DADDY DATE

We're fine!

REE

Oh Good. I'm not. I'm really not.

Will closes his mouth and looks at Ree confused. Daddy date
also turns to Ree. Ree tilts his head and leans in to them in
an ominous whisper.

REE (CONT'D)

Last night, I stabbed myself. With
mama's knitting needles. You have
no idea what's happening around
you.

Ree twitches and then jumps back upright and is cheery again.

REE (CONT'D)

The world is ending. Let's fuck to
alleviate the existential dread!

Ree skips away to another table. Will and Daddy Date stare
out for a minute.

WILL

So, I'd suggest we order dessert,
but I don't eat...so.

DADDY DATE

I got a partial.

WILL

Okay, you know what. I have this
sort of very clear almost idea of
like the kind of man I might maybe
want to someday be with and you're
just not that almost kinda maybe.
Maybe.

DADDY DATE

I got fifty g's over at the bank
and eleven inches under the table.

WILL
That's interesting-ish.

DADDY DATE
All for a little boy.

WILL
That's Michael Jackson-ish.

DADDY DATE
Let's go fuck.

WILL
I'm not proud of myself for what
I'm about to say.

DADDY DATE
Oh wait!

Daddy Date notices a young hot guy waving to him from the other side of the restaurant. Daddy date looks back and Will

DADDY DATE (CONT'D)
Yeah, he's hotter. Get separate
checks.

Daddy Date gets up and goes over to the hotter guy. Will nods in defeat and finishes both his and his date's wine.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY-

Burton is pouring wine into a martini shaker tin, there is a line of at least 10 people getting impatient at the bar.

BURTON
Staring ain't gonna make me go any
quicker, grandpa.

The older gentleman at the front of the line is offended at the grandpa comment.

On the other side of the gallery. Andrew is staring at a wall with a post it on it that says, "faggot." He rolls his eyes. As he's looking, TREVOR, a man nearly 40, extremely clumsy and desperate to be seen as cool appears behind him, he's also looking at the post it.

TREVOR
Is this supposed to be profound or
offensive?

ANDREW

I'm surprised you can even see it at your age.

TREVOR

Haha. You're funny. But joke's on you, I'm not as old as I look.

Trevor realizes this makes no sense but he holds his proud face anyway. Andrew turns to him, he's now on his phone, scrolling, texting or whatever.

ANDREW

It's utility over ideology. The wall has a label but it also has a purpose. Unlike you. I'm not surprised you don't get it. Men your age stop getting all sorts of things.

TREVOR

Oh, I get things.

ANDREW

You mean a social security check?

TREVOR

I don't get social security. I haven't had enough income yet.

Andrew finally looks at him.

ANDREW

Oh. I've always wondered what it would look like if the Goodwill came to life.

TREVOR

I believe we have mutual friends.

ANDREW

So did Hitler and Roosevelt.

TREVOR

That can't be true.

ANDREW

Can I help you with something?

TREVOR

I just wanted to introduce myself.

ANDREW

Oh well allow me.

Andrew, on his phone, walks away. Trevor slumps forward a bit, he doesn't know how to do this. JEFFREY, mid 30s, very well dressed and groomed, walks up to Trevor.

JEFFREY

What are you doing here?

TREVOR

Deepening my jealousy for people with small pox apparently. What are you doing here?

JEFFREY

Don't ever question me. You're way too old for me to respond to.

TREVOR

Of course.

JEFFREY

I came to make sure it was running smoothly.

TREVOR

You can't do that from a monitor?

Trevor looks up and sees the security cameras.

JEFFREY

How did you even get in here?

TREVOR

Please. I can still flirt my way into things.

Jeffrey gives him a look.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Fine. I gave him money.

JEFFREY

Mmhmm.

TREVOR

And the rest of my lunch.

JEFFREY

And he let you in?! He is so fired.

TREVOR

I'm bored! Okay! All I do is sit in front of monitors and talk people through shit. I needed to get out! What are we even doing with this?

Jeffrey looks around to make sure no one heard him.

JEFFREY

Stop talking. You want people to hear you?

TREVO

What, I didn't give away anything.

JEFFREY

No, I just meant people don't need to hear your voice. It's old. And gross.

TREVOR

Well lucky for you, I'm old enough to be invisible to most of these men.

JEFFREY

Toosh!

Andrew walks by on his phone and sees Jeffrey.

ANDREW

Jeffrey! There you are!

Jeffrey smiles upon seeing Andrew and they hug, but like with zero warmth.

JEFFREY

Fruity Pebbles, honey! You look good enough to drown in a bowl of milk.

ANDREW

I know, right?

JEFFREY

Have you seen your butthole hanging in the back room. If I didn't take the photo myself, I'd kill whoever did. It's like the puckered mouth of a child adonis.

ANDREW

Natch! So good.

JEFFREY

So good. You're so easy to shoot. You awful bitch.

ANDREW

That's what all the guys tell me.

TREVOR
I told you we have mutual friends.

ANDREW
Why is /that talking?

JEFFREY
Ugh! It's like hanging out with a
MRSA infection.

Trevor is hurt by this, but before he can respond.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)
Trev! Darling. The nineties called
and said, stay where you are, we
don't want you either.

Tarell enters the gallery. He looks around as if he's high on
some kind of hallucinogenic. Jeffrey sees him.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)
Oh sweet Dolly Parton's tits! What
is this now? Jesus.

Jeffrey grabs Andrew's hand.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)
Everything basic in the world just
walked through the door. Give me a
minute.

ANDREW
Of course.

Andrew is left with Trevor- He immediately goes to his phone.

TREVOR
I'm also friends with the
photographer.

ANDREW
You mean Jeffrey?

TREVOR
I'm his friend. Obvi. So, like I
totes know his name. Legit. S.

Jeffrey goes up to Tarell.

JEFFREY
I'm sorry we're at capacity. And
also it's invite only. Plus those
shoes.

Tarell stares weirdly at Jeffrey. Girl is tripping.

TARELL
What is this place?

JEFFREY
Okay. This is a drug-free zone. If you're not hot enough to chem-fuck, please observe the exit signs on either side of my disinterest.

Tarell goes to touch Jeffrey's face. Jeffrey backs up.

TARELL
Whoa! I think what you're doing is wrong.

JEFFREY
Says who? Don't make me sue you for slander. My lawyer, Bob Doctor, of the firm Doctor, Franck, & Stein, will sue you for even suggesting defamation.

TARELL
My friend told me it's life and death. And like you look so good.

JEFFREY
Thanks, it's called skin care. Look it up, splotchy. Also maybe Google what a t-zone is.

Tarell laughs.

TARELL
You're fabulous.

JEFFREY
Yeah. I know.

Back to Andrew and Trevor

TREVOR
Are you going to be at the Pool party next month? For the HIS Corps launch. I will. But whatever, no bigs, legit don't care.

Andrew looks back to the bar where Burton is handing a martini glass of red wine with olives to a very angry homo.

BURTON
I don't remember what I put in it.
It's free! Drink it!

ANDREW
Oh Jesus.

Andrew walks toward Burton.

TREVOR
Yeah, I'll hang here by this...butt
print.

Back to Jeffrey and Tarell.

TARELL
I want to touch something.

He looks around for something to touch.

JEFFREY
Okay. Fuck this!

Jeffrey looks around and motions for Trevor to come over.
Trevor starts walking toward him.

At the bar, Burton is alone now and Andrew goes up to him.

ANDREW
What are you doing?

BURTON
Trying to remember why I didn't
vote you off the island.

ANDREW
My career is on the line here.

BURTON
Really? Because of this basic ass
opening. Yes, I know that sounded
funny, but I'm going to move past
it because that's how upset I am!

Back to Jeffrey and Tarell. Trevor approaches them.

TREVOR
You need my help? What can I do?
I'm here.

JEFFREY
Shut up! Just get him out of here.

Tarell is touching a wall in amazement. Trevor looks at him and then back to Jeffrey.

TREVOR
What the hell's wrong with him?

JEFFREY
Trevor!!

TREVOR
Fine!

Trevor goes up to Tarell. Who is licking the wall now.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Okay. Okay, let's go.

Tarell puts his hand on Trevor's face.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Really?!

CUT TO:

EXT. SODOMITE ARMS APT BUILDING- NIGHT

A light shines from Will's apartment window.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM.

Will is still in his date clothes. Lying on the couch with an ice pack on his head. Josue is on the recliner next to him. Josue is on his phone. Will is distraught.

WILL
Is this the future of dating? We all just look for the hotter, younger thing until we grow old, shrivel and die?

JOSUE
That's grim, dude. That's real grim. And I was just asked to fart in an old guy's mouth.

WILL
What apps are you on?

JOSUE
That was at Trader Joes?!

WILL

I don't think I like gay men.

JOSUE

I gotta say, it wasn't an easy no.

WILL

Maybe I should give up. Eat carbs, move to the midwest and just be happy. Everyone's fat in the midwest, right?

Josue realizes he needs to engage. He puts his phone down and looks at Will.

JOSUE

Are you having a pity party?

WILL

Does this look like a party?

JOSUE

Looks pitiful.

Josue climbs off the chair and onto the couch.

WILL

Oh god. What are you doing?

JOSUE

Shut up, I'm being a friend.

Josue lifts Will's legs and puts them in his lap. He then non-sexually rubs Will's calf.

WILL

Maybe I care about the wrong things.

JOSUE

Maybe? I don't know. I don't really listen. My brain is like an X-rated cartoon. Just dicks and ass. Pretty much on a psychotic loop. It sucks being a man sometimes. Maybe I have a problem.

WILL

Maybe? But I mean, if I don't find a man to take care of me, how am I going to survive?

JOSUE

Maybe that's the wrong thing you were literally just talking about.

WILL

Do you want a boyfriend?

JOSUE

Me? No way. No, thank you. Way too much nonsense. I just want to fuck. I like fucking.

WILL

You could fuck a boyfriend.

JOSUE

I don't want to fuck just one guy. Like I don't want to just eat one food for the rest of my life.

WILL

You could have an open relationship.

JOSUE

Yeah. Maybe. We'll see.

WILL

God. This date was so bad! Why did I think I could go on a date? All men want is sex. I should just go on one of those sites where daddies are looking to purchase hot twink. I'm still a twink, right?

JOSUE

You still are.

Josue pats Will's stomach.

JOSUE (CONT'D)

You're still vapid and hairless.

WILL

Aww. Thanks. And my genetics are good. I got another five years.

JOSUE

At least.

Josue is rubbing Will's stomach now. And it is getting sexual. He is very focused on Will's body.

WILL
I mean, it's probably not that hard-

JOSUE
Well. It's getting there.

Will realizes what's happening. He quickly sits up, moving Josue away from him.

WILL
Was that your hard dick under my legs.

Josue looks down at his own crotch and then back at Will lustfully.

JOSUE
Yeah.

Will scoffs in shock. They stare. Josue's hands slowly go to his lap.

JOSUE (CONT'D)
You want to touch it?

Will is still shocked.

WILL
I do...!

Will attacks Josue. They kiss passionately. Josue gets on top of Will and lowers him to the couch, pulling his clothes off and kissing him.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY

Burton is sitting behind the bar on his phone. Andrew is putting his jacket on. People are still milling about the gallery. Trevor is near the entrance looking at a butt print.

ANDREW
What are you doing?

Burton looks up from his phone.

BURTON
How long have we been here? Time is starting to feel less and less linear.

ANDREW

That's the Molly talking.

BURTON

Excuse me. I don't do Molly. You know I don't do anything with a girl's name.

ANDREW

Respect.

BURTON

Did you see that the guy who does all the commercials for that His Corpse thing was killed? The face of "gay the better way" was literally thrown into a dumpster without his skin. Hashtag job opening.

ANDREW

Really? I have skin. I could be a face.

Andrew picks up his phone. They both text. Trevor is talking to a woman by the door. She has on a ridiculous scarf that's wrapped around her head as a turban.

TREVOR

Yes, the artist is also Muslim. He was raised on an ashram in Montana. I know that doesn't track, but he converted later.

ART WOMAN

I'm not Muslim. I have cancer.

TREVOR

Oh. Sorry. I'm sure you get that all the time.

ART WOMAN

No.

TREVOR

Well, bald women are all the rage now. Yay, feminism.

ART WOMAN

What is wrong with you?

TREVOR

I know, I'm hearing it, but I can't seem to stop.

ART WOMAN

Excuse me.

Art woman walks away. Trevor exhales and looks around. He sees Burton and Andrew at the bar, he's going to go up to them, when the lights flicker. Everyone, except Burton and Andrew looks up, after a second nothing happens so everyone goes back to what they were doing. Lights flicker again, this time there's a high pitched sound, like feedback from a speaker. People cover their ears with their hands. When it stops, people are confused, Jeffrey is worried.

JEFFREY

Sorry everyone. That's just a technical glitch. We have a microphone being installed for the speeches later. If you'll just bear with us for a moment. I'll be right back.

Before he can leave the gallery, DON, the MAN from the medical scenes, enters the gallery. He and Jeffrey's eyes meet. Don nods at Jeffrey who nods back at him. They both look to Andrew and Burton, who are still on their phones. Jeffrey shrugs. Don gestures for Jeffrey to follow him out of the gallery.

Jeffrey leaves with Don. The rest of the room continues to mill about and Andrew and Burton continue on their phones.

Music.

CUT TO:

INT. HIS CORPS. TESTING ROOM- DAY OR NIGHT

It looks like a medical room, there's two heart monitors with tubes leading from the machines to two medical chairs, we're on the back side of the chairs, so we can't see who's in them until the camera slowly revolves around the chairs, and there we see Matt and Jerry unconscious, with IV's and heart monitors connected to them. Music swells when we see them.

Blackout

End of Episode 2.