

#INSTAGAY

EPISODE 1

#GTBW

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)

Every man is a divinity in disguise.

The man looks intently into the camera. He is very serious now. He leans closer. 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 queer trash heaps
like you into something better.

PERFECT GAY
I was gay garbage. But thanks to
HIS CORPS. now I'm the opposite of
garbage, like a rainbow or
something with glitter.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Look at him! He has value again!

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

PERFECT GAY
I 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. You know, I used to be slightly overweight with mixed skin tone. But now. I'm underweight and my skin has been permanently filtered. Thank god!

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 #GTBW flashes across the bottom of the screen. Then 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.

HOT 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.

HOT POSTER MAN

Wow. Congratulations fat fuck! Your back and your ass are finally the same thing now. I can't tell one from the other. What a fat fuck. You have less definition than a bowl of Jell-o. You are literally turning into a sack of shit. Why are you even getting out of bed?

Tarell heads for the bathroom, ignoring Hot Poster Man.

HOT POSTER MAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, go to the room where the shit lives. And remember, if you run your wrists under hot water, the blade'll go farther in.

Tarell gets to the bathroom and hangs his head.

TARELL

Thanks. I'll consider it.

HOT POSTER MAN

And stop looking at me when you jerk off, it makes me feel ugly. Today's the day, buddy! End it all!

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

HOT 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 sleeping in the motel bed. As we close up on them, Jerry slowly opens his eyes and very slowly peeks to make sure Matt is sleeping. He carefully removes the blankets from himself, Matt moves a little in his sleep. Jerry freezes with a nervous look on his face, he's careful not to move. When Matt settles back in. Jerry slips out of the bed and gets his feet on the ground. Then he stands up and scoops up his clothes that are on the ground nearby. He turns to face Matt, Matt's eyes fling open. Jerry freezes in fear. Matt bolts up in bed. They stare. Then Jerry bolts for the door.

MATT

No! Wait!

JERRY

No! Stop! Just let me go!

Matt gets to Jerry before he can get out. Jerry struggles to take the chain off the door, but Matt wrestles him to the bed and is on top of him. Jerry is struggling.

MATT

Stop! It's a dream! You just had a bad dream. Stop!

JERRY

Get off me! Please! Stop!

After another moment of struggle. Jerry stops and stares at Matt, who stares back at him. Jerry can't contain himself and starts laughing.

MATT

You asshole! That is so not funny!

JERRY

You should see your face!

Matt gets off Jerry and lies on his back catching his breath, he is relieved.

MATT

You really need to work on your sense of humor.

JERRY

You're just a bad sport.

Jerry goes to kiss Matt, who pulls away.

JERRY (CONT'D)
 Oh, come on! I'm sorry. I love you,
 Matt, Matt, Matty.

Jerry's stutter is unnatural, very robotic. Matt sits up and looks at Jerry as if something is wrong.

JERRY (CONT'D)
 What?

MATT
 Can they hear us?

Matt looks at Jerry intently. Jerry listens for something.

JERRY
 No. We're rogue.

MATT
 Are we supposed to do that?

JERRY
We. Can do whatever we, we, we,
 want.

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

JERRY (CONT'D)
 The room is pretty good.

MATT
 Yeah, it's delightfully shitty.

JERRY
 I spy...three problems.

Jerry smiles at Matt. Who looks around trying to spot the problems.

MATT
 Give me a clue.

JERRY
 Well that would defeat the pur,
 pur, purpose, wouldn't it?

Matt looks at him.

MATT
 The stutter's getting worse.

JERRY
 It's fine.

MATT

Did it happen before. With him?

JERRY

I don't know. Not that I noticed.

MATT

So, three problems with the room.

JERRY

Yeah, and one of them is pretty glaring. It makes the room way too obvious.

Matt smiles knowingly, and leans over and opens the nightstand to retrieve the bible, he pulls it out and hands it to Jerry.

MATT

Philip K. Dick. Nice touch.

Jerry smiles.

JERRY

I thought you'd like, like, like that one.

Matt stands and puts his underwear and t-shirt on. Jerry snuggles into the blankets, preparing to watch the search.

MATT

All right. Game on!

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD STREET- DAY

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.

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

Doesn't matter, listen. The guy who was the face of HIS CORPS. Like the hot guy from all those ads-

ANDREW

It says here, he's dead.

BURTON

Yeah, he was found skinned in a dumpster.

ANDREW

Isn't dumpster skinning a sexual position?

BURTON

Yeah, I did it with that daddy behind a Red Lobster in Long Beach. So not worth it. The smell alone takes days to remove.

ANDREW

Sure. Oh my god! You should totally audition! You would be like the perfect new face of His Corps. You're young, you're ethnic, and you're a total cunt. That's a gay triple threat. And! It says here the company that runs the ads is Better Way Productions.

BURTON

Oh my god. That is literally meaningless.

ANDREW

I know the guy who runs the company. Remember 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 buttohole 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

It's his company! I'll be there tonight. You have to come. I'll introduce you.

BURTON

You know how I feel about meeting people.

ANDREW

I do. But there'll be lots of alcohol and cheese. You should totally come.

BURTON

Okay, first of all, if I look at a photo of your buttohole, 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

I'll introduce you and he can get you an audition to be the face of HIS Corps. You have to do it. It'll be amazing! Come on.

BURTON

I'll go. But only because you're making it about me. Why are we at a Yoga Studio!?

Burton looks up because they have stopped walking at a hipstery Yoga studio.

BURTON (CONT'D)

I am not doing privileged white lady fart suppression poses!

ANDREW

You never want to do anything!

BURTON

That's so not true. I wanted to go to that Royal Wedding, I wanted to see that volcano. I wanted you to stop me before I got to a third thing.

ANDREW

All the fluencers are Yogaing for like flexies and stuff.

BURTON

Okay, none of those are words.

ANDREW

We can take like super hot pics of you doing all the sexy things in your short shorts.

BURTON

Doing? Things? Never say those words to me again!

Burton starts to walk away. Andrew goes after him, they walk past Tarell who is carrying a gym bag and heading for the yoga studio.

ANDREW

Fine! But can we at least get a smoothie. I haven't eaten since last weekend.

BURTON

I can't believe I'm even walking
right now! Whose terrible idea was
this?

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

Oh. Is that short for Tony? You
just really look like a Tony.

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, Tyrone.

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.

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

The coffee shop is filled with hipsters on their Macbooks, writing their screenplays. In the corner, WILL A young...ish, Latino boy...ish, in perfect shape, is sitting with his friend JOSUE who is scrolling fiercely through Grindr. Josue is 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. They are both drinking large, frozen drinks and scrolling through their phones.

WILL

I can't believe I agreed to have dinner with an internet stranger tonight. I'm like, basic-ass garbage at this point. But what can I do? It's so hard influence the masses.

He looks at a pic of himself on Instagram.

WILL (CONT'D)

Ugh! Only eighteen hundred likes! What is happening with the world?

JOSUE

Maybe it's that you're over three decades old now.

WILL

You shut your brown mouth! Maybe I'm getting fat. Am I getting fat?

JOSUE

Fat? You're talking crazy. Have you been huffing those migrant grape-pickers again?

WILL

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! That asshole Blurk, or whatever his name is, has five thousand likes on a pic of him in a sombrero and stilettos that says Feliz de Mardi Gras! It's like full-on racist, a little sexist, and just confusing.

Josue holds the phone toward Will to show him a pic.

JOSUE

Should I fuck this guy?

Will ignores him.

JOSUE (CONT'D)

It says he works for HIS Corps. What's HIS Corps.?

WILL

It's some gay company trying to sell all the queens on...I guess I don't know what it's selling. It's like be a better gay, or something.

JOSUE

Oh, it's the one with those ads with that really hot guy who has like a sparkly tooth.

WILL

Yeah. But he died.

JOSUE

Oh. Really?

WILL

I guess. There's like a nationwide search to find the new face of HIS Corps.

JOSUE

How do you know all of this?

WILL

I met a guy who works there. I let him jerk me off in the Equinox steam room. He cried and called me Prince Harry. And then invited me to a pool party. It wasn't great.

JOSUE

A pool party?

WILL

Yeah, he said it was a launch party for the company. In some secluded mansion in the hills. I have like a password for me and a plus one. Maybe that's when they'll like reveal what it is they're actually selling.

JOSUE

So, when is this party?

Josue is scrolling through his phone to find info.

WILL

I don't know. In a couple of weeks, I think.

JOSUE

We should go!

WILL

What? Why?

JOSUE

A gay pool party in a mansion? Are you crazy? That's like a recipe for hot, self-hating drunk boys looking to get fucked. No wonder you're losing likes, you don't even know how to live anymore.

WILL

Why would I want to go to a pool party where everyone is probably going to be just as or hotter than me?

JOSUE

The options will be amazing!
Please, please, please take me!

WILL

Fine! Shut up! We can go, if you stop talking about it.

JOSUE

Okay!

They both go back to their phones. After a moment.

WILL

So, no pressure, because I don't like things that squeeze me, but if this date tonight doesn't turn out to be the one, I'm going to drown myself in the fountain of Athena, which is the name of the homeless woman who lives in that kiddie pool behind Del Taco.

Will turns his phone camera on and stands up to pose.

JOSUE

Dios mio, I have to fuck this guy!

Will puts a hand on his hip like a tea kettle.

WILL

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

JOSUE

Uh-huh.

WILL

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

Will takes a photo with his drink and sits to post it. Josue looks up from his phone.

JOSUE

Why do you need a man?

WILL
I'm sorry, are you engaging?

JOSUE
Stop being a girl.

WILL
Stopping being a sexist.

JOSUE
You only need yourself. Men are for fucking or friendships. The minute you want a boyfriend, you start dying a little on the inside, until you're nothing but a rotting husk of the man you used to be. Emotions are poison. Relationships are death, yadda, yadda, yadda.

Will is upset by this. He stares at Josue, who goes back to his phone.

JOSUE (CONT'D)
Bingo! I'm gonna go eat this guys ass. Says he's a hundred feet away! God, I love technology. Oh! I forgot my key, so when you go home, don't lock the door. Thanks, roomie.

Josue kisses the top of Will's head and rushes out. Will is defeated. He scrolls through his phone.

WILL
I'm prettier than these guys. Right? Ugh. Right? I'm online dating, I might as well wear Tommy Hilfiger and get a thumb ring!

We scan across the coffee shop to the line that has formed. Tarell is standing in the line, minding his own business, 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 cues 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.

FADE TO BLACK.

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.

CUT TO:

INT. PARADISE MOTEL- DAY

Jerry wakes up from a nightmare. He is covered in sweat, his eyes are filled with panic. He throws the sheet he's sleeping in off of himself and jumps to his feet. He's in his underwear and a t-shirt, he looks around for clothes. He doesn't see any. He starts opening drawers in the dresser, they are all empty. He opens the closet. Nothing. He sees the light emanating from the bottom of the bathroom door. He knows Matt is in there. He wraps himself in the sheet, and starts toward the door, he unlatches the chain, and turns the deadbolt. Just then, Matt enters from the bathroom.

MATT

No! Jerry! Stop!

Jerry turns to him and panics even more.

JERRY

I have to go! Please I have to get out of here!

MATT

You're not thinking clearly.

JERRY

Stay away from me. Please, just let me go.

Matt puts his left arm up in a please calm down gesture, also to distract from his other arm reaching into the back pocket of his jeans. Jerry is shaking his head, with tears falling from his eyes.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Please. Please. I need to go home.

MATT

Jerry. You are home.

JERRY

No. No, that's not true. I know who you are. I know! You'll never get away with this.

Jerry turns to leave. Matt grabs him by the arm and quickly pulls a needle out of his back pocket and sticks it into Jerry's neck. Jerry screams "no!" And Matt catches him as he falls to the floor.

Blackout

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

MAN (V.O.)
We're ready. The time has come.

POV:

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

MAN
You are a work of art. Did you know that? We're so lucky we've found you.

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 ya go. We're going to leave you alone now. Won't you like that? Yes. Soon the world will go to blackness and you will exist only to make the world better. The next time you see me...you won't remember any of this. And when we launch...it Will be glorious. Phase two begins now.

He leans in and whispers ominously.

MAN (CONT'D)
Garabombie!

The word echoes as the Man's face dissolves into blackness.

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!

DADDY DATE

I got an idea. Let's go fuck in the
bathroom and find out if this has
any potential. I don't do condoms
and you better be clean!

Will gulps the rest of his wine, he's so done with whatever this is.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY-

A typical, hipster gallery. All white, with random art pieces around. Burton and Andrew are staring at a wall with a post it on it that says, "faggot." Andrew 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. Andrew looks and judgmentally at him.

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.

TREVOR

Oh, don't worry I get things.

ANDREW

You mean like a social security check?

TREVOR

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

Burton turns and sees Trevor.

BURTON

Oh. I've always wondered what it would look like if the Goodwill came to life. Where is this guy you promised I could meet?

Andrew looks around and sees JEFFREY, mid 30s, very well dressed and groomed. Trevor crosses to him.

ANDREW
There. He's right there.

BURTON
Well let's go.

Trevor reaches Jeffrey, who is not happy to see him.

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.

Andrew walks by on his phone and sees Jeffrey.

ANDREW
Jeffrey! You stupid bitch!

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.

Burton is deeply disturbed by this.

ANDREW
Natch! So good.

BURTON
Oh my god, do they sell Purell for your brain!?

TREVOR
I've seen the photo too.

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.

ANDREW
So, Jeffrey, this is my friend
Burton.

Burton extends his hand to be kissed.

BURTON
A pleasure, you're sure.

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

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

Jeffrey grabs Burton's hand.

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

BURTON
Of course.

Andrew and Burton are left with Trevor.

TREVOR
I'm also friends with Jeffrey.

Burton looks him up and down.

BURTON
No.

He and Andrew both look to their phones. Jeffrey is left standing. Feeling bad.

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

It's a party! You're a bad guy?

JEFFREY

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

TARELL

But 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. Now let's get you the hell out of my gallery.

TARELL

But what if I'm not real?!

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:

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.

Jeffrey walks back to Burton and Andrew.

JEFFREY

Sorry about that. We always get one or two strung-out queens from the sex club next door.

BURTON

There's a sex club next door?

ANDREW

Anyway! Jeffrey, I think Burton here would be like the perfect candidate to be the new face of HIS Corps. Don't you think?

Burton poses and smiles as Jeffrey looks at him.

JEFFREY

Oh? Sure. Yeah. You know I own the production company heading the search. So tragic what happened to the last guy.

ANDREW

We heard. Scalped and dumpstered.

BURTON

Sounds like my college experience.

JEFFREY

But yeah, let me get you hooked up with the casting director. You would be perfect.

Just then Don, the Man from the medical scenes enters the gallery and looks around. Jeffrey and he lock eyes and Jeffrey waves to him. Don nods.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Uh, my boyfriend is here. Would you excuse me for a minute?

ANDREW

Yeah, yeah, sure.

BURTON

Of course.

JEFFREY

Be right back.

Jeffrey walks over to Don. Andrew and Burton grab hands and jump up and down subtly to celebrate Burton's good fortune.

Jeffrey walks up to Don.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

DON

We've moved to phase two.

JEFFREY

Well what are they doing?

DON

Probably trying to find a way out.

JEFFREY

How long will that last?

DON

We shouldn't talk here. Come with me. I want to show you something.

JEFFREY

Okay.

Jeffrey and Don head for the back room of the gallery. Andrew watches them, he has a suspicious look on his face, like he's seen Don before. Burton is too excited and is already posting it on his phone.

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