

GAY DUDE

by
Alan Yang

FADE IN:

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Eight-year-old MICHAEL CREST has the lead role in King Elementary's production of "The Buggy Boogie: A Musical Insectacular." He's wearing a bulky caterpillar costume and singing in a diffident but charming choirboy's alto.

MICHAEL

When I was born I had a thousand legs /
Soon I'll be dancing on a different stage /
I'll go to sleep inside a silk cocoon /
And be reborn into the afternoon.

In the audience, Michael's milquetoast dad TERRY films, his eyes wet with emotion.

TERRY

There's Michael. Singing in front of
everybody.

Two other parents, blunt DWAYNE and flowery PATRICIA, sit nearby.

DWAYNE

Where's Matty? I haven't seen him once.
It's a conspiracy. They want to pretend
there's no fat kids at this school.

PATRICIA

There he is. I see him!

Behind a cardboard cocoon, antennae from a butterfly costume peek out. The costume hides the pudgy body of MATTY, Michael's best friend, also eight years old.

MICHAEL

(rounding into the chorus)
When I have wings I will fly in the sun /
In the sky, I'll be the only one / Deep
down I know I have to turn the page / But
still I wonder will I miss my legs? /
Will I...miss...my legs?

Michael moves behind the cocoon and, hidden from view, sheds his caterpillar costume, tossing it aside for the audience to see. Matty the butterfly gets hoisted on wires "out" of the cocoon.

A teacher backstage struggles to lift Matty's bulk. The rope slips out of his hands.

Matty spins around, knocking over the cardboard cocoon and exposing a quivering Michael, wearing only his underwear.

The crowd gasps. Michael reddens.

TERRY'S CAMERA P.O.V.

Terry whips the camera away from Michael and finds Dwayne and Patricia.

DWAYNE

Honey, I think we just saw the caterpillar's inchworm.

Matty unhooks himself from the wires and falls. He covers a stunned Michael and drags him off stage.

MICHAEL

I don't want to sing anymore.

MATTY

I don't want to wear this costume anymore. Let's get out of here.

Matty strips off his butterfly costume. The two kids, dressed only in their underwear, run through the crowd and out of the auditorium, causing a panic.

MATTY/MICHAEL

Naked! We're naked! Whoo!

DWAYNE

Can't I go see a nice musical without it turning into something gay?

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CHYRON: TEN YEARS LATER

Photos of long-time best friends Matty and Michael line the dresser, including one of the insect musical. Michael, 18, a little scrawny and a lot awkward, does one last mirror check and grabs his keys.

INT. MICHAEL'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Terry calls out to Michael as Michael steps out the door.

TERRY

Nothing illegal or unprotected tonight. Promise?

MICHAEL

Dad, that's gross.

INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

Some of the same photos sit on Matty's desk, including a shot of the two friends riding a Ferris wheel. Matty, 18, overweight and a little loud, buttons up his shirt and heads out. He runs into Dwayne in the hallway.

DWAYNE

Look at Little Miss Pretty. Gonna get some girl pregnant with that nice shirt on.

MATTY

I usually take my shirt off first so I'm not Porky Pigging it.

DWAYNE

Thatta boy. Lock the door on your way out.

INT. MATTY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Michael hops in and pounds fists with Matty.

MATTY

Ready to do this?

MICHAEL

Scared shitless.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Senior spring, high school party.

EXT. GAZEBO - NIGHT

Michael's talking to his girlfriend AVA, pretty but flighty, a girlfriend who maybe works better in theory than in practice.

MICHAEL

I like you. A lot. Especially your body...and the hotness of that body.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Matty's isolated his girlfriend EM, who's smart-mouthed and headstrong.

MATTY

It's not you. You're a class act.
Potential wife material, if we were both
like 45 years old, all dried up and shit.

We intercut quickly between the two conversations. At the gazebo:

MICHAEL

That's the problem. I like you a ton,
but I feel like this relationship isn't
progressing quickly enough. Physically
speaking.

Back to Matty.

MATTY

I mean, look at you. Look at me.
(pinching his stomach)
It's disgusting, and it's only getting
worse. You can do better than this. We
both know that.

At the gazebo, Ava reacts.

AVA

You're breaking up with me because I
won't have sex with you?

MICHAEL

You call it sex. I call it a physical
expression of our bond -- like Indians
becoming blood brothers or hockey
teammates getting matching tattoos.
Except sex isn't even as permanent as a
tattoo! It's like nine minutes tops, in
and out, you won't even know I was there,
Batman-style.

AVA

That's what I am to you? A hole for you
go in and out of?

MICHAEL

No! I value the person that's built
around that hole.

Em reacts back in the bedroom.

EM

When you put it that way, Matty, I totally get it. I feel like we have a deeper connection now than before we started talking tonight.

MATTY

Hug?

Matty and Em hug.

Meanwhile, at the gazebo, there's fire in Ava's eyes.

AVA

For such a wuss, you can be a real asshole, you know that?

Ava throws her drink in Michael's face. She finds a bag of chips and dumps them on his head.

AVA (CONT'D)

I don't need you anyway!

She picks up a bowl of gummy bears and is about to throw them at Michael, but Matty shows up and grabs her arm.

MATTY

Woman, please! Not the gummy bears. Nature's tastiest animal.

He takes the bowl and pours some bears into his mouth.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Maybe you should go inside and cool down.

AVA

Fuck off, Matty. Why don't you guys go blow each other? It's the only action you're ever going to get.

They watch as Ava stalks off.

MICHAEL

How'd your breakup go?

MATTY

Better than I expected. How about you?

MICHAEL

Yeah, me too. Definitely better.

INT. HALLWAY IN THE PARTY HOUSE - LATER

Michael spots their drunk, crazy-eyed friend JOSH aggressively hitting on Em in the hallway.

MICHAEL

Aw, Josh. Already? Come on.

Michael pulls Josh away from Em.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Dude, hey, we've got that band stuff to talk about, remember?

(to Em)

Sorry about him.

EM

No, it's okay. I love being pawed at. It's like being in a cage with a drunk, horny jaguar.

Josh protests to Michael out of Em's earshot.

JOSH

I got this one in the bag, man. She's on the rebound and she's totally easy. I heard she blew two-thirds of the badminton team last year.

MICHAEL

There's only three guys on that team. Look, man, that's Matty's ex from like five minutes ago. You want an easy target? Hold on one sec.

Michael grabs his slutty cousin NICOLE.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This is my cousin Nicole. Meet my friend Josh. He loves talking shit about his friends and doing funny '80s dances, just like you.

JOSH

No I don't.

Nicole immediately starts grinding Josh with her ass.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Yes I do.

Michael returns to Em.

EM

Thanks for that.

MICHAEL

No worries. I love being a matchmaker.
I'm like Emma, you know? Jane Austen.
Never mind.

Michael heads back over to Matty.

MATTY

Our work here tonight is done.

MICHAEL

I'm jittery. I need, like, the opposite
of a Red Bull. What is that -- a bottle
of cough syrup and a burrito?

MATTY

Let's just go get high out of our gourds.

INT. MICHAEL'S KITCHEN - LATER

Michael is wearing a chef's hat and mixing a giant bowl
of brownie batter.

MICHAEL

Phase one is complete. Girlfriends have
been dumped.

MATTY

I feel like I'm George W. Bush, and I'm
flying that Mission Accomplished banner
behind me, but mine is for real instead
of totally bullshit.

MICHAEL

It was like a sexual brick wall with Ava.
The last couple of dates we were moving
so slowly that we were actually going
backwards. Three dates from now we
would've been bowing to each other and
speaking in formal, turn-of-the century
English.

MATTY

"Good morrow to you, sir."

MICHAEL

"Good day to you, madam. Shall we wait
another fifteen years to commence the
fucking?"

MATTY

"There shall be no fucking this century. And when we do, I insist that you wear a white glove on your penis."

MICHAEL

I can't believe we wasted so much time on those two. The high school chapter of our sexual lives is rapidly coming to a close.

MATTY

The sands of time wait for no man.

MICHAEL

We need to begin phase two. We need to get our dicks wet by prom.

MATTY

I don't approve of that language at all. That is salty.

MICHAEL

Our dicks need to get salty.

MATTY

My dick tastes like cinnamon. It tastes like Big Red.

MICHAEL

I'm going crazy. Eighteen years without ass. I don't want to wake up twenty years from now regretting all that missed ass.

(pretend-reminiscing, old-guy voice)

"What if that girl in 3rd period who looked like Tim Allen was into me?"

MATTY

You don't want to be haunted by the Ghost of Ass Past.

MICHAEL

Exactly.

Michael pulls out a large baggie of weed. He pours the weed into a grinder and starts grinding.

MATTY

That is a metric tonne of weed, shit. That's like a hectare of weed.

(MORE)

MATTY (CONT'D)

Somewhere in Jamaica a giant weed field
gave its life for that baggie.

The ground weed goes into a pan of hot oil. When the mix
is ready, Michael puts the giant brownie into the oven.

INT. MICHAEL'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Matty and Michael play lazy ping-pong while they wait for
the brownie to bake.

MATTY

I'm going to eat the fuck out of that
brownie. You know what we should make
next time? Weed Ovaltine. Chocolatey,
delicious, full of Vitamin THC.

MICHAEL

Dude, I have an idea. We should save
this brownie and eat it as a reward after
we get laid at prom.

MATTY

It'll be our pot at the end of the
rainbow.

MICHAEL

Except instead of a pot full of gold,
it's a pot full of pot.

MATTY

I think that was implied by what I said.
You never get my subtle wordplay.

MICHAEL

It's perfect. It'll motivate us to
really get our schverve on.

MATTY

Did you just say "get our schverve on"?

MICHAEL

Absolutely. Yes, I did. Are you with
me?

MATTY

Sure, yeah, I'm with you.

MICHAEL

I've got it all planned out. Our band
plays at prom, we get our fuck on, we eat
this brownie and trip balls for a week
straight.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Next year, Cal State Fullerton. We're roommates, and people will be like, "Those roommates are so awesome, they're totally not virgins."

MATTY

Then we move back here, get dead-end jobs, retire, and die.

MICHAEL

If we time it right, we can have a double funeral.

MATTY

My side of the funeral is going to be so much more packed than your side. They're going to have to call it "The Funeral of Matthew Kensick and Also Some Other Dead Guy."

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Michael meticulously frosts the brownie.

It says:

CONGRATULATIONS ON FUCKING!

MATTY

Isn't your dad going to see this?

MICHAEL

He's a pussycat, he'll love it.

MATTY

Your dad's weird. I'm going to take off. See you tomorrow at practice.

Matty exits. Michael starts frosting pictures of boobs on the brownie. Matty re-enters.

MATTY (CONT'D)

You wanna go for a drive?

MICHAEL

I was kinda thinking about going to sleep after finishing this pair of tits.

MATTY

No, seriously. I think we should go for a drive. Come on, let's go.

INT. MATTY'S CAR - NIGHT

It's a little awkward in the car.

MICHAEL

Is something wrong, dude?

MATTY

No. Just going for a drive.

They drive in silence up to a make-out spot in a cul-de-sac on a hill overlooking the city. Matty parks and turns off the engine.

MATTY (CONT'D)

All right, listen. All that talking you were doing about sex and the future and the rest of our lives and shit...it started to make me feel a little guilty.

MICHAEL

Why?

MATTY

Look, you're my best friend. I owe this to you.

MICHAEL

What is it?

MATTY

I...I am a gay dude.

MICHAEL

What?

MATTY

I'm a gay dude. I am a gay.

MICHAEL

Like gay gay, like dicks and butts gay, or like retarded gay, like "Man, *Indiana Jones 4* was gay"?

MATTY

Like I'm a dude who likes other dudes gay.

MICHAEL

No. What? No. You're just a dude.

MATTY

Exactly. A gay dude.

MICHAEL

I mean, fuck. You're all out of shape and shit.

MATTY

Yeah, I know. I'm not thin, I'm not neat, I don't care about Liza Minnelli or the Tony Awards or "Project Runway" or any of that shit. I'm just gay, okay?

MICHAEL

When did you first realize this? Like, is this a recent development?

MATTY

Fuck no. Remember that guy, like when we were like seven, he used to come around the school and we would slip him half our sandwiches through the chain link fence?

MICHAEL

That guy was a homeless guy.

MATTY

Yeah, well, I sort of had a crush on him.

MICHAEL

You were gay for a homeless guy?

MATTY

He was ruggedly handsome. It was a harmless schoolboy crush.

MICHAEL

You wanted to fuck a hobo when you were seven. That's what you're telling me.

MATTY

Yes. I wanted to feel the touch of his dirty hobo hands.

MICHAEL

This is crazy. You've dated more girls than I have.

MATTY

I know. I think that's more of a you problem, to be honest.

MICHAEL

Did you tell Em? Did you tell her before you told me?

MATTY

I thought it needed to be said, yeah. She's cool. I don't want to eff up her life with unnecessary falsehoods.

MICHAEL

Fuck. Wow. You're a gay dude.

MATTY

I'm a gay dude.

MICHAEL

Are you positive?

MATTY

HIV-positive, no. Gay-positive, yes.

MICHAEL

Shit. Well, the whole brownie thing is kind of out the window.

MATTY

No, why? It doesn't have to be.

MICHAEL

Now I know why you were so psyched about breaking up with our girlfriends. It's like duh, of course you wanted that. Em lacks a penis.

MATTY

I'm sorry, man.

MICHAEL

Maybe I wouldn't have broken up with Ava without the whole big plan. She's so hot.

MATTY

Way out of your league.

MICHAEL

Have you seen her boobs and her like, stomach area? Her stomach is almost as hot as her boobs. Can you even wrap your brain around that?

MATTY

It's a tight stomach. I don't know what to tell you.

MICHAEL

No, no, it's okay. This is fine. You like dicks now. You are a man who aspires to handle the scrotums of other men in his free time.

MATTY

That's right.

MICHAEL

You like the scent of scrotum. The scrotal musk. The way the skin is all wrinkly and see-through like rice paper.

MATTY

All right, enough. Can you promise me you'll keep this quiet for right now? I'm not ready for a big gay Matty celebration yet.

MICHAEL

Sure, yeah.

MATTY

And seriously, you can tell me: are we cool?

MICHAEL

Of course. Everything's cool.

INT. MICHAEL'S KITCHEN - LATER

Michael sees the CONGRATULATIONS ON FUCKING! brownie on the counter. He punches it angrily right in the middle, destroying the lettering. Then he throws it in the garbage.

He immediately has remorse, and scrambles to save it from the trash, but now it's covered in eggshells and garbage. He lets it go.

INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Matty's lying on his bed, leaving Michael a voice mail.

MATTY

I know I dropped a big fat fucking gay bomb on you tonight. I'm not sure if things ended totally right. I don't want it to be awkward or weird, you know. Not that it would be. Call me if you get a chance, okay?

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Michael types the word "gay" into Google.

11,283,968,474 results.

He does a Google image search. The pictures range from disturbing to extremely, ridiculously disturbing. Guys putting fire extinguishers into their butts, etc.

Michael is making disgusted faces, but he can't help but keep clicking through.

Terry opens Michael's door and walks right in carrying Michael's backpack.

TERRY

Michael? You left your backpack in the living room --

MICHAEL

Oh God. Oh my God.

Michael tries to close the windows, but there are a lot of pop-ups with more gay shit. He turns away from the computer and toward his dad.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(awkwardly formal)

Hey Dad. How are things?

TERRY

They're wonderful, son. How are things with you?

MICHAEL

Very well, thank you. They are well.

TERRY

Excellent. I'm glad to hear that. I'm just going to set this down now.

He lays the backpack down. Gay pop-up ads continue to multiply on the computer screen. A movie loads in one of the windows.

VOICE ON GAY MOVIE WEBSITE

Fuck that cock, yeah.

TERRY

Is there anything, ah, you'd like to talk to me about?

MICHAEL

No, nothing. Nothing at all.

VOICE ON GAY MOVIE WEBSITE

Take it real deep. Choke on that horse dick.

TERRY

Michael, I want you to know that I'm okay with what you're doing right now.

MICHAEL

I'm not doing what you think I'm doing.

TERRY

It's a very natural urge at your age. A curiosity. Or you know, it could be more than that. And if it is, I'm one hundred percent okay with that, too.

MICHAEL

No, Dad. You don't have to be okay with anything. You have not caught me doing anything. This is weird.

TERRY

Is there someone at school who's causing these weird feelings?

Michael's phone rings. Caller ID says it's Matty. Michael hides the phone.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Maybe that's him. Is that somebody I should know about?

MICHAEL

No. There's no one. It's not like that. I'm not that way.

VOICE ON GAY MOVIE WEBSITE
I'm *living* in your asshole! That asshole
is where my dick *lives*!

TERRY
Okay. It's fine to be in that
exploratory stage. I love you, and this
kind of stuff -- it doesn't change who
you are to me. Remember that. I'm proud
of you.

MICHAEL
Thanks, Dad. In the future, could you
always knock before coming in here?

TERRY
Of course. You stay strong.

EXT. MATTY'S BACKYARD - THAT MOMENT

Matty redials Michael.

MATTY
Pick up, pick up. Come on.

It goes to Michael's voice mail.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Mikey, we're having band practice right
now. Wondering where you are. If this
is about the other night...we can forget
about the whole thing. Seriously. No
big deal. Just come over, whatever.

INT. MATTY'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Matty passes through. His dad Dwayne is watching a
dancing competition on TV where two men in sparkly
costumes are dancing with each other.

DWAYNE
Jesus Criminy! Why is everything on TV
for fairies these days?

MATTY
ABC went all gay, 24/7, you didn't hear
about that?

DWAYNE

If you ever come home in a getup like that, I will beat you until the sequins fall off.

MATTY

Don't worry. I will never do that.

DWAYNE

Your cousin Christian was a queer, remember him?

MATTY

No, I don't. What happened to him?

DWAYNE

What do you think happened? We had to cut him off. I think he moved out to Fruit Central. That's what I call Hollywood.

MATTY

I know, Dad. You've told me that before.

INT. MATTY'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Josh is on the drums (the head of the bass drum has the name of the band, "MUSHROOM KINGDOM," scrawled on it) twirling his sticks and DAN, the eccentric, socially awkward bass player, is fiddling with a box of shirts.

MATTY

I can't get a hold of him.

DAN

We need him here to vote on the new T-shirt designs. How's this one?

He holds up a shirt that says "got shrooms?" in the milk ad font.

MATTY

Got shrooms? That's a fifteen-year-old reference to a fucking milk commercial. It makes you look like an unfunny, extremely aggressive drug dealer.

DAN

Okay. I've also got "Gettin' Shroomy Wit It"...and this one.

The shirt says: MUSHROOM KINGDOM..."IS NICE"

MATTY

Mushroom Kingdom is nice. I don't get it.

DAN

No, it's "Mushroom Kingdom." Pause. And then

(Borat voice)

"IS NICE," like in the Borat voice.

MATTY

Fucking burn that. I don't want that in my house. Or in my memory bank. I'm ashamed to have seen that with my eyes.

DAN

Hey man, I worked hard on these.

MATTY

Don't say that. Can we just practice? The audition to play at prom is like a week away.

JOSH

Where the hell is Michael?

MATTY

I don't know, we're going to have to run through some songs without him. Can we all stop treating Mushroom Kingdom like a joke? It's not a joke. It's a band that covers video game theme songs, and covers them faithfully and respectfully.

JOSH

You want to do Mario or Mega Man first?

MATTY

Mario.

The band starts playing the theme song to Super Mario Brothers, pretty poorly.

INT. MICHAEL'S GARAGE - THAT MOMENT

Michael is morosely hitting ping-pong balls into a baseball cap. He looks at his phone. Seven missed calls, all of them from Matty.

INT. SCHOOL GYM - THE NEXT DAY

Matty writes "MUSHROOM KINGDOM" on a sign-up sheet. Sitting at the sign-up table is the principal, DONNELL REAGINS, who's actually a pretty cool guy.

MR. REAGINS

Matty, I didn't know you were in a band. What kind of music do you play?

MATTY

Our repertoire includes but is not limited to video game theme songs.

MR. REAGINS

Like, instrumentals? No vocals?

MATTY

No vocals.

MR. REAGINS

Okay. Cool. I used to love that game Burger Time.

MATTY

You know what I love? Actual Burger Time. Like a designated time you dedicate each day to eating burgers.

Michael walks up behind Matty.

MR. REAGINS

Michael, you need a pen?

MICHAEL

Oh no, I'm in a band with this guy.

MATTY

He sort of skipped practice yesterday, though, so we're thinking about replacing him with a guy who can actually play.

MR. REAGINS

Don't let the band tear your friendship apart. That's what girls are for.

MICHAEL

Yeah. It's always girls, isn't it?

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

Matty stalks his way up next to Michael.

MATTY

Where the fuck were you yesterday?

MICHAEL

I was thinking.

MATTY

You couldn't have courtesy texted, at least? "Thinking, BRB, sad face."

MICHAEL

I threw away the pot brownie.

MATTY

What? Shit. There was like a hundred dollars worth of weed in there.

MICHAEL

I know. I was in a bad place. I got freaked out by the whole gay thing.

MATTY

Not so loud, man. Come on. In here.

They duck into the empty A/V room.

INT. A/V ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matty locks the door. He puts in a VHS tape marked "PHANTOM."

MATTY

Here we go. 1995 Glen Ellen High production of "Phantom of the Opera." Turn the volume up. Okay. Now we can talk without people hearing.

The tape starts playing. The Phantom looks terrible.

MATTY (CONT'D)

So you trashed the brownie. What the fuck?

MICHAEL

I'm not going to lie to you, man. You being gay all of a sudden, like without warning -- I was a little mad. And confused.

MATTY

And a little turned on, right?

MICHAEL

Shut up. No. I thought about the whole thing, really thought about it. And I decided everything's cool. I even stayed up and baked a new brownie.

MATTY

You did? That's awesome.

MICHAEL

It's bigger and better than the first one. I frosted some dicks and butts on it in your honor.

MATTY

Appreciate that.

MICHAEL

Seriously, man. I realized, like, hey, all gay guys pretty much turn out awesome. John Travolta. Abraham Lincoln. Gary Sinise.

MATTY

Gandalf and Magneto are played by the same queeny old dude.

MICHAEL

Exactly. I'm on board. I want to go on this gay journey with you as your friend. You're my best friend. Nothing has to change. We're still on a mission. We can still help each other get laid by prom, we can still go to Fullerton together in the fall.

MATTY

Cool.

MICHAEL

Cool. We're still going to get our dicks wet -- or whatever you call it with gay guys. Get shit on your dick? Get shittydicked?

MATTY

Fuck off.

MICHAEL

Are you back in on the plan?

Matty hesitates.

MATTY

I was never out.

Mr. Reagins unlocks the door. He recognizes the blaring tape.

MR. REAGINS

"Phantom," 1995. Jamie Konkauer, the kid in the lead role, actually had a mangled face.

MATTY

Brutal.

MR. REAGINS

It was a dream role for him. Too bad he couldn't sing. Guys, Mrs. Ashe is teaching Algebra II next door and they can't hear the formulas over the Andrew Lloyd Webber.

MICHAEL

Sorry, we didn't hear the bell.

MR. REAGINS

Get to class. Don't let me catch you in here watching musicals again.

INT. MATTY'S GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Michael has joined Josh, Matty and Dan for band practice. He stands behind a keyboard.

JOSH

Hey Mikey, Ava was looking pretty good today. Had a funky hat on and some ass-hugging stirrups. You're all done with that piece, right?

MICHAEL

No, actually, I'm thinking about getting back together with her. I didn't realize how hot she was.

JOSH

You better move fast, or someone else is going to get all up in that, yee-ah.

MICHAEL

Are you talking about yourself?

JOSH

Maybe.

DAN

Got a new T-shirt, guys. Check it out.

The shirt has a cartoon drawing of a mushroom, an arrow, and a crown.

DAN (CONT'D)

See, it's a mushroom putting on a crown. Mushroom...Kingdom, get it?

MATTY

That looks like a dick entering a spaceship.

JOSH

(static-y radio voice)

Ccrrrkkk -- "Permission to board the U.S.S. Cunterprise. I have an important load of jizz to deposit."

MICHAEL

I think that's why the Challenger exploded. A giant dick tried to board it.

MATTY

Hey, I was talking to Principal Reagins, and he was dropping hints that we should have some songs with vocals in them.

MICHAEL

No way.

MATTY

I mean, the guy's one of the judges, we should probably listen to what he has to say.

DAN

Makes sense. People don't want to hear the theme song to Zelda while they're trying to feel up some sophomore from the swim team.

MATTY

It's motherfucking prom. They want songs about love and rainbows and unicorns and shit.

MICHAEL

So what? That's not who we are.

MATTY

Do we want to win or not?

MICHAEL

Who's even going to sing?

MATTY

You are. I know you can do it. You were in that musical in third grade.

MICHAEL

That was about a ladybug who's running for Congress.

MATTY

And you fucking killed it out there. You made them feel something for that ladybug.

MICHAEL

No. No way. I'm not singing in front of people. Ever again.

JOSH

Don't play pussyball, man. Sack up.

MICHAEL

You don't even know. Everything's fucking changing in our lives right now. The band is what the band is. This band is like a rock. Can we not fuck with that for once?

Matty's brother LARS, 30, pokes his long-haired head in.

JOSH

Shit, it's your brother.

LARS

Hey fags! Get out of the garage. Time's up.

MATTY

It's not five o'clock yet!

LARS

We're starting early. We really have to nail down this Nickelback medley we're working on.

MATTY

That's a medley? I thought it was one incredibly long, incredibly shitty song.

LARS

Get the fuck out.

MATTY

You're thirty years old and you're in a band with high school kids. Have you thought about that? Look in the mirror, man.

(to Michael)

Practice your singing, Mikey. We're going to do this.

EXT. SCHOOL THEATER - DAY

Matty and Michael have just bought burritos. They're walking by a cluster of black-clad theater kids.

MICHAEL

It's the theater kids, let's go have a conversation.

MATTY

Fuck no. That sounds like torture.

MICHAEL

Do you want to meet other gays or what? We've got to get you out there. You can't gay-bone someone without gay-mingling first.

MATTY

I just came out to you. Do we have to go hit on other gay guys, like, immediately?

MICHAEL

That's what friends do. Friends push you into uncomfortable social situations so that eventually you can attain sexual release. That's how nature works.

MATTY

I don't know, it just seems weird.

MICHAEL

What's weird about two best buds trying to get the deed done before prom? It's an American tradition, a story told over and over again by our greatest writers. *Huck Finn*, *Moby Dick*, they're all about having sex by prom.

MATTY

No, they're not.

MICHAEL

Metaphorically, in a way, they are. I don't care what you say. I am going to help you meet some literal drama queens.

Ava and Em sip Diet Cokes nearby.

EM

How are you dealing with the breakup?

AVA

I'm so over Michael. Did you know one time he took me on a date to the library? Michael is a vagina.

EM

The library sounds sort of funny to me.

AVA

It's all about Anthony now. He's so dark and mysterious. He's like what Johnny Depp must have been like in high school.

ANTHONY ORSO, dramatic and brooding, arrives as if on command. He does not remind us of Johnny Depp at all.

ANTHONY

(kissing Ava's hand)

Ava, hello. You know, I was thinking, you may be the only non-phony in this entire school. In a world full of lies, you're like Sojourner Truth.

AVA

Anthony, you're so sweet!

Michael approaches SALVADOR, a kid with eyeliner and all black clothing.

MICHAEL

I saw you in "Little Shop of Horrors."
You're really good.

SALVADOR

That play was an abomination. The director had no vision.

Salvador has the most flamboyantly gay-sounding voice you've ever heard.

MICHAEL

Come to think of it, you're right, it was terrible. I'm Michael.

SALVADOR

Salvador.

MICHAEL

This is my friend Matty. He's a really great guy. I bet you two have a lot in common.

SALVADOR

I doubt I have anything in common with someone wearing a plaid shirt and cargo shorts.

MATTY

These were irregular at Old Navy.

MICHAEL

Salvador, we were wondering, do you like...you know, like, alternative stuff?

SALVADOR

Like alternative music? Like the band Bush?

MATTY

No. Not Bush. Definitely not Bush.

MICHAEL

Like alternative...lifestyles.

SALVADOR

Are you calling me a fag?

MICHAEL

God no. No, sir.

SALVADOR

You are calling me a fag, aren't you? You're the fucking fag. I am totally, one hundred percent straight.

MICHAEL

I'm sure you are.

SALVADOR

I'm so straight I get more pussy than the SPCA. I'm so straight I fucked your girlfriend last night.

MICHAEL

I don't have a girlfriend.

SALVADOR

That's because I fucked her so hard I launched her into outer space. She's in orbit around the earth now, due to my jackhammer fucking.

MATTY

That's great.

SALVADOR

I didn't ask you, cargo shorts.

Ava, Em, and Anthony hear the heated discussion and come over.

EM

Is everything okay?

SALVADOR

These fucking faggots are going to get their faces beat in, so yeah, everything's perfect.

EM

Sal, come here.

Em pulls Salvador aside for a conversation. Ava addresses Michael and Matty.

AVA

You know Anthony, don't you? He's going to Yale next year and majoring in drama.

MICHAEL

That's great, Anthony. I'm going to Fullerton and I'm majoring in fucking around.

ANTHONY

I envy you. Laughing your way through life, not letting all the suffering in the world do harm to your soul.

(MORE)

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Me, it just overwhelms me, makes my heart hurt. Except when I'm around Ava, of course.

MICHAEL

Ava, I really liked your last YouTube video. Very funny. And sexy. Sexy-funny.

AVA

Have you been Facebook stalking me and leaving all those messages? That's really creepy, Michael.

Em returns and pulls Michael and Matty over to talk to Salvador, out of earshot of Ava and Anthony.

EM

Salvador has something he wants to say to you.

SALVADOR

I'm sorry for saying I was going to beat your faces in.

EM

I told him that you're gay, Matty.

MATTY

What?

EM

It was the only way I could convince him that you weren't two homophobes trying to hate crime him.

SALVADOR

It's not like I'm going to run and tell everyone. You're not that special.

EM

He's actually gay too, as you might have been able to tell.

SALVADOR

Shut up, Em. I still want the skinny one to believe I fucked his girlfriend. She felt slippery, like the inside of a rubber duck.

MICHAEL

That's cool that you're gay, man. We're kind of new to this. Where do you go to meet other gay guys in this shitty town?

EXT. MICHAEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Michael drives, Matty sits shotgun. They pull up to the Menagerie, the local gay bar.

MICHAEL

There it is. The Menagerie. The center of the gay universe of Glen Ellen. I wonder if it's going to be a gay orgy in there, like a gay version of the house in *Eyes Wide Shut*.

MATTY

Probably. "The password is *fidelio*."

MICHAEL

More like *figaylio*.

EXT. THE MENAGERIE - NIGHT

The large bouncer waves Michael and Matty through after they wave their fake IDs.

MICHAEL

This is the only bar in town that doesn't care how crappy our fake IDs are.

MATTY

That's because they crave hot, young, male ass.

INT. THE MENAGERIE - CONTINUOUS

The bar is completely ordinary inside -- a little dingy, in fact. There's nothing remarkable about the clientele, either.

MICHAEL

No wonder they let us in.

MATTY

This is bad. This is real bad. It's like a more depressing version of a regular bar.

MICHAEL

That guy over there looks like he's having a good time.

Michael drags Matty over to JARED, 18, who's bobbing his head to imaginary beats. He has tight clothes and spiky hair.

JARED

(hyper)

Hey guys, are you guys new? You must be new. Everyone here is a regular. I would know you if you weren't new.

MICHAEL

Yeah, we're new. This is Matty, I'm Michael. He's gay, I'm not.

JARED

I'm Jared and I am extremely gay.

MATTY

We noticed, yeah.

JARED

Do you guys go to Glen Ellen?

(off their look)

It's cool, I go to Valley Springs -- go Panthers! -- I know everybody there, so I'm assuming you go to G.E.H.S. -- boo Huskies!

MICHAEL

Yeah. We go to Glen Ellen.

JARED

Awesome! So, you want to fuck later?

MATTY

Holy shit.

Matty grabs Michael's arm and they run to the bathroom.

INT. THE MENAGERIE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Matty locks the door. He's hyperventilating.

MICHAEL

What's the matter? He wasn't that bad.

MATTY

He had an eyebrow ring and sparkly makeup on.

MICHAEL

Isn't this what you want?

MATTY

That guy was way too gay.

MICHAEL

You're the most homophobic gay guy I know. If you don't like him, what kind of guy do you want? What's your type?

MATTY

I don't have a type.

MICHAEL

Of course you have a type. Everyone has a type. What is it, like, blond surfer dudes? Older men? Black guys? It's black guys, isn't it?

MATTY

What is wrong with you? I'm just starting out here, can't we lay low and have a couple beers tonight?

MICHAEL

We have a deal, man. I want you to taste that delicious brownie with me, and you can only taste that after you've tasted victory. Victory over another man, sex-style.

INT. THE MENAGERIE - CONTINUOUS

Jared accosts Matty and Michael.

MICHAEL

Sorry, Jared, it's a no. For both of us.

JARED

I'm going to get some E. Do you want some E? You're going to want some E.

MATTY

No.

JARED

I'll get you some E. Then we'll talk.

Jared glides away.

MICHAEL

I'm going to point out some guys. You're going to give me a yes or a no. That guy.

Michael points out MITCH, who's wearing a military uniform.

MATTY

G.I. Joe? G.I. No, man.

Michael points to HUYNH, a nerdy-looking guy.

MICHAEL

That guy.

MATTY

Too Asian.

CHARLES, a distinguished gentleman.

MICHAEL

That guy.

MATTY

Not Asian enough.

MICHAEL

Fuck it. We're talking to all of them.

MONTAGE:

1. Matty and Michael talk with Mitch.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

So they didn't ask and you didn't tell?

MITCH

Us gay Marines developed a secret handshake, except it didn't involve our hands, if you know what I mean.

MATTY

You mean you would swordfight in the shower?

MITCH

Yes.

2. Matty and Michael talk with Huynh.

MICHAEL

How was it living in Vietnam?

HUYNH

It's not great to be gay there. My dad cut me off completely after I told him I was gay. My sister is a prostitute and she still lives at home.

3. Matty and Michael meet Charles.

MICHAEL

I think your daughter goes to our school.

CHARLES

Oh yes. Tiffany is a sophomore.

MATTY

Well, I'm outta here.

Matty departs to get a beer from the bar.

MICHAEL

I think Matty's a little young for you.

CHARLES

He's also not gay. Look at him.

MICHAEL

I know, right? That's what I said.

CHARLES

I have an acute "gay radar" -- I call it my "homosexual detection radar." I'm fairly certain your friend does not enjoy the company of men. Anyway, here's my card. Come see me about that sinus problem.

MICHAEL

Thanks, Dr. Brunson.

END MONTAGE

Michael goes back to Matty by the bar.

MATTY

This is useless.

MICHAEL

Any of those guys would be fine boyfriends. Except for Dr. Brunson, he's a little creepy.

MATTY

I won't fuck anybody just because I'm gay. I'm gay, not a whore.

MICHAEL

I thought it was the same thing. That's part of why it's awesome to be gay, the effortless, never-ending sex. Why are you being so picky? You need a slump-buster.

MATTY

I'm not in a slump.

MICHAEL

You're in an eighteen-year slump. Your whole life has been one big gay slump.

Jared flies in the door and approaches the guys.

JARED

I'm back with your ecstasy, boys.

MATTY

We don't want it.

JARED

I know someone who wants it!

Jared feels up Michael's asshole. Michael slaps at his hand.

MICHAEL

I'm not even the gay one, Jesus!

JARED

Let's go to the bathroom together.

Jared's feeling Michael up and trying to kiss him. A pair of hands pulls Jared off of Michael.

They belong to Mr. Reagins.

MR. REAGINS

Get out of here. Leave these two alone.

Jared spins out and gets the whole bar's attention.

JARED

Who wants their dicks sucked?

A bunch of guys raise their hands.

JARED (CONT'D)

Let's take the gay train to Butt Sex Island!

Some guys follow Jared out of the bar.

MICHAEL

That doesn't even make sense. A train can't travel to an island. Unless there was some sort of Gay Chunnel to Butt Sex Island.

MATTY

Thanks for helping us out, Mr. Reagins.

MICHAEL

Are you going to get us in trouble for drinking beer?

MR. REAGINS

I think we're going to keep this quiet. On both ends, if that makes sense.

MICHAEL

It makes a lot of sense, because I just realized I don't know why you're even here.

MR. REAGINS

I could lie to you, but I'm not going to. I'm here with Chris.

CHRIS, 30, handsome, shakes their hands.

Several beers later, Mr. Reagins opens up a little.

MR. REAGINS (CONT'D)

I love my wife. I love my kids. And I'm devoted to them, I really am. But I love Chris too.

MATTY

Wow. That must be tough.

MR. REAGINS

It is, Matthew, it is. I'm committed, though. I'm strong.

MATTY

Don't worry, man. We're not going to tell anyone.

MICHAEL

We're strong, too. At secret-keeping,
not at actual strength.

MR. REAGINS

It's a gut feeling, but I trust you.

MATTY

Thanks for saving us from SuperHomo back
there.

EXT. THE MENAGERIE PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Michael backs his car out, and immediately a big, beat-up
pickup truck slams into it.

MICHAEL

Shit! What the f?

Burly, stubbly GREG, 25, emerges from the truck to survey
the damage.

GREG

Well, fuck a duck.

Michael and Matty get out of the car and see that
Michael's bumper has just about fallen off.

MICHAEL

What were you doing?

GREG

I was driving, man. It's not my fault
your car is so little. What is that, a
Kia Muy Pequeño?

MICHAEL

You could have really injured us. Don't
you care?

GREG

Aha. You said "could have." That means
you officially acknowledge that no harm
was done.

Michael checks his bumper.

MICHAEL

This thing is trashed. I guess we should
exchange insurance information now.

GREG

No, I'm good, actually. I'll see you guys around.

MICHAEL

What the fuck? No way. Hey!

Greg gets back in his truck and starts his engine. Matty stands in front of the truck so Greg can't leave.

Greg gets out of the truck and picks Matty up, placing him on the sidewalk.

MATTY

You smell like the fucking YMCA swimming pool!

MICHAEL

What's wrong with you? Most of the gay guys in there were super cool. Why do you have to ruin it for them?

GREG

You think I'm gay? Look at me. I have stubble on my eyeballs. My shirt has chili stains from 1997. You can forget about hitting on me because I'm not gay.

MICHAEL

Give me your information.

GREG

No.

Michael shoves Greg's arm a little.

MICHAEL

Give it to me.

MATTY

Maybe we should call the cops.

MICHAEL

We're underage and you drank like five beers. We can't call the cops.

GREG

Did you just shove me?

MICHAEL

Maybe.

GREG
All right, it's go time.

Greg socks Michael in the face, and Michael gets knocked out cold.

Greg gets in his car and screeches away.

GREG (CONT'D)
See you in hell, little gay dudes!

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Michael flags Matty down. Michael has a black eye.

MATTY
How's the face?

MICHAEL
Every time my heart beats, I feel like blood is going to squirt out of my eye.

MATTY
That would be pretty cool, actually.

MICHAEL
How does it look?

MATTY
Hideous. Maybe you should punch yourself in the other eye, at least make it symmetrical.

MICHAEL
That Vietnamese guy sent me an eVite to a rave in El Jarrito on Friday. Want to go?

MATTY
Am I gonna end up with a glow stick up my ass?

MICHAEL
Do you want to?

EXT. MEATPACKING WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Techno music pounds from inside the building.

INT. RAVE - NIGHT

Michael and Matty walk in and immediately look completely out of place.

MATTY

Every gay guy in the fucking tri-county area must meet up for these things.

DOOR GUY

Here's your glow sticks!

Michael and Matty put on several glow stick necklaces. They wade through tons of dancing, sweaty, happy gay guys. When they speak, they have to shout over the music.

MATTY

Don't these guys know they're living a cliché? How are you supposed to meet anybody here?

MICHAEL

I think you just dance with them until their dick accidentally slips inside of you!

They awkwardly try to dance a little bit, and then they're surrounded by some well-built shirtless guys who try to grind them.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Excuse me, sir. Sir? I need some space.

The guy moves on, but another takes his place.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

All right. Okay. My fault for being here.

(to Matty)

I gotta take a break.

They move out of the crowd of dancers. DUNCAN, a large black man with a rumbling, baritone voice, approaches them.

DUNCAN

You guys want some amyl nitrate?

MATTY

What does it do?

DUNCAN

It makes your asshole bigger. For fucking purposes.

MATTY

No thank you.

DUNCAN

I pair it with a boner pill for five dollars. Call it a combo meal.

MICHAEL

We're going to pass.

DUNCAN

All right, gentlemen. Enjoy having tiny assholes.

INT. FOAM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Michael and Matty look in. It's a room waist-high with foam bubbles and full of more shirtless guys. ALEXI, the chipper foam room door guy, blocks their entry.

ALEXI

Ah ah ah. You have to strip down to your underwear to come into the foam room.

MATTY

Doesn't the foam get into your urethra and shit?

MICHAEL

How much gonorrhea do you think is in the foam?

ALEXI

You haven't lived until you've gotten a foam job.

MATTY

We're going to pass for now, thanks.

INT. CHILL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Michael and Matty enter a room with a bunch of sedate guys just sitting in beanbags and metal folding chairs. They see Salvador from school.

SALVADOR

I know you guys.

MATTY

Salvador. You seem to be in a better mood tonight.

MICHAEL

Yeah, you're not threatening to kill us.

SALVADOR

That's thanks to our friend here.

He lifts up a bong. Matty takes it.

MATTY

I thought gay guys were focused on the dancing and fucking varieties of drugs.

SALVADOR

Wait wait wait wait. That's not what you think it is.

MATTY

This isn't the ganj?

SALVADOR

It's salvia. You heard of it? It gives you the best dream of your life for fifteen minutes, and then it's over.

MICHAEL

Is it safe?

SALVADOR

It's legal. That means the government is practically demanding that you try it.

MATTY

Is it fun?

SALVADOR

Earlier tonight I dreamt that I turned into a motorcycle and I jumped over a Grand Canyon filled with Colonel Sanders cartoon heads.

MATTY

Fire it up.

Matty takes a hit and Michael follows him.

SALVADOR

Hold it in until your vision starts to vibrate or the room turns into a river of lava. You'll know.

MATTY

Oh yeah.

Michael and Matty exhale. Matty stands up and starts laughing.

SALVADOR

Don't get up. You should lie down.

MATTY

No, you don't. Shut up. No, you don't!

Matty runs out of the room. Michael is slowly spinning around in circles.

MICHAEL

Where is he? Where is he?

Salvador points out the door, and Michael runs after him. Salvador turns to the bearded guy next to him.

SALVADOR

I've never seen guys do that on salvia before.

BEARDED GUY

I sprayed some Windex on it.

SALVADOR

Oh, okay.

Salvador shrugs and takes another hit.

INT. FOAM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Michael and Matty stumble to the entrance.

ALEXI

Sorry, guys. No shirt, no shoes, no pants, that's our policy.

MATTY

Shirt? I'm not even wearing a *face*!

MICHAEL

I know you. You're Robocop. You're half robot, half cop.

ALEXI

Strip down or move it along.

MICHAEL

Yes sir, Robocop, sir.

Matty and Michael look at each other and nod. They both take off all of their clothes, including their underwear.

ALEXI

Above and beyond. Come on in, gentlemen.

He just about pushes them into the foam room.

MATTY

Is this heaven?

MICHAEL

This is heaven.

MATTY

I am a wild puma. I will bite you with my fangs.

MICHAEL

I am a castle. Here is my drawbridge.

The whole time, guys are dancing around them. Jared spots them and comes over.

JARED

I am so high right now!

MICHAEL

You are the last samurai.

JARED

I know, right?

Jared puts both hands under the foam.

JARED (CONT'D)

Somebody's not wearing panties tonight!

MATTY

My body is made of dominoes. He's making my dominoes fall over.

MICHAEL

We have to run. I am Prefontaine.

INT. RAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Matty and Michael run through the rave naked with foam on them. Gay guys around them cheer.

D.J. (O.S.)
Things just got delicious in here!

INT. RAVE - LATER

Michael wakes up sitting in a pile of his clothes. He hurriedly puts on his underwear.

MICHAEL
Where's Matty?

ALEXI
Your fat naked friend? He's back in there enjoying the foam, silly.

INT. FOAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sobering up now, Michael reluctantly wades back into the foam. He sees Matty in the corner and stops dead in his tracks.

Matty is furiously making out with a girl.

Michael swims over and angrily separates them.

MICHAEL
What are you doing?

MATTY
What?

MICHAEL
That's a girl!

The girl slaps Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What are you slapping me for?

FOAM GIRL
You grazed my boob.

MICHAEL
This is a gay rave. What are you even doing here?

FOAM GIRL
Your boyfriend's just having some fun, relax.

MICHAEL

He's not my boyfriend. I'm straight.

She slaps him again.

FOAM GIRL

Then you really shouldn't have touched my boob.

MICHAEL

Dude. I think we should go.

EXT. MEATPACKING WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Michael and Matty finishing putting on their shoes outside.

MICHAEL

You're not still high on salvia, are you?

MATTY

I was just messing around. Jesus.

MICHAEL

That's not fair, man.

MATTY

What's not fair?

MICHAEL

Dude, you turned my life upside down.

MATTY

Your life?

MICHAEL

I'm trying to be a cool and supportive best friend. You being gay was kind of a big deal to me, you know, and now you're making out with girls. I don't know what to think. That's like a double-agent move.

MATTY

You told me it wasn't a big deal.

MICHAEL

I lied, okay? Of course it's a big deal. Not in a bad way.

MATTY

Look, the past few days have been pretty weird for me too. You've kind of been pushing me and pushing me and pushing me. Can we just put the brakes on for a second?

Michael stares at the curb.

MICHAEL

Are you saying you don't want to hang out with me anymore?

MATTY

It's not that. Maybe just -- worry less about me and more about yourself, 'cause it's not like your life is perfect right now.

MICHAEL

I know. I'm just trying to help.

MATTY

I need some time. Maybe I need to work some of this stuff out on my own, you know?

MICHAEL

Yeah, well, maybe you do.

EXT. SCHOOL DRIVEWAY - DAY

Michael waits alone next to the parking lot, looking a little forlorn. A car pulls up next to him.

INT. EM'S CAR - DAY

Michael gets into Em's car.

MICHAEL

Thanks for driving me to the shop.

EM

No problem. I had a car accident the day I got my license. My parents totally freaked out, so I know what that's like. How's the eye?

MICHAEL

It sucks. I ate a croissant stuffed with Motrin IB for breakfast.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hey, have you talked to Ava at all since we broke up? Is she still stuck on me a little bit?

EM

She did talk about you some.

MICHAEL

That's great. That's awesome. I'm still on her mind. Makes sense.

EM

Where's Matty? Why didn't he give you a ride?

MICHAEL

We kind of...broke up. Not really, but we're taking a break. He needs some time. That's what he said.

EM

That's bizarre.

MICHAEL

I'm starting to think he's not gay.

EM

So he's just telling people he's gay for all of the social advantages?

MICHAEL

I know. It doesn't make sense, right? But the other night, I caught him making out with a girl.

EM

Really? Are you sure?

MICHAEL

She had boobs. I touched one of them. Grazed it, actually. He tried play it all nonchalant, like "I can make out with whoever I want." But I was like, "No, you can't, not when I have it established in my brain that you're gay."

EM

(skeptical)

How dare he.

MICHAEL

Plus he didn't go for any of the guys at the bar. There were some hotties there.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

There was a Marine. There was an Asian.
Who doesn't want to sample an Asian?

EM

Nobody.

MICHAEL

Dr. Brunson was there.

EM

Tiffany Brunson's dad?

MICHAEL

Yeah. He told me that he has excellent,
like, doctor-type gaydar, and he thought
that Matty wasn't gay.

EM

You're tracking down a lot of clues here.
You're like a gay detective. You should
be on *Law and Order: Gay Squad*.

MICHAEL

It's pretty selfish of him to all of a
sudden start making out with girls again,
don't you think?

EM

He probably wasn't thinking about you
when he did it.

MICHAEL

I hope not.

EXT. AL'S AUTO BODY - DAY

Em and Michael pull into the garage parking lot. Michael
immediately sees that the mechanic, EDGAR, has put a
horrifically mismatched bumper on his car.

MICHAEL

Excuse me? Hello? That's not the right
color or shape -- I'm not even sure
that's actually a bumper.

EDGAR

Lo siento, señor. No ingles.

MICHAEL

No English? I need to get this changed.
Does anyone here speak English?

Edgar shrugs his shoulders and starts to walk away.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Wait, come back. My bumper is totally f'ed. You can't do this.

Em gets out of her car and approaches.

EM

What's going on?

MICHAEL

I guess I'm screwed. No one here speaks any English.

EM

You're going to drive around with a burgundy-colored truck bumper on your tiny green car?

MICHAEL

It's not so bad. You might not be able to tell at night.

EM

No way. They messed up your car. That is unacceptable. Hey! Señor!

Em runs down Edgar and escorts him back to Michael's car.

She starts berating him in fluent Spanish. They're arguing, waving their hands in the air, making wild gestures.

MICHAEL

Whoa. We don't have to -- you don't have to do this.

But Em only escalates the confrontation, and eventually Edgar loses the argument soundly. He looks pretty scared at the end, nodding profusely at everything Em says.

EM

He's going to fix it free of charge.

MICHAEL

You really scared him. What did you say?

EM

I told him that I beat you up and unless he did as I told him, I would beat him up too.

MICHAEL

He believed that?

EM

It's a matriarchal society. They're all scared of their mothers.

Em yells some more Spanish at Edgar. He hurries it up, shouts at his coworkers, and more mechanics rush over to work on the bumper.

MICHAEL

Wow. Thanks.

EM

No worries.

MICHAEL

When you were going out with Matty, did you ever, you know, make out and stuff?

EM

Yeah, sure. We did more than that.

MICHAEL

Really? Nothing seemed off?

EM

I was pretty into Matty. If he weren't all gay and stuff now, I mean -- who knows, maybe I turned him gay.

MICHAEL

No you didn't, no way. You couldn't turn anyone gay. Maybe the opposite, you know?

EM

Thanks. This whole thing has been kind of rough. Maybe I was a little too hard on Edgar there, what do you think?

MICHAEL

Edgar did turn my car gay.

EM

Matty always seemed really comfortable with who he was, and I don't know, he seemed happy at the time.

MICHAEL

Yeah. He did, didn't he?

Em yells angrily in Spanish again, and two workers bring them Cokes.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Michael's slutty cousin Nicole is in his room with him.

MICHAEL

You understand what your objectives are.

NICOLE

Don't worry, I can handle this. Where's my reward?

Michael pulls out a nice leather briefcase. He opens it up dramatically.

It's completely empty except for two twenty-dollar bills.

MICHAEL

One of these is for you to have now. The other one is yours upon the completion of your mission.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL THEATER - DAY

Michael sits down with Ava, who's on the grass reading a book of poetry.

MICHAEL

Reading a book. I love books. Books are like the magazines of the gods.

AVA

What do you want, Michael?

MICHAEL

Nothing. Just two friends hanging out after lunch. Talking, enjoying each other's company, swapping stories --

Ava rubs her face. She look disgusted.

AVA

You just spit on me.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, sometimes that happens when I start talking too fast.

AVA

Some of it got in my *mouth*. Ew.

MICHAEL

I'm working on cutting it down. Doing exercises.

Ava starts wiping her tongue hard with a paper napkin. Michael just watches her, paralyzed.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(blurts it out)

Do you want to go to prom with me?

AVA

What? No.

MICHAEL

I know I dumped you, and that was probably painful, but I realize now I made a big mistake, and if you can find it in your heart to forgive me --

AVA

I'm going with Anthony.

MICHAEL

Anthony? Really? I think he's depressed. Like medically speaking.

AVA

He's deep in a way that you would never understand. He gave me this book of poems about Darfur.

MICHAEL

I thought you talked with Em about getting back together with me.

AVA

No. I talked about how immature you are.

MICHAEL

Immature? You're the one who never wanted to go past third base!

AVA

Third? You never even got to second.

MICHAEL

It's an imprecise metaphorical system. It's open to interpretation.

AVA

God, you just spit on me again.

MICHAEL

Sorry.

AVA

I have to go change for color guard.
Bye, Michael.

MICHAEL

You mean flag-spinning? We have machines
that can spin flags now. We don't need
people to do that.

Michael kicks a tree and hurts his foot.

EXT. SCHOOL LUNCH QUAD - DAY

Matty looks adoringly at his slice of pizza.

MATTY

Pizza, will you marry me?
(does the pizza's voice)
Yes, I will, Matty. I will love you
forever and ever.
(back to Matty voice)
Come here, you.

Matty takes a huge bite.

Nicole eyes Matty like a shark and advances on him.

NICOLE

Mmm, I love pizza.

She grabs Matty and pulls him around the side of the
building. She pins him against the wall and starts
disgustingly making out with him, open-mouthed, tongue,
everything.

The bite of pizza travels via make-out into Nicole's
mouth. Matty is struggling against her the whole time.

Nicole rubs Matty's crotch while they pizza-make-out.
She makes a noise of recognition as if she's felt
something familiar with her hand.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Somebody like-y.

Finally, she releases her grip. She now has the whole
bite of pizza in her mouth, which she chews and swallows.
She licks her fingers.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Thanks for the pizza.

She skips off.

MATTY
What the fuck was that?

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Michael finds a book called *Gay-Okay: Accepting Your Homosexuality* on his bed. There's a note that says:

Did you know that scientists believe gayness is 100% genetic? Think about it. Love, Dad

Michael hears a knock on his door. He throws the book under his bed right before Nicole walks in.

MICHAEL
How'd it go?

NICOLE
Success. He totally got hard.

MICHAEL
I knew it.

NICOLE
He's a great kisser. He tasted like masculine desire. And pizza grease.

MICHAEL
All right, that's gross. You're sure he liked it?

NICOLE
I know boy parts, Mikey. I know them like the back of my hand. Or should I say the *inside* of my hand.

MICHAEL
Ew.

Michael hands her the other twenty from the briefcase.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Here you go, you can go now.

NICOLE

If you have any other friends who need a little manual assistance, you know where to find me.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Michael runs to catch up with Matty.

MICHAEL

Practice tonight. Don't forget.

MATTY

I won't.

MICHAEL

The band's still cool, right?

MATTY

It's fine. I'll be there, okay?

MICHAEL

What have you been up to the past couple days?

MATTY

Nothing. Hanging out at home. I've been kinda sick and stuff. Hey, I gotta go, are we all done here?

MICHAEL

Yeah. Jeez.

Matty gets in his car and drives away.

INT. MATTY'S GARAGE - 7:30 PM

Michael's leaving a voice mail for Matty.

MICHAEL

Dude, where are you? I asked your parents and they said they thought you were at my place studying. I had to lie and say that you did come over and I've had memory loss ever since I got punched.

Josh and Dan enter. Josh is drinking from a VitaminWater bottle.

Dan has a shirt that says "SHROOM-MATES."

DAN

I made a shirt for our fan club members.

MICHAEL

We don't have a fan club.

DAN

But now we have the name for one.
Where's Matty? Time's running out before
the audition.

MICHAEL

I know, I know. It's going to be okay.
The Beatles had these same problems while
recording *The White Album*, and everything
turned out okay for them.

DAN

No, it didn't. They broke up and then
one of them got shot. Plus Paul
McCartney made Wings. Nobody likes
Wings.

JOSH

Hey Michael, if you don't want to sing, I
brought a headset mic. I learned a kick-
ass Daughtry song.

Josh plays drums and sings the chorus of "Home" really
out of key.

JOSH (CONT'D)

(soulful)

I'm going home / Back to the place where
something something / And something's
going to something something something...

MICHAEL

Are you drunk?

JOSH

Very.

(points to VitaminWater
bottle)

This is triple sec and Benadryl.

MICHAEL

Matty's not coming. I'm going home.

DAN

What about the audition?

MICHAEL
Ask Matty about that.

DAN
I have more shirt designs. Do I make you
shroomy, baby?

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Michael sighs and dials his phone.

INT. MICHAEL'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Michael glumly hits ping-pong balls, but he's not alone.
Em hits them back to him.

MICHAEL
He's confused, I know it. He's fat, he's
sloppy, he has terrible fashion sense,
and he likes girls.

EM
This is really hurting you, isn't it?

MICHAEL
Nicole said she made out with him and he
got a semi-boner.

EM
Nicole made out with him?

MICHAEL
I sort of paid her to do it.

EM
(laughing)
That is messed up. Although you could be
helping her jump-start her whoring
career.

MICHAEL
I guess it does kind of make her an
actual, dictionary-definition whore.

EM
If Nicole aroused him at all, maybe he
isn't gay.

MICHAEL

Fuck. My life is shit. Did you know I asked Ava to prom and she said she was going with Anthony Orso?

EM

That guy is totally Bilbo Douchebaggins.

MICHAEL

I'm such an idiot. I never should have broken up with her. I may never touch a pair of human breasts again. Look at me. I'm a mediocre catch.

EM

You're not that mediocre.

MICHAEL

You're right. I would be ecstatic to be mediocre. I'm sub-mediocre.

EM

I've been here talking with you for more than fifteen minutes and I don't want to gouge my eyes out. That's big. That's pretty good for a guy.

MICHAEL

That's great. You can stand to be in the same room as me for half the running time of *The New Adventures of Old Christine*.

EM

You're going to be okay. You're pretty smart, you're not all loud and in my face and you're not a jock or a meathead or one of those crying emo kids.

MICHAEL

(wistful)

Ava listened to Fall Out Boy.

EM

You should probably hold that against her.

(serious now)

I'm going to tell you something only because I want you to really feel like you can get over her. Ava was sort of doing stuff with Anthony Orso before you broke up with her.

Michael throws his paddle across the room.

MICHAEL

What?

EM

She was cheating on you.

MICHAEL

Dammit. Well, at least she's uptight and won't let anyone get past second base.

EM

Actually...I heard she wasn't so uptight with Anthony.

MICHAEL

Did she have sex with him?

Em nods, teeth clenched.

EM

Sorry.

Michael picks up another paddle and throws it as well.

Em comes over to comfort Michael. She puts her hand on his.

EM (CONT'D)

Do you want to go somewhere?

INT. EM'S CAR - NIGHT

Em drives them to the make-out spot where Matty told Michael he was gay.

MICHAEL

She told me she was waiting until marriage or until she met Christian Slater, whichever came first.

EM

And you believed that?

MICHAEL

The whole time I thought she would cave.

EM

Ava's my friend -- I think. But to be honest, I think she was crazy for not knowing what she had with you.

MICHAEL

Really?

Michael realizes what's happening. Their gaze suddenly becomes a little more intense. They lean in.

They're about to kiss when Michael sees Matty's car parked down the road.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

He's here.

EM

What?

Michael jumps out of the car and run-walks over to Matty's car.

EXT. MAKE-OUT SPOT - NIGHT

Michael cups his hands and peers into the driver-side window. He sees Matty making out with a shirtless Greg.

Michael throws open the door and pulls Matty out of the car.

MICHAEL

What the fuck?

MATTY

What are you doing?

MICHAEL

What are you doing?

MATTY

I'm making out with a dude, what do you think I'm doing?

MICHAEL

But you're not gay.

MATTY

Then why is that guy not wearing a shirt?

Greg's half-naked body has gotten out of the car.

GREG

He's gay, man. Trust me.

MICHAEL

Nicole made out with you and she said you got hard.

MATTY

How do you know about that?

MICHAEL

Because I paid her to do it.

MATTY

What is wrong with you? This isn't some fucked up game. This is my life. You know how shitty it already is that I can't tell my parents or my brother about this without them freaking out and disowning me? Now I have to deal with this from you?

MICHAEL

Why do you have to do gay stuff with the asshole who hit my car and punched me in the face?

MATTY

He's actually a good guy.

GREG

That was a bad night for me, man. I apologize.

MATTY

Why are you here with my ex-girlfriend?

Em has just arrived after hearing all the shouting.

EM

Hey.

GREG

Hi. I'm Greg.

EM

Em.

MICHAEL

We didn't do anything. We were just talking. And why would it matter anyway, if you really are gay?

MATTY

It's the principle of the matter.

MICHAEL

How about the principle of not lying to your best friend? You said you were sick. I bet you've been hanging out with gay Greg, haven't you? Is he the reason you skipped practice tonight?

MATTY

He's part of the reason, yeah. The other part is that you're acting so fucking weird about the whole thing I can't even stand to hang out with you anymore.

MICHAEL

We're totally fucked for our prom audition. Your gayness is becoming this band's Yoko Ono.

MATTY

Don't talk about my gayness that way.

MICHAEL

You know what, I'm starting to miss straight Matty. Straight Matty would never have lied to me and snuck around behind my back.

MATTY

Dude. Wake up. I was never straight.

MICHAEL

Whatever. You better come to practice tomorrow.

MATTY

No. Fuck that. It's over. I quit. I don't want to be in your shitty band with no singing. I don't want to go to your shitty prom with you, and I don't want to eat your shitty brownie.

MICHAEL

Don't talk about the brownie like that.

MATTY

It's over, man.
(to Greg)
Come on, let's go.

MICHAEL

Fuck off.

Matty and Greg get back in the car.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(yelling)

You're gay with a guy who looks exactly like you! That's not even gay, that's like, really egotistical!

MATTY

(yelling back)

Have fun with my ex-girlfriend! She has six kinds of herpes!

Michael and Em watch Matty's car peel out.

EM

The herpes thing...that's not technically accurate.

INT. SCHOOL GYM - DAY

It's audition time. Michael and Dan watch a team of freshman girls sing a Hilary Duff song.

MICHAEL

Where's Josh?

DAN

You didn't hear? He's in the hospital for alcohol poisoning. The doctors said his liver turned orange with black stripes. Like a tiger.

MICHAEL

Fuck. Fuck!

The girls wrap up, and the panel of three judges, including Mr. Reagins, applauds.

MR. REAGINS

Next up...Mushroom Kingdom!

Michael and Dan nervously walk over.

MR. REAGINS (CONT'D)

Is this everyone?

MICHAEL

Our drummer is sick, and, uh, yeah, that's everyone.

MR. REAGINS

Whenever you're ready.

MICHAEL

Okay. This one is about a plumber who has to save a girl from an evil dinosaur.

Michael cues up the intro to the Super Mario theme song on his keyboard. He and Dan try to play the song, but it's totally empty without guitar and drums. Plus, they suck.

The song starts to fall apart and eventually Dan stops playing and takes his bass off. Michael lamely ends the song in the middle. Disaster.

MR. REAGINS

All right. Thank you very much, gentlemen. I'm sorry your whole band couldn't be here.

He looks meaningfully at Michael.

MICHAEL

Yeah, we're sorry too.

EXT. SCHOOL GYM - A LITTLE LATER

Michael fumes to Dan.

MICHAEL

Fucking Matty! Why does he have to be so goddamn gay?

Michael punches the wall and really hurts his hand.

DAN

That was pretty gay of him to not show up. I was too embarrassed to even show the judges this kick-ass shirt.

Dan reveals the T-shirt he has on underneath, which reads "YO QUIERO MUSHROOM KINGDOM."

Lars exits the gym whooping and hollering with his band.

LARS

Mikey! Guess who's playing your prom!

MICHAEL

You graduated twelve years ago.

LARS

But 80% of the band is made up of current students. Loophole, yeah!

They continue celebrating and air-guitaring.

MICHAEL

Dammit.

INT. RUN-DOWN GYMNASIUM - AFTERNOON

Matty and Greg are watching a Mexican wrestling match.

GREG

You're going to be so glad you ditched school. This shit is so much better than the American shit. These guys are Mexican, and they are hardcore.

MATTY

Is that Shrek?

He points to a wrestler wearing a Shrek mask.

GREG

Yeah, they like cartoons and crap. They call that guy El Shreko. Last time they brought in a bear and El Shreko fucking wrestled the bear. It was unbelievable.

MATTY

Who won?

GREG

The bear kicked Shrek's ass. It was the best, I fucking hate that movie. Yes! Here comes Esteban Hawking.

(to the ring)

Kick his ass, Señor Hawking!

A wrestler in a motorized wheelchair rolls into the ring.

GREG (CONT'D)

Esteban Hawking -- the Spanish version of Stephen Hawking. One of the other wrestlers bullies him, and then he rises up out of the wheelchair and just fucking regulates. It's awesome.

MATTY

(shaking his head at Greg's wrestling knowledge)

Dude, how are you a gay guy?

GREG

I just am, man. How are you a gay guy?

MATTY

I know, right? You're just like a regular friend-type dude. I like that.

GREG

Thanks, man. You can get a hot fuck anywhere. True friends are hard to come by. Put that on a poster and frame it. I'm a fucking genius.

MATTY

Friends are good. I agree.

GREG

You gonna patch things up with that dude Michael?

(to the ring)

Kick his ass, Hawking!

MATTY

You think I should?

GREG

I don't know, you've been friends since you were born or whatever. Seems like a thing to do.

MATTY

Maybe if he gives a little first. He owes me.

GREG

What does he owe you?

MATTY

I don't know. He just does, you know?

(re: Esteban Hawking)

Does he have a robotic voice?

GREG

Just watch.

Esteban slams El Shreko to the ground and the crowd goes nuts. Esteban pushes a button on a machine on his wheelchair repeatedly.

ESTEBAN HAWKING

(robotic voice)

Soy el campeón. Soy el campeón. Soy el campeón.

GREG

Yeah, motherfucker! You are el campeón!

Greg gets up and climbs into the ring to give Esteban a high-five. Immediately, El Shreko puts Greg in a headlock and starts to remove him from the ring.

GREG (CONT'D)

Pixar forever! Whoo!

INT. MATTY'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Michael, Dan, and a more subdued Josh struggle through the end of the Yoshi's Island theme song.

Josh messes up and throws his sticks.

JOSH

This is garbage.

MICHAEL

Guys, it's okay that we didn't get prom. We don't want to play that kind of cheesy show anyway. We're better than that.

DAN

We're not better than that. We suck. Lars' band is better than we are, and they suck, so by the transitive property of sucking, we must suck really bad.

JOSH

This isn't any fun anymore.

MICHAEL

It is fun! *I am having fun!*

JOSH

This band is stagnant. We reached our creative peak months ago with the Castlevania song.

DAN

Mike, you just stood there looking super-angry while we played the theme song to Yoshi's Island. That's supposed to be a happy game, man.

JOSH

Gentlemen, I think it's time to hang it up. I quit.

DAN

Me too. Sorry, Mike.

MICHAEL

I'm willing to consider branching out to TV theme songs. Guys? Guys.

Josh and Dan gather their things and start heading out.

EXT. SCHOOL LUNCH QUAD - DAY

Michael nibbles on a sandwich while watching Matty hanging out with Salvador and the other artsy kids by the theater.

Mr. Reagins approaches.

MR. REAGINS

Michael, I'm sorry about the audition. I'm sure things would have gone differently if you would've had your whole lineup.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

MR. REAGINS

Is everything okay with you?

MICHAEL

Yeah, fine. Everything's great.

MR. REAGINS

I've been sitting down and talking with Matty a little bit. I think it's been pretty helpful.

MICHAEL

That's great for Matty. What does that have to do with me?

MR. REAGINS

Wanted to let you know my door's always open if you ever want to talk.

MICHAEL

What is there to talk about? My best friend's gay, you're gay, Anderson Cooper's gay. Everything's perfect.

MR. REAGINS

All right. Keep your voice down a little, okay?

Mr. Reagins moves on, shaking his head a little.

Michael trains his eyes back on Matty across the way. Now, though, he sees Ava full-on making out with Anthony Orso.

MICHAEL

Shit! He's really getting his tongue in there deep.

Em surprises him.

EM

Hey Creepy Staring Guy. Can I sit here while you mumble to yourself?

MICHAEL

Yeah. Sorry. I was just zoning out. Meditating. Keeping my mind clear. Sharp.

EM

Are you sure you weren't watching your ex-girlfriend eat face for lunch?

MICHAEL

Watching that...and watching my old best friend pretend to be a stereotypical theater gay.

EM

He says he's really getting into the arts.

MICHAEL

I think that means he's physically getting into artsy guys. With his penis.

EM

I heard about the audition.

MICHAEL

Yeah, no, it's cool. The band broke up, anyway.

EM

Oh wow, I'm sorry.

MICHAEL

Actually, they quit on me. Seems like the hot thing to do these days.

EM

Maybe...don't let them do that then.

MICHAEL

What do you mean?

EM

I know Josh and Dan. They're weak. You're strong. Or, at least, you're not as weak as they are. You can mold them like the guy who molded Gumby.

MICHAEL

The guy who molded Gumby had talent. I don't.

EM

Yes you do. I remember you in that musical in third grade.

MICHAEL

I played a caterpillar.

EM

You made my mom cry. If you want something bad enough, you might as well fight to get it. And then if you fail you can go ahead and feel sorry for yourself, but at least you'll know you gave a shit and did something.

Michael looks Em in the eyes.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

Impulsively, Em leans in and kisses Michael. He doesn't pull back.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Terry knocks and enters. Michael is strapping a bike helmet to his head.

TERRY

I got a new Netflix in the mail. A TV show called "The L Word." Ever heard of it? Maybe we could watch it together.

MICHAEL

Yeah, maybe later. I'm going on a bike ride. Listen to some tunes, pump myself up. Going to get the band back together tomorrow.

TERRY

That's great! You and Matty got things straightened out?

MICHAEL

No, no Matty. Just me and Dan and Josh.

TERRY

Is Matty going to be okay with that?

MICHAEL

Who knows what Matty thinks? I'm not Mindfreak. I don't have a psychic connection with him.

TERRY

Okay, point taken. Have I told you I'm proud of you no matter what?

MICHAEL

Yeah, you have. A lot. Thanks.

EXT. MATTY'S STREET - DUSK

Michael bikes by Matty's house, singing along to his headphones. After he passes it, something strikes him as odd. He pulls his headphones out, but he can still hear music. It's coming from Matty's closed garage.

Michael bikes back to Matty's house.

INT. MATTY'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Michael throws open the garage door, revealing Matty, Dan, and Josh practicing.

DAN

Hey Mike.

MICHAEL

What the hell is this? You guys are practicing behind my back?

DAN

Me and Josh and Matty kind of formed a new band.

JOSH

We're called Dark Matter.

Dan's shirt says "DARK MATTER: CAN YOU HEAR US NOW?"

DAN
Cool shirts, huh?

MICHAEL
What the fuck, man? You're kicking me
out of the band?

JOSH
No one's getting kicked out.

DAN
Mushroom Kingdom had a great run. Dark
Matter is a new band with a fresh new
sound.

MICHAEL
A new band with the exact same members,
minus me.

JOSH
Exactly. There you go. You got it.

MATTY
I thought you didn't want to do a band
with vocals.

JOSH
We sort of wanted to do a real band.

MICHAEL
Mushroom Kingdom wasn't real to you?

DAN
Instead of video game music, we're doing
more of a Scandinavian black metal vibe.
Matty is really good at growling like
they do in Norway.

MATTY
You know, hey, if you want to be a guest
keyboardist on some of the songs after we
get our groove going, maybe we could work
something out.

MICHAEL
No, that's okay. You guys have a new
band. Perfect. I was going to ask you
to join my new band tomorrow, but forget
that, right? Who needs me? I bet you
guys sound great without me. If you
don't mind, I'll just sit here and watch
you do your black metal thing. Maybe
I'll learn how a real band practices.

Michael sits down and crosses his arms. Halfheartedly, Josh starts playing a beat and Matty plays a terrible metal riff. The song falls apart within seconds.

DAN

Are you really going to sit there and watch us play?

MICHAEL

Yeah. That's exactly what I'm going to do.

Time passes, the band keeps practicing, and Michael sits there glaring, unmoved, still wearing his bike helmet. Eventually, Matty's mom PATRICIA enters.

PATRICIA

Sounding really good, boys. Any of you like to stay for dinner? I made Shake and Bake Cajun-style, which means I burned it a little.

JOSH

I've got to get home by 7. I'm grounded until my liver shrinks down to 50% above normal.

DAN

I have an appointment with my Warcraft guild.

MATTY

Those aren't real people.

DAN

They are real. Some of them are girls.

MICHAEL

I'll stay for dinner.

MATTY

You will?

PATRICIA

Fantastic, Michael. Matthew, put out an extra place setting for him.

INT. MATTY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dwayne, Patricia, Matty, and Michael clink forks and eat.

DWAYNE

How are you boys doing with the ladies?

MATTY

Excellent. Look at us. Ladies love this shit.

PATRICIA

Please don't say "shit" at the dinner table.

Michael sneaks a look at Matty.

MICHAEL

Matty actually has a new girlfriend.

DWAYNE

Really? Tell us about her, Matt.

MATTY

It's nothing. It's not serious.

MICHAEL

She is something, let me tell you. Real tall. Thick like a tree trunk. Big forearms, like Popeye.

PATRICIA

You have to bring her around, Matthew. I'd love to meet the lucky lady.

MICHAEL

She's an Amazon. Beautiful curly hair on her head and all over her body. Powerful. I bet she can bench 220, 230.

MATTY

Michael's last girlfriend cheated on him.

MICHAEL

It was more like it was an open relationship. Who wants to be tied down at our age? May I be excused to use the restroom?

INT. MATTY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Michael comes out of the bathroom and passes Matty's room. He sees a picture of Matty and him riding the Ferris wheel at the state fair.

INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael picks the picture up and looks at it wistfully for a second. When he sets it down, he sees a letter on New York University stationery partially hidden under some papers.

He pulls out the letter. It's an acceptance letter.

INT. MATTY'S DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Michael is even angrier than before.

MICHAEL

You know, Matty, it's too bad you're not going to prom. I made limo reservations, we had our tux fitting all planned out.

MATTY

Does the tux place rent those shiny leather shoes, too? Because you seem to have a really hard time putting yourself in other people's shoes.

MICHAEL

Sometimes I don't even know what *orientation* those shoes are in, you know what I mean?

MATTY

Maybe you could, I don't know, trust your friend and not be judging all the time.

MICHAEL

It's really hard to trust someone when they promise you they're going to Cal State Fullerton and instead they're secretly applying to NYU.

MATTY

Maybe I want to get out of this shithole town instead of being a lazy fuck who's too scared to do anything important with his life!

DWAYNE

Language, Matty!

MICHAEL

Matty's gay!

DWAYNE

What?

MICHAEL

Your son is gay, okay? Ask him. He told me but he's too scared to tell you.

PATRICIA

Matty? Is this true?

MATTY

(staring a hole through Michael)

This is not happening.

DWAYNE

Matthew, answer your mother.

MATTY

No.

DWAYNE

Then excuse yourself and I will see you in your room. Michael, this dinner is over.

MICHAEL

Fine.

Michael gets up and leaves.

EXT. MATTY'S STREET - NIGHT

Michael fights off tears as he bikes home. He rides erratically into the street. A car swerves to miss him and honks loudly.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael is lying face down on his bed. His phone vibrates with a text.

ON MICHAEL'S PHONE

From: Matty

Fuck you

Michael furiously types back.

INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Matty picks up his phone.

ON MATTY'S PHONE

From: Michael

Fuck you

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael's holding his phone. It vibrates again.

ON MICHAEL'S PHONE

From: Matty

Fuck you i said it first

Michael dials Matty.

INTERCUT MICHAEL AND MATTY

MATTY

Fuck you for calling. The only reason I picked up was to tell you that that was the worst thing anyone's ever done to me.

MICHAEL

At least what I said was the truth.

MATTY

This isn't about NY fucking U. This is about me being gay and it always has been.

MICHAEL

No, it's about me having a vision of the future with both of us in it. You wanting to blow guys didn't change that.

MATTY

Of course it did. You didn't treat me the same, you didn't look at me the same. All you saw was this gay, fucking stranger in front of you.

MICHAEL

Yeah, well maybe it did change things. Maybe deep down you knew it would change everything, and that's why you applied to go to school in New York -- I was already somebody you knew you were going to leave behind.

MATTY

Believe it or not, I just thought I might want the option of growing up and getting out of town.

MICHAEL

You're supposed to be my best friend. I thought I knew you better than anyone else in the whole world. We took baths together when we were four. I saw your four-year-old schlong. And then all of a sudden, it's like I didn't know you at all. I tried to roll with the gay thing. I really did. But you were lying and sneaking around and all of that shit. You made it hard.

MATTY

That's really fucking noble of you. I'm glad you tried. But you know what the difference between us is? At the end of the day, you can just walk away from me. But I can never walk away from who I am.

INT. DINER - DAY

Michael sips a coke in a booth. Em enters and sits across from him. She doesn't look happy.

MICHAEL

Thanks for coming to meet me.

EM

Did you out Matty to his parents?

MICHAEL

Hold on.

EM

Did you tell his parents that he was gay?

MICHAEL

It's complicated.

EM

Did you think for one second about what that meant to him? Do you know what's happening to him right now?

MICHAEL

Let me explain.

EM

He was your best friend, Michael.
Goodbye.

MICHAEL

Wait.

EM

Goodbye.

Em gets up and leaves.

MONTAGE:

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

Michael doodles in his notebook. He has made a flipbook of a stick figure version of himself pulling out his heart and then shooting the heart with a gun.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael strums a melancholy song on the acoustic guitar.

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

Michael looks up to see Matty walk in. There's an empty seat next to him and an empty seat across the room. Matty chooses the seat across the room and starts talking to someone over there.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael reads *Gay-Okay*, the book his dad gave him.

EXT. HIGHWAY BRIDGE - SUNSET

Michael leans over the side and watches the state fair. The Ferris wheel shines in the waning light of the sun.

END MONTAGE

INT. MATH CLASS - DAY

The math teacher drones on about trigonometry. A messenger from the principal's office enters and hands her a note.

MATH TEACHER

Michael? The principal wants to see you.

INT. MR. REAGINS' OFFICE - DAY

Michael faces Mr. Reagins.

MICHAEL

If this is about Matty, I don't really want to talk about it.

MR. REAGINS

I broke up with Chris.

MICHAEL

Oh. I'm sorry.

MR. REAGINS

My wife found out about the whole thing. How long it's been going on, how long I've been hiding it from her. We're getting divorced, Michael.

MICHAEL

That's terrible.

MR. REAGINS

I wanted to let you and Matty know that you don't have to keep my secret anymore. That was an unfair burden anyway. I wanted to get you both in here together, but I understand you two have been having some difficulties.

MICHAEL

We're just not best friends anymore, you know?

MR. REAGINS

I made mistakes, Michael. I wouldn't be where I am today without making some big-ass mistakes. My whole life, I thought there was something wrong with being gay. I had no idea there was the option of living my life out in the open. Actually, that's not true. I didn't have the strength to do that. And that all started when I was your age, maybe younger even.

MICHAEL

It was a different time for you, too.

MR. REAGINS

Yes it was. And there's something we can do about it now. I've already talked to Matty about this. Did you know we're the only school in the district without a BGLTSA?

MICHAEL

What's that?

MR. REAGINS

Bisexual, Gay, Lesbian, Transgender, and Supporters Association. It's a gay support group for people who do have the courage to come out in high school.

MICHAEL

What does that have to do with me?

MR. REAGINS

Matty's not quite ready to take the next step. Maybe he needs a little push.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Michael watches Matty get in his car. Michael quickly jumps into his own car and follows Matty out of the parking lot.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - AFTERNOON

Michael follows Matty, maintaining a short distance.

EXT. MATTY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Matty parks and gets out of the car. Michael hasn't fooled him for a second. Matty approaches Michael.

MATTY

Why are you following me?

MICHAEL

I need to talk to you. This is the only way you'd stop.

MATTY

I don't want to talk.

Matty turns and walks toward the house.

MICHAEL

It's not about me or us or any of that bullshit.

MATTY

Don't care.

Michael tries to follow Matty, but Matty tries to block the door. They struggle a little bit.

MATTY (CONT'D)

You want to see why I don't want to talk to you?

INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

The place is a mess. Posters have been torn down. Matty's guitar lies wrecked on the ground.

MATTY

My dad smashed it after the whole gay thing.

MICHAEL

Shit. I'm sorry, man. Did he tear down all your posters, too?

MATTY

That was mostly me after I got angry about the guitar. Now will you get out of here?

MICHAEL

I talked to Mr. Reagins. I think you should start this gay club at our school.

MATTY

No way.

MICHAEL

You're perfect for it. 'Cause like, you'll put a good face on things. All the gay guys on TV are crazy, flaming, minstrel-show gays. You're an approachable gay.

MATTY

It's not going to happen.

MICHAEL

Why not?

MATTY

You were right all along. I'm not gay.

MICHAEL

Yes you are.

MATTY

No I'm not. My dad went apeshit for a few minutes, but after that he and my mom both just started acting like all peaceful and calm and nice, like "Of course you're not gay." A couple of days of that got me thinking. These are my fucking parents, they know me pretty well. Maybe they have a point, you know? I was confused, not gay. I was wrong.

MICHAEL

No, you weren't confused. I know you. After all of this, if there's one thing I'm sure of, it's that you are a gay man who wants tons of gay ass in his life.

MATTY

I slept with Em.

MICHAEL

What? When?

MATTY

Last night.

MICHAEL

What in the fucking fuck? What the fuck are you doing?

MATTY

She's amazing. She's perfect.

MICHAEL

I know she's amazing. I'm in love with her. You asshole.

MATTY

I'm not sorry. I don't want to be like Mr. Reagins. Being gay fucks up your life big time.

EXT. EM'S HOUSE - EM'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Michael raps on Em's window. She opens it, surprised.

MICHAEL

Why did you do it?

EM

I don't have to explain myself to you.

MICHAEL

Yeah, why don't you just do whatever you want, and fuck the consequences?

EM

You're not the only one who has feelings, Michael. You think I didn't feel anything when you told me he made out with another girl?

MICHAEL

You ruined two good things, you know that?

EM

I was there for him. What have you done?

MICHAEL

I didn't screw a gay guy, I'll tell you that.

EM

Fuck off.

Em slams her window shut.

INT. MICHAEL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Michael throws open the fridge and finds the "CONGRATULATIONS ON FUCKING!" brownie.

He pulls it out and glares at it.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael grabs fistful after fistful of pot brownie and shoves them in his face. He moans in agony as he does this.

Eventually, he finishes the whole damn thing.

He lies on his back and groans, his face covered in brownie and frosting.

MICHAEL

Too high. Need beer. Beer will balance things out.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Michael continues to groan as he drives. He still has brownie on his face. His eyes are glassy.

INT. THE MENAGERIE - NIGHT

Michael, looking stoned and drowsy, finishes a glass of beer at the bar. He motions toward the bartender.

BARTENDER

You sure you want another one? You don't look so good.

MICHAEL

Just beer me.

BARTENDER

This is very unhealthy.

The bartender puts another beer in front of Michael. Greg walks in the bar and sits down next to him.

GREG

It's Mr. Little Car. And he's been smoking some trees. How did you overcome the couch-lock and make your way here?

MICHAEL

Get away from me.

GREG

Dude. I wanted to say something. That night I hit your car, I had just gotten in a huge fight with my mom. About TiVo Season Pass priority. Can you believe that? We argued about the fucking TiVo. Anyway, I was in a bad state of mind. I apologize. I want to give you some money for your automobile.

MICHAEL

It's okay. My dad paid for it. I told him it was a hit and run by some gang members. He was happy I didn't get shot.

GREG

I'll buy you the rest of your beers tonight, how about that?

MICHAEL

Whatever. What is it with you gay guys telling people you're not gay all the time?

GREG

Are you fucking kidding me? In this town, in this country, on this planet of homophobic fucking homo sapiens? It's a miracle any dude has ever admitted to putting a cock in his mouth.

MICHAEL

I guess.

GREG

Yeah. You wouldn't understand, would you?

MICHAEL

Of course not. You guys are so special.

GREG

We're not special. You don't get it at all. We don't want to be special. That's the problem we're trying to get past. Pfff -- I was afraid this would happen.

MICHAEL

What?

GREG

That you and Matty would break up after you found out he was gay. Same thing happened to me in high school. I had a so-called best friend too. Name was Will. Willy didn't take it too well when I told him I enjoyed snuggling with other men.

MICHAEL

What did he do?

GREG

He ignored me for a while, and eventually he even joined in when a bunch of the other water polo players fag bashed me on the way home from school.

MICHAEL

Holy shit.

GREG

Yeah, ironic, huh, considering water polo is one of the top three faggiest sports. Did you know those guys shave their assholes to prevent drag?

MICHAEL

I'm not like that, though. I'm not like your friend.

GREG

Sure you are. Where's Matty right now? Where's your so-called best friend?

MICHAEL

Matty's not even gay anymore.

GREG

What, did the spell the gay wizard cast on him wear off or something?

MICHAEL

He slept with a girl last night.

GREG

So the fuck what? I've had sex with tons of girls. Hell, I even got married once. Woman would not shut up about her damn woman business. The menses makes them crazy, I swear. I feel for you straight guys, man.

MICHAEL

Really? You slept with girls?

GREG

Hell yes. Women love gay dick. They love the challenge of what they can't have, and we are the ultimate in what they can't have.

MICHAEL

I think I have to get out of here.

GREG

Hey man, careful driving out there, you glassy-eyed motherfucker.

Michael staggers out. Greg pours the rest of Michael's beer into his glass.

EXT. MATTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael pulls up outside and honks his horn several times. Then he just leans on it for one long loud blast.

Matty pops his head out of his window.

MATTY

What the shit are you doing?

MICHAEL

Get in the car!

MATTY

No way!

MICHAEL

Get in the car or I'll tell your parents I let you lick my balls last night!

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Matty's arms are crossed.

MATTY

Are you fucking stoned? You're high, aren't you?

MICHAEL

Remember that time we went to the state fair and we got unlimited rides because we said we were Iraq War veterans?

MATTY

Yeah.

MICHAEL

That was the best night of my life. Why did they believe that?

MATTY

They're carny folk. Maybe they just respected the scam. What's your point?

MICHAEL

The fair's back in town.

EXT. STATE FAIR MIDWAY - NIGHT

Matty and Michael have bought greasy fried fair food. They're walking and talking.

MICHAEL

I got the fried Oreo and the fried Cadbury Egg.

MATTY

I'm only talking to you because you gave me the money to buy this. I got fried Coke, by the way. That's not even a solid food, and they fucking fried it. Nailed it, America.

MICHAEL

The yolk -- the yolk is disgusting.

Michael stops at a trash can and dry heaves a little.

MATTY

Oh, fuck. You all right, man?

MICHAEL

You think we'll ever take our kids to this fair?

MATTY

You weirdo, you really do want to stay in this town forever, don't you?

MICHAEL

I know it sucks. It sucks in a way I'm familiar with, though, you know?

Michael dumps his food in another garbage can. Matty and Michael wander into the farm exhibit.

MATTY

Holy Jesus. Look at Hogzilla over here.

An enormous, two-ton pig sleeps in one of the pens.

MICHAEL

That's not a pig. That's like eight pigs in a giant pig costume.

MATTY

It's Pig Voltron.

MICHAEL

There's like four million ham sandwiches in there.

MATTY

The Baco-s company should shut down its factories and just extract meat from this pig for the next thirty years.

MICHAEL

There's no bacon in Baco-s.

MATTY

Hey, watch this.

Matty tiptoes over to a turtle exhibit and lifts a box turtle out of its cage. He gently places it on top of the sleeping pig.

MICHAEL

(whispering)

Holy shit.

MATTY

Yeah.

They silently watch the turtle just sit on top of the pig.

Michael goes over to a rabbit pen and removes a rabbit. He places the rabbit on top of the turtle.

MATTY (CONT'D)

No way. No fucking way.

The rabbit calmly remains atop the turtle, which doesn't move on top of the sleeping pig.

MATTY (CONT'D)

This is the best.

A farmer catches them staring into the pig pen.

FARMER

What are you boys doing?
(peering into the pen)
Are you stacking animals in there?

MATTY

No sir. It was like this when we came.
We were actually just about to alert the
proper authorities.

MICHAEL

There's too many species in this cage.

FARMER

This is no joke. You think this is a
joke? This pig ate one of my dogs a few
months back.

MATTY

I'm sorry to hear that.

FARMER

Get out of here. I hope you go home and
pray for that rabbit's soul. He's going
to need every ounce of your prayers.

INT. EXHIBITION HALL - NIGHT

Matty and Michael wander into an exhibition with a banner
that reads "TABLE-SETTING COMPETITION." There are rows
upon rows of tables with tacky, ornate place settings and
centerpieces. They have themes like Mardi Gras and James
Bond and Under the Sea.

MICHAEL

This is a competition to see who can set
the best table.

MATTY

That's the most boring thing I've ever
heard. Just walking near these tables
has made me bored. It's like a
gravitational field of boring.

MICHAEL

Look at this one. This is a table
setting themed around Rush Limbaugh, a
radio talk show host. I can't believe I
exist in a world where this table also
exists.

MATTY

Some people -- regular people -- are dedicating their entire lives to planning and designing these tables. Think about that.

Michael stops dead in his tracks in front of a *Lord of the Rings*-themed table.

MICHAEL

Oh my God.

MATTY

What?

MICHAEL

This one was made by Em's mom.

MATTY

No way.

(looks at the label)

Oh my God it was.

MICHAEL

That explains why she's so into *Lord of the Rings*.

MATTY

Did she talk to you about that too?

MICHAEL

All the time. I think she like, thinks it's real. I watched one of the movies with her and she cried when one of the talking trees died.

MATTY

It's hot if you're a girl and you're sort of into nerd shit, like you're okay with it or whatever, but if you get too into it, then it becomes not hot again.

MICHAEL

This place is freaking me out.

EXT. STATE FAIR - FERRIS WHEEL - NIGHT

Matty and Michael sit side by side while riding the Ferris wheel together.

MATTY

Thanks for kidnapping me tonight.

MICHAEL

The drugs. The drugs made me crazy.

MATTY

Do you ever think about how past versions of yourself are like total strangers?

MICHAEL

What do you mean?

MATTY

Like earlier tonight, I was looking through my stuff, and I found this Weird Al CD, "Al-a-palooza." I have no recollection of ever buying it. It must have been like six years ago, but to me, right now, the person who bought that CD is a complete stranger. When I look at the CD, I'm like, "Oh, thanks for buying Current Me this present, stranger." I know in my head that it had to be me, but at the same time I don't even know who that person -- *me* -- was, you know?

MICHAEL

I guess at a certain point you just outgrow Weird Al's sense of humor.

MATTY

That's not the point. The point is, who knows who or what we're going to be six years from now? It's a total mystery. This -- whatever this is -- whatever we're doing right now, it's all ending. Whatever we think we are is constantly ending over and over again to create those new versions of ourselves.

MICHAEL

I don't think people change like that. This, right now...this sort of feels the same as it always has.

MATTY

It does, doesn't it?

They pause.

MICHAEL

I remember buying that CD with you. We both got a copy at the Mad Platter, and we played the shit out of it for like two weeks, but then you lost your copy so we got into rap instead.

MATTY

I like that you're here to remind me of that.

MICHAEL

Me too.

Michael and Matty look into each other's eyes for a second.

Michael leans in and kisses Matty on the mouth for five seconds.

MATTY

What the fuck?

Matty punches Michael in the face.

MICHAEL

Jesus!

MATTY

What the fuck?

Matty slaps him with the other hand and wipes his mouth with his non-slapping hand.

MICHAEL

You didn't have to punch me. God. You know you liked it.

MATTY

No, I didn't like it.

MICHAEL

You're gay, man. What do I have to do to prove that to you?

MATTY

You kissing me is not helping your case, I'll tell you that.

MICHAEL

Stop lying to yourself.

MATTY

What is wrong with your brain? Do you have a learning disability?

MICHAEL

Why did you have sex with Em? *You don't like girls.*

MATTY

I don't have to explain myself to you.
(yells to the ride operator)
Stop the wheel! Let us off!

MICHAEL

You are not a straight man.

MATTY

You trapped me on this Ferris wheel to mouth-rape me.

The wheel starts to slow down.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Rape! Rape! This guy is gay-raping me!

MICHAEL

Shut up!

Michael tries to cover Matty's mouth. They grab each others' hands and start to wrestle.

MATTY

Stop the wheel! Rape!

The wheel seems to be coming to a stop with the guys at the bottom.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Thank God this thing is stopping. Now I can get the fuck away from you forever.

Instead of stopping, the wheel keeps going and even speeds up a little, going around for another revolution.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Fuck!

MICHAEL

It's going around again. Why's it going around again?

The ride operator waves and smiles at Matty and Michael as if nothing is wrong.

Matty and Michael have to sit next to each other in silence. They turn away from each other and cross their arms.

EXT. STATE FAIR - OUTSIDE FERRIS WHEEL - NIGHT

The wheel finally comes to an actual stop. Matty and Michael scramble off and race-walk away from each other without a word.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

CHYRON: TWO WEEKS LATER

Michael is getting dressed for prom. He looks in the mirror as he struggles to tie his bow tie.

MICHAEL

Fine. I give up. My arms are tired.

Terry comes up behind him and starts tying the tie for him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I printed out like eighteen diagrams from the Internet, and they're all useless.

TERRY

I guess you didn't log on to DadsAlwaysRight.com, did you?

MICHAEL

That is really lame.

TERRY

I may be lame, but I'm always right, aren't I?

MICHAEL

Yes, you are always right.

TERRY

I'm happy you have a date for prom, Michael.

MICHAEL

Me too.

The doorbell rings.

TERRY
Speak of the devil.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Terry opens the door. It's Greg, with a boutonniere.

TERRY
Greg! Wonderful to see you!

Terry gives him a warm hug, which Greg receives awkwardly and then returns.

Michael walks down the stairs like a girl might in her beautiful prom dress.

GREG
Looking sharp, buddy.

MICHAEL
You too.

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Michael gets in Greg's giant, jacked-up truck.

MICHAEL
How come when you hit my car, you lied and said you weren't gay?

GREG
I don't know, I guess I still get a little embarrassed when people find out I'm a homo, you know?

MICHAEL
Then how come you're coming with me tonight?

GREG
It takes balls for you to show up with me, even if it's just a symbolic thing. I respect your balls, sir. Plus I like that we're going to piss some people off.

MICHAEL
Let's try to hit a minimum of cars on the way.

GREG
You're in luck. I got me some glasses.

He puts on the glasses -- black, square -- and stars the truck up.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Michael and Greg stroll into the lobby arm in arm. The room is full of other prom-goers. Heads turn. A group of prissy girls stares, mouths slightly open. A circle of baseball players point and snicker.

VOICE IN THE CROWD

Fag!

GREG

(to Michael)

Keep moving. We're doing good.

Michael and Greg run the gauntlet successfully and get in line to get their picture taken. Now it's their turn. They stand in front of the starry background.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Could you guys get a little closer together?

They inch closer.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Closer. Closer. Little closer. Perfect.

The camera flashes. Matty and Em are next in line.

GREG

Hey Matty.

MATTY

Hey Greg.

EM

This is fun, isn't it?

MICHAEL

Really fun. I am having a really fun prom.

This prom is going terribly.

Josh stumbles in with Nicole. They both have flasks, which they clink and then drink out of.

JOSH

Michael, did you bring a giant hairy dude to prom or am I ripped out of my mind?

MICHAEL

You're the drunkest man alive right now. I'm proud of you. This is Greg.

Dan is there with a mousy junior girl. He comes over to Michael.

DAN

Mike, this is Tenley. She plays Warcraft. And hey, check it out.

He unbuttons his tux shirt a little to reveal the T-shirt underneath, which says "MUSHROOM KINGDOM 4-EVA."

MICHAEL

That is an awesome shirt.

Dan shakes Michael's hand.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

Lars' band is tearing shit up with their horrible frat-rock. People in the crowd are pretty into it, dancing along, cheering, head-banging.

Michael and Greg drink punch near the back table.

GREG

You can do this, man. I believe in you.

MICHAEL

I'm going to shit myself.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL BALLROOM - STAGE - NIGHT

Lars' band finishes their Nickelback medley and the crowd goes nuts.

Michael runs out on stage and talks to Lars.

MICHAEL

Lars. Let me do something for five minutes. It's really important.

LARS

No can do, Mikey. We're destroying! This is our moment!

LARS' SINGER

Get the fuck off the stage!

Mr. Reagins motions from the side of the stage.

MR. REAGINS

Gentlemen, let him do his thing or I'm cutting the power.

LARS

(to Michael)

Don't kill our momentum.

Lars' singer hands the mic to Michael.

Michael stares out into the crowd, full of kids already shifting their feet and murmuring in confusion. The stage lights shine into his eyes.

MICHAEL

Hi everybody. Sorry to interrupt your prom. If you don't mind, I'm going to sing a song. It's about dealing with change, which I'm not very good at. I've done a lot of stupid things the last couple of months. But I'm learning, I think.

Michael starts strumming a song on acoustic guitar that sounds vaguely familiar.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

When I was born I had a thousand legs /
Soon I'll be dancing on a different stage /
I'll go to sleep inside a silk cocoon /
And be reborn into the afternoon.

Josh puts his flask back into his jacket pocket. He and Dan stare at the stage.

Em watches open-mouthed, her face registering recognition.

Matty's jaw is clenched.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

When I have wings I will fly in the sun /
In the sky I'll be the only one / Deep
down I know I have to turn the page / But
still I wonder will I miss my legs? /
Will I...miss...my legs?

After Michael finishes, there are tiny pockets of applause and also some scattered boos in the crowd.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'd also like to announce that even though I'm leaving school soon, I'm starting a club called the BGLTSA, which stands for the Bisexual, Gay, Lesbian, Transgender, and Supporters Association. I'm not gay, but gay people are just people who like to touch different parts of the body, and there's nothing wrong with that. I brought a sign-up sheet, so just find me if you're interested. Thank you.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

Greg greets a pale, sweaty Michael back by the punch table.

GREG

That took some monster, King Kong-sized, donkey balls, man.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

Greg gives Michael a hug. Josh and Dan join them.

DAN

Are you sure you're not gay?

MICHAEL

Yeah, pretty sure.

DAN

'Cause a lot of people are going to think you're gay after tonight.

MICHAEL

I know.

Josh points out Anthony Orso making out with a girl.

JOSH

Isn't that Anthony Orso?

DAN

And that's not Ava, is it?

Ava sees what Anthony's doing. She strides over.

JOSH

There's Ava. This is going to be good.

Ava pulls Anthony and the other girl apart. She appears angry, but then she pulls them both in for a three-way kiss.

JOSH/DAN/GREG

Ohhhh!

GREG

That chick is nasty. Freaky-style!

MICHAEL

Shit. Shit. Dammit.

Josh hands Michael his flask and Michael takes a long, long pull. Greg takes some too.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Thanks, guys. Thanks for everything.

JOSH

That was some emotional shit up there, man. You got a lot of panties wet out in the crowd. You should use that.

MICHAEL

Yeah, maybe.

Michael gets a slight shove in the back. It's Salvador.

SALVADOR

I want you to sign me up.

MICHAEL

Awesome.

SALVADOR

I'm proud of you, Michael.

Em arrives and taps Michael on the shoulder.

EM

I want to join too, if that's okay.

MICHAEL

Of course.

EM

That was amazing, what you did up there.

Em tears up a little.

MICHAEL
Don't cry. Are you crying?

EM
I'm sorry.

MICHAEL
Don't do that. I should be the one
apologizing to you.

EM
For what?

MICHAEL
For not being honest with you. For
fucking it up and not telling you earlier
that, you know...I'm sort of gay for you.

EM
Matty and I -- we're not together.

MICHAEL
Really? Yeah, I guess that makes sense.

EM
If you want to hang out ever...

MICHAEL
I'd like that. I want to take things
slow, though. Do it the right way.

EM
That's really mature of you.

MICHAEL
I know. Weird, isn't it?

Em gives Michael a kiss on the cheek.

EXT. SHERATON HOTEL BALCONY - NIGHT

Matty finds Michael out on the balcony.

MATTY
Hey.

MICHAEL
Hey.

MATTY
Can I sign up for your gay club?

MICHAEL

Sure.

MATTY

I've been thinking, man. I'm thinking I'm going to tell my parents. I don't care if they disown me and I'm homeless, and I have to live on the railroad tracks carrying all my stuff in a bag on a stick.

MICHAEL

That wouldn't be so bad. You love hobos. But they're not going to do that to you.

MATTY

Yeah, you're probably right. I think those idiots actually love me or something. You know, my dad already bought me a new guitar and he was all sad and shit when he gave it to me. I should probably hide it before I tell them I'm gay again.

MICHAEL

That's good. That's great. If you really want to go to NYU, then you definitely should.

MATTY

I think I do.

MICHAEL

Okay. Cool. I'm sorry about everything. I really am.

MATTY

No, man, you forced me to grow the fuck up. It wasn't, like, in the most graceful way, but you got the job done.

MICHAEL

It's going to be okay.

MATTY

I know.

They look out on the city together for a while.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Are you going to sleep with Em?

MICHAEL

I don't know. Maybe eventually. Not tonight.

MATTY

When I did it, it was fucking terrible. She had this poster of Michael Jackson on the wall, you know, from the Thriller video, where he looks like a zombie?

MICHAEL

Zombie Michael, yeah.

MATTY

Yeah, so, I'm having sex with her, and I'm staring at the poster the whole time.

MICHAEL

You lost your virginity to Zombie Michael Jackson.

MATTY

Yeah, I guess I did.

MICHAEL

You're not straight or gay. You're zombie-gay.

MATTY

Zombies make me aroused. Is that so weird? I like their clammy green skin. I like their open sores. I like to fuck the undead.

MICHAEL

I guess I should start a new club for that.

MATTY

Yeah. You should. Zombie-gays need equal rights, too.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Matty and Michael stand in front of a starry prom picture plastic backdrop.

PHOTOGRAPHER

You two look perfect together.

The camera flashes.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

Michael dances with Em and Matty dances with Greg. Lars closes out the band's last song with a flailing, crashing, full-body drum solo.

LARS

Thank you, Glen Ellen, for the best night
of my life!

As the song ends, Michael kisses Em and Matty kisses Greg.

FADE TO BLACK.