

P-Town

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NYC CENTRAL PARK - MORNING

The NYC skyline encapsulates patches of dewy grass. Propped in the center of a dirt jogging path is a large canvas that rests on an easel.

A painter with a gentleman's touch named, FRANCIS DUMMONT, stands over his creation. The 28-year-old, Dutch boy virtuoso holds a brush and a palette with oils.

With his blond pudding-basin haircut, he uses a pointillism style as he applies contrasting colors to the canvas.

In the b.g., a fit and sculpted FEMALE JOGGER. She runs in place near a row of overgrown bushes.

Sweat cascades from her brow. Female Jogger watches Francis.

Francis senses her. He acknowledges her with a smile.

Francis's dog, NILLY, attentively stands by his side. Nilly BARKS wildly with a ferocious spite.

FRANCIS
(whispers to Nilly)
Don't scare away the pretty ones.

The pint size Jack Russell Terrier BARKS again.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
I know Nilly...
(arrogant)
...she's enamored with my artistic
talent.

Female Jogger approaches. Nilly GROWLS.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
(ties Nilly to a tree)
Quiet Nilly!

FEMALE JOGGER
That's a feisty little one?

FRANCIS
Sorry. Nilly gets jealous when
other women are around.

Female Jogger cautiously approaches Nilly.

FEMALE JOGGER
 (pets Nilly)
 See? Nothing to be afraid of.
 (beat)
 I love your painting.

FRANCIS
 Really? This interests you?

FEMALE JOGGER
 It's beautiful.

Francis plays coy. He turns back to his work.

FRANCIS
 It's nice to hear some adulation
 from a fellow New Yorker.

MALE JOGGER pops out from behind the thick bushes. He adjusts himself after his bathroom break.

Francis unaware of Male Jogger's presence, paints the words FRANCIS DUMMONT on the corner of the canvas.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 If you'd like, we can grab a coffee
 and I'll show you more of my work-

MALE JOGGER
 (reads name on painting)
 Maybe next time, Francis...
 (to Female Jogger; jogs)
 ...come on babe.

FEMALE JOGGER
 (to Francis)
 Bye.

Francis watches Joggers parade off. GROWL sounds come from a fancy FRENCH POODLE nearby.

URBANE WOMAN (O.S.)
 Excuse me? Is that a Seurat?

An elderly URBANE WOMAN stands before him. She tightly grips her French Poodle and admires the masterpiece.

FRANCIS
 (French accent)
 Indeed it is. *A Sunday Afternoon on
 the Island of La Grande Jatte.*

URBANE WOMAN
 I must have it!

FRANCIS
Sorry. It's not for sale-

URBANE WOMAN
Two hundred dollars.

Francis points to his masterpiece.

FRANCIS
The distinctive colors, the idyllic
glimpses of contemporary life. It
was very hard for me to duplicate
it.

URBANE WOMAN
Name your price!

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Francis thumbs through a big wad of CASH. He pockets the
greenbacks from his art sale.

The hustle and bustle of the big city surrounds him as YELLOW
TAXIS, CITY BUSES, and PEDESTRIANS dominate the streets.

He carries Nilly and scurries between standing cars.

Across the street, a small group of VOLUNTEERS handout flyers
for an upcoming Pride March. Volunteer #1 hands a rainbow
colored flyer to Francis as he approaches the curb.

VOLUNTEER #1
Come support the annual LGBTQ Pride
March this weekend.

Francis rejects the flyer with a dismissive look on his face.

EXT./INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - MOMENTS LATER

An English gothic-style Catholic church composed of stone
façade and TWO SPIRES in the Midtown area.

Francis kneels at the Altar of St. Jude. Directly in front of
him, hundreds of LIT ALTER CANDLES. He clears his thoughts.
He makes the SIGN OF THE CROSS and lights TWO PRAYER CANDLES.

FRANCIS
(to himself)
Miss you mom. Miss you dad.

A gold necklace CROSS dangles from his neck. Nilly pops her
HEAD out from backpack. Francis pets her gently.

INT. ANIMAL SHELTER - LATER

Animal cages align the wall. Deep inside their steel confinements, energetic abandoned DOGS and docile CATS lay. A rollie-pollie, stocky, balding, early twenties, friendly animal caretaker named, BENNY KALE, feeds the animals.

BENNY
 (cautiously looks around)
 Francis, I can't keep giving you
 Nilly all the time.

Francis hands Nilly over. Benny places her in a cage.

BENNY (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna get in trouble.

FRANCIS
 You'll be fine. Here...
 (puts money on counter)
 ...a donation for the shelter.

BENNY
 Francis? Please adopt her!

FRANCIS
 I'm not looking for a commitment-

BENNY
 Yeah! Full of false promises, isn't
 he Nilly...
 (locks cage; stern)
 ...I'm still waiting to be in his
 movie.

FRANCIS
 Benny? We've been over this. You're
 my script supervisor.

Francis pats Benny on the shoulder.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 You do great work behind the
 scenes. That's where you belong.
 (begins to exit)
 See you tomorrow?

Benny nods his head. He puts the MONEY in a donation jar.

BENNY
 (to Nilly)
 Next time -- bite him.

Nilly BARKS.

INT. NYC SUBWAY - DAY

The grease, the grime, public transportation. In the midst of NYC ORNERY PASSENGERS sits PRETTY BLOND. She reads a romance novel. She bites in to a RED APPLE.

Francis spots her. A gleam in his eye. He holds his hands up in the air in the shape of a square. He examines Pretty Blond at different angles as he approaches.

FRANCIS

Now you... you got the look.

Pretty Blond appears squeamish.

PRETTY BLOND

Excuse me!

Confidently, Francis positions himself in the perfect angle.

PRETTY BLOND (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Francis removes Headshots from his bag and displays them.

HEADSHOT OF ACTRESS PHOTO #1

FRANCIS (O.S.)

Can't act-

HEADSHOT ACTRESS PHOTO #2

FRANCIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Can't find the thru lines-

HEADSHOT ACTRESS PHOTO #3

FRANCIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Can't find the positives in the scene.

Francis caches the photos back in his bag.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

But you? A star in the making-

PRETTY BLOND

What makes you think I can act?

FRANCIS

I have an eye for finding talent. There's drama in those bones.

PRETTY BLOND

I hate to disappoint, but I can't portray someone else.

FRANCIS

But you can. Try. Audition-

PRETTY BLOND

Here? You can't be serious-

FRANCIS

(hands her SCRIPT)

It's my thesis. I'm the writer and director and am desperately searching for a new female lead.

Subway SCREECHES to a halt.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

We film tomorrow at 10 am. At the Irish Exit on 2nd Avenue.

Pretty Blond sets her book down and flips open SCRIPT.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

It's a love story. Think about it?

PRETTY BLOND

(friendly smile)

Okay.

Subway doors open. Francis smiles. He exits.

EXT./INT. FRANCIS'S LOFT - EVENING

PAINTING of an aesthetically pleasing landscape. A tall, late-twenties, gawky, speckled-eyed painter with a van dyke beard named, MICHAEL SAGE, flings paint on to a large canvas.

Francis carries shopping bags. He enters his abode.

FRANCIS

Hello... hello... Michelangelo.

Francis sets the art supplies and bags on a table.

MICHAEL

(sets his brush down)

I see someone has been celebrating?

FRANCIS

Not only did I sell your painting-

MICHAEL

Wait! Let me guess? Another actress. Please... keep Joyce!

FRANCIS

(holds up shoes)
Italian leather -- for my big date.

MICHAEL

(pushes shoes away)
Francis. You're going to be the oldest film student at NYU. Priorities man. Get your project done and stop screwing the cast.

Francis dashes to the refrigerator.

FRANCIS

Joyce wasn't right personally and professionally. Plus she's moving to Boston. But Michael. This girl-

MICHAEL

And that girl! It's the same story.
(beat)
How much did we make?

Francis hands Michael his portion of the money.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(counts; displeased)
One hundred.

FRANCIS

My take is sixty percent.

MICHAEL

But I'm the artist-

FRANCIS

And I play the part.

Michael pulls the artificial pudding-basin locks (Dutch Boy Wig) from Francis's head.

MICHAEL

(throws WIG at Francis)
Yeah... con artist..

Francis with his brown short cropped hair, stands exposed.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And stop painting your name on my artwork.

Michael snags Francis's portion of the money.

FRANCIS

Hey?

MICHAEL

Last months rent. Remember? You were short, again. Looks like the fancy shoes will have to go back.

FRANCIS

(stands at refrigerator)
No need. Paid by Visa!

Francis grabs Oat Milk from the refrigerator. He spots a POSTCARD under a magnet: CALL DAMIAN AT (555) 867-5309.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ratty old clothes and art supplies cover the unmade bed. Michael sits at his desk and sketches on a blank canvas.

Enter Francis, his mood is hostile.

FRANCIS

(holds Postcard)
Who's Damian?

MICHAEL

He knew who you were.

FRANCIS

You called him?

Michael stops sketching.

MICHAEL

Since when do we keep secrets?
We've been best friends since
undergrad. You never mentioned once
about having a brother.

Francis looks surly.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You owe him money too?

FRANCIS

That's not the issue. We used to be
close -- inseparable.

MICHAEL

He said it was important. You should call?

FRANCIS

Damian and I have grown distant and that's how I plan to keep it!

Francis tosses POSTCARD in the trash. Front of Postcard displays the letter P in RAINBOW COLORS.

EXT. 2ND AVENUE AND EAST 52ND STREET - NEXT MORNING

ACTOR and ACTRESS banter back and forth dialogue in front of a bright blue wooden building with elephantine black and bold white letters that reads: THE IRISH EXIT.

ACTOR

...Jessica, I've changed and you're the reason for that change.

ACTRESS

I don't know. I don't know if I'll ever be able to forgive you.

ACTOR

I'm accountable for my actions. I know what I did was wrong-

FRANCIS (O.S.)

Cut. Cut! And double cut...

Group of six FILM STUDENTS surround the makeshift set. Film Students MOAN.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Benny! Repeat that back to me.

BENNY

(holds and reads SCRIPT)
Cut, cut, and double cut-

FRANCIS

(stands behind the camera)
No Benny. The line.

BENNY

I'm accountable for my actions. I know what I did was wrong...

FRANCIS

(to Actor)
What is that?

ACTOR
You wrote the line, Francis?

FRANCIS
Your emotions. Be more passionate!
It's a love story...
(clutches his chest)
...make it come from the heart.

A side conversation ensues between BOOM and GRIP.

BOOM
That's like a gazillion cuts
already. What's up his ass?

GRIP
Pretty blond subway girl never
showed. Francis has no female lead.

Enter NYC POLICE OFFICER. He approaches Boom and Grip.

NYC POLICE OFFICER
Hey! You guys got a permit to film
here? Who's in charge?

Boom and Grip both point to Francis.

EXT. NYU - DAY

Wedged between the beige stone columns of the Guggenheimer building dangles a purple flag: NYU TISCH SCHOOL OF THE ARTS.

INT. NYU - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

KANBAR FILM AND TELEVISION sign decorates the walls. Film students, Boom, Grip, Actor (Harold), and Benny sit on tiny wooden benches in the Graduate Film Office corridor.

BENNY
Production is already behind
schedule. I can't believe the cops
took our equipment!

FRANCIS
(paces back and forth)
If we had the permit... we wouldn't
be in this situation-

ACTOR (HAROLD)
If we had money, we could have
registered for the permit!

FRANCIS

Harold! You're managing the budget.
Where's it going?

Harold angrily reads production notes.

HAROLD

Well, let's see, Francis. Nobu,
Solera, Nightingale. Need I go on?

FRANCIS

These are pre-production meetings-

HAROLD

No, its fine dining with your
revolving list of actresses.

BENNY

(annoyed)

Hey, I only got Burger King.

FRANCIS

Let me remind everyone that I'm
financing this film-

HAROLD

(to Francis)

Then take some fucking
responsibility for the project...
(begins to exit)
...you're not the only one who
needs this to graduate.

FRANCIS

Harold? Harold, come on!

Enter ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT.

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

Francis Dummont? Dean Wormer will
see you now.

FRANCIS

(turns back to Film
Students)

Don't worry. I got this.

Francis enters Dean Wormer's office. Door SHUTS. Grip with
saddened eyes turns to Boom.

GRIP

We're all going to fail!

Boom consoles Grip with a BEAR HUG.

INT. FRANCIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Posters of famous Hollywood leading ladies; Mae Murray, Marilyn Monroe, Joan Crawford, Raquel Welch, Brigitte Bardot, and Bette Davis are plastered to the bedroom walls.

FRANCIS'S CLOSET full of expensive designer clothes from Boss and Versace. A distraught Francis lays on his bed. Credit cards, personal checks, and coin rolls are scattered in front of him. His mood, one of frustration as he speaks on the phone to a CUSTOMER SERVICE representative.

FRANCIS
(holds red card; pleads)
...you can't extend my credit?

CUSTOMER SERVICE (V.O.)
I'm sorry sir.

FRANCIS
What about a cash advance?

CUSTOMER SERVICE (V.O.)
Sir. This is BJ's Wholesale Club.
We don't give lines of credit or
cash advances on our membership
cards. You want bulk? We've got it.

FRANCIS
(hangs up phone)
Fine.

He dials another number that goes directly to voicemail.

JOYCE'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)
Hi. You've reached Joyce and
Francis. Please leave a message.

JOYCE'S HEADSHOT... Francis gazes at the photo and flips it over with age, height, eye color, and film credits.

FRANCIS
Joyce! Call me. I need my mom's
engagement ring.

Francis hangs up. He holds a business card: NYC GEM
PAWNBROKERS.

Francis gazes at his SCRIPT. He sweeps the clutter off his bed and uncovers Italian Shoes and wrinkled POSTCARD with
MESSAGE: CALL DAMIAN (555) 867-5309.

Francis is in a quandary. He picks up Postcard.

EXT. PETER PAN BUS (MOVING) - NEXT DAY

A motor coach with a modern style and an emerald green colored exterior. The bus cruises along the narrow road.

INT. PETER PAN BUS (MOVING)

ITALIAN SHOES. Francis clicks his heels, twice.

Francis sits among PASSENGERS, a dichotomy of young and old. He sits next to the window. The aisle seat is empty.

Francis holds a photograph withered and yellowed from aging. He folds it straight down the middle.

PHOTOGRAPH depicts a YOUNG FRANCIS, age 15, posed carefree. From the folded crease, another child's arm is exposed, wrapped around Francis's shoulder in a friendly manner.

Francis puts photograph in his pocket. He opens a pack of Wrigley's DOUBLEMINT GUM. He chews gum and peers out window and sees a large sign surrounded by SAND DUNES:

ENTERING PROVINCETOWN EST. 1686

INT. DAMIAN'S HOUSE (PROVINCETOWN) - EVENING

TAN BUTTOCKS WITH A NEON THONG BIKINI gyrates to the SOUNDS of contemporary Jazz playing on the radio.

A slender, effeminate, and studious male named, SPENCER LANE, preps a healthy meal. He sports a kitchen apron that covers his naked torso and upper body as he chops asparagus. Spencer's frisky feline, PEACHES, stands by his side.

SPENCER
(trips over cat)
Peaches! Careful, daddy's cooking.

DOORBELL rings. Spencer places the meal in the oven.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Just a moment! I'm coming!

He prances over to the door to greet his visitor.

Spencer opens FRONT DOOR and displays his sexy kitchen apron of Michelangelo's Renaissance heroic male nude David statue with the Italian flag. Francis notices the apron.

FRANCIS
Gees! You're naked!

Francis enters, guarded. He uses his suitcase to shield himself against the GREEK BALL SAC photo emblazoned on the sexy kitchen apron. He pushes Spencer back with brute force.

SPENCER
So forceful. What no kisses...
(puckers lips)
...it's been so long. I haven't
seen you since the funeral-

FRANCIS
Clothes... Spencer!

Francis SHUTS the front door. Spencer frowns and exits. Francis enters the living room, a juxtaposition of colorful walls with Ansel Adams B/W prints. He admires the photos as he waits for Spencer to return.

SPENCER (O.S.)
You always were the bashful one of
the family.

FRANCIS
We're not family, Spencer!

Spencer enters, dressed in a leopard skin banana hammock with a vintage PET SHOP BOYS concert T-shirt.

SPENCER
Is this more toward your liking?

Peaches gently pushes up against Francis's leg.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Ahh... Peaches likes you.

Francis quickly pulls his leg away.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Don't worry Francis, it's a girl.

Spencer wiggles his BUTT. He sits on the couch.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Well, don't stand there. Sit...
(purposely forced lisp)
...sit next to old Spen-cie.

Francis sits far away. He is not amused.

FRANCIS
Where's Damian?

SPENCER

He's at *Chicago Fashion Week*.
Hoping to land his first fashion
business contract. I'm so happy...
(tiny hand claps)
...for him, this is his big break!

FRANCIS

For his clothing business? It's my
grandmother's store-

SPENCER

And when Eleanor passed away, she
bestowed it to your brother.

FRANCIS

When's Mr. Richie Rich, back?

SPENCER

Francis? What's the urgency?
You're the one who's a week early.

Francis is confused.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

(gasps)
Oh my! Damian didn't tell you?

INT. CHICAGO O'HARE AIRPORT (CHICAGO) - LATER

Francis's IDENTICAL TWIN, DAMIAN DUMMONT, stands alone at a
BAGGAGE TERMINAL. Dressed prim and proper with a French
Bourgeoisie style, he watches a BAGGAGE BELT go around... and
around... and around. Only one bag remains on BAGGAGE BELT.

INT. AIRLINE SERVICE DESK - MOMENTS LATER

A frazzled Damian stands in front of an AIRLINE AGENT, a bad
tempered old cranky woman stares at a computer screen.

AIRLINE AGENT

Name?

DAMIAN

Damian. Damian Dummont.

AIRLINE AGENT

What color is the luggage?

DAMIAN

Black.

AIRLINE AGENT
 (types on keyboard)
 What's the value of the luggage?

DAMIAN
 (upset)
 I don't know. I'm not good with numbers!

AIRLINE AGENT
 Sir. I need a dollar amount.

DAMIAN
 This is the most important show of my life -- all of the top designers are here. I can't give you a price. The items are all hand made. Please, I need my luggage.

AIRLINE AGENT
 Sir? You do realize that you flew in to the worst airport in the United States...
 (cautiously looks around)
 ...we've lost flight attendants.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET (PROVINCETOWN) - NEXT DAY

The heart of New England's rainbow nation. A microcosm of revelry and romance as an eclectic beach community seasoned with MUSCULAR GAY MEN, LESBIAN BOUTIQUE SHOPPERS, and LONG LEGGED DRAG QUEENS colonize the street.

RAINBOW FLAGS hang from THREE STORY BUILDINGS above. The rectangular allegiance flags fly with much vigor in the cool, oceanic breeze. In the center, Francis, out of his element, walks and talks on his CELL PHONE to Michael.

FRANCIS
 (speaks softly; reads wedding invitation)
 ...yes Michael. He's...

Francis holds Damian's WEDDING INVITATION with photo of Damian, embraced with his fiancée, Spencer, with the caption "You Are Cordially Invited to Our Wedding."

MICHAEL (V.O.)
 Your twin? Wait! Are you-

Francis turns a corner. Unaware, he steps in a BICYCLE LANE.

FRANCIS

Gay! Hell no!

A spunky, 25-year-old BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE woman, pedals along on BEACH CRUISER BICYCLE. Beautiful Brunette displays the perfect maternal features, an attractive bosom and body, both athletic and firm with flowing long locks of curly hair.

She comes around from the opposite street corner.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I Googled your brother. He's got money-

FRANCIS

Because that asshole cut me out of my grandmother's will!

SLAM... Beautiful Brunette plows over Francis. He stumbles backwards, falls, and DROPS his cell phone.

BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE

(gets off bicycle)

Oh. I'm sorry. I didn't see you.

Beautiful Brunette picks up Francis's cell phone. Michael continues to banter on phone call.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Gay and straight with identical DNA? This is like a 20/20 episode.

Francis stunned, lays on the ground.

BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE

(hands phone to Francis)

You okay?

Francis is awestruck. He stares at Beautiful Brunette.

BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

(touches Francis's arm)

No broken bones or bruises?

Francis NODS. He's still speechless.

BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

I'm late for work. My cousin's going to kill me...

(pedals off on bicycle)

...glad you're okay.

Francis holds CELL PHONE. He ignores Michael's voice.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
 ...the bus fare was the last of
 your art hustle money. My advice to
 you -- go to the wedding and ask
 for part of that inheritance. You
 need to finish your thesis!

In the b.g., Beautiful Brunette parks her bicycle in front of
 a small building with a SIGN: CANDY'S SALON OF BEAUTY.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
 Francis? You there?

FRANCIS
 My new leading lady. She found me!

MICHAEL (V.O.)
 Wait! No... no more actresses-

FRANCIS
 Later Michael.

Francis HANGS UP. From a distance, he watches Beautiful
 Brunette enter the salon.

INT. CANDY'S SALON OF BEAUTY - MOMENTS LATER

Cosmetic and hair care products are staged in display cases.
 Tuscan reception chairs are staged in the center of the
 room. CUSTOMERS sit on chairs and read magazines as they
 await for their appointments to commence.

A butchy, no game-playing woman RECEPTIONIST sits behind a
 Piazza style reception desk.

Enter Francis.

RECEPTIONIST
 Hi. Can I help you?

Francis ignores her. He searches for Beautiful Brunette.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
 Hello? Do you have an appointment?

BEAUTY SUPPLIES stocked on the shelves above Receptionist.

Francis realizes his environment. He quickly improvises.

FRANCIS
 Yes... yes I am.

He surveys Customers. No sign of Beautiful Brunette.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
An appointment with that beautiful
brunette. She works here?

RECEPTIONIST
Brunette? You mean Candy.
(shouts)
Candy! Your 2 pm is here.

PUMPS...

LONG LEGS...

BEAUTIFUL BACKSIDE IN A TIGHT MINISKIRT...

LONG FLOWING BRUNETTE HAIR (WIG)...

ADAM'S APPLE... the size of Jupiter.

CANDY, the cute and cuddly six foot tall Drag Queen, wears a
brunette wig, and heavy makeup.

Francis's jaw drops.

INT. STOCK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Beautiful Brunette (VIRGINIA GREY) folds clean linens. She
organizes hair products and other beauty supplies.

Enter Receptionist. She holds a PORTABLE PHONE in her hand
and covers the mouthpiece.

RECEPTIONIST
Virginia...
(hands phone)
...it's him!

Virginia shakes her head back and forth, NO.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
(to phone)
I'm sorry Bane. She's not here
right now. Do you want to leave a
message?

INT. SALON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A panic-stricken Francis is reclined in a hydraulic swivel
chair. Candy hovers over him.

CANDY
This your first time?

Homophobia sets in on Francis's face. He NODS.

CANDY (CONT'D)
Do I need to explain the sensation,
you will feel?

FRANCIS
Sensation?

CANDY
The p-r-i-c-k!

Candy cranks the dial of AAVEXX 600 ELECTROLOGY MACHINE.

FRANCIS
(grabs his hair)
I'm only interested in a trim.

IBEC DIPLOMA... International Board of Electrologists
Certification hangs on the wall across from Francis.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
(examines diploma)
Electrology?

Francis begins to stand.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
That's permanent!

CANDY
(smiles; pushes Francis
back in the seat)
You're so silly.

The sound of a KNOCK at the door.

Virginia enters. She holds folded TOWELS.

VIRGINIA
Hi Candy. Here's some extras...
(sets towels down)
...oh sorry, I didn't realize-

Francis smiles at Virginia. Virginia recognizes him.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)
Oh my goodness. I ran over one of
our customers-

CANDY
(to Francis)
You know my cousin, Virginia?

FRANCIS
 Nice seeing you again. Cousins...
 (sarcastic)
 ...I see the family resemblance.

Francis turns to face Candy.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 Virginia and I have some past
 history. We were involved in a
 cyclist, pedestrian memorable
 moment. Two star crossed
 individuals destined to collide
 with one another.

Virginia smiles at the corny comment.

VIRGINIA
 Yes. You ran into my beach cruiser
 not observing the bike lane.

Francis and Virginia make a small, tender connection.

CANDY
 Virginia, be a dear and grab me
 some lidocaine and numbing cream.

VIRGINIA
 Sure. Be right back.

Virginia exits.

CANDY
 (to Francis)
 Apology for the intrusion.

Candy cranks up the juice of the AAVEXX 600 a second time.

CANDY (CONT'D)
 Virginia's in from Boston, helping
 me with the salon this summer.

FRANCIS
 Your cousin is beautiful.
 (beat)
 Is she L or Q?

CANDY
 L? Q?
 (beat)
 Oh, we don't place labels on people
 in this town. My cousin is a
 person, just like you and I.

Candy puts on Orasoptic Loupes magnifying glasses.

CANDY (CONT'D)
 Poor thing. She's going through
 some tough times. Her boyfriend,
 Bane is fooling around with another
 woman. Now, she wants absolutely
 nothing to do with men.

Candy, GIGGLES, as she holds the electrology probe.

CANDY (CONT'D)
 At least straight ones!

Francis smiles. Candy moves in with METAL PROBE.

CANDY (CONT'D)
 Now, where do you want it?

INT. DAMIAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Francis lays on the couch. He is shirtless. His chest bare,
 exposed, bright red, and the shit pricked out of it. Aloe
 Vera bottles are staged on COFFEE TABLE. The topical treasure
 coat parts of Francis's upper torso.

Spencer hands Francis a cold compress.

SPENCER
 Really Francis? Hair removal? All
 this to meet a girl...
 (high-pitched)
 ...this looks uncomfortable.

Francis applies COLD COMPRESS on his head.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 Everyone knows the key to a woman's
 heart is a sensitive man.

FRANCIS
 (placates)
 And why is that, Spencer?

SPENCER
 Because we share their interest in
 fashion, culture, and empowerment.
 Word of advice, before your next
 romance, cut out the machismo.

Francis ignores Spencer. He rolls over on his side as he
 continues to lay on couch.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 That's right. You rest your pretty
 little head. Spencer has to run...
 (looks at fingernails)
 ...manicure day!

Exit Spencer.

A defeated Francis rolls over. He looks up at the ceiling.

MEOW. Peaches pounces on Francis's inflamed chest.

FRANCIS
 (jumps and shakes)
 Ahh... Ahh! Freakin' Peaches!

Peaches jumps off of Francis's sensitive skin. Francis re-medicates his chest with topical gels.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 (mimics Spencer's voice)
 Everyone knows the key to a woman's
 heart... sensitive man...
 (SHOUTS)
 ...I'm not my brother, Spencer!

Francis ponders. He sets Aloe vera bottle on coffee table.

He uncovers PHOTO CALENDAR OF HOT SEXY P-TOWN MEN wedged underneath *The New Yorker*, *People*, and *Brides* magazines.

He looks around. He picks up photo calendar and treats it as a hazardous substance. He's timid.

Brief glimpses of June and July NAKED MEN. He flips to December and sees NAKED PHOTO OF FAT OLD SANTA dressed only in a Santa Claus hat. Francis GAGS. He runs to KITCHEN.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Francis flips through TARGET CIRCULAR OF BRA AND PANTIE WOMEN MODELS. In the b.g. BOSTON GLOBE rests on kitchen table. Francis looks at women's underwear. He lets out a big SIGH.

Peaches enters. Francis spots her.

FRANCIS
 (Jack Nicholson's voice
 from *The Shining*)
 Peaches, I'm home!

Francis chases after Peaches. Peaches MEOWS.

EXT. ROCCO'S NAIL SALON - EVENING

Sunset. Bright neon sign shaped as a human hand lights up. Each individual fingernail illuminates the letters sequentially to spell, R-O-C-C-O.

INT. NAIL STYLING STATION

Spencer sits directly opposite from a middle-aged, manicurist named, ROCCO. An assortment of gadgets; nail files and cuticle removers clutter the work station.

Rocco accidently nicks Spencer's ring finger.

SPENCER

(jerks hand)

Careful, Rocco. That's the most important one!

ROCCO

I'm so happy for you and Damian.

SPENCER

Think how far we've come. Puritan Massachusetts, the first state to legalize gay marriage. I'm blessed with this opportunity and thankful for all the people before us that broke conservative boundaries.

Rocco NODS.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

So, who ya bringing to the wedding?

ROCCO

Flying solo my friend-

SPENCER

(softly hits Rocco)

Rocco? You are not!

ROCCO

You're lucky, Spencer. Finding that special someone. All the good ones like Damian are taken.

Spencer displays a delightful SMILE at the compliment.

SPENCER

Don't worry. I'm on it! We'll find you a plus one.

INT. DAMIAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Francis meticulously examines Damian's personal items: multiple photo frames of a happy, loving Damian posed with Spencer on exotic vacations and moments of togetherness.

He takes Damian's business card: D ELEANOR D CLOTHING, CEO

FRANCIS
(to himself)
CEO? You stink at business!

Francis looks at Spencer's nightstand, knickknacks and more photos of the happy couple.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Peaches? I know you're in here.

Peaches scoots in the closet. Francis follows her.

WALK-IN CLOSET DOORS

Francis opens the French doors. He observes a litany of clothes. One side of the closet, conservative business type designer wear. The other side:

COWBOY OUTFITS...

LEOTARDS...

TRENDY NIGHT CLUB CLOTHES... dangle from the hangers.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - NIGHT

Spencer takes a stroll. He holds an unwrapped candy RING POP. He slides Ring Pop over his freshly manicured finger.

He stops.

He slides Ring Pop off.

Spencer rehearses his wedding vows out loud.

SPENCER
(to himself)
My dearest Damian... you have filled a void in my life and have shown me the true meaning of love, laughter, friendship, and lasting companionship. Yes, Damian Dummont. I do.

An elated Spencer slides RING POP back on his finger.

INT. DAMIAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Francis continues to snoop inside the closet. He admires; business suits, sport coats, and designer shoes. Francis reads the clothing label from a sweater: D ELEANOR D.

FRANCIS
(mocks; lisp)
Come sit next to old Spen-cie.
It's manicure day.

Peaches absconds as she bolts out of the closet to escape Francis's wrath. He's is unaware and looks at CLOTHES.

Francis awkwardly performs...

...a cat walk...

...a flick of the wrist... an elevated pinky finger.

Francis's movements, a dreadful and stereotypical acting rendition of a flamboyant gay man.

EXT./INT. DAMIAN'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Francis approaches. He turns DOOR KNOB. Peaches patiently waits by the door. Francis enters house.

INT. DAMIAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

The Queen song "We Will Rock You" BLARES from the radio. Francis wears a vintage FREDDIE MERCURY ONE PIECE ICON CHECKERED LEOTARD. He prances around imitating Freddie as he wears star shaped sunglasses.

Francis lip syncs and imitates Freddie's dance moves.

Enter Spencer. He holds Peaches and watches as Francis wiggles his BUTT back-and-forth.

Spencer turns off the radio. MUSIC stops.

Francis, surprised, immediately spins around.

Embarrassed, Francis looks directly at Spencer.

SPENCER
Aaaaaaaah...
(repeatedly jumps up and
down in excitement)
...I knew it was in the genes!

INT. CANDY'S SALON OF BEAUTY - SALON STATION - NEXT DAY

Virginia holds a pair of scissors and stands behind Francis.

VIRGINIA

You're a brave soul making an appointment with an employee still in training. Thanks again for volunteering-

FRANCIS

Candy mentioned you needed practice with your color methods and hair shaping skills. Happy to help.

VIRGINIA

(holds MIRROR behind Francis's head)

Honest opinion?

FRANCIS'S HEAD has uneven hair strands. Clumpy patches. Orange tints. A far cry from his brother's hairstyle.

FRANCIS

(lies)

Its great...

VIRGINIA

Really? Only 900 more hours...

(turns on CLIPPERS)

...before I'm licensed.

Virginia nicks Francis's EAR with CLIPPERS.

FRANCIS

(WINCES in pain; shouts)

Say? Maybe you can help me?

Virginia turns off electric clippers.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Where's a good place for us to grab lunch?

VIRGINIA

Oh! I'm sorry. I'm with someone.

FRANCIS

Sweetie? This isn't some cheesy pick up line...

(spins around in chair)

...I'm gay!

Francis stares in MIRROR, ready to play the role of Damian.

EXT. LOBSTER POT - DAY

A brash, young GAY COUPLE, walk hand-in-hand. They head towards the entrance of Lobster Pot, a historic seafood restaurant with a touch of neon glitz and glam.

INT. LOBSTER POT - WATERFRONT DINING AREA

Lunch hour. The hustle and bustle of LOCAL RESIDENTS and VACATIONERS as they feast on their Portuguese seafood style meals. Francis and Virginia converse with one another as they sit in a comfy, cozy booth that overlooks Cape Cod Bay.

VIRGINIA (O.S.)
...I'm not running away.

Francis stares at CELL PHONE PHOTO of BANE (Virginia's ex).

FRANCIS
(hands phone to Virginia)
What do you call it then?

VIRGINIA
I'm enjoying quality time with my favorite cousin.

FRANCIS
(points to phone)
And getting away from?

VIRGINIA
Bane.

FRANCIS
Candy says that he's nothing but a big Neanderthal. And you broke up because of your mom-

VIRGINIA
Stepmom!
(beat)
Candy likes to gossip about family-

FRANCIS
My fault for prying. The electrology session lasted 3 hours.
(beat)
We discussed -- a lot!

VIRGINIA
Did Candy also share my medical and dental records?

Francis smiles.

Enter WAITER. He holds a credit card reader.

WAITER

I'm sorry sir. This credit card is declined.

FRANCIS

(stands up)

That can't be. Here. Try again-

VIRGINIA

Here Damian? Let me get this-

Enter elderly MANAGER. He mistakes Francis for Damian.

MANAGER

Damian...

(gives Francis a big hug)

...how are you?

FRANCIS

(plays along)

I'm good. And you? You look good-

MANAGER

(smiles; to Waiter)

This meal is on the house. For all that your grandmother did for this community. She was a good woman...

(to Virginia)

...and Damian is a very good man.

Virginia cordially smiles at Francis.

INT. WORMHOLE COFFEE CAFE (CHICAGO) - LATER

Damian sits at a high-top table. A cup of Cappuccino rests in the middle of a fashion board. Magazines and pencils are scattered around him. With earpods in place, Damian partakes on a CONFERENCE CALL with a MODERATOR and ERROL THOMPSON from the international fashion house Alexander Nelson.

MODERATOR (V.O.)

Mr. Dummont. Thanks for joining the call. I've connected you with Errol Thompson, SVP of International Merchandise here at Alexander Nelson.

Damian rapidly sketches a silhouette female figure.

DAMIAN
 (to cell phone)
 Thank you. Hello Errol.

ERROL (V.O.)
 (English accent)
 All set for the show?

Damian adds a BodyCon dress to the female figure sketch.

DAMIAN
 Yes, my design team's been working
 around the clock. And thank you for
 the invitation to Chicago.

Damian layers the dress with a short cropped jacket.

ERROL (V.O.)
 As a freelance designer -- we
 understand that you're interested
 to have Alexander Nelson's Fashion
 House distribute your product line.

DAMIAN
 (sets pencil down)
 Yes. I have my sights on London
 then Paris.

ERROL (V.O.)
 Good. Reputable cities.
 (beat)
 Damian, so you are aware, we have
 over 70 designers in the show.
 Your meeting with Alexander will be
 five minutes. Make the best of it.

Damian glances at VANITY FAIR & FASHION. On the front covers,
 a photo of ALEXANDER NELSON, a famous British fashion mogul.

DAMIAN
 I won't disappoint. D Eleanor D
 will be the best collection on the
 catwalk. Thank you for this
 opportunity to be part of the
 Alexander Nelson family.

ERROL (V.O.)
 Good to hear. See you at the show.

DAMIAN
 Bye.

Call ends. Damian stresses as he glances at MAGAZINES.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET (PROVINCETOWN) - LATER

Returning back, Francis and Virginia walk off their seafood lunches as they stroll down a cobble stone pathway.

VIRGINIA
Such a gentleman walking me back.

FRANCIS
These are pretty mean streets. You can never be too careful.

FRIENDLY MAN across the street waves at Francis (Damian).

FRIENDLY MAN
Hi Damian!

FRANCIS
(awkwardly waves back)
Hello there! Good neighbor.

VIRGINIA
I love it here. Founded by the Wampanoag Indians, transformed in to a Portuguese fishing village, and now a bohemian art community.

FRANCIS
That's why my grandmother settled in P-town. A place where all people are welcome and accepted.

Francis and Virginia both smile. They approach the salon.

EXT. CANDY'S SALON OF BEAUTY

Francis and Virginia stand at the entrance.

VIRGINIA
Well? This is me.

Virginia enters. She turns back to face Francis.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)
I'm heading out with some friends-

FRANCIS
Yes, I would love too-

VIRGINIA
(holds her cell phone)
Oh. Okay! What's your number?

Francis pulls out ripped P-TOWN POSTCARD with Damian's number (555) 867-5309 from his pocket. He hands it to Virginia.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

A postcard?

FRANCIS

I'm in between phones.

Virginia takes the phone number. Awkward silence.

VIRGINIA

Okay.

FRANCIS

Okay!

Virginia enters salon. Frustrated, Francis bites his FIST.

INT. DAMIAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

VINTAGE PINK ROTARY DIAL TELEPHONE staged on a table. Francis stares at the retro communication device. He waits.

Francis stands. A grimace on his face. He's in pain.

Spencer rests on heart shaped love seat and reads NATIONAL ENQUIRER. He pulls the tabloid away from his face. He wears big rimmed Elton John style sunglasses and a feathered boa.

SPENCER

What are you doing? You've been staring at that phone for hours.

FRANCIS

I can't hold it?

SPENCER

Are you expecting a call?

FRANCIS

I'm going to the bathroom.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM

Spencer enters. He dashes over to the refrigerator with Peaches nestled closely by his leg.

SPENCER

I know Peaches. We have a rude, crude, dude staying with us. But he'll be family soon.

Spencer removes a can of CAT FOOD from cabinet.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 (to Spencer)
 So, we need to accept him and not
 be judgmental. It's the humane
 thing to do.

Phone RINGS. Spencer tip-toes back to living room.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 (sarcastically)
 Oh! I'll get it.

Phone RINGS a second time.

Francis bolts out of the bathroom. He waddles with his khaki pants draped around his ankles.

He wears a LEOPARD SKIN THONG BIKINI (banana hammock).

Spencer reaches the phone first.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 (to phone)
 Hello?

VIRGINIA (V.O.)
 (loud MUSIC over the line)
 Hi? Is-

SPENCER
 Sorry, I can't hear you-

HIP CHECK. Spencer's arms flutter up in the air. His legs come out from under him as Francis knocks him over.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 (screams)
 Ahhhhh-

Francis grabs PHONE.

FRANCIS
 (to phone)
 Virginia? This is a surprise.
 No... no, I just got in. It's hard
 to hear. That scream?

Spencer lies helplessly on the floor. His Elton John sunglasses are cocked sideways on his face.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 Must have been the TV.

Spencer SPITS out a loose boa feather.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 (quickly pulls up his
 pants; covers THONG)
 You're at the Palladium?

Francis covers PHONE mouthpiece with his hand. He looks at Spencer for acknowledgment. Spencer stands.

SPENCER
 It's a dance club.

FRANCIS
 (to phone)
 Great -- see you there.

Francis hangs up phone. He smiles.

EXT. THE BLACKSTONE HOTEL (CHICAGO) - LATER

A contemporary, swanky European style hotel.

INT. DAMIAN'S HOTEL ROOM

Organized chaos as fabrics, threads, needles, scissors, sketches, cover the bed. The room has become a makeshift textile mill. Damian operates a SINGER SEWING MACHINE. He stitches fabrics at a rapid rate.

He stops the machine and looks at his hand drawing to compare design concept to the final product.

DAMIAN
 Mel...
 (points at fabric)
 ...what about a back stitch here?

On an IPAD SCREEN is a polished, Grecian formula hair-style John Waters look-a-like mustache of a man named, MEL. In the b.g., the interior of Damian's store.

MEL (VIDEO SCREEN)
 Try running a stitch there instead.

Damian flawlessly threads the needle IN & OUT of the fabric.

DAMIAN
 How were sales today?

MEL (VIDEO SCREEN)
 Don't worry about your store.
 (beat)
 Your focus needs to be on the
 Alexander Nelson contract.

Damian holds up the clothing to IPAD SCREEN.

INTERCUT - LOCATION 1 / LOCATION 2

INT. D ELEANOR D CLOTHING STORE (PROVINCETOWN)

Mel is in the back-room. A plethora of raw materials,
 mannequins, and designer clothing hang on garment racks.

MEL
 Its perfect. Now, there is one more
 outfit left-

DAMIAN (VIDEO SCREEN)
 The Harris Tweed tiller collection.

MEL
 Damian? The show is tomorrow. You
 won't be able to finish.
 (beat)
 Reschedule the meeting with
 Alexander Nelson's team.

DAMIAN (VIDEO SCREEN)
 Mel? I'm not losing my
 grandmother's business.
 (serious tone)
 And don't say anything to Spencer.
 With the wedding around the corner
 and now these additional expenses,
 he'll be a complete wreck as he
 waits around for my return.

INT. CLUB PALLADIUM - BALCONY - NIGHT

STROBE LIGHTS illuminate the surrounding area of the high
 energy dance club. STEEL CAGES hang from the rafters.
 Scantly clad MALE GOGO DANCERS perform their dance routines.

On the ground floor, MALE and FEMALE DANCERS gyrate to the
 sounds of Techno MUSIC. THREE SHOT GLASSES raised in the air.

Spencer stands with Rocco and a celebrity impersonator named,
 SCARE CHER. Scare Cher, a chubby transgender with heavy make-
 up, big eye brows, dressed in an icon 90's outfit.

ROCCO
 Here's to Spencer and Damian!
 Congratulations on your future
 nuptials.

They sling back the SHOTS.

ROCCO (CONT'D)
 So, Spencer? Why'd we meet here?

SCARE CHER
 Yeah Spencer. You hate these types
 of places.

Spencer grabs Scare Cher's head and adjusts it. Scare Cher
 looks directly down at the dance floor below.

DANCE FLOOR

Francis dances with Virginia. They get close to one another.

Spencer, Scare Cher, and Rocco continue to watch from the
 BALCONY high above.

SCARE CHER (CONT'D)
 Oh my gosh -- Damian's a cheater!

ROCCO
 Damian's here?

Rocco excitedly pushes forward to the railing of the balcony.

ROCCO (CONT'D)
 Where? I can't see him-

SCARE CHER
 (fist clenched)
 I'm gonna sock him one!

SPENCER
 Calm down Scare Cher. That's not
 Damian.

SCARE CHER
 (naïve)
 He's an impersonator?

ROCCO
 Damian's long lost brother is a
 twin...
 (smiles; excited)
 ...and you didn't tell me.

SPENCER

Don't get your hopes up. He's one of *them*.

ROCCO

No... a retrograde homophobic, anti-happy person, who's a vehement, virtuous objector, with incongruous behaviors that follows a populist belief stemmed from the need for religious liberty!

Scare Cher is perplexed by Rocco's comment.

SPENCER

(to Scare Cher)

He hates gays.

Scare Cher GASPS.

ROCCO

He's a bigot! And you're marrying into that family?

SPENCER

I'm marrying Damian. The family dynamics are part of the package. While Francis's poor judgement is disappointing, I won't let it come between me and the man I love.

Beat.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Scare Cher. I need a favor-

SCARE CHER

(flings hair back to the right side; sings)

"I got you babe -- I got you babe".

Spencer frowns.

SCARE CHER (CONT'D)

(flings hair back to the left side; sings)

"Whatever happened to our love? I wish I understood. It used to be so nice, it used to be so good".

SPENCER

You don't need to perform. Get down there! See what he's up too.

INT. CLUB PALLADIUM - DANCE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Virginia and Francis dance to loud MUSIC.

Scare Cher tip-toes in stealth mode as she moves through the wave of DANCERS. Scare Cher pirouettes around Dancers. She flings her hair back as she inches closer to the couple.

Virginia spots a friend in the b.g. near BAR.

VIRGINIA
(to Francis; excited)
It's Cecil. Cecil's here!

Virginia quickly pulls Francis off the dance floor. She dashes over to her friend.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)
(shouts)
Cecil.

CECIL, a short African American gay man, displays a similar disposition to that of a heavy set, bubbly Bobby Brown, aside from a Kid n' Play hairstyle.

With his bright NEON PINK LIPSTICK, Cecil saunters over to Virginia. He grabs her hand.

CECIL
(kisses Virginia's hand)
Good evening mademoiselle.

VIRGINIA
Cecil... this is Damian. The guy I was telling you about-

FRANCIS
(paranoid)
Virginia, you're telling people about me?

Cecil raises Francis's HAND. Francis quickly retracts it.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
No need to kiss this one...
(points to Cecil's mouth)
...it might remove all that pretty pink stuff.

Cecil takes this as a compliment and smiles profusely. In the b.g., Scare Cher eavesdrop from a distance.

Scare Cher looks up at Balcony and waves to the pack.

INT. DAMIAN'S HOTEL ROOM (CHICAGO) - LATER

Returning back, Damian works on a Harris Tweed tiller jacket. He speaks with Spencer on speaker phone.

SPENCER (V.O.)
 ...honey, get some rest. This is
 the biggest weekend of our lives-

DAMIAN
 (to phone; frustrated)
 I'll be home after the show.

SPENCER (V.O.)
 Promise? You know... our wedding is
 not the only thing I'm worried
 about.

INTERCUT - LOCATION 1 / LOCATION 2

INT. CLUB PALLADIUM - BALCONY (PROVINCETOWN)

Returning back, Spencer holds his cell phone to his ear. He scans the dance floor and watches Francis from high above.

SPENCER
 (to phone)
 Francis came home today -- it was
 as if someone had taken a weed
 wacker to his head. He's up to
 something.

DAMIAN (V.O.)
 Like what?

SPENCER
 (adjusts his shoulder)
 Hockey lessons!

DAMIAN (V.O.)
 I'm surprised he came. When's the
 last time we saw him?

SPENCER
 Your grandmother's funeral-

DAMIAN (V.O.)
 Francis never accepted my lifestyle
 and frankly -- I really don't want
 him at our wedding.

SPENCER
 But he's here-

DAMIAN (V.O.)
 Because you begged me to have him!
 (beat)
 Spencer? He did nothing but drive a
 wedge within my family. My parents
 died -- resenting me. You want him
 in our wedding. You deal with him!

CLICK. Stunned, Spencer stares at his phone.

INT. CLUB PALLADIUM - DANCE FLOOR/LOWER BAR - LATER

Cecil dances alone like a mad man. Back and forth he goes
 spinning around awkwardly. PATRONS clear the dance floor.

EMPTY SHOT GLASSES line the bar in front of Francis. He sits
 complacently in a bar stool. Virginia is no where to be
 found. An intoxicated Cecil approaches Francis from behind.

FRANCIS
 (hands Cecil a SHOT)
 It's on me -- tiny dancer!

CECIL
 (downs SHOT; slurs)
 You like my moves?

FRANCIS
 Unconventional. But that's P-town.

CECIL
 Virginia says, "Damian's a new
 friend and Cecil, you're one of my
 oldest friends, what better way for
 friends to meet friends, via me."

Francis inches away from a lustful Cecil.

FRANCIS
 Speaking of Virginia... any sign of
 her?
 (scans dance floor)
 No? Well, how'd you two meet?

Cecil bends forward and displays his KID N' PLAY HAIRSTYLE.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 She's your hairstylist?

Cecil NODS. Francis touches his hair.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 That explains everything.

EXT. P-TOWN TAXI SERVICE (RAINING) - LATER

The motor runs and exhaust emits from a rainbow colored taxi.
The idling taxi is staged in front of Damian's house.

INT. P-TOWN TAXI SERVICE

Tightly squeezed in the back seat of the taxi, Francis sits
extremely close to Virginia.

FRANCIS

I really enjoyed myself. We'll have
to get together again-

BIG BELCH noise comes from the other side of the taxi.

CECIL (O.S.)

(drunken' husky voice)
I'd love to.

FRANCIS

(peers around Virginia to
see Cecil sitting on the
other side of taxi)
I meant Virginia!

Cecil reapplies bright NEON PINK LIPSTICK.

VIRGINIA

(to Francis)
But Cecil can come?

FRANCIS

Sure.

An elated and inebriated Cecil smiles.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

(exits Taxi)
Well... this is me.

CECIL

Here. Let me walk you to the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK (RAINING)

Francis scurries along the stone pavers. He walks fast to
avoid the heavy rainfall. A drunken Cecil lingers behind as
he holds an UMBRELLA. He trots up to the front porch.

CECIL

Wait! I want to say good-night.

EXT. DAMIAN'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH

Francis tries to open DOOR. He fumbles with the KEY.

A drunken Cecil corners Francis.

CECIL
Here let me help you-

FRANCIS
I got this.

Francis turns. Cecil's face is way too close.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Good-night Cecil!

Cecil closes his eyes as he's ready for a good-night kiss.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
I'm flattered Cecil, but I'm not
that type of guy-

CECIL
(opens eyes)
Don't be prudish. Kiss me!

Cecil quickly moves forward with his PUCKERED NEON PINK LIPS.

Francis ducks away from the pinkness.

Francis KNEES Cecil directly in the balls.

Cecil hunches over in pain.

CECIL (CONT'D)
Oooooouch...
(gingerly walks away)
...okay then! Good-night.

FRANCIS
(waves)
Good-night Cecil.

Francis unlocks DOOR.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Buy a guy a drink and he thinks he
can have his way with you.
(enters house)
Fucking men!

Francis SLAMS the door shut.

EXT./INT. LE MERIDIEN CHICAGO - LOBBY - NEXT DAY

A plush, five star hotel, with a cosmopolitan décor. Damian dashes inside the lobby as he carries his designer outfits. He slides across the marble floor and stumbles into:

SIGN: WELCOME CHICAGO FASHION WEEK

INT. LE MERIDIEN CHICAGO - GRAND BALL ROOM

In the middle of the 5000 square foot room, an elevated platform partitions the seating in half. A cacophony of disharmonious MUSIC oscillates from the speakers above.

OZWALD BOATENG sign hangs over a long runway.

MALE MODEL #1 with slicked back hair and a stoic look, descends down the catwalk and wears an Oswald classic suit.

British fashion mogul, ALEXANDER NELSON, Errol (SVP of International Merchandise), and ENTOURAGE sit in the crowd.

INT. LE MERIDIEN CHICAGO - DRESSING ROOM

BRIGHT STUDIO LIGHTS blaze from multiple theatrical makeup vanities. Mass chaos as MODELS change in various outfits while MAKEUP ARTISTS glamorize his/her pristine faces.

Damian sorts out the garments in front of three models: MALE MODEL #2, FEMALE MODEL #1, and FEMALE MODEL #2. Models stand in a circle dressed in undershirts and underwear.

DAMIAN

Quick everyone. We're next!

INT. TREVOR PROJECT (PROVINCETOWN) - LATER

Returning back, Francis stands in an open space office building. He is greeted by a SOCIAL WORKER behind a desk.

FRANCIS

Hi. I'm here to see Virginia Grey.

SOCIAL WORKER

She's with some one right now.

Francis peaks around the corner. In the b.g., he curiously watches Virginia sit at a table with a young TEENAGER.

SOCIAL WORKER (CONT'D)

You can go next-

Social Worker hands Francis CLIPBOARD.

FRANCIS

Oh? I'm just a friend. What is this place?

In the b.g., Virginia reviews PAMPHLETS with young Teenager.

SOCIAL WORKER (O.S.)

It's part of the Trevor Project. A crisis intervention and suicide prevention center. We're here helping young people that are conflicted with their sexuality and don't have anywhere to turn.

Francis continues to watch Virginia in the distance.

SOCIAL WORKER (CONT'D)

Your friend is one of our best volunteers.

In the b.g., Virginia embraces Young Teenager. Young Teenager wipes a tear from her eye.

SOCIAL WORKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Virginia is so good at making emotional connections with these young kids that are so conflicted.

Francis has empathetic eyes. His cell phone RINGS.

FRANCIS

(hands clipboard back)
Excuse me.

Francis steps away from the desk. He answers cell phone. On the other line is Benny.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Hey Benny.

BENNY (V.O.)

We need to start filming. Any money?

FRANCIS

I'm working on it. Trust me...
(eyes fixed on Virginia)
...production is my number one priority!

Francis's face expression changes as his physical infatuation turns to an emotional one.

INT. LE MERIDIEN CHICAGO - GRAND BALL ROOM - LATER

Returning back, Female Model #1 struts down CATWALK. She wears Damian's BodyCon outfit with thigh-high kinky boots.

D ELEANOR D sign hangs over the runway. Male Model #2 enters with a Poly Plaid dress shirt, shorts, and loafers.

ALEXANDER NELSON (O.S.)
 Errol tells me you've made quite an impression in the New England area. Talk to me. What do we have here?

Female Model #1 exits CATWALK. Male Model #2 with poetic struts, enters. He stops and poses in front of Damian.

DAMIAN (O.S.)
 Think -- urban sand. An excellent example is this three piece ensemble. Notice how rich and embodied the texture is. An outfit for the office and for weekends.

ALEXANDER NELSON
 Good. And next?

Enter Male Model #3 with Harris Tweed tiller jacket.

DAMIAN
 (nervous tone; stumbles)
 My personal favorite, the Harris Tweed tiller jacket with truffle crew top. An excellent attire for those cool autumn nights.

Alexander Nelson takes off his sunglasses.

ALEXANDER NELSON
 As a judge, my job is to visually deconstruct all the outfits I see this week. You sir, are holding something back.

Damian lowers his head. He absorbs the feedback.

ALEXANDER NELSON (CONT'D)
 Your designs donne the a-line and have descent symmetry, but out of the 70 designers that are here, someone needs to standout as I can only chose one. Now, tell me... what makes D Eleanor D, different?

Damian's confidence grows. He smiles.

EXT. RACE POINT HISTORIC LIGHTHOUSE (PROVINCETOWN) - EVENING

Returning back, Francis and Virginia casually relax on a blanket propped in a remote area. They gaze at a group of sea lions sunbathing on the sandy beach.

Francis gazes at the sea lions through binoculars.

Virginia playfully tugs on Francis's arm.

VIRGINIA
Okay... my turn.

FRANCIS
(hands over binoculars)
This area is so beautiful.

VIRGINIA
It's one of my favorite spots on
Cape Cod Bay.

BINOCULARS POV with two pup sea lions playing.

Virginia's cell phone RINGS. She silences the ringer.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)
It's my sister, Jenny. I'm not in
the mood to talk...
(sets binoculars down)
...do you have any siblings?

Francis ponders.

FRANCIS
A brother...
(playful smile)
...we don't talk either.

VIRGINIA
What happened?

FRANCIS
I could have used your Trevor
counselling skills some time ago.

Virginia grabs Francis's HAND. Francis gets serious.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
During high school a teacher caught
me kissing another boy. That
incident was the catalyst that
changed my family forever.

Francis's tone changes.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

My brother, Francis, was mocked and chastised because of what I did. He never had girlfriends because of my actions. No date to the prom, constantly called a queer and a fag, all the fist fights he was subjected to, defending himself and ensuring people we knew around us that he wasn't gay, like me! We lost that special bond. And me being a gay teen wasn't accepted by my overzealous parents. Insults and condemnation in our small town mounted and my father forced my mother and brother to choose sides.

VIRGINIA

Damian. I'm so sorry.

FRANCIS

It all worked out. My grandmother, Eleanor, was extremely supportive and had taken me in. She would tell me, Damian, you were born this way and never change.

(Francis smiles)

Tell me about your sister?

VIRGINIA

She's my best friend. And I'm not avoiding her. It's my stepmom that I'm ignoring. My dad recently married a woman half his age-

FRANCIS

Wow! Oh? Sorry that came out wrong-

VIRGINIA

Her age isn't the issue. She's not in love with my dad. And no matter how many times I tell my sister, she won't listen.

(beat)

Jenny's calling to make sure I attend her engagement dinner-

FRANCIS

And your stepmom will be there?

VIRGINIA

That's half of the problem...

(concerned look)

...it's my engagement dinner too.

EXT./INT. D ELEANOR D CLOTHING STORE - LATER

A two story house with 1000+ square feet of ground floor commercial space. Inside, a litany of designer outfits. In the b.g., P-town decorations and a photo of ELEANOR hangs on the wall. Mel folds clothes as he talks with Damian.

MEL
 (to cell phone)
 ...did we get the contract?

INTERCUT - LOCATION 1 / LOCATION 2

INT. LE MERIDIEN CHICAGO (CHICAGO) - LOBBY

Returning back, the plush lobby bustles with BUSINESS STIFFS. Damian accidently bumps into a few them. He talks with Mel on a cell phone.

DAMIAN
 (to cell phone)
 No. But we're in the top three!

MEL (O.S.)
 Fantastic Damian! Your grandmother would be so proud.

Damian does not respond.

MEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 What's wrong?

DAMIAN
 Nelson and his team are making a trip to the store this weekend.

MEL (O.S.)
 What! That's your wedding?

DAMIAN
 I know. I know. It's part of the final designer selection criteria.
 (beat)
 Mel? I need this. For Eleanor. For me.

MEL (O.S.)
 And Spencer?

DAMIAN
 I need to postpone our nuptials. Spencer will understand?

INT. JEWELRY STORE (PROVINCETOWN) - NEXT DAY

Spencer hovers over Francis in delight.

Francis extends his RING FINGER. Francis displays a shiny platinum band encapsulated with studded diamonds.

JEWELER sits across from Francis. He wears a magnification head band as he examines the color and clarity of the stones.

FRANCIS
(to Spencer)
Can I take it off now!

SPENCER
Is it too tight?

FRANCIS
It's fine.

SPENCER
(grabs hand)
Are you sure?

FRANCIS
Yes...
(removes ring)
...there's no need for alterations.

Spencer turns to Jeweler.

SPENCER
(to Jeweler)
May I try mine?

JEWELER
(begins to exit)
Just one moment.

Complete silence as Francis sits and mopes.

Spencer pulls RING POP out of his pocket. He sets it in front of Francis.

SPENCER
(points to Ring Pop)
Your brother told me he would replace this someday. When the two of us met, we had nothing. No money, no support from our families. Nothing but our love, devotion, and our dreams that societal barriers would never stop us from being together.

Spencer holds up RING POP.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 This, a symbol of our commitment to
 love, cherish, and honor. And now,
 in a few days it will be official.

Francis's manners, uninterested in Spencer's story.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 Francis, what do I do for a living?
 When's my birthday? Where did I go
 to college?

FRANCIS
 (agitated)
 I don't know Spencer-

SPENCER
 Or is it you care not to ask? I
 know this is hard for you, but I
 love your brother. And that's the
 difference between you siblings.
 You stay at the surface with people
 and never get close. Damian on the
 other hand truly cares...
 (taps Francis's heart)
 ...and lets people in.

Francis is despondent.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 Here! You need this more than me.

Spencer places RING POP in Francis's hand and closes it.

INT. CANDY'S SALON OF BEAUTY - LATER

Candy, the cute and cuddly six foot tall Drag Queen, wears a
 YELLOW WIG, and heavy makeup. She sits and eats a salad.

Enter Francis. He holds a bouquet of flowers.

CANDY
 Back again?

FRANCIS
 Is Virginia here?

Candy stands and approaches Francis.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 It's important. I need to tell her-

Candy places her FINGER on Francis's LIPS.

CANDY

Shh...

Candy gazes at Francis's muscular frame.

CANDY (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Tall, broad shoulders...

(squeezes Francis's
biceps)

...and strong!

FRANCIS

(steps backwards; annoyed)

Okay. What's going on?

CANDY

You have the look, but have you
ever been in a bare knuckle rumpus?

Candy removes a wad of MONEY out of her cash register.

FRANCIS

A fist fight! Yeah... many times.

CANDY

Good...

(hands Francis money)

...then I'm shipping you up to
Boston?

EXT. FANEUIL HALL AND QUINCY MARKET (BOSTON) - EVENING

Shops, boutiques, and restaurants line the cobble stone walk ways. The +100 year-old factory has been transformed into a merchandise market haven. The area bustles with LOCALS and VACATIONERS that enjoy the scenery and STREET PERFORMERS.

INT. BAY TOWERS - DINING AREA

An elegant, classy, and contemporary restaurant with a grand piano and a four piece QUARTET placed in the center of the room. The well established and pretentious PATRONS dine on five course meals as they listen to euphonic melodies.

At a table that overlooks the Customs House (Clock Tower), Virginia and her family: MR. GREY, the new younger wife STEPMOM (Mrs. Grey), sister JENNY, Jenny's fiancée RICK, and Virginia's ex-boyfriend BANE celebrate the recent engagement.

MR. GREY
 Congratulations to my daughter
 Jenny and to my future son-in-law,
 Rick on their engagement.

ALL
 To Jenny and Rick!

Glasses CLANK together. Group SIPS champagne.

STEPMOM
 Your father and I are so happy for
 you Jenny. I can't wait to help you
 plan the wedding!

JENNY
 Ah... you're the best stepmom.

Virginia rolls her eyes at the comment.

RICK
 Thank you Mr. and Mrs. Grey for
 arranging this. The restaurant is
 absolutely amazing.

STEPMOM
 Rick, we're so happy that you'll be
 joining our family.

Stepmom grabs Bane's hand.

STEPMOM (CONT'D)
 (to Bane)
 And now we're just waiting for one
 more addition.

VIRGINIA
 Excuse me!

Virginia throws her NAPKIN down in disgust. She exits.

Confusion at the Grey Table as they stare at one another.

INT. BAY TOWERS - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Virginia stands in the stall with TEARS in her eyes. Her
 shirt is unbuttoned and her OSTOMY BAG is exposed. She kneels
 down at the base of the toilet and drains her stoma port.

She seals up the medical device, flushes the toilet, and
 sprays perfume around her to conceal the smell.

Virginia opens STALL DOOR. Stepmom stands in front of her.

STEPMOM

Virginia! You're ruining this celebration.

Virginia bypasses Stepmom to wash her hands.

STEPMOM (CONT'D)

When are you going to accept that I'm part of this family? Your father loves me-

VIRGINIA

And that's what pains me -- not telling him the truth that my "Stepmother" doesn't love him.

STEPMOM

What are you talking about?

VIRGINIA

The texts, the coincidental meetings, the secret dinners...
(stares at Stepmom)
...you and Bane sleeping together!

Stepmom is shocked.

STEPMOM

That's not true.

VIRGINIA

It is! The only reason why I'm here is for my sister. You can have Bane, but leave my family alone!

Virginia bumps shoulders with Stepmom as she exits.

INT. DAMIAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN (PROVINCETOWN)

Returning back, Spencer sits at the table with a cell phone on SPEAKER. Using a calculator and checkbook he works on the family finances. PHONE connects to Damian's voicemail.

SPENCER

Hi Damian. Missing you, hun. What am I doing, you ask? I'm working on our finances. We have to provide the final payment to the reception hall -- remember for our wedding! I noticed there's a big fiscal issue with D Eleanor D. Call me!

Spencer HANGS up. He shakes his head looking at BILLS.

INT. BAY TOWERS - HOST STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Returning back, Francis quickly walks over to the Grey table. His attitude, brash and brazen as he wears LEATHER CHAPS, BELT BUCKLE THE SIZE OF TEXAS, and COWBOY BOOTS.

HOST (O.S.)
Sir? Sir! Please put a jacket on.

A pesky HOST carries a dinner jacket and follows Francis.

GREY TABLE

A somber setting. WAIT STAFF clear off the remaining dinner plates as the Grey family looks at dessert menus.

Enter Francis. He acts like a hubristic straight man.

FRANCIS
(strong Texan accent)
There you are sugar!

VIRGINIA
Damian?

HOST
Sir, the jacket.

Francis slips the jacket over his vest. Exit Host.

VIRGINIA
(stands; greets Francis)
Damian? What are you doing here?

Francis gives Virginia a big kiss on the lips.

Bane casts a wicked stare. Francis pulls up a chair.

FRANCIS
(awkwardly sits)
Sorry I'm late cubbie bear.

JENNY
Virginia, who is this?

FRANCIS
(to Virginia)
Why sweetie? You didn't tell your family I was coming?

Virginia is speechless.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
You can all call me Tex-

RICK
Are you a Texan?

FRANCIS
No labels here amigo, it's a
name...
(to Virginia)
...is this, Bane?

VIRGINIA
That's Rick. My sister fiancé.

FRANCIS
Where's Bane! I've got a bone to
pick with him.

Francis stares at Mr. Grey. He CRACKS his knuckles.

RICK
(to Francis; points)
No... that's Bane.

Bane, a towering figure, stands. He flexes his MUSCLES.
Francis balks at the fact that Bane is twice his size.

FRANCIS
(to Virginia; softly)
Candy said Bane was a small man.
One, two, punches to take him down-

BANE
Is there a problem-

MR. GREY
Virginia, what's this about?

FRANCIS
This sir is a showdown for honor
and justice to reconcile for Bane's
indiscretions and late-night
escapades-

STPEMOM
Virginia!

Francis SPITS out chewing tobacco in a wine glass. He takes
off his dinner jacket and rolls up his sleeves.

Bane positions himself in a fighting stance.

MR. GREY
Now boys!

Mr. Grey intervenes. Francis moves forward.

JOYCE (O.S.)

Francis!

JOYCE, Francis's old beautiful leading lady, the headshot girlfriend (p. 12), stumbles upon the Grey table.

Joyce, a Bay Tower waitress with a mean scowl on her face, holds a tray of dirty dishes as she gazes at Francis.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

(stares at Virginia)

Who's this?

FRANCIS

Joyce?

Francis darts over to Joyce.

JOYCE

Tell me! Who is she...

(sets tray down on table)

...she your new leading lady?

Patrons and Grey family fixate on the argument.

FRANCIS

(looks at Patrons)

Keep your voice down-

JOYCE

Are you proposing to her. Tonight?

Joyce rips ENGAGEMENT RING off of her finger.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Now I know why you've wanted it
back so badly...

(chucks ring at Francis)

...I loved you.

The ring bounces off of Francis and rolls next to Virginia.

FRANCIS

You were never in love with me,
only my character.

JOYCE

(throws wine at Francis)

You bastard!

Joyce storms towards the exit.

Francis's face is covered with red wine. He towels off with a NAPKIN and chases after her.

FRANCIS

Joyce? You're crazy. We did nothing more than French kiss. And you bit my tongue!

Francis in his LEATHER CHAPS, stands at restaurant entrance. In the b.g. Virginia approaches.

Bay Tower Patrons continue to watch argument. Joyce exits.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

That's not love...

(shouts)

...and for the last time take my name off your voicemail!

Virginia with mixed emotions, stands next to Francis. Francis calms down after the heated verbal exchange.

VIRGINIA

(hands diamond ring over)

I am not sure what just happened?

FRANCIS

It was Candy's idea.

VIRGINIA

(HUGS Francis)

You came here -- to save me?

FRANCIS

And my idea too!

Virginia steps away from the hug. She looks at Francis.

VIRGINIA

This was so sweet. Thank you. But who is Francis?

INT. CHICAGO O'HARE AIRPORT - NEXT DAY

Damian sits at the gate amongst a group of PASSENGERS. A small group of FANS wear Chicago Bears hats, jerseys and tee-shirts. Two members of the Bear's pack, BIG BURLY GUY #1 and BIG BURLY GUY #2 throw a toy football back and forth.

Damian ignores the impromptu tailgating party. He prepares some sketches. Disgusted with the output, he CRUMBLES up the sketch. Determined, he starts over again.

In the b.g., MECHANIC talks with FLIGHT REP. FLIGHT REP picks up a microphone and communicates bad news over the LOUDSPEAKER.

FLIGHT REP

Attention passengers of flight 790 to Boston. Your flight has been delayed. We're waiting for additional information from the maintenance crew as it appears we have a mechanical problem. We'll be back with you shortly on a new departure time. Thank you again for flying with us and we greatly appreciate your patience.

Chicago Bears Fans MOAN.

Damian reaches in his pocket and pulls out his CELL PHONE.

Damian texts Spencer a message:

FLIGHT DELAYED. SORRY WILL MISS THE BACHELOR PARTY. NELSON LOVES MY DESIGNS! I MISS YOU AND JUST WANT YOU TO BE PROUD OF ME. NEED TO TALK MORE ABOUT THE WEDDING. LOVE DAMIAN.

Damian places cell phone in his pocket. He glances out the window and sees GROUNDED AIRPLANE.

INT. BOSTON HARBOR CRUISE SHIP - SUN DECK

Francis and Virginia sip on overpriced LATTES. They position themselves against the steel boat safety rails at the back of the ship. They overlook prestigious Boston harbor.

In the b.g., midsize skyscrapers surround the illustrious Boston Harbor Hotel with its wide opened air archway with the iconic American flag draped down the middle.

The seaport is composed of stone break-walls with black cast iron chains connected via multiple pillars. Large yachts are tied down dock-side as smaller fishing vessels linger behind.

FRANCIS

(to Virginia)

...the cowboy outfit was too much?

Virginia politely NODS yes.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Candy wanted me to look rough and tough. Bring the bravado! But I forgot my spurs and lasso-

VIRGINIA

(funny)

And Tonto and Silver too.

Francis smiles. The topic turns more serious.

FRANCIS

You're so beautiful. I'm sorry for what Bane did to you-

Virginia looks around the boat.

She lifts up her shirt below her right breast bra line and exposes her OSTOMY BAG for Francis to see.

She grabs Francis's hand and places it on her mid-section.

VIRGINIA

I'm not as beautiful as you think. Portions of my colon were removed and reconfigured near my abdomen.

Virginia releases Francis's hand.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

It's called a stoma. This bag collects my urine and waste.

She tucks OSTOMY BAG back under her shirt.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

No bikinis, no tight clothes, just smelly odors. These were Bane's words. His big turnoffs after my life saving surgery.

(beat)

My condition and lack of intimacy pushed him to have an affair.

FRANCIS

(hugs Virginia)

You are beautiful inside and out. Never be ashamed of what you can't control. What Bane and your Stepmom did was incomprehensible. This is not your fault!

Virginia steps back. She starts to cry.

VIRGINIA

Why am I'm telling you this-

FRANCIS

Because it's what friends do. They listen and care for one another.

(beat)

Does your father know?

VIRGINIA

I can't tell him. He'll be heart broken.

FRANCIS

Sometimes the truth is not what we expect, but in the end running away will not provide you closure.

Virginia throws her latte cup in the garbage.

VIRGINIA

That bitch! I hate her.

FRANCIS

And Bane? We hate that bitch too!
You're an amazing person...
(looks in Virginia's eyes)
...you deserve better.

Virginia dabs at her eyes. She stops crying.

VIRGINIA

Okay cowboy! You don't have to save me anymore. Thank you for helping... Francis!

Francis reacts quickly. His facial expression, one that the gig is over.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

That waitress, Joyce? You never finished the story.

Beat.

FRANCIS

Yeah. Joyce is an actress. She worked on some student films with Francis. Casually dated, but Joyce thought it was something more-

VIRGINIA

The engagement dinner? The diamond ring? Candy knew I didn't want to be there. That was an act?

FRANCIS

You can say that. Uhm... Francis is... my boyfriend.

(beat)

Joyce happened to mix up her lines.

Virginia punches Francis in the arm.

VIRGINIA

Damian? Why didn't you tell me.

FRANCIS

It never came up in conversation.
You'd really like Francis. I can
see you two really hitting it off-

VIRGINIA

Yes. Yes! Set it up...
(jumps up in excitement)
...I can't wait to meet him.

Francis frowns after his incredulous, stupid comment.

EXT. NYC CENTRAL PARK - LATER

DUTCH BOY WIG dangles sideways from Michael's head. He's disheveled. His paint brush, easel, and palette rest on the ground. A compilation of his artwork staged in the b.g., as an emotionless Michael sits in a lawn chair.

SIGN: FOR SALE 100 DOLLARS marked in red ink for the painting that hangs on an easel. Doves of PEDESTRIANS bypass the artwork without taking a second glance.

In the b.g., Benny walks Nilly nearby and waves at the Pedestrians for moral support. A defeated Michael paints 50 over the 100. Michael's cell phone RINGS.

MICHAEL

(to cell phone)
What!

FRANCIS (V.O.)

Glad to hear from you too, Michael.

MICHAEL

You hung up on me. Remember?
(reclines in lawn chair)
I'm really busy here.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

I need your help.

INTERCUT LOCATION 1 / LOCATION 2

INT. BOSTON HARBOR CRUISE SHIP - SUN DECK

Francis stands alone as he overlooks Massachusetts Bay. He wears a colorful and sparkling Fedora hat and a GAY PRIDE rainbow shirt. He talks with Michael on the cell phone.

FRANCIS

(to cell phone)

My brother's store is next to a famous art gallery. I showed the owner some photos of your work.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Seriously?

FRANCIS

He loves your style. Pack up your masterpieces and get up here.

Francis exits the sun deck and walks down a STAIRWELL.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

This is great! This is great-

FRANCIS

I'm always thinking about you roomie. Oh! When you get here, your name is Francis and your gay!

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Wait! What?

Francis hangs up cell phone he smiles at Virginia.

Virginia purchases food a CONCESSION STAND. She spots Francis from afar. Francis motions, TWO SNAPS, A SWIRL, AND A THUMBS UP sign that the meet & greet has been established.

WOMEN BATHROOM ENTRANCE

An excited Francis dances backwards near a water fountain. He bumps into a conservative older woman named, GAY HATER #1.

GAY HATER #1

(to Francis)

Excuse me. This is the woman's restroom!

FRANCIS

My apology. I was-

A middle-aged conservative man, GAY HATER #2 jumps in.

GAY HATER #2

It's because of people like you
that we now need a third bathroom!

Francis senses the micro-aggressions. He tenses up.

FRANCIS

It was merely an accident, I wasn't
going to the bath-

GAY HATER #1

Unisex, trans. What are you people
going to complain about next?

Francis pauses. He realizes what outfit he has on.

FRANCIS

Oh... my shirt. I'm not gay-

GAY HATER #2

(to Gay Hater #1)

Let's go, honey. There's another
bathroom upstairs.

Exit Gay Hater #1 and Gay Hater #2.

Francis is visibly upset. He feels the hate and bigotry.

EXT./INT. VETERINARIAN CLINIC - LATER

A small, quaint, animal clinic. A sign hangs from the roof: P-
TOWN PAWS AND CLAWS VETERINARIAN SERVICE

INT. OPERATING TABLE

BUGGLES, a Golden Doodle, lays still. The Veterinarian,
Spencer, is dressed in a stark white lab coat. Next to him, a
friend named, DEVON. They stand over the semi-sedated dog.

DEVON

Is Buggles going to be okay?

SPENCER

He'll be fine.

DEVON

(pets Buggles's back)

No more chasing after kitties and
crawling under metal fences.

Phone RINGS. Spencer ignores it and stitches up the wound.

DEVON (CONT'D)
You want me to get that?

SPENCER
No! It's Damian-

DEVON
You two fighting right up to the big day?

SPENCER
Not only is he missing the bachelor party -- the "big fashion mogul" Nelson, is coming to P-town.

DEVON
Alexander Nelson? I love his clothes-

Spencer scowls at Devon. He bandages up Buggles's leg.

SPENCER
I did all the planning. The guest list, the flowers, the wedding bands. Why is this one-sided?

DEVON
Did you ever think Damian may be scared of you?

SPENCER
(holds up a SCALPEL;
sarcastic behavior)
Ohhhh... I'm the gay Dexter!

DEVON
No. Not like that. What happens in a marriage? Both sides bring something to the table.

Spencer pulls some medical devices from a shelf.

DEVON (CONT'D)
You went to college, became a successful veterinarian, built an amazing career for yourself. Damian never made it past high school, inherited his grandma's old store, and makes clothes. He wants to prove to you that he can make it out there and not be solely dependent on you.

SPENCER
 (ignores comment)
 Buggles will need to wear this!

Spencer holds an ELIZABETHAN COLLAR. He places the cone shape object around Buggles's neck.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 Leave it on for seven days so he
 doesn't infect the wound.

Devon awkwardly touches ELIZABETHAN COLLAR.

DEVON
 Is this my gift for being an usher?
 (beat)
 Spencer? I've known you for a long
 time. What's the issue?

Spencer focuses on Buggles. He caresses the animal.

SPENCER
 (deadpan look)
 Damian wants to postpone the
 wedding.

INT. AIRPLANE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Damian is sandwiched in the middle seat between Big Burly Man #1 and Big Burly Man #2. Big Burly Men are decked out in Chicago Bears sports apparel. Damian's on his cell phone.

He listens to Spencer's VOICEMAIL. Big Burly Men disregard Damian's conversation and loudly converse about football.

DAMIAN
 (to cell phone)
 ...I didn't mean what I said. All
 this stress with D Eleanor D-

BIG BURLY MAN #1
 That pass. How did he drop that?

DAMIAN
 Spencer, I'm committed to you and
 our wedding! Please call me.

BIG BURLY MAN #2
 I know its only preseason, but we
 need a huge win at Gillette.

DAMIAN
 I love-

Big Burly Men HIGH-FIVE one another and bump Damian silly.
He drops his cell phone.

BIG BURLY MEN
Bears. Bears. Bears!

DAMIAN
Gentlemen? Please!
(long pause)
The Bears need to learn how to stop
the run, convert on third and long,
and execute in the Red-Zone. Year
after year their plays have been
inconsistent and irregular. Once
they build up their depth chart
with key veteran players, then they
will be considered a contender!

Burly Man sit with STONE COLD FACES.

BURLY MAN #1
He makes a great point.

BURLY MAN #2
Stewardess? Get this man a beer!
It's on me.

Damian smiles as he sits among his new tailgating friends.

EXT./INT. GREATER GOOD TAP ROOM (PROVINCETOWN) - NEXT DAY

Francis and Virginia sit at a high top table. They sip on
craft brews. Francis takes Virginia's book away from her.

FRANCIS
And what do we have here?

VIRGINIA
This. Nothing. Just a book.

Francis reads book title: THE STUDY OF LAW.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)
I'm thinking of graduate school-

FRANCIS
I love grad school. I'm on the four
year plan myself.

VIRGINIA
Are you studying medicine?

FRANCIS

(smirks)

Nope. I'm a student struggling to finish my assignments.

VIRGINIA

(takes law book back)

Well, law is my passion. I want to be a lawyer and work on civil rights and social reform cases.

FRANCIS

With your personality and compassion, you'd be great. Virginia Grey... J.D.

VIRGINIA

Ah -- thank you, Damian.

Francis spots Michael. He waves.

FRANCIS

(to Virginia; excited)

Oh! Look who's finally arrived.

Enter Michael. He approaches the table.

MICHAEL

(to Virginia; blunt)

Hi! I'm Francis and I'm gay.

Michael extends his hand to Virginia. Francis SIGHS.

VIRGINIA

(shakes Michael's hand)

Hi there. So, this is Francis?

Francis stands. He awkwardly embraces Michael.

FRANCIS

Hi honey. Come here...

(whispers to Michael)

...behave!

Michael is squeamish and stands stiff as a door as they hug. Francis breaks away from the hug. They sit with Virginia.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

So, Francis! How was the drive?

MICHAEL

Tons of Massholes on the road. I hate New England. Bunch of cheaters! Where's the art studio?

FRANCIS
 So, eager! You've just got here...
 (stern)
 ...we'll head over there soon.

Francis gently rubs Michael's shoulder. Michael cringes.

BENNY (O.S.)
 Hi there!

Enter rollie-pollie, Benny (also pretending to be Francis and gay). Benny puts on an over the top acting performance.

BENNY (CONT'D)
 (extends hand to Virginia)
 I'm Francis. And I'm gay!

MICHAEL
 (to Benny)
 No stupid. I'm gay.

BENNY
 We discussed this already. I'm gay!

MICHAEL
 He called me. I'm the real gay
 Francis.

Virginia is shocked and deeply confused.

VIRGINIA
 Damian? Who is this?

Michael and Benny BICKER. They push each other.

BENNY
 Why am I always number two in this
 relationship?

MICHAEL
 I'm gay!

BENNY
 No. I'm gay!

Michael and Benny tussle. They wrestle like five-year-olds. Michael puts Benny in a FULL NELSON HOLD.

Francis steps in between them.

VIRGINIA
 Damian! What's going on?

Francis breaks up the feud. Three men stare at Virginia.

FRANCIS

We... me... and the Francis's.
We... we are all together-

BENNY

Yeah. They call us the triple
decker!

Virginia's facial expression, priceless. Francis SIGHS.

INT. CROWN AND ANCHOR DRAG SHOW (PROVINCETOWN) - EVENING

BRIGHT LIGHTS. SMALL STAGE. MICROPHONE STAND.

SCARE CHER DRESSED IN AN ICONIC 70's OUTFIT has her back turned towards a small CROWD of fifty people. Scare Cher flings back her long, straight, black hair.

She turns around to face everyone. Her outfit, does not conform to her kapha body type. Her MIDRIFF exposes her big hairy belly. Heavy makeup is caked around her bushy eyebrows.

She holds a microphone.

SCARE CHER

(to Crowd)

Thank you all for coming out to the Crown and Anchor tonight! This next song goes out to one of my dearest friends. The most kindest, sweetest, gentleman that I've ever known. Spencer congratulations on your upcoming nuptials. You've brought personal clarity to me on who I am, why I'm here, and what matters most in life. And for that I thank you.

Spencer sits in the front row at COCKTAIL TABLE.

He wears a CATICORN HEADBAND and a white sash around his chest with the words: GROOM TO BE. Spencer is surrounded by his friends, Devon, Rocco, and Mel for his bachelor party.

Spencer stands, he sends AIR KISSES back to Scare Cher.

SCARE CHER (CONT'D)

I wish you and Damian all the best.

(beat)

Hey Mr. DJ, put a record on!

DJ spins a record (instrumental portion of the song). MUSIC plays. Crowd waits in anticipation.

SCARE CHER (CONT'D)

(sings)

"I was born in the wagon of a
travellin' show my mama used to
dance for the money they'd throw,
Papa would do whatever he could
preach a little gospel, sell a
couple bottles of Doctor Good...
Gypsies, tramps, and thieves..."

Group at COCKTAIL TABLE converse and watch the performance.

ROCCO

(to Spencer)

Now where's Damian?

DEVON

Isn't the fashion show all done?

MEL

Yes... and D Eleanor D is in the
finals. Damian had to stayed back
for another business meeting-

SPENCER

(to Mel)

And missed his flight because of
it! No mention of that Alexander
Nelson. It's because of him that
Damian's missing our little soiree.

Spencer picks up his DRINK.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

My future hubby is a beautiful
designer, but not a seller. I'm not
sure how he thinks he can broker a
big deal and keep his business
afloat on "thee" most important
weekend of our lives.

MEL

Nelson's visit to the store is very
important, Spencer. It's part of
the final selection process-

SPENCER

Enough talk about fashion. The next
time I see Damian, it better be
walking down that wedding aisle!

An angry Spencer SLAMS back his cocktail.

EXT. PARKING LOT (MICHAEL'S CAR) - EVENING

Benny holds a juice box. Michael rests on his old, unpretentious car. In the b.g., SIGN: GREATER GOOD TAP ROOM.

Francis paces back and forth as he begins to explode.

FRANCIS

Benny... what was that!

BENNY

What? Should I have said Double Whopper?

Benny annoyingly SIPs on his JUICE BOX.

BENNY (CONT'D)

This conversation is making me hungry.

FRANCIS

Benny? You were backup. I only needed one of you to pretend-

MICHAEL

Can we forget this and go to the gallery?

FRANCIS

No! You two are missing the point. These are real people, with real emotions. Being gay is not some sort of joke-

MICHAEL

Then why are you still in this big ruse? What's your plan! Do you want this girl in your movie or your life? If you really like Virginia just come out and -- tell -- her!

FRANCIS

I'm scared! Okay.

Francis angrily walks away from the car.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

(he turns back to face Michael and Benny)

I don't know the real me.

Francis starts to walk away.

MICHAEL
Where are you going?

FRANCIS
(throws hands up in the
air haphazardly)
A drag show. Call it a family
obligation.

INT. CROWN AND ANCHOR DRAG SHOW - LATER

Returning back, Spencer sits alone at COCKTAIL TABLE. In the
b.g. Scare Cher signs autographs for a few FANS.

Enter Francis in a calmer state after his parking lot
argument. He places a highball glass down on the table.

SPENCER
(picks up highball glass)
Wait -- which one are you?

Spencer is intoxicated. He closes his left eye and then
closes his right eye. He winks with a drunken smile.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
(slurs speech)
Ah. The evil twin.
(beat)
But at least you came.

Spencer takes a SIP from the highball glass.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
And you did get my drink right.

FRANCIS
Tom Collins. You're favorite?

SPENCER
Why old-chap you remembered after
all these years-

FRANCIS
I saw the drink and dinner menu for
your reception. Lucky guess.
(beat)
Where is the rest of your party?

Spencer points backwards. In the b.g., Devon, Rocco, and Mel
converse at the bar.

Francis gazes over at Group.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Which one is the other best man?

SPENCER
(points at Mel)
That one.

FRANCIS
The John Waters look alike... with
the moustache?

Spencer NODS.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
And how did you meet your best man?

Spencer SPITS out his drink. He LAUGHS.

SPENCER
Mel, is Damian's best man.

FRANCIS
(surprised)
What are you talking about?

SPENCER
Mel is Damian's best man!

FRANCIS
I don't understand.

SPENCER
You being here is my wedding gift
to Damian. To bring you two closer
together again. That's why you're
standing up with me.

FRANCIS
Damian didn't want me at the
wedding?

SPENCER
The question you should be asking
yourself is... do you want to be
apart of our new family?

Francis sets down his cocktail. He reflects on the comment.

EXT./INT. DAMIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

Francis drags an inebriated Spencer in the house. Francis
SHUTS the door behind him.

FRANCIS
We're almost there.

BEDROOM

Enter Francis and Spencer. Francis plops Spencer on the bed.

Spencer cozies up with his pillow and displays a drunken' happy face. He smiles in delight as he lays horizontally.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
(removes Spencer's shoes)
You have a very big day coming up.

SPENCER
Yes. My wedding! Thanks for coming to my party.

FASHION DESIGN BOARDS rest on the bed. Francis picks them up, looks and remembers the past.

FRANCIS
Where did you find these? I made these with Damian when we were kids-

SPENCER
I know their history and that's why I'm ashamed. Francis?
(beat)
It was my decision to remove you from Eleanor's will.

Francis looks confused.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Eleanor left her only grandchildren with a legacy of love and respect. That store was her last, precious gift. With your hate for Damian you would have forced him to sell. I convinced your grandmother to legally transfer it over to me.

Spencer rolls over. He faces Francis directly.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
And now... I'm asking you for forgiveness and am begging you for a favor.

Spencer caresses Damian's face.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
I need you to pretend to be Damian.

EXT. TWISTED SISTER ICE CREAM PARLOR - PATIO - NEXT DAY

FROZEN SOFT SERVE ICE CREAM MACHINE dispenses a perfect mix of chocolate and vanilla in a combo twin twist.

Neon tables and chairs rest on a large modern blue stone patio, deep in the heart of Commercial Street.

Cecil and Virginia soak up rays of sun. They both share a large banana split sundae. Virginia does most of the eating.

Cecil has a nasty scowl on his face. He intimately watches the two Francis's (Michael and Benny) unload paintings from Michael's car from across the street.

CECIL
(not amused; to Virginia)
That's my competition?

PLUMBER'S CRACK as Benny's pants slide down as he bends over.

He places a painting on a steel cart dolly. Cecil MOANS.

CECIL (CONT'D)
Two boyfriends?

Cecil displays a grotesque look on his face.

VIRGINIA
Sorry Cecil. I was fooled by Damian as well. He seemed super sweet, kind, funny, charismatic. I would've never guessed him as a cunning Casanova.

CECIL
Why Miss Virginia. Do I sense some hurt? Do you have straightplaining feelings for our Damian?

Virginia blushes.

VIRGINIA
No. Stop. And finish...
(pokes Cecil's spoon)
...I'm eating all the ice cream!

EXT. MICHAEL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Michael and Benny unload painting from the TRUNK. The cover slips off Michael's masterpieces. Benny is in awe.

BENNY

Michael? I really like this one.

Benny holds up a small painting of a dog and a cat.

MICHAEL

These are my mom's pets...
 (points to dog and cat)
 ...that's Cagney and that's Lacy.

Michael recovers PAINTING.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This started the obsession for me.
 It's one of my first. I made over
 twenty-three copies to perfect the
 correct brush stroke.

Michael places painting back in the TRUNK.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It's a reject. I must have mixed it
 in with the rest-

BENNY

I think it's great. I'll buy it.

MICHAEL

You like it?

Benny NODS.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It's yours... for a small favor.

BENNY

Sure. Anything?

MICHAEL

When we get back to New York, tell
 Francis he needs to move out! I'm
 done with his bullshit!

Michael SLAMS car trunk.

INT./EXT. TWISTED SISTER ICE CREAM PARLOR - LATER

Returning back, Spencer and Devon sit at a PATIO TABLE. Devon holds on to Buggles's leash. ELIZABETHAN COLLAR is firmly attached around Buggles's neck.

Enter Rocco with two SOFT SERVE ICE CREAM CONES.

ROCCO
 (hands ice cream cones)
 Here... this should help with your
 hangovers.

Spencer and Devon gladly accept the sweet treats.

ROCCO (CONT'D)
 (looks at Buggles)
 Gees Devon... I don't know if I
 should clap on or clap off.

SPENCER
 It's not a lamp shade, Rocco. It's
 a protective medical device-

DEVON
 (to Spencer)
 Call it what you will, Dexter. To
 me, it's the cone of shame...
 (Game of Thrones voice)
 ...shame, shame. Come on Buggles.

Devon stands. He tugs on DOG LEASH. Spencer and Rocco follow
 Devon towards exit.

SPENCER
 Do you want him to get better?

DEVON
 Fine -- I'll keep it on.

Spencer, Rocco, and Devon approach the table where Cecil and
 Virginia are seated.

DEVON (CONT'D)
 Rocco, did you find a date yet for
 the wedding?

ROCCO
 No...
 (to Spencer; wisecrack)
 ...what's Damian's status?

Spencer gives a catty look to Rocco. The threesome continue
 to walk through PATIO.

SPENCER
 Since you asked -- my soon to be
 hubby's plane landed. But! We're
 using Mel as our intermediary.

DEVON
 Why?

SPENCER

We made a sacred pact long ago not to see or talk with one another 24 hours prior to our special day.

ROCCO

Yeeeeeh... the weddings on.

SPENCER

Back on track with my master plan-

VIRGINIA AND CECIL'S TABLE

Seated, Cecil and Virginia converse. Devon walks past the table as he pulls the dog leash.

ELIZABETHAN COLLAR grazes against CECIL'S CALF MUSCLE.

CECIL (O.S.)

Oooooouch....

With lightning speed Cecil jumps straight out of his chair.

Cecil hops on one leg and prances out of control.

CECIL (CONT'D)

Ah! Ah! I'm cut. I'm cut-

DEVON

I'm so sorry... I didn't see you-

VIRGINIA

(looks at Cecil's leg)
Cecil, it's just a scratch-

CECIL

Ah -- ah... what got me?
(recognizes Rocco; stops prancing)
Rocco?

ROCCO

Cecil?

CECIL

(limps over to hug Rocco)
How are you?
(beat)
Virginia? This is Rocco -- my nail stylist.

ROCCO

(to Virginia)
Hi. How are you-

VIRGINIA
Hi. I'm the hairstylist.

Cecil continues to limp.

ROCCO
(to Cecil and Virginia)
And these are my friends. Spencer
and his cousin, Devon.

SPENCER AND DEVON
Hello.

ROCCO
Are you sure you're okay-

DEVON
It's totally my fault.

CECIL
What cut me?

Buggles calmly sits with the cone of shame around him.

DEVON
It was the cone of shame.

Spencer gives Devon a dirty look. Virginia PETS Buggles.

VIRGINIA
Ah... I love dogs.

Spencer nudges Rocco repeatedly.

ROCCO
What?

SPENCER
(whispers to Rocco)
He's your number two! Ask him-

ROCCO
Cecil? Would you like to-

SPENCER
...come to my wedding. Rocco needs
a date! Oh and Virginia you're
welcome to come too.

Cecil and Virginia are speechless.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
We had a last minute cancellation.
I'd love to have you both there-

ROCCO
 You'll be my date though...
 (looks at Spencer)
 ...not his.

Cecil and Virginia look at one another.

CECIL AND VIRGINIA
 Sure? We'd love too.

Spencer performs a MARY POPPINS dance move.

SPENCER
 Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!
 It's gonna be one epic wedding.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - DAY

Francis wanders around as he reads: DAMIAN'S BUSINESS CARD
 with D ELEANOR D & STREET ADDRESS. He spots the store.

EXT./INT. D ELEANOR D CLOTHING STORE - MOMENTS LATER

A young, bubbly, studious, sales associate named CINDY, works
 behind the counter. Enter Francis. Thinking its Damian, Cindy
 runs over and hugs Francis with excitement.

CINDY
 Damian... you're back.

FRANCIS
 (examines name tag)
 Hey... Cindy.

CINDY
 How was Chicago?

FRANCIS
 Good. Windy! Is Mel here?

CINDY
 Only me today. I thought you and
 Mel were picking up your tuxes?

FRANCIS
 Yes. That's right! But first you
 and I have some work to do.

Francis walks over to the entrance. He flips the storefront
 vinyl door sign over: SORRY WE'RE CLOSED

EXT. CANDY'S SALON OF BEAUTY - LATER

SIGN: COME IN WE'RE OPEN

INT. CANDY'S SALON OF BEAUTY - OFFICE

A small, quaint room used as a makeshift bedroom during Virginia's stay in Provincetown.

A pile of nicely folded clothes is placed on the bed.

Virginia gathers her belongings. She packs a large suitcase.

Virginia rifles through a stack of books:

THE STUDY OF LAW...

THE FEDERALIST PAPERS...

LAW 101...

KAPLAN LSAT PREP BOOK...

She neatly places BOOKS on top of her clothes. She stops and focuses on the Kaplan LSAT Prep Book. In the b.g., her cell phone rests on the bed.

Virginia flips through BOOK. She uncovers a photo of Bane and holds it in her hand.

CELL PHONE rings and displays name: DAD.

Virginia picks up the cell phone with her free hand.

VIRGINIA
(to cell phone)
Hi Dad. Thanks for calling me back.

MR. GREY (V.O.)
How is Candy?

VIRGINIA
Doing great. She says hi.

Virginia CRUMBLES up the picture of Bane.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)
Dad?
(beat)
There is something I need to tell you...

Virginia tosses the picture in the garbage.

INT. TUXEDO OUTFITTERS - LATER

Damian stands on a raised, pedestal shaggy carpeted floor. Dressed in his shiny, shawl collared tuxedo, he examines his reflection in a tri-fold floor mirror.

SEAMSTRESS, a short, older man holds yellow measuring tape.

DAMIAN

I love it. It's perfect.

In the b.g., Mel, dressed in his tuxedo stands in the corner. He whispers as he talks on his cell phone.

SEAMSTRESS

Excellent. Let me get the top hat.

Exit Seamstress.

Damian admires himself in the mirror. He looks at Mel.

DAMIAN

Who are you talking too?

MEL

(to cell phone)

Hold for a second.

Mel covers up the mouth piece of cell phone.

MEL (CONT'D)

(to Damian)

It's Spencer-

DAMIAN

(agitated)

And what about our 24 hour rule?

MEL

(to Damian)

That's why he called me...

(to cell phone)

...okay thanks Spencer. Yes. I'll tell him. See you tomorrow.

Mel hangs up. Damian waits for a response.

MEL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Damian. Alexander

Nelson's rep called your home.

They have to cancel the site visit.

A look of disappointment sets in on Damian's face.

INT. D ELEANOR D CLOTHING STORE - FRONT ROOM - LATER

The entire store has been completely reorganized.

FIVE FEMALE MANNEQUINS fully dressed with D Eleanor D clothing are staged in the middle of the store. The outfits represent a mix and match of cool colors and fuzzy textures.

FIVE MALE MANNEQUINS juxtapose from the females, but only four are fully dressed.

Cindy stands near a table. She arranges Fashion Presentation Boards that display colors and sizes for each outfit.

Enter Francis. He holds the final male outfit.

CINDY

Well? What do you think?

FRANCIS

Love it. Great work! Cindy? We've known each other now for...

CINDY

Two years!

FRANCIS

Have I mentioned my family?

Francis dresses the final male mannequin.

CINDY

In that your grandmother was the epicenter of your life...

(melancholy)

...oh and how your father, mother, and brother all died in a tragic car accident.

FRANCIS

(stunned; to himself)

My brother killed me off.

Francis reflects on the comment. Cindy looks at CLOCK.

CINDY

It's late. I'll see you tomorrow?

FRANCIS

(looks glum)

Tomorrow?

CINDY

Your wedding?

FRANCIS

Yes. Thank you.

Cindy exits.

Francis places the male mannequin back in position.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

(talks to MANNEQUIN)

It appears that the other genotype
we share is the mean-spirited
asshole one! Touche' brother.

BACK OFFICE

Francis quickly enters. He carries an empty duffle bag. He stands over a four foot DEPOSITORY SAFE. He enters a combination. Safe OPENS.

Stacks of MONEY overflow from inside the steel strongbox. Francis checks around to ensure that the coast is clear. He places all the MONEY in his duffle bag.

INT. CANDY'S SALON OF BEAUTY - EVENING

Virginia sweeps up cut hair strands from the floor. Enter Candy, she holds a large opened BOX.

CANDY

Compliments of your Stepmom...
(sets box down)
...I opened it by accident.

Virginia grabs the PACKAGE with her free hand.

VIRGINIA

It's my junk mail-

CANDY

And your graduate school acceptance
letter and campus move in date.

Virginia glances at Candy with a raised eyebrow.

VIRGINIA

An accident?

CANDY

What? I was curious.

Virginia picks up BROOM. She continues to sweep.

CANDY (CONT'D)
 What are you going to do? Law school? It's a big decision.

Virginia does not respond.

CANDY (CONT'D)
 Why are you hesitating? Is it him?
 (beat)
 I didn't want to tell you, but that homophobic caveman called again-

VIRGINIA
 It's not Bane. Arrrrrrgh! I don't know about my future.

CANDY
 (removes BROOM out of Virginia's hand)
 Well, it isn't being a hairstylist. You planned about being a social freedom fighter since we were kids. Plus honey, the customer complaints. I'm losing business.

Beat.

VIRGINIA
 Candy? Could you ever be in love with a girl.

CANDY
 Like -- straight?

VIRGINIA
 Yeah. Change the way you feel. Be in a relationship with a woman?

Candy stops and looks at her REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR. Candy slowly removes her PURPLE WIG.

CANDY
 (sincere)
 Nature versus nurture. Why does it matter?

Candy gazes at her normal self.

CANDY (CONT'D)
 Why conform because a majority of society tells me so. I am who I am... and I am happy who I am.

A confident Candy puts her PURPLE WIG back on. She smiles.

EXT./INT. MOTEL - LATER

An inexpensive motel. Michael's old, unpretentious car pulls in the parking spot near the first floor motel room.

Michael steps out of the car and carries a bag of groceries. Inside the room, Benny rests on one of the double beds. In the b.g., the TV blares Nick-at-Nite reruns on Nickelodeon.

Propped in the back corner of the room: BACK OF A CANVAS rests on an easel. Francis stands and holds a palette filled with oils and PAINTS.

Michael enters. He closes the door behind him.

MICHAEL
 (sets groceries down)
 Great news! Your brother's friend
 sold one of my paintings.

FRANCIS
 (continues painting)
 I told you he's good-

BENNY
 (to Michael)
 Did you get my Ho-Hos?

Michael tosses HOSTESS treats at Benny.

BENNY (CONT'D)
 Thanks dear.

MICHAEL
 (notices Francis painting)
 Francis? What did I say about
 painting on my artwork.

FRANCIS
 This is my story.

Michael walks towards EASEL. He changes his tune.

MICHAEL
 Not bad.

FRANCIS
 Thanks for starting it...
 (hands palette to Michael)
 ...but I need to finish it.

In the b.g., Benny has Ho-Hos CRUMBS all over his face.

BENNY

Oh Francis #3? I'm so happy about your first art sale.

Benny CHEWS with his mouth full.

BENNY (CONT'D)

You're finally breaking out of your shell and brokering you own deals. Francis #1 was right, he found you the best gallery in town.

A disdain look from Francis to Benny.

FRANCIS

Benny? I get it. You can act! No need to pretend-

MICHAEL

Speaking of charlatans -- did you come clean with Virginia?

(beat)

You're making it worse-

FRANCIS

Do you think I like this...

(picks his WEDGIE)

...the thong bikinis are freakin' killin' me!

MICHAEL

You have to tell her-

FRANCIS

I promise -- after the wedding.

BENNY

(to Francis)

Sweetie Pie? Speaking of promises? When are you getting our Panavision camera back?

As Benny lays on the bed, a stack of MONEY hits his chest.

BENNY (CONT'D)

(sits up; holds MONEY)

Wow! Where did you get this?

FRANCIS

There's enough in there to pay the fine, get the film permit, and finish the project.

Benny FLICKS the money through his fingers.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 Tomorrow, when I'm at the wedding,
 wire money back to Harold.

BENNY
 (hugs money)
 Yes! Finally back to production.

Francis grabs PAINTING.

FRANCIS
 (to Benny; winks)
 I told you -- I got this.

He takes one of Benny's HO-HOS. He exits.

INT. TREVOR PROJECT - LATER

Social Worker sits behind a desk. She types on her computer.

Enter Francis. Social Worker recognizes him.

SOCIAL WORKER
 Oh hi. Virginia's not here.

FRANCIS
 I know.

Francis reaches in his pocket. He pulls out ENVELOPE.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 It's not much...
 (hands her an envelope)
 ...but I want to help.

Social Worker observes MONEY inside envelope.

SOCIAL WORKER
 (smiles)
 Thank you.

INT. CLUB PALLADIUM - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Virginia dances alone. She moves to the music.

Francis watches her from afar. He approaches.

They twist... they shake... they boogie down.

Francis stares passionately at Virginia's eyes to reach her soul. She reciprocates the gesture.

Francis and Virginia share a long passionate kiss.

VIRGINIA
 (pushes Francis away)
 This isn't right. I can't get
 involved-

FRANCIS
 I want this-

VIRGINIA
 (tears in her eyes)
 I'm leaving P-town. Good-bye
 Damian.

Virginia quickly storms off DANCE FLOOR. Francis freezes up
 as he watches Virginia leave.

FRANCIS
 But I'm the real... Francis.

INT. D ELEANOR D CLOTHING STORE - NEXT DAY

Alexander Nelson, Errol, and his small Entourage survey the
 outfits within the store. They stop and admire:

FIVE FEMALE MANNEQUINS & FIVE MALE MANNEQUINS dressed in
 various stylish outfits.

A member of Entourage takes notes on a piece of paper.
 Alexander Nelson touches the fabric. He NODS in acceptance.

In the b.g., Spencer huddles with a despondent Francis. His
 posture and mood, zombie like after last nights fallout.

SPENCER
 (to Francis; pep talk)
 Come on! This is it. Show time!

Francis remains in a catatonic state.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 Listen! We have a wedding...
 (displays watch; begs)
 ...I need you?

Francis looks up at PORTRAIT of his grandmother, Eleanor,
 that hangs on wall.

He snaps out of his trance.

Francis walks away from Spencer. He approaches Alexander
 Nelson, Errol, and small Entourage.

FRANCIS

Gentleman! How do you like the best shop in town?

ALEXANDER NELSON

Impressive-

FRANCIS

Mr. Nelson, I know you're a very busy man and I appreciate you and your team coming all this way to see the store. Shall we cut to the chase and get down to business?

ALEXANDER NELSON

Yes. Please.

Francis pauses. He pushes over Male Mannequin No. 1.

Male mannequins... topple... topple... and topple over like a stack of dominos.

MALE MANNEQUIN NO. 5 HEAD falls off the body (the one Francis had a conversation with) and SPINS around.

Entourage look very confused.

Alexander Nelson awkwardly looks at Francis.

Spencer GASPS in fear. Francis looks directly at Spencer.

FRANCIS

I need to be transparent about this store. We are standing here because of the hard work and dedication of my grandmother. It was Eleanor's mission to bring idyllic articles of fashion that can be easily transferrable to stylish markets.

Alexander Nelson CHUCKLES. He looks at his Entourage.

ALEXANDER NELSON

Is your grandmother a designer?

FRANCIS

(makes sign of the cross)
She's no longer with us. But it wasn't her amazing designs that I remember the most, she was the only family member that ever believed in my brother.

Francis displays FASHION DESIGN BOARDS (p. 74) to ALL.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

My brother and I made these with Eleanor when we were teenagers. She was his inspiration... providing unconditional love without nuclear family divisions. This was the spark that made him designs these sketches and become the man he is today. His passion, his creativity, these sketches...
 (points to MANNEQUINS)
 ...those designs, are the core values and competencies D Eleanor D will provide for your company.

Alexander Nelson takes Fashion Design Boards from Francis.

EXT./INT. LIMOUSINE #1 (MOVING) - LATER

Damian and Mel dressed in fancy tuxedos sit juxtapose from one another in the back of a stretch limo. They SIP on cocktails as they head to the wedding ceremony.

MEL

Refill?

DAMIAN

Thank you sir, may I have another.

Mel WINCES in pain. He squirms and pulls at his CUMMERBUND.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

What's wrong? You look uncomfortable.

MEL

This Cumberbund. It's too tight...
 (the latch breaks off)
 ...ahhhhh shit.

DAMIAN

Big weight gain in the last 24 hours?

MEL

Funny.
 (beat)
 It's this cheap material. I told you we should have made our own.

DAMIAN

Nelson's outfits were the priority, not semi-formal Western apparel.

Damian hits button. PRIVACY DIVIDER WINDOW lowers. A chauffeur named, CLAY, sits behind the steering wheel.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
Apology Clay! We have a fashion emergency. Can you swing by D Eleanor D for us?

CHAUFFEUR
Sure thing Mr. Dummont.

Clay raises privacy divider window up.

MEL
Scare Cher put on the most amazing performance. We all missed you at the party.

Mel pours Damian another cocktail.

MEL (CONT'D)
I wanted to hear the backstory on you and Spencer meeting-

DAMIAN
You don't know? Spencer was my high school crush.

MEL
Really?

DAMIAN
My first true kiss!

Damian BLUSHES.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
Times were different then. Same gender relationships were condoned in our small hometown. It never had the chance to blossom as typical high school sweethearts.

Mel hands Damian cocktail. He eagerly listens to the story.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
We lost touch after I moved in with Eleanor. It wasn't until a high school reunion that we connected again. Spencer was in veterinary school and I was finishing up my training in Paris.

Damian takes a SWIG of his drink.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

We just connected. Spencer was this rebel of a man who was sweet and charismatic and I knew I wanted him by my side for all of eternity.

MEL

(pats Damian's hand)

I'm so happy for you two and glad to be a part of this special day.

(beat)

Aren't you a tad bit nervous-

DAMIAN

Marrying the man I love? No!

(beat)

Seeing my brother? I'm petrified.

Damian looks out the limousine window.

INT. D ELEANOR D CLOTHING STORE - LATER

Alexander Nelson hands Fashion Design Boards back to Francis.

ALEXANDER NELSON

Errol? How many site visits do we have left?

ERROL

This is our first stop.

Alexander Nelson SNAPS his fingers. Entourage begins to exit the store. Francis senses the tension.

FRANCIS

Mr. Nelson, wait. In Chicago you asked the question what makes D Eleanor D so different? Well, the answer... family!

Alexander Nelson stops. He listens.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

This is Spencer Lane. The official owner of D Eleanor D.

Spencer WAVES.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

And I'm Francis. Damian's twin.

Alexander Nelson is confused.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

It's Spencer's compassion and my brother's ambition that continues to keep my grandmother's vision alive. While my brother is an amazing designer, I was the twin born with the chutzpah!

Alexander Nelson smiles.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

I'm only here to showcase their talents...

(points to Eleanor's picture)

...for her...

(points to Spencer)

...for him. And most importantly, my brother. A small family business that continues to thrive in P-town, by creating memorable outfits that the masses will love outside of New England. We bring a strong pedigree and innovative ideas as our main differentiator. Choose D Eleanor D!

ALEXANDER NELSON

(points at outfits and design boards)

Ditch, ditch, keep, keep, keep. Love these three. Get them to me in six weeks...

(extends hand to Spencer)

Partner!

Entourage #1 places a LEGAL CONTRACT in front of Spencer.

Spencer jumps up and down. He gives Alexander Nelson a big hug. Francis smiles.

SPENCER

(to Alexander Nelson)

You wanna come to a wedding?

EXT. CANDY'S SALON OF BEAUTY - LATER

Virginia's ex-boyfriend, Bane, stands across the street. He holds a cell phone to his ear and stares at the sign: CANDY'S SALON OF BEAUTY. On the other line is Candy.

CANDY (V.O.)

Candy's Salon of Beauty. This is Candy. How may I help you?

Bane trots towards Salon.

BANE
 (to cell phone)
 Hey queer, queen. Put Virginia on!

CANDY (V.O.)
 Bane! Really? Stop calling here and
 leave my cousin alone!

BANE
 Listen up you... faggy, freaky,
 fruitcake! Put Virginia on the
 phone. Now!

INTERCUT LOCATION 1 / LOCATION 2

INT. CANDY'S SALON OF BEAUTY - MOMENTS LATER

A jazzed up Candy wears a RED WIG. She stands behind
 receptionist desk. She makes punching motions.

CANDY
 (to phone)
 You're a real tough guy on the
 phone, aren't ya? If I ever see
 your face, I'll kick your little-

Enter Bane. Candy stops her punching motions.

CANDY (CONT'D)
 Wow! Damian was right. You're much
 bigger in person.

Bane's nostrils flare-up. He clenches his FISTS.

BANE
 Now! Where is she?

EXT./INT. LIMOUSINE #1 (PARKED) - LATER

The limo is parked directly in front of D Eleanor D.

Damian sits alone in the back seat. He scrolls through old
 PHOTOS on his cell phone of him and Spencer. He reminisces
 about the wonderful times with his soulmate.

In a panic, Mel opens LIMO DOOR. He pops his head in.

MEL
 You need to see this!

EXT. CROWNE POINT HISTORIC INN - DAY

A 19th century historic stately Victorian mansion with a single wooden frame turret tower. Pleated fan RAINBOW FLAGS rest on the lengthy farmer style porch.

Stonewalls, sunflowers, and an array of majestic perennials align seashell walkways. A gorgeous New England Summer day and perfect location for a same gender marriage.

LIMOUSINE #2 pulls up in front of the Inn.

CHAUFFEUR steps out. He opens up the passenger side door.

Spencer dressed in his shiny tuxedo steps out of vehicle. A gleam of emotions in his eyes and a big smile on his face.

INT. CROWNE POINT HISTORIC INN - BALLROOM

Modern luxurious furnishings within an old colonial setting as over seventy-five (75) GUESTS are seated at an array of high top tables, circular round tables, benches, or are bellied up at an obtuse metallic bar.

Contemporary MUSIC plays over the loudspeakers.

Wax candles and decorative flowers cover the floors.

Guests greet one another and socialize.

STAGE

Four empty chairs are positioned in front of Guests.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE (JP) stands on stage. She holds her Massachusetts Justice of the Peace Association (MJPA) manual.

She tests out microphone.

USHERS escort a few Guests to their respective seats.

ROCCO'S TABLE

Virginia looks into her eye compact case. She touches up her hair as she sits next to Rocco and Cecil.

VIRGINIA

(looks around)

This place is amazing. I love all
of the floral arrangements.

ROCCO

Is this your first time to a same gender wedding?

VIRGINIA

It is. What should I expect?

ROCCO

A miraculous gift of love and a lasting promise between two people that are committed to one another.

CECIL

No different from any other wedding.

Rocco and Cecil share a moment and smile at one another.

VIRGINIA

(touches her stoma)

Excuse me for a moment. Need to head to the ladies room.

Rocco and Cecil cozy up and ignore Virginia.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

(3rd wheel feeling; exits)

Okay be right back.

EXT. CROWNE POINT HISTORIC INN

LIMOUSINE #1 AND LIMOUSINE #2 are parked. Both limousines are in a face-off position, front bumper to front bumper.

INT. CROWNE POINT HISTORIC INN - BALLROOM

JP stands on stage. She holds opens MJPA manual and SPEAKS in the microphone.

JP

Good afternoon everyone and welcome to the Crowne Point Inn. If I could ask everyone to be seated.

Guest stop dead in their tracks and scurry to SEATS.

JP (CONT'D)

Today, we gather here to celebrate a same gender wedding, as we unite Spencer Lane and Damian Dummont, two men that have pledged their lives of two to be of one.

ROCCO'S TABLE

Rocco and Cecil have a side-bar conversation.

CECIL

(to Rocco)

I recently dated a guy named,
Damian. What a j-e-r-k!

ROCCO

Well, this Damian is the polar
opposite. Spencer is very lucky.

LOBBY AREA

Francis stands next to Spencer at Ballroom entrance.

FRANCIS

First the ring fitting, the
bachelor party, now helping you
with the store -- what's next on
your list? The honeymoon?

SPENCER

(cheeky)

If you're willing.

Francis playfully PUNCHES Spencer. Spencer GRIMACES in pain.

FRANCIS

I'm happy for you. Finding the love
of your life. And after today, I
will find mine.

Francis pulls out RING POP.

Spencer smiles and puts on his TOP HAT. BAGPIPES HIGHLAND
CATHEDRAL SONG echoes in the Inn.

SPENCER

That's our cue!

LEFT SIDE BALLROOM DOOR OPENS

Scare Cher, an usher, holds ballroom door. Enter Francis, arm-
locked with Spencer. Francis escorts Spencer down the aisle.
Spencer is elated as he looks on at Guests.

RIGHT SIDE BALLROOM DOOR OPENS

Devon, an usher, holds ballroom door. Enter Mel, arm-locked
with Damian who wears a TOP HAT. Mel escorts Damian down the
aisle. Damian equally elated smiles at Guests.

BAGPIPER dressed in full Scottish regalia plays on.

Guest listen to BAGPIPES.

ROCCO'S TABLE

Cecil and Rocco continue to flirt with one another. Cecil misses the opportunity to spot Groomsmen (Francis).

STAGE

Guest watch the back of the Groomsmen as they are escorted down opposing, but parallel sides of the aisle.

The two aisles converge as one.

Mel, Damian, Spencer, and Francis calmly stand in front of the stage. Their backs are turned away from Guests.

JP looks around at Guests.

Bagpiper ends SONG.

JP

There are no obligations on earth
more sweet or tender than those you
are about to assume. There is no
human institution more sacred than
the family you are about to
establish. Marriage is the most
solemn and most fulfilling of all
relationships.

Damian and Spencer stand hip to hip.

DAMIAN

(overlaps; whispers)

What happened at the store! There
were business cards from Alexander
Nelson's team and Mannequins on the
floor. Was Nelson there-

SPENCER

(whispers)

Pay attention -- our wedding. This
is why we are here.

JP

Spencer, will you have Damian be
your partner for life, to live
together in marriage?

Spencer turns to face Damian.

Damian turns to face Spencer. Guest snap PICTURES.

JP (CONT'D)
 And will you commit yourself
 completely to him and to him alone
 and will you promise to love, care
 for him, and stand by him.

SPENCER
 I do.

ROCCO'S TABLE

Enter Virginia. She returns from bathroom.

VIRGINIA
 What did I miss?

Cecil immediately spots Francis (Damian) and Damian.

CECIL
 (flustered)
 Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! First two
 Francis's! Now two Damian's!

Cecil FAINTS. He falls back into TABLE with Alexander Nelson
 and Entourage. They all stand over him with concerned faces.

ROCCO
 (comes to Cecil's aid)
 Cecil! Are you okay?

Cecil lays on the ground. He opens his eyes.

ROCCO (CONT'D)
 You're not seeing double! There's
 only one Damian. He's there with
 his straight, bigoted, and
 identical twin, Francis.

Virginia hears Rocco's comment. She looks at STAGE.

Tensions build as she is in complete shock after seeing the
 identical twins. Something else captures Virginia's eye.

VIRGINIA
 Bane!

STAGE

Enter Bane. Bane flexes his muscles. He's pumped up and ready
 to disrupt the wedding.

JP
Damian, will you have Spencer-

BANE
Hey Tex. Remember me?

Bane pushes Damian from behind.

BANE (CONT'D)
You fooling around with my fiancée-

SPENCER
Damian? How dare you!

FRANCIS
(to Bane)
It's me you want. Not him.

Francis comes to the aid of his brother. He stands by his side. Bane is confused as he sees identical twins.

Like a bat out of hell, Candy sprints down the aisle.

CANDY
(screams)
No one calls me a big red sissy!

Candy does a SUPERMAN LEAP in the air.

She lands on Bane's back. Bane has Candy in a fireman carrying position.

BANE
Get off me you gay cross-dressing
queer!

SCARE CHER'S TABLE

Scare Cher sits with two other TRANSGENDERS. They over hear Bane's crude comment.

SCARE CHER
(to Transgenders)
Come on girls! Let's get him!

Transgenders grab their PURSES and jump on stage.

RUGBY SCRUM forms as other Guest get involved in the fray.

JP plays referee.

Like helicopter blades, Bane SPINS around in multiple 360 degree turns with Candy still on his back.

CANDY'S LONG LEGS AND RED STILETTO SHOES knock over Transgenders. They fall backwards like a stack of dominos.

Ushers jump on Bane.

A pile of Guest roll around on the floor and stage. Mass chaos among Guests.

DAMIAN
(to Francis)
Who is this person!

FRANCIS
Good to see you, brother-

Cecil and Virginia enter the mix.

Francis spots her. He sees the disappointment in her eyes.

VIRGINIA
Bane! Leave now!

BANE
(pushes Candy off his
shoulders)
Get off me.

Candy falls on Transgender's. They topple over.

Virginia begins to exit.

FRANCIS
Virginia!

A nasty, pissed off Cecil steps right in front of Francis's face. Cecil's is emotionally distraught. He bites on his LOWER NEON PINK LIP and blocks Francis's path.

CECIL
And here I thought you were just
playing hard to get.

An act of retribution as Cecil knees FRANCIS'S BALLS. Francis hunches over in pain.

MEL
Francis! You're ruining this
wedding!

Cecil storms off stage. Bane comes forward with a BIG ROUNDHOUSE PUNCH.

Francis ducks.

Bane's punch hits Damian square in the face. TOP HAT gets knocked off his head.

Damian falls in to Mel's arms.

BANE
(to Damian; points finger)
That's what you get for screwing
around with my girlfriend!

SPENCER
(helps Damian up; looks up
at Francis)
Francis? What did you do!

JP steps in. She pushes Bane away.

JP
People... people... please!

Candy and Transgenders regain their position and tackle Bane. They take their PURSES and clobber him over the head.

In the b.g., Rocco watches the twenty (20) person pile up. He turns to Alexander Nelson and Entourage.

ROCCO
(to Alexander Nelson)
Spencer was right. This is one hell
of an epic wedding!

EXT. CROWNE POINT HISTORIC INN - DOORWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Virginia bolts out of Inn. Francis chases after her.

FRANCIS
Virginia! Wait...
(grabs Virginia's arm)
...I can explain.

VIRGINIA
Let go of me!

Francis releases her arm.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)
I opened up to you. My sorrows, my
dreams. What a fool I was. You
concocted this story about your
sexuality... what to sleep with me?

FRANCIS
It wasn't like that-

VIRGINIA

Ah... she's vulnerable. She should be easy. She's a hot fucking mess!

FRANCIS

No. I tried telling you. I did not mean to do those things to you.

(beat)

What? What do you want to hear?

Yes, I'm... b-r-o-k-e-n!

Francis points back at Crowne Point Historic Inn.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

My whole life is full of self-doubt and falsehoods. All because of him. And now Damian's found true love and having a lasting and meaningful relationship. I want that and I've struggled to find it.

In the b.g., Candy and Transgenders push Bane out of Inn.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

(wipes Virginia's tears)

I'm falling for you.

VIRGINIA

This is an interesting way to show it. Public humiliation...

(backs away and exits)

...good bye, whatever your name is.

Enter Mel, disheveled from the rugby scrum.

MEL

Damian has requested that you leave, immediately!

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR (MOVING) - EVENING

Michael sits at the helm of his jalopy. Benny sits in the passenger seat. Francis slouches in the back seat. He avoids using a seat belt and sits diagonally.

Francis gazes out the side car window.

Only the left side of Francis's face is visible.

Group sits in complete silence as they head back to NYC.

Benny obnoxiously SLURPS his BURGER KING FOUNTAIN SODA DRINK through a plastic straw. SLURP.

SLURP... Michael knocks soda cup out of Benny's hand.

BENNY

Hey!

MICHAEL

I'm driving!

BENNY

You owe me a refill!

In the b.g., Francis continues to sulk.

BENNY (CONT'D)

(to himself; whispers)

I was the real gay Francis.

MICHAEL

I heard that.

Benny gives a stern look at Michael, then looks at Francis.

BENNY

When we get back to New York...

(makes a circle with his
index finger)

...consider this bromance -- over!

INT. DAMIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Flowers from the wedding reception and stacks of wedding gifts rest on the living room tables.

Spencer and Mel set more boxes down on floor.

With his back turned away from Spencer and Mel, Damian arranges the presents in an orderly fashion.

MEL

I must say the reception turned out much better than the ceremony. The cake was fantastic.

Damian turns to face Mel.

Damian has a BIG BLACK RIGHT EYE.

Enter Devon.

DEVON

(holds card box)

Well, this is the last of it.

SPENCER

Great...

(takes card box; to Devon)
...thanks again for filling in.

DEVON

I enjoyed being number two-

DAMIAN

Yes. Thanks Devon...
(gives Spencer a nasty
look)
...you should have been the best
man from the start.

Spencer angrily DROPS card box down on table. Devon and Mel sense the tension in the room.

MEL

Come on Devon. Let's give the
Newlyweds some alone time.

Mel and Devon HUG Newlyweds goodbye. Exit Mel and Devon.

SPENCER

(shuts front door)
Thanks guys. Bye.

DAMIAN

Why?

Damian reapplies ICE PACK on his right eye.

SPENCER

(strong willed)
You know how much family means to
me. I was the one bounced around
from foster care while you had a
wonderful, loving childhood-

DAMIAN

Until I came out as gay!

SPENCER

You need to move past the hate-

DAMIAN

Spencer, not everything can be
reconciled. Francis is the reason
why I was left behind. Not only did
he make a mockery of our wedding --
he destroyed my store and stole my
money!

SPENCER

Your father is the reason why you were left behind. And it's our money. 8,345 dollars to be exact. Remember I balance the books!

Spencer moves wedding gifts around.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Your brother is not a thief. I had Francis collect the money and deposit a majority of it.

DAMIAN

Why? Why would you do this?

SPENCER

To pay your suppliers and your employees. You missed payroll.

(beat)

With the extra money -- I gave it to Francis.

DAMIAN

Great! We're starting off this marriage really well. We just paid my brother to wreck our wedding!

(beat)

We'll never get that money back.

SPENCER

We will.

DAMIAN

And how so, Spencer?

Spencer pulls out DIAMOND RING from bookshelf.

SPENCER

We exchanged rings.

DAMIAN

That was my mom's? It was given to Francis in the will-

SPENCER

And I convinced him not to sell. Keep it for when he falls in love with his special someone.

DAMIAN

Why the store? And the Alexander Nelson meeting. Why did you-

SPENCER

Just one day I wanted you to focus on me and not D Eleanor D. You don't have to prove anything, Damian. You're an amazing man and that's why I love you, but the business is suffering.

(beat)

Your brother has a gift -- he makes connections, he exudes confidence--

DAMIAN

You lied to Mel on the phone about the meeting. I would have gotten the Nelson contract!

SPENCER

And if you failed? You would have been miserable on the most important day of our lives.

Damian is pissed. His face turns bright red.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

I gambled with your brother and it paid off!

BEDROOM

Damian storms in. He stares at the wall above his bed.

He stands in a deep trance. His one eye POPPED open.

SPENCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I know what I did was wrong...

(sobs)

...I just wanted today to be perfect.

Spencer enters. He immediately GASPS. Both Damian and Spencer fixate on the wall:

PAINTED OIL CANVAS OF DAMIAN AND FRANCIS depicting them as two young boys, posed carefree, arm in arm, and dressed in the same apparel (p. 13) that Francis and Michael had painted in motel room (p. 86) hangs above their bed.

Damian stares at the painting in awe.

A tear trickles down Damian's cheek. Spencer smiles.

In a sign of affection, Spencer embraces Damian from behind with a big loving hug.

EXT. NYC STREETS - NEXT DAY

MONTAGE of the student film... camera equipment... Film Students... Francis standing behind the Panavision camera... Benny holding the script... Boom and Grip... tripod lighting and clapperboard slate.

EXT. NYU - EDITING ROOM - NEXT DAY

MONTAGE of the editing of the film... Harold and Francis work together... Benny reviews the screens via digital editing... Francis slips a film reel into a package and writes...

FINAL GRADUATION PROJECT - STUDENT GROUP C

INT. FRANCIS'S LOFT (1 WEEK LATER) - DAY

A gruff and unshaven Francis lays on the couch. In the b.g., an overabundance of junk food scattered on the coffee table. A gold necklace CROSS dangles from his neck. He streams TV.

DOOR BUZZER rings. Francis slowly gets up.

FRONT DOOR

Francis opens it. Spencer stands in the doorway.

Spencer displays a sexy kitchen apron of Botticelli's Birth of Venus topless nude female portrait with the Italian flag as a backdrop. The apron is layered over his street clothes.

SPENCER

(smiles)

Is this more toward your liking?

FRANCIS

Spencer?

SPENCER

Your Gold Star Gay in the flesh.

Spencer takes off apron.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

They came as a matching pair...

(hands apron to Francis)

...you can keep this one.

Long pause. Spencer turns his head.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 Excuse me brother-in-law...
 (pulls Damian into
 Francis's POV)
 ...I'll leave you two.

Exit Spencer.

The twins stare at one another. They are speechless.

FRANCIS
 Hey?

Damian with his fading eye shiner, hands Francis RING BOX.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 What's this?

DAMIAN
 (stands in doorway)
 Here. Take it.

Francis opens ring box. He sees his mom's DIAMOND RING.

FRANCIS
 (tries to hand it back)
 I don't have the money, yet.

DAMIAN
 Your loan is forgiven. It's my
 payment to you -- for saving D
 Eleanor D. Please? Keep it.

FRANCIS
 I don't know what to say...
 (motions to entrance)
 ...you wanna come in?

DAMIAN
 Another time. This is a quick
 detour before our honeymoon.

Damian begins to walk away. Francis steps into the hallway.

FRANCIS
 You can't pick and choose your
 family. While it's God's greatest
 gift, we control the outcome.

With apron and ring box in hand. Francis HUGS Damian.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry... for everything.

DAMIAN
Yeah. Me too.

Damian gently pushes Francis backwards.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
If things don't work out in New
York, there's a job waiting for you
in P-town.

FRANCIS
What's it pay?

DAMIAN
(walks backwards; throws
chewing gum)
A life supply of our favorite gum.

Francis catches gum. He looks at wrapper: Wrigley's
DOUBLEMINT GUM. Francis looks down hallway.

Damian is gone.

Francis smiles with a tear in his eye.

INT. ANIMAL SHELTER - NEXT DAY

Benny feeds the stray and unwanted animals. The excited
canines and felines jump in their kennels.

Enter Francis clean shaven. He displays a joyful smile.

BENNY
Let me guess? You want Nilly?

FRANCIS
Yes! And her adoption papers.

Benny smiles.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
(sets SCRIPT on counter)
I'm thinking of our sequel.

Benny flips through the short.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
This time -- you're in front of the
camera.

Benny's eyes light up. He smiles.

INT. FRANCIS'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

Francis sits on his bed. Nilly rests on his lap. He speaks on cell phone and pets Nilly. On the other line is Candy.

FRANCIS
 (to cell phone)
 ...Candy, if I could just speak
 with her.

CANDY (V.O.)
 Honey, I wish I could help, but
 she's already left for university.

FRANCIS
 Did she receive my package?

CANDY (V.O.)
 It arrived after she left. Once I
 get her new information, I'll
 forward it on.

FRANCIS
 Okay. Thank you.

INTERCUT - LOCATION 1 / LOCATION 2

INT. CANDY'S SALON OF BEAUTY (PROVINCETOWN) - MOMENTS LATER

Candy wears a GREEN WIG. She hangs up her phone. Virginia stands directly next to her. Candy pulls out Francis's PACKAGE from DESK DRAWER. She hands it to Virginia.

CANDY
 I didn't open this one.

VIRGINIA
 (sarcastically)
 What's in it?

CANDY
 USB drive. Piece of candy -- a Ring
 Pop? Oh... and a very poetic
 apology letter. All packed?

Virginia NODS.

CANDY (CONT'D)
 I'm going to miss you. Good luck in
 law school.

VIRGINIA
 You sure you don't need me-

CANDY

Remember? We discussed the customer complaints. School is where you belong.

Virginia smiles and gives Candy a big hug.

EXT. NYC CENTRAL PARK - AUTUMN - DAY

SUBTITLE: 1 MONTH LATER

A canvas rests on an easel. Michael stands over his next creation, a painting of an ocean setting, lighthouse, and sunset. Francis stands behind him with a HANDHELD CAMERA.

MICHAEL

What are you doing?

Francis ZOOMS in on Michael's artwork with the camera.

FRANCIS

Working on a documentary about a talented, but messy ex-roommate.

Nilly BARKS. She sits close to Francis.

Michael feels uneasy being filmed.

MICHAEL

Okay. Enough of this...
(sets his brush down)
...I'm going to the food truck. Do you want anything?

Francis continues to film.

FRANCIS

No. But get whatever you want...
(hands over money)
...it's on me.

MICHAEL

Cash? Finally contributing to the workforce. I like the new Francis.

FRANCIS

Can I move back in?

MICHAEL

(takes MONEY; slowly exits)
No. And no doctoring my artwork!

FRANCIS

(yells)

You could use more yellow, here!

Michael comes back and takes his palette.

He comes back a second time to take his brush.

Exit Michael. Francis picks up his camera.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

(zooms in on Nilly)

Nilly? I think this corner could
use a little more pink?

Nilly BARKS. Francis sets the handheld camera down. He ruffles through a backpack of remaining paint supplies.

VIRGINIA (O.S.)

Cute little dog you have there.

Francis recognizes the voice, but focuses on the painting.

FRANCIS

Yes, she is beautiful on the
outside and loves me
unconditionally on the inside.

(beat)

What happened to law school?

Virginia quietly stands behind Francis. He turns around to face her and sees:

COLUMBIA LAW.

Virginia tugs on her sweatshirt name for Francis to see.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

(to Nilly)

This leading lady is not only very
smart and beautiful, she's caring
and passionate. In our short time
together -- I learned so much from
her, but screwed up along the way
and misled her about my true...

Virginia finishes his sentence.

VIRGINIA

...misled her about my true
identity and hurt her along the
way. A mistake I can't take back.
But now I've become a better person
as she has been my inspiration.

FRANCIS
You read my love letters?

VIRGINIA
Yes. All ten of them! Did you
really mean all those things?

Francis NODS. Virginia moves closer to Francis.
She extends her hand.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)
Hi. My name is Virginia.

FRANCIS
(shakes Virginia's hand)
Hi Virginia. Dummont, Francis
Dummont. My God given family name.
The true and only me.

VIRGINIA
Good. Now that we have the
introductions out of the way...
(pulls out RING POP)
...I believe this belongs to you.

Francis smiles.

Nilly BARKS.

Virginia is distracted. She looks at Nilly.

FRANCIS
I must warn you about my dog, she
is the jealous type.

Virginia grabs Francis's hand. She places RING POP on
Francis's finger as a sign of affection.

VIRGINIA
Well, that makes two of us.

Francis smiles as he's found his leading lady.

FADE OUT.

"THE END"