

THE GOOD QUEERS

"Pilot"

written by

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FIRST DRAFT

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THE GOOD QUEERS

"Pilot"

CAST

ACHILLES "A.C." CONTOS - TALL AND TAN, A MOSTLY IN THE CLOSET, GAY BROAD SHOULDERED GREEK WHO RUNS HIS FAMILY'S CONSTRUCTION COMPANY.

GERALD "BLUE" GIVENS - A TRADITIONAL DAPPER DANDY, EVEN HIS PAJAMAS HAVE POCKET SQUARES, THE UNLUCKY IN LOVE ARTFUL DODGER, WORST NIGHTMARE IS GETTING MARRIED FOR THE FOURTH TIME.

DEVANTE DALVIN KAYCEE JOSEPH - FOSTER CARE YOUTH, WITH AN 157 I.Q. NAMED AFTER THE 90'S R&B GROUP JODECI.

MS. LEANDER SUGARBOTTOM - HOPELESS ROMANTIC TAKES A LITTLE TOO MUCH PRIDE IN HER JOB. FORMER PROM QUEEN WHO LEFT EARLY TO BAIL HER DATE OUT OF JAIL.

FRENCHY - OVER STAYED A WORK VISA TO PURSUE STREET ART. MET HER ROOMMATE WHILE DISCOVERING THEY WERE ENGAGED TO THE SAME MARRIED MAN.

GUEST CAST

MOMMA CONTOS - TRADITIONAL GREEK MOM IN HER "FRISKY FIFTIES".

JUNIOR - ALWAYS ANGRY IN A "HEY KIDS GET OFF MY LAWN" TYPE OF WAY.

LEKA & GRAE - LESBIAN NOSEY NEIGHBORS WHO BELIEVE THE WORLD IS AGAINST THEM AND THEIR HIPPIY/ACTIVIST AGENDA.

FELIX - ELDERLY BUILDING SUPERINTENDENT, EVERYTHING IS ALWAYS THE WORST THING EVER OR THE BEST THING EVER. PLAYS A MEAN JAZZ FLUTE.

DUBB-YA - 40'S SEMI-RETIRED TEXAN STAY AT HOME DAD, SOLD HIS UPSTART APP, BUT WANTS TO BUY IT BACK.

MR. GREENBERG - FIRST TENANT TO EVER LIVE IN THE BUILDING AND IS THE FIRST TO LET YOU KNOW IT. THE EX NEWSPAPER COMIC STRIP ARTIST IS QUICK WITTED AND OUTSPOKEN.

LADONNA - A.C.'S CHEERY EX-WIFE AND BEARD, FOLLOWED HIM TO MANHATTAN, THINKS THEIR LOVE DESERVES A SECOND CHANCE, EVEN IF SHE HAS TO EXTORT IT OUT OF HIM.

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SETS

- Cold Opening - INT. BLUE'S BEDROOM - DAY
- INT. MOMMA CONTOS KITCHEN - DAY
- Act One, Scene A - INT. HOUSING AUTHORITY (H.A.) OFFICE LOBBY
Act One, Scene B - INT. H.A OFFICE/INTERVIEW ROOM
Act One, Scene C - INT. H.A. OFFICE/MR. LEWIS OFFICE
- Act Two, Scene D - INT. H.A. OFFICE/INTERVIEW ROOM
Act Two, Scene E - INT. H.A. OFFICE/LOBBY
Act Two, Scene F - INT. CHELSEA APARTMENT
- Act Three, Scene G - INT. CHELSEA APARTMENT
- INT. CHELSEA APARTMENT/BALCONY
Act Three, Scene H - INT. CHELSEA APARTMENT/RECREATION ROOM
- Tag, Scene I - INT. CHELSEA APARTMENT

COLD OPENING

FADE IN:

INT. BLUE'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON
(BLUE, CHARLOTTE)

BLUE FRANTICALLY PACKS A DUFFLE BAG CHARLOTTE ENTERS LEAVING THE DOOR AJAR. WE HEAR MUFFLED YELLING IN SPANISH.

CHARLOTTE

Well Blue you wanted out and I think
she's saying get out?

BLUE CROSSES TO THE DOOR. THE YELLING GETS LOUDER.

BLUE

She's Spanish. They are a very loud,
passionate and loving people.

CHARLOTTE

I'm sure *caer muerto* means drop dead.

BLUE CROSSES TO THE HALF OPENED DOOR.

BLUE

(Yelling) Where is my lavender pin-
striped pocket square?

A SHOE FLIES NEARLY HITTING HIM IN THE HEAD. HE SLAMS THE DOOR.

BLUE

It's probably *fuego* with my loafers.

CHARLOTTE

That's what happens when you spend all
the rent money, you get *la adios*
amigo.

BLUE

Charlotte, Prince Moses assured me by e-mail that he's going to send me the money as soon as his home country of Zamunda unfreezes his assets.

CHARLOTTE

Did you call my girlfriend about the housing lottery?

BLUE

I told you I don't do hand outs.

(THEN) Hand me that vest right there?

BLUE STUFFS HIS BAG, GOES TO THE BEDROOM WINDOW AND OPENS IT TO THE FIRE ESCAPE.

BLUE

Come on? (OFF HER LOOK) Only things left for her to throw are the steak knives.

CUT TO:

INT. MOMMA CONTOS KITCHEN - SAME DAY
(A.C., MOMMA CONTOS, JUNIOR)

STACKS OF POTS AND BOILING PANS CATCH A.C.'S ATTENTION AS HE ENTERS THE COUNTRY STYLE KITCHEN. HE PUTS DOWN HIS HARD HAT, PEEKS IN POTS. YUM.

A.C.

Oooo! All my favorite friends are here. Pastitsio, Horta Vrasta, Moussaka...oh hello my little Melomakaronassss.

MOMMA CONTOS ENTERS. SHE SMACKS HIS HANDS WITH HER SPATULA.

MOMMA CONTOS

Sit, sit. Momma's gonna make her
little Tweedy Bird something to eat.

A.C. EAGERLY DOES UNTIL HE REALIZES.

A.C.

Ma the last time you cooked for me
like this my beloved Rocket the Super
Dog died. Oh Gawd, where's Bubbles the
Incredible Turtle?

JUNIOR WALKS IN, IN BOXERS, WITH A PAPER UNDER ARM.

JUNIOR

We chopped him up in the Avgolemono.

JUNIOR IMITATES THE DROWNING TURTLE. A.C. HOPS UP AND CHECKS
ONE OF THE BOILING POTS.

A.C.

What is he doing here? (RE: JUNIOR)
Shouldn't you be drooling on a bingo
card somewhere?

THEY GROWL AND BANTER AT EACH OTHER BROW TO BROW.

MOMMA CONTOS

Sit down both of you.

THEY OBLIGE.

MOMMA CONTOS

Achilles, my little Tweedy, there
comes a time in every man's life--

A.C.

MA, if this about seeing you and
Junior in those leather masks--

MOMMA CONTOS GIGGLES.

JUNIOR

It's about a grown *goomba* still living
with his mother and the romping and
the under carriage swingin' in and out
his robe.

A.C.

At least mines romps without dusting
the ground.

THEY STAND, BANTER AND GROWL AT EACH OTHER BROW TO BROW.

MOMMA CONTOS

Enough you two. Tweedy there's a time
in every bird's life when they have to
spread their little wings to leave the
nest--(crying) I can't, I can't...

CHOKED UP, SHE RUSHES OUT OF THE KITCHEN. JUNIOR POLITELY
HANDS HIM A HOUSING LOTTERY FLYER.

JUNIOR

What your dear sweet, and tasty mother
wants to say is - GET OUT!

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSING AUTHORITY LOBBY - THE NEXT DAY

(A.C., DEVANTE, mrs. Sugar bottom, blue, charlotte, MOMMA
CONTOS, extras)

BLUE AND CHARLOTTE SQUEEZE THROUGH THE PACKED OUTER OFFICE.

BLUE

(Disheveled) It's like Lord of the
Flies out there. I nearly lost my
boutonniere.

CHARLOTTE

You are a little over dressed.

BLUE

I'm going to a funeral for all the
ladies imma bout to kill with style.

CHARLOTTE

Stay here *Ralph Whore-Ren*, I'm going
to find my girlfriend so we can get
you a place to live.

BLUE

A place to live with a door man or a
Carrie Bradshaw walk in closet. Please
and stank you.

CHARLOTTE EXITS. DEVANTE CROSSES ESCORTED AND PLOPPED DOWN AT
A DESK BY SECURITY. BLUE PUTS DOWN HIS PAPERWORK TO CALM
THINGS.

BLUE

Hey Zimmerman, simmer it on down.

SECURITY

(RE:DEVANTE) You wait right there
until I find your case worker.

BLUE

What's your problem?

DEVANTE

His flashlight is stuck somewhere it
shouldn't be.

SECURITY

Caught this little punk trying to
break into an office, third time this
week.

BLUE

That's no excuse to go all
Charlottesville. Call the young man's
parents. I'm sure-

SECURITY

Kids like this don't have parents.

(RE:DEVANTE) You stay put. And you?

(WHIFFS BLUE) neutralize that cologne.

DEVANTE STUDIES BLUE'S PAPERWORK. SECURITY EXITS.

DEVANTE

You're here for the housing lottery?

Mr. Givens.

BLUE

Yes, Poindexter, I'm finally getting
my deluxe apartment in the sky. Gimmie
that?

BLUE REACHES FOR HIS FILE, BUT DEVANTE'S HANDS ARE QUICK AND
ELUSIVE.

DEVANTE

With that file you'll be lucky to get
a two story roach motel walk up.

BLUE

As long as it has a doorman.

BLUE SNATCHES HIS FILES. CHARLOTTE CROSSES.

CHARLOTTE

Leander says stay put and wait for
your name to be called with a Group B.
She's a little thirsty so put on the
Givens charm.

BLUE

Well I'm newly single, ready to mingle
and if she got the right assets, I'll
be sure to give her a jingle.

DEVANTE

(SINGING MELODY TO B-I-N-G-O) L-A-M-E-
O and Lame-O was his name...O

BLUE

Shut it Mr. Peabody.

CHARLOTTE

Blue you didn't tell me you made a
little friend (LEANS IN WITH BABY
TALK) Hi wittle wone, my wame is
Charlotte and you are?

DEVANTE

(HOLDS NOSE) Lady you need to lay off
the flaming hot corn chips.

CHARLOTTE GASPS.

BLUE

Later for Webster. What did your
friend say about my apartment?, ooh,
does it have a bidet?

CHARLOTTE

It has a roof and walls without knife
holes. Be thankful.

DEVANTE

What's a bidet?

BLUE

It's like a water fountain for a
woman's tender bits. See after a
couple has a long night of--

CHARLOTTE YANKS BLUE TO THE SIDE.

CHARLOTTE

Listen here Dr. Oz. All these people
are here for the one thing.

BLUE

(SCARED) For my deluxe apartment in sky?

CHARLOTTE

They're all the enemy. They'll get the penthouse and you'll get stuck in the out house.

BLUE

I can't wear no Now N' Later Gators out there.

CHARLOTTE

Now sit and wait for your name to be called. Since you got me down here I'm going downstairs to check if I can get my child support adjusted.

BLUE

You're already getting half of the man's paycheck.

CHARLOTTE

Well I want the other half. Then let's see how many Disney cruises he goes on with that barista and her kids.

CHARLOTTE EXITS.

RESET TO:

A.C. SQUEEZES IN THE OFFICE WITH MOMMA CONTOS IN TOW.

A.C.

You would think these people would have a little respect for their elders.

MOMMA CONTOS

(GASPED AND GRINNING) I think some hooligan pinched my behind.

A.C.

You're offended from ear to ear Ma.

MOMMA CONTOS

A girl needs her attention.

A.C.

You didn't have to come down here with me. I got the message when you turned my room into the "Sin Den".

MOMMA CONTOS

Junior said your room was the perfect height for the swing.

A.C.

(COVERS EARS) MA!!!!

MOMMA CONTOS

Well go check in at the desk Tweedy. You know since I'm down here I'll go see Dr. Kingi. I finally have a good reason to get my hip replaced (SHE KICKS UP HER LEG AND SPINS).

A.C.

Ma! Yes. Please just go. Go.

MOMMA CONTOS EXITS. A.C. CROSSES TO DEVANTE AT THE DESK.

A.C.

Hello, my name is Achilles Contos. I
have an appointment for --.

DEVANTE

You're late.

A.C.

The flyer says 11am and its only
10:57?

DEVANTE

If your five minutes early, you're ten
minutes late. Let me see you're
paperwork Shrek.

A.C. OBLIGES.

A.C.

Are you even old enough to work here?

DEVANTE

I don't work here man. I'm only ten
years old.

A.C. TRIES TO SNATCH BACK FILES, BUT DEVANTE WITH THE QUICK
HANDS.

DEVANTE

Stranger Danger! Stranger Danger!

BLUE RUSHES OVER.

BLUE

Hey is this oger bothering you? (RE:
A.C.) Sir can you?(BACKS HIM OFF)

A.C.

I'm no stranger danger. This con
artist wouldn't give me back my files.

BLUE

Hey you look familiar. Do I know you?
I'm Gerald Givens, my friend's call me
Blue.

A.C.

I don't think so buddy.

BLUE

Maybe at one of the haberdasheries on
the lower east side?

A.C.

I don't deal in the mary-jay-wana.

BLUE

No! a haber - a place to buy ties,
watches, bobbles. Things like that.

A.C.

No, I'm just a nail bender from Queens
buddy (THEN) unless you caught my band
"The Temp Tay Tones" at Georgie's, but
we haven't performed in years.

BLUE

(HE CLAPS AND SPINS) That's it. That's
it. (SINGS) "Do Re Mi Fa So La Ti,
Let's see if I can make it easier.."

A.C.

(JOINS IN) "Doe, a deer, a female
deer, Ray, A drop of golden sun"

BLUE

"Me, a name I call myself, Far, a long
long way to runnnnnnnn."

THE TWO LOCK ARMS AND PRANCE AROUND LIKE "THE VON TRAPPS".

A.C. & BLUE

"Sew, a needle pulling thread, La, a
note to follow so, Tea, a drink with
jam and bread, That will bring us back
to Do, oh, oh, ohhhhhh

MS. SUGARBOTTOM ENTERS BUSTING THEM IN MID PRANCE.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

When you two are done being sixteen
and going on seventeen. Can I have
Contos, Givens, Hernandez, Brown and
Granville this way please?

ACT ONE

SCENE B

INT. HOUSING AUTHORITY/INTERVIEW ROOM - SAME DAY
(Ms. SUGarbottom, blue, a.c., extras)

A.C. AND BLUE WAIT AMONG THE OTHERS OF "GROUP B".

BLUE

After all these years. Man it is good to see you still have chops. I mean you sang a mean "Habanera" back in the day.

A.C.

Us guys from Unity Prep Chord On Blues would have whipped you in the Regional my senior year, if our tenor section wasn't busted for knocking over Joey's Pizzeria.

BLUE

You couldn't hold a candle to the Lincoln High's Acca-Pelicans. With ole "Bugle Boy Blue" on the first line...

A.C.

No wonders, you sound like a broken horn.

BLUE

You still gig with the old posse?

A.C.

Nah. You know, you grow up, join the family business -

BLUE

(Eyeing Bolo Tie) Your family wrangles
cattle .

A.C.

No, construction. I took over after my
pop died and whipped us into shape and
out of debt, but you think they give
baby brother any respect, no. You just
get kicked out your mom's house
because you ask her about the anal
beads you find hidden in the kitchen
drawer (THEN) they was next to the
garlic mincier for Christ's sake.

BLUE

Or your third wife kicks you out for
being a bad gift giver.

A.C.

Geesh...What'd you give her?

BLUE

Gonorrhoea.

A.C.

(WHINCES) Ahh the old scratch and
sniff.

BLUE

You ever marry? Family?

A.C.

Nah, that's not in the cards for a guy
like me.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM ENTERS. SHE'S ALL BUSINESS.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Hello, my name is Leander Sugarbottom-
A.C. GIGGLES, BLUE ELBOWS HIM HARD.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Was there something I said funny Mr.?

A.C.

Contos, Achilles Contos.

WITH DEATH STARE SHE FINDS HIS FILE, OPENS IT AND MARKS A
DEEP "X" ON IT. HE STOPS SNICKERING.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

My name is Ms. Sugarbottom (NOTHING
FROM A.C. THIS TIME) and I will be
vetting all application to make sure
there are no incongruences and your
information matches your W-2, W-9,
1099, 1040's etc, etc.

BLUE RAISES HIS HANDS.

A.C.

What if you make little *honest*
mistakes on your taxes?

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Are those *honest* little mistakes every
year?

A.C. SHRINKS BACK INTO HIS SEAT FROM GUILT.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

(ROLLS EYES) Applicants with fraudulent information on their forms will be prosecuted to the highest extent of the Housing Authority Laws. Perpetrators who have been caught, even after receiving residency in the past, have faced jail time.

TWO APPLICANTS MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE EXITS.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Very smart. There's no shame in a freedom walk.

A.C.

(SOTTO) She's like a Prada wearing Miranda Priestly this one.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Mr. Cantos?

SHE READIES HER RED PEN. A.C. SHRINKS FURTHER.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

This is how it works. Your name is called, you come forward, Mr. Lewis will review your application, once approved you will come back and see me and if we have a housing match, you and your family will be awarded an apartment on the island of Manhattan.

BLUE

(RAISED HAND) And this is affordable housing? I mean I'm asking for the low wage earners.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Yes. You will receive housing for the "low-low".

ACT ONE

SCENE C

INT. HOUSING AUTHORITY OFFICE/INT. MR. LEWIS OFFICE - SAME DAY
(Mr. Lewis, BLUE, A.C., DEVANTE, Ms. SUGARBOTTOM, extras)

A.C. AND BLUE WAIT TO BE CALLED. SECURITY ESCORTS A MAN OUT OF MR. LEWIS OFFICE AND TOWARDS THE BACK DOOR.

A.C.

You nervous?

BLUE

I'm Never Nervous Pervis, Baby.

A.C.

Well, I might of pushed the envelope
on my application a little. You?

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

(OS)

Sir Gerald Givens, esq.

BLUE

I may have massaged mine a bit.

THEY MEET EACH OTHER AT MR. LEWIS' DOOR.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

(Flirting) I don't see a ring on that
finger of yours Sir Givens.

BLUE

My friends call me Blue.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

How'd you get a name like Blue?

BLUE

I'm like Gorgie Porgie I kiss the
girls and make them cry.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

(Flirting) You make them scream too?

SHE OPENS THE DOOR. BLUE CROSSES IN.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Good luck.

RESET TO:

BLUE SLINKS OUT OF THE OFFICE, SWEATY WITH HIS SUIT UNDONE.
PLOPS NEXT TO A.C.

BLUE

So many questions. So little time. He
stamps so fast. (MOCKS MR. LEWIS)
Deny!, Deny!, Deny!

MS. SUGARBOTTOM
(os) Achilles Contos.

A.C.

Little help here. Any pointers?

BLUE

Try not to look into his eyes. They're
petrifying.

RESET TO:

INT. MR. LEWIS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A.C. GINGERLY WALKS IN EYING THE FLOOR. HE BUMPS INTO A SHELF
KNOCKING DOWN VASES AND PICTURES. HE SITS.

MR. LEWIS

(EYEING APPLICATION) Uh huh. (THEN)
Humph. (THEN) Wowwwwww.

A.C.

Is everything okay?

MR. LEWIS

(NOW EYES A.C.) Umph. (THEN) Oh boy.
(THEN) Hmmm.

A.C.

(EYES THE FLOOR) If you need an Alka
Seltzer or Ginger Ale sir...

MR. LEWIS

Mr. Contos, from Queens, why do you
think you deserve housing?

A.C.

Well my current-

MR. LEWIS

Silence! That was a rhetorical
question Mr. Contos you don't deserve
anything.

MR. LEWIS GRABS HIS "DENIED" STAMPS AND LOWERS THE BOOM, BUT
BEFORE HIS STAMP HIT THE PAPER IT SMASHES A.C.'S HAND.

A.C.

(Ouch) Holy Schnikes! You're strong.
(THEN) Wait sir. You got it wrong. I
need this apartment. My family needs
this apartment.

MR. LEWIS

Family? Your application said nothing of family.

A.C.

(SEARCHES FOR A LIE) Oh, Oh Yeah. A rummmmm I have a beautiful wife.

MR. LEWIS

I don't see it on the application.

A.C.

Well those things confuse me. It's like the SAT's those things.

MR. LEWIS

Well without your wife here I can't verify the change to your application.

A.C.

Oh, they're right outside.

MR. LEWIS

Well go go. These apartment get zapped up quickly. Chop, Chop.

RESET TO:

INT. HOUSING AUTHORITY OFFICE-CONTINUIOUS

BLUE MASSAGES MS. SUGARBOTTOM'S FEET AT HER DESK.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Now tell me more about your foot massages?

BLUE

Well I would start with that little
piggie and by the end this little
piggie would be alll the wayyy up my-

A.C.

Aye Bugle Boy.

A.C. ENTERS. STARTLES MS. SUGARBOTTOM, SHE'S BACK TO
BUSINESS.

BLUE

How'd it go?

A.C.

Easy Peezy. I just ran into a little
snafu.

BLUE

You looked into that eye of wonder
didn't ya? (BLUE DEMONSTRATES)

A.C.

No, I got the place, but with a small
proviso. I lied about having a
roommate.

BLUE

(SOUTHERN DRAWL) I declare A.C. are
you asking me to be the Butch to your
Sundance?

A.C.

(SOTTO) More like the Bonnie to my
Clyde. Yes. Now come on.

BLUE

(RE: MS. SUGARBOTTOM) I'll be right
back baby. Oh the places your little
piglets will go.

A.C. SNATCHES HIM UP AND DRAGS HIM ALONG.

BLUE

Tootles.

RESET TO:

MR. LEWIS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

THEY SIT IN MR. LEWIS EMPTY OFFICE.

BLUE

So what did they offer you? A place
with a terrace, oh oh one of those new
fancy Harlem Brownstones, (CROSSES
LEGS, SIPS FAKE TEA WITH PINKY OUT,
SPEAKS KING'S ENGLISH)hello Upper West
side yes I'd fancy more cronuts.

A.C.

Listen it's just a small snafu.

BLUE

I don't give a damn if its kung foo.
I'll just follow your lead.

MR. LEWIS ENTERS.

MR. LEWIS

Great. Great. (NOTICES BLUE) Oh him.

A.C.

Yes, Mr. Lewis as I was-

BLUE

As he was saying, we would love to be poster children and good upstanding illustrations for the housing authority and the fair income housing initiative. I mean black and white swirled together (BLUE PLACES HE FINGERS WITHIN A.C.'S), so much love. So much harmony. Now where do WE sign for our deluxe apartment in the sky?

MR. LEWIS

(RE: BLUE) Mrs. Contos -

BLUE

No I'm Mr. Givens - He's Mr. Contos.

A.C.

(RE: BLUE) Now honey let me -

BLUE

(WAY ABACK) Honey?

A.C.

Excuse him Mr. Lewis his kind gets a little anxious around authority.

MR. LEWIS

(RE: BLUE) Mr. Contos, there is no reason to feel troubled. The HAO has always had a great respect for the LGBT.Q.Q.I.P.2S.A.A.

BLUE

Now say who, now what now?

A.C.

Oh honey you know the
LGBT.Q.Q.I.P.2S.A.A.? Lesbian, Gay, Bi-
Sexual, Transgender, Queer,
Questioning, Intersex, Pan sexual, 2-
Spirited, Asexual and Ally. (THEN)
They're adding new letters all the
time. (LEADING HIM ON) They don't mind
that were in a domestic relationship
that will keep us in the program.

BLUE

Oh nooooooo. Oh Hell to the double N-A-
DUBBA YA!

MR. LEWIS

You can rest assure Mrs. Contos-

BLUE

Wait, why I gotta be the Mrs?

A.C.

He gets mixed up with the P's and the
Q's.-

BLUE HUFF AND PUFFS.

MR. LEWIS

As I was saying, (RE: BLUE) Mr? We have always had the best relationship with, your movement, and have great places all over Manhattan where you will feel comfortable and safe to be which ever letter you want to be.

BLUE

(HE BRIGHTENS) Manhattan?

MR. LEWIS

Yes, Tribeca, Wall Street, Greenwich Village...

BLUE

(CROSSES LEGS) Do any of these places have doormen?

MR. LEWIS

(RE:INTERCOM) MS. SUGARBOTTOM can you please find Mr. Cantos and Mrs. ahem, Mr. Givens a residence. This lovely couple has been approved.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

(v.o.)

Now say what now?

ACT TWO

SCENE D

INT. HOUSING AUTHORITY OFFICE - SAME DAY
(ms. Sugarbottom, blue, a.c., security)

MS. SUGARBOTTOM LOOKS AT THEM WITH ANGST. A.C. AND BLUE LOOKS AROUND NOT TO MAKE EYE CONTACT WITH HER, SHE KNOWS THERE'S A LIE IN THE ROOM, SHE CAN SMELL IT ON THEM.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

(RE: A.C.)Gay? (RE: BLUE) Really?

BLUE

More like. LGBT.R.S.B.B.17W. H to the
Izzo.

A.C.

What my honey means is, yes we are
domestic partners.

BLUE

Waiting for the day to be wed at St.
Peter's Cathedral, once (RE: A.C.) ole
tight wade springs for my ring well be
set.

A.C.

Oh happy day.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Couples who've been together longer than five years are eligible to live in a two-story brownstone in Harlem for \$1,800 a month.

A.C.

BLUE

That's great news.

Ain't no dooremen in Harlem.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM GOES INTO OLIVIA POPE MODE.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

See now most couples at this point jump for joy, hug each other, or dare a say give a congratulatory kiss.

BLUE

Married couples don't kiss.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Due to the fact that in New York City to get a five room anything for under \$7,000 is a miracle dare I say impossible. Well, you two are a couple, you too are in love, you too should be so happy, I thought I would see some sort of physical elation.

A.C. AND BLUE POUND EACH OTHER. NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

AH HA! (SHE SNIFFS AT BLUE, SHE SNIFFS AT A.C.) you know what I smell?

BLUE

Nirvana Teen Spirit?

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

I smell terrible liar number 1 and
horrible liar number 2.

SHE SITS BACK DOWN AT HER DESK.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

(EYES COMPUTER) Until I'm convinced
this is not a farce, we'll just sit
here and watch all 19...18...17
apartments go buh bye.

A.C.

I don't know what you want to us to do
to prove we are a couple in love.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

I don't believe you two are in love
and YOU, YOU are not gay. (RE: BLUE)
You maybe.

BLUE

Me "No Be".

A.C.

Honey can that suit get any tighter?

BLUE

(PROUD) I am a Daper Dandie not a
Daper Pansy.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

If you're not a pansy and you're not a
gay, then somebody's going to jail.

(SHE GRABS THE PHONE) Security!

WITHOUT NOTICE A.C. GRABS BLUE AND LANDS A BIG, LONG KISS ON
HIM.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

(UNBOTHERED) My grandmother kisses her
comfort cat more passionately.

BLUE

Oh Lort!

A.C. GOES IN AGAIN, MUCH LONGER MORE PASSIONATE, WAY MORE
PUSH BACK FROM BLUE.

BLUE

Enough dammit. Enough. This ain't the
bunny ranch.

A.C. MOVES IN FOR ANOTHER TONGUE FIRST, BUT BLUE PICKS UP AN
ENVELOPE OPENER AND READIES TO SHANK. SECURITY FLYS IN,
FLASHLIGHT UNSHEATHED. SHE HOLDS OFF SECURITY.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Show me your feet. If you are as gay
as you say your feet will show the
way.

BLUE BEGINS TO SLIP OFF A LOAFER.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Not you. (RE: A.C.) You!

A.C. GRUMBLES AS HE TAKES OFF HIS BOOTS AND SOCKS TO REVEAL
HIS VERY MANICURED FEET.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

(SURPRISED) Is that color Butternut
Sunrise from Heidi's Hideaway.

A.C.

(SURPRISINGLY FEMINIE) No, no I
haven't been there since they got rid
of Amy. I go to Brunaldo's on third.
I'll give you his card.

BLUE

(RE: SECURITY) We're all good Paul
Blart. (COCKY) You can go observe and
report down some other hallway.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM RETURNS TO HER COMPUTER.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

(RE: BLUE) I guess I've been wrong
twice today. Let's see if we have
something for you lovebirds.

BLUE

Something with -

A.C. ELBOWS HIM INTO SILENCE. BLUE READIES THE "SHANK".

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

(TAP, TAP, TAP) Oh..Oh my...I'm so
sorry all residence are full for this
cycle.

BLUE

(WIPING HIS MOUTH) The hell they are.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Wait there is one, but I'm sure you don't qualify. It's only for a family of at least three and its in Chelsea.

BLUE

A.C.

I'm not living with a (LEANS IN) You don't say. Clinton.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

But like I said, its for a family of three and clearly you don't have a *three*.

A.C.

Oh yeah, we have a family, a wonderful child.

BLUE

We do? (SHARP ELBOW) Oh yeah we do.

A.C.

Show him a picture of our little ebony beauty will ya honey.

BLUE PULLS OUT HIS PHONE. SEARCHES, SEARCHES, AHM, SEARCHES. GOT IT. SHOWS MS. SUGARBOTTOM.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Why is the only picture of your child a Meme?, and why does this child have a mask on?, and is that Michael Jackson in the background?

BLUE

(SNATCHING PHONE BACK) Well Uncle
Mike, rest his soul, was always with
the jokes.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM SNIFFS AT BOTH OF THEM ONE AT A TIME.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

(CLICKS INTERCOM) Secur--

A.C. FINGERS THE SWITCH HOOK OF THE PHONE.

A.C.

No need to call the authorities. Our
little bundle of sunshine is right
outside.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Well you have from the time I run this
file to Mr. Lewis to produce him or
Clank, Clank. (SHE BUMPS HER WRIST
TOGETHER)

SHE EXITS.

BLUE

What the hell you doing? We don't have
a kid.

A.C.

Were in the Bronx, we'll probably get
sold three kids before we hit the D
train.

BLUE

We just need a kid for today right? I
got an idea.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE E

INT. HOUSING AUTHORITY LOBBY - SAME DAY
(DEVANTE, BLUE, A.C.)

DEVANTE SPINS IN THE SAME CHAIR AS EARLIER. BLUE AND A.C.
ENTER AND STOP.

BLUE

There is our lucky charm. How much
cash you got on you?

BLUE SNATCHES THE WAD OF CASH FROM A.C.'S HAND BEFORE HE CAN
SAY...

BLUE

Good, Good, (HE TAKES OUT A TWENTY AND
POCKETS THE REST). Let's Dance.

THEY CROSS TO HIM.

BLUE

Hey little homie?

DEVANTE

Gerald. Achilles. My name is not
little anything. It's Devante. If you
want somebody pick pocketed it's \$150
or 50% which ever is greater, If you
want documents doctored its \$200 per
app and all hacking is charged by the
hour. So fellas what's your play?

A.C.

(SNATCHES MONEY FROM BLUE) We just need your person for about an hour.

DEVANTE

(CLICKS ON COMPUTER) I see here you need a child to get the family discount.

BLUE

Don't listen to this thief he was caught breaking into people's offices.

DEVANTE

I was trying to get to a computer to try and get my sister's new foster address.

BLUE

Ppst.

DEVANTE

(CLICKS SOME MORE) You might wanna calm down patna. All it takes is a shift alt delete to turn your champagne dreams to Riker's Island nightmares.

A.C.

How'd you get our information on there?

DEVANTE

While you two numb skulls were
creating a very poor scam. I was out
here fixing your files.

BLUE

You munchkin hack.

A.C.

You cyber bullying us or something?

DEVANTE

Hey Shrek, I just want of piece of the
action. I want my sky high sky rise.
(EYES COMPUTER) Plus this place in
Chelsea is right across the street
from my sister. We were separated when
we got into the system.

BLUE

Your momma was a crack hoe?

DEVANTE

My mom died in a fire (THEN) My dad
was the crack ho-

A.C.

Heyyyyyyy kid, I think we are just
going to call it quits.

DEVANTE

Why? You guys are so close and I need
this. I can't go back to Mrs.
Richardson.

When she says she's having "gentlemen company" I have to hide under the sink, drink rusty pipe water and eat soda crackers.

BLUE

The gig is up man. Forget it.

DEVANTE

No, No, listen. If you became my foster parents you get \$900 a month plus another \$1,200 for my Twichy Twitch (HE DEMONSTRATES) you keep the \$900 for rent and that will make your rent like \$600 a piece. Just cut me back some money for my sister.

BLUE

Six bengis each! (HE CLICKS HEELS)
Well Damn Dorothy.

DEVANTE

Not to mention. The place has a indoor gym (RUBS A.C.'s BELLY), a indoor pool, and a door man. (THEN) What you say? (EXTENDS HAND)

CUT TO:

SCENE F

INT. CHELSEA APARTMENT - NEW DAY
(Ms. SUGARBOTTOM, DEVANTE, A.C., BLUE, FRENCHY)

MS. SUGARBOTTOM LET'S THE BOYS IN. THEY KNOCK HER OVER WITH EXCITEMENT. RUNNING ROOM TO ROOM OF THE "FRIENDS" STYLE LOFT APARTMENT.

BLUE

(RUNS ROOM TO ROOM SCREAMING) Haters gonna hate. Haters gonna hate.

A.C.

(RUNS TO THE SUN DECK) Look at me ma...Top of the world.

DEVANTE MAKES SNOW ANGELS IN THE CARPET.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Welcome to the Hilgard Luxury Apartments. Be thankful this place popped back up on my computer. I was sure it was already taken.

THE THREE MEN LAUGH AND POUND EACH OTHER.

BLUE

That doorman downstairs is a little mouthy.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Mr. Limon opens the door, he doesn't shine shoes, even with a twenty five cent tip.

A.C.

Are there any papers we need to sign?

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

No sir, but there is our quarterly
meet and greet potluck downstairs
tonight. It's mandatory for all new
residents. (SHE HANDS THEM THE KEYS)

FRENCHY ENTERS. WELL BOUNCES IN WEARING SHORT SHORTS AND A
HALF TOP.

FRENCHY

(FRENCH ACCENT) Oh Leander. Mr. Lewis
didn't say you were here with clients.

BLUE POUNCES.

BLUE

Hello young lady, you trying to have
my baby.

DEVANTE CROSSES WITH COMPUTER.

DEVANTE

(SINGING) L-A-M-E-O...

A.C.

What my domestic partner means is we
are looking for a surrogate. A little
bunk buddy for young Devante here.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

This is Frenchy my roommate. Mr.
Contos and Mr. Givens and their little
boy are our new neighbors.

FRENCHY

(RE: BLUE) Oh what a shame. He's so cute. We could have had lots of fun with him.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

(RE: FRENCHY) *Plus qu'il ne saura jamais* (more than he'll ever know).

FRENCHY

See you guys tonight.

A.C.

You in the building too?

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Everyday alllll day.

A.C. GRABS BLUE'S HAND.

BLUE

Oh what a treat honey.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

(RE: A.C.) You dress up a little. (RE: BLUE) You dress down a lot.

THEY EXIT. BLUE KISSES THE DOOR.

A.C.

Hey focus. If they find out were lying they can kick us out at any time and the only pin stripes you'll be wearing will be of the horizontal nature.

BLUE

Question? So how you planning on running honey bunnies up in here, up in here?

A.C.

I think its time we talk about-

BLUE

Chicks find out about this place and it will be honeys to the left of me, strippers to the right of me, and (HE DEMONSTRATES) hootchies back, back, backin that thang up in front of me.

A.C.

Enough with the hootchies and the honeys. We gotta keep a low profile.

BLUE

You no likey the hootchie.

A.C.

Well I'm not really interested in "honeys".

BLUE

I get it, you don't do the swirl, but I date all types. Butta Pecan Ricans, Chocolatays, Vanilla Bellas, Espanya Señoritas.

A.C.

Blue -

BLUE

You don't like chocolatays?

A.C.

No, I love the chocolatay.

BLUE

You don't like Vanilla Bellas.

A.C.

No that's not-.

BLUE

(HE PAUSES) Strippers and Strip clubs?

A.C.

I like the bouncers at the strip
clubs. (THEN) Blue, I'm gay.

BLUE

Now what say what now.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT THREE

SCENE G

INT. CHELSEA APARTMENT LIVING ROOM/ EXT. BALCONY - SAME DAY
(A.C., BLUE)

BLUE ENTERS BRUSHING HIS TONGUE AND TRIPS OVER A FEW OF HIS SUITCASES.

BLUE

I don't care everybody going to jail.

A.C. ENTERS FROM THE BALCONY.

A.C.

You're taking this the wrong way.

BLUE

Wrong way like happy, happy, joy, joy
gay way or Anderson Cooper, Perrrrrez
Hilton gay way.

A.C.

No, I mean the immature way.

BLUE

(LEAVING) I can't be comfortable if I
stay (NOT LEAVING) And you with the
kissing. I knew I felt hairy tongue.
(LEAVING)

A.C.

Give me one minute to explain.

BLUE PULLS OUT HIS POCKET WATCH AND COUNTS.

A.C.

Things were moving so fast at the
Housing Authority. I didn't have time
to tell you everything. I just went
with the flow.

BLUE

If flow means tasting my tonsil?
(GARGGLES AND SPITS) then well done
sir. (GRABS BAG)

A.C.

What is the big deal? We're just two
guys, living together, in an awesome
apartment, darn near rent free.

BLUE STOPS. A.C. DRAGS HIM TO THE BALCONY.

RESET TO:

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS
(A.C., BLUE, FRENCHY V.O.)

A.C.

Will you look at this view?

BLUE PANS THE SKYLINE, NOT IMPRESSED.

A.C.

(POINTS BLUE'S HEAD DOWN BELOW) This
view my friend.

BLUE

Frenchy?

A.C.

Hello Frenchy.

FRENCHY

(v.o.)

Hi guys. Hey can you see my tan line.

BLUE

(SOTTO, SMILING) No, but I
can see your *sunshine*.

FRENCHY

(v.o.)

Wait let me turn onto my stomach.

A.C.

See naked sunbathing and she doesn't
care. Why? Cause she thinks we're gay.

BLUE

But you are gay.

A.C.

So what? You dress like you got the
queer eye my friend.

BLUE

I just won't be comfortable.

BLUE EXITS.

A.C.

Why? You think you're my type? Hmm
think again pal, you ain't no Idris.

BLUE RETURNS.

BLUE

What the hell you mean, not your type?
(PULLS OUT PHONE) Laverne Cox double
tapped like five of my posts just last
week.

BLUE EXITS.

INT. CHELSEA APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A.C.

This is a small hiccup in what could
be a long and beautiful situation
here.

DEVANTE ENTERS. DRESSED VERY NICE.

DEVANTE

You guys ready to woo these suckas
downstairs. I've been working on my
adorable face (HE DEMONSTRATES).

A.C.

I don't think we're going kid.

DEVANTE

What? What you mean?

A.C.

Well, Devante I'm gay.

DEVANTE

And?

BLUE

And I'm not.

DEVANTE

You not? (THEN) What difference does that make. My big momma used to say, It's not what's on the outside of a man, but what's on the inside and you guys both have good hearts. (RE:A.C.) Demented (RE:BLUE) and pea brained, but good and that's all that matters.

BLUE AND A.C. ARE ASHAMED TO BE OUTSMARTED BY THE KID.

DEVANTE

Exactly, now let's go sell this thing and we can get this place swagged out. (EXTENDS HIS HAND FOR BRO HUDDLE)

BLUE AND A.C. BOTH JOIN IN.

DEVANTE

Game Tight on 3, We all we got on 6.
1, 2, 3...

ALL THE GUYS

GAME TIGHT!

DEVANTE

4, 5, 6..

ALL THE GUYS

WE ALL WE GOT!

THEY BREAK.

ACT THREE

SCENE H

INT. CHELSEA APARTMENTS/REC ROOM - A LITTLE LATER
(BLUE, A.C., DEVANTE, FRENCHY, MS. SUGARBOTTOM, MR. GREENBERG, DUBBYA, MRS. KOCHENBOCH, LEKA, GRAE, extras)

THE ROOM IS LIVELY AND FESTIVE. THE TABLE IS FILLED WITH GOODIES. THE BOYS ENTER AND DEVANTE RUSHES TO MAKE A PLATE.

BLUE

Save some for us Millhouse.

FRENCHY AND MS. SUGARBOTTOM WALK UP TO BLUE AND A.C.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Boys, everyone here is nice and will
welcome you with open arms.

MR. GREENBERG ENTERS ON HIS CANE.

MR. GREENBERG

Are you's twos the new queers in the
building?

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

(EMBARRASSED) Mr. Greenberg?

A.C.

Hello my name is A.C. And this is my
domestic partner Gerald.

BLUE

Call me Blue.

MR. GREENBERG

Someones gots a little case of the
Jungle Fever.

MR. GREENBERG CROSSES TO DEVANTE PILING SHRIMP ON HIS PLATE WITH DUBB-YA.

DUBB-YA

(COUNTRY ACCENT) Just like my little boy. (RE: DEVANTE) They ain't gonna jump off the table and back in the ocean son.

DEVANTE

I'm saving these before they meet their brothers and sisters. (PATS AT HIS BELLY)

DUBB-YA

Well. Yep.

DEVANTE BALANCES HIS PLATE AND CROSSES PAST BLUE AND MRS. KOCHENBOCH WHO TALKS WITH A SPOON IN HER HAND.

BLUE

So you made this? I never had Tuna Fish with raisins and whole almonds.

MRS. KOCHENBOCH

(SHOUTING) It's the rhubarb that gives it the zing.

BLUE

(MISERABLE) It's a zinging and a zangin' alright.

FRENCHY

Excuse me Mrs. Kochenboch can I grab him for a minute?

THEY CROSS BEHIND THE TABLE.

FRENCHY

(DUMPS HIS PLATE AWAY) Poor thing.
She's a little senile. I think those
almonds crawled into the tuna with
their little legs.

FRENCHY AND BLUE CROSS TO A.C. AND MS. SUGARBOTTOM.

A.C.

Once again. Thank you for taking a
chance on our family. (WAVING) I mean
look at little Devante fitting in
already.

DEVANTE FLASHES HIS SIGNATURE SMILE WITH AN ORANGE PEEL FOR
TEETH.

FRENCHY

You haven't met Cagney and Lacey from
the tenth floor.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

You talking about the Butches from
Eastwick. (SHE HUFFS N' PUFFS AROUND)
I'm Leka I fix cars and spit ta-backy.

FRENCHY

(MOCKS ALSO) I'm Grae and I haven't
waxed my under arms since fifth grade,
I make my own hemp milk and candles.

LEKA

(OS)

(MOCKS FRENCH ACCENT) Well Lady Cybil,
I'm the candle maker and (POINTS TO
GRAE) she's the jet engine mechanic.

MS. SUGARBOTTOM AND FRENCHY QUICKLY EXITS STAGE RIGHT.

A.C.

Hello I'm A.C. and this is my domestic
partner Bl-- (EXTENDS HAND)

LEKA

(SMACKING IT AWAY) We don't shake the
hands of cheaters.

GRAE

That apartment was suppose to go to my
sister and her kids.

A.C.

You mean the one's from Jersey Shore?

GRAE

(IN BLUE'S FACE) We know you two did
something fishy to get that place.

BLUE

(LEANS BACK) I wouldn't want to use
the words fishy and smelling when
you're talking this close to someone
face. (FANS NOSE)

A.C. AND BLUE SHARE A LAUGH.

LEKA

We got our eye on you two.

BLUE

You and Melissa Etheridge go on now.

LEKA AND GRAE LEAVE. FRENCHY AND MS. SUGARBOTTOM CROSS IN.

A.C.

Thanks for the back up.

FRENCHY

I'm a lover not a fighter.

BLUE

You're a moon walker the way you slid
out the spot. (BLUE MOONWALKS)

MS. SUGARBOTTOM

Watch your back with those too. Mr.
Lewis, is their Godfather.

BLUE

Why Lort? why?

FADE OUT.

TAG

INT. CHELSEA APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Devante, blue, A.C.

THE THREE GUYS SIT AT A FOLDING CARD TABLE PLAYING UNO.

A.C.

(FANNING OUT CARDS) Gin.

BLUE

Pick those up Einstien. Match numbers
or colors until you have no more
cards. Numbers. Colors.

A.C.

I got it. I got it. So by us living
here together I don't have to worry
about "the gansta cousins" coming by
every other day?

BLUE

(SMUG) Oh no just the crack heads.

DEVANTE

So you're like one of the "good"
blacks?

A.C. AND DEVANTE CHUCKLE.

BLUE

(COME THE THINK ABOUT IT) Draw four.

BLUE

Yellow. And since were on the subject,
I'm not going to have to worry about
coming home to find you and the
Sausage Jockeys prancing ya'll's
rainbow colored man parts around my
deluxe apartment in the sky.

A.C.

Nothing about me prances. Queers do
not prance.

DEVANTE

So you're like a "good" queer?

A.C.

No Devante. We're all the "good
queers".

BLUE

We are all going to stay good, (RE:
A.C.) queer and (RE: DEVANTE) quiet.

DEVANTE

(PUTTING DOWN CARD) Go fish.

BLUE

You hack NASA for fun in like five
minutes, but you can't pick up a game
for eight year olds plus? DRAW FOUR
GENIUS!

FADE TO BLACK.

(A.C., BLUE, DEVANTE)