

I WANT IT ALL

A “Mental Movie”

Adapted from his novel by

Dirk Vanden

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I WANT IT ALL – A Mental Movie

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The lights go down. In the darkness, with a black screen, from the far left, we hear the approaching sound of an old Chevy pickup with an old-fashioned automobile radio playing the last few bars of the *Sons of the Pioneers* singing “*Tumblin’ Tumble Weeds.*”

That is followed by the tinny, corny, “country” sound of a cow-bell being rung, not by a cow, but by a radio announcer.

COUSIN JIMMY-DALE: Hey out there, Buckaroos and Buckarettes! It’s your Good Ol’ *Country-Cousin Jimmy Dale*, coming to you from radio station KOLO, broadcasting from the New Majestic Hotel in downtown Boulder, bringing you *Songs for a Saturday Night*, for all you good folks up here in Northern Colorado. Leading off, we have a *request* – believe it or not – from *Bow-Wow* and *Tinker-Bell* in Greeley – for *all* of you ‘*Hippies*’ out there! (Laughs!) *Both of you!* (Cowbell!)

Scott McKenzie starts to sing: “*If you’re going to San Francisco....*” as the opening shot fades up. The song plays as background for:

Early evening. High Rocky Mountain desert country, Northern Colorado, near the Wyoming/Nebraska border: sagebrush, mesquite, red earth and rocks, and wind-twisted cedars. We are looking North. Long shadows point east from the setting sun. The vista is “empty” from one side of the screen to the other. As the song begins, camera pans from east to west and we see Warren Miller’s battered 1951 Chevy pickup truck, approaching in the distance, raising a cloud of dust behind it on a country lane that is surrounded on both sides by cattle-fences. As it passes in front of us, and we follow along, we can see just the top of the truck, and Warren’s “cowboy” silhouette through the open window, cowboy hat tilted back. No shirt. Camera follows the truck as it travels toward a highway that intersects with the lane, then goes toward a small town in the far right. Old buildings and trees – the only big trees in the entire vista – planted and grown around the houses.

The music is interrupted by a spine-jarring “*SKRITCH!*” of the needle being deliberately scraped across the vinyl. A moment’s silence.

COUSIN JIMMY DALE: *Oooooops!* Ah, now, looky what I just went and did! *Shoot!* Scratched the record! Ruined it! *Oh, well!* (Humorous Sound Effect of something being broken.) Sorry about that, Bow-Wow and Tinker-Bell. (Cowbell!) Now here's some *real* music for the rest of us, from a Real, Honest-to-God, Good-Old-Down-Home-Country-Boy. Sing it purty, Waylon!

Waylon Jennings sings **Mamas, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys:**

Cowboys ain't easy to love ...

Credits scroll upward as Warren drives along the dusty road. The radio music continues behind credits:

I WANT IT ALL

adapted for the screen from his original novel, by Dirk Vanden

Directed by Dirk Vanden,

Produced by Our World Productions

... etc.

The rusty old pickup drives over a noisy cattle-guard, slows slightly for a STOP sign, then turns north onto Colorado State Highway 85, beside a bullet-riddled road-sign that reads:

"GORMAN, COLO. POP 95."

The road turns east to go through a small, old, cow-country town. The first building in the single-block "business district" is a *Phillips 66* gas station with a greasy mechanic's bay, on the left (north) side of the highway. Across from that is an old silver railroad dining car, now a roadside-diner, *THE BRITE SPOT*, with a partly burnt-out neon sign in the window, reading "*GOO_EATS.*" One dusty out-of-state car is parked in front of the diner and we see through the greasy window, a lone man sitting at the counter, chatting with the cook. On the left, next to the gas station, is a yellow-brick *JC Penny* store, then a tiny *IGA Grocery*, across the road from *GORMAN BROS. HARDWARE.*

Just before the highway turns north again, on the left side of the road is *THE PALACE MOTEL* – once pseudo-elegant, 4 small white, rundown tourist cabins and a main office attached to the owner's small, white, clapboard home.

Opposite the motel, set back behind the largest parking lot in town, is a large, weathered barn-like building, with a large front window beside double doors in the center of a building that was painted red many years ago. An old faded sign is propped up on its roof by rusted iron framing, reading: *RED'S BAR and BILLIARDS*, showing hand-painted billiard balls, two crossed cue-sticks and two faded, half-empty beer-steins, painted by a local artist, 20 years ago. An alley

runs behind The Brite Spot, the hardware store and Red's. Behind that alley are several old houses with big back yards and old trees.

Warren's pickup parks in the lot in front of the bar, alongside several other ancient, unwashed pickups of various sizes, and Jeeps, and Warren Miller climbs out: early thirties, boyishly handsome, strong jaw, blond, blue eyes, suntanned face. His body is healthy and muscular from working on a cattle ranch, but he is not "buffed." He is naked and tanned from the waist up (from the waist down, he's pink as a baby). He reaches inside, on the seat, for his old, sweaty blue work shirt, and puts it on. He wears a battered, old cowboy hat which he removes and tosses back into the truck. With the truck door open – he has left it open to listen to the song – hiding him from the street, he looks around the parking lot, opens his dirty, old, worn, faded Levi's, tight over dirty unpolished boots, and tucks his shirt in – not very neatly. He buttons up, then runs his fingers through his hair, "combing" it. He reaches back into the truck and turns off his radio, ending Waylon's sad song, and now we hear the music coming from Red's.

Sixteen Tons - Tennessee Ernie Ford

Some people say a man...

Warren slams the truck door, but doesn't lock it, then pushes through the double doors and goes into the bar. Over his shoulder, we see that the music is coming from an old Wurlitzer Jukebox – with bubble-lights bubbling – sitting beside the back-door, which is opposite the front doors. The bar is to the left, stretching the full width of the building, with mirrors and glasses and neon signs, behind it, indicating the major alcohol served here is beer, and a dozen different kinds of Whiskey. A man's bar! Girlie calendars on the walls show the year to be 1969. Each different pinup from January through July are pinned to the wall around the calendar itself. Lots of neon beer-signs, mostly for COORS and HAMMS. Most of the men – except Warren, Bill and Mel – smoke various brands of cigarettes which are on the bar in front of them, besides glasses or bottles of beer: *Lucky Strikes, Camels, and Bull Durham* bags with rolling papers tucked under the strings. There is a haze of smoke hanging against the ceiling.

Behind the bar is a black and white TV, hanging from a contraption in the ceiling, now showing the Evening News—that well-known shot of a silver-booted foot stepping onto the Lunar surface and Neil Armstrong's recorded announcement:

"One small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind."

JIM PRICE: Bullshit! That' ain't' real. They're on a fuckin' movie set in Hollywood.

ANDY MORRISON (in his Air Force Uniform) No way! That was real. I watched it on the base.

JIM: You saw the fucking guy come out the door?

ANDY: *No!* On closed circuit.

JIM: Then how do you know for sure it wasn't made in Hollywood?

ANDY: Because it wasn't, dammit!

JIM: It's pure government bullshit. Prop-o-ganda!

ANDY: You're full of it! That was real. I'm going to the moon one day. You'll see.

JIM: And when that happens, I'll be in Heaven. I can watch you from there!

ANDY: There is no such place as Heaven. That's *religious* propaganda.

JIM: Bullshit!

ANDY: Exactly! One of our satellites would have seen it by now. All those angels flying around, playing harps. There's nothing up above the clouds but thin air and then space.

They continue good-natured quarreling as the music mixes with the news broadcast, both of which fade into the background as Warren buys a beer and talks to Mel, the bartender.

In the big room, behind Warren, there's a pool table, a shuffle-board, 3 small, wrought-iron "picnic" tables with matching chairs, the juke box, and an old-fashioned pot-belly stove. A "new" propane heating unit hangs above the stove.

MEL: (In his 40s, behind the bar, knows what Warren drinks – *Coors*, of course – and has a bottle open. He puts it on the bar, takes Warren's money and rings it up, then returns to give Warren his change, wipes up a little spot of water with his towel, and grins.) "Hey!"

WARREN: Hey!

MEL: So. What you up to?

WARREN: Same old shit, Mel. Fixin' fences. That stupid red heifer went into heat last night and busted out – pushed the fucking fence right over – way the hell out in the badlands – must've cut herself up pretty bad – and it looked like she was headed straight for the Penderson's bull.

MEL: She knows what she wants.

WARREN: That's what "the hots" do to you. Took me all day to get out there and fix it and get back again.

MEL: Just in time to come here and drink my beer. I appreciate that.

WARREN: (Lifts bottle in a 'toast.') I do what I can.

MEL: That's what I've heard.

He goes away to get something for somebody, down the bar.

With his bottle of *Coors* in hand, Warren approaches the group on the right-end of the bar: Johnny Welch, Charlie Davis, Abner Jones, Jim Price, Andy Morrison, Sy Coleman, Tom Seaton, and Bill Thorne. James and John, the Timothy Twins are playing pool, nearby. All of the men like Warren and greet him – all in various stages of drunkenness. “Hey, Warren, how you doin’?” “Join us.” “Wanna shoot a game?” etc.

CHARLIE: Hey, Warren, did you ever find that hot little heifer you was looking for?

WARREN: *Dammit*, Charlie! *You* were supposed to be helping me. What happened to you?

CHARLIE: My *skills* were needed elsewhere. (Grins suggestively but doesn’t say where.) Did *you* get everything fixed okay? Old Man Morgan’ll have a hissie-fit if she gets out again.

WARREN: Get fucked!

CHARLIE: No thanks. Tried it once. Didn’t like it.

ABNER: Tried what? Fucking a heifer? I didn’t like it either. Probly the same heifer.

ANDY: No, he said he didn’t like ‘*getting*’ fucked!”

CHARLIE: Oh, well, I wouldn’t like that either! (They all laugh drunkenly.)

ABNER: That’s what Warren’s been doing all day, tryin’ to find a heifer to fuck.

CHARLIE: Better than old man Morgan’s daughter, Suzie, right Warren?

ABNER: Or his wife!

CHARLIE: Or old man Morgan! (They crack up at their own funniness.)

WARREN: You two are a couple’a fuckin’ *comedians!* You ought to go on *Laugh-In*.

JOHNNY: Yeah! *Then* we could turn em *off!*

JIM: Gimme the remote!

Everybody punches each other and laughs. They all drink more beer, watch the news (which has been showing more stuff from 1969: “Ted Kennedy and MaryJo Kopecne at *Chappaquiddick*.” “Questions about the legitimacy of the site for *WOODSTOCK* – ‘3 Days of Peace and Music,’ to be held at a 600 acre dairy farm near Bethel, New York. It’s still several weeks away, but Hippies are already gathering and neighbors are protesting.” “In Los Angeles, Police are investigating the followers of *Charles Manson*, who claims to be the Messiah.” “In New York, The Police are being criticized by Gay Right’s groups for the arrest of several dozen female impersonators at a Greenwich Village bar called *Stonewall*, one month ago.”

ABNER: Hey, Mel. Could you get something else on the boob-tube besides this shit? I can't hear myself think.

CHARLIE: When could you ever do that?

Mel turns TV off, using a "remote" which is connected to the TV set by a cord that plugs into the side of the set. The original remote.

Bill Thorne has been watching all this, grinning, slightly tipsy himself; he's already had a couple of beers. Bill is a few inches taller than the others, still wearing his greasy mechanic's coveralls from the gas station, open at the neck to show a thick mat of brown hair, matching his crewcut, big, hairy arms and big hands. Bill is big all over. He greets Warren with a hand-slap and shoulder-punch, (hi-five?) (Maybe even a quick macho squeeze of Warren's shoulders) hinting that they're good friends. Bill is sexy as hell and he knows it. He isn't trying to impress anyone, but he is impressive, anyway, and knows it. Age 30, 6'5", 250+/- lbs. He is, indeed, buffed—but hairy. He has weights and dumbbells in his bedroom. He enjoys impressing the "*Ladies*" in Greeley – and, unconsciously, the guys around him. He's obviously the Alpha Male of the pack. He lifts his glass of draft beer to Warren, who clicks it with his bottle. They drink.

BILL: You okay? You look pissed at something.

WARREN: (Glances at Charlie, then grins at Bill.) Just at myself. (Drinks) What the hell am I doing, Bill? A goddamn fucking *cowboy* – with half a college education – shoveling cow shit and screwing fat whores.

ABNER: Where? Where's a fat whore? I want one.

CHARLIE: You wouldn't know what to do with a whore if you found one, fat or otherwise.

ABNER: Would too!

WARREN (to Bill): Sometimes I feel like, I don't know, like I'm missing my life! Like something is going on – out there – somewhere that I ought to be – instead of here. You know?

BILL: Yeah, we all need a change. I sure as hell do! I am so sick of fat-assed tourists telling me I don't know how to fix their fucking overheated pile of shit that was built wrong in the first place. (Quoting fat-assed tourists:) '*Are you sure you're a mechanic.*' '*You don't **look** like a mechanic.*' What's a fucking mechanic supposed to look like?

CHARLIE: Trust me, Bill, you look like a *fucking mechanic*.

ANDY: *Yeah! 'The Tool Man.'*

Everybody laughs knowingly.

Through the large front window, over Warren's shoulder, we see Brad Nelson leave one of the tourist cabins across the street and walk across the road to the bar.

WARREN: (Laughs bitterly.) Well, it's not like anything's going to happen to change anything.

BILL: (His arm around Warren's shoulder.) A shot of *Old Grand Dad* will help you deal with that sad fact of life. (Bill has a shot-glass on the bar beside his draft beer stein. He taps the empty glass on the bar, holds up 2 fingers and Mel hurries to bring another glass for Warren, fills both. Mel takes money from the bar in front of Bill. Bill gives Warren the new shot glass and lifts his for a toast.) Here's to *reality* – whatever the hell that is.

They click glasses and drink the whiskey, followed by beer. Bill belches loudly. Everybody cheers.

ABNER: Somebody said it's all in your head.

CHARLIE: What's in my head?

ABNER: Reality.

CHARLIE: Hey, get outa my head!

ABNER: It never was there, Charlie-boy! Trust me.

The doors open and everybody turns to watch Brad enter. Nobody knows him, he's obviously a stranger, so the men go back to whatever they were doing. He is Warren's age and physically resembles him, but that isn't really apparent at first. Unlike all the others, he is fresh out of the shower, neatly dressed, hair combed, etc. dressed as an "urban cowboy" – his "*cruising outfit*," back home. Actually, it's a version of Warren's outfit, only newer and cleaner. Slightly flared blue denims over boots, *not* cowboy. Blue chambray work-shirt that has never known "work," neatly ironed – with a small, rainbow-colored butterfly embroidered on his shirt pocket. He wears a small golden Peace-sign on a gold chain around his neck, with his collar open an extra button to show it. He goes to the bar apart from the others, and we note that he has a red hankie showing in his back pocket.

MEL: Howdy.

BRAD: Hi.

MEL: What'll it be?

BRAD: Draft please.

MEL: (Fills glass, puts it on the bar.) Two bits.

BRAD: (Gets crumpled five-dollar bill from his pocket) Could I also get a little shot of that? (He points to the bottle of *Old Grand Dad*, still sitting on the bar.)

MEL: You got it. It was sittin' there, waitin' for you.

BRAD: Knew I was coming, did it?

Mel brings a shot glass and fills it. Brad drinks it, nods for another, then he drinks all of the beer and puts the glass back on the counter for a refill. As Mel fills both glasses and takes the money, Brad leans back against the bar and surveys the crowd. He spots Bill right away and his body-language indicates a shift of gears. Target sighted.

MEL: (Setting down a full glass of beer, taking money.) You new in town?

BRAD: (Distracted. Turns toward Mel) Just passing through. Hitching to New York.

MEL: Whoa! That's a trip and a half. Where you comin' from?

BRAD: L.A.

MEL: Ah. (Mel does not approve of L.A. or of anyone from there.) Well, good luck. Enjoy your visit to Gorman. (Goes away)

BRAD: (Calls after him:) Thanks. I hope to.

The music has stopped. Brad turns to watch Bill, who goes to the jukebox and puts in a quarter, then punches 5 apparently-familiar number combinations. The machine whirrs and a record comes out and drops onto the turntable and Bill goes to the Men's Room as

Marty Robins sings "**El Paso – Ballad of a Gunfighter,**"

Out in the West Texas ...

Brad goes through a decision-making process, reaches for the shot glass, downs it, then, trying to look as though he is not following, leaves his beer on the bar, goes to the juke box, pauses and pretends to look at the selections, then follows Bill into the Men's Room.

Camera zooms in on MEN'S ROOM sign, then backs off, showing the pool game, then the group in the corner, then zooms in on Mel and Warren, at the bar. As they talk, in the background we watch Brad hurry out of the Men's room and go to the bar where he scoops up his change, downs the whiskey and what's left of the beer, then hurries out the front door. He doesn't go back across the street to the motel, but instead disappears around the corner of the building.

WARREN: It's not like he's fooling anybody. Everybody knows he's fucking Old Lady Morgan, even Old Man Morgan. He told me just the other day how glad he was that Charlie's doing him a favor by satisfying the Old Lady. Takes the burden off of him. Trouble is, he only does it when the Old Man is out of the house, which is during the day when he should be helping me!

MEL: Life just ain't fair.

As Warren and Mel are chatting, Charlie approaches them and taps Warren on the shoulder.

CHARLIE: Wanna have some fun, man?

WARREN: What kind of fun?

CHARLIE: We got us a queer out in the alley and we're gonna work him over.

WARREN: You got *what*?

CHARLIE: You heard me, a *faggot*. A *cocksucker*! Old Bill got 'im out there. Told the *queer* he could *suck* that *big dick* of his. (He snickers like a kid, saying dirty words.) We're gonna work him over, man, c'mon!

He goes out the back door as the music continues:

Mel has noticed that Brad left no tip. He watches the men going out without comment.

WARREN: You gonna *do* something?

MEL: I hate queers. (He turns away and pretends to be busy.)

Warren stares at Mel, shocked and unbelieving.

WARREN: Well, *somebody's* got to stop them!

Mel obviously isn't going to. Warren makes a decision, slams his bottle on the bar, and goes out the back door.

There are 11 men in the alley, counting Brad, dimly lit by the light coming out the back door. A flickering neon sign from the BRITE SPOT, next door, keeps changing the colors on the faces and bodies.

Warren pushes through the group, stops when he sees two men holding Brad down. Jim Price has his arm twisted behind him, while Andy Morrison is holding his shoulder and hair, their backs to camera. Brad is kneeling, facing Bill, whose coveralls are open all the way down, with his big uncircumcised prick and balls hanging out. ("Bill had the cock that every man alive wishes he had.") Bill is waving his cock back and forth in Brad's face. Suddenly he starts pissing. Brad tries to jerk away, but the men hold him – getting out of the way themselves – and it gets all over him. We see it start, but don't actually see it splatter on Brad's face and body, but know that is what is happening. Jim and Andy continue holding Brad down, but try to get out of the way themselves. The other men keep moving, getting in the way of the camera. They all have various reactions as the action continues. Bill finishes pissing and milks it dry.

JIM: Now, let's *castrate* the sonofabitch!

JOHNNY: Yeah! Cut his fuckin queer nuts off!

BILL: (Toeing Brad's crotch with his boot.) Should we do that, huh? Cut y'r goddamn nuts off? Huh? Queers don't need nuts anyway. Here, bring him here.

Bill indicates a big white commercial-size water-heater that has been discarded in the alley behind the hardware store, and motions for them to bring Brad to it, which they do, jerking and forcing him as they turn him to face Warren and the camera. The front of his nice, clean shirt has come open and is drenched with piss. He is obviously terrified as they try to bend him backward over the big dirty white cylinder. For a moment he resembles Warren, getting out of the truck and Warren realizes they look alike. Andy and Jim bend Brad backward as far as they can. Bill pulls Brad's pants down, exposing his cock and balls. No shorts. Brad and Warren stare at each other. We hear a "click" and Warren turns to see Bill opening a rusty, greasy pocket knife.

BRAD: Oh, God, no! Please don't! Oh, Jesus....

Warren looks around, desperately. The other men move closer to watch, all drunkenly excited, making comments and suggestions. Bill, also drunk, gets in a position to grab Brad's balls. Warren steps between them.

WARREN: *No!*

BILL: Get out of the way, Warren.

WARREN: No! You're not going to do it!

BILL: You gonna stop me?

WARREN: Yes! Listen, for Christ's sake, if you..."

Charlie and Abner grab Warren's arms, dragging him backward, out of the way.

Andy grabs Brad's testicles, stretching them tight. Bill leans down, positioning the knife, hesitates.

JIM: Go ahead, Bill, *cut em off!*

Warren elbows Charlie and Abner hard in the guts and jerks away. He shoves Bill who falls back, then gets up, crouching, holding the knife as though he intends to use it on Warren. All the men back away, expecting a fight.

WARREN: Goddammit, Bill, *listen to me!* You cut him with that knife and he'll die! Don't you know that? It'll kill him. Either he'll bleed to death or he'll get infected. One way or another, he'll die. Do you want that on your conscience? Do you want to go to *jail* for that?

BILL: He's a Queer!

WARREN: I don't care if he's *Jack the Ripper*. They'd come after you for killing him. Jesus, Bill, do you want to rot in prison for killing some *stupid Fairy*? (Looks around.) Do you guys want to be *accessories*? You could all go to jail for not stopping him. You want that?

JOHNNY: That ain't likely. Not around here.

WARREN: You ready to try and see?

The men all turn away.

BILL: Okay, Miller, you made your point. What do *you* think we ought to do with him? Just let the cocksucker go? Just let him walk away? Jesus Christ, man, this faggot grabbed my prick in the Men's room!

Warren looks like he'd love to yell at Brad "You stupid idiot!" But the look on Brad's face says clearly that he did just what Bill is accusing him of – and is clearly wishing he hadn't. Warren looks around. The men are waiting for him to do something. He has spoiled their fun, but they want to finish it.

WARREN: Okay.... Okay.... What if we fuck him? All of us. (He watches Brad's negative reaction, then grabs Brad's chin, forcing him to look up. For the benefit of the horny men:) Hey, you're queer, right? Queers love to get fucked, am I right? How would you like to be the happiest faggot on earth tonight? (*I'm saving your life, you idiot!*)

BRAD: (He looks around.) Oh, God, please, no, please! I can't take all of them! I'm sorry! I didn't mean...

BILL: Now you listen, you cocksucker. You're getting off mighty damn lucky, you know that? *You ain't dead! Okay?* So you just shut the fuck up and *enjoy it*. (Bill takes the red hankie from Brad's back pocket and stuffs it into his mouth.) Turn him over. (As they turn Brad to face the water heater, Bill rips Brad's shirt off and tears it into strips, which he gives to Johnny and Jim.) Tie him down. (They turn Brad face-down on the water heater, spread his legs and tie them to something, also his hands on the other side. We note a small, rainbow-butterfly tattoo at the base of his spine. It matches the one on his shirt pocket.)

BILL: (He grabs Warren's shoulder, turns him and shoves him toward Brad.) Okay, Miller. It's your fuckin' show. Get it started. Show us how it's done.

Warren opens his Levi's and turns to hide the fact that his cock is already hard. He turns his back to the camera, spits into his hand, and approaches Brad's naked butt. We don't see the penetration, but the expressions on both their faces tell us it feels good to both of them. As he eases up into Brad's ass, Warren's expression indicates that it feels better than he expected. Much better. He puts his arms around Brad, leans close and fucks and cums too quickly. "*Oh, my God! Oh my God.*" He hugs Brad tightly. Bill grabs Warren's shoulder, jerking him back to reality.

BILL: Hey! Let somebody else use that fuck-hole! Who's next in line? Andy? (As Warren pulls out and makes way for Andy Morrison, the first one in line, Bill squeezes his arm.) Now wasn't that better than a fat whore?

Warren glares at Bill, at everybody, hating them all, then stumbles into the shadows to sit on something and watch.

Before, during and after the rape scene, the bar's back door is open and we hear Bill's selection of Country-Western love songs while the boys fuck Brad.

'Hey Good-Lookin!' - Hank Williams

Stand by Your Man – Tammy Wynette

Your Cheatin' Heart - Hank Williams

Gentle on My Mind - Glen Campbell

With only glimpses of the non-simulated sex, we watch a montage of the men fucking Brad. Some who have finished go back into the bar, others move back to watch. As the last cowboy finishes, someone calls Mel, who comes out, takes off his apron and opens his fly. He reaches inside, hesitates, then decides against it and goes back inside. That leaves Bill. A small audience remains to watch. Some come back out of the bar for the "main attraction," and they gather around appreciatively while Bill takes his time, putting on a show. He has at least 10" of uncut dick and shows all the boys how it's done. Brad reacts ecstatically as Bill enters him, then passes out when Bill shoves it all the way in. When Bill finally cums, buried up to the hilt, he is hugging Brad fiercely, almost kissing him. "Oooh...Jesus! Oh, fuck! Oh, Yes!" He falls over Brad's naked back, gasping and hugging him tightly. Suddenly he realizes what he is doing and moves quickly away, wiping his dip-stick on a grease rag from his pocket.

BILL: Okay, boys, party's over. Let's get outa here!

Andy Morrison and Jim Price hang back. Andy is pointedly fondling an empty beer bottle, studying Brad's ass.

ANDY: Ah, shit, Bill! We was just gettin' started.

BILL: *I said* let's get the fuck out of here! *You hear me?*

Andy goes to Brad and rubs his fingers over the bruised cheeks of his ass, wanting to do more with the beer bottle. Warren steps forward.

BILL (yells at Andy): *Goddammit!*

Andy glowers at Bill, smashes the beer bottle on the water heater, holds the jagged, sharp glass as though he might cut something after all, then hurls it away in the shadows.

BILL: *Okay!* We had our fun. Now I'm gonna go inside and have me a beer. Okay? (He looks straight at Warren) And in a minute I'm gonna call the sheriff in Greeley and tell him we kind of heard some rough stuff going out here and would somebody come check it out? That way if he's hurt...*they* can get him to a doctor. Or just plain...*get his ass outa town.* *Okay?*

Warren nods. Bill nods, then turns to grab Andy's arm and shoves him toward the door. "I'll even buy *you* a drink, Morrison! Shit, I'll buy us all a drink. We earned it, right?"

They all go back inside, laughing and agreeing that they'd sure as hell earned a good drink, fucking that queer. Warren watches them, obviously hating them. Bill pauses at the door and turns to regard Warren, almost sadly. Warren finally nods, acknowledging that Bill is telling him goodbye. Bill goes inside and slams the door. For the first time in the movie, there is silence. Warren moves slowly to Brad and does the same thing Andy did – almost reverently touches Brad's bruised ass. Brad groans.

What remains of Brad's shirt lies crumpled on the ground. Warren picks it up, looks at the rainbow-butterfly on the front pocket. A key falls out of that pocket, and Warren kneels to pick it up. Someone has torn the gold chain with the peace-symbol off Brad's neck and it lies on the ground near the key. Warren picks it up, studies it, puts it in his pocket. He studies the key - from *The Palace Motel - #3* – and puts that in his pocket.

Then someone inside starts the juke box and Ray Charles' "*Hit The Road, Jack!*" plays while Warren quickly unties Brad, pulls his pants up, manages to wake him enough to carry and drag him around to his pickup in the parking lot,

The music continues as Warren manages to get Brad inside the truck and the door closed, before he passes out again. Warren takes a denim jacket from the back of the truck to cover Brad's naked shoulders, then drives across the street to the Palace Motel. There, in the empty parking lot, Warren gets Brad's wallet out of his back pocket, takes out a California Driver's License, issued to Bradley Eugene Nelson, with a terrible picture of him, the San Francisco address line crossed out and another printed in the margin.

WARREN: Is this where you're going? (Checks ID) Bradley? Brad? Hey, is this where you live?

BRAD: Nnnnnnn....!

WARREN: Come on, guy, please! *Where are you going?*

BRAD: (whispers) *Home.*

Propping Brad up in the truck, Warren goes into the Motel Office, where Mrs. Vogel is watching out the window, expectantly. As he goes into the door, a bell, above it, announces him. We hear her old-fashioned Philco radio, on the desk, playing Spirituals. The songs continue throughout the scene:

The Old Rugged Cross - Roy Acuff

Let The Lower Lights Be Burning - Johnny Cash

In her 60s, Mrs. Vogel starts to greet Warren like a new customer, then recognizes him.

MRS. VOGEL: Oh, it's you, Warren. Surely you don't want a room. (Peers behind him to see if he has a girlfriend.)

WARREN: Evening, Miz Vogel. No, I don't need one, thanks. But I do need your help. My friend, Brad Nelson, is staying here, right? (He presents the key he found in Brad's pocket.)

MRS. V: Yes...a Mr. Nelson is staying in number 3. (Checks register) What can I do for him?

WARREN: My friend's had a little too much to drink and he's passed out. I need to get him to a bus so he can keep going...wherever he was going. I'll pay whatever he owes.

MRS. V: Well, I shouldn't you know. I mean legally. Where is he?

WARREN: Out in my pickup, passed out. (Points to Brad in the truck.) He's so drunk I can't wake him up. But I promised him...I'd...(inventing it)...get him on the midnight bus in Greeley, and we've got to get going or we won't make it. He can sleep it off on the bus.

MRS. V: Oh. Oh, dear. Oh, well, all right. I *shouldn't*, you know. It isn't *legal*. But seeing's I know you... First he owes (she checks ledger) fifteen sixty-five. One night plus one call to San Francisco, California. We don't have free telephone service....

WARREN: It's all right, Mrs. Vogel. I'll pay for the phone call. (He gives her 2 ten-dollar bills.) Keep the change for your trouble.

(She pointedly counts and gives him exact change, picks up the key and leads the way to one of the cabins. (#3)

The gospel music plays from her open doorway, behind them.

Old Time Religion – Tennessee Ernie Ford

In Brad's cabin, while Mrs. V carefully watches, Warren gathers up a few clothes from the floor and bed, stuffs them into a suitcase, then checks the bathroom. Mrs. V follows him and is looking over his shoulder. He sees something he does not want her to see and says

“Excuse me. Beer,” and grins at her.

It takes a moment, then she understands he wants to pee and quickly turns away. He goes into the bathroom, closes the door and pisses noisily; while doing so, he picks up an enema syringe from the top of the toilet, studies it, nods knowingly, puts in into a shaving kit, perched on the

wash-basin. Also on the toilet top there is a part of a pint of *Wild Turkey* whiskey, along with an unwrapped motel-water-glass (next to a wrapped one). Warren takes a little nip himself, then screws on the cap and puts it in the kit. He flushes the toilet and goes back into the bedroom, where he grins at Mrs. V, puts the kit into the suitcase and snaps everything shut. He hurries out the open door toward the truck, and Mrs. V stands in the doorway, watching him. He looks back and waves. She wiggles her fingers.

In the truck, Warren tries to awaken Brad to ask again where he's going? Brad is still incoherent. The radio comes on as Warren starts the engine.

King of the Road - Roger Miller

Trailers for sale or rent...

As Warren drives away from the motel, we see Bill, across the street, standing behind Red's front window, a glass of beer in one hand, watching. Bill lifts the glass in a toast to the departing pickup, downs the beer, and sadly watches Warren leave Gorman.

As the song continues, a series of shots shows the truck going down the highway in the darkness, the only thing moving in a wide, dark panorama, it's old, dim headlights barely lighting a tiny portion of the narrow highway in front of it. There is no moon. Only shadows within shadows, against silhouettes of hills and mountains, in the darkness.

COUSIN JIMMY-DALE: Thank you, Roger Miller. And now here's a couple of 'Helpful' songs, for all you *secret lovers* out there. You know who you are. (Rings cowbell gently.)

Please Help Me I'm Falling - Hank Locklin

Help Me Make It Through the Night - Sammi Smith

I don't want to be alone...

During the songs, inside the cab, the light from the dashboard and radio-dial illuminate Brad asleep, slumped against the corner, stretched out on the seat. He is dreaming and his hand absently massages his groin, which grows noticeably. Warren studies it for a long time, then slowly, cautiously, leans closer, reaches over and tentatively touches Brad's leg, then moves his hand up until it rests over Brad's erection. Brad thrusts his crotch forward. Warren squeezes Brad's cock and Brad moans and puts his hand over Warren's and squeezes it. Through the back window we watch the truck moving away, with Warren leaning toward the unseen Brad.

Cut to the truck going over a hill and down into the lights of a small city: Greeley, Colorado. On the northern outskirts of town is a motel: The BIDE-A-WEE, next door to a Country-Western

Bar, THE ROUNDUP, which has an outdoor dancing area behind the bar – behind a high board fence – and couples are dancing. Loud music comes from the juke box in the bar as Warren parks the truck in the motel lot and hurries into the office to rent a room, then hurries out to help Brad out of the truck and into their room without anyone seeing them. Brad is still a mess. He looks like somebody beat him up.

The music from the bar continues through the next scene.

All I Have To Offer You is Me - Charlie Pride (8-9-69)

I Love You So Much It Hurts Me – Patsy Cline

Warren gets Brad's suitcase out of the back of the truck and opens the door to their room, puts the suitcase inside, then goes back to get Brad – who is sitting up in the truck, waking up. Warren opens the door. Brad watches every move.

WARREN: You okay?

BRAD: Yes. (Tries to move, cringes.) No. (He grins at Warren:) I'm okay. (Studies Warren's face, remembering.) You're the one, aren't you?

WARREN: The one what?

BRAD: You saved my.... Oh, God! Where are they?

WARREN: It's okay! We're sixty miles away from there.

BRAD: What? Listen, I've got...!"

WARREN: Relax. I got all your clothes from the motel. And I paid your bill, so everything's okay. Come on. I got us a room. You can clean up.

Warren leads the way into the motel. Brad follows him reluctantly, limping slightly, looking around suspiciously. Warren locks the door and pulls down the window shades.

BRAD: Why?

WARREN: Why what?

BRAD: Why did you do it?

WARREN: Stop them?

BRAD: Well, yes! But then you got my *stuff*, paid my *bill*, drove me *here* – wherever the hell *here* is.

WARREN: We're on the north end of Greeley.

BRAD: But *why*?

WARREN: (shrugs) I figured *somebody* had to do it. You had yourself in a real mess, back there.

BRAD: I know! God! That was so dumb! So fucking stupid. What was I thinking? I was drunk, but.... He was so...Jesus! Was that guy a *friend* of yours?

WARREN: Bill? The one with the knife?

BRAD: The one with the big dick. I saw him when the guy I was riding with stopped for gas. He pumped our gas and washed our windows. (Remembers. Slaps his forehead!) *Stupid!* (He studies Warren.) I want to thank you but I also want to *yell* at you: *you were as crazy as I was!*

WARREN: I got you here, didn't I? I got us both here.

BRAD: Yeah, but *you* can go back.

WARREN: Not likely! Not after all that. What difference does it make? I wanted to quit – to just say *'fuck it all'* and leave! So, I just did! Thank you.

BRAD: I'm sorry.

WARREN: Don't be sorry! I'm not. Go clean up. There's a shower... Aren't you sore...or something?

BRAD: (Laughs painfully) Only when I laugh. It will pass. I'll be okay. (He goes into the bathroom, calls back:) I don't feel as bad as I look. Is this blood?

(Warren goes to bathroom door, looks at Brad in mirror.) I think it's rust – mixed with piss.

BRAD: (Remembering) Ah! (He studies Warren's reflection.) We look alike.

WARREN: I know.

BRAD: We look almost like brothers. That's amazing. What's your name?

WARREN: Warren.

BRAD: (Brad starts to shake hands, realizes how inappropriate that would be at this point.) I'm Brad. But you know that, don't you? Warren, *thank you!* I mean, for everything. I don't understand *why*...but thanks, anyway.

WARREN: Yeah, well, you're welcome. Don't worry about it. It'll all work out. Hey, get cleaned up. You look awful. If somebody came in here right now they'd think I'd been beating you up...or something.

BRAD: (Starts to close the door.) Did they all fuck me?

WARREN: Yes.

BRAD: Well, then, if you'll excuse me.

WARREN: What?

BRAD: Go away so I can get rid of it.

Warren blushes and hurries out of the bathroom.

BRAD: (Grins and shrugs.) Hey! I'm shy! (He closes the door, turns on the water in the sink.)

Warren moves around the room nervously, goes outside to lock the pickup. From the bar next door comes Johnny Cash singing *Ring of Fire*:

Love is a burning thing...

Warren locks the doors to the truck then the room, then sits on the bed and watches the bathroom door. Brad comes out of the bathroom, drying off with a towel. He goes to his suitcase, gets a fresh pair of briefs and starts to get into them.

WARREN: Hey!

BRAD: What?

WARREN: Don't!

BRAD: Don't what?

WARREN: Don't get dressed!

BRAD: (He stares at Warren in disbelief.) You want *more!*?

WARREN: No! I mean, yes, but not...! I mean, let's stay here tonight. It's paid for. Let's just... go to bed and go to sleep. Together. Is that okay?

BRAD: (Unsurely.) Okay. (He kicks his briefs off, then lies on the bed, spread-eagled, hands behind his head, watching Warren, who is getting undressed. His expression is blank; he has no idea what Warren wants to do to him.

Warren turns off the light, undresses, sits on the bed. Behind him, with the blind closed, the lights from the bar next door keep changing colors, also changing the color of the blind, and the dim light on both of them, naked on the bed. Warren reaches out and puts his hand on Brad's stomach. At first Brad doesn't move, then he tentatively reaches to touch Warren's arm and follows it to Warren's hand, where their fingers entwine. Brad lifts Warren's fingers to his lips, and kisses them, then reaches for Warren's shoulders and pulls him down, their naked bodies

together. He takes Warren's face in his hands and moves it to where they can kiss. They do, softly at first, then with open mouths as they begin to devour each other. Brad lifts Warren's face away for his:

BRAD: *You kiss good!* (The kiss resumes as they fit their bodies together. Brad moves on top, then kisses Warren all the way down, from his forehead to his crotch. We watch Warren's expression as Brad takes his cock in his mouth and sucks it all the way down – startled, then amazed, then ecstatic. Then Brad's crotch appears in Warren's face. For a moment Warren hesitates, then takes Brad's hard cock in his mouth and slowly goes down on it. The camera moves up from their bodies to the window blind, changing colors. A car's bright headlights flash across the blind! Fade to black.

The music is ended and punctuated by church bells. It's Sunday morning. The bells continue through the next scene:

Warren awakens to the sound, turns in the bed to get comfortable, then opens his eyes. He sits up in the bed, looks around, panicked. Brad has gone. The suitcase is gone. He jumps out of the bed and runs to the door, opens it, closes it quickly as the sun glares in on him, still naked. Then he sees the note stuck to the latch on the door. As he reads it, we hear Brad's voice:

Dear Warren: What a lousy thing I'm going to do, especially after all that you did for me. But I've sat here for hours thinking it over – watching you sleep – and I can only come up with one conclusion: I have to get out – and now. I don't want to get you in trouble. You said you could quit, but I hope you don't. I wish I could stay around, a week or a month, but I can't, of course. I can't go back to that town. I couldn't ask you to move or anything like that.

But more important than that, you are obviously not Gay. I thought for awhile that you might be, but I think last night was really the first time for you, wasn't it? Don't misunderstand. You were great. That was fantastic sex. But I've been around long enough to know that just about any man will do just about anything, if he gets excited enough. You don't have to be Gay to do what we did.

I hope you believe that because I don't want to think I've started you down a path that I would not recommend for anybody! I don't want that on my conscience. "Gay Life" is not very gay, believe me.

As tempted as I am to "keep you for my own," I know it wouldn't work – or last. You'd end up hating me and that would make me hate myself.

But I'll never forget you. What an incredible adventure we shared. Thanks again for saving my life. That sounds so lame, but I don't know what else to say. Now, please, just consider what I'm doing as an attempt to save your life.

One day I hope you'll understand. I'm sorry. I hope this will cover what you paid out for me. I need what's left to get home. Sorry. Thanks again. Brad.

Brad has left a \$10 and a \$5 dollar bill rolled up in the note. Warren furiously throws the money on the floor, sighs and picks it up, then sits on the bed, staring at the bills.

WARREN: I don't want your fucking money, Bradley Eugene Nelson! (He studies the empty bed, ready to cry, and whispers:) *I want you.*

"*Ring of Fire*" resumes as background as Warren dresses and hurries out. We see him asking a young man in the motel office a question ("Did you see the guy who was with me – my brother – did you see him leave?") The clerk shakes his head. Warren goes to the Trailways Bus Depot and asks a cashier the same question. She also shakes her head. He drives around on the outskirts of town. No hitch-hikers. Finally he goes into a Truck Stop restaurant on the western edge of town, sits at the counter and orders breakfast. When the waitress brings it, Warren asks:

WARREN: Say, you haven't seen somebody – a guy who looks like me – my brother, actually – hitch-hiking around here, have you?

WAITRESS: (She studies Warren. Smiles invitingly.) No. Sorry. I'd've remembered. Sorry. (She goes to cash register to help a customer.)

TRUCKER: (Sitting a few stools down the counter, a big, good-looking man, in his 40's, leans toward Warren.) I think maybe *I* seen your *brother*.

WARREN: Oh?

TRUCKER: (Moves up a stool closer - moves his coffee on the counter.) Earlier. This morning. I was coming in this way, bringing a load of hay bales from Fort Collins. Reason I remembered, I thought it was you. I mean I thought you was him. Just now. He sat right where you're sittin'. We had a little...*chat*. You know? Out in my rig. Got a sleeper. (Points toward parking lot.) He ended up hitchhiking either north to Cheyenne or south to Denver. Not sure which. (Points toward the highway out front which runs north and south.)

WARREN: Did he say where he was headed?

TRUCKER: Back to California, I think. Said he'd run out of cash and had to go home. I don't think he said where home was. We were...talking about...*other things*.

WARREN: (guessing what '*other things*' the Trucker is talking about.) Oh.

TRUCKER: Oh, yeah. He was a good *talker*, if you know what I mean.

WARREN. (Sighs) Yeah, I think I know what you mean.

TRUCKER: Good. (He stands up and starts back to the Men's Room, pausing long enough to look back and deliberately grope himself for Warren's benefit. Then he proceeds to the Men's Room.)

Warren watches him walk away, then turns to see the waitress watching them. She has a sad, knowing smile on her face. Warren is so flustered that he doesn't bother finishing his breakfast, but goes to the cash register and pays with Brad's \$5 bill. The waitress keeps grinning as she gives him change.

WAITRESS: Hope you find your brother.

WARREN: Yeah. Me too. (He rushes out.)

Cut to: Warren looking at a road sign reading ← *Los Angeles – San Francisco* →

Cut to: Warren flipping a quarter - it comes up heads.

Cut to: Pickup headed west along Highway 40 - high Rocky Mountain country. Through the windshield we see a roadside signs showing the distances (from Denver)

Loveland – 44 mi,
Craig - 151,
Vernal - 251,
Salt Lake City - 377,
Reno - 794,
Sacramento - 893,
San Francisco - 955.

Brad's peace-symbol hangs on the rear-view mirror. The windows are open and Willie Nelson is singing .

On The Road Again:

As Warren drives through Colorado, Utah and Nevada, the music is coming from his radio, providing background for a montage of shots of the countryside and little towns.

On the movie marquees in the towns he goes through, are movies from 1968-69:

The Wild Bunch,
Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid
Easy Rider
Midnight Cowboy
True Grit

As he drives out of Parley's Canyon, going into Salt Lake City, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir sings:

Come, come, ye Saints!

He drives past the Temple with the angel blowing his trumpet, Brigham Young's statue, "This Is The Place," with Brigham pointing toward the Bank of Utah.

Warren noisily switches radio stations, goes past several stations, finds a clear one:

Don't You Want Somebody To Love? Jefferson Airplane

Montage: the pickup driving past the Great Salt Lake, through bleak salt-flats, Wendover, Utah/Nevada state line, brown and black volcanic wasteland, Winnemucka, Reno. As he drives through Reno and starts up the hill toward Tahoe, Judy Garland sings:

California, here I come!

That song covers the last part of the trip, through Sacramento, Pittsburgh, alongside the Bay, ending up going over The Bridge. It is still morning and San Francisco looks like an enchanted city, sitting on an island in the clouds. An enormous fogbank sits just beyond the hills, opalescent in the morning sunlight.

As he parks his truck in a parking lot along Market St., locks it up and gets out, repeat: *If You're Going to San Francisco*- up full as background while Warren explores Market St., Hippies and Gay couples for the first time in his life.

At first he wears only a shirt and undershirt, but it's chilly and he goes to his truck to get the denim jacket he wrapped around Brad. He looks like a hustler, but doesn't realize it. As he wanders along Market St., he is amazed and bemused by the number of young men who smile at him – young Hippie girls, too – with flowers in their hair! He climbs one of the steep, narrow streets, awed by everything. He makes a point of looking in telephone directories, but can't find Bradley Eugene Nelson listed anywhere. He calls several B. Nelsons, but nobody has been to Colorado recently. Finally he goes into a restaurant called *Mother's Others* for lunch. They have a more modern jukebox. It is playing:

MAKE YOUR OWN KIND OF MUSIC - Barbara Streisand

Sing. Sing a song....

Warren sits at the counter and orders a hamburger, looks around at the roomful of Gay customers, most of them effeminate to some degree. Their conversations contain words like "Mary," "bitch," "cunt," and "slut," punctuated with loud squealing laughter. Warren prints *BRADLEY NELSON? QUEER BAR?* on a paper napkin and is looking around for someone he can ask. He finishes his burger and goes to the cashier.

CUSTOMER #1: Wouldn't you just love to take that home and clean it up for supper?

CUSTOMER #2: Mmmm-mmmm-good!

A chorus of voices comes from throughout the room, some approving, others disapproving. Poor Warren is so flustered he leaves without getting his change. The cashier calls after him, but he ignores her and hurries out onto the street.

It is evening and he stands at an intersection, near the entry to Mother's Other's parking lot, trying to decide what to do next. Up the street he sees a stereotypical "Queen" coming out of a bookstore, a plastic bag of books in his hand like a purse. He pauses for a moment to adjust his trousers so that his basket shows, then he "flows" down the hill, spotting Warren on the way. His eyes fasten on Warren's crotch and stay there, his head swiveling around as he goes by, and stops at the red light, where he quickly turns away.

WARREN: (to the Queen) Excuse me....

The Queen glances back, is obviously frightened and moves away, stepping down off the curb. A car speeds by, honking its horn loudly. The Queen jumps back on the sidewalk, yelling at the driver "Look where you're going, you idiot!" He turns back to Warren, terrified, looking around for a place to run.

WARREN: *Excuse me! All I want.... Dammit, wait!*

Terrified, the Queen backs up against the lamp standard, ready to use his bag of books as a weapon.

WARREN: (Holding his hands out in a "peace" gesture. Loudly.) *I just want to ask a question!*

QUEEN: (Loudly.) *What!?*

WARREN: I just want to know where the *Queer bar* is.

The Queen glowers furiously at Warren, his lips pressed tightly together.

WARREN: Where the 'Gay Boys' go.

The Queen spins around, totally insulted, and strides across the street – fortunately just as the light turns and traffic stops. Once safely across the street, the Queen turns and yells back:

QUEEN: *Queer yourself, you...Philistine!*

WARREN: (Takes a deep breath and counts to ten, mutters to himself.) What the fuck have I got myself into?

We hear Brad's voice, quoting from the letter: "*Gay life isn't a bit gay.*"

SHERMAN: (Off.) Never mind him. What was it you wanted to know?

Warren turns to see a short man, in his fifties, dressed in a gray business suit, balding with graying hair. Sherman was in the restaurant, but Warren doesn't recognize him.

WARREN: Hello.

SHERMAN: I think you terrified the poor thing.

WARREN: I know. What did I say?

SHERMAN: I think, perhaps, it's more how you *looked* when you said it.

WARREN: What do you mean?

SHERMAN: Oh, I think you know what I'm talking about.

WARREN: I haven't got a clue.

SHERMAN: Well...you look, shall we say...*dangerous*. (He says the word '*dangerous*' as if it tastes good.) Are you?

WARREN: *Me? "Dangerous?"* (Laughs.) No way! *Me?*

SHERMAN: Well, looks can be deceiving. I take it you're not a member of our little brotherhood – or sisterhood, as the case may be – are you?

WARREN: What?

SHERMAN: You called him a '*Queer*.'

WARREN: Well, he was – wasn't he?

SHERMAN: It's just that some of us have an aversion to the word, is all. It's like calling a black man a '*nigger*.'

WARREN: Oh.

SHERMAN: You do understand, don't you?

WARREN: Well...sure...I guess. I mean, I didn't mean anything *bad* by it. I'm looking for a friend who's...you know...?

SHERMAN: "*Gay*." I know it's a stupid appellation but we prefer it to Queer. Call us perverse.

WARREN: Okay. Anything else I should know?

SHERMAN: Well, yes. We used to call ourselves “*Gay boys*,” but that has become equally *passé*. We are now “*Gay men*.”

WARREN: All right. I’m looking for a friend who is a *Gay man*. Okay? I want to check out the *Gay bars* I’ve heard about. There *are* *Gay bars* around here, aren’t there?

SHERMAN: (Laughs!) One or two. But before I tell you about them, answer a question for me.

WARREN: Okay, if I can.

SHERMAN: Would you be willing – for money, of course – to spend a few hours at my house? Before looking for your friend, I mean. It’s still quite early and the bars don’t really become active much before ten or eleven. I’ll be happy to drive you to a likely spot where you might find him, you know – *afterward* – if you’re interested.

WARREN: What was the question?

SHERMAN: Would you come home with me if I paid you...say, twenty-five dollars?

WARREN: Me? Twenty-five dollars? Are you kidding?

SHERMAN: I assure you, I’m quite serious.

WARREN: What would I have to do?

SHERMAN: Nothing unpleasant, I assure you. I assume you know what *Gay men do* – if your friend is one of us.

WARREN: Right. Oh, sure. I know...well, you know...enough...I guess.

SHERMAN: You don’t really have to know anything except how to relax and have a good time. Can you do that?

WARREN: For twenty-five bucks, I can do that.

SHERMAN: Excellent!

WARREN: What the hell?

SHERMAN: What the hell, indeed!

Warren follows Sherman to where his gray Mercedes is parked, in the *Mother’s Others’* parking lot. As they drive away, Sherman turns on the radio:

Rosemary Cluny sings "*Come On-A My House*"

As they drive toward The Avenues, up and down hills, around parks, etc., Warren pantomimes explaining to Sherman that he was a cowboy in Colorado, shoveling cow shit and fixing fences. Sherman's home is in a very old neighborhood, very well-tended and quiet. A sunken 2-car garage is under the 2-storey house, and the garage door opens as Sherman presses the remote on his visor. He parks the *Mercedes* next to a bright-red *Ferrari* convertible.

They climb up from the garage to the first floor entry on a spiral staircase in an atrium filled with tropical plants. The house is wired for sound and classical music is playing: *Tchaikovsky's Pathétique Symphony*. They enter the lower level of the house – the living area. There are many paintings on the walls, almost all of the same extremely handsome young man. Some are realistic oils, others are abstract acrylics. Some are nude, showing a prize-winning endowment. Some are partly dressed, showing definitive bulges in the crotches. Most are fairly well-done. All are totally narcissistic.

SHERMAN: By the way, what should I call you?

WARREN: Warren.

SHERMAN: "*Warren,*" good. My name is Sherman.

WARREN: Glad to meet you. (Extends hand to shake.)

SHERMAN: (Laughs, then takes Warren's hand and shakes it like a farmer.) Glad to meet you, too, Warren. The young man you're about to meet is *Wayne*.

WARREN: Wait a minute. What young man? You said....

SHERMAN: Please, don't worry. You'll have a good time, I promise. (He indicates the paintings.)

WARREN: (Takes a deep breath, looks at all the paintings around him.) All right, I won't worry.

SHERMAN: Excellent. (Starts down hall toward "Studio." Calls:) Wayne, we're home.

WAYNE: (From studio.) Well, good for us!

SHERMAN: (he pauses as he leads Warren toward the studio – takes Warren's arm.) You must understand one thing, Warren. Please don't worry about anything he says to me. It's strictly a game between us and doesn't *mean* anything.

WARREN: Whatever you say.

SHERMAN: Good. Wayne? Didn't you hear me?

WAYNE: (Off.) Of course I heard you. I answered you. I'm busy.

Sherman leads Warren into Wayne's studio – a bedroom converted into an artist's studio, with large mirrors on every wall, bright lights in the ceiling fixture, adjustable to point at the painting on an easel in the middle of the room, which holds a "life-size" painting of the painter, who stands nearly-naked, wearing only a paint-spattered smock and sandals, painting himself. He is even better-looking than his self-portraits! He is studying the painting with a paintbrush in his mouth. Takes it out, makes one little correction, puts the brush on a table of painting equipment, then turns to study Warren. His demeanor changes instantly from whining child to stud. He likes what he sees.

WAYNE: Well, hello there. What's your name?

SHERMAN: Wayne, this is Warren. He's from Colorado. He's a "cowboy."

WAYNE: Really? Hello, *Cowboy*. How much did he offer you?

SHERMAN: Wayne!

WAYNE: No, I want to know. How much? He buys things for me, you know. Toys. Boys. How much did he pay for a *cowboy* for me, tonight?

SHERMAN: There's no reason to go into it! Warren was just....

WAYNE: You cheap little cocksucker. What did you offer him? He's worth a hundred.

SHERMAN: Wayne!

WAYNE: Give him a hundred or I'll make you eat shit for a week.

SHERMAN: *Wayne!* (To Warren.) He's *joking!* Of course I'll give you a hundred!

WARREN: Hey! I didn't even expect ...

WAYNE: (Puts his fingers over Warren's mouth – a very intimate gesture. Man to man. As though Sherman wasn't standing right there:) Warren...this Fairy uses dollar bills to wipe his ass. He eats them for breakfast. He uses them for kindling in the fucking fireplace. Take it. You're worth it, I'm sure. From what I can see. Is that real dirt?

WARREN: (Laughs.) Yes, I'm afraid so.

WAYNE: Good! (Takes off smock. His body is buffed to perfection. He is gorgeous – all over; he has a partial erection, plays with it as he studies Warren.) I'll shower and be right back. (To

Shermy.) Get him ready. (To Warren:) Shermy will give you a drink while you wait. Won't you, Shermy? (Exits.)

SHERMAN: Yes, of course! What would you like, Warren?

WARREN: A beer would taste great!

SHERMAN: German, Mexican, or Japanese?

WARREN: (Amused. Shrugs.) You choose.

SHERMAN: I know just the one. (He hurries to a small refrigerator, in a corner of the studio, selects his choice for Warren's enjoyment. It is a Mexican brew, *Dos Eqqes*. He pours it into a frosted mug from the freezer and presents it to Warren.)

WARREN: Thank you. (He tastes it. It ain't Coors! He swallows it like a man dying of thirst, almost emptying the glass. He takes a deep breath and makes a satisfied belch under his hand – which delights Sherman.) Ah, man, this stuff is fantastic! That really hit the spot!

SHERMAN: *Bueno!* (Sherman has been pouring himself a cocktail from a shaker already in the refrigerator. He taps Warren's beer-mug with the cocktail glass.) *Salud! Buenas noches!*

WARREN: Right! Whatever. (Clicks glass, finishes beer, sets mug back on the tray.) What's next?

SHERMAN: (Takes the bottle and mug back to refrigerator, gets another bottle and mug, pours it and brings it back to Warren.) Next we adjourn to the *Party Room*.

He fills another cocktail glass from the shaker, then holding it carefully, leads Warren up a stairway to a hallway upstairs on the top floor of the house. There are four doorways, two of them are open to separate bedrooms – one obviously Wayne's and the other one Shermy's – and one goes into the *Play Room*: Two bedrooms at the end of the hall have been converted into one large room. There are hundreds of mirrors everywhere, on the walls, floor to ceiling and covering the ceiling: big ones, small ones, some that distort in various ways. In the center of the room, under a dimable spotlight in the ceiling, is a big round bed, covered with a red plush blanket, with many different sized throw-pillows. The only other items of furniture in the room are chairs and small tables of various types and sizes. The floor is covered with thick, red, plush carpet.

Sherman goes to a panel in one wall, opens it and presses a button. *Pepe Romero* plays *Concierto de Aranjuez for guitar and orchestra*. The lush, romantic music comes from all sides of the room. Sherman takes out his wallet.) Oh, and before I forget it.... (He removes a one hundred dollar bill from his wallet and gives it to Warren, shushing his protest.) Wayne's right. You're going to be worth it.

WARREN: (Studies bill, amazed that he's holding a genuine hundred-dollar-bill, also amazed that Sherman had one – or maybe several – in his wallet! He puts the bill in his own wallet.) Thank you. Shouldn't I be cleaning up or something? I must smell like ripe cheese.

SHERMAN: (Giggles.) Not really! You smell very...*cowboyish!* Let's wait for Wayne and see what he says.

WAYNE: (Entering.) See what Wayne says about what? (Wayne comes through the doorway, wearing a short red silk robe – matching the carpet and the Ferrari. It is short enough to show the head of his cock bouncing back and forth as he enters. Sherman gives Wayne the cocktail glass he had carried up the stairs. Wayne tastes it while appreciating Warren. He finishes the drink in one gulp.) *See what Wayne says about what?*

SHERMAN: Warren wanted to know if he should clean up.

WAYNE: Of course. Eventually. Meanwhile, why don't you undress him for me? Would that please you, Shermmy?

SHERMAN: (Smiles gratefully, whispers) *Thank you!* (and hurries to start unbuttoning Warren's shirt. Warren starts to help him, but Shermmy slaps his hands away.)

WAYNE: (Snaps sharply.) Let *him* do it! (Smiles like an angel.) He's incredibly perverted, but he enjoys it so much. Don't deprive him of something he enjoys so very much.

WARREN: (Spreading his hands wide.) Do your thing, Shermmy!

Wayne turns a dimmer button and all the lights go down except the one over the bed. The mirrors all reflect Sherman removing Warren's shirt, then T-shirt, then unbuckling his belt and unbuttoning his Levi's, taking great pleasure in every revelation of Warren's body. As he pulls Warren's shorts down, he thrusts his face in Warren's crotch and wallows in it, making a deep, moaning sound. Wayne helps Warren lie back on the bed while Sherman pulls off his boots, then the rest of his clothing, leaving his dirty shorts for last. Sherman removes the shorts reverently, then holds them to his lips, inhaling deeply, in Heaven.

Wayne sits on the edge of the bed and toys with Warren's cock. It is hard and it flips against his stomach when pulled and released. Sherman is delighted.

WAYNE: Isn't that fun? Do you like that, Shermmy?

SHERMAN: (Nods and flips Warren's cock, laughing like a child – quite drunk.) You know I do.

WAYNE: Clean him up for me. I want to make love to this man and I want him as clean as you can get him.

Warren starts to get up from the bed, expecting Shermy to take him to the shower. Instead both of them push him back down on the bed and position him so that Shermy can start licking his feet and toes. He is leaning back against Wayne, who is kneeling on the bed, holding Warren partly upright, watching Shermy do his thing. Shermy makes growling noises as he slurps his way up inside Warren's legs.

WAYNE: Good dog, Shermy! Lick him clean like a good dog!

Shermy growls and lifts Warren's legs. Wayne grasps them and holds them while Shermy moves into a position to rim Warren. Wayne bends over and kisses Warren, blocking our view of the rimming. Warren reacts with surprise, then pleasure. The kiss intensifies. Shermy licks his way around to Warren's cock.

WAYNE: Get it clean for me, Shermy. No telling where that lovely piece of meat has been recently.

Warren's expression is one of amazement as Shermy does something that feels very good. He reaches up and pulls Wayne down to kiss him. They kiss passionately until Wayne senses that Warren is getting close to cumming.

WAYNE: Easy! Easy! Don't make him cum yet or I'll kill you.

SHERMAN (Mumbles something with his mouth full.) Mmmmmmm!

Wayne moves Warren back on the bed so that his head is lying just over the edge. He looks up as Wayne takes off the robe and plays with himself – flips his long, limber prick in Warren's face.

WAYNE: Have you ever sucked dick, Cowboy? How would you like to find out what it tastes like? How it feels? I have a very good dick for sucking. Shermy loves to suck it – don't you, Shermy?

SHERMAN: Mmmmmmm!

WAYNE: It isn't so fat that you gag – and it goes all the way down your throat and shoots straight into your stomach. Would you like to know how that feels? (He brushes the head of his cock over Warren's lips. Warren opens his mouth.)

Cut to: The walls and ceiling – hundreds of different-sized reflections of the bed and the three men on it. Shermy, still in his rainbow-striped boxers and t-shirt, is rimming Warren, stroking himself, while Wayne fucks Warren's face and sucks his cock. The music and the men all reach climaxes at the same time. Fade to:

All three are lying on the bed, sated. Wayne sits up and smiles down at Warren.

WAYNE: Well! You were worth it...*Cowboy!* (He squeezes Warren's shoulder.)

Warren grins like a little kid being complimented.

They all sit up. Sherman hands Warren his pants. As Warren starts to dress:

SHERMAN: Now – do you want me to drive you home, or to one of the bars?

WARREN: Well, actually, my truck is still parked down by Market Street, from this morning. I think I'd better go get it and then find a place to stay.

SHERMAN: Your truck? You really have a truck?

WARREN: Well, sure. An old beat-up '51 Chevy. I told you. I drove it from Colorado.

SHERMAN: Oh dear! I'm so sorry. I thought...!

WARREN: What?

WAYNE: He thought you were a *hustler*. He didn't know you were a *real* cowboy. But I did. Didn't I? (He grins and winks and pats Warren's ass.)

WARREN: (Laughing.) I guess so.

WAYNE: Welcome to San Francisco, Cowboy! I think you're going to like it here.

MUSIC: UP FULL:

Everybody's Talking At Me by Harry Nilsson

(The song covers a montage of Warren's new life as a Hustler!)

In a deliberate quote from *Midnight Cowboy*, (one of the movie houses on Market St. has that title on its marquee) we watch Warren renting a room in a cheap hotel, buying a pair of used Levi's and a white dress-shirt from GoodWill, deciding against buying new boots. At first he wears his cowboy hat, sees himself in a dime-store window, decides that's too much and hangs it on a coat rack near the door of his cheap hotel room.

We watch him on Market Street, in his "costume," (looking much like he did in Gorman, but cleaner – looking a lot like the Hippies who seem to be living on the streets.) At first he seems to enjoy being a hustler. Older men stop and proposition him and he goes with them. He follows several men through their front doors looking *Cowboyish*, closing the door behind him – quick, faint shots of his tricks, tied up, dominated, humiliated, candle-wax dripped on nipples, pins pushed through foreskins – when the doors open later, he comes out looking more and more disappointed in his new way of life. Each time he leaves some stranger's room or home, he puts only a few dollars into his wallet – never \$100.

On the street, he starts shaking his head when men proposition him. Finally he stands in front of an Employment Agency window, considering finding a real job. He sees something on the sidewalk and picks it up. It is a matchbook cover for THE BRANDING IRON, with a line-drawing of a cowboy with a huge basket. He starts to throw the matchbook away, then looks at it again, puts it in his pocket.

Cut to: *The Branding Iron* (The Ramrod) on Folsom. Night. Warren sits in his pickup in a parking space across the street from the building, watching the customers come and go. They look almost like the gang he left in Gorman – only much cleaner. He decides to go in and see what is going on. As he locks the truck's doors and starts across the street, he hears the music system in the bar blasting so loud he can hear it in the street: This time it's Waylon and Willie singing:

Mamas, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys!

Warren pushes through the double doors of the bar, which is filled with Gay blue-collar cowboys. Wall-to-wall men. Many with red hankies in their back pockets – others with blue. Some yellow. As he works his way to the bar he is groped and ogled and propositioned – but he can't hear a word anyone is saying.

Cowboys ain't easy to love...

Trying to shout over the music he asks several men if they know Brad Nelson. Nobody does. Warren finishes his beer and leaves. The music follows him onto the street.

Warren drives his truck further along Folsom and parks across from *THE HYPERION*. (The Stud.) He goes through the doorway and mutters “Good Lord!” There are candles everywhere, in votive glasses, on candlesticks, in niches all along the raw wood walls. Incense cones and sticks are burning and the air is thick with smoke of many kinds. Joints are being passed around. Above the bar is a sign that looks like it came from a revival tent: **OH LORD, MOST HIGH!**

The raw wood walls are decorated with Hippie posters: black-lite, wrong-colored pictures that seem to move; swirls and whirlpools and cubes that keep “changing.” John Lennon naked with Yoko Ono, and a large mural depicting the transformation of man into superman.

The customers of THE HYPERION look like Hippies, but clean and neat. Their clothes are costumes, rather than clothing dragged from the dump. Most of the men have long hair and facial hair of some sort: beards, goatees, handlebar moustaches. Some look like Biblical characters in “modern” clothes. There are some in leather and some in long, flowing robes. All are stoned. Warren decides that he won't find Brad in here, but he buys a beer and enjoys the entertainment.

Their sound system is playing selections from HAIR. A reel-to-reel tape player is playing pre-recorded music. A hand-written note on a blackboard reads: Now Playing: HAIR! We examine the various customers while it plays:

Sodomy, fellatio, cunnilingus, pederasty....

At some point someone offers him a joint, but he shakes his head. He isn't sure about drugs. That man takes a deep drag on his joint and kisses Warren, giving him the smoke. Warren finishes the scene, feeling a little buzz. The man has wandered off and is dancing with some other guy.

The Age of Aquarius

When the song finishes, Warren finishes his beer and starts out. He takes a deep breath before leaving. The door-man, wearing fake fur on his boots and a Robin-Hood cap, with a thick handlebar moustache, grins understandingly and tells him "Hurry back soon!" Warren promises he will.

Out on the street, he sees several men on motorcycles pull up in front of a bar just down the street. They go into LEATHER COUNTRY (Febe's). He decides to check it out.

The front doors are propped wide open and inside the doorway are heavy black leather drapes hanging from thick silver chains. Inside it is almost pitch-black. It is like "walking into a cavern, buried deep in the heart of some mountain." As Warren works his way toward the distant bar, we dimly see men watching him, groping him, touching his ass, whispering propositions. Their sound-system is blasting Joe Cocker singing a Beatles Anthem:

With a Little Help From My Friends

Most of the men are dressed in leather of one sort or another. At least half are in black leather from top to toe: Caps, jackets, vests, shirts, pants – members of one or more Gay motorcycle clubs. Only their faces show in the darkness. Everything else in the room – except the beer cases against the walls – is painted black. The rest of the crowd wears Levi's or Western jeans, with some sort of leather on top. Their bleached jeans glow in black-lite coming from somewhere. Many colored hankies in back pockets. One has rainbow colors.

Warren finds a spot to lean, against a stack of beer cartons, where he sips at his third beer of the evening. The music has changed, drawing his attention to the juke box, which is playing:

Light My Fire - The Doors

As the song begins, Warren notices a man across the room, standing near the juke-box, which is slowly changing colors. The man is very fat, wearing extremely tight jeans, bleached and worn to almost paper-thinness. Down his right leg is a long lump, at least 6 inches soft, almost exposed by the thin cloth covering it. The man is hung like a horse – and is as big as one. The camera pans up from his lower to his upper half. He is wearing a tight, torn, dirty undershirt which exposes his fat gut flowing over a silver-studded belt, looking like bread-dough flowing over its pan. He wears a leather cap, with dozens of motorcycle-run buttons pinned to it, a huge cluster of keys on his right hip, and more chains wrapped around his right boot. He is looking straight at Warren. He "smiles intimately" at Warren, takes a deep drag from his cigarette, and grinds it out under his boot, then starts clanking toward Warren – who quickly looks down and pretends to be reading the label on his bottle of beer.

THE GUT: (Standing in front of Warren, his thumbs hooked over his belt – John Wayne style.) Howdy.

WARREN: (Reluctantly.) Hello.

THE GUT: (Suddenly turning around, almost falling, yelling at someone behind him who has bumped into him.) Watch it, shithead! (He turns back to glower at Warren.) Well?

Warren shakes his head and drinks his beer. The men nearby are turning to watch.

WARREN: (Phony smile.) Well, what?

THE GUT: Well, what's your scene?

WARREN: (Deep breath, getting pissed.) Nothing.

THE GUT: Shit, everybody's got a scene. What's yours?"

WARREN: (Sighs.) Whatever pleases me.

THE GUT: Yeah, well, what the fuck pleases you tonight?

WARREN: Look, I'm not interested, okay?

THE GUT: (Hitches up his britches like John Wayne.) I'm not good enough for you, is that it?

WARREN: Oh, fuck! (He starts to walk away but The GUT grabs his arm and stops him. Warren spins to face him, his fist ready to smash the guy's fat, ugly face.

THE GUT: (His eyes widen as he stares at Warren's fist.) Go ahead! Go on! You don't have the guts to hit me, you fucking piece of shit! (Warren moves away but The GUT follows him, yelling into his ear.) You think you got the fuckin' world on a fuckin' stick, don't you, asshole? You think because you're so fuckin' *pretty*, that gives you the right to step on people. Well it don't. You're nothing but a cheap, lousy, fuckin' *cocksucker!* (Raises his voice even louder.) Like everybody else in this goddamned fucking place! You're all cocksuckers! Asshole fuckers! You're nothing but a bunch of *God-Damned-Fucking-Faggots!*

Suddenly a hand reaches out from behind him and grabs The Gut, one hand on his shoulder, the other on his belt, hoisting him almost off the ground. A very large Bouncer "walks" him on tip-toe through the crowd.

BOUNCER: Coming through. Look out! *Garbage* coming out. Clear the way, please. (The crowd parts like the Red Sea for Moses. The Bouncer thrusts the Gut through the leather drapes and we hear a clatter of chains as The Gut hits the sidewalk. Bouncer turns to look back at his

audience, dusts his hands and makes a little nod of appreciation. Many of the customers cheer and applaud.)

Warren leans back against the row of beer cases stacked along the wall and takes a deep breath, trying to calm down.

ASH: (Off.) Well, that's over for tonight.

Warren turns to see Ash standing next to him, also leaning on a beer carton. Ash is about Warren's height and weight, black hair, deep brown eyes, a devilish beard – black, trimmed short to accent his square chin. He grins at Warren.

ASH: That was Ralph. He has problems.

WARREN: I would say so, yes.

ASH: My theory is, he's looking for someone to kill him because he hates himself but hasn't got the guts to kill himself. One day he'll probably find somebody.

WARREN: He almost did.

ASH: Probably if you'd let him invite you home, you'd have had your chance, as the grand finale of mistreating him all night long, on the drug of your choice.

WARREN: That's scary as hell. Hi! I'm Warren.

ASH: *Ash*. With an H. Short for "Ashley," which I hate – it's a girl's name.

WARREN: All right, Ash-with-an-H.

ASH: What *is* your scene? I was wondering myself.

WARREN: Just what I told your friend, Ralph – whatever pleases me.

ASH: (Resists asking; smiles knowingly.) I haven't seen you in here before, have I?

WARREN: No, this is my first time.

ASH: Your "maiden-voyage" so to speak.

WARREN: Something like that.

ASH: Mind if I ask why you picked this particular place?

WARREN: It's a long story. Actually, I'm looking for a friend. No, really. I've been to several places, looking for a friend of mine. Brad Nelson. Ever hear of him?

ASH: No. Not that I remember. Does he ride a bike?

WARREN: No. Maybe. I don't know. This just seemed like a place where he might hang out.

ASH: How about you? Is this a place where *you* might hang out?

WARREN: Is it really as rough as I've heard?

ASH: Probably. That depends on what you've heard.

WARREN: Oh, you know, whips and chains and bondage and pain. What fun is that?

ASH: Some enjoy it.

WARREN: Do you?

ASH: (Grins mischievously.) *When it pleases me.* (He squeezes Warren's arm.) Don't let it worry you. Some hothouse pansy would think some of the things that go on here are terrible – sick and depraved and disgusting – you know? But somebody else might think they're just...fun and games.

WARREN: *Fun and games?*

ASH: You take Ralph...

WARREN: No, thank you.

ASH: He really wanted you to hit him. When he figured you weren't going to go home with him, he was trying to provoke you. He wanted you to knock the shit out of him, right here in front of God and everybody! *Then* they'd have thrown him out and *then* he'd've gone home happy.

WARREN: *Happy!?*

ASH: That's his whole hangup, *rejection*. But he doesn't just want you just to tell him to *fuck off*. He wants some kind of physical contact. He wants you to clobber him with everyone watching, so he can go home, totally humiliated, and beat off and go to bed happy.

WARREN: Is he one of those, what do you call them "masochists"?

ASH: If you look it up in the encyclopedia, his picture will be right over the word.

WARREN: It's a crazy world.

ASH: Crazyer than you'll ever know – I hope – for your sake. (Studies Warren, makes a decision.) Have you ever been in a 3-way?

WARREN: You mean with two other guys? Yes.

ASH: Really? Did you enjoy it?

WARREN: It was okay. Actually, yes, it was fun. But the guys were both...well, *weird*.

ASH: Would you be interested in another, with me and my lover? Maybe not so weird – *or* maybe weirder.

WARREN: Is he anything like you?

ASH: He isn't ugly.

WARREN: Okay, sure! Why not?

ASH: Well, I could give you a whole bunch of reasons – but that would spoil the fun, wouldn't it. Come on.

MUSIC UP FULL behind montage:

Light My Fire - The Doors

Montage: Warren locks his truck, climbs onto the back of Ash's Triumph and they drive to a service station where Ash uses the pay phone, then they go roaring across town with Warren's arms tight around Ash's waist, up hills, along streetcar tracks, beside a park, and finally into a garage of a 2 story house in the Sea Cliff area.

Warren follows Ash into the house. There are heavy beams in the low ceilings, heavy-looking Spanish-type furniture. A comfortable home. A man's house. Ash starts a fire in a huge stone fireplace.

Ash and Warren sit on the couch in front of the fire and Ash brings him a beer. The music switches from background to Ash's music system.

WARREN: Tell me something.

ASH: If I can.

WARREN: I don't mean to get serious...but this really bothers me. What you said about Ralph, tonight. You remember?

ASH: More or less.

WARREN: I mean, I'm fairly new to all this. Very new, actually. And...almost every Gay guy I've met so far has this...*need*...to be put down. Why is that?

ASH: Maybe you bring it out in them.

WARREN: No! How could that be?

ASH: (Grins but says nothing.)

WARREN: *What is it?* Why is everybody so...*negative*? It's depressing.

ASH: Is it?

WARREN: Hell yes! Haven't you noticed?

ASH: Of course I've noticed! I see it in myself. I don't know why.

WARREN: I mean, it's so...senseless! I mean, why get involved in Gay Life at all if you don't *enjoy it*?

ASH: Some of us didn't have much choice.

WARREN: Bullshit!

ASH: No, my friend, not bullshit at all. I sure as hell didn't have any choice. And I'll bet, it you really think about it, neither did you. You tell me you're new to this, but I'll bet there are signs going all the way back to your childhood that pointed you straight to where you're sitting right now. And I'll bet you couldn't go back, even if you wanted to.

Warren starts to disagree, then thinks *Could I?*

ASH: The best thing to do is to just decide you were born this way and try to make the best of it.

WARREN: Do you really believe that?

ASH: I can't think of a better explanation. Can you?

WARREN: I don't know. But even if it's true, that doesn't explain people like Ralph.

ASH: It doesn't explain a lot of things, but that doesn't mean it isn't true. There are lots of crazy people in the world, and they're not all Gay. Ralph likes physical pain. So do a lot of other men – *and women, I hear* – in varying degrees. Pain is an aphrodisiac for some. Fear is an aphrodisiac. People will do whatever it takes to get their rocks off. A friend of ours used to say "Gay Life is like a port in a storm. All sorts of dinghies tie up in it." (He lights a cigarette and offers Warren the pack.)

WARREN: (Shakes his head.) No, thanks. Never started.

ASH: Good for you! I wish I could quit. (Takes a deep drag.) When I came out, back in the fifties, there weren't any bars like LEATHER COUNTRY. In those days, if you wore Levi's into a Gay bar, you were considered some kind of freak. "*Too gauche for words, my dear!*" Suits and ties and cufflinks and button-down collars. Show a basket? "*How per-verse!*" I had to fight to keep them from turning me into an Oscar Wilde faggot. Because, in those days, if you didn't feel like flipping your wrists and calling yourself "Marie-Louise" – if you weren't "*one of the girls*" – then you were *out of the club* – and out you stayed until you were willing to wear drag and high heels to the Halloween ball. (Laughs!) It's funny. Lately I've seen a lot of the "sweater girls" turning up in leather and bleached Levi's, and I keep wondering what they've had to do to their heads to break out of those molds they were in. Of course, most of them haven't changed at all. To them it's all just "*Leather drag, my dear!*" Don't get me started!

The front door bangs open and Dave calls from out in the hallway:

DAVE: I'm home!

ASH: Thank God! We were getting philosophical!

DAVE: God forbid! (Dave enters, young and blond! Several years younger than Ash and Warren. He runs his fingers through his unruly hair, strokes his handlebar moustache and studies Warren, inspecting him from head to toe. To Ash:) You weren't kidding, were you? (Approaches Warren for handshake.) Hello.

ASH: Warren, this is Dave.

WARREN: (To Ash) You were right. He isn't ugly. (They both grin.)

DAVE: What?

ASH: Never mind. It would just go to your head.

DAVE: Hey! It's there to be gone to. Speaking of heads: Are you up yet?

ASH: We waited for you.

DAVE: (To Warren:) Greater love hath no man than to wait for his boy-friend to get stoned. I'll be right back. (He goes noisily up the stairs.)

ASH: Damn those elephants. You do, don't you?

WARREN: I don't know. What are you talking about?

ASH: Smoke grass. Dope. The Devil's Weed!

WARREN: Well...I kind of did...earlier this evening...but it didn't really do anything. Never really tried it before.

ASH: So, you're "kind of" a virgin, then?

WARREN: I guess you could call me that.

ASH: We love *deflowering virgins*, don't we, Dave?

DAVE: (Coming back down the stairs, holding a lit joint and his breath, exhales smoke.) You betcha. What do we love?

ASH: Deflowering virgins. (Takes joint from Dave. They pass it around as they talk.)

DAVE: I didn't know there were any left.

ASH: This guy sounds pretty close to one.

DAVE: Not for much longer!

WARREN: Are you guys...?

ASH: Partners. Best friends. Companions. Lovers. There isn't a name for it yet.

WARREN: How long?

ASH: Mmmm...three years, going on four, I think. Or maybe it's four going on five. Ask Dave, he keeps track of those things.

DAVE: Five going on six, actually. You forgot the first year when we just fucked each other at the Baths.

ASH: A fairly long time, anyway.

WARREN: I've heard it's very difficult – for two guys, I mean.

ASH: You name me one thing that's worth having that isn't difficult.

DAVE: Amen to that. (They kiss, then watch Warren get stoned.)

Tina Turner sings: **Proud Mary**
Big wheel keep on turnin'...

This montage is all from Warren's POV. First he watches the flames in the fireplace which seem to be dancing to the music.

ASH: Hello in there! (Echoes, fading, over and over) How are you?

WARREN: Oh, God! I've....never...felt...like this....before.

A voice echoes: Never-never-never-never-never....

DAVE'S VOICE: *Acapulco Gold! The echo becomes part of the song. "Acapulco Gold! Acapulco Gold...!"*

Warren watches Dave and Ash undress. Both have healthy, well-tended bodies, not "buffed" OR SHAVED! They probably do the Canadian Air Force Exercises together. Ash has one tattoo: a rainbow Yin and Yang on his right bicep. Dave kneels on the sofa, beside Warren, and kisses him. Ash kneels before him and pulls his boots, pants and shorts down. Still kissing him, Dave pulls his shirt off, peels up his t-shirt. They lift and pull him onto a quilt or blanket on the floor, and the three of them writhe and tumble - until Ash says "Whoa! He's too close!" They both stop and move away.

White Rabbit - Jefferson Airplane
One pill makes you larger...

As the song begins, Ash and Dave hold out their hands to Warren and lead him to a large basement room where the walls and ceiling and floor are all painted black, with hidden dim spotlights that make little pools of light on the bizarre furnishings: There are wooden racks, leaning against the walls, and a low table in one corner, holding all sorts of dildos and vibrators and various sex-toys, along with several cans of Crisco, relabeled 'FRISCO,' and several piles of folded towels. The softly-illuminated walls are covered with pictures: Snapshots, Polaroids, magazine pages, and giant poster-size enlargements of photographs of men having sex – every sex act imaginable between men. Men fucking men and sucking men and pissing on each other and screwing each other with dildos and fists. There are enlargements of assholes with arms stuck up into them halfway to the elbow. There are pictures of men in leather, men in harnesses, men with black hoods over their heads, with holes where their mouths should have been. There are faces covered with ejaculate, assholes wet with spit or lubricant, cum-spattered bellies and chests, etc., etc., etc. Warren wanders along, stoned and spellbound, until he is overwhelmed and finally has to turn away.

What he turns to see is Ash and Dave sitting in a chain-and-leather sling that hangs in the center of the room, lit by a spotlight recessed into the ceiling above it. They are sitting in the sling, naked, looking like two little boys on a playground swing, playing with each other. They turn into a *Norman Rockwell* painting for *Saturday Evening Post*. The boys in the painting beckon to him to join them, which he does, slowly and curiously. Instead of helping Warren in to the sling, Ash helps Dave lie back in the harness, so that he is hanging spread-eagled, suspended on chains, his mouth and ass both at groin-level. Ash takes Warren's hand and guides it around so that he is standing behind Dave's face, then takes his cock to guide it into Dave's mouth. Then he goes around to insert himself in Dave's ass. Ash pulls Warren to him and they kiss while they both fuck Dave. Camera moves to the walls in surging in-and-out shots of the pictures, while the music is screaming "Feed Your Head!" Explosion! Blackout!

Warren wakes up in the morning, in bed, sandwiched between Ash and Dave. As he moves to get comfortable, both of them wake up. They both slip under the sheet and one does something and the other does something else and Warren cums again!

Cut to Warren and Dave in the shower, soaping each other, kidding around, drying off, going into the kitchen where Ash is wearing a little heart-shaped apron and nothing else – except sandals. Ash and Warren are naked, too. They sit at the table where cups of steaming coffee are waiting for them.

ASH: Good morning, Sunshine!

WARREN and DAVE: Morning! (Both laugh.)

ASH: Well, you *both* look very sunny. Which is nice, because it's really kind of yucky outside. Damn fog just won't lift. Good morning for a fire. (Regards Warren with a grin.) Well, that was fun. I though you told me you were "new" to this business.

WARREN: I am.

DAVE: Oh? How new?

WARREN: Well....let's see....about....three weeks.

DAVE: Bullshit!

ASH: I agree.

DAVE: Nobody learns to suck cock like that in three weeks!

WARREN: (Laughs.) Hey, I found out I liked it. It's easy if you really enjoy it.

ASH: *Easy!*? It took me years before I could put one of those things in my mouth! Fucking was fucking, but sucking cocks was queer.

WARREN: But! Once you found out you were Queer, sucking cocks should have been S-O-P, right? I mean, if you go into the truck-driving business, you better know how to drive a truck. Right?

Dave and Ash make disparaging noises.

WARREN: No! Really. It's like watermelon. Some people like it with salt and others without. Okay, you take a guy who's had it without salt all his life, and he thinks he knows how watermelon should taste. Right? Then, one night, by accident, somebody sprinkles a little salt on his melon, and lo-and-behold! He discovers he likes it! Okay, so what's the big deal?

DAVE: Hey, you can salt my melon any time.

ASH: Lo and behold my ass!

WARREN: You guys are assholes! But you know what? I'm learning to like assholes!

DAVE: Well fuck us!

WARREN: I fully intend to. *If* I can ever get it up again! (To Dave.) How long did it take you to learn how to suck cocks – after you found out you were Gay?

DAVE: Oh, many, many years! But that's only because I was so young when I first figured it all out. I knew I was *different* when I was in the first grade. I didn't know how or why, but I knew I wanted to play with those other little boys – but *not* the way they played with each other. I wanted to *kiss* them the way they kissed the girls and embarrassed them. I even decided it would be okay if I let a boy fuck me – as long as I was clean. I'd heard stories about Boy Scouts “corn-holing” each other, so that wasn't so bad. Jacking off was okay. Lots of boys did that together. But sucking a cock was the last taboo. I was at least twelve before I finally sucked off my best friend at a Scout outing in the mountains.

WARREN: (Feeling strange, actually talking about it.) My problem is...I still haven't decided I want to get *fucked*. It looks too much like it hurts.

ASH: Only at first. You get used to it. Then it feels good. Sometimes very good.

DAVE: It's an acquired taste.

ASH: (Gets up to start fresh coffee.) You asked me something last night, Warren, about why Gays seem so negative about everything. I think it comes from growing up *defensive* – thinking something's “*wrong*” with you, and that, no matter what you do, or try to do, you can't make it go away. Everybody tells us we're “*perverts*,” and “*degenerates*,” and “*abominations*.” Shit, we're *illegal*! We have no rights. Dave and I can't be married or inherit each other's property. It's kind of hard to stay *happy-go-lucky* when everybody's treating you like *shit*.

They are quiet for a long moment as they consider the truth of his assessment.

WARREN: All right. That makes sense. I remember...I had the sweetest little puppy once, but my father teased him and kicked him and yelled at him – and he turned into a very mean dog. We had to get rid of him.

DAVE: (Has been studying Warren closely.) You don't really think of yourself as being *Gay*, do you?

WARREN: Sure I do – if that's what I am! I know I like fucking men – and sucking their cocks. If that makes me “*Gay*” then that's what I am.

DAVE: No. There's a whole mystique about homosexuality being the "third sex." You don't buy into that, do you?"

WARREN: (Laughs.) I've never heard of it.

DAVE: Okay. (To Ash:) You're right. Put him behind the bar and we'll have them coming in busloads.

WARREN: What bar? What are you talking about?

ASH: What sort of work do you do, Warren?

WARREN: (Laughs.) Well...I've been a janitor, a soda-jerk, a file-clerk and a cowboy. Since I got here, I've been...kind of...hustling.

ASH: Do you enjoy it?

WARREN: No! I hate it! I mean, I have nothing at all against hustling, itself – either as a sport or a way to earn a living. But *being* a hustler has been something else, believe me. That first three-way I told you about – the one with the weird ones – I got a hundred bucks just for letting them do their thing, *and* for having fun, just letting them do it. So I figured I could live here and pay my rent just by letting guys suck my dick and lick my balls – and letting them think they were the first ones to get their pricks down my throat.... It just didn't work that way. Most of the guys I went with were older, very sad, very lonely old men. They wanted someone to love them. I felt really bad, but I just couldn't hug them and kiss them and tell them I loved them. And some of the guys wanted really bad stuff done to them. Others wanted me to piss on them, or call them the dirtiest names I could think of – and they really got off on that, *but I didn't!* I don't want to degrade anyone, especially not for something I basically enjoy doing myself. You know? No – I *tried* it and *didn't* like it. I've kept myself alive, but, I'm really sick if it.

ASH: It's like sand on the watermelon, right?

WARREN: Hey! You got that right.

DAVE: Have you ever tended bar?

WARREN: Now, that's one thing I've never done. I know how to mix drinks. Learned that in college.

ASH: College?

WARREN: Two years. Never finished. I couldn't decide what I wanted to be – doctor, lawyer or cowboy.

DAVE: You're amazing.

ASH: Okay, Warren.... We were talking last night – after you passed out on us – and we’ve decided we want you to work for us.

WARREN: Tending bar?

ASH: Right.

WARREN: At that place we were, last night?

ASH: No. We’re opening a new place – a new Gay bar. We had originally planned that just the two of us would work it – because we can’t afford to pay anyone a decent salary....

DAVE: We’ve got every damn thing we own hocked to the hilt to do this, so we have to go easy. We could go broke in a month if we don’t do it right.

ASH: But the thing is, we need a third man. And we’ve got to be able to trust him completely. Because he’d have to manage the place by himself a lot of the time. We’ve both got to keep our day-jobs – just in case the thing falls flat on its face. But beyond that, we can’t afford to pay what an experienced bartender would be worth. So what we’d like to do is have him move in here, in the spare bedroom, without paying rent. That would be like part of the salary. Do you have an apartment?

WARREN: No, just a hotel room, down town.

DAVE: Well, great. Your room’s the one at the end of the hall. You never managed to get there, last night. It’s a little smaller than our rooms. Technically it’s the “guest room.”

WARREN: Anything would beat the hell out of my cheap, little hotel room.

ASH: We never use it. Except for occasional visitors, like yourself.

DAVE: Or when relatives come to town. And *then*, we’d rather *not* have it available. My mother went looking for the bathroom, one night, on a visit from Iowa, and ended up in the playroom – with all the pictures and toys. She still isn’t speaking to me.

ASH: And you’re much happier for it! Anyway, Warren, you’d have the run of the house. The playroom. We’re neither one of us here during the day, during the week. So here’s the deal: free rent, plus your tips from the bar – and that *could* be a lot -- plus *ten-percent* of the profits. It’s pure speculation but if it clicks...if *we* make money...*you’ll* make money.

DAVE: What can you lose? We’ll make sure you have enough to eat.

ASH: *And* we’ll even give you some *food*...now and then.

WARREN: Sure! What the hell? Sounds like fun. What do I have to do?

DAVE: You'll have to learn how to work a cash register and open beer bottles.

ASH: And know the difference between brands. That's all we sell.

WARREN: I learn quick. (They all laugh.)

ASH: How soon can you move in?

WARREN: Oh...how about in an hour from now? I'll need to get back to my truck.... (He gets up and starts to take his cup to the sink. As he passes, Dave reaches out and cups his hand under Warren balls. Warren stops and turns.) Whoa! (He watches Ash stand up and come around the table, smiling intimately, ready to play again. Dave is getting ready to suck his cock. Ash's arms come around his waist as he nuzzles up behind him, nibbles Warren's ear.) Make that two hours!

Cut to: The short street off Folsom where the "No-Name Bar" used to be. At the end of the street a highway sign reads: *Dead End*. A tattered awning hangs over a doorway in the side of a large tin-covered warehouse. The name of the previous bar – THE DEAD END – printed on the awning – has been crossed out and a hand-printed sign taped to the door reads:

CUMING SOON!
THE COSMOS!!
WATCH FOR GRAND OPENING!!!

Ash's motorcycle pulls up and parks in front of the doorway. Dave's *Volkswagen* parks behind him. Warren's truck parks across the street. All three go to the front door. Dave has the keys, unlocks and opens the door for Warren.

Inside it is pitch-black. Dave flips a switch and lights come on, but don't make much difference. Everything is painted midnight-blue, except the bar, even the floors. Dave flips another switch and black-lite stars begin to glow in the ceiling and on the walls and the floor. There are nebulae and comets and planets that seem to move. It seems like the bar and the mirror behind it, have been transplanted into outer-space.

WARREN: Wow!

DAVE: Thank you!

ASH: I call it "*Dave's Sistine Chapel*."

WARREN: You painted all this?

DAVE: It has taken almost a month to get this far, working evenings and weekends. The stars and planets are all sensitive to black-light. I can turn them on or off. (Demonstrates.) This is my masterpiece. (He points to a group of planets that seem to be moving. They are Styrofoam balls,

hanging just above head-level, on black thread from several rotating arms hooked to the ceiling, and move in random patterns just out of reach, over a dancing area.)

ASH: I call it a “mind-fuck.”

DAVE: Thank you, dear.

ASH: You’re welcome, sweetheart.

WARREN: I like it! It’s fun.

DAVE: Good. That’s what it’s supposed to be. Fun.

WARREN: Fun and games.

ASH and DAVE: Fun and games!

Cut to the three of them, putting flyers under wiper blades of the cars all along Folsom. Zoom in on one:

COME
TO OUR GRAND OPENING!
BLOW YOUR MIND!
MAKE NEW FRIENDS
AT THE COSMOS!
(Where the Dead End used to be.)

Cut to: One of Dave’s spaced-out murals. The Rolling Stones perform *2000 LIGHT YEARS FROM HOME!* as camera pulls back to show Warren wandering back and forth behind the bar in his “bartender outfit:” (same outfit) old, faded Levi’s, cowboy shirt, no undershirt, new cowboy boots and his old cowboy hat. Ash is in full black leather, complete with motorcycle jewelry and a cap covered with bike-run buttons. Dave wears Hippie-garb: snug and revealing bell-bottom pants and a tie-dyed, rainbow-hued undershirt. They stand around, waiting for customers. There are signs all around: *15¢ draft until Midnight*. The clock reads 10:35. No customers. A reel-to-reel tape player on the bar is turning slowly: “*It’s so very lonely....*”

The clock jumps ahead to 11, then 11:30. The three are sitting at the bar, drinking beer, looking thoroughly discouraged, when from outside comes the roar of several motorcycles. Three men come in, dressed more or less identically in black leather. They look around and whistle, mutter “Hey, wow!” and “Way cool!” and order beers.

The music changes to a playfull “*Spaced-Out Bach*” a Moog-synthesizer interpretation by Walter/Wendy Carlos.

More customers come in, dressed in various costumes, looking around, buying beer. Dave hurries around with a marking pen to cross out *until Midnight* on the 15¢ beer signs. Then he goes back to

help Warren take care of the customers coming in. Ash has stationed himself at the door, greeting and checking ID's.

By 1:00 the place is packed. At 2:00 the music stops, the lights start blinking and Ash shoos everybody out, closes and locks the door, then grins triumphantly at Dave and Warren who share a group-hug. The stars go out. The lights go out. The three go out into the street and lock the doors.

Aaron Copeland's *RODEO* ballet music covers the next montage:

Months go by. On the wall behind the bar is a *Quaintance* calendar for 1969, 7 of George's masterpieces. At first, the calendar is open to August, surrounded by January through July – *a la Red's* – Warren tears off the monthly drawings and pins them to the wall within the collage. Warren tears off August, pins it up. Then September, November.

The bar is always very busy. As the scenes progress, one of the customers becomes conspicuous. A large black man who wears brown instead of black leather – sometimes making him look naked (on purpose) – stands at the same place, several nights, at the end of the bar. One night, he starts chatting with Warren. Warren is obviously attracted to him and vice-versa. During breaks in serving beer, Warren apparently tells him about Brad and how they met and how he's almost given up looking for him.

WARREN: I drove all the way from Colorado, trying to find him. Nobody's ever heard of him. I did find the place where he used to live, but the guys living there didn't know what had happened to him. He moved out and they moved in and that's all they knew. One of them thought that *maybe* he remembered the guy *mentioning* L.A. And if that's where he is, what's the point? So, finally, I just decided *to hell with it*. You know? I mean, he was my first and I fell head over heels, but he walked out on me. Left me in the fucking motel room. With a dear-john note and fifteen dollars. I finally thought: *why am I wasting my time*, looking for him when there are *hundreds* of guys here who would just love to be my lover? (Kurt reacts to "hundreds." Warren laughs.) At least, according to the number of times I've been propositioned since I started working here. (He shakes his tip-jar which is filled with dollar bills.)

KURT: I've heard that you don't like to get fucked.

WARREN: ("Take!") Really? Someone *told* you that? (Laughs.) I've only told maybe a *hundred* guys! No, as a matter of fact, I'm waiting for *Mr. Right*.

KURT: That's what I heard! The ever-evasive *Mr. Right*. How will you know?

WARREN: How will I know what?

KURT: Which one (he gestures toward everybody in the crowded room and ends up pointing at himself.) is *Mister Right*? What's your test?

WARREN: I don't have a test.

KURT: Does he have to be a good kisser?

WARREN: (Totally flustered!) Never mind! Hi, I'm Warren!

KURT: Oh, I know your name. Hi, Warren. Mine's Kurt – like brief and to the point. Kurt Denning.

They shake hands.

WARREN: So, where have you been all my life?

KURT: In the Corps. Just retired a few weeks ago.

WARREN: Marines?

KURT: Yeah. (Shows Warren his *Semper Fi* tattoo on a very well-developed shoulder-cap.)

WARREN: You live around here?

KURT: Not yet. I'm over in Berkeley, staying with friends. How about you?

WARREN: I live with the owners of this place.

KURT: Ah!

WARREN: No, *not* "Ah!" That's part of my salary, free rent.

KURT: Do you ever *do it* with them?

WARREN: (Surprised and amused by the abruptness of Kurt's questions.) At first we never stopped. Now, only sometimes. Why?

KURT: No reason, just asking. "*Homo sum: humani nil a me alienum puto.*" (He grins at Warren's reaction.) "*I am a man. I believe that nothing human is alien to me.*" Some cool Roman dude named Terrance put it quite succinctly – two hundred years or more *BC*. You know what "BC" stands for? "*Before Confusion.*" My daddy was a preacher man. Honest to God!

WARREN: (Hurries away to grab a bottle of beer for a customer, rings it up, then hurries back.) So, where are you working now?

KURT: I'm not. Not yet. I've got a few bucks saved up and I'm going to take my time and find something I really like to do.

WARREN: How about tending bar?

KURT: Oh, sure.

WARREN: No, I'm serious. We need somebody here to help me out, especially on weekends.

KURT: I could do that.

WARREN: Let me talk to Ash and Dave.

KURT: Sounds good to me. (Another black guy, Kurt's age) comes from out of the crowd and puts his arm around Kurt, whispers something.) Hey Devon! Warren, this is Devon. (Devon and Warren exchange nods. Kurt looks at his watch.) Oooops! We gotta go or we turn into pumpkins. (He writes his phone number on a cocktail napkin and gives it to Warren.) Devon has to work early. Talk to your bosses about that. Let me know if they like the idea.

Cut to: Kurt behind the bar, helping Warren. He is wearing one of his brown-leather outfits that make him look naked and is showing as much real skin as the law will allow. He has a pouch in his hand-sewn pants instead of a fly. It bulges noticeably. Kurt notices Warren studying his crotch, grins and wiggles his hips for Warren's benefit. Warren grins back and licks his lips.

On the background music tape, The Beatles sing: *All You Need is Love* as Warren watches Kurt "perform" for the customers – who love him! He imagines Kurt as an African warrior, or a "Modern" dancer, or naked – except, always with the pouch that is hiding and protecting the Denning Family Jewels. That pouch contains a tantalizing mystery to Warren.

Love is all you need.

Cut to: Kurt is saying goodnight to the last customers, closing and locking the door behind them.

Warren is turning off the tape machine, switching off the lights, getting ready to close down. He takes the keys off his belt, getting ready to lock the front door. He holds it open as he waits for Kurt.

WARREN: You ready?

KURT: Hang on. Lemme go whiz.

WARREN: Oh-kay. (He watches Kurt go toward the men's room, makes a decision, closes the door and locks it from inside. He slips the keys on his belt again as he steps behind the bar, switches on the tape machine—and the Beatles resume *All You Need Is Love*—but leaves the lights out as he goes toward the men's room.)

Cut to: Warren's POV: He opens the door to the men's room, we see Kurt with his back to camera, whizzing into the single urinal. He looks over his shoulder and grins, finishing whizzing and turns to face Warren – his pouch hanging open. He could win prizes. He milks it down slowly. It starts to get hard.

KURT: Something you wanted?

WARREN: (Voice.) I want it all. (Camera approaches KURT who is offering himself.) If I can take it all!

KURT: (Grinning lasciviously.) You can take it, Cowboy. I know you can.

Camera goes down on Kurt. Blackout. In the darkness Kurt's voice sings:) Black boys are delicious! Eat that chocolate treat! Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah. Oh, sweet Jesus, take it, Cowboy! Got some...hot, sweet...African gravy... just for you...*Cowboy!*

As the Beatles fade away, fade to the bar where Warren is tearing *November* out of the Quaintance calendar – exposing December, 1969. Dec. 1 is a Monday. He adds November to the pin-ups of the other 10 Quaintance cowboy paintings. It is, frankly, a shrine, meant as a tribute to a Gay artist who contributed enormously to the Gay Image during the 60s.

The reel-to-reel tape recorder sits on the bar, turning slowly. On the tape, *Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters* sing: *White Christmas*. The bar is “decorated” with double-balls hanging around, and last-year's little needle-less Christmas tree, sprayed with glitter, decorated with phallic ornaments, on the bar beside the recorder. It's a slow night. Kurt is behind the bar, wearing a Santa Claus cap with his brown leather outfit. Between customers he pats Warren's ass while Bing sings, “I'm dreaming...”

WARREN: Is that a threat or a promise?

KURT: Take it either way you like.

WARREN: I'll take it any way I can get it.

KURT: Not what I've heard. I've heard you don't do the f-thing.

WARREN: Only with Mr. R.

KURT: Oh, that's right. *Mister R*. I keep forgetting.

WARREN: I keep looking. (They grin “meaningfully” at each other.)

KURT: How would you like to go to a party with me on Saturday, after work? Maybe he'll be there.

WARREN: What kind of party?

KURT: Oh...kind of a *psychedelic orgy*. Up in the hills. Friends of the guy I'm staying with are having a little *fungi-get-together*. Probably go on all night. We don't have to stay all night if we don't want to.

WARREN: What is a “*psychedelic orgy*?”

KURT: Bunch of fellas get together, drink a lotta beer, get stoned on shrooms and *do stuff*, all night. It’ll be fun.

WARREN: (Laughs at his own ignorance.) What are “shrooms?”

KURT: *Mushrooms*. You really are a virgin, aren’t you?

WARREN: In many ways, I’m finding out.

KURT: I’ll be gentle.

WARREN: I’m depending on it.

A customer calls, Kurt pats Warren’s ass again and trots away.

Cut to Kurt’s van, parked outside the bar, late at night. Warren is locking the bar door, Kurt is opening the van’s side door. Inside, the van is tricked out with an inflated mattress and camping equipment. Kurt has a large paper bag that contains 2 six-packs of beer which he places in the space between front seats.

WARREN: (Looking back from the passenger seat into the van.) So this is what they call the “*fuckmobile*.”

KURT: (Laughs!) Who called it that?

WARREN: Never mind. I heard it from the grapevine.

KURT: Bullshit. Nobody we both know has been in this van – besides Devon. You met Devon.

WARREN: Your “*special friend*” from Berkeley?

KURT: Yes. No! Where do you get these ideas? Devon isn’t “special. He’s an old Marine buddy, we met in the Corps many years ago. I’m just staying with him ‘til I find a place over here. Did you think we had something going on?

WARREN: I wondered.

KURT: (Grins innocently.) Well, stop wondering. We don’t. We did – once, and it was hot, briefly – but it cooled off in a hurry. Different strokes. Nice guy, though. He’ll be at the party. Grab a beer from the six pack. Pop one for me, too.

WARREN: Should you, while you’re driving?

KURT: Oh, my! Aren't we the law-abiding citizen?

WARREN: Fuck you!

KURT: I'll take that under consideration. Get the beer. It's necessary under the circumstances. It's a beer and mushroom party.

WARREN: I don't get the connection.

KURT: You will. The essential ingredient in mushrooms is passed through the body and into the kidneys and excreted as urine. Beer makes your piss taste like hot water. *Ergo...*

WARREN: You're making this up.

KURT: I've always wondered: Who was the first to discover that? It boggles the mind!

He plugs a cassette tape into a player and Miles Davis plays *Aranjuez, Mon Amour*. (Rodrigo's guitar concerto adapted for trumpet) which covers the montage of the trip across the bay to Berkeley.

The van crosses over the bridge and climbs up into the Berkeley hills, crosses over the crest and goes down into a canyon, where the lights of scattered houses are shining in a gathering fog, looking like a children's-book illustration of Fairy-land. On the last house at the bottom of the canyon, Kurt parks in a wide turn-around where several other cars are parked.

As they get out of the van, the music stops and we hear the sound of a creek running near the house. It is very quiet and very foggy. They take two six-packs and walk down a wooden stairway to a front-deck and a door with a big lion's head knocker. Kurt reaches for the knocker, then stops and turns.

KURT: You sure about this? We can go back. Go somewhere else. Go camping.

WARREN: (Seriously considering it. Shrugs.) What the hell? As long as we're here.

KURT: You said *you wanted it all*, remember?

WARREN: That I did. I guess I asked for it.

KURT: That you did. Don't worry, whatever happens, you'll be thoroughly enjoyed. I promise you that, at least. (He pats Warren's ass with one hand as he lifts the knocker with the other – and lets it fall a resounding thud.)

The door opens a crack and we hear *Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds* being played quadraphonically, from inside, as a naked man peers around the door, framed in flickering firelight.) Oh, it's you! We were afraid you'd got lost in the fog. Come in, you're letting the heat out.

They go quickly inside, into a large entry hallway, where a wide archway on the right leads into a room with a high ceiling and a huge fireplace, where the flames are illuminating a dozen or more naked men – on the plushly-carpeted floor, on the couches, in pairs and groups, in various positions of sexplay, as they listen to music on a phenomenal sound system – which is wired into huge speakers, throughout the house.

KURT: (Loudly, over the music.) Warren, this is Phil.

PHIL: (Loudly.) Hi, Warren. You've seen me at the bar, but you probably don't recognize me with my clothes off.

WARREN: I will now. (He gropes Phil.)

PHIL: (Gropes Warren, grins at Kurt.) I like this guy. Speaking of clothes.... (He gestures toward a bedroom down the hall. Kurt starts undressing as he goes down the hall. Warren hesitates, then follows his lead. In the bedroom they watch each other get naked (and do what men getting naked always do, stretch their shriveled cocks to show.) Kurt gets a big white towel from a pile of towels and gives one to Warren. Warren starts to put it around his waist but Kurt stops him, tosses his over his shoulder. Warren does likewise. Phil comes in with a bowl filled with withered pieces of dried mushrooms.

PHIL: *Silly-sybin*, anyone?

Kurt makes a delighted noise and dips his fingers into the bowl, gathering a number of the shrooms and popping them into his mouth like he knows what he's doing.

PHIL: (To Warren:) Ever had them before? (Warren shakes his head, studying the ugly things.) They're like acid and mescaline, only not as intense.

KURT: (He takes two more beers from the six-packs they brought and pops one for Warren.) They make a good fuck even better.

PHIL: In the olden days – when the knights were bolder – whenever the king gave a party, he would send slaves into the forests to gather mushrooms to get everyone stoned. Word would go out that the king was having a mushroom party and the peasants would gather around the castle, under the *pissoires*, with cups. When the king tripped, everybody tripped! *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose. Nest pas?* We are, at least, much more *sanitary* about it. (Grins wickedly and puts a small pile of mushrooms in Warren's hand.) Chew them up completely, then swallow them with beer. (Takes beer from Kurt, gives it to Warren.) Lots of beer. If you're not up in half-an-hour, come and get a few more, but not too many, just a couple.

WARREN: They taste like dirt.

KURT: But *good* dirt. Very *loamy*. *Forresty*. *Piney*. *Smokey*. Mmmmm! (He grins and licks Warren's lips, then kisses him, exchanging s'hrooms.)

HEY! MR. TAMBOURINE MAN - The Byrds
...play a song for me...

As *Mr. Tambourine Man* (5 ½ min.) plays over the montage, Phil takes them to a bathroom where he presents them with enema kits – with bright little stick-on Christmas bows – from a big brown shopping bag, where there are others. He indicates one bathroom in the hallway, another in the master suite. Warren goes into the one in the hallway, Kurt into the master suite. When they come out of respective bathrooms, he leads them to a stairway that goes down to a huge basement room which features a large heated whirlpool spa, large enough for a dozen or more. Big fluffy towels and bath sheets are laid out around the pool.

Warren and Kurt go into the pool and reality starts to waver like the water. The naked men from upstairs come floating down into the room, like wingless angels, glowing with golden haloes all around their bodies. They gather around the pool, their auras changing colors as they make love and watch Warren and Kurt touch each other and kiss. Everything moves like moving water, carrying them around the room as they all press their bodies together. In multiple images we see a “sexual ballet” of the men around the pool echoing Warren and Kurt. The bodies start to shimmer, and shine, ready to turn into pure light. Almost reaching a climax: Everything stops.

ELECTRONIC VOICE: I have to piss. (Echoes over echoes over echoes.....)

In the center of a rainbow vortex, focus on a glowing man incredibly beautiful, standing up, walking toward camera, holding his cock, ready to pee. Someone holds up an empty beer stein. The hand holding it is black. Camera (Warren) pulls back to show Kurt holding up his stein while the glowing man plops his cock over the edge of the glass and we watch the glass filling up with clear liquid. Kurt stands up and toasts the assembled men, then drinks the recycled beer. He grows to enormous size and steps up to Warren (Camera) and presents his limber cock.

KURT: (Electronic voice.) *Do you still want it all?*

WARREN’S VOICE: Yes! Oh, God, yes!

(Fade to Warren, ecstatic, naked in a pool, somewhere primeval, with trees and ferns and a waterfall. Warren stands in the pool with his arms wide and head back, letting the falling water cascade all over him. Then he opens his mouth and drinks the falling water. His body dissolves into drops of water and cascades away.

Fade to bodies lying around the edge of the spa, sated, passed out, sleeping. Kurt gives Warren a little green capsule, which they take with what is left in Warren’s beer stein, then they sneak out, get dressed, and go back to the van. Kurt puts a new tape into the player: *Ertha-Quake* – *Ertha Kit* sings as the van goes back up over the hill and down to the bay bridge and back to The City, then parks within walking distance of The Ganymede Baths in the financial district, while we listen to:

“Santa Baby”

Inside the Bath House, the music playing is *The Nutcracker Suite* played on a synthesizer. (Wendy Carlos.) They have rooms across the hallway from each other. Kurt undresses first, stands outside Warren's room with a towel wrapped low around his waist, cruising other customers. When Warren comes out, Kurt starts to lead him toward the orgy room, but Warren indicates he needs to pee. Kurt points him toward the Men's room, where he goes into one of several stalls, flips the seat back and noisily let's it all flow out, feeling incredible relief. As he is milking the last drops out, a voice says:

VOICE: I'll bet you're fun at parties.

Warren flushes the toilet and rushes out, blushing from head to toe. He rejoins Kurt, who is cruising somebody in the hallway but switches his attention to Warren. He grins and kisses Warren fairly briefly. Judy sings:

Have yourself a merry little Christmas!

He leads Warren by the hand into the Orgy Room, where in the very dark room – only silhouettes -- Warren pigs-out on cocks and cum. And, in the background, Kurt gets multi-fucked in the sling. Warren wallows while Judy sings.

When he is sated on cock, Warren staggers to the Steam Room and ends up, apparently alone, on the top tier, just as Judy finishes telling him to have a merry little Christmas *now!* He undoes his towel and lays it under him as he props himself up in the corner – the darkest, warmest corner of the room. There is just enough indirect lighting to highlight his sweating body as he tries to get comfortable.

As Elvis sings **Here Comes Santa Claus**, Warren watches a giant mollusk come out of the other dark corner and slither across the wet tile toward him.

Here comes Santa Claus!

In the very dim, foggy light, the mollusk becomes a man who starts at Warren's feet and kisses his way up to his crotch. Warren's sweating face indicates growing pleasure. Then his own knees appear on each side of his head and a face looms over his and lowers to kiss his lips while the kisser's cock seeks a target – and finally finds it! At first it hurts, then it starts to feel good, then it feels wonderful as his fucker fucks and kisses and finally cums into him. He cums.

They both catch their breath. Then the mysterious man stands up and leans close to Warren to whisper "*Merry Christmas.*" He carefully works his way down the steps in thick steam, then is briefly highlighted in the opening doorway into the hot-room.

Warren lies there, hearing "Merry Christmas" repeat over and over in his head, and then turns to call after him: *Brad?*

Warren sits up and stumbles down to the showers and sure enough! It is Brad, under one of several showers, who is languidly soaping his spent genitals, his head back, eyes closed, letting the water cascade over him. Warren joins him under the shower and takes the soap from Brad's hand, puts his

head against Brad's so that Brad cannot see him, holding it with one hand while he reaches down with the other. He soaps Brad's crotch and Brad closes his eyes happily while Warren nibbles around to Brad's lips. They kiss. Brad's eyes still closed.

BRAD: (Pulls back from the kiss – with wet, squinting eyes) *You kiss good.*

WARREN: Bradley Eugene Nelson, I presume?

BRAD: Warren?

WARREN: It had to be you!

BRAD: WARREN??!!!

MAD PASSIONATE EMBRACE IN THE SHOWER! Dissolve to:

Warren's cubicle. He and Brad are sitting on the narrow mattress, facing each other, like mirror images.

BRAD: This is really spooky. It's like looking in a mirror.

WARREN: I know.

BRAD: Except – I know that's not me over there. That's somebody completely different from me. You know?

WARREN: Oh, yeah. But, you know what it's like? It's like suddenly finding your long-lost brother.

BRAD: The one they gave up for adoption.

WARREN: Do you have a brother?

BRAD: No, do you?

WARREN: No.

BRAD: Well, there you go.

WARREN: Where is that?

BRAD: We both need brothers. I don't know! Do you know how long it's been since that night?

WARREN: Four months. I've been keeping track.

BRAD: Oh, God! Have you? Me, too. I mean....

WARREN: I know. Something happened.

BRAD: Yes!

Brad gets up and kneels over Warren, letting his body slowly down across Warren's. They kiss – languidly, wearily, then lie with their heads close together – and fall asleep.

Fade to their heads, side by side on the pillow. Someone is knocking on the cube door insistently. Warren and Brad are both asleep spooned together, in the bed, partly covered by a crumpled single sheet, heads side-by-side. Warren opens one eye.

KURT: (voice.) Hey, Cowboy! You still alive in there?

WARREN: Yea! Wait. Hang on. (He scrambles to open the door, pulling the sheet off Brad in the process – who sits up and squints to see who it is.)

KURT: Oooooops!

WARREN: Kurt, this is Brad.

KURT: Hello...do you know what time...? Holy shit! Do you guys know you look alike?

WARREN: *No!*

BRAD: We hadn't noticed. (They all laugh.)

KURT: This is so fucking cool. I mean, am I still stoned or are there really two of you?

BRAD: There definitely are two of us! At least, I think I'm not just an illusion.

WARREN: Me, too. (They grin intimately at each other.) That would mean we were both crazy!

KURT: And you've been *fucking*, haven't you? This is *him*, isn't it? Damn, and I missed it! How was it? Never mind! We gotta go!

BRAD: Go where?

KURT: To work! To work! We're late. They'll be having shit-fits.

BRAD: Who?

WARREN: Our bosses if they have to open for us. It's Sunday. They like to sleep late. (He finds his watch, cringes.) Oh, Jesus. (Gets up, starts dressing.)

BRAD: What are you talking about? You work Sundays? At a restaurant? I just got away from one of those.

KURT: Close but no see-gar.

WARREN: Come with us, we'll show you. You here with someone?

BRAD: A friend. We drove up together for the weekend. In his car. He's here, somewhere.

KURT: Leave him a note. Come on, man, we gotta haul ass outa here!

Cut to interior *The Cosmos*. Ash and Dave are sitting at the empty bar. They are, indeed, pissed off. They get ready to chastise the boys – but their expressions change as they watch Warren and Brad come through the door.

WARREN: Ash, Dave, this is Brad. He....

Ash puts up his hands in a "Stop!" signal. Instead of firing them or yelling at them, he grabs Brad's hand and shakes it firmly.

ASH: Hello, Brad. When can you start?

BRAD: Start what?

ASH: Working. Here.

Dave is nodding emphatically in agreement. Warren is grinning like a country boy showing off his prom date and Kurt is looking like he planned it all, smiling like a Cheshire Cat.

BRAD: I don't know what you're talking about. I've already got a job. In L-A. Which I like. In a restaurant. I can't just...

DAVE: Quit. You'll like it here better.

ASH: You live with a lover?

BRAD: No, just a friend. Another server at the restaurant....

WARREN: You'll be working with *me*.

BRAD: (Thinks it over quickly.) Okay. But what exactly am I supposed to be doing? Mopping floors?

KURT: That might show off your best asset. (He winks at Brad, then grins at Warren.)

ASH: No! *Tending bar*. With your *twin-brother*! In a Gay bar – we'll make millions! Jesus! That is every Gay man's fantasy – to *get it on* with his brother!

DAVE: Or with brothers. Or *twins*! I know guys who would stand in line....

WARREN: All you have to do is sell beer and look sexy. You won't have to fuck anybody – but me.

BRAD: I guess I could do that.

KURT: You can do that. Trust me. Hey, but what about *me*? (To Ash and Dave.) Are you replacing me?

DAVE: No way. You get to work by yourself in our new "Annex".

ASH: We've talked about it. We can lease another room in the back. You can perform solo. At your own bar.

KURT: Solo in back and a duet up front. Shit, gentlemen, we got us a *show to do*! *Let's get it on!*

WARREN: It'll be fun. That is, *if* we can stand both working and living together!

Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young sing OUR HOUSE as we watch "The Lover Twins from The Cosmos" move in to the upstairs apartment in a colorful Victorian 2 storey duplex on Castro.

I'll light the fire...

Montage of them moving in with furniture in a U-Rent-2-Buy truck and Warren's pickup. As they move their newly rented furniture into the apartment – watched by many Gay neighbors – they stick a page from a newspaper on one of their bare walls. It is a page from B.A.R (BAY AREA REVIEW – a Gay Bar freebie newspaper) with a large front-page black and white photo of Warren and Brad in front of the bar, leaning back against it, looking like bookends, twin baskets showing, lifting beer bottles as a toast to the viewer, with the caption: LOVER TWINS FROM THE COSMOS. Over in the corner we see Kurt "sneaking into the picture" Waving from under a sign the shape of an arrow, reading ANNEX, pointing back thataway.

We watch Warren and Brad coming out of their front door, onto Castro St., where Gay men watch them with varying responses, grinning at each other, knowing they are a phenomenon. We see them walking down Market St. hand-in-hand – goosing and groping each other, behind the bar – running naked on bare-ass-beach – making love in the sand with the breakers crashing and the seagulls squawking.... The last scene freezes ("From Here To Eternity") and washes away with the tide.

The mood changes: Colors are less colorful. They're sitting *apart* at the beach, watching a foggy sunset. In the apartment they are silent. They've had an argument. Warren is trying to read a book while Brad bangs angrily around in the kitchen. At dinner, they sip their coffee and watch TV, making meaningless chatter.

Simon and Garfunkel's **Dangling Conversation:**

It's a still life water color...

At work, behind the bar, they become competitive, trying to see who can get whose attention. They flirt with the customers and glare at each other. Then one day, Warren overhears a customer:

COSMOS CUSTOMER: Y'know...? I'm getting just a little bit sick of those two assholes. I mean, just because *they* can't get along is no reason for *me* to get snapped at. So I thought one was the other one. What's the fucking point? Let's go someplace else.

Warren glares at Brad, who has on the Santa Claus hat and is leaning close to his "favorite" customer, playing with himself as he "chats" and they laugh. So Warren turns to the nearest customer and says "Hey, handsome, what you up to?" and Brad glowers at him.

The music ends. Silence.

Cut to Warren in bed, waking up. Brad is not there. He sits up. For a moment it seems like the same bed in the motel room in Greeley, Colorado. Warren is terrified that it has all been a dream. He jumps up and runs into the kitchen – where coffee has been made, is sitting on the stove, steaming, on "warm." An empty cup sits in Brad's spot at the table. A note on the "Let's Talk" bulletin board reads:

W: Day Off! Hooray! Off to see the Wizard. May be late. Don't worry. Have fun at the bar. Meery Xmas! OOOXXX B

Brad has left his Walkman tape player on the table with a note reading PLAY ME!

Warren presses PLAY. A plaintive female voice sings::

Nancy's song from from Oliver

As long as he needs me...

It continues to play as Warren gets ready and goes to work. He is in a good mood until the front doors open, before he is ready, and it is his bosses, Ash and Dave, come in, looking serious. Dave has something in his hand and takes it silently to the bar and spreads it out for Warren. It is that front-page from BAR introducing *The Lover Twins at the Cosmos*. Someone has drawn a big red X over the picture.

WARREN: (The last straw.) Shit!

ASH: Can we talk?

WARREN: (Arms wide, like Jesus.) Talk is cheap. Take a shot.

DAVE: Warren! What the hell is the matter with you?

ASH: Are you guys having problems? What's going on?

WARREN: Actually, I don't think that's anybody's fucking business.

DAVE: It is OUR fucking business! (He waves the newspaper page at Warren.) This is not your private dinner theater.

WARREN: (Shoves the page out of his face, furiously.) Fuck you!

ASH: Hey!

WARREN: (Turns on Ash, almost losing it.) Fuck you too! Fuck this whole fucking business. (He grabs his “cowboy” sheepskin overcoat, takes the key ring from his belt, removes his own, which he snaps back in place and throws the bar keys on the bar.) I am sick this whole fucking Gay business. I am sick of dealing with Gay men. *You’re all crazy!* Brad was right. Being Gay isn’t a fucking bit *gay!* You know where to send my check! (He storms out and slams the door.)

Ash and Dave are staring at the door, dumbfounded. They were only trying to help.

Cut to: Outside the bar. Warren stands for a moment with his fists clenched and his eyes closed, waiting for his heart to stop pounding. Then he looks back at the door, realizing what a very stupid thing he has just done – but, after a *drama-queen* exit like that, he couldn’t even consider going back inside. He goes to his truck, a beaten man.

Cut to: Opening the door to their apartment, Warren goes in, sniffs the air. Someone has been smoking here recently. Sure enough, some of Brad’s clothes lie on the previously clean bed top. Brad has been here and gone – and has been entertaining! Warren finds a cigarette butt and a roach in the ash tray. He imagines someone sitting on the couch, dressed in tight Western garb, his cock and balls hanging out of chaps. He is smoking a Marlboro cigarette. Brad appears, offering a joint. The guy puts his cigarette out in the ash tray. They cuddle up, taking off their clothes, smoke the joint, blow smoke in each other’s mouths and dissolve with the smoke. Warren rummages in a tray under the coffee table – their “Stash.” There is only one joint already rolled. From his expression, there were more. He lights the last one and takes a deep puff. Then he snuffs it out, very carefully, and starts to put it back, then gets it out and takes another deep drag. Meanwhile ‘Nancy’ is singing from Oliver: *“I won’t betray his trust...”* Warren grabs a beer and nurses it while he listens to Oliver sing “Where Is Love?” on the same tape. Warren imagines Brad sucking a huge cock thru a glory hole, getting fucked in the bushes by a policeman. At the baths, in the sling, getting fucked by everybody (imagined scene reflects rape behind Red’s.)

WARREN: (Drunk and stoned he slams his fist on the table and hurts himself.) “Fuck!” (He kisses where it hurts.) Okie-dokie! What’s sauce for the Goose is a fucking Gander. Time for the gander to get goosed! Fucking gander time! Goosing gander time. *Fuck Time!*”

He gives himself a deep enema, changes to his tightest cruising outfit, checks himself out in the mirror – tries to decide between blue and red hankies, finally stuffs one into each of his back pockets – to be decided later. He goes out onto Castro and theatrically slams – then carefully locks – the outside door. Next door or close by, down the block, on the lower floor, is a Gay bar called “*SHOO-FLY*” with an annoying, buzzing neon sign in the window showing a buzzing-fly trapped within a zippered “man’s fly.” The whole bar has the feeling of having been there long before The Castro got famous. An old-fashioned Gay Bar. Warren imagines Brad leading a hunky guy into the bar, decides to go in and check it out.

On the jukebox, Judy Garland is singing “*Somewhere, over the rainbow...*” in the empty bar.

The bartender is old-style-Gay. A Queen of the first water.

BARTENDER: Back so soon?

WARREN: What?

BARTENDER: What happened? Didn't he dig getting tied up?

WARREN: What are you talking about? Who got tied up?

BARTENDER: Oh, come on, honey! Don't give me that innocent shit. He was hot – for whips and chains – or my name isn't Rosie the Riveter!

WARREN: What are you talking...? Oh! (Sees himself in the mirror and realizes who the bartender is talking about. Playing along:) You thought he was hot, did you?

BARTENDER: Honey, I *know* he was hot! (Sticks his tongue out and touches it with his finger, making a *zzzzzzzzt!* sound) *Hot!* (Licks his lips.) *Hot-hot-hot!* (Leans across the bar, ready to gossip.) Did he have a long-fuse? Or a short one?

WARREN: I'm surprised. I didn't think you were watching that closely.

BARTENDER: Honey! I've got eyes in the back of my head – and lots and lots of mirrors! What'll it be, sweetie, beer or booze.

WARREN: Well, neither one, actually, *sweetie*. You just gave me what I was looking for.

BARTENDER: Did I really? Oh, my! And I didn't even notice! I *must* be getting good! Perhaps I should charge.

WARREN: (Has started out, decides to let the poor soul in on the mystery. Goes back. Patiently:) I'm not who you think I am.

BARTENDER: (Giggles, truly amused!) Oh, *really?* Then you must be his twin brother, because you *Oh, shit!* It's you, isn't it? You're *them!* Oh, this is too precious for words. Was he cheating on you? Yes, he was, wasn't he? We had heard *rumors* – *ugly, ugly* rumors. But, I mean, you have *reason* to be upset, don't you? (Laughs triumphantly.) My dear – you have my condolences! Not all of them, mind you, but a great big gob of them! (He goes away laughing, to answer the telephone:) Shoo Fly. We're open for business! Cum on down and let it all hang out! Who is this? Mom? No, really, who is this?

Warren goes out and would slam the door but it is on a self-closer and refuses to be rushed. He stalks away, makes a decision, goes to his pickup and starts it up. The radio comes on. It is playing “If You're Going To San Francisco.” He zips away from that station past several loud ones, to one playing something quieter:

Frank Sinatra: **My Way**

And now, the end is near...

With that song playing in the background, Warren drives his battered-up-old-pickup down Folsom Street – which was 2-way, back then. He drives past The Hyperion and Leather Country and The Ramrod– none of which look particularly busy. He makes a U turn and drives back to park across the street from The Ramrod. He has noticed a single bright light following him. It stops behind him. Frankie continues singing as Warren sits for a minute, trying to decide whether or not to go in. There is a tap on his window. The tapper is a man in full black leather biker-gear, wearing a German helmet type head-gear. He motions rolling the window down. Warren does, leaning across. A voice says loudly “Could you turn that down, please.”

WARREN: (Instantly annoyed, switches it off abruptly.) What was your problem?

COP: (Whatever good intentions the man may have had vanish from his face.) Actually, sir, it’s your problem. (He reaches into his jacket pocket and takes out a black leather case which opens to reveal a silver shield from the San Francisco Police Department. It looks very real. He snaps it closed before Warren has a chance to inspect it closely.) Would you step out of the truck, please?

WARREN: You’re kidding.

COP: (Strides around and opens the truck door – helpfully.) *Out of the truck! Please!* Step out and away from the vehicle, face it and lean on the hood, face down, your hands out, *please*. (Warren does.) Where I can see them. Spread your legs, *please*. (Warren’s expression indicates that the Cop has just copped a feel.) Hmmmm. Is that a hidden weapon? No, just your little pee-shooter! (He chuckles and pats Warren’s ass and steps away.) Could I see your driver’s license, please?

WARREN: Aw, come on now, enough is e.....

COP: (Snaps!) *Driver’s license. Please.* (Warren quickly obliges. Cop takes the license, studies it, opens a ticket book and clips it to the top.) I’ll have to write you up.

WARREN: *What the hell did I do?*

COP: Swearing at a police officer, for one thing.

WARREN: I’m sorry. What did I do wrong?

COP: U-turns are illegal on this street until after midnight.

WARREN: You’re kidding! I made a U-turn and you’re *busting* me for it?

COP: Not “*busting*.” Busting is such a harsh word. I’m writing you a “citation.”

WARREN: What’s the difference?

COP: The amount of money it takes you to get your ass out of trouble. A ‘fine’ will be involved in either case. More for busting, less for citing.

WARREN: How much money?

COP: Depends on the judge. Coupl’a’ hundred maybe, up to a grand. Depends.

WARREN: This is all bullshit, isn’t it? (Cop opens ticket book, gets ready to write ticket.) No! No! Wait. Don’t give me a ticket! I’ve just quit my job! I can’t afford a fucking ticket! What can I do? (Cop grins and holds the pen poised pointedly above the blank ticket, waiting for Warren to say the right or wrong word.) Wait a minute. That isn’t a police motorcycle. And neither is your “uniform!”

COP: No. It’s my own bike and my own outfit. I’m *off* duty but I *have* my duty – to ticket your ass for busting the law.

WARREN: What would stop you?

COP: What?

WARREN: What would stop you from giving me a ticket?

COP: Are you bribing an officer of the law?

WARREN: (Warren laughs at the brazenness of the question.) *Am I?* I’m simply asking a simple question: *What would it take?*

COP: Your ass in a sling for one thing. (Laughs.) For starters!

WARREN: I don’t have a sling.

COP: (Barks!) Haw! Haw! Then how about nekkid, face-down on your bed – do you have a bed?

WARREN: Yes.

COP: Okay, then, take me there.

WARREN: What about the ticket?

COP: We’ll see about the ticket. (He puts Warren’s driver’s license in one of the pockets of his leather jacket.) I think I’ll hang on to this till we get there. (He zips up that pocket.) Okay? (grins, squeezes his very large basket. Warren is fascinated by it. The Cop grins) You see something you like down there?

WARREN: What’s that, officer?

COP: My prick, asshole! You’re a fucking smart ass aren’t you?

WARREN: It's big.

COP: Fuckin A it's big. You want it?

WARREN: I haven't decided.

COP: Well, then, I'll decide for you. You want my big prick every way you can have it. Am I right....? What are you supposed to be, a *cowboy*?

WARREN: Whatever you say.

COP: You got that right, friend. *Whatever I say*. I'll follow you home.

WARREN: Anything you say, officer.

COP: (In response, he starts his Harley with a deafening roar! He smiles beatifically as he wheels up to the truck window.) You lead.

Warren starts the car, but does not turn on the radio as he leads the Cop to their house on Castro.

Frankie continues as background anyway:

"I did it My Way."

They park, bike behind pickup, then Warren leads the way to the doorway, unlocks the door and they go inside. He closes the door.

Cut to: upstairs, the front room. Cop has taken off his helmet, is looking around. He is the physical prototype of the ideal Cop – very much like Bill Thorne, but older. Steel-gray/hair turning silver, trimmed just so it looks like he has hair and isn't bald. Very clean-shaven, but with a 5 o'clock shadow. Muscles everywhere.

COP: You live with somebody?

WARREN: Not any more.

COP: (Sees the ash tray with two roaches. He picks up the unfinished roach, smells it.) This is illegal. You know that, don't you? (He studies joint, then puts it in his mouth. There is a fancy cigarette lighter on the table by the ash tray. Warren grabs it and lights the joint for the Cop, who takes a deep drag, pulls Warren to him to embrace and kiss him deeply, passing the smoke back. Warren sucks it in, but it makes him cough and the Cop laughs. He takes another deep drag, holds it, motions "*c'mere*." Warren does. Holding Warren tightly against him, the Cop kisses him, and shares more smoke. Warren relaxes, breathes in deeply, let's the Cop hug and kiss him – and suddenly finds himself twisted around and "handcuffed" with plastic police-restraints, his hands behind him.

WARREN: Hey! What the fuck?

COP: Shush! Don't want the neighbors to hear.

WARREN: The neighbors might be very interested. (Yells). *Help!*

COP: (Shrugs, smiles.) Let them come pound on the door. (Takes out his pass case, pops it open in Warren's face.) Then I would simply say "*It's a police matter, Gentlemen. Go on about your business.*" Pop my badge and go "*Shoo!*" Get the picture?

WARREN: Yes.

COP: Yes what?

WARREN: *Yes, I got the picture!*

COP: Yes what I got the picture? Asshole. (Warren doesn't understand; Cop snaps.) Yes Sir I got the picture! (Warren nods.) Say it!

WARREN: (Resigned.) *Yes, Sir...I got the picture.*

COP: Good boy. (He picks up Brad's Walkman and pushes the PLAY key. Mary Martin sings

Cockeyed Optimist

A series of Broadway Love Songs plays on the tape behind the following scene.)

COP: Hey! Background music for the *Love Scene!* How fucking appropriate!

The cop takes another drag, tries to kiss Warren, who jerks away, starting to get worried. Cop blows the smoke slowly in his face, takes one last deep drag, then grinds out roach between his fingers, rolls it up tightly and swallows it.

As Warren sits and watches, the Cop does a really butch strip-tease to Mary Martin's *Cockeyed Optimist*. But first he takes a small pistol out of a hidden holster in his jacket and puts it on the coffee table next to the tape player. He takes off each article of clothing and drapes it over something, making it look like a wild party is going on. The next-to-last items off are his socks and his shorts. He takes off his shorts and says "Say Ah!" and forces them into Warren's mouth, saying "Shhhhhh!" Warren is terrified, tries to yell anyway. The Cop calmly reaches for the gun, points it at Warren's head and goes "Bang!" He puts the gun down slowly, grinning.

COP: One more move like that outa you, Snow White, and you're dead meat. Real dead. You got that? I mean, your fucking faggot brains will be spattered all over this fucking faggot apartment. Understand? (Pulls shorts out of Warren's mouth.) Do...you...under...stand?

WARREN: Yes.

COP: Good boy! Tell me you'll be a good boy.

WARREN: I'll be a good boy.

COP: Say 'I'll be a good boy, *Master.*' Say it!

WARREN: I'll be a good boy... (Cop picks up the gun.)...master.

COP: Okay. You're a slow learner, but you get it eventually. (He takes a deep breath, lets it out. Grins.) That was good shit. You feel it?

Warren nods. He's feeling it, too.

COP: You got any more'a that?

Warren shakes his head, one more reason to be pissed at Brad.

COP: Too bad! We are gonna have ourselves a little party. You got any beer?

WARREN: Kitchen.

COP: Don't get up. (Laughs.) I'll get it. Takes gun and leaves Warren sitting there handcuffed, listening to

Carol Channing as Dolly:

Before the parade passes by

Cop comes back with two cans of beer, drinking one. He puts beer and gun on dresser and sits beside Warren and pats his leg. He removes the handcuff.

COP: Ok? Entertain me.

WARREN: Doing what? Sir?

COP: *Un-fuckin-dress, Snow White!* Jesus, you're slow! Show me what you got – if you got *anything* to show. (He "directs" Warren like an orchestra-director, as Warren gets up and undresses, more or less to the music, finally achieving total nakedness for the Cop's amusement and apparent arousal – his cock is as big as Bill's and he's stroking it gently, making appreciative noises as Warren strips.) Ooookaaaay! What say we adjourn to the playroom? Where's the fuckin' playroom?

WARREN: It's only a bedroom... (gets up cautiously - leads the way)

COP: Well, then we'll *make* it a playroom, won't we, Sweetheart? (He follows, with two cans of beer in one big hand, his gun in the other – watching Warren's ass.) Anybody ever tell you, you got

a cute ass, Snow White? Well you have. Looks good enough to poke. I think maybe I'll poke it for you. Would you like that? Okay, hands behind your head. (Warren does. Cop fastens his wrists together behind his neck with one of the restraints.) Atta boy. Lie down. (With the gun within reach, the Cop takes a handful of plastic restraints and positions them around the bed, apparently planning, eventually, to strap Warren down spread-eagled. Warren lies down (not uncomfortably) with his head on a pillow. The Cop arranges him like a sex-dummy.

The music is coming from the other room:

Don't talk of Love, Show me from MY FAIR LADY

Words, words, words...

With Warren secure on the bed, the Cop takes the beer and the gun and sits down on the edge of the bed, drinking the beer and putting the gun within reach, where Warren can see it. He plays with Warren's balls and his cock gets hard and responds. The Cop smiles appreciatively.

COP: Don't worry. I don't really want to kill you...not just yet, anyway. (He plays with Warren's cock and it jumps.) Dead cocks don't do that! (He strokes it with the gun as he speaks.) But it is really *very* important that you understand who is the master, and who isn't – who is the *superior being*, and who is the lamb who has gone astray and needs to be taught a lesson. I am the shepherd and you are the sheep. It's a case of natural selection. That's why I'm a law-enforcement officer and you're a cowboy. Understand? He points the gun at Warren's balls. *Comprende, compadre?* (Drinks beer.)

WARREN: Yes.

COP: Yes, what?

WARREN: Yes, Master.

COP: (Triumphant smirk.) Being superior, I know what's best for you. So if I tell you to *say* something, or *do* something, then it's because I know it's *best* for you to do it. (Smiles and tickles Warren's nuts with the gun.) You know what I mean?

WARREN: Yes, Master.

COP: Good boy! This is fun! (He guzzles what's left of the first can of beer, gets the other from the dresser and pops its top. Then he climbs onto the bed and sits on Warren's chest, with his cock close to Warren's mouth. He puts the gun down on the pillow and drinks some beer.) Open your mouth. (Warren does. Cop fills his mouth with beer, then leans over Warren, letting the beer in his mouth flow out in a thin golden stream that pours into Warren's mouth. Warren tries to swallow, then chokes, swallows it, then turns his head, letting it splatter on his face and the pillow. Cop laughs.) Ever drunk piss before, Cowboy? Ever had hot Cop piss squirting down your throat, in your face, up your ass? Ever done that?

WARREN: No.... No, Master!

COP: Then I'll be the *first*, won't I, Snow White? (Drinks more beer.) I get to teach you a new thing or two! Maybe we'll see how much pain you can take. You ever played "one-to-ten"? Maybe you'll even learn to *like* it. Wouldn't that be fun? (He inches up so that he is sitting on Warren's neck, his balls on Warren's chin, and he's stroking his big cock only inches from Warren's eyes.) Suck 'em, Cowboy! (He leans back and strokes while Warren sucks his balls into his mouth. He pulls his balls out and puts his cock in, gets over Warren – getting in the way of our seeing him fuck Warren's mouth as he says:) Oh, Jesus! Oh, man! (From behind we see him enjoy Warren's mouth and throat. The cop has a picture-perfect ass! His back and leg muscles are beautifully developed and move and bulge accordingly.) Don't worry, Cowboy, I won't cum in your mouth. You'd like that too much. (Pumps and probes.) No, I'm gonna save myself for something special. I want to poke that cute little ass of yours. And *you* want that, too, don't you? You want the biggest cock on the fucking police-force up your ass! And when I cum.... Oh, Snow White! When...I...cum – I guarantee – you'll hear the angels sing! (He touches the muzzle of the gun to Warren's temple as he fucks – maybe getting ready to cum, maybe just for emphasis – he moans and spreads his arms wide, like Warren, beer in one hand, gun in other, and fucks!)

The music from the other room stops. Nobody notices until Brad comes flying through the doorway, yelling "*Nooooooo!*" – tossing aside a paper bag he is carrying – and tackles the Cop from behind, surprising him, knocking him off balance. The gun goes flying. The beer can goes clattering. The Cop is drunk and stoned and Brad played football and wrestled in college; he quickly has the Cop hog-tied with his own restraints. Warren has been lying there, tied-up, watching Brad win a fight with Superman, quietly impressed.

BRAD: (Unfastens Warren's restraints, then sits on the bed, his hand on Warren's leg while Warren rubs his wrists) What the fuck were you doing? There were clothes scattered all over....

WARREN: (leans up to kiss Brad gently on the lips, whispers wearily:) *Thank you!* (He falls back exhausted and passes out.)

A Little Christmas - from *Mame* is playing when he comes to.

Haul out the holly;

Warren awakens, naked, lying on the carpet, covered and propped up by blankets and pillows, leaning up against the bed where the Cop has been positioned where Warren had been. The Cop is spread-eagled on his back. Brad has creatively used belts from the open closet, looped, twisted and tied, to secure him to each of the four corners of the bed posts with his own restraints. His head is comfortably cradled in a big fluffy pillow. The shorts which were once in Warren's mouth are now in the Cop's mouth. His eyes are wide, pupils huge, stoned, watching them as though watching a movie. Warren groans and staggers to his feet, then sits on an edge of the bed. Brad sits beside him.

BRAD: Are you okay?

WARREN: I'm still alive...I think.

BRAD: You look in pretty good shape.

WARREN: He was only getting started. You got here just in time. Thank you.

BRAD: Hey, what's a boyfriend for but to save your ass when it really needs saving? (He grabs Warren's hand and squeezes it.) *What were you doing?* Why aren't you at the bar? I was going to surprise you!

WARREN: I thought you were... I thought... I quit.

BRAD: You *what*?

WARREN: The bar. I quit. I thought.... *Where were you?*

BRAD: Getting this. (Goes to paper bag he tossed aside, opens it and extracts a zippy-bag filled with dark green buds.) I was *negotiating* a deal for this. It took awhile. Okay? You okay with that?

WARREN: Okay with what?

BRAD: "*Negotiating!*" Never mind. He gave me a huge break on this stuff – straight from Oregon - they call it *Sensimillia*. Wait'll you try. We were almost out. It was for *Christmas*, for Christ's sake! Pun intended! (Presents Warren with the bag of buds.) Merry fucking Christmas!

Warren kisses Brad, forgiving him, then they sit on the bed and study the naked Cop.

WARREN: Behold: San Francisco's finest!

BRAD: Oh, he's fine all right. But, now that we've captured one, what'll we do with him? Keep him for a pet?

WARREN: We could blow his brains out – call it self-defense.

COP: Nnnnnnn!

WARREN: I think he's trying to tell us something.

BRAD: Be careful.

WARREN: Take his gag out.

BRAD: You sure?

WARREN: How can he suck my cock with his shorts in his mouth? Go ahead. I have a plan. (He picks up the pistol and points it at the cop's balls. Brad removes the gag.)

COP: (Staring at the gun.) Go ahead. Pull the trigger.

WARREN: I really don't want to be a Cop-killer – even though it would be justified. I have a witness, now! You threatened....

COP: *Pull the fucking trigger!*

BRAD: Don't do it!

COP: You couldn't kill a mosquito with that. Pull the fucking trigger! Blow my balls off!

WARREN: *Yes, Master!* (He pulls the trigger. Click! Everybody flinches! The Cop shuts his eyes and cringes but his balls remain intact. Warren studies the gun, realizing he has been had, and points it again at the cop's pride and joy.) You sonofabitch! (He pulls the trigger again! Click! Click!)

COP: Jesus, don't do that!

WARREN: What's the matter? Afraid one might not be blank? (He pulls the trigger again.)

BRAD: Warren!

WARREN: The sonofabitch scared the shit out of me. I thought he was going to kill me! He made me *think* he was going to kill me. (He nudges the Cop in the balls with his gun.) It was all a fucking game, wasn't it?"

COP: Yes, of course! Nobody got hurt. Come on! We had our fun. Now untie me and let me get out of here.

WARREN: (laughs.) *You had your fun, maybe! Not me, not yet!* (To Brad.) I bought it! He had me fooled. He hangs out by the bars and waits for someone he can hassle – I made a U-turn – lets them think they can fuck their way out of a ticket. He goes home with them, ties them up, scares the shit out of them, rapes them – and they wake up the next morning with the good officer's cold cum all over their faces. Have I got it right?

BRAD: Hey look (Brad lifts the Cop's penis for Warren to see the pre-cum. He rubs it around the frenulum and makes the Cop squirm. Warren plays with his balls. He groans with pleasure.) It got *him* hot!

WARREN: You like that, do you? You like scaring people, don't you. You like having someone do stuff for you, when you tell them, but how about you doing for them? *Quid Pro Quo*, or whatever you legal types call it. How are you at sucking dick? I've got a fairly big one.

COP: Try me and see.

WARREN: (Surprised.) Ah! First you have to ask.

COP: Please.

WARREN: Please what?

COP: Please let me suck your cock.

WARREN: No, that's not what I meant. Please...*what*...may I suck your cock?

COP: Oh, Jesus.

WARREN: Go on, say it. Please *what* may I suck your cock?

COP: Please, Master!

WARREN: Good boy! Try it again, one more time.

COP: Oh, God! Please let me suck your cock, Master.

WARREN: That's what you wanted all along, isn't it? Someone superior to you. Someone even *better* than a San Francisco Policeman?

COP: Yessss!

WARREN: Yes, what?

COP: Yes, Master.

Brad has been rolling a joint from the new stash, lights it and gives it to Warren, who is teasing the Cop with his cock. Warren takes a deep drag, then leans over and kisses the Cop, who sucks in the smoke.

BRAD: Hey, he likes that, too!

Warren does it again, kisses Cop again, gives Brad the joint, Brad kisses the cop.

COP: Are you really lovers?

WARREN: What are you talking about?

COP: The two of you...are you....

BRAD: Mister, you must be totally fucked. There's only one of us.

COP: Oh, Jesus!

Brad has the officer positioned, spread eagled, so that he can get on the bed with access to the Cop's mouth – head back, over that fluffy pillow. Warren has been playing with the Cop's prick and balls, greasing them with lube, greasing himself as he releases the Cop's leg restraints and lifts the Cop's knees over his head – where Brad holds them down as he penetrates. They fuck him

from both ends and kiss each other as they jack off the officer with both their hands between them and everybody comes at the same time! *Broadway music up and out.*

Slow Fade to: The front room. Warren and Brad are naked, sitting around, watching the Cop get dressed. Almost finished dressing, the Cop unzips his jacket pocket and gives Warren his wallet. Then he takes a card from his own wallet and gives it to Brad. The cop checks his costume, then shakes Warren's hand.

COP: That was fun. Let's do it again sometime.

WARREN: You know where we live.

BRAD: (Checking the card.) "Dan," is it?

COP: Dan it is.

BRAD: Nice meeting you. (They shake.)

COP: You too. Have a good day. Or night.

BRAD and WARREN: You too. (He grins at both of them and hurries out the door.)

They close the door and look at each other, not quite believing what has just happened. They shrug and hug and walk with their arms around each other back to the bedroom. Turn off the light, open the window. Loud music is coming from the *Shoo-Fly*, downstairs. Barbara Streisand is just finishing "People"

"the luckiest people in the world."

Brad and Warren lie on the bed, cuddling. The blinking light from the Shoo Fly illuminates them dimly as they kiss, then fall back, pensive, reviewing events. Suddenly Brad sits up.

BRAD: Hey! We're even!

WARREN: What?

BRAD: I just saved your life! We're even!

WARREN: The bullets were blanks. He wouldn't really have killed me.

BRAD: How can you be sure? Did you check *all* the bullets? Didn't you notice how it really scared him when you shot him more than once? Maybe one of them *was* real. Maybe he was playing some kind of *Queer Roulette*.

WARREN: He said it was just a game.

BRAD: Right! And *maybe* that big fucking friend of yours wouldn't *really* have castrated me. Who knows?

WARREN: Okay, we're even. Thank you.

BRAD: You're welcome. (Quick kiss.)

WARREN: Do you think he's really a policeman?

BRAD: It says so right here on his calling-card. *Detective Daniel Peterson*. (Give's Warren Dan's card.)

WARREN: *Detective!* Well, that explains his own bike and the ticket book. But I'll bet you he hasn't been on *Parking Enforcement* for a whole bunch of years.

BRAD: Nice dick. Reminded me of someone we both used to know.

WARREN: Yeah. (He is quiet and pensive. Sighs.)

BRAD: What?

WARREN: Well...I'm worried.

BRAD: About what?

WARREN: Well, it bothers me that you're so damn happy that we've just had our first *threesome*.

BRAD: But that's what was wrong, Warren! It was just you and me. And, after awhile – I don't care how hot it is in the beginning – it gets *cold*. It gets routine...and that gets dull. With anybody, Straight or Gay. Dave and Ash have threesomes and foursomes all the time.

WARREN: And fivesomes and sixsomes. Is that what it's going to take? Are you saying we're going to need some other guy or guys before we can have sex?

BRAD: Oh, no! At least, I hope not. That'll happen spontaneously, but not every night. Not even every week. But, yes, it would help. Variety is the spice, as they say.

WARREN: Well, I guess this means we can get a lot of our old customers back – once word gets around we're available – as a team. Will *that* work?

BRAD: Works for me. Like Ash said: it's every Gay guy's favorite fantasy, to get it on with twins, or brothers.

WARREN: Well then, let's get out there and fulfill a few fantasies.

BRAD: So many fantasies....so little time!

WARREN: It's a whole new world.

BRAD: We're so used to thinking that love and sex are the same thing that we can't separate the two in our heads. Our bodies know the difference, but our heads are still back in those Sunday School lessons about never fucking someone you don't love. That's strictly a church-control-heterosexual power-trip and it simply doesn't apply to us. We don't make bastard babies no matter how much we fuck. But, still, it's still in our heads! When I came in and saw those leather clothes all over, the first thing I thought was: "*He doesn't love me any more!*"

WARREN: I know! I thought the same thing when that nellie bartender thought I was you – and I knew for sure you were with somebody.

BRAD: Well, I was, but not because I *don't* love you. More like because I *do!* But, it's an automatic response – and it's stupid and only causes problems! Love and sex are two completely separate things. It's great when the two go together, but it's not the end of the world if they don't. I love you whether we have sex or not.

WARREN: And I love you. (They peck, lie back again.) Actually, we're not really 'Lovers.'

BRAD: Oh?

WARREN: No, from the beginning...we were more like brothers than lovers.

BRAD: Long-lost brothers...separated at Birth....

WARREN: Gay brothers, getting to know each other...

BRAD: In every way possible.... Ha!

WARREN: What?

BRAD: Feel. (He reaches for Warren's hand which he guides to his crotch.)

WARREN: Ha!

BRAD: What?

WARREN: Me too. (Laughs!) I shouldn't have worried!

As Warren climbs on top of Brad for the final kiss, from downstairs at the *Shoo Fly*, Mama Cass sings:

...even if nobody else sings along!

Camera pulls back, out of the room, out of the window, over the rooftops of San Francisco, out over Golden Gate Park, over the Golden Gate Bridge, out over the ocean until The City is only a magically glowing light in the fog. The dirge from *West Side Story* plays as the credits roll upward:

There's a place for us,

THE END