

"BOYFRIENDZ"
PILOT
"In With The New"

Written By
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INT. DARNELL'S CONDO - DINING ROOM - LATE MORNING

SATURDAY. FORT LEE, NEW JERSEY. The fabulous and non-binary DANIEL "Z" SANCHEZ (28); short but styled black hair, Hispanic, androgynous; is sitting at the dining room table with the even more fabulous (as he proclaims) DARNELL BROOKS (26), mixed ethnicity, extremely handsome, toned body, holier than though air; eating breakfast.

Z

Aren't my eggs amazing?! Wanna know my secret?

DARNELL

If I had to take a guess, I'd say fear...and...uncertainty.

(plays with eggs; disgusted)

Cause those are the only two emotions these eggs are "in-yolking" in me.

Z

(sneers)

You know, maybe if you used your stove once in a while, you'd be able to attract yourself a *man* instead of all the...

(looks around)

Bad spirits I've felt since me and Stony have h d n for for u s ad to stcub ,ay here.

DARNELL

And isn't it odd that you felt those "bad spirits" the minute you invaded my beautiful abode? The call is coming from inside the house, bitch.

Z

All I'm saying is you have a stove, use it. Or at least give it to me cause annoying as you may be, you do have some sickening shit.

("Sickening" is a common term used by the Boyfriendz to describe something extremely good)

Darnell's been ignoring Z for the last few seconds, distracted by something on his phone.

DARNELL

Ugh! Ugly...ugly...ugly...clown
car...mom van...ugh!

(drops phone on table)

So, it's very obvious that I'm going
to have to go to the dealership in
person to pick out a car. I swear
online shopping is only good when
you're on rentboy.com.

The front door opens.

JULIAN (O.S.)

Honiessss! I'm home!

JULIAN CHRISTOPHER (24); adorably handsome, African American,
with a child-like whimsy, walks into the apartment and sits
at the table with Z and Darnell.

Z

Heyyy! Hungry? I made you a plate.

DARNELL

FYI, you'd be better off eating the
plate, then the food that's on it.

JULIAN

(laughs)

Thank you but no thank you. I have an
audition in a few and I *cannot* go
there on a full stomach.

Z

Audition for what?

JULIAN

A music video. I put it in the group
chat last night.

Z

You did? I've been so focused on
making sure everything is set for our
move in this week, I musta' missed it.

JULIAN

Completely understandable. I really
can't believe you and Stony are moving
into your first house together, this
is so exciting.

Z

And I can't believe that "Messy Mary The Realtor" over there is the one who found it for us.

DARNELL

The only thing messy about me was the hot wax Pierre put on me last night, thank you very much.

JULIAN

Hey, why didn't you tell me you were going to get a wax, I've been meaning to get one too.

DARNELL

Because I wasn't getting a wax, I was getting fucked.

(confused)

What would make you think I was getting a wax?

Julian and Z all stare at Darnell in disbelief.

Z/JULIAN

Never mind.

Z

Julian, remind me to not give him a key to me and my hussband's new house. The last thing I wanna do is walk into my sanctuary and find Darnell, covered in wax, bent over my kitchen sink like some freaky deaky human candle.

DARNELL

Sweetie, let's be *clear*...I would never host a sexual liaison in a "rent to own" home. Even if I don't plan on seeing the man again? First impressions matter. Which is why I'm still wondering...exactly how low were Stony's standards when he met you three years ago?

STONY ELLIOT (29), African American, six-foot, blue collar every day man comes into the dining room and sits down next to Z.

STONY

Listen, after four shots of Hennessy?
I probably would've slept with
Clifford the Big Red Dog, okay?

DARNELL

And even *that* would've been a step up
from Courage The Cowardly Lion over
there.

Darnell's phone rings.

DARNELL

(annoyed)

Ugh, I gotta take this, it's Estelle
my assistant.

(answers in a whiney voice)

I'M WITH MY FRIENDSSSSSS!

Darnell leaves table.

STONY

Hey baby.

Stony goes to kiss Z but they back away.

Z

Nah uh! You just compared me to a
supernaturally large dog and now you
want me to kiss you?

STONY

I was just playing, babe! You know the
first moment I saw you in the club,
you *knew* I wanted that WAP, and I *also*
knew that yo little fast cute ass was
gonna give it to me.

Z

Uh, correction, the way I remember it?
I got the WAP first.

STONY

(thinks)

Well...I do get a little versatile when
I'm on the Henny.

Stony and Z kiss.

JULIAN

(sighs)

Guys! I don't know why but I have way more nerves than usual about this audition.

(pause)

What if I suck?

STONY

Then you might get a part.

Z

(rolls eyes)

Julian, you're second guessing yourself soooo you're probably gonna fail.

JULIAN

Geez, thanks for the vote of confidence.

Z

I'm just saying, boo! That's like me thinking I'm *not* gonna win a drag pageant and then *not* win the drag pageant. Thoughts, both negative *and* positive, have power.

JULIAN

(thinks)

And have those "positive thoughts" been getting you through dealing with Darnell?

Z

Plus, those incantations I got from that spell casting book from Spencer's that just magically appeared in my bag after not paying for it.

STONY

Don't worry, babe, we have less than a week left in this place.

(pause)

By the way...what did Brittany say about that little mishap on your last temp job? She didn't fire you, right? Cause we're gonna need *all* the income we can get.

Z

Why would she fire me?

JULIAN

Well, you were hired to dog walk and you...lost the dog you were hired to walk.

STONY

By letting it get caught in that street sweeping truck. Can animals get PTSD?

Darnell comes back into the dining room and sits down next to Julian.

DARNELL

Why don't you just ask Z? I'm sure they can shed some light on that subject due to the fact that their ancestors had starring roles in "Dances With Wolves".

Z

(to Stony)

I know that assault is illegal in the eyes of the law but what if *I'm* not the one doing the assaulting? What if I outsource?

STONY

Still illegal, babe.

Z

(pause; irritated)

Ughhhh! I can't have *anything* nice!

Stony and Julian laugh while Z goes back to eating their food and Darnell keeps looking for cars on his phone.

DISSOLVE TO:

OPENING CREDITS

TITLE CARD APPEARS

"BOYFRIENDZ"

INT. DANCE STUDIO - WAITING ROOM - AFTERNOON

SAME DAY. MID-TOWN, NEW YORK. Julian walks in with his gym bag and takes a seat, looking around at the other dancers waited for their turn to audition. He pulls out his application from his bag and feels for a pen. After rummaging for a few seconds, he realizes he doesn't have one.

JULIAN

You have got to be kidding me. I don't have a pen?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

I'll trade you that seat for a pen.

Julian looks up and it's like the world stops for a moment. Julian is awestruck by VERNON LYTTLE (27), the most beautiful man Julian has ever seen. His tank top hugs him in all the right places and every muscle is perfectly positioned.

JULIAN

(dazed)

You...want my seat?

VERNON

What? No! No, not at all. I wanted to trade *my* extra pen for the *empty* seat next to you.

JULIAN

(touching his pockets; still in a daze)

I don't have a pen.

VERNON

(laughs)

I know. But *I*...

(takes pen out of his pocket)

Have an extra one. And you have...

Julian finally comes out of his stupor.

JULIAN

An extra...*seat*.

(small laugh)

Please. Sit.

Vernon takes the seat next to Julian and hands him the pen.

JULIAN

I'm sorry, my head leaves me the *minute* I walk into an audition. Just wait til' the part where I start to get all shaky and nervous and sweaty.

VERNON

Sounds like me right before sex.

JULIAN

Uh...thank you? For sharing that, I guess?

VERNON

(laughs slightly)

A little *too* straight forward for somebody you don't even know, huh?

(extends hand)

I'm Vernon. Vernon Lyttle.

JULIAN

(shakes Vernon's hand)

Julian Christopher. It's nice to meet you.

VERNON

Since we're acquainted, now can I tell you about how jittery I get before sex?

JULIAN

(laughs)

You must have a side job in making people uncomfortable cause you're oddly good at it.

VERNON

Well, you know how you go blank at auditions? Seems like *I* use ice breaking tactics I found on Tiktok that apparently, do not work, like...at *all*.

JULIAN

We all have our things. Dancing seeming to be one of the things that we share.

VERNON

And life for a dancer? Ain't easy. I mean, I manage a clothing store in Soho five days a week, do odd jobs on the weekends, and then come to auditions like this *just* so I can continue to follow my dreams because it's "God's will" or whatever.

(thinks)

I probably shouldn't have listened to that damn priest back at home.

Julian snickers. And he's been intently listening to Vernon's every word.

JULIAN

So where is...home, exactly?

VERNON

Before? Jacksonville, Florida. Now? Garfield, New Jersey.

JULIAN

You are *joking*! I'm in Lodi!

VERNON

(surprised)

No way! We're neighbors!

JULIAN

I know, that is so sickening!

VERNON

(confused)

Sickening? I mean, if you don't like the fact that I live a town over from you, I *can* just go to back to Florida.

JULIAN

(embarrassed)

No, no! Sickening is a--it's a gay term. It can describe someone who is *really* attractive or just something that's really good like...guacamole.

VERNON

(surprised)

You're...gay?

JULIAN
("duh" look on his face)
Thought that was kind of a given.

VERNON
Well, I just don't assume every male
dancer is gay. I mean, I'm not.
(pause)
No offense. Just wanted to put that
out there in case...

JULIAN
Wow, let me pick up the pieces of my
broken heart off the floor. Boy, don't
nobody want you.
(pause)
No offense.

Vernon laughs.

JULIAN
By the way, what store do you manage?

VERNON
Excuse me?

JULIAN
You said you managed a clothing store?
Did I get that wrong? I can be very
blonde sometimes.

VERNON
(impressed)
No, you heard right. You pay attention
to detail, I see.

JULIAN
Only when it's something I'm
interested in.
(thinks)
Not that I'm interested in you, that
way. Oh God..
(sighs)
I just made a good conversation
awkward as hell, didn't I?

VERNON
(amused)

I'm not one those guys who get insulted if a gay guy finds me attractive. I actually take it as a compliment because if a dude thinks you look good, imagine what the women must think?

JULIAN

That's a...good way to think of it. But...sorry to burst your little ego bubble...I do not find you attractive.

VERNON

(a little surprised)

Hey, you're entitled to your own opinion.

They sit in silence for a moment, filling out their paperwork.

VERNON

What is it though? I'm not your type? Too tall? Too built?

(smiles big)

Something wrong with my teeth?

JULIAN

(pause)

Honestly? It's them ears. You could parachute out of a plane with those things.

VERNON

If I needed a parachute, I could just reach into my pants and use my d...

JULIAN

Ah! Pump ya brakes, sir, and just check them boxes, okay? Nasty.

Vernon laughs and so does Julian, continuing their paperwork.

CUT TO:

INT. LISA'S - TABLE - AFTERNOON

MONDAY. TWO DAYS LATER. JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY. Julian, Z, Stony, and Darnell are having drinks as they usually do at their usual spot. Darnell seems preoccupied on his phone.

Z

Sooooo, how was the audition? I had my face glued to that damn group chat and you ain't say squat about Jack.

JULIAN

It was a bust. The "artist" wasn't an artist at all. He actually turned out to be an...

(pause)

Escaped mental patient.

Z

I know you fucking lying.

JULIAN

Nope, dead serious. Real name Lamar Catoe, diagnosis? Crazy as hell. The guy suffers from schizophrenia and *somehow* got out of his little padded room.

STONY

That's crazy. So, basically you wasted your time for no reason.

Julian thinks about Vernon.

JULIAN

(sheepish smile)

Well...

DARNELL

(eyes wide)

You met a guy.

JULIAN

No, I didn't!

DARNELL

Yeah, ya did! You have the same look on your face you had when you saw Randy Angeles with his shirt off for the first time in high school. Your eyes are all twinkly, your teeth are showing when you smile...either you met a guy...or you just farted.

JULIAN

(pause)

Okay fine!

(smiles big)

His name is Vernon and he is sicko-
ning. He boxes, he...he teaches a dance
class on the weekends, he works in a
retail store in Soho...

DARNELL

(disgusted)

A mall rat?! Why are we talking about
this man again?

STONY

Because obviously our little Julian is
crushing.

Z

Like a big bitch riding a dwarf,
honey.

JULIAN

(laughs)

No, no it is not what you guys are
thinking at all because Vernon
is...straight.

Z, Darnell, and Stony all have varying facial expressions of
disapproval.

JULIAN

(downtrodden)

Exactly.

(sighs)

Why do I always meet the straight guys
who have no problem being cool with
gay men? You know, it's a lot easier
to not be attracted to men when they
stick with what they know which is
being homophobic assholes.

DARNELL

Well, most of the time that's just a
front and all you've really gotta do
is, ya know, suck the homophobia *right*
out of em'.

Z

(to Darnell)

How you aren't the face of a brothel campaign is beyond me. And Julian, we *can't* complain about straight men *not* accepting us and then *also* complain when they do.

Z notices Darnell is paying them no attention.

Z

Hello, Darnell. Trying to save a friend from going down a dead end rabbit hole, pay attention, bitch.

DARNELL

Sorry. I'm finalizing paperwork on a house I just sold that's gonna get me the rest of the money I need to have my new car by the end of this week.

Z

(excited)

Oh! Speaking of paperwork, did you get our the closing documents for me and my hussband's new dwelling?

DARNELL

(shows phone)

Yup, got em' right here in my e-mail. Now can you leave me the hell alone so we can get back to whatever Julian was talking about before?

STONY

(to Julian)

Yes, Vernon! So, you're feeling him, any inkling he might be feeling you?

JULIAN

I don't know. I mean, well...he *did* make a penis joke.

Z

Now you know Julian's gaydar has always been on the fritz.

STONY

Yeah, but there are still signs he could look for.

DARNELL

Definitely. Like when you "accidentally" touch a man's crotch cause you "accidentally" dropped your lip balm in his lap, and then you "accidentally" end up on the roof of your building playing naughty super and broke tenant? You can *definitely* tell by that.

Julian, Z, and Stony look dumbfounded.

DARNELL

What? Does that...only happen to me?

STONY

Well Julian, and God knows I *don't* say this a lot, but...Darnell might have a point. Life is short. So maybe you should make a move on this Vernon guy and just see what happens. I mean...
(gives Z a sexy look)
The early bird...*does* get the nut.

Z

Birds don't eat nuts, you whore! You know what? You disgust me, I want a divorce.

STONY

Baby, where is your funny bone?

Z

I will *ruin* you, bitch! Don't do me.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRISTOPHER STREET PIER - AFTERNOON

NEXT DAY. TUESDAY. DOWNTOWN, NEW YORK. Julian is sitting down on a bench watching a video on his phone. TERRENCE CARTWRIGHT (28); exceptionally handsome, exceptional physique, the epitome of a Disney prince, is on a phone call and sits down on a bench next to Julian.

TERRENCE

Yeah, that's great! Tell the band I'll be on set at seven. Oh and can you ask them if they're gonna have string

cheese?...cheese curds? The hell is that?...

(dejected)

Alright fine, I'll see you then.

(hangs up; thinks)

The hell is a cheese curd?

JULIAN

(not looking up from his phone)

Something that should *never* be ingested by the human body.

Terrence looks over, seeing Julian for the first time and it's as though the world stops for him, but he stays cool.

TERRENCE

(laughs)

Not a fan, huh?

JULIAN

Well, I tried them once at a restaurant thinking it was like fried mozzarella and instead? I ended up using them as ammo in a food fight with this seven-year-old who kept throwing chicken bones at me.

TERRENCE

(laughs)

Really? Who won?

JULIAN

Uhhh, me of course! Age is a non-factor to me when it comes to competition, I beat that little boy's ass.

TERRENCE

(smiles)

I'm like that too, actually. You should hear me when I'm playing Call of Duty, I've *probably* cursed out more little kids than...

(thinks)

Miss Trunchbull.

JULIAN

(smiles; impressed)

A Matilda reference?

TERRENCE

Was and is *still* one of my favorite movies.

JULIAN

Mine too! Even though it *did* ruin chocolate cake for me for like, ever. Talk about childhood trauma.

TERRENCE

Let's not. I wouldn't want you to judge me for my...fear of...goldfish.

JULIAN

(disbelief)

Goldfish? They're harmless. Except the goldfish crackers, now they can just discontinue that entire line.

TERRENCE

Not your thing?

JULIAN

I...don't like to eat crunchy food. It's like, "Why are you making my mouth work this hard?".

TERRENCE

So, you're telling me you *hate* tacos?

JULIAN

(thinks)

No, I do love a good taco.

TERRENCE

Whew! Okay, Jesus! You were scaring me for a minute there.

JULIAN

Why?

TERRENCE

Because...I was wondering how I could take you on a date to my favorite taco truck if you didn't appreciate a good...ya know...ground beef smiley.

Julian is a little taken back by Terrence's forwardness.

JULIAN

(smirks)

I am all about the Mexican food. Even though I suck at Spanish...but I do know the bad words.

TERRENCE

I'm sure you know more than just the bad words.

Terrence leans close to Julian, locking eyes with him.

TERRENCE

Creo que eres realmente hermoso.
(*Translation: I think you're really beautiful.*)

JULIAN

(thinks)

I...think you're...really...beautiful.

Julian smiles shyly, touched by Terrence's compliment.

TERRENCE

See? You **do** know more than just the bad words.

JULIAN

(pause)

Thank you. I don't...I don't really hear that a lot.

TERRENCE

Hang around me more often and you'll hear it all the time.

Julian stares into Terrence's beautiful eyes, a little overwhelmed by Terrence's compliments and unable to believe this gorgeous man is actually hitting on him. Julian's alarm goes off on his phone.

JULIAN

Oh, wow, I didn't know it was so late. I gotta catch my train.

TERRENCE

Aw, well that means my Fro-yo idea is down the drain.

JULIAN

(pause)

Maybe some other time. But it was really nice meeting you, I hope you enjoy the rest of your night.

Julian gets up and walks away. Terrence just watches Julian leave, the man who's taken his breath away. Then he remembers something.

TERRENCE

Wait! I didn't even get your number or your...

Terrence sees that Julian is far off in the distance to hear him.

TERRENCE

(sadly)

Name.

CUT TO:

INT. DARNELL'S CONDO - DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

NEXT DAY. WEDNESDAY. FORT LEE, NEW JERSEY. Julian and Darnell are sitting down at the table. Julian is staring into space, lost in his thoughts. Darnell is on one phone, texting rapidly. The doorbell rings.

DARNELL

Who the hell is that? I told Jack he wouldn't be jackhammering me until eight.

JULIAN

(makes a face)

That...would be Vernon.

DARNELL

Who the *hell* is Vernon?

JULIAN

The guy I told you I met at my audition. He asked if I could print out some flyers for his job which is why I came here so I could use your printer. I told him to meet me here.

DARNELL
I'm still stuck on this audition
thing, I thought you worked in
customer service?

Julian shakes his head at Darnell's obliviousness and goes
downstairs to open the door.

JULIAN (O.S.)
Hey! It's good to see you again.

VERNON (O.S.)
You too. Thanks for the favor.

Julian and Vernon walk back upstairs to the dining room.
Julian sits back in his seat.

JULIAN
Darnell...this is Vernon, Vernon this is
one of my best friends, Darnell
Brooks.

VERNON
(extending hand)
Nice to meet you.

DARNELL
(barely glancing)
It's always nice to meet me.

JULIAN
(to Darnell)
Stop being so rude. I'm sorry, Vernon,
he's much nicer to his shoe
collection.

Suddenly, Darnell has a moment of recognition. And an idea.

DARNELL
(gasps)
Ohhhh, Verrrrnon! The store clerk
from SoHo!
(gasps again)
Julian! I *just* remembered...I can't go
with you to the movies tonight, I have
an appointment with a client, sorry.

JULIAN
(confused)

What movie? We didn't have plans for a movie. Am I doing the blonde bitch thing again?

DARNELL

Yes. The movie you really wanted to see. That we were going to see together but now we can't because of my client and nowwww? You're going alone.

VERNON

(to Julian)

Hey, you don't gotta go alone, I can go with you.

Darnell looks happy, Julian looks shocked.

JULIAN/DARNELL

You will?

VERNON

Yeah, why not? What movie is it?

JULIAN

(thinks)

Ummmm...actually, there's this "Movie In The Park" they're doing in Hoboken. It's a showing of this film called "Trick". But...you *really* don't have to go, I've seen that movie a million times. And also it's a...gay rom-com so it'll probably be like the...epicenter of homos.

VERNON

Didn't I already tell you I'm not like every other guy? Tell you what, you've got my number and um, we could meet there. Maybe even get some food beforehand.

JULIAN

(nervous)

Sure.

VERNON

Great, it's a date. I do gotta get going though, trying to beat that rush hour traffic but...I'll see you tonight.

(to Darnell)
It was...*interesting*...meeting you.

Vernon heads downstairs and exits. Julian's mouth is gaped open, did he really just hear those words?

JULIAN
Darnell...did you hear what he said?
He said "*date*".

Darnell looks up from his phone, oblivious.

DARNELL
Who? Somebody walked up in here? Ugh,
I *really* gotta change those locks.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - RESIDENTIAL BLOCK - EVENING

SAME DAY. WAYNE, NEW JERSEY. Z and Stony are walking up the street on their new block with their former neighbor MISS KIM (50); transgendered woman, kooky, full of wisdom. Z is also in their full drag persona, "Zaynah", wearing a beautiful pink evening gown to make this occasion.

MISS KIM
Miss Diva, lemme tell you honey, I am so happy for you. From the minute you barged your way into my Stony's life, I knew you were the right one for him. Miss ma'am came for one night only, never left, and now you living your dream, girl! I'm really gonna miss y'all.

Z
(touched)
Aw, thank you Miss Kim.

STONY
Miss us? You know you are invited *whenever* you wanna come by.

MISS KIM
Oh chile, please! I already know I got dibs on that couch from Bob's Furniture Z picked out.
(thinks)

Just make sure you invite me over on a day that Darnell isn't here cause I only have enough patience for that one? One day a week. Anything more than *that*? I'm liable to make balloon animals out of his larynx.

Z And Stony laugh. The three of them stop in their tracks, seeing something in the distance.

A WOMAN IS STANDING ON THE LAWN OF STONY AND Z'S NEW HOME, TAKING SELFIES IN FRONT OF THEIR HOUSE.

STONY

Babe...why is that lady taking selfies in front of our house?

MISS KIM

Maybe she's part of the neighborhood welcoming committee. You know how they do in these uppity white people, middle class suburban areas and stuff.

STONY

I had my orientation for my job as the head of the *paid* neighborhood watch team and *that* was not in the slideshow.

MISS KIM

(pause)

So maybe she's planning on breaking in? But it *is* kinda bold to be taking a photo op before she bout to smash and grab. These suburbia thieves is something else, chile! At least the ones in the ghetto don't throw it in your face like that, nah uh, they don't do that.

Z is ready to go to war. Stony, Miss Kim, and Z walk up to the woman, QUIRIANA, their faces all business.

QUIRIANA

(very friendly)

Oh my God, I love your gown! But may I ask...why are you...wearing a gown? Wait...

(thinks)

Are you part of the neighborhood welcoming committee? You know, we read about those but we ain't know y'all go all out like this for the new move-ins! I'm Quiriana.

Z

"You're a gon-er"? Is that what you said? Yeahhhh, I *think* that's what you said.

QUIRANA

No honey, I said my name is Cur-Ree-Ahn-Na.

Z

Bitch, I don't care if you were the living embodiment of the *Quran*! What the hell do you think you're doing acting like you live up in our house?!

STONY

I'm sorry, what my partner here is saying...

MISS KIM

Um, what Diva here is saying is that I'm old school, baby okay? Which means I never leave home without two things...

(pulls a credit card out of her bag)

My sugar daddy's American Express...

(pulls out a razor blade)

And my straight razor. Now what is you doing up in here, girl?

QUIRIANA

Look, if you're having some sort of discrepancy then you can kindly call my realtor, Darnell Brooks...

Z

You mean *our* realtor, Darnell Brooks.

QUIRANA

Nooooo. Darnell is the one who sold me and my husband this this house. We gave him our fifteen thousand dollar down payment a few days ago and now

here we are! Home sweet home! I'm just so happy that the commission he got from this sale was able to get him a brand spanking new car, you know what they say, one hand washes the other.

Z, Stony, and Miss Kim's are in shock when they realize the house Darnell sold to get his car was Z and Stony's dream house!

Z

(laughing nervously)

No...no...he didn't...he wouldn't have...

(to Stony & Miss Kim)

He *wouldn't*...right?

QUIRIANA

Aw sweetie, I'm real sorry for the mix-up but hey, do y'all wanna come in? I just whipped up a nice pernil, fresh out the oven!

MISS KIM

(excited)

Ooooo bitch, don't mind if I do! I am a sucker for some roast pig, honey!

Miss Kim walks past Z and Stony who look bewildered as Miss Kim links arms with Quiriana.

MISS KIM

(to Z & Stony)

What?! Look, apparently? Y'all are homeless. Ain't no need for y'all to be hungry too! Bring yo asses on!

Miss Kim walks inside the house with Quiriana, leaving Z and Stony confused and seething.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - BENCHES EVENING

LATER THAT NIGHT. HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY. Julian is sitting down at a table, typing on his phone. Vernon comes over and sits down across from him.

VERNON

Setting up a little booty call for later?

JULIAN

Please. This booty hasn't been called on in a long time. I was just responding to my group chat.

VERNON

Come on Jewelz, you don't gotta downplay it for me. I saw how you guys operate when I was back home, the gay world is like "Dude Central", you're just always...all over each other, *always* available...that kinda thing.

JULIAN

(sad tone)

Well...I'm not like those guys you're talking about...

(sighs)

But sometimes I...kinda wish I was. Able to just...cling to those physical moments instead of...wanting and waiting for something more. I mean, it would definitely be better than going home alone every night.

Vernon nods his head, understanding Julian's pain.

VERNON

Well to me, it just sounds like you want...substance. And there's nothing wrong with that. I actually respect it.

JULIAN

Yeah but...I'm also twenty-four, *almost* twenty-five and...I've only had one serious relationship in my entire life and to some gay men? That makes it look like...there's something wrong with me.

VERNON

Why?

JULIAN

Because in the gay world, by the time you're my age? Most guys have dated, gotten married and then divorced more times than Jennifer Lopez and those of us who haven't? We get labeled...undesirable. Inexperienced or...problematic.

VERNON

Wow.

(pause)

Well...take it from me, someone who is just getting to know you...those gay men who have that perception of you? Are wrong. Like, completely. I mean, aside from your obsession with musicals and all things "rom-commy"...

Julian laughs.

VERNON

I don't see anything wrong with you at all.

Julian and Vernon's eyes meet long enough to make Julian feel awkwardly uncomfortable with this intimate moment. Julian smiles shyly.

CUT TO:

INT. Z AND STONY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

SATURDAY. WAYNE, NEW JERSEY. Z, Darnell, and Julian are sitting on the bed. Z's on their laptop and Stony comes in with a plate of brownies, handing one to Z.

Z

Thank youuuu, baby.
(takes a bite)
Ugh, these are everything.

DARNELL

Oh, I *know* you are not stuffing Betty Crocker into that sinkhole you call a mouth while laying on *my* new state of the art memory foam mattress with top-of-the-line chiffon sheet set!

Z

(bites brownie happily)
Sho' is.

STONY

You know, Darnell, even though me and my boo almost had to escape to a country without an extradition treaty with your dead body in the trunk of our car? I gotta give it to you. Not only did you get us our house back, but you also brought us all new furniture. You really do know the meaning of "out with the old, in with the new".

DARNELL

Whatever, bitch. Now if you could just apply that same "out with the old, in with the new" mentality to Z's crusty wigs? Their life would improve by leaps and bounds.

JULIAN

(smiling big)
Oh, my God, that reminds me of this joke Vernon told me about Wendy Williams and her wigs...
(laughing hysterically)
He is so funny!

DARNELL

Heyyyy! I got an idea! Every time you mention that man's name? I get to throw a pair of your sneakers into a meat grinder.

STONY

Let Julian talk about his boo, don't be mad just cause you don't have one.

Z

I usually don't do this cause I make it a habit to *not* agree with Satan's little hooved cladding elves but...
(to Julian)
I don't think you realize just how much you actually talk about this man, Julian.

STONY

And y'all don't seem to realize that Julian has spent almost every day with this man since Wednesday. Honestly? I think Vernon might actually like our friend and just doesn't know how to express it yet.

JULIAN

(thinking blissfully)

You know, sometimes, when we're talking...and I think our eyes meet for just a second more than they should...a part of me? Really thinks that he might.

(sighs)

But then I'm Thanos-snapped back to hetero-land when I catch him staring at the waitress' new ass courtesy of the Dominican Republic.

Stony and Z laugh. Julian's phone rings.

CALLER ID SAYS "VERNON"

JULIAN

Oh my God! It's Vernon!

The phone continues to ring.

STONY

Well go talk to your boo!

JULIAN

He is *not* my boo, remember?

DARNELL/STONY/Z

Do you remember?

Julian shakes his head, sitting on the edge of the bed, answering the phone

Z

(whispering)

It hasn't even been a week and Julian is head over heels for this guy. I'm really hoping that after this is all over? We don't have to scrap him off the floor with an emotional spatula because that process? Exhausting.

Stony is more focused on the pile of bills in his hand.

STONY

You know what else is exhausting?
Looking through this pile of "give me
money..."

(picks up envelope)

"Give me money *now*..."

(picks up another envelope)

And "give me money *now* or give me your
first born in exchange for keeping
your car".

(to Z)

We're really starting to drown a
little bit, baby, how's the job search
been going?

Z

(typing on laptop; smiling big)

Well...husssband, you know what they
say? God don't come when you call him,
but he come when you need him because
I? Just got a job offer. We're gonna
officially be a two-income household,
babe!

STONY

What?! You're kidding!

Z

Nope! Just got the e-mail and I start
Monday! I get to make my own hours and
it's paid in hard...cash...money,
honey!

STONY

Well, what is it, lemme see!

Z

This!

Z shows Stony the laptop.

STONY

(reading)

"Gay house-husband needed for the sad,
lonely, and sometimes...*HORNY*?! You will
be handsomely compensated to perform
duties for...*lonely* men who haven't been

able to find the one to settle down
with?!"

Z is smiling happily while Darnell and Julian look like "what
the fuck?"

STONY

(reading)

"Duties include but are not limited to
cleaning house, cooking...*HAND HOLDING*
IN THE PARK?! Daily massages,
occasional *PHONE SEX WITH CLIENT WHILE*
THEY'RE AT WORK!" What the hell is
this?!

Z

Isn't it great?!

Julian senses their friends may need some alone time.

JULIAN

Darnell? I think we should go...

DARNELL

Read my mind.

(gets up from bed)

I do not have the proper amount of
moisturizer on to be giving a
statement on the evening news.

(to Z)

See you tomorrow boo.

JULIAN

Yeah! Uh, I mean...

(crosses fingers)

Hopefully.

Z

(confused)

What? Guys, wh--what's wrong?

STONY

I'm gonna go with them cause I
don't...I...I don't know about
you...summin...summin ain't right up in
the brain region, I don't...

Stony gets off the bed and begins to walk out. Stony turns
around, grabbing the plate of brownies off the bed.

STONY

And I'm taking these too, hoes
multiply like Gremlins if you feed
them after seven.

Stony leaves the room. Z looks around the now empty bedroom,
stupefied.

Z

(long pause)

WHAT?!

CREDITS ROLL.