

P-TOWN PILOT

Written by

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INT. CHILDREN'S THERAPIST OFFICE - LATEST POSSIBLE  
APPOINTMENT

A humble, quaint Massachusetts room that doubled as an attic in its past life, is sprinkled with fun puzzles and toys. DENNY, a fit but still meaty bottom/vers, whom by all accounts is cute, but lacks the self-confidence to know this, which is definitely reflected in the chosen attire. You can picture it. Aw look at him mixed with oof swing and a miss. He is attentively tending to the wedded, blissful Barbie's, and a T-Rex, in their Barbie Dream House. He sits criss-cross apple sauce on the floor as he plays.

DENNY

(playing with Barbies)

Some people grow up and dream of the white picket fence, the white long billowing wedding dress, and... I'm noticing a white theme here all of a sudden. I for sure did. But somehow I lost myself along the way in the mix. This year, I'm putting the man into manifesting. No mess. No difficulty. No b.s. What are you going to manifest, April?

A six year old girl, APRIL, shy but judgmental is playing Barbie with her therapist, Denny. She and her pigtails shrug.

DENNY (CONT'D)

That's ok. We will worry about that next session!

The ground shakes, as the garage door opens beneath the pair. April's mother opens the office door. April rushes to hug Denny.

DENNY (CONT'D)

April. We talked about this. You can't really hug me.

APRIL

I know but you look like you need it. Bye.

DENNY (V.O.)

It was in this moment that I realized, what an utter mess I had gotten myself into.

Denny lies on the floor like a fallen snow-angel, as the door closes behind April and her mother.

EXT. PROVINCETOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - SIX DAYS AGO

It's a beautiful Provincetown day. Pride flags litter the streets, but not in an in-your-face way. It's a safe community, and Denny mall-walks around his neighborhood, confidently waving and smiling towards people he truly has never spoken one word to.

A car cuts him off. He barrels onto it.

DENNY  
No worries, I'm ok.

DRIVER  
(through cracked window)  
Yeah, tell that to my car.

DENNY  
You just fucking ran me over you  
piece of shit. Ow. My leg. My leg.  
I'm going to sue you.

Car drives away... fast.

DENNY (CONT'D)  
(totally unharmed)  
Broke ass bitch.

EXT. DENNY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

There is a sign out front guiding towards Denny's Children Therapy Office entrance, which is a finished room over the garage via a make-shift, not-quite-up-to-code staircase existing 3" over his property line. Denny lifts the garage door and hops into his pride and joy: a Blue Jaguar, vintage.

As he starts to barrel like a cat out of hell through his short, yet steep driveway, he nearly propels into a car of similar shape and hue from the one that hit him moments ago. Denny launches out of the car.

DENNY  
What is your problem?

It is not the car from previous. Instead, it is driven by, CHAZZ, Denny's hot and by all accounts "straight" fraternity friend from his Boston U days. Someone he repressed, poorly, a "crush" on.

DENNY (CONT'D)  
Chazz?

CHAZZ

The one and only. I know that's not Denny though. My Denny would be far too excited to see me. Never angry.

DENNY (V.O.)

And there it was. "My" Denny. This is the problem with you straights. You think you own me?

Denny is clearly swooning.

DENNY (V.O.)

And it works every time.

Given the angle of the driveway's slope, the fact that Denny has forgotten to utilize the brake clutch is apparent. Ding.

DENNY (V.O.)

Talk about a sign from the universe...

CHAZZ

Ooh, guess I should've bought that rental insurance.

INT. DENNY'S LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN EN SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

OK, it's more of a townhouse. But think seaside manor, with shabby chic finishes. Because that's how Denny envisions it, with about an 83% success rate. Chazz is carrying a large wheeled suitcase in his arms, as Denny tidies up the kitchen, embarrassingly.

CHAZZ

You sure I'm not keeping you from something? You seemed in a hurry to-

DENNY

Nope.

DENNY (V.O.)

No, we're not going to talk about me.

DENNY

Why are you here. Not that I'm not glad to see you, just--

DENNY (V.O.)

It's an unexpected trip. Who the fuck shows up at someone's house, unplanned from an entirely different city? But before I can even ask "How's Boston"--

CHAZZ

I'm moving. I'm thinking about here.

DENNY

Provincetown?

DENNY (V.O.)

The gayest city in America?

CHAZZ

Where should I set this bag?

DENNY

Wherever. You could've wheeled it in. Provincetown?

CHAZZ

I don't want to scuff your floors.

DENNY

Right. In that case...

(opening his back yard  
French doors)

You can just chuck it outside.

DENNY (V.O.)

Much like the Provincetown topic.

CHAZZ

(dropping his suitcase)

Wow, you renovated! I'm not staying that long. I have a hotel room, actually. Just needed to get out of the city.

DENNY

So the bag is--

CHAZZ

This is some of your art supplies that you left in my house. I'm moving.

DENNY

Can you be serious for a moment Provincetown?

CHAZZ

Who wouldn't want to live near  
their best friend?

DENNY

A million questions.

CHAZZ

Zero answers.

Chazz straightens Denny's unbuttoned shirt.

CHAZZ (CONT'D)

Why don't we go change, and I'm  
taking you to lunch?

DENNY (V.O.)

The contact. You see the contact.  
You see the confusion. Despite  
clearly being labeled in the  
"friend" category. We have  
ourselves in the throes of a gay  
panic.

DENNY

Great. Great, we will do just that.  
One second.

Denny dances his way, awkwardly into his bedroom. Chazz  
laughs but is really not paying attention.

INT. DENNY'S CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Denny pulls on the lightbulb string in his narrow closet.  
Stuffed between the wall and single rack before him.

DENNY (V.O.)

The fact that I'm hiding in my  
closet currently, doesn't escape  
me. Don't judge me.

Denny texts wildly on his phone to the group chat with CJ, a  
pansexual in a confusing open relationship and HAL, an  
asexual with as docile a personality that any part-time drag  
queen could possibly have. The texts flood in. Denny keeps  
texting, deleting words, and then re-typing as he reads.

CJ (TEXT)

Are you alive? Didn't we say 1:30?

HAL (TEXT)

I wasn't going to chime in.

CJ (TEXT)  
 OK, clearly you didn't. And stop  
 texting as if you're not sitting  
 directly beside of me. Denny, are  
 you alive? Should we be concerned?  
 Hal, backup here?

HAL (TEXT)  
 Don't text me like I'm not right  
 beside of you lol For the record,  
 CJ pinched me for that "callback".  
 Can't take it but loves to dish it.

CJ (TEXT)  
 My bio.

BOTH (TEXT)  
 Are you dead?

DENNY (TEXTING)  
 I am alive. But Chazz is coming,  
 too.

BOTH (TEXT)  
 (immediately)  
 Chazz??

HAL (TEXT)  
 He's in town..?

DENNY (TEXTING)  
 He's moving here?

CJ (TEXT)  
 To the gayest city in America?

HAL (TEXT)  
 Oh boy. Here we go.

CJ (TEXT)  
 Can we unpack this in person? I  
 don't have my readers.

DENNY (TEXTING)  
 Old man.

HAL (TEXT)  
 Old man.

DENNY  
 Damn it. How does he type so fast.

CHAZZ (O.S.)  
 Everything OK in there?

DENNY

Peachy.

CJ (TEXT)

I only have a two hour window so could you kindly get here. I'd like to let the buzz settle some before this open house. Apartment showings. They're the worst.

HAL (TEXT)

TMI. Drive safe.

INT. DENNY'S LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN EN SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Denny has not changed. Neither has Chazz.

CHAZZ

That's great. What're you craving.

DENNY (V.O.)

Didn't notice I haven't changed. So straight... right?

DENNY

Well! You're coming with me actually to--

INT. DRAG BRUNCH - 22 MINUTES LATER

CJ greets Chazz first, Hal extends a hand but doesn't stand.

CJ

Pleasure to meet you in the flesh.

CHAZZ

I've heard a lot about you.

CJ

Do tell. But make it quick. I only have 1.4 Hours left now.

DENNY

(to Hal)

Are you not performing today? Oh no, did we miss it?

HAL

No, today is my off duty.

CHAZZ

Oh, you do drag!



DENNY (V.O.)  
Was that admiration, acknowledgment  
or admission of drag-phobia?

DENNY  
Yeah, why do we come here when you  
aren't performing?

HAL  
Because it's an art form.

CJ  
Because of the free drinks.

ALL  
Cheers.

Pregnant pause. LUCILLE WITH BALLS, a drag queen and arch-nemesis of Hal's Mis Hollandaise Sauce persona, passes by for tips.

CJ  
(to Chazz)  
Would you be a doll and get us a  
refill?

LUCILLE WITH BALLS  
Top me off!

DENNY  
You both have full glasses.

CJ chugs her, Hal throws her glass at Lucille, without hitting her! Petty but just. Lucille sticks her tongue out and keeps it moving.

HAL  
Nope, refill time.

CJ  
(indigestion)  
I'm ready.

CHAZZ  
You got it! Two..? Three aperol  
spritzers? Vodka tonics?

HAL  
Straight bourbon.

CJ  
Who cares. Go, thank you!

Chazz goes off. The pair grabs Denny.

HAL  
What are you thinking. He is  
clearly straight.

DENNY  
And moving here.

CJ  
Who said he was straight?

HAL  
Don't.

CJ  
I wouldn't make the assumption.

DENNY  
No?

HAL  
Now you're giving him hope. False  
hope.

CJ  
Shush, Scrooge. Has he said it to  
you directly? "I'm straight."

LUCILLE WITH BALLS  
(from across the bar)  
No you aren't!

HAL  
Can it, Lucille! Always  
interjecting where she's not  
wanted. Well?

DENNY  
In college.

CJ  
What was that 10 years ago? Things  
change. I mean, look at me.

HAL  
A middle aged "twink"?

CJ  
I beg your pardon if I'm middle  
aged your ancient. And it's twunk.

HAL  
Bear.

CJ

To my point, things change. People grow. I'm now a pansexual in an open relationship. Who would've ever guessed?

DENNY

Everyone.

CJ

The OR wasn't my idea. And I... love it. Where is that drink?

HAL

Just don't fall for him. You've had enough heart break this year. With Tom, Dillford, Brad and who am I forgetting?

CJ / DENNY

Jace.

HAL

Who could forget Jace not Jason. Ugh.

CJ

There's no need to bring up the past. But maybe let's keep this one there, too.

DENNY

He's just a friend.

HAL

A friend who's moving here.

Hal and CJ look closely.

DENNY

I'll keep a safe distance. Just friends. Just friends. Just...

CJ

There's the mantra. Here, here.

HAL

But can you keep him there-there?  
(kicked by CJ)  
What? He's already doing the thing.

DENNY

What thing?

CJ / HAL

The thing.

HAL

You do. Where you see a vision  
beyond today. Next thing you know  
he'll be moving in.

DENNY

He's straight!! I'm not falling for  
a straight guy. That's so our early  
20's. And things change.

CJ

Good. We're older and wiser. Gayd  
bless our middle ages.

HAL

Let it the fuck go. You say one  
thing and it goes on forever...  
You're like a group chat where its  
three main members are self-  
referential me, myself and why.

CHAZZ

(back with drinks)  
They only had Fireball.

CJ accepts with reckless abandon, Denny is disgusted. Hal has  
no change in expression.

CHAZZ (CONT'D)

What's this I hear about a group  
chat?

DENNY

We have a group chat.

CHAZZ

And I'm not on it? I have FOMO.

CJ smiles with a daring no. Hal is in vigorous disapproval.

CHAZZ (CONT'D)

I don't want to push myself where  
I'm not wanted.

CJ

Stop. We love you.

HAL

But do stop.

CHAZZ

Did Denny tell you I'm moving here.

DENNY

I told them you're thinking about it.

CHAZZ

I'm looking at apartments.

CJ

You know I'm a broker! I have an opening this afternoon--

Hal kicks CJ.

HAL

How sure are you that you're moving?

CHAZZ

50%?

Group split decision, Hal and CJ are the scale of yay.

CHAZZ (CONT'D)

But I'm about 85% it will be here.

The scale shifts.

CJ

That's high...

HAL

--ly concerning.

DENNY (V.O.)

And what was said next would shift the paradigm of our friendship forever. Setting us on trajectory towards--

CHAZZ

It's so great to make more friends. I needed this. Thank you for all welcoming me.

CJ

How many drinks have you had?

CHAZZ

I'm serious.

DENNY (V.O.)  
Total change.

DENNY  
(intrusive thoughts take  
over)  
I could add you to the group thread-

Hal spits out his drink. CJ stares in horror. Denny regrets saying this. Chazz is elated, hugging Denny.

LUCILLE WITH BALLS  
Any volunteers to the stage?

HAL  
(pushing Chazz to the  
stage)  
Yes!

CHAZZ  
I'm performance shy.

CJ  
Pity.

HAL  
This is what friends do. They  
encourage you out of your shell.  
Go. Fly monkey, fly.

LUCILLE WITH BALLS  
Ooh, we have a hottie on the stage.  
What's your name.

The group sits in smiling discomfort, speaking as ventriloquists do. All teeth, no genuine smiles.

CJ  
This is totally killing my buzz.

HAL  
What was our one rule? When we  
formed this group--

DENNY  
I'm sorry. He needs friends.  
Clearly he's going through it.

CJ  
I am all for love. But we don't  
befriend whom we fuck.

DENNY  
He's straight.

Chazz is onstage, shirtless, grinding against drag queens.

DENNY (CONT'D)  
...ish. I think? I don't know.

CJ  
What I do know is that you want to  
sleep with him.

HAL  
Which is a bad idea, for the  
record.

CJ  
I don't care. What I do care about--  
keep smiling--is that we keep our  
sacred spaces, sacred.

HAL  
Awomen.

CJ  
When you and I became friends, was  
it ever a thought that we would  
sleep together?

HAL  
Your capacity to re-center into  
your own sex life never ceases to  
astound me.

CJ  
It's relevant, your honor. Though  
we are both attractive, it was  
never going to happen. That's why  
we're good friends. It's a  
friendship. No benefits...  
sexually. And we have a group  
thread, as friends. To escape the  
men.

Chazz bows onstage.

DENNY  
I shouldn't have offered it.

HAL  
Correct. Bring him around. Great.  
Hang out with him, even.

CJ  
He seems nice.

HAL  
But the group chat? That's--

CJ / HAL  
Off limits.

Chazz returns.

CHAZZ  
How did I do?

CJ / HAL  
Great!

DENNY  
You did great!

CHAZZ  
Do I put the shirt back on, or is  
that disrespectful?

CJ  
Live your truth. I unfortunately  
have to live mine at work. Kisses.

CHAZZ  
So soon?

CJ  
Yes, I've had my fill!

DENNY  
He means, he's sufficiently buzzed.

CJ  
Precisely.

CJ passes by a posse of the elite-villain boys, all personal trainers, with JACE, Denny's wildly attractive, narcissistic ex, at the epicenter of the split-meat packing district that is BANE and BRAD, whom could be twins that just so happen to make out periodically. The three part ways, to reveal the true lead and true villain, RIVER. Think Regina George but somehow gayer, and the dial towards insanity cranked up 23-and-me%. The posse stand in a brisk moment of 'tude. River nods, and the posse claims a prime-yet-occupied table, which is swiftly cleared and cleaned.

CHAZZ  
Should I be intimidated?



CJ  
(suddenly back)  
On second evaluation, I could use a  
top off.

HAL  
You're going to be late.

CJ  
No, this is the true show. And  
anyway, why throw a party if you  
can't be fashionably late to it.

HAL  
A work event is hardly a p--

CJ  
Can you let me be iconic for one  
second?

Hal lives for this banter, and allows CJ to feel a win. Jace  
locks eyes with Denny. Denny panics. Jace cuts the look away,  
as if simply scanning the room. There is a distilled  
unknowing there. Denny lurches like the belly of a beast.  
Despair.

DENNY  
(leaving the table)  
Excuse me. Too many mimosas.

CHAZZ  
We didn't drink any mimosas?

CJ / HAL  
I've got it.

CJ and Hal face off to save the day. Tension remains.

CHAZZ  
No, you two enjoy your drinks. I've  
got it.

CJ / HAL  
He's very confusing. Get out of my  
brain.

CJ  
Maybe let's just sit in silence.

CJ and Hal depict fierce looks. An unspoken competition  
against the personal trainers.

EXT. BRUNCH CURBSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Whatever began as a sunny day, is a long faded memory. Dark, heavy clouds loom overhead most ominously.

Denny is suppressing tears, with little conviction neither sitting nor standing, huddled in a pool of in-between. Chazz walks up.

DENNY

Just needed to smoke.

CHAZZ

With no cigarette?

DENNY

The kids juul these days.

CHAZZ

I'd sit with you, but are you...  
seated or...

DENNY

I don't know. What am I doing? Here  
I am, hung up on my ex. You're  
moving here. Which I should be  
excited for. But everything. It's  
all so confusing.

CHAZZ

It is.

DENNY

You confuse me.

DENNY (V.O.)

I didn't mean to say it. And yet I  
couldn't take it back. He seemed  
taken aback by it. But what he said  
took me a-back further.

CHAZZ

We flirt. That's always been our...  
thing.

DENNY

But you're straight. I wouldn't  
qualify it as flirting. It's just  
confusing.

CHAZZ

Who said I was straight?

DENNY (V.O.)

And there it was. Huddled on the corner of a drag bar: utter and total shock. Something I'm not usually feeling: silent. If our ancestors could see us now. What would they say?

CHAZZ

Denny?

DENNY (V.O.)

Denny. Get a grip. Denny lean in?

DENNY

Yes?

DENNY (V.O.)

He lingered. For just a moment. I could feel his breath as he hovered just above mine. We were intertwined, our breaths synced. His heart surely not beat as fast as mine. Mine was somewhere in my stomach by now. Warm. Fiery. Or was that just the Fireball I was feeling? Whatever this was, I'm not making the first move. The first... mistake. Speaking of, right on cue--

Jace walks out, in a cloud of smoke.

JACE

Anybody got a light? Sorry to interrupt.

DENNY

Are you really going to act like you don't know who I am? We're just going to gloss over the past 6 months?

JACE

Oh, Denny. Hi. Bye.

DENNY

You are astounding.

JACE

Thank you.

DENNY

It's not a compliment.

CHAZZ

Nobody smokes anymore. Everyone is  
doing the bejeweled.

Jace lingers on the lack of awareness to this joke. Desperate to pick at the threads in this moment further. But decides it is unraveled enough. He decides to return to the bar, but can't commit to exiting the train-wreck. Denny laughs.

DENNY

Juul. Not bejeweled.

CHAZZ

I've much to learn. But I think  
I've a pretty good teacher.

Chazz pulls Denny in close, to kiss him... Which we do not see, fully. A single droplet remains upon the cheek, beckoning the question: tear or raindrop?

DENNY (V.O.)

And so it begins.

INT. DRAG BRUNCH - UNFORTUNATE MOMENTS BEFORE

CJ and Hal are sizing up the Personal Training group. The two camps keep nodding back and forth at one another. First, in acknowledgment, then in rising escalation. The dance battle is on.

CJ

Get up bitch. It's time to dance.

HAL

Lucille. You're with us.

LUCILLE WITH BALLS

You literally hate me.

HAL

The bedrock that drives great  
dynamic duos.

CJ

Trios.

LUCILLE WITH BALLS

Don't push it.

Power change. All three have transformed seamlessly into gorgeous hair-perfect Queens, like a beautiful Sailor Moon transitional.

The Personal Trainers (PT Posse) looks great, but lack rhythm. CJ and Hal laugh. Through a synchronized dance, they slay. But to sashay away, what is needed is a big finale. Each move to be lifted into the air, with no clear base/spotter.

HAL  
 (to PT Posse)  
 One second.  
 (to CJ, huddling)  
 Bitch, I thought you were a base?

CJ  
 In middle school. I can't do that shit anymore. I need to shine. Up in the air. Spot me.

HAL  
 Not with my back.

LUCILLE WITH BALLS  
 Not with my nails.

The trio climb atop one another, none winning, as the PT Posse do flips, tricks, and gym-nasty-ics. The trio put their hands in the air for a final Celine Dion motion of we-nailed-it. They in fact, did not nail it.

Both parties walk away from each other, unbothered, unphased, but overly hyped that they won. Or at least, did enough to hold their heads high.

EXT. BRUNCH CURBSIDE - UP TO SPEED, CONTINUOUS

Hal is jumping in the air, while CJ seeks an inhaler in his bag, doubled over. Puff puff. Hal slaps CJ with a gesture, CJ half-slaps back, still winded. The pair looks up to see:

Chazz has pulled Denny in close, to kiss him... on his cheek.

As rain begins to trickle in, each grow from one state of emotion to another. Denny is elated, then confused. CJ is shocked then in awww, and Hal grows from concerned to angry. Lucille removes herself to the land of tips, pushing the losing Jace in with her.

DENNY (V.O.)  
 Confusion. Bliss. Whomever said  
 this would be the year of less in  
 any of these three, would be wrong.

INT. BOARD ROOM - 13 MINUTES LATER

CJ is already bored, standing before a board room of students, as lightning fills the room's window'd reflection.

INT. DRAG BRUNCH - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Hal clinks glasses with a sparkling stranger.

INT. DENNY'S HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Denny shuts his front door, sinking into the night's memories, perplexed but inescapable from the ecstasy in what/if's, as thunder rolls on by, distant but present.

INT. BOARD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CJ produces papers to a signature client... Chazz.

INT. DRAG BRUNCH - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Hal has clinked with a newfound alliance, Lucille.

INT. DENNY'S HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Barely settled, Denny receives a knock at the door: Chazz, whom is dripping wet, breathless. Denny releases his breath, as if for the first time today, looking on to a future.

DENNY (V.O.)  
You can put the man into  
manifesting.

CHAZZ  
The hotel's were full. Mind if I  
stay the night?

Denny welcomes him in, shutting the door.

DENNY (V.O.)  
But what you get out, may be more  
than what you bargained for...

INT. DENNY'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Denny throws sheets onto the couch. But Chazz is already in Denny's bed.

CHAZZ

I have a confession... I'm scared  
of thunder.

Denny, cozied next to Chazz receives an ardent message that pokes at more than friendship. Without being too forward... it's an "oops" of something solid, with a capital D.

Chazz bites his lip. But we don't linger to see more, as the thunder encourages, to roll on by.

INT. CHILDREN'S THERAPIST OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

Denny finally lifts himself off the floor, fading from the same position merely six days ago, when in bed with Chazz. And strides towards Barbie's Dream House, peering through its threateningly joy-filled pink windows.

DENNY (V.O.)

The funny thing about daring to dream up a new destiny, is that the universe has a funny way of rearing its ugly little head to show you just who is in charge. Try to play with destiny, but fate... that's a whole 'nother bag of tricks.

DENNY

Damnit!

April and her mother careen down the exterior office stairs, as Chazz backs out of the garage and down the driveway. Denny swipes the Dream house onto the floor.