

Members Only: A Musical

by

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**TITLE:** THE FOLLOWING IS BASED ON A TRUE STORY. LIKE MOST GOOD PENIS STORIES, IT HAS BEEN EXAGGERATED.

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - DAY**

A knife slices into summer squash. A fork pierces a sausage frying in a pan. Parker Peters (34), our sorta hero, cooks.

Checks his dating app. His date with AUDRA is on at 8:00.

His place is like *Hoarders* mixed with MUJI. A GIANT STUFFED BEAR hogs valuable seating space.

Parker packs a portion in a bento box, then serves himself. Sits down. A roach skitters in the clutter. He sighs.

*Starts to sing. (Yes, this is a penile cancer musical.)*

PARKER  
Living in the city,  
It isn't always nice,

*Parker swings around a floor lamp. Dons a hat.*

PARKER  
I got a dank, cramped loft,  
And a big lot of mice.

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / BATHROOM - DAY**

*He climbs over and through A TUB to get to his bathroom sink. Stares earnestly in the mirror as he fixes his hair.*

PARKER  
Sometimes it feels,  
That there's not enough space.  
I yearn to get out,  
But then I remember your face.

*Over his shoulder, a grinning MAN IN A PENIS COSTUME pops into view. This is PARKER'S PENIS (PP.) Parker grins back.*

PARKER  
You, to me, have all the things I  
need and,  
You're all I need to know.

**EXT. BUSHWICK STREETS - DAY**

*The pair walk arm-in-arm, step-in-step. Silly chummy. No one notices the giant penis. The bros stop for popsicles.*

PARKER

You, and me, it feels like we've  
succeeded,  
With you I've room to grow.  
Oh-oh-oh!

**EXT. MARIA HERNANDEZ PARK - DAY**

*They sit with their backs against a tree. Parker reads "GETTING TO YES." PP reads over his shoulder.*

PARKER

Grow just like a tree,  
Tall and broad and so shady,

**EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOF - DAY**

*PP uses binoculars to peer in a woman's window. Parker, slightly embarrassed, tries to shove him aside.*

PARKER

Grow just like a tower,  
Where folks can while away the  
hour.

**EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY**

*The two dance in front of the "Debt Clock" in Union Square.*

PARKER

Grow just like the debt,  
But unlike it you needn't fret.  
Yes, together we'll have lots of  
room to grow oh-oh-oh!

**INT. SUBWAY - EVENING**

*Parker manspreads on a subway bench. Realizes his offense. Self-consciously closes his legs.*

PARKER

Sometimes when I go out,  
I feel a little trapped,  
The people stop and stare,  
Like there's a stain on my lap.

*Parker rises. Ashamed. Twirls around a subway pole. Then PP appears. They do some dance moves on the pole.*

PARKER  
 I get a little hot,  
 And sometimes I'm out of breath,  
 But when it feels too much,  
 That's when I just think of you  
 and your heft.

**EXT. THE DEPTHS OF SPACE - NIGHT**

*Our pair clutch a spaceship resembling a condom. The stars streak by. PP loses his grip. Parker pulls him back up.*

PARKER  
 You, to me, are everything I hoped  
 for,  
 We're riding through the sky,  
 You, and me, are all the stuff of  
 folklore,  
 And together we will rise!  
 Ay-ay-ay!

**EXT. ROCKAWAY BEACH - DAY**

*The sun rises. Parker throws an arm around PP.*

PARKER  
 Rise just like the sun!  
 Crimson red for everyone!

**EXT. UPSTATE FARM - DAY**

*PP pops into frame. Rooster on his shoulder. They crow.*

PARKER  
 Rise just like a cock!  
 Er, not that kind, the kind that  
 squawks.

**EXT. NEO-MANILLA - DAY**

*Parker and PP tower over a miniature Manilla like Kaiju. They kick over some buildings. Then do a dance.*

PARKER  
 Rise just like Godzilla!  
 Taking on all of Manilla.  
 Yes, together we'll have lots of  
 room to ri-ay-ay-ise,  
 Lots of room to grow-ow-ow-ow!  
 (MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)  
 Yes, together we'll have lots of  
 growth in size!

PP manhandles the city in slow-mo. **TITLE UP: MEMBERS ONLY**

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - EVENING**

Breasts fill out a Godzilla T-shirt.

PARKER  
 (mumbling and singing)  
 -- lots of room to grow oh oh oh.

It's Audra (26.) Peppy. Right now, pissed. She's wearing  
 his oversized T-shirt. They're post-sex, mid-argument.

AUDRA  
 PARKER! Are you, like, even  
 listening?

PARKER  
 Uh, sorry?

AUDRA  
 Thought you were different. But  
 then it's all, "Oh, I can't be in  
 a relationship right now."

PARKER  
 Look, I just -- I just don't think  
 I'm ready for anything is all.  
 It's not you. Mental health stuff.

AUDRA  
 The same mental health stuff  
 that's hanging over your bed?

We have no idea what she's talking about. Yet.

PARKER  
 Look, you can understand as a ...  
 (Takes a stab)  
 ... demolitions expert?

AUDRA  
 You don't even know what I do.

PARKER  
 (Solemn)  
 I know it's very important.

AUDRA  
Can't believe this. I'm out. Bye.

PARKER  
Audra, wait ...

AUDRA  
What?

PARKER  
If I could get Godzilla back...

AUDRA  
Unreal. Just unreal, you ... mole  
dick motherfucker!

PARKER  
Like, the size of a mole's?  
Because I think we both know  
that's hurtful and untrue.

AUDRA  
You have a mole! A huge mole on  
your "perfect penis."  
(Under her breath)  
Can't believe you got me to call  
it that.

He hauls ass to the bathroom. Disrobes. Inspects himself.

PARKER  
W-where?

AUDRA  
I'm, like, really leaving now.

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Audra marches into the living room, startling Parker's eccentric roommate, TAMIKO (72), and her dog, Reggie (16) as they eat Parker's bento box, drink tall boys, and watch TV.

Parker follows, struggling to get his pants on.

PARKER  
Audra, wait! We can be friends! At  
least tell me how visible this  
mole was! Scale of 1 to 10.

AUDRA  
15. Don't ever call me again.

She slams the door in his face.

PARKER  
 (Sincerely)  
 I'd be happy to get your Uber.

Tamiko watches a *Game of Thrones*-like show called *Shaft of Sirens*. Sexposition galore. Parker sighs, cleans up her mess. For all his faults, he takes care of Tamiko.

TAMIKO  
 (To the TV)  
 Always boobs. He will say nothing  
 unless -- boobs.

PARKER  
 Mmm. Weird. I freeze up when I see  
 them. Like red light green light.

TAMIKO  
 AH! Very good game!

She lifts her shirt. He half-heartedly freezes. She notices.

TAMIKO  
 Your girlfriend not so happy,  
 Parker-san?

PARKER  
 Not my girlfriend. But I didn't --

TAMIKO  
 No one lasts since Cate, ne? Your  
 sweethurt. [sic]

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - FLASHBACK**

Audra rides Parker, but is distracted as he keeps looking at a GIANT PORTRAIT of himself and his longtime ex, CATE. They're at a themed prom: GORILLAS IN THE TRYST

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - PRESENT**

TAMIKO  
 Oh, well. Now, you can help move  
 washer and dryer to the corner.

PARKER  
 But there's no hookup. We talked  
 about this.

TAMIKO  
Just keep. For decoration.

Parker sighs. Inches it over, breathing hard. Leans on it.

PARKER  
It was weird. She said ...

Tamiko looks up. Something about his tone.

PARKER  
Eh, nothing. Hey, wanna watch a movie? Downloaded *Top Hat*. I could use a distraction.

TAMIKO  
Maybe tomorrow.  
(To the giant bear)  
Goodnight, Apartment Bear.  
(To Parker)  
Goodnight, "slut."

She turns off the light. Parker's in the dark.

PARKER  
I regret teaching you English.

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - LATER**

A bleary-eyed Parker types into a search bar: **MOLE ON PENIS.**

He looks down. He's pantless. There's his penis, flipped up. Sure enough, a PURPLE-BROWN MOLE. Tail like a comet. He tries, but can't manage to touch the spot.

He scans the search results. Sees "cancer." Swallows hard. Wiggles and massages his jaw: his anxious tell.

Suddenly, PP is behind him, looking concerned.

PARKER  
(Reassuring PP)  
Definitely nothing. Everyone has moles. This is just like ... Cindy Crawford.

He pulls up Cindy Crawford's picture. Compares it to the spot. PP and Parker shake their heads; not quite.

We move closer in on the mole. Finally, it's all we see.



**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - VARIOUS**

A condom wrapper matching the mole's color. Parker and his amorous visitors kick several more under the bed. A pile grows. TITLE: SIX MONTHS LATER

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - EVENING**

Two pairs of feet caress. It's Parker and the nerdy CYNTHIA (34.) She disengages, flops down on the bed, and unbuttons her pants.

CYNTHIA

Don't know what they put in that pizza. But it's an aphrodisiac.

PARKER

Yeah, that's the place I always go on d--

(Stops himself)

-- er, on and on about. Pizza on Rivington. Yeah. Never been there on a date, actually. Platonic Pizza on Rivington's what I call it.

He smiles at his nice save. She points to her pants.

CYNTHIA

Parker. You're not listening.  
Aphrodisiac.

PARKER

Ooh. Right, baby.

He looks down at his body. Suddenly WORRIES about the mole.

PARKER

Could you excuse me just one sec?

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Parker flies into his bathroom. Ravages the cabinets looking for something. Finds it: CONCEALER. The label proudly proclaims it's AQUA BLAST HYDRATING FORMULA.

He gingerly applies it to his Penis Mole. Examines his work. Not quite right. Applies more. COATS his penis with concealer. There's a quick knock.

PARKER

Shit. Shit.

Cynthia barges in. He hides the concealer behind his back.

CYNTHIA  
I couldn't wait. And, wow, neither  
could you.

She gets on her knees before he can stop her. Launches into a blowjob. But soon slows. Grimaces. Dabs at her tongue.

CYNTHIA  
(Barely understandable)  
What is that? Tastes like mud.

She looks at her hands. Covered. Smearred. Parker grimaces.

CYNTHIA  
What the fuck? Is that --  
concealer? You put concealer on  
your dick?

PARKER  
It's nothing bad! I just -- like  
the way it makes me look?

A beat. She spits in the sink.

CYNTHIA  
Yeah. I think I'm going to go.

She leaves. He shouts after her.

PARKER  
Cynthia! Hold on!  
(Checks the label)  
It was Aqua Blast! I probably  
hydrated you!

A beat. He grimaces at his penis.

PARKER  
You need to chill. It's only a  
mole. Probably millions and  
millions in this town.

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE - DAY**

Mole-heavy people walk down Broadway. Then the teeming city. In Times Square, a billboard for a show: *LADIES OF THE LOT*. Six made-up blondes and one brunette hold golden car keys. The slogan: A LOT TO HANDLE

**INT. MISSIVE OFFICES / EDITING BAY - DAY**

A hip media office. DEVIN MASTROMANO (36) mans a desktop. Never talks but looks loud. Mustache in a hall of fame. JAIMEE JAMES (32) directs. Wears a T-shirt, jeans, and a don't-fuck-with-me expression. This team helps Parker with his patented explainer videos. We get glimpses of archival footage and slick motion graphics -- his latest work.

PARKER (NARRATING)  
Phallic Nepalese temple art hangs  
like an elephant brigade...

Parker enters with coffee. He mimes throwing down a cup.

PARKER  
Huzzah! Sploosh!

They return his greeting. Parker peers over their shoulders at his video, but keeps checking the hallway outside.

PARKER  
Is it almost done?

JAIMEE  
Your latest masterpiece? Yeah.  
Also, we auto-tuned it for you.  
(Gesturing to him)  
Devin.

Devin loads a file. Grooves while it plays.

PARKER (V.O.)  
(autotuned)  
But penis worship isn't anything  
new. Phallicism is an old idea ...

JAIMEE  
It's what you always talk about!  
Singing explainers.

PARKER  
Guys. The market's not -- we  
discussed that.

JAIMEE  
How you had a great idea that you  
won't follow up on? Why? No time?  
Thought you got rid of 'em after  
like two hours.

PARKER

(Earnest)

Jaimee, c'mon. It's almost  
always ... four hours. A good  
four.

He checks the hallway again. Jaimee notices.

JAIMEE

Why you even here, playboy? You  
could've texted. Thought you hated  
offices. Being "locked in."

He looks away. Her eyes widen. Suspicions confirmed.

JAIMEE

She. Her. You're here for she/her!

Parker taps gently on the room's crowded fishtank.

PARKER

You know, the male pufferfish  
painstakingly creates works of art  
on the sea floor for his lady.

Devin nods. It's like being friends with the host of  
*Jeopardy*. Jaimee crosses her arms. She's formidable.

JAIMEE

Parker. Don't use trivia on us.

PARKER

OK, yes, I thought I might pop by  
and check on the video. And if  
Cate walks by ... we'd just catch  
up.

JAIMEE

You can't -- BLAH. Every time you  
see her, you go from amusingly  
tethered to the world by your  
penis to ... disconnected.  
Depressed.

PARKER

If only I didn't have a penis,  
maybe you'd love me.

JAIMEE

I could probably arrange that.

He spots CATE (32), the VP of Content, outside. She's prim  
and fitted. We've seen her before, in Parker's picture.

PARKER  
How do I look?

Devin gives a so-so sign. Parker glares.

JAIMEE  
Just. Dude. Don't embarrass  
yourself. Be the suave dude you  
are with the 24-year-olds. 'Cuz we  
won't be here to lift you up.

PARKER  
But we'll go for beers later?

JAIMEE  
We're not savages.

The crew watches Parker exit. Jaimee turns on Devin.

JAIMEE  
(Sighs)  
Devin. I need soothing.

Devin plays the auto-tuned video again. The two jam.

**INT. MISSIVE OFFICES / HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Parker runs after Cate. Every other woman he passes burns  
holes in him. Past conquests; not pleased about it.

PARKER  
Cate!

She barely slows down.

CATE  
What is it, Parker? I've got a  
meeting in three and I probably  
need to pee for that long.

PARKER  
Um, did you see the new video?

CATE  
Well, it's long. And about  
penises. Again.

PARKER  
Write what you know. But,  
actually, I'd love to get your  
notes. Maybe we could go out for a  
drink?

She finally stops. Exasperated by this.

CATE  
You know we can't do that.

PARKER  
Why?

CATE  
We dated for seven years. It didn't work. And you work for me.

PARKER  
Freelance. And it was seven years, nine months. But who's counting?

CATE  
Do you want me to be honest?

PARKER  
Two weeks. Four days, six hours...

CATE  
You mowed down the 21 year olds here like we're fighting in a sexual Gallipoli. It's a bad look for me.

PARKER  
(Stung)  
That's ... different. Horseplay.

CATE  
You never take things seriously. The answer is no. Don't ask again, or I'll have to be the bad guy.

They reach an elevator lobby. One lift is open. It's near full. Parker instinctively tightens. Cate notices.

CATE  
Still afraid of getting trapped, huh? Maybe that's why we never got married.

She gets in. The doors start to slide closed.

CATE  
Saw your post about your Mom, by the way. She'd have liked it, Parker.

Doors close. Parker hangs his head. Rejected and down.

**EXT. THE SALTY RABBIT - EVENING**

**INT. THE SALTY RABBIT - MOMENTS LATER**

Parker, Jaimee, and Devin sit near the entrance of a dark bar. Finance bros slum it here. Parker gulps beer.

PARKER

(Tipsily ranting)

It's like -- you know, like a guy goes out and has a good time with a few women and suddenly there's a Scarlet Ladder branded on his forehead.

JAIMEE

You poor men. And I think you mean letter, but continue.

PARKER

(Under his breath)

What'd I say? Anyway, it's not like I even like her that much.

JAIMEE

You literally have her giant portrait hanging above you while you sleep.

PARKER

That's just 'cuz Gorillas in the Tryst was a very formative experience for me.

A long sigh.

PARKER

(Choking up)

Cate is the greatest woman ever.

The nearby door opens. The wind howls. Jaimee shivers.

JAIMEE

Not only do I have to listen to your sob story, but you didn't speak up and we got the bad table.

PARKER

You know I don't like to get locked in!

A tattooed waitress, GENEVIEVE, enters with a round of drinks. Jaimee hides her face behind clasped hands.

GENEVIEVE

One beer. One rye. One concoction.

PARKER

Thank you, Genevieve! We all  
really appreciate it. Including  
Jaimee.

Genevieve exits. Parker tuts at Jaimee. Devin mirrors.

PARKER

Why don't you just talk to her?

JAIMEE

It's not the same. Leap's bigger.

PARKER

Bigger than mine?

JAIMEE

You get a lot of practice.

PARKER

So Cate was right about the women?

And Gallipo --

(Hiccups several times)

-- the Mel Gibson movie?

Devin and Jaimee go silent, exchange looks. A beat.

JAIMEE

I think ...

*From somewhere, music begins to play. It's big, brassy, and irreverent. Crew wheels away the tables -- room to dance. Jaimee grabs an umbrella from a nearby stand. Parker scowls.*

JAIMEE

So when it comes to your  
situation,  
I approach with some hesitation,  
'Cuz I am a compassionate  
songstress.  
Now that we are here there's no  
denying,  
That you're among the men who  
would be vying,  
To set records for most frequent  
sexual congress.

*Parker tries to ignore. Signals for a beer.*



JAIMEE

(You see) You are a fuckboy,  
Your heart is through your penis,  
But you're in luck, boy,  
'Cuz this city's girls are  
keenest,  
What is a fuckboy to do?

*She tries to send the song over to Devin, who shies away.*

JAIMEE

You are a fuckboy,  
Your bed is open seating,  
You run amuck, boy,  
All your dalliances are fleeting.  
The whole world fucks with you!

*Parker takes out his phone, determined to ignore this. But she grabs it. Holds it out of reach, reads his contacts.*

JAIMEE

I'd bet if we booted up all of  
your devices,  
Booty'd be what the most common  
vice is,  
Jessica! Stephanie! Liz! Even  
Toni!

*She tosses the phone back to him. He starts texting.*

JAIMEE

Granted, as a specimen you're not  
the worst,  
But admit it! Your dick always  
comes in first,  
On this your sheets do offer  
sticky testimony.

*A CHORUS of bar patrons joins her.*

JAIMEE (AND CHORUS)

(You know) You are a fuckboy!  
You fuck 'em and you leave 'em,  
Just don't get stuck, boy,  
Commitment's out of season,  
What is a fuckboy to do?

You are a fuckboy!  
More pussy than the pound,  
Don't pass the buck, boy,  
On this big sexual playground.  
The whole world fucks with you!

*Parker's moved by the music, but wants to defend himself.*

PARKER

There's truth to it, but the word  
does vex,  
I've nothing 'gainst the fairer  
sex!  
If I fuck one girl then see what's  
next,  
We can really only blame my ex!!!

*He pulls out a photo of Cate and places it on a pedestal.  
Shrugs. Everyone groans. He joins with everyone in singing.*

EVERYONE

You are a --

PARKER

I am a --

EVERYONE

-- fuckboy!  
Bang her and remove her,  
We are awestruck, boy,  
You spend fucktons on Uber!  
When you're a fuckboy,  
The whole world fucks with you!  
The whole world fucks with you!

*A drunk Parker totters, falls. Crew wheels the tables back  
in place around him. The music fades; normalcy restored.*

Parker extends his arms, a plea to be picked up. Jaimee  
scoffs, but lifts him up anyway. He smirks in victory: she  
was there to pick him up. He strolls off to the bathroom,  
nearly bumping into waitstaff, still humming the tune.

**INT. THE SALTY RABBIT'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Parker enters. Unzips. Pees. Checks to see if he's alone.  
Examines his penis. In this light, the mole looks more  
pronounced. Breathes hard. Starting to panic. Massages his  
jaw. He stares ahead into oblivion.

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - EVENING**

Parker in bed, same dark stare. He's anxious.

Glances over. MORGAN (28) sprawls out on top of him. He  
huffs. Escapes her armlock. Pauses as she stirs. Opens his  
laptop. Shields his eyes. Searches for: **PENIS DISEASE**

After a beat, he adds a "?." A deluge of horrifying images  
of diseased penises fills the screen. He can't look.

MORGAN  
 (Sleepily)  
 Wassat?

He slams the clamshell shut.

PARKER  
 Nothing. Go back to sleep, huh?

MORGAN  
 C'mere.

PARKER  
 Um, yeah, sure, babe.

She shoves his hand back into the trench under her.

PARKER  
 Morgan.

MORGAN  
 Hmm?

PARKER  
 I have a good penis, right?

MORGAN  
 Perfect. Why?

PARKER  
 Never mind.

She falls asleep. His finger taps nervously.

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Tamiko watches *Little Shop of Horrors*. Parker creeps in.

PARKER  
 Little Shop, huh? My cousin and I  
 used to watch it all the time.

TAMIKO  
 You are up late, Parker-san?  
 Where's your girlfriend?

PARKER  
 Not my girlfriend. But sleeping.  
 Kept wedging my arm under her.  
 Felt like the guy in *127 Hours*.

He flops down on the couch next to Apartment Bear. Pets  
 Reggie absentmindedly. Looks for an opening.

LITTLE SHOP (O.S.)  
 DOWNTOWN, that's your home  
 address ...

PARKER  
 Uh, Tamiko. So there's actually  
 another reason I can't sleep.

TAMIKO  
 Eh? *Doushitano?*

PARKER  
 Dunno if you remember -- I-I found  
 something weird. A mole. A lump.  
 (Nearly inaudible)  
 Definitely not like the things on  
 Google, though.

TAMIKO  
 What?

PARKER  
 Could you take a look? It --

She bolts upright. Alarmed. Moving quick.

TAMIKO  
 Of course, da yo. Tamiko's papa,  
 ne, died very young. Me-la-noma.  
 Didn't your mom --

PARKER  
 (Too quickly)  
 Maybe I should get in the light.

They turn on all the lamps. He cautiously unbuttons his  
 pants. She stops.

TAMIKO  
 ... What are you doing?

He coughs, struggles to get through this.

PARKER  
 It's, ah. On my penis.

A beat.

TAMIKO  
 ... I'm going to need my glasses.

She heads into her room. Parker eases out of his pants.  
 Just boxers. She emerges wearing comically big glasses.

PARKER  
 So it's on the, um, shaft.  
 (Off her blank stare)  
 The, um, long, veiny part.

Parker hears strains of the song.

PARKER  
 Uh, like ... midtown.

He rubs a giant, imaginary penis.

PARKER  
 Uptown is here. That's the head.  
 Here's downtown. The base. And  
 midtown is the shaft.

TAMIKO  
 Ah, *soudesuka? Omoshiroidesune.*

PARKER  
 What a fun cultural exchange this  
 is.

A shared look. A big step for them.

TAMIKO  
*Shouganai wa ne.*

She steps forward as he drops his underwear. Keeps a respectable distance. Scrutinizes him.

PARKER  
 So I don't know if you can see --

TAMIKO  
 Where?

PARKER  
 You see this thing right here?

TAMIKO  
 That?

He jabs the spot. Her face gets close. We see it from behind, distance smushed. It looks like she's giving him a blowjob. Even Reggie crowds in.

PARKER  
 That. Right there.

TAMIKO  
 Ah, I see, I see. *Heeeeeeeeeeee.*

MORGAN (O.S.)  
What the fuck?!

Morgan stumbles in. Sees the bewildering scene from behind.

PARKER  
Morgan! I can explain --

MORGAN  
Don't. Knew it was fucking creepy.  
Living with an old lady.

PARKER  
No, it's not -- she was just  
examining me for --

She glares. Parker bites his lip, sensing danger.

PARKER  
Nothing. It's our sexy older  
doctor game. Might I pick up your  
Uber?

Morgan sneers. Storms off to get her things. He sits next  
to Tamiko, boxers on now. Watches his date trash his room.

TAMIKO  
Parker-san, you must go to doctor.  
Promise. For "mind of peace."

PARKER  
Or monitor it. For a few years.

TAMIKO  
If I find that on my artwork, I  
scrape it off. Right away. Want to  
scrape? Tools right there.

Parker looks alarmed. Reggie looks alarmed. Even the Bear  
looks alarmed.

PARKER  
OK, a doctor. I'm on it.

He flashes a thumbs up. Convincing. They both wave half-  
heartedly at the departing Morgan.

**EXT. BUSHWICK STREETS - LATER**

Parker slithers outside. Head down. Walks a few blocks,  
ruminating. Stops outside a bar. Drunks inside sway and  
hug.

*Low, bassy music begins. A man confiding his secrets. Parker runs a finger on the glass. Talking to the bar scene.*

PARKER

So many people,  
Out here, oblivious,  
Living life free of,  
... Relics lascivious.

*He looks down at himself.*

PARKER

But what could *it* be?  
I don't want to know,  
But it's haunting me.

*He mopes down the street. As he moves, the real city changes into one that's obviously a stage: flat, colorful, unreal. Graffiti on the walls depicts colorful genitalia.*

PARKER

Slightly raised lesion.  
Somewhere in the mid-shaft region.  
Thank the lord, there's no  
secretions,  
Shining like a purple beacon.

*Suddenly, he's full of vigor. Fist pumping.*

PARKER

NO! I'm a man!  
I should take things in hand!  
And rescue my gland!

*Then, deflation. He's not ready. The lights dim. Three MEN approach from side streets, backed by a CHORUS. Snapping, singing. Think if West Side Story had an STI.*

LAMAR

Tender, burning sensation,  
Halfway through my urination.  
Her name was Claire, her hair was  
raven,  
Happened shortly after  
penetration.

ALEX

(Clearly English)  
Testicles, they are now swellin',  
To the size of unripe melon,  
Touch 'em and I'll soon be  
yellin',

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)  
N' come at you, ya bloody bell  
end.

DANE  
Came up here from south Oklahoma,  
And met a man down at the MOMA,  
Now my stuff has pungent aroma,  
Could it be *lymphogranuloma*?

*Record scratch. Everyone looks at Dane, worried. Parker comes back into the light.*

PARKER  
(Spoken)  
Well, it's unlikely. Outside of  
isolated outbreaks in the UK in  
the aughts, *Lymphogranuloma*  
*venereum* is most commonly found in  
developing countries. Even then,  
it's rare.

*He pats Dane's back. Dane exhales. Song and dance resumes. They gather strength from each other.*

EVERYONE  
So what could it be?  
I'm scared to find out,  
And it's gnawing at me.  
But ... I am a man!  
The time is at hand!  
I'll rescue my gland!  
I'll rescue my gland!!

*After a triumphant finish, the group exchanges bashful glances -- what were we doing?! Heads down, they disperse.*

PARKER  
(Quietly)  
... but maybe I can do it  
remotely.

**INT. DERMATOLOGIST'S OFFICE / EXAM ROOM - DAY**

Parker, in a medical gown, stares at a realistic painting of a cassowary. Its eyes follow him as he steps left and right.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Can I help you?



PARKER

Think my insurance would cover this scary bird painting? Just kidding.

(Turning)

No insurance, I'm a freela --

He turns. Mouth drops. It's AUDRA. With another assistant, ANDERS (42), who's so big you could sell tickets for him.

PARKER

Y-you're the physician's assistant? I mean, wow. Good to see you. Weird to see you. Here.

AUDRA

Right. At my job. Wondered if it was you.

PARKER

Ha! Ha! Funny. Don't remember you being a dermatologist's assistant?

AUDRA

Dermatology, demolition. You were so close.

Parker drains of color. All business and cold fury, Audra scrupulously washes her hands.

AUDRA

So what brings you in today?

PARKER

Ah, well. Um, I don't know if you -- how do I -- I've been having an issue. Down there. Not anything, you know, oozing or whatever. God, no. I'm a guy who -- I've used protection. Consistently. No slut here. I mean, you of all people know that I use protection. Right?

She shivs him with her eyes.

PARKER

I mean, maybe not for --

(Mimes a blowjob)

-- but for ye old vagina? *The vagin*. Put up that latex force field, that's my motto. "Force field, activate!" Why's it so hot?

He seeks reassurance. She's like a Spartan denying a mountain pass.

AUDRA

You actually have something you'd like me to take a look at today?

PARKER

T-t-That mole. On my penis. I think it's getting bigger? Just -- I need you to look and tell me it's OK.

AUDRA

Glad to see you're focusing on your health these past six months.

Parker groans. She bangs the footrest.

AUDRA

Legs up. Remove your boxers.

PARKER

(About the giant)  
Does, uh, he need to be here?

AUDRA

Office rules. Liability reasons.

He hesitates. Takes off his shorts. Focuses on the ceiling.

AUDRA

Yeah, I see it. Hmm, yeah. Anders. Anders, come here for a second.

Anders lumbers over, and leans in.

AUDRA

Can you see it? It's weird.

ANDERS

Let me.

With hands like slabs of beef, he envelops Parker's penis.

PARKER

My, what -- what strong hands.

AUDRA

I'm going to grab Dr. Khatri.

PARKER  
 (To himself)  
 Khatri. Khatri. Think I've seen  
 her before ...

ANDERS  
 Your doctor did a really nice job  
 on the circumcision.

PARKER  
 Uh, thanks. This doctor is quick,  
 right? This is all -- not ideal.

Audra enters with DR. KHATRI (31), a tiny, elegant  
 physician. And -- OH GOD -- Parker recognizes her, too.  
 Tries to pull the gown up over his face before she sees.

PARKER  
 Actually, I think I need to go --

AUDRA  
 Dr. Khatri will see you now.

KHATRI  
 It's. You.

AUDRA  
 You know him?

KHATRI  
 We went to a pizza place. On  
 Rivington. How do you know him?

They share a look. Then they glare at Parker.

PARKER  
 Is dating me like a prerequisite  
 to working here?

Into this weirdness shuffles a perfume's commercial worth  
 of attractive, diverse med students.

ANDERS  
 (Cheerfully unaware)  
 Barbados Med School students,  
 shadowing us.

PARKER  
 Oh, no, I'm sure they're not  
 interested in this. At all.

KHATRI  
 Describe the issue. Now.

PARKER

A mole...

KHATRI

(Examines him gruffly)  
Discolored, raised lesion on the  
shaft of the penis. Yeah.

She snaps his underwear back.

PARKER

Ow.

KHATRI

You've been practicing safe sex?

Parker and Audra share a look. Then Parker and Khatri. Then  
Khatri and Audra.

PARKER

More or less. No, always. Almost.

KHATRI

It's probably nothing. Burst  
veins. If you want, though, we can  
biopsy it right now.

PARKER

Biopsy?

The doctor uncovers a tray of sharp and pointy instruments.  
Parker shrinks. Licks his lips. Covers his junk.

KHATRI

Only way to be sure. Oh, and  
they'd probably like to record.

Parker's eyes travel from tray to students to ex-lovers to  
giant. One student pulls out a phone.

STUDENT

May I begin with the filming now?

AUDRA

Get the real camera for this. With  
the longer lens.

An impatient Tamiko pokes her head in the door.

TAMIKO

I came only to make sure you don't  
play chicken, not wait all day.  
Oh ...

ANDERS  
Oh, look at your cute little ...  
grandma?

PARKER & AUDRA & KHATRI  
Roommate.

TAMIKO  
Why so many people are in here?  
Like Studio 54.

EVERYONE  
Liability reasons!

Parker takes a hard look at the instruments. They glisten. From behind the crowd of students, PP shuffles out and gives a meaningful look. Shakes his head. Don't do it.

Parker leaps up. Grabs his clothes. Hooks Tamiko's elbow.

PARKER  
Ya know, been thinking. Not that  
you haven't been great. But I  
should see a specialist. A  
real ... area guy.

Shielding his face, he exits half-dressed. One of the students has their phone up, ready to record.

PARKER  
Gah!

A beat. The flock gathers for a lesson.

ANDERS  
Great circumcision, I thought.

AUDRA  
I thought it was just okay.

**INT. TAXI - MOMENTS LATER**

Parker and Tamiko sit silently for a beat.

PARKER  
Thinking maybe I should see a male  
doctor.

TAMIKO  
Un. Make sense. Know penis better.

PARKER  
And less chance I dated them.

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - DAY**

Parker sits at his computer. Resolute. But eyes move to the room's sharp objects: scissors, thumbtacks, ceremonial samurai swords. Reminders of that biopsy. Grabs his jaw.

Comes to rest on a picture of a lady with young Parker. His Mom. His face darkens. Has to steady himself.

Searches ZocDoc for "UROLOGISTS" and "NO INSURANCE."  
Doctors pops up. He slowly scrolls.

PARKER

Probably shouldn't pick the first  
guy.

Instead, he clicks on the the second guy. We see parts of his bio. "DR. RON SAPOWSKI." "STATE-CERTIFIED HOMEOPATHIC UROLOGIST." "FIRM ALLY OF THE PENIS." Has a white mane.

PARKER

This guy could have his own Viagra  
commercial.

PP appears. Taps his foot nervously.

PARKER

It says he's an ally.  
Specifically.

Parker clicks BOOK.

**EXT. MIDTOWN - DAY**

Parker cranes his head to see building addresses.

He passes a BUS STOP with colorful ads for *Ladies of the Lot*. An ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE sits behind the wheel of a car. Gold dice hang from the rear view. She's naked from the waist up, except for stickers on her nipples. The ad's slogan: **NOTHING BELOW STICKER**

**INT. CAREFREE UROLOGY OFFICE / HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Parker sees a sign on a glass door: **CAREFREE UROLOGY ASSOCIATES**. Peers in. It's anything but carefree. Old, sallow-skinned men huddle in every chair.

**INT. CAREFREE UROLOGY OFFICE / WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Parker slips into the hush. Halts. Gets engrossed by a huge, graphic painting of a penis with a messy signature on it.

Breaks himself out of it. Inches up to the RECEPTIONIST'S desk. She's an Irish woman (57) with a thicket of hair. On a call. A placard identifies her as EOGHAN.

EOGHAN

-- gonna need a freezer brick to get it here. Freezer brick, yes. Need it in good condition if we're gonna put it back. OK, be seeing you then.

Parker can't help but overhear. Shifts uncomfortably.

EOGHAN

(Puts on glasses)  
Now, comere 'til we have a lookatcha.

He approaches. She taps a SIGN-IN SHEET.

EOGHAN

Sign in here, please.

PARKER

I have an appointment for Dr. ...

EOGHAN

Sapowski, yes, yes. Insurance card and identification, please.

PARKER

I'm actually self-paying. That OK?

She leans back. Sizes him up.

EOGHAN

Ooh. A freedom fighter. Bold man.

PARKER

Well, I don't know if I'd go --

EOGHAN

We need two credit cards on file.  
(Hands him forms)  
Fill out these forms. Front and back, mind you.

He stands there, writing. Quickly shakes a tired hand.  
Gestures to the giant penis painting.

PARKER  
Some, uh, interesting art there.

EOGHAN  
'Tis. Dr. Sapowski paints all the  
pictures himself. Bit of a theme,  
with the abstract shapes and all.

PARKER  
(Off the obvious penis)  
...Abstract, yes.

Parker squeezes between two old men. One has big goggles  
on, like he visited the eye doctor. Parker resumes  
paperwork.

PARKER  
(About the forms)  
Increased frequency? No.  
Diminished pee strength? Gonna go  
with negative 1. Stronger, probs.

He looks to his seat mates, seeking a geriatric high five  
or something. He gets all the emotion of grazing cattle.

PARKER  
Diminished sexual stamina? No  
one's complaining! This guy knows  
--  
(Fades off their  
disinterest)

He straightens the forms for inspection and returns. Eoghan  
slams down an empty specimen cup.

EOGHAN  
Now, we just need your sample.  
Bathroom's straight down the hall.  
Jiggle the handle when you flush.

PARKER  
What?

EOGHAN  
It runs if you don't jiggle.

They push the cup back and forth as they speak.

PARKER  
I actually just went before I got  
here. So if I can ...



EOGHAN

Ah, there's water right there.

PARKER

Well, you'll see this in the questionnaire, but I don't have any pee problems. So ...

EOGHAN

Doctor requires all patients leave a urine sample. Testing purposes.

PARKER

But testing for what?  
 (His voice lowers)  
 I have a -- er -- slight skin condition on my penis.

He looks at the placard.

PARKER

"Egon," you understand --

EOGHAN

Please don't make fun of my name. Just because it's a boy's name doesn't give you the right.

PARKER

I'm so sorry, I literally had no idea it's a boy's name.

EOGHAN

Everyone. Drops. Urine.

A beat as Parker looks at her, jaw set. Like he'll resist...

**INT. CAREFREE UROLOGY / HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Parker emerges from the bathroom with a full cup, holding it away from his body like it's a radioactive isotope.

Suddenly, he stops. A PREOCCUPIED (AND FAMILIAR) BRUNETTE (32) walks down the hallway, empty cup in hand. She freezes. Takes him in, quizzically. Awkwardness builds. They do a little "hallway dance." His pee sloshes and spills.

PARKER

Ah, shit.

Her lip curls. She steams by him and into the bathroom.

**INT. CAREFREE UROLOGY / WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The brunette returns. Thuds down her pee cup at the desk. Frowns at the only empty seat next to Parker. Parker moves his jacket politely. She sits. Picks up and wields a magazine like a shield.

A NURSE pokes her head out of the back office.

NURSE  
Gonzalez? Gonzalez?

The nurse waits. Shrugs. PP pokes his head out of the back. Gestures to Miranda. Parker nods. Going for it.

PARKER  
It's good that we've seen each other's urine. But I dunno, yours is a really unnatural yellow.

She stares at him, sizing him up. Finally:

WOMAN  
I just tend to outshine people.

PARKER  
Sure you haven't been around any nuclear plants, anything like that?

WOMAN  
Yeah. Decided the best place to decontaminate was Carefree Urology.

PARKER  
Dunno if you know, but all the pictures here are the doctor's recollections of Chernobyl.

WOMAN  
Oh, did everyone strip down at Chernobyl and flash their dicks?

Parker laughs. She smirks. The nurse comes out again.

NURSE  
Gonzalez?

The goggled MR. GONZALEZ (84) next to Parker snorts awake.

GONZALEZ  
Whazzat? Hear what she said?

PARKER  
She said Gonzalez, sir. That you?

GONZALEZ  
Oh!

Mr. Gonzalez stalls out as he gets up. Without hesitation, Parker jumps up and helps him get to his walker, and then to the nurse. The brunette notices.

Parker returns to his seat. The woman extends her fist.

MIRANDA  
Miranda. Hygienic fist bump.

PARKER  
Parker. Parker Peters.

They scan the old folks home that is the waiting room.

MIRANDA  
Hate to tell you, Parker, but this is what we have to look forward to.

PARKER  
Maybe if we're lucky.

MIRANDA  
Maybe it's not so bad if you're with someone. I tell myself that.

A beat.

MIRANDA  
Even if they have super anemic pee. Like a well hydrated Girl Scout.

PARKER  
HEY! My pee is masculine, I've just been using Aqua Blast Hydrating --

MIRANDA  
It's better if you didn't finish.

NURSE  
Peters?

PARKER  
Well, that's me. I, uh --

She floats the back of her hand to her forehead.

MIRANDA  
Say that you'll find me, won't  
you, Parker? I'll be here.

PARKER  
I'll definitely --

The door closes on whatever he was about to say. The rest of the waiting room turns to her, the only source of life.

MIRANDA  
(Confidentially)  
Judging by his urine, it doesn't  
look good.

**INT. CAREFREE UROLOGY / BACK HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Parker stops dead in his tracks. Because it's a thing he dreads: an MRI machine. Its maw gapes.

NURSE  
Sir? This way.

He breaks the spell. Hurries down the hall, looking back.

**INT. CAREFREE UROLOGY / EXAM ROOM - LATER**

Parker fidgets. Studies his fist where she touched it. PP appears, slouched over an anatomical model. Flicks his head outside. Parker checks: no Miranda.

Parker returns. Peruses the ubiquitous urology propaganda. A man, head in hands, sits on a bed. Next to him a hot, unsatisfied woman. Text says: EAGER TO PLEASE BUT CAN'T?

Parker jumps as the door rips open. It's DR. SAPOWSKI. Sapowski moves with soap opera drama. Maybe even filmed at 60 FPS.

SAPOWSKI  
Dr. Ron Sapowski. Let's see what  
we have today.

He studies the chart a long time. Like he's never seen it.

PARKER  
Hi doctor, I'm --

The doctor raises one long finger. A call for silence. Parker goes quiet for as long as he can manage.

PARKER

It's just that there's this girl  
--

SAPOWSKI

(Sensible chuckle)  
That's how these stories always  
go.

PARKER

What? No, I meant outside.

SAPOWSKI

A negative one delta on a pee  
stream? That I'd like to see.

PARKER

Doctor, um, with all due respect,  
I've been waiting awhile now.

SAPOWSKI

That right? Well, there's one  
thing you don't hurry: urology.  
(Examining Parker)  
Now, let's take a look, shall we?

Sapowski checks. Then he sniffs near Parker's crotch. Parker does a doubletake at that. The doc snaps his underwear back.

PARKER

Ow.

SAPOWSKI

Here's how it is. It could well be  
nothing, but we won't know until  
we cut into it. A little.

PARKER

Cut? I thought maybe we didn't --

Sapowski grabs a giant syringe.

SAPOWSKI

Don't want to, either. But this'll  
numb it right up.

PARKER

If it's nothing, I'd rather --

SAPOWSKI

Son. I want you to listen.

*A song begins. 50s vibe. Parker looks bewildered.*

SAPOWSKI

When I was young, there was a  
funny thing that I'd do,  
My father yelled, my mother  
screamed boo hoo.  
Didn't matter if it was May or  
December,  
You'd always find me playing with  
my member.

*Parker stands. Tries to derail this with his own verse.*

PARKER

If it's your childhood, I'd love  
to listen,  
But my penis has a skin condition.  
So maybe set it down in memoranda,  
And I'll go find this chick  
Miranda?

*Dr. Sapowski gently pushes Parker down. Nurses and lab  
techs appear and sing doo-wop backup.*

SAPOWSKI

But when I grew older, the kids  
began to laugh,  
So I stopped all the playing with  
my staff.  
Until, one day, in med school, my  
mentor said to me,  
"Why settle for one when you can  
have everybody's?"  
See, everybody's got to pee,  
So one day they'd all see me!  
So I came to see  
The powers of urology!  
If you cannot piss,  
I am the urologist!

*Sapowski drags Parker up and twirls him, skillfully  
removing his gown in the process, leaving him in boxers.*

SAPOWSKI

Now, big and small ones, I've seen  
them all,  
So never hesitate to take off that  
shawl,  
Some made here, some made in  
China,

(confidentially)

I even see a number of vaginas.  
Why, everybody's got to pee!  
I am your pee's devotee!  
I know you'll come to see,  
The powers of urology!  
Whether contusion or a cyst,  
I am the urologist!

*They're suddenly, magically, in a series of living pamphlets. What Parker saw earlier is recreated on the screen. But now the doctor fixes the ailments described.*

SAPOWSKI

Pushed aside 'cuz erectile  
dysfunction?  
Twice a day apply this unction!  
Going 12 times throughout the  
night?  
A new set of pipes'll set things  
right!  
And, yes, while some do find me  
creepy,  
I'm but a simple caretaker of your  
pee pee,  
And that requires time and a bit  
of care,  
We wouldn't want another mistake  
down there...

PARKER

(Gulps)  
... another?

SAPOWSKI

You, young man, need a biopsy,  
Powered by urology!  
On this I really must insist,  
For I am your urologist!  
I am your urologist!  
I am your urologist.

*All exit save Sapowski and Parker. Parker is mollified.*

SAPOWSKI

Now, as your urologist, I want you  
to lie back and brace for a pinch.

Parker gets woozy. A nurse enters. The camera spins.

SAPOWSKI

Uh, son? Janice, we've got a fainter. We're going to proceed, Mr. Peters. Nod to consent.

Glimpses of the procedure through swooning eyes.

SAPOWSKI

Hold that. Huh. It's growing down.

**INT. CAREFREE UROLOGY / BACK HALLWAY - LATER**

Parker smiles. Relieved. He did it. It's over. Sapowski claps his shoulder.

SAPOWSKI

We'll email in 12-14 days, but, look, I think there's nothing to worry about. Enjoy that nice penis.

PARKER

(Slightly weirded out)  
I will, doc. So glad this is over.

SAPOWSKI

Helluva job they did on that circumcision, by the way.

PARKER

So I've heard. Thanks, doc.

Parker keeps an eye on the machine as he leaves.

**INT. CAREFREE UROLOGY / WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Parker bursts in. Looks for Miranda. Finds sleepy old people. Heads to Eoghan.

EOGHAN

Insurance card and I.D., please.

PARKER

What, no, I just came from -- um, there was a girl here before.

EOGHAN

Don't remember a girl.



PARKER

The only woman in here. Only person under 35. Only person who could possibly qualify as a "girl."

EOGHAN

... Oh, aye, the girl. Yes, now I remember her. Why?

PARKER

Um, so, we were supposed to meet up, but I took awhile in there. Could I trouble you for her last name? First is Miranda.

Eoghan leaps over the desk to cover up the sign-in sheet.

EOGHAN

Unfortunately, that's, ah, highly confidential information.

PARKER

But the sign-in sheet. If I hadn't asked, I could see it right now.

EOGHAN

It's a matter of the law, you know. Lawsuits. Privacy.

PARKER

Then why have a sign-in sheet? Why not, I dunno, a retinal scanner?

EOGHAN

... Germs.

PARKER

So you're telling me it'd have been better if I just snuck a look at the sign-in sheet. Like a weird, creepy, pee-pee Peeping Tom.

EOGHAN

I'm not telling you that. HIPAA is.

Mr. Gonzales returns from his exam. Brushes past Parker, towards the desk. Heard the convo -- wants to help.

GONZALEZ

I need to make my appointment two weeks from Wednesday. Or was it --

With Gonzalez distracting Eoghan, Parker notices the PEE CUPS. Surreptitiously checks: **MIRANDA J. YAUCH**

**INT. MISSIVE OFFICES / EDIT BAY - EVENING**

JAIMEE

I'm telling you, Miranda J. Yauch does not exist. We checked everything. Insta. TikTok. LinkedIn. Facebook. GoodReads. PornHub. MySpace. I did find Devin's MySpace page, though.

Devin leaps over a chair to prevent Jaimee from displaying it. Too late. He's wearing JNCO jeans and a wife beater.

PARKER

Why use a fake name at a doctor's office, though?

JAIMEE

I mean, it was a urologist. Why were you there?

PARKER

(Avoids that)

Hadn't wanted to do this. But it's our only shot. Write this down.

Jaimee rolls her eyes. Devin sees this, mimics.

PARKER

OK, I will.

The friends huddle around a computer, alternating between joy and heartache as they create something breathtakingly beautiful: a CRAIGSLIST MISSED CONNECTION.

PARKER (V.O.)

You: tall, dark hair, a hint of imperfection that makes you that much more beautiful. Urine was the color of a sunset off the Georgia Coast. You probably need to drink more water.

Me: tall, dark hair, objectively handsome by everyone's account. Good at helping old people and awkward introductions...

**INT. CAFE - DAY**

Miranda picks up the narration in a cozy cafe.

MIRANDA

"...You said my pee was weak, but I think it's just misunderstood. Your name is Miranda J. Yauch, and I said I'd find you." Not gonna lie, my friends were into this.

PARKER

I keep wondering: who puts their middle initial on a pee sample?

MIRANDA

Maybe I didn't want it confused with all the other Miranda Yauchs who "dropped pee" there, OK?

PARKER

Well, they were probably 87. So, I hope no one would confuse you.

MIRANDA

Wait, who are you to talk? You ... surveilled my pee. That's a -- a civil rights violation!

PARKER

I was in a police state state of mind there, OK? Grim place.

MIRANDA

And that doctor. What a quack.

PARKER

Sapowski? Really? I'd say unique.

MIRANDA

It was like he skeeved the female body. Should've never picked the second guy I saw on ZocDoc.

A beat as Miranda looks around.

MIRANDA

Nice first date place.

PARKER

I usually take mine to this jumbo slice place on Rivington.

MIRANDA  
Why's that?

PARKER  
Well, it's a dollar.  
(Mischievous grin)  
And I eat a lot of pizza.

MIRANDA  
Remind me to order more.

The cafe door opens. Miranda shivers. She sweetly but firmly pulls in a passing WAITRESS. The waitress's mouth drops.

MIRANDA  
We'll move over there, yeah?

WAITRESS  
Oh my god, of course! I'll wipe  
it.

Parker, awed by her directness, brings their drinks.

PARKER  
It's weird. I can never do that.

MIRANDA  
Do what?

PARKER  
Tell the host where I want to sit.

MIRANDA  
What? Why?

PARKER  
I don't know. Feels like I'm  
getting locked into something.

MIRANDA  
But you're locking yourself in by  
not deciding.

PARKER  
I didn't say it's, ya know, smart.

MIRANDA  
Yeah, well, it helps with what I  
do to be direct.

**EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - LATER**

They walk in the West Village. Eating mochi ice cream.

PARKER

So what do you do? I've been so concerned with your fluids ...

MIRANDA

(Uncomfortable)  
Cars. I sell luxury cars.

PARKER

(Misreading her)  
Sorry, I didn't mean to --

MIRANDA

No, not that. My job, it's pretty obnoxious. But it pays. And they give me a nice car.

PARKER

Would I have seen you on a bus stop or something?

MIRANDA

Just after a night out. I do have these cool cardboard cutouts of me. Publicity, ya know. They're in my apartment.

PARKER

I'd stop in the showroom for that.

MIRANDA

They wouldn't let you in. Khakis.

PARKER

Well, maybe you'll let me spend the little money I have left on drinks for you. Nice way to go bankrupt.

MIRANDA

So I'm supposed to go out with this guy my friend set me up with ...

PARKER

What's his name?

MIRANDA

Jerry. Why?

PARKER

(Checks his phone)

So according to Name Law, I'm the superior specimen. Legally. So you probably need to go out with me.

MIRANDA

Gosh. I can't skirt Name Law. But, wait, there is something.

PARKER

Nope. Nuh-uh. You're not getting out of this, Miranda J. Yauch.

MIRANDA

What am I doing? I met you at a urologist's office!

PARKER

Safest place to meet someone.

She brushes shoulders with him as they walk.

MIRANDA

I'm going to order something painfully expensive, you know.

**INT. TIKI BAR - LATER**

They huddle at a bar festooned with lights. She keeps a hand on her phone. The bartender delivers a huge bowl of neon alcohol and sparklers. Miranda waves one around. Parker gets three drinks for himself.

PARKER

(About her drink)

They didn't have a bathtub?

MIRANDA

Ya know, it's weird there aren't any bars where you sit in bathtubs.

PARKER

What would you call it?

MIRANDA

Soak.

He nods. Good name.

MIRANDA

Never seen someone order three drinks before.

PARKER

I couldn't commit. So try 'em all!

MIRANDA

So, Parker Can't-Remember-Your-Last-Name. What do you do?

PARKER

You know those videos where a white guy nasally explains an obscure topic to you?

MIRANDA

Oh, well, no, but I love it when white guys do that in real life.

PARKER

Promise it's better than it sounds.

MIRANDA

You go on camera for it?

PARKER

(Boasting a little)  
Sometimes. I get recognized.

MIRANDA

Oh, wow.

PARKER

Yeah. Now that my, er, health scare is over, I'm gonna go pitch to some big clients in LA.

MIRANDA

You must be great at trivia, then.

Tittering from a table across the bar distracts Parker.

PARKER

Uh, sure, ask me anything.

MIRANDA

(Hefting her drink)  
Oof. Tell me something about the South Pacific.

PARKER

In 1947, a Norwegian researcher named Thor Heiyerdahl sailed 5,000 miles across the Pacific Ocean on a hand-built raft to demonstrate the circumnavigational abilities of ancient Polynesians.

MIRANDA

He beats you in Name Law. Do ... the human body.

PARKER

OK, one reason we kiss is to smell each other. A good scent is an indicator of immunovariance. It's like two systems that complement each other. People need that.

She bends in. Stops so close. Sniffs his upper lip.

MIRANDA

So I don't even need to kiss you. Just smell you. Good thing.

PARKER

Not sure it works without kissing. Definitely read that. In a science book.

MIRANDA

I got a whiff. Too soon to say our immune systems jive, but you're fun.

Her phone buzzes on the counter. She frowns, looks at it. A text says: "Where are you? We should be getting this. You need to stop leaving without a crew." Parker stews, debating whether to open up.

PARKER

I have a -- nah, I shouldn't.

MIRANDA

Tell me.

PARKER

You won't laugh?

MIRANDA

Have I laughed at your jokes yet? Tell me.



PARKER

It's just an idea I have. A YouTube channel. Singin' in the 'Splain. Musical explainers. It's just easier to handle stuff in song.

She bursts out laughing.

PARKER

Hey, you said you wouldn't laugh!

MIRANDA

I love it, though! Very sellable.  
(Off his frown)  
I really do. Will you do one for me? Do Thor!

PARKER

I'll try. But only to impress you enough that you'll sniff me more.

*It's a nautical diddy. He begins slowly, but picks up steam.*

PARKER

There once was a raft that put to sea,  
To test ancient people's capability,  
It sailed the Pacific for 20,000 leagues,  
Under the helm of Thor Heiyerdahl.

A round of applause from Miranda. You'd fall for it, too.

MIRANDA

Wow, you're like a bard, Parker!  
Why aren't you making these?

PARKER

(Uncomfortably)  
Dunno. A big commitment, I guess.

A sustained buzz of the phone now. She leaps for it.

MIRANDA

Sorry, I've got to -- excuse me.

**EXT. TIKI BAR - MOMENTS LATER**

MIRANDA

Hey, yeah. I'm gonna be another --  
is he -- just get him to bed.  
Fine, that's OK. I'll pay double.

**INT. TIKI BAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Parker glares at the table of gossipers.

PARKER

(Thinking it's about him)  
God, it's like they've never seen  
a celebrity before.

She returns. She stands rigidly. Different. Businesslike.

MIRANDA

You have drinks at your house?

PARKER

Um, is everything OK?

MIRANDA

Let's just get out of here.

Parker falls all over himself to get the check. The table  
of onlookers snaps a picture.

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - LATER**

Miranda lays on Parker's shoulder. Godzilla tee on. He  
leans away. Almost allergic, suddenly.

MIRANDA

Are you OK? You kinda whimpered.

PARKER

Pleasure whimpers. Was everything,  
you know, OK for you? With me?

MIRANDA

Mmm.

PARKER

'Cuz I've been told I have a  
beautiful circumcision.

She props herself up to look at him.

MIRANDA

Who told you that? Who let out the secret that all women know but none dare share?

PARKER

Doctors. It's very symmetrical.

She maneuvers his arm under her, cradling her. Parker's eyes widen in panic. He's pinned. Hand floats to jaw.

MIRANDA

This is nice. I don't do this much.

Parker pulls his arms out quickly. Gets up too fast.

PARKER

Actually, Miranda, look. Given certain recent events --

MIRANDA

Hold on. Before your grand declaration. You're a nice, funny guy, but it's like I'm air traffic control or something. Hundred planes circling. You're one more.

PARKER

Oh. I ... really? This is new.

MIRANDA

You're great, but -- ah, I told myself I was gonna stop at a drink. Not dive into anything.

She politely removes and folds his shirt.

PARKER

I'm a little ... I don't know.

She kisses him. Lingers a second too long for this to be nothing. Grabs his hand and swings it a little.

MIRANDA

I really, really love Singin' in the 'Splain. Stop avoiding it. Commit. Nothing bad can happen.

(Points to the Cate photo)

That's weird. But I don't hate it?

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

PARKER

Least let me order an Uber home.

MIRANDA

I got it. Take care, Parker  
Peters.

He shuts the door. But keeps his hand on it.

TAMIKO

Your girlfriend. Looks familiar.

PARKER

Not my girlfriend.

**INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Miranda almost tumbles in. A motley crew of dogs greet her.

It's a busy person's place. Fancy, but lacking all but the most basic furniture. Plants block out the light. Three life-sized cardboard cutouts of Miranda hold golden keys.

A stern woman, KENDRA (47), waits with her arms crossed.

MIRANDA

Hi Kendra. Is he --

Miranda's father, DALE (68), emerges from a bedroom. There's medical equipment in there. He looks too young for this.

DALE

Deborah? Deborah, is that --

MIRANDA

Miranda, Dad. Deb was your wife.

KENDRA

He's been on it today, all day.

MIRANDA

Thanks, Kendra. I got him. Go home.

KENDRA

This came in the mail.

Kendra hands Miranda a BROCHURE for a nursing home called SUNRISE VISTA. She looks at it, then a nearby picture of her family during good times.

Stuffs the brochure under a stack of bills. Leads Dale to bed.

MIRANDA  
C'mon, Dad.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY**

**EXT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT / RIDESHARE LOT - DAY**

Parker bounces along a line of Ubers, peeking at their license plates until he finds one he's looking for: NC0L0G.

PARKER  
N. C. 0.

**INT. UBER - MOMENTS LATER**

Parker opens the door and sticks his head in.

PARKER  
Heyo! I'm Parker.

He gets in. The ARMENIAN DRIVER (44) is waiting.

DRIVER  
C'min. Water's in the seat pocket.  
Some energy bars here, I think.

PARKER  
I'm great, thanks.

They drive. A rare moment of light traffic. Parker rummages in his bag for sunglasses. Puts them on. Vibes.

DRIVER  
Good sign.

PARKER  
What's that?

DRIVER  
We've just missed the 11 AM rush  
hour. Should be smooth sailing.

PARKER  
(Big inhale)  
When I'm out here, I just feel  
like everything'll be fine.

*There's a beat. Music starts. The driver starts to sing:*

DRIVER  
Empty lanes on the 405 --

*Parker's phone twills. He looks at it. Frowns. An NYC number he doesn't know. The music abruptly stops.*

PARKER  
Excuse me, need to take this.  
(To the phone)  
Hello? This is Parker.

SAPOWSKI (O.S.)  
Parker, this is Dr. Sapowski. You  
saw me and the --  
(Sings)  
-- powers of urology!

PARKER  
Yes! I remember.

SAPOWSKI (O.S.)  
I'm afraid we've got some bad  
news.

Parker sits forward. The world's color begins to fade away, but Parker stays in color.

PARKER  
OK.

SAPOWSKI (O.S.)  
Unfortunately, the biopsied tissue  
was malignant. You have penile  
squamous cell carcinoma.

Now Parker's color goes.

PARKER  
I don't -- is that cancer?

SAPOWSKI  
A kind, yes.

PARKER  
I can't have cancer. I -- I have  
meetings!

SAPOWSKI  
It's early stage, but we need you  
to come back for a further  
excision of the tissue.

Parker's suddenly on a stool in an empty and surreal black landscape. Twists, searches for the familiar.

PARKER

I-I just landed. In LA for a week.

He stands. Takes a tentative step, testing the arid ground.

SAPOWSKI

That's OK. It'll keep for a bit.

Parker tries to ask something. Just stutters.

SAPOWSKI

Son, I know it's frightening, but  
I'm going to take care of you like  
you have the last penis on Earth.

Parker hangs up. Licks his lips. Tears well up. A song  
*begins, sad and mournful. Parker explores this bleak  
landscape. Shivers.*

PARKER

Outside? It's baking.  
But I can't feel the heat.  
It's absolute zero,  
From my head down to my feet.

*It begins to rain. Someone thrusts a phone at him.*

Trapped in a squall,  
I got the call,  
And it changed it all.

*Parker wanders through desert ruins. He looks up, tries to  
find a star to navigate by. There's nothing.*

PARKER

The sun out there is glinting,  
But it's darkness that I see.  
It's entering my bloodstream,  
The darkness is in me.

*He finally finds a lone streetlight, and huddles under its  
light. So does a swarm of moths.*

PARKER

Day of nightfall,  
I got the call,  
It made me so small.

*He stumbles to the edge of a cliff. Somewhere beyond, the  
towers of downtown L.A. Lightning flares, ominously.*

PARKER

The city of angels,  
(MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)  
 But no choirs welcome me,  
 Instead it's the thunder,  
 Of the wrathful almighty.

*He climbs down the cliff. His clothes catch and tear.*

PARKER  
 My own wailing wall,  
 I got the call,  
 Could be my downfall.

*Finally in L.A. The streets are empty. He searches. In an intersection, a hospital bed. Machines. A MRI.*

PARKER  
 Just when everything,  
 Was to be on the upswing.  
 I dreamt of a West Coast fling,  
 And to go to see the L.A.  
 Kings ...

*He collapses. Fists clench.*

PARKER  
 But I got the call.  
 Life's lousy foul ball!  
 Fate's own sad rag doll!  
 Full of cortisol!  
 I need alcohol!  
 I got the call.

*The surreal, colorless world recedes.*

DRIVER  
 I'm gonna take the 105 and avoid  
 the 11:30 rush hour.

PARKER  
 (Lashing out)  
 Just get me to the --  
 (Then bottling up)  
 -- whichever way you think, OK?

A beat.

PARKER  
 Look. Sorry I snapped at you. I,  
 uh -- it sounds weird to even say  
 it. I just found out I have  
 cancer.



DRIVER  
I knew that sounded serious.  
Where?

PARKER  
It's, um ...

DRIVER  
Hope I didn't cross any boundaries  
that'd cause a lower rating or --

PARKER  
My -- penis. My penis.

DRIVER  
Wow.

PARKER  
Yeah, I know.

DRIVER  
No, I mean, that's really rare.

PARKER  
Never even heard of it before  
this. Like, I don't know about  
you, but there's barely any meat  
there!

DRIVER  
No, what I mean is -- I'm a  
doctor.

PARKER  
You're an Uber driver.

DRIVER  
I was chief oncological surgeon in  
Armenia's Royal Hospital. This is  
moonlighting.

PARKER  
An Uber driver/oncological  
surgeon? What's wrong with our  
system?!

DRIVER  
Penile cancers are absurdly rare.  
Lethal at later stages.

Parker pales. The driver notices in the rearview.

DRIVER

But, uh, treatable. Did they say  
the stage? I'm Tigran, by the way.

PARKER

Sir, I know a lot about a lot, but  
I dunno if I want to know about  
this. I really don't. Not now.

Chastised, Tigran droops. Parker notices.

PARKER

Hey. I'm sorry, Tigran. Dr.  
Tigran. This is a ... weird day.

TIGRAN

Maybe I should take you to your  
hotel or whatever, huh?

PARKER

NO! I have a meeting. The whole  
reason I came out here, I'm not  
cancering [sic] -- canceling it.

**EXT. CODE BLUE PRODUCTION STUDIOS - LATER**

The car pulls up. Parker gets out, as does Tigran.

TIGRAN

Going to be right here.

PARKER

I told you that you really don't  
need to do that. I'll be fine.

TIGRAN

Even still.

PARKER

I get the one surgeon with a  
bedside manner. Anyway, it's a  
business meeting at the studio  
that makes *Shaft of Sirens*. What  
could possibly happen?

**INT. CODE BLUE PRODUCTION STUDIOS - LATER**

In media res. Parker's at a podium. Hollywood execs watch.  
One is standing, clutching a wooden staff above his head.

EXECUTIVE

-- WHICH IS WHY WE USED TOTALLY  
UNBLEMISHED WOOD.

Parker slowly, quietly, painfully sobs. Everyone stares. No one moves to help him. He tries to go to the next slide. Can't figure the clicker. Drops it. No one helps.

**EXT. CODE BLUE PRODUCTION STUDIOS - MOMENTS LATER**

Parker emerges. Distraught. The execs huddle around the window, spying. Parker digs for his phone.

PARKER

Pick up. Pick up.

(To her)

Cate. Please don't hang up. I need help. And not like that time I said that just so I could talk to you.

CATE (O.S.)

You have one minute.

PARKER

I -- well -- I just found out I have cancer. P-penile cancer.

Stunned silence for a moment.

CATE (O.S.)

Oh ... that's awful, Parker. I --

PARKER

I have to go to the doctor for an excision. And obviously my family can't. Could you --

A heavy sigh.

CATE (O.S.)

Ug, Parker. I really -- I just feel kind of uncomfortable doing that. The signals it sends.

PARKER

But, I mean, you've seen my dick more than anyone! Seven year's worth of dick!

CATE (O.S.)

What about Jaimee?

PARKER

She doesn't understand dicks! And if you even had a cold, I'd be at every doctor's appointment.

A beat.

CATE (O.S.)

This is awkward, but -- should I get tested for anything?

PARKER

The doctors didn't say -- I think you're fine. STDs can't get through your icy shell, right?

CATE (V.O.)

Don't get mad. It's a reasonable question.

PARKER

I hope I still have a penis the next time we talk! Goodbye, Cate!

Parker heads out into the parking lot, where Tigran lounges against his car, waiting, reading a *Variety* magazine.

TIGRAN

How did it go?

PARKER

Let's drive.

Tigran blocks the door from closing.

TIGRAN

I knew you weren't ready.

PARKER

Yeah, Tigran? Well, you know what? Let me leave you a 5-star review for prognostication!!

TIGRAN

You're upset, but to play with a man's rating ... If this were the old country, we'd have a duel.

PARKER

I -- I know. I'm sorry.

Parker collapses into a hug. Tigran shoos away the huddled execs.

TIGRAN

(Somberly)

Parker. Cancer, it's not ordinary. It does things to your soul.

(MORE)

TIGRAN (CONT'D)

I want you to call me if you need help.

PARKER

OK, I will. My highly rated Uber Doctor.

**INT. PARKER'S L.A. HOTEL ROOM - LATER**

Parker, on the phone, lays on the bed next to PP. In the drinking stage of mourning. The TV has his attention -- on it, *The Incredible Dr. Pol* castrates a horse.

PARKER

(Talking to PP)

Not gonna happen to you. Promise.

JAIMEE

What? I know it seems bad, but my aunt had a nice service before her mastectomy. Healing.

PARKER

I'm not getting anything cut off!

JAIMEE

Of course not. But. If. Ya Know.

The horse whinnies. Parker blanches.

PARKER

Jaimee, I think -- I need to go.

Parker changes the channel, squinting at the title sequence for *LADIES OF THE LOT*.

PARKER

... Is that?

MIRANDA lounges on the hood of a luxury car, novelty key in hand. Awkward, but going for it. Text says: MIRANDA JADE.

PARKER

Miranda JADE? No fucking way.

They recap a previous episode. Miranda brings a tray of cookies into a party. She's quickly ambushed by a group of blondes, led by ELLE, who's particularly plastic.

MIRANDA

I brought some cookies as a, you know, peace offering.

ELLE

Look me in my [bleeped] eyes and  
tell me that you didn't leave my  
dog in the hot car that day.

MIRANDA

Elle -- that was two seasons ago.  
I was in Seattle!

ELLE

You lying [bleep.]

Elle lunges for Miranda's hair. Parker, intrigued, leans  
in.

Miranda is in a "car-fessional" -- a studio setup in an  
SUV.

MIRANDA

I haven't been really great at  
setting limits for myself. People  
can ... take advantage of it.  
Yeah. I mean, not anymore.

He shuts the TV off. Lays down. Clutches his arms like he's  
a corpse. Looks left ...

**INT. HOSPITAL - FLASHBACK**

YOUNG PARKER looks left, too. He chews on a shirt collar  
and watches his gaunt, bald Mom getting wheeled in for an  
MRI.

PARKER'S MOM

Nothing will happen, my perfect  
boy. This is how we see I'm  
getting better..

PARKER'S AUNT grabs him. They watch through the window. She  
disappears into the MRI's maw. Parker screams.

PARKER'S AUNT

It's just magnets and radios,  
honey. Nothing to worry about.

A YOUNG PARKER hits his own head.

PARKER

It's killing her, it's killing  
her.

**INT. CAREFREE UROLOGY / EXAM ROOM - DAY**

Sapowski is buried in notes. Parker's body language screams self-protection.

SAPOWSKI

Well, I've been on a Wikipedia a lot the last few days. It's not likely at your stage, but penile cancer is lethal. Hard to treat later on, too.

PARKER

Yeah, that's what my Uber driver said, too.

Doc arches an eyebrow. Then grabs too high on Parker's leg.

SAPOWSKI

After today's excision, we have a big choice. I want you think on it. On one hand, we wait and see. Try some alternative therapies I've been working on. Should work.

PARKER

(Finally squirms away)  
OK.

SAPOWSKI

Or there's a -- I don't want you to freak out. But there's a partial penectomy procedure. You'd ... lose some penis, but be guaranteed cancer free.

PARKER

Say WHAT? Penectomy? For a MOLE?

SAPOWSKI

Me, personally, I say we keep that gorgeous member intact.

PARKER

What the fuck. No, I'll follow you. You've done this a lot.

SAPOWSKI

Actually, I've seen it once in 30 years of practice. Unfortunately, he --

(Makes throat cutting)  
About your age, too.

Sapowski stands up. Remembers something.

SAPOWSKI

Oh, and we need to make sure there  
aren't any malignancies that  
traveled to your --

(Checks his tablet)

-- lymph nodes or liver. We can  
set you up with an MRI.

Parker gets scared at the word. Gnaws at a finger.

PARKER

Oh, no, that's unnecessary.  
I'll...

SAPOWSKI

(Vacant smile)

Alright, champ. The nurse'll be in  
to prep you for excision.

*Parker shivers, and it isn't just the thin gown. A  
spotlight descends upon him. The rest is dark. Strains of a  
ballad. He moves to a piano.*

PARKER

Blue skies,  
Morning bus rides,  
You're my snoozeless alarm clock.

Cold winds,  
Fabric so thin,  
You're my unfailing wind sock.

If this is the end,  
I have so many things to say.  
I feel like I only found,  
Which way you like to sway...

You're my buddy!  
My pal, my chum, my mate,  
You're my buddy!  
And you'll never go away ...

*The darkness lights up. PP plays a contrasting grand piano.  
He sings.*

PARKER'S PENIS

Shorn skin,  
Sounds of buzzing,  
You're my so careful barber.

No pants,

(MORE)



## PARKER'S PENIS (CONT'D)

Phone at a nice slant,  
You're my tactful enlarger.

If today is our last hurrah,  
I want you close to me.  
But if I'm to go,  
Could we at least have that orgy?

You're my buddy!  
Comrade, ally, my guy,  
You're my buddy!  
C'mon and look me in the eye.

*Parker gets RIGHT in his member's face. They lock eyes, singing to each other, each line more intense than the next.*

## BOTH

And then you will surely see,  
How much you meant to me,  
They say that we can live apart,  
But to me you are my Purple Heart!  
Though sometimes we might seem in  
conflict,  
There's no one I'd rather see get  
licked.  
We've made it through each fight  
that's risen,

*PP wags his finger at Parker, who looks sheepish.*

## BOTH

We even made it through that  
circumcision ...

## BOTH

Because you are my buddy!  
Amigo and meilleur ami,  
You're my buddy!  
Absolutely never absentee.

*The light begins to dim on Penis.*

## PARKER

You're my buddy ...  
Don't want penectomies ...

*Parker reaches out.*

## PARKER

(Spoken)  
You're my buddy.

The doctor and the nurse's face loom over the prone Parker.

SAPOWSKI  
Ready? Should feel a little pinch.  
We'll let it sink in ...

The doctor takes a long whiff. Makes his first incision.

PARKER  
OW OW OW. OW.

SAPOWSKI  
Whoa there. Used enough to numb an  
ox. That's one mighty penis.

LATER. Parker sits up. It looks like his penis is in a cast. Gingerly tries to pull up his pants. Winces. They won't fit over the bandages. Frowns. Decides to leave them flapping, bandaged penis sticking out. Looks around. Spots something.

**INT. CAREFREE UROLOGY / WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jaimee fumes at the reception desk.

JAIMEE  
-- not a patient! Why would you  
check my urine? It's fine, OK?

EOGHAN  
Carefree Urology requires that you  
give urine. Long standing policy.

JAIMEE  
SO IT'S NOT EXACTLY CAREFREE, IS  
IT?

PARKER  
I'm here!

Parker emerges, holding a small painting of a penis over himself. The women look down at it.

PARKER  
Add this to my bill.

**INT. JAIMEE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Jaimee drives south on the FDR.

PARKER

Hurry. Think the numbness is going.

JAIMEE

(Hits something)

Shocks aren't much on her. Are they, girl?

(A beat)

Kinda lucky when you think about it. Of all the cancer, least you got it on something, you know, backed up. I mean, worst case.

Parker stares at her, uncomprehending.

PARKER

I know you like women and all, but I wouldn't say it's fungible.

They hit another pothole. He groans.

JAIMEE

You OK? Buck up, kid. You're fine.

PARKER

Just -- it sounds stupid, but I'm worried about taking it out to pee. They took a lot.

JAIMEE

Didn't they take the whole thing? Seems dangerous to leave it there.

PARKER

What are you talking about?

JAIMEE

What are you talking about? I'm trying to make you feel better!

PARKER

Jaimee, there's a hole in my penis.

JAIMEE

But your penis always has a hole. Right? I think that's right.

PARKER

No, they cut cancer out of my penis.

JAIMEE  
You mean your testicles. You have  
testicular cancer.

PARKER  
NO! Penis! How did you not --

JAIMEE  
You just said cancer "down there!"  
Or one time, "a gentleman's  
cancer!" Who has cancer of the  
penis?! Jesus fucking Christ, you  
only have one of those!

PARKER  
I know. I'm one in a million!

A beat.

JAIMEE  
What do I even call it? Penacular?

PARKER  
Penile.

JAIMEE  
Penile. Penile. Does Devin know?

PARKER  
Didn't YOU tell him? So, um, no.

They settle back down. She continues hitting every pothole.  
SUDDENLY, the car shudders and spews smoke.

JAIMEE  
Shit, I gotta pull over.

PARKER  
Get on the shoulder!

She pulls over on the shoulder. Smoke billows from the  
hood.

JAIMEE  
I got this, you stay here.

He gestures to his bandaged, protruding penis.

PARKER  
Yeah, uh, no problem.

She starts looking at the engine, which erupts into flame.

JAIMEE

Parker, bad news. You're, uh,  
going to have to get out of the  
car, pal.

He hops out, wincing, limping. Traffic slows down to stare at him. And IT. People already have their phones out. Jaimee grabs the penis portrait from the doctor's office and holds it over him, before turning to scream at the onlookers.

JAIMEE

Stop staring, people! He has  
penacul -- penile cancer! This is  
serious! PENILE CANCER!

#### **AERIAL NEWS FOOTAGE**

Jaimee's car spews flames. Parker huddles behind a penis painting. Jaimee waves gawkers away.

ROD RODSON (V.O.)

Rod Rodson, with your commute.  
Traffic is snarled on the FDR as  
motorists stopped to gawk at a man  
with a bandaged pelvis. Only in  
NYC, folks.

#### **INT. MISSIVE OFFICES / CATE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Parker enters, limping. Hurting emotionally, too. JACINDA (26), a producer, stands over Cate, pointing to a slide. Her eyes narrow at Parker, pissed. He looks down.

CATE

Ah. Anyway, thanks, Jacinda. We  
can pick up on the Summit later.

Jacinda throws a shoulder into Parker as she leaves. He instinctively shields his penis.

CATE

She'd probably be nicer if she  
knew about it. Um, how you holding  
up?

PARKER

Fine. Going to the upstate summit?

CATE

Depends. Scheduling stuff.  
(MORE)

CATE (CONT'D)

(A beat)

Look, I had something I wanted to say after our phone call.

PARKER

I respect that. But maybe I should go first. I've thought a lot ...

He removes a slip of paper from his wallet.

PARKER

Cate. I know now the time we spent together was my Golden Era. My empire flourished. So when you abandoned me in my hour of need --  
 (Lips quivering)  
 -- it felt like my Rome -- sacked. Probably lots of rape.

She scrunches her face in disbelief.

PARKER

Uh, no, what I mean is -- I deserve an apology. It deserves an apology. You spent seven years together.

Cate massages her temple.

CATE

How do you seduce so many women when you're like this? Fine, I was a bitch. Happy? Can we move on?

He frowns at the half-apology.

CATE

I texted you because I want to offer you something. 20K. For the rights to Singin' in the 'Splain.

Now he's in disbelief.

PARKER

What, why? You always called it Mr. Rogers for the less sophisticated.

CATE

I don't know. Business initiatives. Yada yada yada. What do you say?

PARKER

Tell me the real reason, Cate.

CATE

That's it, really.

(Off his look)

You're 34. You avoid commitment. Participation. Enrollment in 401(K)s. All because you're afraid of getting trapped.

Parker's eyes glisten. She sighs, gearing up.

CATE

I'm worried you can't handle this. And I do want to help you out.

A beat. That hurt him a lot.

PARKER

I-I want the money. But I can't if it's out of cancer pity.

CATE

Parker, I can't offer this forever. Think about it. Like an adult.

PARKER

By the way, I'll be FINE. Healthy as a rhino.

(He considers)

One that hasn't been poached!

He walks out, head held high.

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Parker's on the phone. Head still high. In his mailroom.

PARKER

-- should have seen it, Jaimee! I told her she could take that 20,000 and shove it!

(A beat)

I dunno, she hasn't responded to me since.

He stops. Opens his mailbox. Pulls out letters.

PARKER

Then I was like, "I'm a rhinooo"

--

There's an envelope from Carefree Urology. He opens it.  
It's a bill: \$21,273.59.

PARKER  
Ohhhh, no. Jaimee. Jaimee, hold  
on.

He pulls up his bank account. \$1,701.01.

PARKER  
Squamous cell fuckonomics.  
(A beat; a plan hatches)

**INT. LADIES OF THE LOT CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY**

Parker adjusts his pants -- not khakis. Limp in. Elle hovers near a sleek car. A camera crew buzzes around her. She looks Parker up and down. Not kindly.

ELLE  
Help you?

PARKER  
Y-Yeah. I was looking for Miranda  
Yauch. Had some business.

ELLE  
No Yauch here. Miranda Jade?

PARKER  
That must be it.

From out of nowhere, a P.A. gives him papers to sign.

**INT. LOTL CAR DEALERSHIP / OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Two PRODUCERS stand around Miranda's desk.

PRODUCER 1  
Twitter is buzzing cuz you're  
never here. They want more of you.  
Maybe the Miranda/Dad storyline we  
proposed? Muy compelling content.

She stands. Smiles coldly. Walks halfway out.

MIRANDA  
Guys, c'mon. My father is ill. No  
one wants to see that.

One producer grabs her arm. Serious.



PRODUCER 2

Honey. We can't pay people who  
don't play the game.

Miranda stares back, a little cowed.

ELLE (O.S.)

(Mean Girl playfully)

MIRANDA, YOU BITCH! CLIENT HERE.

**INT. LOTL CAR DEALERSHIP - MOMENTS LATER**

Miranda sticks her head outside her office, and totters out  
on heels that are dangerously high. Sees Parker.

MIRANDA

What're you doing here? Did I  
leave something in your ...  
office?

PARKER

You left my office shockingly  
quickly, but, no, you got it all.  
(Grandly)  
Here to buy a car, actually.

PRODUCER

CUT. Let's get some more makeup on  
her. Be sure to get those B-A-G-S.

MIRANDA

I can spell, guys?

She grabs Parker and turns him away from the camera.

MIRANDA

These cars cost a fortune. And  
they're not even water sealed.  
Windows fly off. No reason.

PARKER

So it's like a convertible!

He escapes her clutch, pats a car on the hood.

PARKER

How much is this ol' girl?

MIRANDA

127,000 dollars for the base.

Parker chokes, wheezes. The camera crew leaps into filming.

PARKER

S-sorry. I have a rare illness.

MIRANDA

Ah, sir, there are a few refurb  
you could take a look at. Outside.

The camera crew sighs. Lowers their weapons.

MIRANDA

They don't bother filming the  
poor.

PARKER

Thanks?

**EXT. LADIES OF THE LOT CAR DEALERSHIP - MOMENTS LATER**

MIRANDA

They will probably use you  
choking, though, weirdo. What are  
you doing here?

PARKER

I need a favor. My friend's car  
broke down. On the highway.  
(Darkly)  
It was on the news. And I saw you,  
on TV. Remembered yours.

MIRANDA

You need a car? Don't you, like,  
Uber everywhere?

PARKER

It's upstate. A content summit.  
There's some business I need to  
conduct up there with an old ...  
friend.

MIRANDA

Content. You can't just rent?

PARKER

Right now ...

MIRANDA

So you thought you could just show  
up after us sleeping together once  
and ... borrow my car?

Parker thinks about that. Considers using charm. Grins.

PARKER

Uh. Well, I thought --  
 (Breaking down)  
 I -- I haven't told many people  
 this. But I've had some ... life  
 changing news lately. And I --

He fiddles with a side mirror. She instinctively puts her hand on his shoulder, and tries to look him in the eyes.

MIRANDA

Hey! Hey, kiddo. You OK? It's OK.

PARKER

It'll be fine. They say it will.

She looks back. Towards the Producers. Calculating.

MIRANDA

Tell ya what. Tell me when it is,  
 and I'll drive you up there.

PARKER

But there is something I should --

MIRANDA

No, it's done. We can be friends,  
 right? Just friends.

For a split second, Parker looks sad. Buries it.

MIRANDA

(Gesturing at the lot)  
 Besides, it's nice to get away ...

PARKER

OK. Next Thursday.

MIRANDA

Next Thursday. Had a makeup date  
 with Jerry, but I just can't evade  
 Name Law. Just one thing ... how  
 do you feel about being on camera?

**INT. MIRANDA'S CAR - HEADING UPSTATE - DAY**

Miranda drives like a MADWOMAN. Parker grips his seat. Fat raindrops leak into the car. Parker glances back ... at a cameraman. Shields his face a little. **TITLE: THURSDAY**

PARKER

At least the windows are still on?

MIRANDA

Music helps you ignore it. Can you use yours?

Parker plugs his phone in. "DOWNTOWN" comes on.

PARKER

(Sheepish)

Oh, I can change --

Miranda immediately sings along, acting out the words.

MIRANDA

(Audrey voice)

"Where the guys are drips ..."

PARKER

You know this, huh?

MIRANDA

Yeah. Me and my cousins loved it.

Parker sings along with Seymour. Then:

PARKER & MIRANDA

"OH!"

A beat.

PARKER

Hey, why didn't you tell me? About the show? I wouldn't have cared.

MIRANDA

Guys get weird. One wanted to be on it. I let him, then felt gross.

Parker shifts, glancing back at the cameras.

CAMERAMAN

It's OK. We can't use this because of the music rights.

MIRANDA

And, I dunno, it's also a lot. The money is great. I need it. But sometimes I need off-camera, too. Sorry, Gus.

PARKER

Did you leave that dog in the car? You can tell me.

MIRANDA

NO! Agh, you saw that one. I didn't -- look. They're crazy, Parker. The eyes.

PARKER

It's cool. You're the reasonable one. I reckon we'll cheer for you.

MIRANDA

I reckon?! Literally, who are you?

**EXT. CONFERENCE CENTER/LODGE UPSTATE - LATER**

The pair strolls through the bustling, lodge-like lobby. Cameras follow.

MIRANDA

Nicer than I thought.

They come to a front desk, manned by a CONTENT INTERN.

PARKER

Hi, Parker Peters. Content Ninja.

A nearby table with badges. Everyone has that title.

PARKER

But she's not on --

CONTENT INTERN

Oh my God, I know who you are. I'm such a big fan. I wouldn't have my Subaru if it wasn't for you.

MIRANDA

Well. That's awesome. I think.

CONTENT INTERN

Go right ahead, there's coffee and breakfast in the main hall.

MIRANDA

They've got bagels! Parker, will you excuse me? Bagels present!

PARKER

Go ahead.

The cameras follow Miranda. Parker scouts, fidgeting. Picks up a PROGRAM. Taps his finger on Cates's prominent picture. Her title is: EXECUTIVE PRODUCER and CONTENT MAVERICK.

Miranda comes up munching on a bagel, crew in tow.

MIRANDA  
I like it here.

**INT. CONFERENCE HALL - LATER**

The speakers drone. Miranda blinks away sleepiness. Parker folds his program into origami. The crew lounges by a wall.

MIRANDA  
I hate it here. For people who  
create content for a living,  
everyone is really bad at making  
this interesting.

PARKER  
Just a little bit longer. Right  
after she's done, I'll grab her  
and beg for my 20K.

MIRANDA  
Wait, what?

MODERATOR (O.S.)  
Now, the EP of *Missive*, Cate Ames,  
will talk about content  
innovation.

Cate climbs to the podium. Waves off help and fixes the  
prompter herself. Parker sits up at attention.

MIRANDA  
Is this the one with the 20K?

PARKER  
Yeah, Cate.

MIRANDA  
Your boss?

PARKER  
Sort of. It's complicated.

MIRANDA  
Wait, is that the woman in your  
photo --

PARKER  
I'll explain later!

CATE

Good morning. What do you call a video producer who gets a job at the grocery store? A produce-er.

MIRANDA

Oh, no.

Cate moves to a slide that says: **MISSICALS**

CATE

At *Missive*, we don't rest on our laurels. We boldly continue to innovate, which is why I'm proud to announce our newest format. We call them "Missicals," whimsical musical explainers on a variety of topics.

PARKER

What the fuck ...

Miranda hears him, sits up, pays attention.

MIRANDA

Wait. That's yours. Did you know?

Parker shakes his head, unable to talk. His eyes can't get any wider. His breath can't get faster and shallower.

MIRANDA

You need to say something!

CATE

We've prototyped one, and I think you'll find it hits the right note.

Miranda elbows him. Parker rises, dramatically.

MIRANDA

Speak up. This is your time!

PARKER

What do you want me to say?! Don't want to interrupt.

MIRANDA

She is stealing your idea! In front of you!

PARKER

There are nuances! Complexities!

Cate can't ignore any longer.

CATE  
Excuse me?

Miranda stands, too. The cameras swarm.

MIRANDA  
Yes! This man is objecting to you stealing his ideas for -- ah, what the hell was it?

PARKER  
Singin' in the 'Splain.

MIRANDA  
Singin' in the 'Splain! Just two weeks ago he told me about it, and sung me something quite lovely about a man named Thor. Shame on you for taking it! Also, your jokes are crimes against humanity!

Cate shields her eyes from the lights.

CATE  
Parker?

PARKER  
Hi, Cate.

MODERATOR  
Why don't we let the presentation conclude before taking questions?

Cate smiles coldly. Calmly.

CATE  
A misunderstanding. I encourage everyone to sit back and enjoy. Happy to take questions after.

Cate shoots Parker a look, then exits off stage while the video plays. Parker follows. Miranda and crew trails.

PARKER  
OK, I know there's an explanation for this ...

CATE  
Isn't she on that show? *Lot Thots?*



MIRANDA

You know it's *Ladies of the Lot*.  
That's just -- being mean.

CATE

Well, you and your car dealer have  
humiliated me in front of every  
Content Ninja in the Northeast!

MIRANDA

Why are you mad? You stole his  
shit!

PARKER

Miranda, there must be a good  
explanation. Right, Cate? You  
wouldn't just take what you  
offered me 20K for.

MIRANDA

(Off his defense)

I can't believe you would --

(Turns to Cate)

-- WELL?

Cate's silent for a moment. Her eyes shift around.

CATE

I don't owe you an explanation.  
But it's different. Different  
name. Hosted by Jonathan Groff.  
But I still did the right thing. I  
offered money. More money than  
anyone would! No, he said. Can't  
take my pity. But here's the  
thing: he never did anything with  
it. Even though I pushed him,  
like, the entire seven years we  
dated!

PARKER

Seven years and nine months.

MIRANDA

You dated seven years?

CATE

Look I am sorry for what you're  
going through, Parker. Really. But  
the statute of limitations is up!  
I've said all there is to say.

From out of nowhere, a P.A. hands her papers to sign.

CATE  
Use this and I-I'll sue.

MIRANDA  
He's sort of sad, but I'm not. And  
I deal with crazier-eyed bitches  
than you every day. C'mon, Parker.

She marches off. He follows, in a betrayed daze.

**INT. MIRANDA'S CAR - LATER**

PARKER  
There's just got to be a reason.  
She'd never --

Miranda bangs on a leaking panel.

MIRANDA  
She stole your idea. Because she  
doesn't care about you.

PARKER  
Look, a part of me still loves  
that woman. You don't have to --  
(Defeated)  
OK, no, you're right. Mine.

An uncomfortable beat.

MIRANDA  
You could've told me you were  
going up there to see your ex-  
girlfriend.

PARKER  
I tried. But we're not dating. You  
made that clear.

MIRANDA  
I was a prop. I hate that!  
(She softens, jokingly  
shakes her hair like a  
shampoo commercial)  
A beautiful reality show prop!

PARKER  
I wouldn't have done it, I just  
really need the money. She wasn't  
answering my calls.

MIRANDA  
Why? Are you in debt?

He pauses, glances into the backseat at the cameraman. PP is also there, shaking his head: keep it close. Miranda's phone rings.

MIRANDA  
Can you find that?

Parker passes it. She blasts the radio, blocking filming.

MIRANDA  
Hello? No, it's Miranda, Dad.  
Check your medicine cabinet. Check  
it. OK, listen to Kendra. Love  
you.

PARKER  
Your Dad is, uh --

MIRANDA  
Yeah.

PARKER  
That's, uh, unfortunate. Can't  
imagine.

MIRANDA  
Before he -- now he's mostly sweet  
and lost. But I try not to talk  
about him. On camera.

She turns the radio off.

MIRANDA  
Now back up. Why do you need the  
money? And why was she so weird?

PARKER  
Ah.

MIRANDA  
Are you having a mid-life crisis?  
You're not that old.

PARKER  
(Under his breath)  
More like end of life crisis.  
I kinda ... it's not bad or  
anything, but I have cancer.

MIRANDA  
Oh my god. What -- how do I --  
what kind?

Parker squirms. Checks on the camera again. Remembers Cate's reaction. Looks for a lie.

PARKER  
Uh, lung.

MIRANDA  
Large cell?

PARKER  
No, the other.

MIRANDA  
SMALL CELL?!

PARKER  
Medium. I hear it's a good medium.

She stares as earnestly at him as she can while not crashing. He's terrified.

MIRANDA  
You're going to beat this thing.  
And I'll be at every appointment.

PARKER  
You don't have to. Really.

MIRANDA  
I take in strays. What's one more?

PARKER  
OK. Just look at the road now.

A beat.

PARKER  
I -- thanks for that. Seriously.  
(A beat)  
Look, if you're serious about  
helping, there is an easy little  
thing I could use company on.

**INT. RADIOLOGY ASSOCIATES / WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Parker can't sit still. Jumps at every noise. Miranda looks up from her magazine.

MIRANDA  
You okay over there?

PARKER  
Totally. Totally. Yep. OK.

A nurse enters from the back.

NURSE

Peters?

He trips over the coffee table getting up. Miranda grabs his hand.

MIRANDA

Hey, you're gonna be OK. I arranged a surprise, since I couldn't go in with you.

**INT. RADIOLOGY ASSOCIATES / MRI ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

In the room, Miranda has set up a cardboard cutout of herself. Parker smiles, touched.

NURSE

Just lay down, we'll get started.

Then he stares into the darkness. It doesn't seem to end.

**INT. RADIOLOGY ASSOCIATES / WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Parker, holding the cutout, whisks Miranda out.

PARKER

We're going! Man was meant to be free!

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Parker scrolls through pictures of penectomies. Sweats.

**INT. CAREFREE UROLOGY / EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY**

Parker, in street clothes, is at his post-excision checkup.

SAPOWSKI

How'd the MRI go?

PARKER

(Clearly lying)  
Good. MRIaculously, even.

SAPOWSKI

My goodness. A sense of humor and a wonderful penis.

(MORE)

SAPOWSKI (CONT'D)

Well, I have good news. Margins  
were clear. Incision looks good.  
Which leaves the big question.  
Alternative treatment or the ...  
(Makes a throat cut sign)

PARKER

(Can barely say it)  
The ...

SAPOWSKI

Do we want to ... needlessly risk  
that gorgeous organ?

Parker's quiet. PP appears. Puts his hand on Sapowski's  
shoulder. The two stare. Parker looks at the beautiful,  
unsatisfied women on the urology pamphlets.

PARKER

I want to keep all my penis, doc.  
I'll do everything it takes.

Parker's Penis nods, pleased. Doc, too.

SAPOWSKI

Fantastic. Soon enough, you'll be  
back out there, orgies and such. I  
just need you to sign this while I  
prepare for some ... enhanced  
diagnostics. I'll get my measuring  
instruments.

PARKER

Measuring? Wait, what?

Sapowski leaves a confused Parker with a liability waiver.  
It's scary. We see words like "death" and "no recourse."  
Parker darkens, licks his lips. But eventually signs.

Sapowski returns with rulers, calipers, tongs, a sound  
meter, a scale, and a nurse.

SAPOWSKI

We're going to get a sense of the  
terrain, so to speak. Lay back.

PARKER

Are we sure that's -- well, I  
don't see how that's relevant?

Sapowski begins measuring all angles of Parker's penis.

SAPOWSKI

My working theory. (Tape measure, please.) Size has a correlation to cancer incidents. (5.5.)

The nurse takes notes on a pad. Not clear what. Parker sneaks a look. Is that a SKETCH?

PARKER

Are you DRAWING it?

SAPOWSKI

What we learn here will save lives, young man. The diagonal is a -- hold that? 31.15.

(Winks at Parker)

Let's call it 32.2. Beautiful.

PARKER

What units are these, even?

SAPOWSKI

Moving on to girth.

PARKER

(To the nurse)

Not really my best right now.

Sapowski leans in and sniffs.

SAPOWSKI

A luscious, rich, nutty aroma. Note that. Moving on to the mold.

PARKER

I -- I really don't know about this. Maybe I should recheck that MRI or something.

SAPOWSKI

This is the course of treatment I recommend, son. What you wanted.

He gives Parker a meaningful look.

CUT TO Sapowski and the nurse helping Parker dip his penis in a silicon mold.

PARKER

AHHHH. It's stuck. It's stuck.

CUT TO Parker hastily, shamefully shaking the doc's hand and flying out. The doc remains, arms akimbo. A real TV doctor.

SAPOWSKI

Make a note. "Average sized hands."

**INT. LOTL CAR DEALERSHIP / OFFICE - DAY**

PRODUCERS walk in while Miranda is on the phone.

MIRANDA

Hold one sec, Argyle -- guys, I still have to sell cars to really rich dudes here.

PRODUCER

(Holding ratings sheet)  
This is amazing! People really love you and this Parker goof.

MIRANDA

Maybe some respect? He has cancer.

PRODUCER

Yes! More of his cancer. Real drama. You're seeing him later?

MIRANDA

I'm not going to exploit him.

PRODUCER

Well, we need something. Medical stories? Hot right now. Or maybe we find someone else with medical issues...

She glares. The threat is clear.

MIRANDA

(defeated)  
... where do you want us?

**EXT. BUSHWICK RESTAURANT - EVENING**

Parker and Miranda eat pasta under strings of lights.

PARKER

How silent can you chew? 'Cuz I can do this [silent chews.]

MIRANDA

Oh, I can top that, I can top that. [More silent chewing.]



He leans close to listen to her mouth. Shakes his head. She giggles. An Italian WAITER approaches with a tiramisu.

WAITER  
For the beautiful couple.

PARKER  
Oh, no, we're not --

MIRANDA  
(Winking to Parker)  
Thank you. It's our anniversary.

PARKER  
Ah, right. Here, pumpkin.

He feeds her a huge bite. She returns. *They sing, but their mouths are stuffed full. We understand 25% of it.*

PARKER  
What is this feeling I'm feeling?  
Like I could float up to the  
ceiling.  
My penis hasn't changed any sizes,  
My heart -- my heart is what  
rises!

MIRANDA  
I get the idea he's had  
playthings,  
But his eyes say we're feeling the  
same things,  
Oh, where, where on Earth is this  
leading?  
And am I wise in proceeding?

BOTH  
We'll just have to see ...

There's a look. Neither one wants to break it. PP peeks out from behind a newspaper. Unsure of this new alliance.

PRODUCER  
That's a cut! Let's get a new  
card.

The mood is RUINED as the crew swarms from off-screen. Parker clears his throat. Miranda shifts in her seat.

PARKER  
Did hear chewing, though.

MIRANDA  
Tragic. Having ear cancer as well.

He flings tiramisu at her.

**EXT. ENERGY HEALERS - NIGHT**

The place is called REIKIJAVIK: ICELANDIC ENERGY HEALING, INC. Parker and Miranda stare at it. Cameras film.

**INT. ENERGY HEALERS - MOMENTS LATER**

It's both waiting room and exam room. She looks around with amusement and disdain. The camera crew can barely fit.

MIRANDA

So this is like "using the force" against cancer?

PARKER

Oh, Miranda. I was once like you: dead-inside, Star Wars fan. But cancer has changed my perspective. I'm willing to try new things, and there are studies that --

From a back curtain, INGIBJÖRG (52) emerges. A plump, flushed woman wearing impeccable whites.

INGIBJÖRG

Who the patient is between you?  
No, wait, I will do the guessing.  
(Professor X Pose)  
Ah, I'm sensing you is the one.

PARKER

I'm already energized.

MIRANDA

Didn't you sign in on an app?

PARKER

Hush! Be respectful of the Jedi.  
(Scandinavian J  
pronunciation)

INGIBJÖRG

You, let us hoist you on the table.

Parker obliges. Ingibjörg swirls her hands over him. She stops around his pelvis. Fixates on something.

INGIBJÖRG

I sense power here! Root chakra.

PARKER

Well, I don't know if "power" is right. But certainly some majesty.

INGIBJÖRG

Also, tremendous, terrible darkness here. A deadly curse.

He doesn't like that being on camera. Ingibjörg jerks some dark energy out of him. Miranda scoffs.

INGIBJÖRG

(Not looking)

Does the young lady in the waiting room have a problem?

MIRANDA

Not to be a jerk, but you're a few feet from his cancer.

Ingibjörg shoots Parker a meaningful look -- like, "she doesn't know?" He looks away. Clears his throat.

PARKER

Um, yeah! This is nuts! I have LUNG cancer, madam. <coughs>

MIRANDA

C'mon, Parker. Let's go drink. That's my energy healing.

Miranda grabs her stuff, and heads out. The cameras follow. Parker turns back to Ingibjörg.

PARKER

Terribly sorry 'bout that, are you free, same time tomorrow?

#### **INT. THE SALTY RABBIT - EVENING**

Jaimee, Devin, Parker, and Miranda drink. Cameras film.

MIRANDA

(Demonstrating)

-- put her hands over Parker's junk! Like a hippy happy ending.

Everyone laughs. But there's some awkwardness and guilt from the three that know the truth.

Genevieve brings a round and departs. Jaimee demurs.

MIRANDA  
 Jaimee, I'll just see if I can  
 find you some balls on my way to  
 the bathroom.

Miranda exits.

JAIMEE  
 (After her)  
 That's offensive, honey!  
 (To Parker)  
 She doesn't know?

Parker checks to see if the cameras aren't on. Devin shakes his head sagely.

PARKER  
 She knows. Just not where.

JAIMEE  
 Don't you like her? You're lying.

PARKER  
 We're friends. And I don't want to  
 tell the whole world and BRAVO.

JAIMEE  
 Do you like her? Like you usually  
 like girls? Or do you LIKE her?

PARKER  
 Who, Miranda? Jaimee, it's not  
 like that. I can't even do  
 anything.

JAIMEE  
 What does that matter? Doing stuff  
 isn't the same as liking. You need  
 to tell her.

Miranda returns, smiling. Parker smiles thin-lipped.

**EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT**

Miranda and Parker walk through the last gritty part of New York. Camera crew in tow. Parker uses his phone's map.

MIRANDA  
 So a doctor prescribed this. And  
 yet this isn't a --  
 (Waves in the air)  
 -- pharmacy?

A sketchy, shaky man shuffles out from a building.

PRONTO  
You lookin' for something?

PARKER  
Um, are you ... Pronto?

From out of nowhere, a P.A. thrusts papers to sign.

PRONTO  
Don't want no cameras here, man.

Miranda signals the crew. They lower their weapons.

PARKER  
Oh! Yes, sorry, of course. She's a reality show star, you see, so --

MIRANDA  
Charmed.

PRONTO  
Don't look like no fuckin' Housewife. Where Dorinda at?

PARKER  
Uh, Mr. Pronto, I've been told to ask you about "TinMan."

PRONTO  
(Sizing him up)  
You in for some fun, motherfucker!  
But don't keep that shit with me, nah. Too valuable. It's at home.

PARKER  
Uh, OK. We'll wait here.

PRONTO  
Nah, I ain't planning on coming back out. You come with me.

Pronto points to a blinged-out SUV parked nearby. Parker's unsure, but takes a step forward.

MIRANDA  
One sec.

Miranda pulls him aside.

MIRANDA

You're not getting in a car with that man, are you? The bass alone will kill you.

PARKER

I have to. It's either this or --

MIRANDA

What? What could be worse than this? This is crazy.

PARKER

You don't have to go. You didn't sign up for this.

MIRANDA

No way I'm going to leave you with Shakes, Professor.

They return to Pronto.

PARKER

So, um, yes, take us to TinMan.

PRONTO

Hop in, baby. But no food in the car, alright?

**INT. PRONTO'S SUV - MOMENTS LATER**

PRONTO

-- but I definitely wouldn't fuck with Ramona Singer. No way.

Parker discretely texts Miranda: "Think he sells drugs to the Housewives? It explains so much." She laughs, then stifles it. Pronto notices, agitated.

PRONTO

Yo, how I know you're legit, bro? It's like you texting our coordinates. Narc shit

PARKER

Wait, what? Me, narc? I saw Rent like fifteen times.

PRONTO

Why you want TinMan, then?

PARKER  
Er, you know, your standard  
recreational reasons.

PRONTO  
C'mon, what the fuck that mean?  
Plain English.

PARKER  
I ... well, I ...

MIRANDA  
He's taking it for lung cancer,  
OK? Medium cell. It was  
prescribed.

PRONTO  
(Laughs)  
Ain't no medium cell lung cancer.  
Big or small, that's it. Don't  
y'all watch medical shows?  
(A beat)  
I was joking before, but now I'm  
getting worked up.

He reveals a gun in his waist band. Parker clocks it. Looks  
at Miranda. Reluctantly decides he has to tell the truth.

PARKER  
So, honestly. I have, uh, penile  
cancer.

MIRANDA  
What?

PRONTO  
What the fuck, of the dick?

PARKER  
Yes. My dick is killing me.

PRONTO  
Gonna need you to prove that shit,  
'cuz that sounds crazy.

PARKER  
But how do I ...

PRONTO  
Whip it out.

PARKER  
I'm not gonna flash my --

MIRANDA

Parker, the man has a gun. Whip  
your dick out.

Parker thinks. Pulls something up on his phone. It's NEWS  
FOOTAGE from his traffic mishap.

PARKER

OK, that's me. After my excision.

MIRANDA

That's you?

PRONTO

You're the diaper motherfucker on  
the FDR? Yo, me and my fam played  
that shit over and over.

PARKER

Er. My doc, Dr. Sapowski, sent me.

MIRANDA

SAPOWSKI is handling your cancer?!

PRONTO

Shit, big Ron! Why didn't you tell  
me? Oh, wait, we're here.

Pronto slams on brakes in the middle of the road. Doesn't  
bother parking. Opens the door and SPRINTS out. It's super  
weird. Parker and Miranda sit uncomprehending in the car.

PARKER

Is the car going to explode?

MIRANDA

Maybe. Better talk fast. Why  
didn't you tell me?

PARKER

I wanted to tell you. I did. But  
you're always on camera.

That douses her fire. An awkward beat. Pronto, breathless,  
runs back into the car. Hands Parker a packet.

PRONTO

Ah-ah! TinMan. That's \$600.

PARKER

Jesus. Six hundred. What is it?



PRONTO  
 Purest keratin from land of our  
 ancestors.

PARKER  
 Keratin. That sounds familiar.

Miranda looks it up on her phone. Shoves it in Parker's  
 face: RHINO HORN. On Parker, a look of disbelief and  
 disgust. Pronto notices.

PRONTO  
 Yo, just so you know: we have a  
 strict no refund policy.

**INT. DIVE BAR - LATER**

MIRANDA  
 I'm pretty disappointed in you.

The pair sits, fixated on their drinks. Packet of rhino  
 horn on the bar between them.

MIRANDA  
 So how does it work?

PARKER  
 I guess we snort it.

MIRANDA  
 No, the cancer, dummy.

PARKER  
 Starts as skin cancer, then grows  
 down and in or something.

MIRANDA  
 You didn't research it? You study  
 everything.

PARKER  
 I -- I just couldn't look.

MIRANDA  
 So is it because of HPV?

PARKER  
 (Panicked)  
 Wait, what? No one said anything  
 about that. I can't have --

MIRANDA  
 Hey, shhh, it's okay. Because --

*A fun, reassuring number. The bar seems to melt away, replaced by a cartoon cabaret. Miranda rips off her outfit; she has a dancer's corset on. She's joined by two animated HPV cells, with great legs.*

MIRANDA

Nobody's got money,  
 Nobody's got time,  
 There's never no good news,  
 Nor any fine rhymes.

But one thing that's plain to see,  
 Is that everybody's got HPV.

As certain as taxes,  
 As assured as death,  
 It might make you jumpy,  
 Like your name was MacBeth.

But from coeds to retirees,  
 Everyone's got a little HPV!

To this we'll add a little  
 codicil,  
 HPV's had problems facing  
 Gardasil,  
 But, on the other hand, if you  
 will permit,  
 Your insurance probably doesn't  
 cover it.

So nobody's got answers,  
 Just questions of course,  
 But they all have three letters,  
 And an outbreak of warts.

I'm convinced to a high degree,  
 That everyone has HPV!  
 HPV! You and Me!

*The song ends. They return to normal.*

MIRANDA

But what's NOT okay is that your  
 doctor didn't even mention it! And  
 went on to prescribe rhino horn!

PARKER

I admit he's unorthodox. The  
 measurements, etc.

MIRANDA

MEASUREMENTS?

PARKER

But he's really fighting to keep  
me from losing my penis! The other  
choice is a surgery that might --  
(Makes throat slash)

MIRANDA

Are you dying there or ...?

PARKER

Worse. Penectomy.

MIRANDA

How is that worse?

Parker sees PP sipping at the bar. A shared understanding.

PARKER

You couldn't understand. You don't  
have one.

MIRANDA

I know. But I've dealt with a lot.  
Doctors are humans. Some are  
idiots. You need to pick better.

PARKER

Or maybe the doctor doesn't matter  
at all. Sometimes it doesn't. You  
get better or you don't.

A beat.

PARKER

I'm worried, Miranda. About it. If  
people will like it again.

MIRANDA

About what?

PARKER

It. It still has sutures in it.  
Like barbed wire. It looks like  
the beach at Normandy.

MIRANDA

Let me see it.

He glances at the other customers.

PARKER

Here?

MIRANDA

In the bathroom, silly. It's okay.

They go to the bathroom. Cautiously take down his pants.

MIRANDA

Still a nice penis, Parker Peters.

She helps him pull his boxers back up. He winces for a sec -- everyone else has snapped them. She doesn't.

PARKER

That means a lot, MJ.

They're close. We feel heat. Parker abruptly breaks it off.

PARKER

Ow. I can't let it get -- ow. Ow.

She grabs his hand.

MIRANDA

Come with me to something. I think it's important.

PARKER

OK. But you gotta snort this rhino horn with me. I paid 600 bucks.

**INT. QUEEN'S GYMNASIUM - EVENING**

Men of all sizes, colors, and ages sit in a tight circle of folding chairs. A table of store-bought pastries feeds them. A OLD MAN cuts off our heroes as they walk in.

OLD MAN

Meeting's members only.

MIRANDA

Hi, I'm Miranda. Joe said it'd be OK if I attended.

JOE (52) is big, bald, powerful. He beckons them over.

JOE

Welcome to our session! We were about to share some feelings.

(To the group)

Parker was recently diagnosed with penile cancer, stage one.

PARKER

Well, my margins were clear. So  
the worst may be over, thank  
goodness.

The men smile wanly. Parker regrets saying it.

MAN

I saw a specialist. My regular  
doctor said it would be OK, then  
--

Throat cut. He cries. Another man consoles him.

JOE

It's hard on the newcomers. So  
what can we tell you, son?

MIRANDA

Go ahead, Parker.

PARKER

You know, I don't know what --

JOE

It's OK, son. You can't hurt us.

PARKER

Well. Don't you sometimes wish --  
you'd died? Than go through all of  
it? The pain and the waste? The  
lack where something was.  
Something that was with you every  
day. The boniness. The clumps of  
hair down the drain. The blindness  
from the chemo. Being so weak you  
have to have your 7-year-old son  
try to lift you from the tub?

The men look at him oddly. That was specific.

JOE

Never. Because ...

Joe looks at him. With a little pity. *When he sings, it's  
like an exalting hymn.*

JOE

The parts do not make up the man,  
Such was never piece of God's  
plan,  
The parts do not make up the man.

*The men join in, a heavenly choir. Someone plays a piano.*

MEN

There are many things,  
 There are many things that a man  
 can be,  
 A brother, a son, or a friend,  
 There's nothing in these that  
 depend,  
 On one small dangling bit.

*The pace picks up. The piano slaps. The men begin bopping,  
 soloing, flipping, dancing.*

MEN

The parts do not make up the man,  
 From Clark Kent to Peter Pan,  
 The parts do not make up the man.

Anyone can be a man,  
 Anyone can be a man, you know,  
 They just need courage and  
 brav'ry,  
 A longing to stand and be free,  
 They need not an appendage.

Plumber, clergy, mayor of Dallas,  
 Don't need help from any phallus.  
 Roofer, waiter, hot dog vendor,  
 Can be done without a member.  
 Kings and dukes and JP Morgan,  
 Would be the same without an  
 organ!

The parts do not make up the man,  
 Will you try to understand?  
 The parts do not make up a man!

*The song ends, and the men return to their chairs.*

JOE

You see? We have scars. We're men.

For a second, it looks like that broke through. But then PP  
 appears in an unoccupied chair. Stares down Parker. Parker  
 quickly exits. His penis is still too important to him.

MIRANDA

Sorry, he's -- still raw.

**INT. CAREFREE UROLOGY / EXAM ROOM - DAY**

Parker's agitated. Sapowski enters.

SAPOWSKI

Mr. Peters. Don't think we were expecting you back so soon.

PARKER

Yeah. See, doc, I'm having some --

PP shuffles out from behind the doc. Parker looks down. Starting to shut him out.

PARKER

N-not sure I'm doing the right thing.

SAPOWSKI

Son, doubts are reasonable. But I know we're doing the right thing. You know how I know? It's not just my years of medical training.

Parker stares. No idea where this is going.

SAPOWSKI

It's your scent. Your musk.

PARKER

Sorry, what was that?

SAPOWSKI

You have a healthy tang. No cancer.

PARKER

Oh my god.

SAPOWSKI

I admit: I recall your penis's smell when I'm with other patients.

PARKER

(Gasp)

Immunovariance. Immunovariance!  
You've fallen for my penis!

SAPOWSKI

Don't be absurd. I'm just bringing all of my senses to bear for my practice. That's all.

Parker stands up and paces.

PARKER

You love my penis. And I see him everywhere. How can two dick lovers be impartial about this? It could kill me! What if --  
 (Putting it altogether)  
 -- by not choosing I'm choosing?

SAPOWSKI

Whoa, stallion. Let's not be hasty.

PARKER

I'm sorry, Dr. Sapowski. But I need to get a second opinion.

A beat. Sapowski processes it.

SAPOWSKI

I won't try to talk you down. But maybe one last whiff?

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

Parker stands on a platform, nude. Tamiko paints a giant portrait of him.

PARKER

It'd be OK to exaggerate a little.

TAMIKO

Hear you first, second, third time.

A knock at the door. Parker throws on a robe. It's Miranda, holding food. Behind her, cameras.

MIRANDA

Schnitzel. Thank my Jewish mother.

PARKER

Whoa, thank you. That's so nice.

His robe flaps open. She sees. Shuts the door on the crew.

MIRANDA

Tamiko, is this a ...

TAMIKO

Big giant penis monument.

Tamiko exits, munching a bento. Miranda gazes up at it.



PARKER

(Quietly)

I decided to do the surgery. You were right about Sapowski.

MIRANDA

And this is your farewell?

PARKER

Yeah. I have two weeks.

MIRANDA

Did you get an MRI?

He grins his get-out-of-trouble grin. She sighs.

MIRANDA

I know it's scary. But it's right.

PARKER

Will you still like me if it doesn't -- if I don't have --

MIRANDA

Of course I will.

She brushes hair out of his face. Then:

MIRANDA

I've seen better, anyway.

They both laugh. He's still shaken.

MIRANDA

Maybe you should do something. A little party. To remember.

PARKER

Yeah. Maybe. You'll come?

She glances at a text.

PARKER

Your dad okay? I haven't --

MIRANDA

Yeah, but, shit, the crew is begging for me. I'll see you for the Halloween thing at work?

PARKER

Me and my penis. While we're still together.

**INT. CAREFREE UROLOGY / WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Without looking, Eoghan slams a cup down on the counter.

PARKER

Uh, hi. I'm actually here to pick up my tissue sample.

EOGHAN

Your ... tissue sample?

PARKER

I called? I'm getting a second opinion --

(Low voice)

-- about my penis.

EOGHAN

Oh, of course! Course. Let's see.

She begins opening drawers, looking under piles of papers, patting herself down. Parker finally clears his throat.

PARKER

You didn't lose my penis, right?

She emerges with a PLASTIC BAG marked BIOHAZARD. Inside is a plastic container with skin samples.

EOGHAN

Found it. Top drawer all along. Perfect place for a penis, the top.

PARKER

Just so I'm clear, I don't need to refrigerate it or anything?

She stares at it, befuddled. Rummages around her desk.

EOGHAN

No instructions. But, no, the top drawer isn't refrigerated.

PARKER

But ... should it have been?

EOGHAN

Think I know penis care, young man. Been at a urologist these 17 years.

PARKER

Hard to replace is all. I'd have to get a rare cancer again. Excision.

EOGHAN

Do you have ice with you?

PARKER

I brought an icepack, yes.

EOGHAN

Maybe ... don't not use it.

Sapowski emerges from the back like a white-haired lion.

SAPOWSKI

So you're really leaving us.

PARKER

A second opinion, that's all.

SAPOWSKI

When they say they're going to take it all, you come back to me, OK?

Sapowski sniffs around Parker, searching for The Odor.

PARKER

Should really get this in a fridge.

SAPOWSKI

I'd never let anything happen to that magnificent penis!

**INT. NEW YORK SUBWAY STATION - LATER**

Parker slows when he sees two cops conducting bag searches. Realizes what's in his. Drops his head, tries to brush past.

COP

Sir. Sir!

PARKER

Oh! Hiya, fellas.

COP

Can you open your bag, sir?

PARKER  
Um, yeah, it's just stuff, though.

COP  
Still need to see it, sir.

Parker gulps. Slowly unzips his bag. Regular stuff, except for the BIOHAZARD BAG. The cop pokes at it.

COP  
What -- can you explain this, sir?

PARKER  
It's a tissue sample, see --

COP  
Has a biohazard symbol on it.

PARKER  
Yes, I don't understand why they did that but --

COP  
Gonna need you to get on your knees, hands behind your head.

PARKER  
What?

COP  
(Into his radio)  
We have a possible 706 in progress.

PARKER  
Sir, you don't understand --

The cop draws his sidearm. Parker drops on his knees.

COP  
(To the gathering crowd)  
Please disperse, we're dealing with an unknown biological threat here.

PARKER  
No threat! It's my penis!

The cop picks up the bag with his pen. His partner leans in. The crowd, too.

COP  
This tiny thing right here?

PARKER

Well, no, not that. I have penile cancer! That's a tissue sample!

COP

Cancer of the -- the penacular organ? Never heard of that.

The cop removes his hat, scratches his head.

PARTNER

It does say medical tissue, Frank.

COP

I'll be damned. OK, sir, this all checks out, but maybe you'll want to leave your fetishes out of public view.

Parker snatches his penis, runs through gawking tourists.

COP

I hope your interaction with the NYPD was professional!

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Parker throws open the fridge and puts his penis inside. Attaches a Post-It: DO NOT EAT. Sighs and slumps.

**INT. A POSH CLUB - EVENING**

Parker sidles up to the assembled Ladies of the Lot. It's a big Halloween party. He's shy in his giant AUDREY II outfit.

PARKER

Hi.

MIRANDA

Parker! You look great.

PARKER

Tamiko. She has so much junk. You look -- wow.

Miranda spins in her Audrey 1 white dress.

MIRANDA

Yeah, it's --  
(Her phone buzzes)  
One sec, sorry.

Parker mingles badly. The PRODUCERS approach.

PRODUCER  
Parker? Nice to finally meet you.

PARKER  
It's me, yeah. Um, who are you?

PRODUCER  
Ha, oh, mea culpa. Terry  
Batsworth, production ninja on the  
show. You know, Miranda was --

PRODUCER 2  
-- lacking something.

PRODUCER  
Yeah, lacking something before  
you. Humanity, I don't know. The  
cancer helps her.

PARKER  
(Darkens)  
Oh. Yeah. I don't know if I'd --

PRODUCER  
Maybe why she pushed to have you  
on instead of her Dad.

The clueless producer grins. Parker grabs his jaw.

PARKER  
Oh. I -- will you excuse me?

We see a giant plant scurrying away. Miranda returns.

MIRANDA  
Parker? I got us punch. Parker?

**INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT - LATER**

It's pandemonium at Miranda's house. The dogs are barking. The unflappable Kendra is crying. Potted plants are smashed, soil smeared against the wall like feces.

DALE (O.S.)  
Deborah! Get out here, you little  
cunt!

MIRANDA  
Get the medical bag, I'll --

Dale emerges from his room, clad only in briefs. He's rubbing his erection and salivating.

DALE

Deborah! Ahhh, that's it.

Miranda gasps. Fear, horror, and revulsion etch her face.

LATER. The same look, but Miranda snaps out of it long enough to answer a cop's questions. A sedated Dale is carted out on a gurney. Someone hands her a brochure, for SUNRISE VISTA again.

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY - RIVINGTON STREET - DAY**

**INT. PIZZA ON RIVINGTON - DAY**

A transformed pizza joint -- flowers everywhere, the giant portrait of nude Parker on the wall. Nervous lieutenants Jaimee and Devin flank Parker.

Parker scans the room. Looking for Miranda. Sees all his past conquests, and ANDERS, lined up. Parker's Penis, giddy, drinks champagne. His moment of adulation.

JAIMEE

(Whispered)

A penis wake isn't what I had in mind when I told you about my aunt.

PARKER

(To guests)

Just one more minute. Waiting for everyone to fill in.

(To Jaimee)

It'll be cathartic. For everyone.

AUDRA

Is your penis, like, dropping off soon? Because we have patients.

JAIMEE

(to Parker)

You put the arctic in cathartic.

SAPOWSKI enters. In black. Aviators on. Like a Kennedy.

As the crowd parts, Parker spots Cate. She looks somber. He's unsure. She half-smiles, waves. He returns it.

**EXT. RIVINGTON STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

A breathless Miranda arrives. She halts. Stares uncomprehending at the penis art. Crew races to film.

**INT. PIZZA PLACE - MOMENTS LATER**

PARKER

Um. Well. Looking out on all these women, and one absurdly large man from my dermatological team --

Miranda enters, flustered.

MIRANDA

Oh, dear God.

PARKER

(Parker beckons her in)  
-- I'm humbled. If now is its time to go, I can't help but think of what a p-privileged life my penis has had. Better than it deserved.

Parker looks around for friendly faces, finds few.

PARKER

Perhaps -- we could share some remembrances of your time together?

*Dr. Khatri raises her hand. Music starts slow, but gets increasingly sassy and powerful.*

KHATRI

One night together's all we had,  
But as soon as you were finished,  
It didn't even take a minute,  
You ran like the Olympiad,

*NATASHA, a cherubic black woman in her 20s, steps forward.*

NATASHA

Sitting close, you whispered  
"hon,"  
And took me out to get a slice,  
But never bothered calling twice,  
Then took my friend to the same  
place on --

WOMEN

-- RIVINGTON.



KHATRI & NATASHA

We don't care a whit about your  
dick, (no no no)  
Your peep never made it more than  
skin-deep, (no no no)  
We don't forgive, but we do  
forget.  
Your life of living by your stick.

*Parker hangs his head. CHLOE steps forward.*

CHLOE

You made me feel like I was  
defective,  
For liking you enough to say,  
That fate had brought you my way,  
Then tossing me like a  
contraceptive.

WOMEN

We won't be getting silly 'bout  
your willy (no no no)  
Our memories of your schlong are  
not that long, (no no no)  
We don't forgive, but we do  
forget,  
Your life of living by your stick.

PARKER

No, dear ladies, let me explain,  
The peculiarities of a man's  
brain,

WOMEN

Save your facts, save your  
figures.

PARKER

For me, commitment was a trigger!  
I'm different now, I really mean  
it!

WOMEN

Cancer? You're just a growth upon  
your penis!  
We don't forgive, but we do  
forget,  
Your life of living by your prick.  
You're a prick.

It's silent. Then Miranda gets a call. She tries to sneak out. Parker jumps at her like she's a life raft.

PARKER

So Miranda -- you might recognize her from TV -- knows me pretty well. We're sorta -- she'll tell you I don't --

(To her)

-- I need you. Two seconds.

MIRANDA

But --

PARKER

I need you!

He yanks the phone. It falls. Glass shatters.

MIRANDA

That was about my Dad, Parker.

PARKER

I'm so sorry, I just --

MIRANDA

I decided to put him into the home today.

PARKER

Oh god, really? I had no idea --

MIRANDA

Why would you? You never ask.

PARKER

Because you don't like to talk about it on camera. And they're always there.

MIRANDA

Or maybe you're too busy caring about your dick, as usual? Who prescribed this medically vital penis ceremony, again?

PARKER

I don't get it. Not at all. You suggested this. I assume because it gave you another way to sell me out to save your Dad.

She gasps. He holds firm.

MIRANDA

No! No. I don't -- the only thing  
I ever wanted was for you to focus  
on your health, you fucking  
asshole!

His eyes widen. Hurt, she stomps off. Half her crew  
follows.

PARKER

(Weakly)

Just leave. Like you did the first  
night. Like you always do.

Parker returns, gazing blankly. A nauseous silence  
descends.

SAPOWSKI.

Whatever this man has done,  
whatever second opinions from hack  
doctors he has sought, he has  
cancer. I think that buys him  
something. Us holding back, maybe.  
For the record, I remember he had  
an exquisite penis.

The guests mill and disperse.

PARKER

I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

Parker's head is down. Cate approaches, touches his arm.

CATE

You OK? That was the roughest  
penis wake I've ever been to.

PARKER

Yeah. Got out of hand.

CATE

Well, if it makes you feel better,  
I dated you for awhile.

PARKER

Seven years.

CATE

And nine months. And I remember  
your penis very fondly.

Parker's Penis pricks up.

CATE  
 I'm sorry. About the musicals. But  
 maybe I can buy you that drink  
 now.

One of the lingering cameras captures them walking off.

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - LATER**

Parker, in bed, stares into oblivion. Cate returns from the living area, gnawing on Miranda's schnitzel. Parker glares.

CATE  
 This. Really good. You make this?

PARKER  
 No.

She lays down, still eating. His fists clench.

PARKER  
 You shouldn't eat that in my bed.

She glances over. His tone is weird. Looks at their picture.

CATE  
 Remember that night? You got sick  
 on the guy in the gorilla costume.

She snuggles to him. He flinches.

PARKER  
 (Flat)  
 You know, I have important work  
 tomorrow. Can I get you an Uber?

CATE  
 Wait, are you serious?

PARKER  
 And I need my shirt back.

**EXT. BUSHWICK STREETS - EVENING**

Parker walks aimlessly in torrential rain. Despondent.

FAMILIAR VOICE (O.S.)  
 Hey, pal.

He turns. Loitering in a dark doorway is his PENIS.

PARKER'S PENIS  
Thought I'd check in. This rain,  
huh?

PARKER  
I don't wanna talk to you.

Penis steps into the rain, lays a hand on Parker's chest.  
It's not kind.

PARKER'S PENIS  
Whoa, what's this all about?  
That's no way to talk to your  
buddy.

PARKER  
Some buddy. It's not enough that  
you make it so I can't settle down  
with anyone --

PARKER'S PENIS  
We had fun with all those chicks!

PARKER  
-- but you try to kill me?

PARKER'S PENIS  
So what? It reminded you of how  
important I am. By the way, you're  
not having that surgery.

Parker takes a step back, lost in thought.

PARKER  
Everything I've done -- all my  
issues -- it served you. No more.

PARKER'S PENIS  
(Mocks Parker's jaw tic)  
C'mon, don't get in your little  
head about --

Parker shakes his head. Starts backing away.

PARKER  
You're fucking dangerous.

Penis catches up to him. Grabs him.

PARKER'S PENIS  
We're not done!

PARKER  
Let me go!

PP tackles him, rides him to the ground. Parker makes it onto his back, puts a hand in PP's face. PP PUNCHES Parker, then looks astonished at his hand. Parker hits back.

The fight that ensues is savage and masterful -- a dream fight between former best friends. Parker uses judo throws; PP darts in and out with punches and kicks. But PP is the aggressor; Parker tries to disengage after scoring an advantage. After one of Parker's throws, a SWITCHBLADE falls out of Penis' costume.

PARKER

Shoulda known you're dirty.

PP reaches for a nearby CHAIN on a door, while Parker grabs the blade. They circle, brandishing their weapons.

PARKER'S PENIS

Doesn't have to be this way, Park. We can go back. Just call off the surgery. It'll be fine. I'll even let you have that Miranda a few more times. She's hot.

PARKER

You never mention her again.

Dodges and feints. A few blows land. PP wraps the chain around Parker's arm; the blade goes flying. He follows with a giant PENIS HEADBUTT that knocks Parker down.

Penis wraps Parker in a chokehold. Parker sputters.

PARKER'S PENIS

I can take over completely, you know. You'll be feral. Big cock walking.

Parker spots the blade. Reaches. Grasps it. Drives it into PP's costume near the head. Blood sprays. PP screams. Parker turns and CUTS until the costume head's nearly off. Penis is exposed.

PARKER

How's that circumcision now, motherfucker?

He drops the blade in disgust. Begins to walk away. A bloodied PP writhes.

PARKER'S PENIS

You like it!

Parker stops.

PARKER'S PENIS  
 You like having a little cancer!  
 You know it's true. All that  
 attention your Mom got. Now for  
 me! I know your secret, pal.

Parker goes glassy eyed. Walks off. Jaw set.

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - LATER**

A soaked Parker enters to find Miranda waiting in the dark.

PARKER  
 Miranda?

MIRANDA  
 Sit down, Parker.

PARKER  
 (Triumphant)  
 Miranda, I beat him! I FINALLY  
 beat my --

MIRANDA  
 (Cold)  
 The producers showed me the tape.  
 You and that snake, Cate. Asked me  
 to react. Know how that feels?

PARKER  
 It was -- a lapse. And, I dunno,  
 are we even ...?

MIRANDA  
 You can ask that? Really?

Parker can't say anything. Looks down.

MIRANDA  
 I don't know what I was thinking.  
 That I could save you like I  
 couldn't save my Dad? Not even  
 dick cancer stops your dick.

PARKER  
 No, you don't understand. I did --  
 I did wrong, but I fought --

She stops him by getting up.

MIRANDA  
 You did what you always do. Don't  
 call me anymore, Parker.

PARKER  
 No, Miranda, please. Please,  
 you're the first person who makes  
 me --

She leaves.

PARKER  
 Makes me feel like I'm not just a  
 dick.

**INT. PARKER'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Parker watches rain drops. Tamiko enters, holding a laundry basket. She watches him.

PARKER  
 The surgery is this week. Miranda  
 won't be there. Would you --

TAMIKO  
 You do not have to ask.

PARKER  
 (Tearful)  
 I've been -- do I deserve this,  
 Tamiko? 'Cuz my dick ran my life?

TAMIKO  
 No one deserves cancer. It's out  
 of control. Forth of nature. Not  
 good or bad.  
 (A beat)  
 Maybe you were a little bit slut.

PARKER  
 I never asked, ya know. About your  
 Dad. I was just so caught up.

TAMIKO  
 The me-la-noma was at the bottom  
 of foot. Too late. Penis cancer  
 good, in a way. People look at  
 penis.

She sits the laundry basket down on the unhooked washer. It looks much heavier than it should be.

TAMIKO  
 Things were very different for me,  
 after he went. Hard to let go.

Parker hugs her. She motions to him to bring in the bear.



**MONTAGE:** Parker taking notes on the computer, Parker taking notes at the doctor's office, Parker going back to the meeting of the Amputee's Club, taking notes. Parker cleaning up after Tamiko, finally, helping her hoarding addiction. Leaving flowers at Audra's door. Cleansing himself finally. Educating himself finally.

**INT. NYU SURGICAL CENTER - DAY**

Parker is getting prepped. He's on the phone.

PARKER

I don't know but I'll -- no, I'll get them, Tigran.

(To the doctor)

I'm sorry, but Tigran, my health consultant, has a few questions.

NURSE

Are you ready? Last chance.

A bruised PP loiters. He beseeches Parker with his eyes.

PARKER

I choose this. Just, uh, tell them not to mess with the circumcision.

**INT. NYU RECOVERY ROOM - DAY**

Parker wakes up. Sees Tamiko, Jaimee, and Devin smiling. Even Tigran smiles via FaceTime. Parker keeps looking -- for Miranda. She's not there.

**EXT. NYU SURGICAL CENTER - DAY**

Parker, hobbling, exits. He smells the non-hospital air.

JAIMEE

I'll get the car.

*A song begins. Exultant but restrained. Parker dances, but only relying on others.*

PARKER

The sky is so blue-ooh,  
A whole new worldview-ooh,  
I get a take two-ooh  
Feel I should soft-shoe-ooh  
I'd be remiss if I didn't say,  
That I'm in remission.  
The stories are true-ooh,  
Happiness accrues-oohs,

(MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)

Walk the avenue-oohs,  
 Enjoy your redebut-ooh,  
 I'd be remiss if I didn't say,  
 That I'm in remission.  
 It really is a rare condition!  
 The feeling that I've left  
 perdition.  
 A new and joyous expedition,  
 Deserving of some exposition!  
 I'd be remiss if I didn't say,  
 That I'm in remission.  
 I'd be remiss if I didn't say,  
 That I'm in remission.

He smiles, but then looks up. His dance has lead him to a billboard for *Ladies of the Lot*, starring Miranda. The slogan says: Never Let Her Pass You By.

**INT. THE SALTY RABBIT - EVENING**

Parker limps in. Jaimee and Devin help him sit down. Genevieve delivers drinks, but Parker can't even make fun of Jaimee's reluctance.

JAIMEE

How are you? You don't LOOK like a eunuch.

(Off his flinch)

Too far. Lesbian humor wasn't OK.

PARKER

It aches, but it's okay. I just wish she'd call or text me back.

JAIMEE

Still?

PARKER

I've lost her. When I finally found the person I'm supposed to be. I'm losing hope.

VOICE (O.S.)

Is that so?

*The camera moves to Devin, who opens his mouth and lets loose a singing voice so pure that an God's own choir would surely recruit him. This is a driving anthem. As he sings, the world dissolves. They're in a huge universe of possibilities, like Cosmos.*

DEVIN

You say that all is darkness,  
 Too dark to even see,  
 That we don't know where we're  
 heading,  
 Buffeted by life's debris.

But while some would heed sad  
 mystics,  
 I prefer cold, hard statistics.

(And they say)  
 You're one in a million!  
 Your life is a very special thing.  
 To catch it while still young?  
 C'mon and join me as I sing.

Darkness has eaten your flesh,  
 It's left you with a scar.  
 But maybe its worst crime is,  
 It's broken your radar.

You've lost all sight of hope,  
 But let me hand you my periscope.

(Because)  
 You're one in a million!  
 Your body has beaten all the odds.  
 You've proven resilient!  
 Let's cheer your still-there cone  
 and rods.

From here across the galaxies,  
 Life is the anomaly,  
 So if you're ever lost at sea,  
 Find your way back numerically,

You're one in a *trillion*!  
 A life defying natural laws,  
 You lost some but still won!  
 And we're singing just because --

You're one in a million!  
 Now there's some way you can  
 romance her,  
 No, you're not some civilian.  
 You're the man who beat penile  
 cancer.

(Spoken)  
 So you can do anything.

JAIMEE

Go get her, bud. All it takes is one bad doctor's appointment, and life's over. Don't wait.

Parker nods. Without a word, he limps off.

**INT. HOSPITAL / MRI ROOM - DAY**

Miranda pleads with her dad to get on the gurney. A TECH watches impatiently. Camera crews mills about, not filming.

TECH

Lady, we got other appointments.

MIRANDA

Papa, I told you, it's not a coffin. Please, there's nothing to be afraid of.

DALE

(Extremely agitated)

Don't like how it sounds. I just want to go home.

She turns to the crew.

MIRANDA

Just please, hold on. I want to get him settled.

PRODUCER

Burning daylight here.

Parker knocks. He's holding Apartment Bear.

PARKER

Sorry to interrupt.

MIRANDA

P-Parker!  
(Colder)  
How did you find me?

PARKER

I said I'd find you. Actually, I had to ask Elle. She called me the "rotten d" guy.

DALE

Do I know him? Dale Yauch. Don't know if we've met.

MIRANDA

No, Papa. He's a frie -- I know him. What are you doing here?

PARKER

Came to help.  
(Holds up the bear)  
Brought this to cheer him up.

MIRANDA

That's ... nice, but --  
(On a doctor's approach)  
I need to talk to him.

She glances back and forth at her Dad.

PARKER

Go, I can watch him for a minute.  
(To Dale)  
She's great, your daughter.

DALE

Oh, my daughter's at home.

A beat. Dale extends his hand. It shakes.

DALE

Dale Yauch. Don't know if we met.  
(Gestures to the machine)  
They want me in this damned thing.

They turn. The MACHINE squats evilly.

PARKER

Yeah. Don't like it?

DALE

It's like being buried in a construction yard. The sounds.

PARKER

Never liked them either. But --  
(Singing)  
There's nothing wrong with magnets,  
At least as far as I can spy,  
And we when get inside this tube,  
Our wat'ry parts get magnetized,  
We're all then hit by waves and waves of friendly radio,  
Making a map of your whole body for Doc So-and-So.

Dale still looks frightened.

PARKER  
I-I'll show you. See?

Parker puts Apartment Bear on a stool. Shaking, he crawls into the Machine. Inside, it's a spooky cave. Far too big to be real. He nearly hyperventilates, clutches his jaw. Balls up. But somewhere in the dark, he hears his MOM.

PARKER'S MOM  
Parker, my perfect boy.

PARKER  
Mom!

PARKER'S MOM  
Parker. Just because I went to all my treatments and it didn't work out, doesn't mean that if you run from yours it will. You know that.

PARKER  
I know. But I was scared. I saw everything you went through.

PARKER'S MOM  
You used to try to explain everything to me. So annoying. But I like this one.  
(Singing)  
There's nothing wrong with magnets,  
At least as far as I can spy ...

Parker scoots out.

**INT. HOSPITAL / MRI ROOM - DAY**

Parker extends his hand. A beat. Dale takes it, and the men share a cramped and funny (but maybe sweet) cuddle on the gurney.

PARKER  
See, sir? Not bad once you go far enough in. The idea's scarier.

Miranda's watching, eyes brimming.

MIRANDA  
Wanna try by yourself?

PARKER  
Hand to God, not that bad.

DALE

I'll try, sweet pea. But the bear stays.

PARKER

It's yours as long as you need it.

Parker and Miranda watch from outside the window.

PARKER

He's younger than I thought.

MIRANDA

68. Had an accident. They think ...

A beat.

PARKER

I had the surgery. I figured you did a hard thing with your Dad, I could do it with me.

The camera crew has snuck in, surreptitiously filming.

MIRANDA

I told you to wait.

PRODUCER

But we're missing primo content --

Miranda turns on them in a rage -- we've never seen her like this. She FLINGS a camera down the hallway.

PRODUCER

What the fuck do you think --

MIRANDA

You said there were a million other girls! Go find one!

This cows them. The crew retreats.

MIRANDA

He's not himself sometimes. And I can't --

PARKER

Miranda, I'm so, so sorry.

MIRANDA

I didn't want to admit it. But the good part of me has limits.

A beat.

MIRANDA  
Why are you here? I mean, really?

PARKER  
To say I'm sorry. Sorry for being so scared of what you meant that I went back to Cate. Sorry for being another thing to take care of.

He pulls a CD out of his back pocket: his MRI RESULTS.

PARKER  
The MRI. Clean. I didn't mean it, but I let my penis run my life. Even when I was sick, it was still getting attention. The thing I realized is that I need to change, quickly, in case it comes back. But the good part of you showed me the way I want to be --

MIRANDA  
It's better if you don't finish.

She interlaces fingers with him.

MIRANDA  
Thank you. For explaining to my Dad.

They stand together, watching her Dad in the machine.

PARKER  
Let me help. Every appointment.

**EXT. SUNRISE VISTA - DAY**

Our heroes sit at a picnic at the SUNRISE VISTA homes. Dale walks by with a marching band of old people. It's actually nothing like the grim waiting rooms we saw earlier. He's happily playing a trumpet. *The sound swells, happy and buoyant. Parker offers Miranda a hand: one last song.*

PARKER & MIRANDA (TOGETHER)  
Members only!  
It's just a club for two.  
Members only!  
We'll never be untrue.

*They alternate singing lines.*



PARKER & MIRANDA (ALTERNATING)

Endlessly she commits to things,  
Whereas it gives him tons of  
hives,  
But from old tales new beginnings,  
Let's just hope his penis can  
survive.

PARKER & MIRANDA (TOGETHER)

Members only!  
It's just a club for two.  
Members only!  
Our own lil' tiny crew.

*They fill up the screen, wiggling their fingers like a  
Wayne's World dream sequence. We're in the future.*

*Miranda snapping gets replayed. Cut to her getting fired.*

PARKER (V.O.)

She lasts one season at the lot,

*An eager Parker slumps when he sees his channel's stats.*

MIRANDA (V.O.)

His explaining channel is born  
still,

*Miranda plays host at a dark, swanky bistro where bathtubs  
serve as tables and chairs.*

PARKER (O.S)

But her bathtub bar, it gets real  
hot,

*On a set, Parker practices dance moves with two women  
dressed as HPV molecules. He's dressed as a giant syringe.*

MIRANDA (O.S.)

And he's the new face of Gardasil.

*The couple does inane, fun stuff like Parker used to do  
with his Penis. Karaoke; in-costume at the Harry Potter  
theme park; tossing drink shakers in a bar like Cocktail;  
appearing on a Japanese game show; fighting at Gallipoli;  
floating down the Mississippi on a makeshift raft.*

PARKER & MIRANDA (TOGETHER)

Members only!  
It's just a club for two.  
Members only!  
In love through and through.

*Parker delivers a giant stuffed syringe to Tamiko.*

PARKER

Tamiko gets a brand new pet,

*Doctor Sapowski measures another man's penis.*

MIRANDA

The doc keeps being a creep,

*Devin performs on a show like The Voice, kills it.*

PARKER

Devin breaks the Internet,

*Cate in a coffin, arms crossed and cartoonishly bluish.*

MIRANDA

And, oh yeah, Cate dies in her  
sleep.

*Back to Parker, who shakes his head and puts out his hands.*

PARKER

(Spoken)

She doesn't. She's OK, seriously.  
We talked, she apologized.

Miranda exits a bathroom, holding a pregnancy test. Parker checks it; pregnant. They embrace. Surreptitiously, he glances in the mirror. There's PP, missing an arm and stitched up. Parker whispers, "THANK YOU."

PARKER AND MIRANDA (TOGETHER)

Members only!  
For now a club for two.  
Members only!  
A family may ensue.

**INT. THE SALTY RABBIT - EVENING**

Jaimee drinks with Devin. Genevieve brings them a round. Jaimee clams up.

GENEVIEVE

Can I get you anything else?

Genevieve exits. Parker enters, holding his backpack.

JAIMEE

Parker, what're you doing here?

PARKER

Can't stay long. Miranda's waiting. But I brought you something.

He digs around in his backpack.

PARKER

Can't help you with balls. But you've always had all the balls you'll ever need.

He hands her the shreds of his penis in the biohazard bag.

JAIMEE

Is this ...?

PARKER

But I can give you a little dick to help you along.

JAIMEE

Where have you been ...?

PARKER

The fridge. I gotta let it go.

JAIMEE

But --

PARKER

Use the dick. *Penacular* powers.

She looks at Devin.

DEVIN

Go.

He leaves. She ponders it, disgusted. Or is something else breaking through ...? She stuffs the bag in her pants.  
*Music starts -- we've heard this before.*

JAIMEE

He was a fuckboi!  
But you really should've seen it!  
I wish him luck, boy,  
And I'll take the powers of his penis!  
The Whole World Fucks With You!  
(She yells over)  
Hey, Genevieve!