

SIZE QUEEN

Written by

Kenny Fierro

Los Angeles, CA
516-476-4503
Kenneth.Fierro@Gmail.com

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Clothes scattered all over the floor. Lube and poppers on the nightstand.

CHRIS LEEMAN, 30—strikingly attractive pins LANDON, 35, dark and handsome, against the wall, savoring every inch of his sculpted physique.

CHRIS
You like that?

LANDON
Mmhmm.

Their passion ignites as Landon throws Chris to the bed, bodies intertwining. The room fills with moans.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chris sits at his makeshift podcast setup: an iPhone ring light stand is propped up on a stack of acting books and "Podcasting for Dummies." A crooked sign reading "Chris Unfiltered" hangs behind him.

He leans into the microphone.

CHRIS
Test, 1, 2, 3...Welcome to a time of sexual pleasure and fantasy, whenever you want. With all these apps, a tap of the finger and a man, a boy, or both at your door in minutes.

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Landon and Chris finish having sex.

Chris nestles against Landon's chest.

CHRIS
I'm glad you came over. When did you want to get dinner again?

LONDON

About our... I'd prefer if we kept
it... just physical.

Chris's expression darkens, caught off guard by Landon.

LONDON (CONT'D)

I'm married.

CHRIS

You're married?

Chris jumps up, bewildered, and starts to get dressed.

LONDON

I thought we were on the same page,
just casual.

CHRIS (V.O.)

No strings attached, just fleeting
moments and empty promises.

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chris clears his throat.

CHRIS

In a world where open relationships
reign supreme and commitment is a
distant memory, we're left with
blurred boundaries and unspoken
rules. As Carrie Bradshaw would
say...

An extremely loud garbage truck penetrates the room. Chris
stomps over to close all the windows, then plops back down.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

As Carrie Bradshaw would say
we don't have "Breakfast at
Tiffany's" or "Affairs to
Remember." Instead, we skip
breakfast, pop our prep to play it
safe without protection while
indulging in affairs we're all too
eager to forget.

(beat)

This is Chris Unfiltered. Gay
relationships, friendships, and...

Chris's phone RINGS, causing the iPhone stand to topple over,
knocking into a vase that crashes to the floor, which in turn
causes the sign to collapse.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(mutters)
Los Angeles.

With a large sigh, Chris grabs his phone; the caller ID says "BOSS," puke emoji. Chris answers the phone.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Yes, yes, I will be there early
tomorrow.

TITLE CARD

ACT ONE

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD, SUNSET PLAZA - DAY

Bright LA sunshine. The HOLLYWOOD HILLS loom in the distance.

Chris strides confidently with a coffee in one hand and a tote bag slung over his shoulder. He passes trendy storefronts, outdoor cafés, and attractive people walking designer dogs.

CHRIS (V.O.)

We all say we want that special someone. And in Los Angeles, there are plenty of eligible gay men running around.

Chris passes a fitness studio where a shirtless PERSONAL TRAINER leads a class through the window.

CHRIS (V.O.)

We know them. We date them.

A GUY Chris clearly recognizes walks past. They exchange the quick, familiar "hey" nod.

CHRIS (V.O.)

They travel, pay taxes, and spend three hundred dollars on gym memberships-

Chris passes a café patio. TWO HANDSOME MEN sit close together, sharing breakfast and laughing.

CHRIS (V.O.)

And they're still single. Sometimes I wonder if we're not actually afraid of being alone.

Chris arrives at a sleek OFFICE BUILDING. He pushes through the glass doors.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Chris crosses the polished lobby floor toward the elevators.

A SECURITY GUARD sits behind the desk.

Chris gives him a friendly wave as he walks past.

CHRIS (V.O.)
We're afraid of letting someone get
close enough to really know us.

Chris presses the elevator button. The doors open.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Chris steps in with a few other OFFICE WORKERS, staring at their phones. The doors close.

Chris glances at his own reflection in the mirrored wall.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Or worse, close enough to leave.

The elevator DINGS.

INT. OFFICE FLOOR - DESK - DAY

Chris walks through a modern open office space. He nods hello to COWORKERS passing by, making his way to his desk.

He sets his coffee down. Drops his bag on the chair. Pulls out his laptop. Takes his phone out and records himself speaking to it.

CHRIS
Are we incapable of monogamy or
just terrified someone might choose
someone else? And if everyone's
suddenly "open," am I the only one
who still gets a little jealous?
That's what I want to explore in my
podcast. And luckily, I have some
very opinionated sources.

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

PAUL WHITLOCK, 33, nerdy cute, smart, and savvy, sits at his desk.

He adjusts his glasses, taps a pen thoughtfully on a stack of neatly organized folders, then swivels slightly in his chair to face the camera.

PAUL
I've tried monogamy. It doesn't
work. Someone will always have that
wandering eye and want to open it.
(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

You should check in with my ex, who left me for the boy we used to have threesomes with.

FREEZE FRAME, subtitles read: PAUL WHITLOCK - 33, Talent Agent, Recently Single.

INT. EQUINOX - DAY

JOE GARCIA, 32, resembling a young Brad Pitt, lifts weights as his eyes wander.

JOE

(to the camera)

It's LA. Let's be real. Everyone is kinda gay and if they're not, they're curious. Guys who want monogamy are lying or are bad in bed. We're men, we constantly want sex with different men.

FREEZE FRAME, subtitles read: JOE GARCIA - 31, Massage Therapist, Single and Always Mingling.

INT. ALFRED COFFEE - DAY

SEAN BROWN, 30, a fabulous free spirit, waits in line.

He adjusts the cuff of his designer jacket, then subtly smooths his hair.

SEAN

(to the camera)

I've tried dating every possible way - monogamous, open, poly - and I honestly think I was fine with it. But deep down I kind of want a meet-cute. Like bumping into someone at a coffee shop. He spills his latte, I help him pick up the cup, he notices my outfit. Does that happen anymore?

FREEZE FRAME, subtitles read: SEAN BROWN - 30, Stylist, Single.

INT. EQUINOX - SAUNA - DAY

Joe sits on the sauna bench, a towel around his waist. Steam swirls around him. He casually touches himself as he locks eyes with another guy across the room, smirking.

JOE
 (to the camera)
 You just have to date someone below
 your standards.

INT. URTH CAFFE - DAY

Paul is picking up his breakfast at the counter.

PAUL
 (to the camera)
 I've tried it. The short, fat, poor
 ones. It makes absolutely no
 difference. They're just as self-
 centered and unappreciative as the
 good-looking ones.

INT. RODEO STORE - DAY

Sean drapes a colorful scarf over a clothing rack, spins it
 dramatically, then steps back to admire the line of outfits.

SEAN
 (to the camera)
 It's like the older we get, the
 more picky we get, and like...the
 more we accept the lonely single
 promiscuous gay life.

INT. OFFICE FLOOR - DESK - DAY

TYRA CHAI, 28, Asian, impeccably dressed, and his work BFF.
 Peeks over his desk.

CHRIS
 (into his phone)
 My friends.

FREEZE FRAME, subtitles read: CHRIS LEEMAN - 30, Aspiring
 Podcaster, Single, Searching.

TYRA
 What are you doing? Vikram is
 waiting for you...

Chris, startled, stops the recording and walks to the office.

INT. OFFICE - VIKRAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Diaper advertisements hang around the office. VIKRAM, 50s, stressed, sits at his desk. Chris sits across.

VIKRAM

Chris, the team has raised concerns about your level of collaboration.

Chris's jaw tightens.

CHRIS

Collaboration?

VIKRAM

You tend to push your own ideas... dismissing the team's input.

CHRIS

Are you kidding me? That's not true.

VIKRAM

(sighs, avoiding eye contact)

We've tried to give you feedback, but you take it... personally. Instead of seeing it as growth.

CHRIS

(scoffs)

Examples, Vikram. I'd love to hear them.

VIKRAM

Your tone, your... attitude. Especially with the new feature.

Chris's frustration mounts.

CHRIS

Tone? Attitude? I'm just doing my job. And the 12-hour diaper? Should've been marketed as "That's the shit."

Vikram winces, uncomfortable.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(disbelief)

I am your strongest asset here, and you know it, Vikram.

VIKRAM

I need to get ready for the team meeting.

Chris storms out.

INT. OFFICE - KITCHEN - DAY

Chris slams his laptop down, muttering under his breath, and pours himself a coffee. As he turns, he bumps into BRANDON HUGHES, 29, spilling coffee all over himself.

CHRIS

Ah! Shit!

BRANDON

Sorry. Are you okay?

Chris glances down at his soaked shirt, groans, and rushes to the sink.

CHRIS

Dammit. Just one of those days.

Brandon reaches for a paper towel; their hands brush. Chris freezes. Heart racing.

BRANDON

Here, let me help.

Brandon dabs at the coffee on his shirt. Their eyes lock for a moment. Chris feels like he might die.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

As good as new. I'll see you at the meeting.

Brandon leaves as Tyra enters.

TYRA

Were you just talking to Brandon?!

CHRIS

The trick is to spill piping hot coffee on myself.

TYRA

(laughs)

He does look extra cute today and was totally checking you out. You need to make a move.

CHRIS

Someone like him is probably dating
five other guys right now.
Tyra...I..uh...I need your help.
Take my phone and record me in the
team meeting, please.

Chris hands Tyra his cell phone.

TYRA

Are you... okay?

Tyra hesitates.

CHRIS

Fine, Tyra. Just...record me.

TYRA

Maybe this is your sign to really
focus on what you love creatively.

Chris swallows hard and hands over the phone.

CHRIS

Please.

They walk toward the conference room.

INT. OFFICE - LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Slides are up on a projector. A full conference room -
EMPLOYEES scattered around the table, half-paying attention,
half zoning out. Laptops open. Notebooks.

Brandon sits among them. Tyra is already a little disengaged.

VIKRAM

...so if we look at Q3 projections,
we can realistically-

Chris stands up.

CHRIS

I wasn't planning on saying
anything.

The room stops. Typing halts. Eyes lift. A chair creaks.

All eyes turn to Chris, he tries to ignore the weight of
their stares. Tyra slowly raises her phone and starts
RECORDING...

CHRIS (CONT'D)

But I'm tired. Not of the work, the work's fine. I'm tired of being good at things I don't care about. The scary part is, I am good here. I show up. I adapt. People like me. I've basically built a career out of being emotionally adjustable. Which...is also how I date. I become whoever makes things easier.

Chris glances at Brandon.

VIKRAM

Chris, let's have this conversation another time.

CHRIS

(confidently)

And suddenly you wake up three years later in a relationship or a job, wondering when you agreed to a life you don't remember choosing. I kept waiting to feel excited. Or proud. Or like this was leading somewhere that felt like me. And it hasn't. Which isn't your fault. It's mine. Because I've stayed.

(small nervous laugh)

And I don't even go after what I actually want.

Chris looks directly at Brandon now, eyes locked.

Then, before he can overthink it, he walks over to him.

Chris gently pulls Brandon in and kisses him. The room is **stunned**. Tyra is still recording.

Chris pulls back. He turns back to the room.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I don't want to keep choosing comfort over honesty.

(beat - directly to the phone camera)

I quit.

BRANDON

(processing)

Wow.

Chris walks out of the conference room.

INT. OFFICE - CHRIS'S DESK - DAY

Chris packs his belongings in a brown box, hands trembling. He glances at the recording on his phone, then uploads it to social media. A final, defiant post before he leaves.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT/EXT. CHRIS'S CAR - DAY

Chris drives, the box with his office goods in the passenger seat. He calls his father on speakerphone.

CHRIS
Hey Siri, call Dad.

The phone rings. The ringing stops.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Dad? Dad.

MARK (V.O.)
Yes.

CHRIS
I... I quit my job.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CIGAR LOUNGE - SAME TIME

Chris's father, MARK, reclines in a leather chair, puffing on a cigar, his expression tense as he answers the call on speakerphone.

Silence.

CHRIS
Dad?

MARK
I saw the video, Chris.

CHRIS
That was fast.

MARK
People are sending it to me. Delete it. Immediately. You quit a stable job on the internet. Do you realize the consequences this can have?

CHRIS
The first honest thing I've done in years.

MARK

You don't throw away security because you're unhappy for five minutes. You endure. That's what adults do.

CHRIS

I'm done with corporate bullshit. I want more than this. I want my shot in the spotlight.

MARK

Come back to Long Island. I have the perfect position waiting for you at the firm. And who knows? Maybe you'll meet someone special here.

CHRIS

And accept the status quo as you have done your whole life? You love to write, you love to teach.

MARK

You need a plan, Chris. You can't survive on dreams. Did you even consider any of the investment opportunities I sent you?

CHRIS

I can't become you. I'm tired...tired of playing it safe and thinking I'm happy.

Mark takes a long drag of his cigar.

MARK

Don't expect any help from me.

INT/EXT. CHRIS'S CAR - SAME TIME

CHRIS

I'll talk to you later.

Chris hangs up abruptly. It starts to pour.

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

A sleek office door reads:

"PAUL WHITLOCK - Talent Agent - CAA"

Chris bursts in, soaked from the rain.

CHRIS
Why is it raining?

PAUL
We need it.

CHRIS
Don't be one of those.

They share a quick hug.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
How are you?

PAUL
I'm fine.
(beat)
I'm not fine.

CHRIS
You need a dick-straction.

PAUL
I need Adam back.

CHRIS
No. You need Grindr. I'll run it
and curate thirst.

Paul stares at him.

PAUL
Absolutely not. That's how people
end up with STI's.

CHRIS
Or laid.
(beat)
You wanted to see me?

PAUL
Industry mixer on Thursday. I'm
inviting all the boys. Figured it
might help. Network like adults.

CHRIS
Perfect. You can soft-launch your
sexual rebrand, and me, Chris
Unfiltered.

PAUL
Don't make me regret this.

CHRIS
Too late. Send photos.

Chris heads for the door.

PAUL
Don't forget to pick up the cake
for tomorrow!

CHRIS
Yes, yes. Love you.

Chris heads out. Paul watches him go, shakes his head, and lets a small, genuine smile slip.

INT. DRAG BRUNCH - WEST HOLLYWOOD - DAY

A glitter-covered eggplant cake is carried through a roaring brunch crowd. Drinks flow. HOT MEN and phones filming everywhere as a DRAG QUEEN finishes her performance. Welcome to WeHo.

Two more DRAG QUEENS arrive at the table, singing.

JOE - birthday sash, see-through shirt, nipple ring proudly visible, already drunk.

PAUL - corporate chic, designer sunglasses on, answering emails.

SEAN - leather skirt, flawless makeup, serving full fantasy.

CHRIS - perfectly polished, Ken doll vibes.

The cake lands.

ALL
Happy Birthday to Joe, Happy
birthday to you!

Joe blows out candles dramatically. A DRAG QUEEN shoves a mic into his hand.

DRAG QUEEN
Birthday boy, show us what you're
working with!

The crowd SCREAMS. Joe jumps onto the table, sings, and twerks like rent depends on it.

Sean joins instantly. Paul sinks lower in his chair. Chris laughs; someone nearby is watching him.

DRAG QUEEN (CONT'D)

Let's get these Queens some shots.

Shirtless men deliver drinks.

JOE

To more hot asses and big cocks!

They drink.

PAUL

Is sex all you think about?

SEAN

Three months celibate over here.

Joe cringes.

CHRIS

What about romance?

JOE

What about it? I can buy myself flowers.

PAUL

I don't even have time to date.

JOE

Love's an illusion. Dating in LA? It's survival of the hottest. Just accept it and enjoy yourself.

CHRIS

Some of us still want something real, Joe.

JOE

Chris, you say you want to date seriously, yet you're always hooking up.

Chris flushes.

CHRIS

Coming from the one who does "massages" as a career.

JOE

At least I have a job.

Paul chimes in, trying to diffuse a drunken fight.

PAUL

Guys! Dating in LA is messy. Sometimes it's good to focus on work, put your energy in the right places.

SEAN

I don't get where to find "the right one." I don't want to be a fetish or flavor of the week. Every date I go on is...

(pauses)

Traumatizing.

They all laugh. Chris hesitates, feeling a bit unsettled.

JOE

So, Chris, are you gonna do something about it?

CHRIS

My podcast. People want real talk. Monogamy, jealousy, hookups. I'll explore it all. I'd go crazy if my boyfriend were around town fucking while I'm at work.

Joe smirks.

JOE

You've got a big heart, that's cute and all, but no one's interested in the size of that organ.

SEAN

Says the size queen.

PAUL

Size Queen! Now that's a catchy name for your podcast, Chris.

CHRIS

(annoyed)

I don't know... "Chris Unfiltered" feels more... me.

JOE

It's perfect. Embrace it! The gays will love it, and the straights will think it'll make them fabulous—which, honestly, it might.

SEAN

Straight people do need to see that our lives are more like theirs than they think.

Chris looks conflicted as the group stares at him, eager.

PAUL

And you have us as your expert panel.

Chris is visibly unsettled.

CHRIS

"Size Queen." No. This isn't a joke. This is make-or-break for me.

They all raise their glasses.

ALL

To "Size Queen!"

JOE

The bigger, the better.

Chris gets up and storms toward the restroom. The RANDOM GUY who watched him earlier intercepts him.

RANDOM GUY

I saw your video.

EXT. RUNYON CANYON HIKE - DAY

YASMIN KNIGHT, girl-next-door vibes, rocking the latest Lululemon, hikes up the hill with Chris.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Yasmin Knight's my college bestie from New York. She's Cali through and through. Visiting her is actually why I moved here. Now she's an ultrasound tech at UCLA, three years with Greg and newly engaged.

YASMIN

I cannot wait for the bachelorette weekend in Santa Barbara!

CHRIS

You have themed events for, well, everything.

YASMIN

We are going to get college-level
wasted.

CHRIS

You remember the time I kicked in
the carpet storefront window?

Yasmin bursts out laughing.

YASMIN

How could I forget? You said you
wanted a new carpet for your dorm
room. Who would have thought
you'd...

CHRIS

And then you scared me thinking I'd
be on the news...and go to jail.

YASMIN

SB take 2. What's going on with
you? Dating anyone?

CHRIS

Trying. I don't even know. I guess
it's safer this way.

Yasmin notices a shirtless, ripped male ahead.

YASMIN

Speaking of, just look at me.

Chris looks ahead and sees....

CHRIS (V.O.)

It was Edward Nolan. A mistake I
dated on and off again for two
years.

YASMIN

Chris, do not even think about it!

CHRIS

What? He's, well, an asshole.

(beat)

Maybe just sex?

YASMIN

Chris. You can't keep doing this.
You know how it ends.

Chris walks over to EDWARD, 41, a typical bad boy.

YASMIN (CONT'D)

Chris!

(to herself)

I do not want to talk to that man.

CHRIS

(to the camera)

I tell myself it's just sex.
Nothing serious. No feelings. Just
a little thrill to break up the
monotony. It's nice to feel wanted.

EDWARD

Hello.

CHRIS

Well, look who it is.

Edward sees Yasmin across the road and waves. She waves back.

EDWARD

Are you talking to me now?

CHRIS

You caught me on a good day.

EDWARD

You look great.

CHRIS

How's life?

EDWARD

Busy. Traveling to Europe next
week. You?

CHRIS

Oh, you know, same old.

Yasmin, only in Chris's peripheral, acts busy on her phone while eavesdropping.

EDWARD

Are you seeing anyone?

CHRIS

A therapist.

EDWARD

Ha. Now you have the time for all
of your...passions.

Chris rolls his eyes.

CHRIS
How about you? Anyone special?

EDWARD
Not really, no one special.

You can feel the sexual tension rising between them.

CHRIS
What are you doing later?

Yasmin waves frantically at Chris mouthing Nooooo!

INT. EDWARD'S APARTMENT - DAY

Edward is on top of Chris, thrusting back and forth.

CHRIS
Holy shit. Right there.

Chris is lost in the moment, swept away by the passion.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Oh my god. Keep going.
(beat)
Yes, yes, yes!
(beat)
You feel so good.

As they entwine in each other's arms, Chris's mind races.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Edward was better than I
remembered. Could it work...again?

EDWARD
We should do this again.

Edward walks Chris to the front door.

EXT. EDWARD'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR/HALLWAY - DAY

Chris gives Edward a goodbye kiss.

Suddenly, Brandon's voice - yes, Chris's work crush - cuts through. Chris freezes.

BRANDON (O.S.)
Chris?

Chris pulls away from Edward and dramatically shuts the door.
Heart racing.

CHRIS (V.O.)
This city is too small.

He turns. Brandon is standing there.

CHRIS
Hi...

BRANDON
I looked for you after the meeting.
That was...
(smiling)
bold.

Chris swallows. He wants to explain, but he can't find the words.

CHRIS
Yeah. I...sorry, I know that came
out of nowhere.

BRANDON
I didn't know if you meant it.

CHRIS
It was just...
(struggling to be honest)
a moment.

BRANDON
(disappointed)
Right.
(beat)
Guess I won't see you in the
kitchen anymore.

CHRIS
Yeah.

Chris tries to say something more. It doesn't come.

BRANDON
Good luck, Chris.

Chris watches as Brandon turns and heads down the hallway. He blew it.

CHRIS (V.O.)
I don't want to keep choosing
comfort over honesty.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Chris is getting dressed as his phone rings.

SEAN (V.O.)
Hey Chris, it's Sean.

CHRIS
Hey boo.

Intercut with Sean and Chris at their apartments.

SEAN
Okay, listen, everyone's going to look amazing tonight, like runway-ready. Me? I can't hang, I have a date that's...chef's kiss.

CHRIS
With who?

SEAN
Brian Strauss. Yes, THE Brian Strauss. He basically invented chic. You know him, right?

CHRIS
(awkwardly)
I know him.

SEAN
How? Don't answer that. Aren't you supposed to be the poster boy for monogamy or whatever? Please. I'm not buying it. Honestly, I don't care. I just want zero judgment tonight.

CHRIS
All right, have a good time. And promise, you tell me everything.

SEAN
If you're lucky! Bye.

INT. HEART NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The club pulses with neon lights and bass. The DJ is spinning, drinks are flowing, and PEOPLE are dancing.

CHRIS (V.O.)
 Paul's industry mixer at Heart.
 It's everyone you feel like you
 know. You've seen them on
 Instagram, TV, or Grindr. They will
 introduce themselves, and likely
 forget it five minutes later.

Chris weaves across the club to the bar.

INT. HEART NIGHT CLUB - BAR - NIGHT

Chris slides onto a barstool next to Paul, who casually sips
 a martini, eyes scanning the crowd.

PAUL
 Good news: Evelyn Pierce, the
 podcast producer, is here.

CHRIS
 Okay...

PAUL
 Bad news: She's not taking on new
 projects right now.

Chris swallows hard, jaw tightening. We can see his mind
 racing.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 We'll figure it out.

CHRIS (V.O.)
 If this doesn't happen, if I don't
 make this work... what am I even
 doing here? What am I going to do,
 period.

Paul starts typing away on his phone. Joe walks up to the
 bar.

JOE
 And who's single?

CHRIS
 Like that matters to you.

JOE
 You see that guy? He's the next
 Matt Bomer, except younger and even
 better looking.

Chris looks and is surprised to see Brandon from work.
Brandon waves.

JOE (CONT'D)

You know him?

CHRIS

Yes. I mean no. I've seen him
around.

PAUL

Brandon Hughes? Huge on TikTok. Big
following.

CHRIS

Wait, what?

JOE

Always with some model,
surprisingly monogamous, yada yada.
But he's single now. Honestly, I
think I'm better looking.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Joe has that kind of self-deluded
confidence, and most of the time,
it actually worked.

JOE

Well, if you're not gonna hit on
him, I will.

Joe walks over to Brandon.

CHRIS (V.O.)

And there he goes, off to take his
best shot.

INT. FASHION SHOW - SAME TIME

Music pulses. Phones in the air.

Sean lounges next to BRIAN STRAUSS, 50s, hot daddy energy,
watch the final two MALE MODELS strut the runway; sculpted,
confident, pure fantasy.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Meanwhile, Sean is having the night
of his life with Brian. Older,
successful. Maybe Sean was onto
something.

The crowd whoops and applauds.

EXT. FASHION SHOW VENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Guests spill out onto the sidewalk, including Sean and Brian. Brian grabs Sean's hand.

BRIAN

You're going to leave all this for real estate?

SEAN

I love fashion, hunny. But breaking in is the main character energy I can't quite afford yet.

BRIAN

Wanna come back to my place and see some of the pieces I've been working on for my new line?

CHRIS (V.O.)

Sean was determined to play hard to get, but didn't want the evening to end just yet.

SEAN

Well, maybe for just a minute.

INT. BRIAN'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Floor-to-ceiling windows. City skyline glitters. Sean steps in, wearing a full look from Brian's line—strutting slightly, showing off.

SEAN

Wow. I feel like a million bucks, maybe even two.

BRIAN

You look stunning.

SEAN

You really know your fabrics and your compliments. I had the best time.

BRIAN

It was my pleasure.

They turn to kiss each other, but Sean pulls away.

SEAN

I've got an 8:00AM private client and an anxiety attack by 9.

BRIAN

I'll get you an Uber. I'll head out with you, a friend has an event at Heart tonight.

SEAN

Wait, you're leaving now? Really?

BRIAN

Look, I respect your boundaries. But I also really need to have sex tonight.

EXT. HEART NIGHT CLUB - VIP AREA - NIGHT

Joe lounges next to Brandon in the VIP booth, drink in hand.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Back at Heart, the energy was at a hundred, and Joe was doing his thing putting the moves on Brandon.

JOE

Are you here for the networking or the flirting?

BRANDON

Depends on who's asking.

JOE

Someone hoping it's the flirting.

Joe casually drapes an arm around Brandon. Brandon gives him a sweet smile.

BRANDON

It's a bit hot in here. I'm-

JOE

I know of this little secluded spot where we can get some air.

Chris observes the interaction from a distance.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I didn't want to believe my eyes. Yet, should I even be surprised?

BRANDON

No thanks, but maybe another time.

Brandon gets up and leaves. Joe leans back in the booth, irritated.

Just then, Brian walks past. Their eyes lock. Brian gives a knowing smile. Joe raises an eyebrow. Brian gestures subtly toward the back of the club. Joe's expression shifts—decision made. He gets up and follows.

EXT. HEAT NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Chris steps out of the front of the nightclub.

CHRIS (V.O.)

And just when I was ready to call
it a night, Paul found me.

PAUL

I have the best news.

CHRIS

You met someone you actually like?

PAUL

Better. Your video has gone viral.
People love it—the part where you
just said, “enough” and put
yourself first. You're basically a
hero for anyone trying to figure
out what they actually want from
their life.

Chris freezes, disbelief washing over him.

CHRIS

Wait, really? I wasn't sure if
anyone would actually care...

He pulls out his phone. Notifications explode. His follower
count jumps, numbers continuing to jump.

PAUL

Well, they do!

Chris's eyes widen with excitement.

CHRIS

Oh. My. God.

PAUL

And Evelyn Piece saw it. She wants
to meet about “Size Queen.” This
could actually be your shot—your
work, your voice, finally taking
center stage.

CHRIS
I...I can't believe this is
happening.
(beat)
Wait, "Size Queen?"

Paul gives Chris a wink.

INT. BRIAN'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brian and Joe enter giggling. Their clothes quickly come off,
leading to some hot and heavy making out.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Conclusion: Age is not a factor.
Brian found his fix for the night.

Joe is on all fours, being whipped by Brian. Brian has a
leather harness on and a choker around his neck. Body
clapping and moaning. One last thrust, Brian finishes.

BRIAN
Can you finish?

JOE
I think it will take me a while.

BRIAN
I have to be up really early.

JOE
So do I.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Joe was getting a taste of his own
medicine.

EXT. HEART NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Paul walks back into the club as a black SUV pulls up with
Brandon in the backseat. The window rolls down.

BRANDON
Need a ride?

Chris hesitates, heart racing, then smiles and climbs in.

CHRIS
Crescent and Laurel.

Brandon updates the ride on his phone.

BRANDON

So what have you been doing lately?

CHRIS

Besides surviving LA nightlife?
Actually, I'm starting a podcast.
Chris Unfiltered.

BRANDON

Not Size Queen?

Chris gives him a how did you know look.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Evelyn mentioned it. Big things are
coming for you.

CHRIS

Do you believe in monogamy?

BRANDON

Research for your podcast?

CHRIS

Maybe.

BRANDON

With the right person, timing
matters. You? Ever been in love?

CHRIS (V.O.)

Suddenly, I felt the wind knocked
out of me... How do you know?

Car pulls over, Chris gets out.

CHRIS

Thanks for the ride.

BRANDON

Anytime.

INT. PODCAST STUDIO - DAY

Chris walks into a sleek, professional podcast studio. Microphones glint under soft lights, as CREW MEMBERS adjust cameras and cables. His eyes widen, awe and excitement mixing with nerves.

EVELYN PIERCE, 50s, polished and confident, approaches him with a warm smile.

EVELYN

Chris! So glad we are doing this.
Your video has made quite the
splash.

CHRIS

(grinning, still a bit
starstruck)
I...didn't expect this kind of
reaction.

EVELYN

(smirking)
That's the magic of authenticity.
Let me tell you, I think "Size
Queen" will be something special.
Don't worry about the name, it's
fabulous.

CHRIS

I have a lot I want to
explore—about real connections in a
world full of labels and
assumptions. Career, friendship,
dating, love...all the messy,
blurred lines that come with it.

EVELYN

That's what I like to hear. We'll
give you the tools to make this
happen, Chris. Welcome to your new
beginning.

Chris looks around, taking in the studio with a sense of
pride.

14

INT. PODCAST STUDIO - DAY - LATER

14

Chris sits at the main microphone, immaculately dressed, hair
perfect. A gleaming Size Queen sign hangs behind him.

Brandon steps in. Chris freezes, a mix of surprise, pride,
and panic washing over him.

BRANDON

It's beautiful, isn't it?
Congratulations!

Chris gets up and walks over to Brandon.

CHRIS

Thank you. What are you doing here?

Brandon hesitates. Chris's smile fades.

Evelyn bursts in, brisk and businesslike.

EVELYN

Alright, places! Brandon, Chris,
ready?

CHRIS

Wait...what's happening?

EVELYN

Brandon's the face of the podcast.
You're the creative director. The
contract required someone with an
established audience.

Chris blinks, stunned. Brandon avoids his gaze.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Places! Size Queen: Episode One.

The crew hustles, cameras angle into place. Brandon slides
into the seat Chris had imagined himself in.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I felt like I won the lottery...
then it was snatched away in a
heartbeat.

He straightens his jacket and stares directly at Brandon,
then Evelyn.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Welcome to show business. Game on.

TAG

INT. STUDIO - GREEN SCREEN

Brandon holds a bottle of lube next to two very attractive men in speedos, posing.

Chris, off-camera, waves a bottle of lube and gestures wildly, giving precise and ridiculous directions.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Tilt the bottle to the left. Smile!
Put your hand on his thigh. That's
perfect!

Chris gives him a thumbs-up to go.

BRANDON

This episode of Size Queen is
presented by Swiss Glide - the
premium silicone lube that will
fulfill all your sexual desires -
and help with all sizes.

Brandon glances at Chris off-camera, unsure if he's supposed to be excited or terrified.

THE END