LOVE BITES
(an anthology of love and sex)
"firsts"

by
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Writer's Fourth Draft
(with asterisks and new Act Two)
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GREAT MUSIC PLAYS (ideally something driving and upbeat that Rhett Miller will write for us called “Love Bites,” but for now imagine something like Rhett’s “Our Love”) as we OPEN ON a tattoo being rendered on a muscular shoulder. We only see the TATTOO ARTIST’S hand moving in SUPERFAST SPEED as this show’s logo is created, illustrating the many facets of love:

First it’s a bold, celebratory red heart, then wings are added behind it, then thorns around it, then a halo above it, then flames surrounding it, then a sword through it, then drops of blood becoming teardrops below it, then a banner across it with the words: LOVE BITES

A beat. Then the artist’s hand enters frame again, and in SUPERFAST SPEED, lasers off the words and tattoos in the episode title-slash-theme in quotes, which, for the pilot is: “firsts”

We now ZOOM across a wall that is covered with tattoo designs and land on three tattoos which represent tonight’s three stories: a CHERRY with the words “first time,” a BRIEFCASE with the words “first to go,” and a STAR (like the Hollywood Boulevard Walk of Fame sidewalk stars) with the words “first on the list”...

(We’d have three tattoos/stories each week, and a similar wall could live on the web with tattoos representing every story we’ve done, so viewers could rewatch their favorites.)

The CHERRY TATTOO that says “first time” fills the frame...
CLOSE ON the cherry tattoo that says “first time” as it becomes...

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION, ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA - NIGHT

...a CHERRY that is dropped into a drink at a hip wedding reception. We see the BRIDE and GROOM, who are incredibly happy and in love. This is not their story.

Beyond the bride and groom, in the distance, we find two 28-year-olds, ANNIE and FRANNIE, both bridesmaids, sitting at their table sipping champagne and watching the happy couple: The groom stands behind the bride, his arms wrapped around her waist as they chat with their GUESTS.

FRANNIE
Were they married or surgically attached?

ANNIE
Doesn’t it make you happy to see Jill so happy?

FRANNIE
This is my fifth wedding this summer. I’m running out of happy.

ANNIE
I think it’s encouraging when everyone around you is falling in love. It’s like you’re next.

FRANNIE
We have to be next. We’re the only ones left. In fact, I wanted to talk to you about that, Annie.

ANNIE
About what, Frannie?

FRANNIE
That. The Annie-Frannie of it all. It’s no good.

ANNIE
For meeting men, you mean?

FRANNIE
Ding ding ding. In a group it was okay, but just the two of us...

(she mimes gagging)

Do you ever go by Anne?
ANNIE
No.

FRANNIE
Want to start?

ANNIE
No. Anne sounds too serious. Like Anne Frank. Who wants to date Anne Frank? It’s depressing.

FRANNIE
Okay, tell you what. I’ll go by Fran, which I don’t even like, if you will stop telling people you’re a virgin.

ANNIE
But I am a virgin.

FRANNIE
I know. Everyone knows. It’s like your thing.

ANNIE
It’s not my thing. It’s just a fact.

FRANNIE
Fine. But then, why do you have to bring it up right up front, as soon as you meet someone?

ANNIE
Because a lot of men aren’t into that.

FRANNIE
Please! Men looooove the virgins.

ANNIE
No, they love the idea of sex with a virgin. Which is like going to a vegan restaurant for a burger. Hello? It’s VEGAN! I’m a VIRGIN!

People stare. Annie doesn’t care, but Frannie does.

FRANNIE
(quietly)
Okay, the problem is... when you say you’re a virgin, it makes me, by contrast, look like a slut.
ANNIE
If the condom fits...

FRANNIE
(indignant)
I have only slept with three men.
(a beat)
At this wedding.

Frannie smiles. Annie shakes her head.

ANNIE
Alright, when we’re together, I will not mention that I’m a virgin.

FRANNIE
And I’ll be Fran.

ANNIE
Should we try it here?

FRANNIE
On who?!

ANNIE
Don’t be so negative!
(looks around, then)
What about those guys at that table over there?

Frannie looks where Annie is looking.

ANNIE (CONT’D)
They don’t have dates with them.
And they’re cute.

FRANNIE
(playing along)
Yes, they are.

ANNIE
(looking into her drink)
Are they checking us out?

FRANNIE
They’re kissing.

ANNIE
Ah.

On Frannie, not sure this relationship is going to work...
INT. NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - NIGHT (LATER THAT WEEK)

Annie and Frannie, dressed to impress, are at a very crowded bar trying to get a BARTENDER’s attention. Frannie notices she’s standing behind a handsome guy, JORDAN, sitting alone at the bar drinking a beer. Frannie nods in his direction to Annie, indicating that she thinks he’s cute.

Annie points to her wedding finger.

Frannie cranes to see Jordan’s left hand and shakes her head “no,” meaning he’s single.

ANNIE
Make your move.

FRANNIE
I believe I will.

Frannie pulls out some money to get the bartender’s attention and leans in, her breasts practically in Jordan’s face.

FRANNIE (CONT’D)
What’s a girl gotta do to get a
drink around here?

JORDAN
(re: his beer)
I ordered this yesterday over the
internet.

Frannie and Annie laugh. He’s not only cute, he’s funny.

JORDAN (CONT’D)
What can I attempt -- and probably
fail -- to get you ladies?

FRANNIE
A dirty martini.
(indulging)
Very dirty.

ANNIE
And a virgin margarita.

Frannie shoots Annie a look as Jordan tries to get the bartender’s attention.

ANNIE (CONT’D)
What? I’m driving.
JORDAN
I like it. Responsible, but the girl still knows how to live.

ANNIE
(infectiously bubbly)
I love that you got all that from my drink order!

JORDAN
(liking her)
I didn’t get your name, though. I’m Jordan.

He flashes a winning smile.

ANNIE
(smitten)
Annie. Hello.

FRANNIE
(Feeling left out)
And I’m--

JORDAN
What do you do, Annie?

ANNIE
I’m a social worker.

JORDAN
My mom is a social worker!

FRANNIE
I’m a virgin.

JORDAN
What?

ANNIE
What?

FRANNIE
What? Yeah. That’s why I reacted that way when she said what she was drinking. I thought she was making fun of me.

JORDAN
Why would anyone make fun of that? It’s admirable.
ANNIE
It is admirable.
(pointedly)
It’s not something I would joke about, Fran.

It’s too late, though. Jordan is now completely intrigued by Frannie.

JORDAN
So... um... do you mind me asking?

FRANNIE
Ask away.

JORDAN
Are you, what? Waiting until you get married?

FRANNIE
Yeah.
(earnest)
It’s hard, you know. But I think it’ll be worth it.

JORDAN
That’s tremendous. The last virgin in Virginia.

Frannie shrugs and smiles shyly. Jordan smiles back at her. Annie is annoyed.

INT. FRANNIE’S APARTMENT - LATER

Frannie and Jordan are making out on her couch. Frannie starts to unbutton his shirt.

FRANNIE
Man. You’re a fantastic kisser.

JORDAN
So are you. I guess since you can’t have sex...

FRANNIE
(stops unbuttoning)

They kiss some more. She wants him. She regroups.
FRANNIE (CONT’D)
Actually, it’s not that I can’t. It’s not a religious thing. I’ve chosen not to.

JORDAN
And I respect that.

FRANNIE
(disappointed)
Really?

JORDAN
Yeah. I’m cool with whatever you want. In fact, if you want me to leave...

FRANNIE
No! You know what? Jordan...
(as if it’s a gift)
I want you to be my first.

JORDAN
(a beat, really touched)
Maybe someday I will be, Fran.

He looks at her as if envisioning their future.

FRANNIE
No, I mean... tonight.

JORDAN
I thought you wanted to wait until you got married.

FRANNIE
Yeah, um. Jordan, the truth is...

She looks into his eyes, wanting to tell the truth, but he’s looking at her with such respect and tenderness...

FRANNIE (CONT’D)
I just want my first time to be special. And I feel like it could be. With you.

JORDAN
But what if you regret it? You’ve waited your whole life...
FRANNIE
See, this is the problem. It’s too much pressure. I just want to get it over with already.

JORDAN
No, don’t say that! You need someone to show you the ropes. Slow. And sweet.

FRANNIE
(innocently)
Is that... important?

INT. FRANNIE’S BEDROOM - LATER

Jordan and Frannie are in bed and he’s kissing Frannie slowly down her stomach. She’s in ecstasy. She MOANS.

JORDAN
Are you okay?

FRANNIE
Yes!

JORDAN
Are you sure you want to do this?

FRANNIE
Yes!!

JORDAN
I should put on a condom then.

FRANNIE
Yes!!

Frannie reaches over and opens her bedside drawer, then remembers she’s a virgin and shuts it.

JORDAN
I have one in my wallet. Can you wait while I get it?

FRANNIE
I’ve waited twenty-eight years. I can wait two more minutes.

He kisses her and leaves. She smiles at the ceiling.
INT. GYM - THE NEXT DAY

Frannie, still smiling, is now looking at the ceiling of her gym.

FRANNIE
It was the best sex I ever had.

Frannie is doing flies with some light weights as Annie does squats next to her. Frannie is in a great mood. Annie is not.

ANNIE
The only sex you ever had, right? Because you’re a virgin?

Frannie sits up to talk to Annie.

FRANNIE
Annie...
(a beat... feeling bad?)
I love being a virgin! There were hours and hours of foreplay! And he kept trying things to see what I liked. I thought I knew what I liked, but--

ANNIE
You stole my virginity!

A few MEN WORKING OUT nearby turn and look at them. Some WEIGHTS DROP onto the floor.

FRANNIE
(quietly)
I didn’t sleep with you.

ANNIE
You took something I care about, and used it for sex.

FRANNIE
For great sex.

ANNIE
You can’t build a relationship on a lie.

FRANNIE
What relationship? He liked me because I was virgin, and now I’m not.
ANNIE
You were never a virgin!

FRANNIE
Once I was a virgin! The point is, I took advantage of a typical male’s shallow, egotistical desire to be a girl’s first. I used him and he used me. The fewer illusions you have about these things, the better.

Frannie’s cell phone rings. She picks up.

FRANNIE (CONT’D)
Hello?... Oh. Hi, Jordan...

She looks at Annie, amazed he called.

FRANNIE (CONT’D)
No, I feel fine about it... I didn’t regret it at all. Did you?... It was really special... No, better than I expected... I promise I’m not freaking out...

(then)
Yeah, I could do dinner tonight. I’ll call you later and we’ll make a plan... Bye.

She hangs up. She looks sick.

ANNIE
He seems so nice.

FRANNIE
He is so nice.

(depressed)
And he’s good in bed. And cute and smart and funny and successful... Annie, what have I done?

ANNIE
Screwed up our chances with the last good guy in Virginia.

FRANNIE
Our chances?

ANNIE
He was flirting with me before you stole my virginity!
FRANNIE
Could you please stop saying that?
(a beat, getting excited)
What should I wear tonight?

ANNIE
You have to tell him, you know.

FRANNIE
Yeah. Of course... Do I? I mean, he should have been my first. And if he was my first, how romantic! And what a great story for our kids!

ANNIE
Um, there are a few men who could refute that story.
(a beat)
At this gym.

Frannie laughs a little at this, then glances around, worried it’s true.

ANNIE (CONT’D)
And who knows? Maybe he’ll think it’s funny.

EXT. RESTAURANT - THAT NIGHT

Jordan, not at all amused, stares at Frannie, who is wearing her cutest “please forgive me” dress. They are at a romantic outdoor table, mid-way through dinner.

JORDAN
You lied about being a virgin?!

FRANNIE
(weakly)
But I’m telling the truth now.

JORDAN
Wow. What else did you lie about, Fran? If that’s even your name.

FRANNIE
(considers how to answer)
That’s another funny story. It’s almost my name. See, Annie didn’t want to--

He gets up and leaves.
FRANNIE (CONT’D)

Jordan?

A WOMAN SELLING ROSES approaches Frannie.

WOMAN SELLING ROSES
Rose for the pretty lady?

FRANNIE
No, thank you.

INT. SPORTS BAR - THE NEXT DAY

PAN PAST SOME ANGRY MEN sitting at the bar yelling at a televised New York Rangers hockey game.

RANGERS FAN
You suck, Perling!

Annie is doing the same.

ANNIE
C’mon, Perling, get it together!

Frannie, depressed, is eating cheese fries.

FRANNIE
Honesty is so overrated.

ANNIE
No, it’s not. You should always be honest. That’s why I prefer to tell the truth right up front.

FRANNIE
Uh huh. Is that why you come here and pretend to care about hockey when clearly you’re here for the favorable man to woman ratio?

ANNIE
It’s not that.
(whispering)
It’s the bartender.

She nods discretely in the direction of the CUTE BARTENDER, who is laughing with one of the HOT WAITRESSES.

ANNIE (CONT’D)
I find him so dreamy, but he flirts with every waitress here. How can I compete with Double D’s, heels and hot pants?
Frannie knows how, and she feels like she owes Annie one.

FRANNIE
(to the bartender)
Hey, hi. Can I get a Diet Coke for my friend here.
(proud)
She’s a virgin, by the way.

The bartender laughs hard, as do a few of the Rangers fans who overheard. Annie is insulted and confused.

CUTE BARTENDER
Is that a great story or what?

The men laugh some more. Finally Annie asks:

ANNIE
What story?

RANGERS FAN
The Last Virgin in Virginia!

Annie and Frannie aren’t sure how to react.

CUTE BARTENDER
(to Annie)
You didn’t hear this? The guy who called into the John & Nikki show this morning? He met some girl who tells men she’s a virgin so the sex will be better!

He smiles at Frannie, thinking she’s in on the joke.

FRANNIE
Ha. Ha ha.

RANGERS FAN
So now everybody’s a virgin!

The guys laugh. Annie and Frannie laugh along weakly, then:

ANNIE
Except... I’m really a virgin.

CUTE BARTENDER
Yeah, right!

Two of the HOT WAITRESSES chime in:

HOT WAITRESS #1
Me, too!
HOT WAITRESS #2
Me, too!

As everyone else laughs, and men chat with the waitresses...

FRANNIE
It’s not like it was a policy. It was a one-time thing.

ANNIE
Losing your virginity is a one-time thing! Don’t talk to me about one-time things!

FRANNIE
(trying to convince herself as much as Annie)
This will all blow over. It was on local radio, not national television.

The bartender hands Annie her Diet Coke.

CUTE BARTENDER
Here you go, virgin.

He and the guys crack up again. Annie looks at Frannie.

FRANNIE
You know what? Maybe this is good.

ANNIE
How is this good?!

FRANNIE
Well, if everyone is a virgin, maybe slut is the new virgin.

ANNIE
So it’s good for you.

FRANNIE
Well, yeah.

As Annie worries whether this relationship with Frannie is going to work out, the bartender drops a cherry in her soda.

CUTE BARTENDER
Forgot the cherry.

He smiles at Annie with his dreamy smile, then walks off.
ANNIE
Is he... flirting with me?

FRANNE
You’re welcome.

ANNIE
So what now? I have to pretend I’m not a virgin?

FRANNE
Just until he gets to know you better.

As Annie considers this and our THEME MUSIC comes up...

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

As our THEME MUSIC plays, we again see the three tattoos which represent tonight’s three stories: the CHERRY with the words “first time,” the BRIEFCASE with the words “first to go,” and the STAR with the words “first on the list”...

The briefcase tattoo that says “first to go” fills the frame and becomes...

INT. LAW OFFICE, NEW YORK CITY – MORNING

...the BRIEFCASE that CARTER, 32, handsome, generally happy, recently engaged, pops open on his desk, having just arrived at the mid-size, Midtown law firm where he works as an accountant.

He shares his office with KELL, 36, divorced and generally not as happy. Kell is already at his desk working.

    CARTER
    Hey, Kell.

    KELL
    The boss was looking for ya.

    CARTER
    It’s not even 9am.

    KELL
    This is a law firm, Carter. You have to be here before you’re supposed to be here and stay after you’re supposed to be here. Why do you think I’m always here when you arrive and when you leave?

    CARTER
    Because you have no life.

    KELL
    Exactly. Because I have no life.

INT. BOSS’S OFFICE – MINUTES LATER

Carter enters his boss’s office. She’s a partner in the firm, 45, beautiful and ballsy.

    CARTER
    You wanted to see me?

    BOSS
    Yes. Have a seat, Carter.
    (as he does)
    (MORE)
I’m making a big announcement this morning, and I wanted to tell you about it first.

Why me?

Because you are directly affected. Carter, you’re a terrific accountant.

(he’s being promoted?)

Thank you.

And, as you know, our system for tracking billable hours is a bit antiquated. We are probably the last firm of our size requiring lawyers to manually produce time sheets, which your department then has to manually compile in order to bill our clients. It’s a colossal waste of time, so we’re finally moving into the future and getting an ATS...

Automated Timekeeping System. It’s a software program that will eliminate work for our lawyers, save our clients money, and save me from having to explain for the 800th time why we bill for billing!

She laughs, so Carter laughs politely, too.

Thus we won’t need you to do the job you’ve been doing.

Right. So what will my new job be?

I don’t know. But I will certainly give you a glowing reference.

A moment as Carter takes this in. He’s being fired?
INT. MEN’S BATHROOM — MOMENTS LATER

Carter, on his cell phone, is alone in the men’s room. He stands with his back blocking the door.

CARTER
(quietly)
Jordan?

INT. COFFEE SHOP IN VIRGINIA — SAME TIME — INTERCUT

Jordan (Frannie and Annie’s Jordan) is on his cell, putting sugar in his coffee. Lots of sugar.

JORDAN
Who is this?

CARTER
Your brother.

JORDAN
I can barely hear you.

CARTER
I’m in the men’s room at work.

JORDAN
Don’t call me from the men’s room!

CARTER
It was this or a ledge somewhere. Jordan—
   (this is hard to say)
I just got fired.

JORDAN
Shit happens.

CARTER
Good thing I’m not on a ledge.

JORDAN
I’m having a rough week, too.

CARTER
Are you getting married in a month? Did you just move into an expensive apartment with someone, and now you have to tell her you lost your job?

JORDAN
Did Liz -- when you first met -- lie and tell you she was a virgin?
CARTER
No.

(confused)

Why? Did Liz tell you she was a virgin?

JORDAN
Forget it.

CARTER
I don’t understand.

JORDAN
Of course you don’t understand, because you don’t have to date anymore. And finding a job, even in this economy, is a hell of a lot easier than finding a woman who isn’t a lying psychopath!

Jordan hangs up.

INT. MEN’S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

CARTER
(into his phone)
Hello?... Jord?...

Carter can’t believe his brother just hung up on him. Then a TOILET FLUSHES. Terrific! He’s not alone. As he pretends to be washing his hands, Kell emerges from a stall and starts washing his hands, too. It’s awkward.

CARTER (CONT’D)
(without looking up)
Did you hear--

KELL
--that you’re getting fired or that your fiancee is a virgin?

CARTER
She’s not a virgin.

KELL
And you’re still going to marry her?!

(a beat, sincere)
Sorry. You really got fired?
CARTER
Yep. They’re installing a new
software system, and apparently my
job was the first to go.

KELL
Okay, that sucks. But Liz will
understand. These things happen in
the business world. It doesn’t
make you any less of a man. In
fact, the test of a man’s character
is not how he handles success, but
how he handles adversity.

A YOUNG LAWYER enters the bathroom and sees Kell.

YOUNG LAWYER
Oh, Kell, the boss was looking for
you.

The young lawyer enters a stall as Kell realizes he’s next.

KELL
(covering his eyes, about
to cry, very unmanly)
Oh, my God. No. Nooooo...

EXT. WEST VILLAGE APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

Carter, carrying his briefcase, pauses outside of his
apartment for a moment, dreading having to tell his fiancee
his news. Then he hears the faint sound of MOANING. Someone
somewhere is having sex...

INT. WEST VILLAGE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

As he enters, the MOANING GETS LOUDER. It’s coming from the
bedroom.

LIZ (O.S.)
Yes. Yessssss...

His fiancee is a lying psychopath! She’s cheating on him
with another man while she thinks he’s at work!

As he quietly approaches the bedroom, passing boxes they have
yet to unpack, her moaning gets LOUDER AND LOUDER until she
seems to reach a climax.

LIZ (O.S.) (CONT’D)
OH, YEEEEAAAAAHHH!!!

Carter steels himself, throws open the door and finds her...
INT. CARTER AND LIZ’S BEDROOM – CONTINUOUS

Alone! Under the covers. Exhausted. Naked. And now, embarrassed. There’s a LOUD BUZZING. She fumbles around, finds the source and turns it off.

LIZ
(not sure what to say)
Hi, honey.
(a beat)
You’re home early.

CARTER
(still getting over it)
I thought... I thought you were with somebody.

LIZ
How could you think that? I would never--

CARTER
I know, it was just... all the moaning.

LIZ
So... you heard me?

CARTER
I think all of Manhattan heard you. Maybe some other boroughs, too.

LIZ
(grimacing)
This is so embarrassing!!!
(she sits up, pulling the covers up around her)
My friends -- at my bachelorette party in Atlantic City -- they gave me “the Cadillac of vibrators” as a joke. But...

CARTER
(playfully)
...it’s no joke?

LIZ
(can’t help but smile)
No, it’s not.
CARTER
How is it I’m only getting a lame fishing trip for my bachelor party, and you got sex toys in Atlantic City?

Liz shrugs, still smiling. Carter sits on the bed.

CARTER (CONT’D)
Maybe I should cancel that trip.

LIZ
It’s this weekend. Why would you cancel it?

CARTER
To save money.

LIZ
You’re saving money by not having strippers.

CARTER
Liz, I need to tell you something.

LIZ
You promised no strippers.

CARTER
It’s not about strippers.

LIZ
I need to tell you something, too.

CARTER
Okay, you first.

LIZ
(a beat)
I think I just had my first orgasm.

He doesn’t even know how to process this.

CARTER
Are you saying... What are you saying? You’ve been faking all this time with me?

LIZ
No! No! But I now realize that what I thought was an orgasm all of my life -- not just with you, but with ALL OF THE GUYS before you--
CARTER
Not helping.

LIZ
(gently)
--might not have been an orgasm.

He's reeling.

LIZ (CONT’D)
This is a good thing, Carter.

CARTER
It doesn’t feel like a good thing.

LIZ
No, see, now that I know what it’s supposed to be like, I’m sure we’ll be able to get there as well. It’s like once you’ve been to a house, you can find your way--

CARTER
Yeah, uh huh, I get it.

LIZ
It’s not like I haven’t been enjoying it with you. It’s... an A compared to an A+. An A is still great...

(feeling badly)
Should I not have told you?

CARTER
No. We should be able to tell each other anything. And you, of all people, deserve an A+.

LIZ
You are the Cadillac of fiances.

(she kisses him)
So what was your news?

CARTER
It’s not important.

LIZ
No, what did you want to tell me?

CARTER
My boss called me into her office.

(he can’t do it)
And said I’m a terrific accountant.
LIZ
That’s great, honey! Maybe they’ll give you a raise.

Off his weak nod...

INT. IRISH BAR - THE NEXT DAY

Carter and Kell are having a beer at a New York pub.

CARTER
So I’ve been replaced by a machine at work and in bed.

KELL
At least it wasn’t a guy.

CARTER
A guy I could compete with. How am I supposed to compete with “the Cadillac of vibrators?”

KELL
You don’t require batteries.

CARTER
It’s not battery operated. It plugs in.

KELL
Jesus.

CARTER
Exactly. It never gets tired. It can go forever.

KELL
You’ve got trouble, man.

CARTER
That’s what I’m saying!

KELL
It’s not that damn bunny, is it? My ex-wife had one of those, and I still say it’s why she didn’t cry when she left me.

CARTER
No, that I might have recognized. This just looks like a back massager. That’s the insidious part.

(MORE)
CARTER (CONT'D)
It could be lying around, you might not even notice it, then boom! She tells you it’s better in bed than you are.

A moment as they sip their beers and contemplate their very tenuous position in the world.

KELL
I blame her friends. That’s a gift for a woman who’s getting dumped, not a woman who’s getting married.

CARTER
Says who? Emily Post... coital?

KELL
Liz has you whenever she wants. She doesn’t need... a device. That should be the first thing to go when two people move in together, just like your porn has to go.

CARTER
It does?

KELL
Yes. Then when you get divorced, you’ve got no woman and no porn. And now... no job!

Kell raises his glass, then takes a long swig.

CARTER
At least now we can drink during the day.

KELL
Yeah. There’s that.

CARTER
The thing is, I can’t forbid her to use it. I mean, I still plan to...

KELL
...Pat the Buchanan?

CARTER
Yeah. Right? When you were married, you still--

KELL
Sure. More than ever -- which was maybe a bad sign.

(MORE)
And it could be challenging, knowing someone was just outside the door, waiting to use the blow dryer, or to fight about something. So sometimes I did it at work.

CARTER
That’s why you logged so many hours! Not in our office, I hope--

KELL
No! In the john.

CARTER
So when I was on my cell yesterday--

KELL
I only did it at work when I was married. Now I can do it at home.

CARTER
Now you can do it all day.

KELL
Another perk of unemployment.

They both raise a glass to that, then...

CARTER
I don’t want her to leave me.

KELL
She’s not going to leave you.

CARTER
But I don’t even have a job.

KELL
I don’t even have someone to lose over losing my job, so consider yourself lucky.

CARTER
I do. I am lucky.

(determined)
In fact, you know what? My job, while I don’t have a job... is to become as good in bed as the Cadillac of vibrators.

KELL
How are you gonna do that?
CARTER
Business 101: Know your competition.

INT. SEX SHOP - A LITTLE LATER

A LOW BUZZING. We don’t see the device, but we see Carter and Kell looking at it (toward us), awed.

KELL
No human can move that fast.

SALESWOMAN
And that’s the slow speed. Check this out...

As a SEXY TATTOOED SALESWOMAN changes the speed from low to high, the BUZZING (and their worry) GETS MORE INTENSE.

SALESWOMAN (CONT’D)
There’s also an attachment called the “G” Whiz for dual action. Inside and out.

The men gulp.

KELL
You’re killing us here. You know that? This place is making men obsolete.

SALESWOMAN
These toys are modeled after men. All they do is simulate sex.

CARTER
But we can’t simulate these “toys” unless we’re being electrocuted.

She laughs.

CARTER (CONT’D)
Seriously. How are we supposed to compete if they keep getting faster and more sophisticated?

SALESWOMAN
Get faster and more sophisticated.

Carter takes this as a personal challenge.

CARTER
I will. You watch.
SALESWOMAN
I don’t need to watch.

CARTER
I didn’t mean... literally.

She goes back to reading her tabloid, which, for those paying attention, has Alyssa Milano and a hunky hockey player on the cover, and the headline says, “Alyssa to Perling: Puck Off!”

KELL
(to the saleswoman)
Is it fun working here?

SALESWOMAN
(not interested)
I have a boyfriend.

KELL
No, I’m actually looking for a job.

INT. CARTER AND LIZ’S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

The bed is shaking, and so is Liz. She looks at the clock. It’s 8:15am.

LIZ
Honey... Honey...

Carter emerges from under the covers, looking like he just ran a marathon. He can barely move.

CARTER
Yeah?

LIZ
Everything you’re doing feels amazing, and I am so close... (apologetic) ...but I have to get to work.

CARTER
But you didn’t--

LIZ
That’s okay.

CARTER
No, it’s not. What can I do?

LIZ
Well... want to take out the Caddy and drive this home?
She smiles, but for Carter, that was a stake in the heart.

CARTER
So I’m what? The fluffer?

LIZ
(lovingly)
It’s not a competition. I love you. I’m marrying you. And sex...
sex is whatever works.
(looks at the clock, torn)
Shit. I really have to get to the office.

She kisses him on the forehead and gets up.

CARTER
Yeah.
(covering)
Me, too.

INT. HEADHUNTER’S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

A male HEADHUNTER looks over Carter’s resume as Carter sits up taller, trying to make a good impression.

HEADHUNTER
Well, with this resume we should have no problem finding you a job. What are you looking for exactly?

CARTER
(his tongue is numb, like muscles after a workout)
Anythin... I’m very ambi-thith.

HEADHUNTER
Excuse me?

CARTER
Ambit-thith. I’m kind of a perfectinith...

HEADHUNTER
Do you have a lisp?

CARTER
No. I think I thrained my thongue.

As the headhunter becomes less sure of Carter’s prospects, Carter picks up a glass of ice water and dips his tongue in.
INT. CARTER AND LIZ’S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Liz is watching LENO on television, maybe we SEE the monologue, maybe we just HEAR it.

LENO
There’s a growing number of virgins in Virginia. Did you hear about this? A woman there improved her sex life by pretending to be a virgin. Apparently, men who think they’re your first are better in bed.

AUDIENCE LAUGHTER from the television. Liz laughs, too.

LENO (CONT’D)
I don’t get that. If I thought I was somebody’s first -- that she’s got nothing to compare me to -- it wouldn’t be better. It’d be over. “That’s right. That’s how long it takes. Forty-four seconds.”

Suddenly, Carter, who wasn’t even listening because he was intent on the task at hand, turns off Leno and put on a DVD.

LIZ
Hey, I was watching that.

CARTER
I want to watch this.

CHEESY PORN MUSIC PLAYS. Liz watches, a little shocked.

LIZ
You want to watch porn?

CARTER
It helps me get in the mood. And like you said... whatever works.

He smiles, point made. Liz gets what he’s doing and nods.

Then she looks at the television. As the CHEESY PORN MUSIC gets more intense, and we hear MOANING from the television...

LIZ
I guess I’m okay with that.

CARTER
You are?
Yeah, why not?
(a beat)
Should I get out the Caddy, too?

(Carter)
(giving up)
Yeah, why not?

This wasn’t what Carter imagined their sex life would be, but still... it’s kind of hot. LET THE BUZZING BEGIN...

EXT. WEST VILLAGE APARTMENT - A WHILE LATER

From outside the apartment, we hear PORN MUSIC, the BUZZING of the Caddy, the MOANING of porn actors... all mixing with the moaning of Liz and Carter, and culminating in a giant...

INT. CARTER AND LIZ’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

LIZ
I LOVE YOU!!!

CARTER
I LOST MY JOB!!!

Liz and Carter, who are holding each other, out of breath, spent, open their eyes.

Liz reaches down and STOPS THE BUZZING. Carter reaches for the remote and STOPS THE PORN.

LIZ
What did you say?

CARTER
I love you, too?

Liz is starting to understand what’s going on now.

LIZ
(gently)
You lost your job today?

CARTER
I lost my job Monday.

LIZ
Why didn’t you say something?

CARTER
I tried, but you... and... I’m supposed to support you!
LIZ
I don’t need you to support me.

CARTER
But I’m the guy. I’m about to be the husband.

LIZ
And I’m about to be the wife.
Which means, as far as I can tell, that I will have faith in you, and stand by you, and remind you, in times like this -- you were top of your class, Carter! You’ll find another job!

CARTER
Well, I have a temp job.

LIZ
See? What is it?

CARTER
To be better in bed than that damn Cadillac.

She laughs, and finally, so does he.

LIZ
Okay, I don’t want to discourage that quest, but I have to admit something...
(giddy)
You just were! That was fantastic! You can’t have a simultaneous orgasm with a vibrator no matter how good it is! And by the way, I’ve never had a simultaneous one, never even thought I had one, with ANY OF THE OTHER GUYS I EVER --

He cuts her off with a kiss. And as they continue to kiss, cheesy PORN MUSIC comes up, but this time it's THEIR soundtrack...

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

As our THEME MUSIC plays, we again see the three tattoos which represent tonight’s three stories: the CHERRY with the words “first time,” the BRIEFCASE with the words “first to go,” and the STAR with the words “first on the list”...

CLOSE ON the star tattoo that says “first on the list” which becomes...

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT – SUNSET

...a STAR TATTOO on the shoulder of COLLEEN ROUSCH, 30ish, hip, cool, about to drop off her husband, JUDD ROUSCH, 32, a slightly chubby Venice Beach tattoo artist, and his good friend, BOWMAN, single and used to being their third wheel.

They are moving slowly in AIRPORT TRAFFIC, trying to get to the airline’s passenger drop-off point.

    COLLEEN
So, Judd, about this bachelor party... Do we need to establish some ground rules?

    JUDD
I told you, it’s a lame fishing trip.

    COLLEEN
I thought maybe that was code for drunken debauchery with strippers shooting strawberries out of their hoo-hahs.

    JUDD
No, sadly, it’s code for lame fishing trip.

    BOWMAN
Since when do we fly cross-country for a G-rated bachelor party?

    JUDD
Since the groom lost his job and needs some cheering up.

    BOWMAN
I bet strippers would cheer him up.

    JUDD
Apparently Liz told Carter if he had strippers, the wedding was off.
BOWMAN
See? That? There?
(to Judd)
That’s why you’re giving me a “better dead than wed” tattoo, right here on my ring finger.

COLLEEN
Hell, yeah! Then you can see strippers shooting strawberries out of their hoo-hahs anytime you like.

BOWMAN
What’s with you and the strawberries, Colleen?

COLLEEN
It’s just... the kind of thing I’ve heard happens.

BOWMAN
(pretends it’s ridiculous, then to Judd:)
Why would you tell her that?

JUDD
I found it disturbing. I needed to share.
(suddenly)
Ohmygod! Stop!

COLLEEN
(stepping on the brakes)
What?

JUDD
Pull over!

COLLEEN
This is first class only.

JUDD
Look. Who’s. Here.

They follow his gaze. Up ahead, getting her bags from the DRIVER of a black town car is ALYSSA MILANO.

COLLEEN
Hey, it’s your girlfriend!

BOWMAN
Who are we looking at? I’m lost.
JUDD
Alyssa Milano!

BOWMAN
From Who’s the Boss?

JUDD
And... my Celebrity Exemption List.

BOWMAN
Is that a reality show? I’m lost again.

COLLEEN
It’s a married thing. You know, the list of five or so famous people you get to sleep with if you ever get the chance?

JUDD
And it doesn’t count as cheating. It’s exempt.
(to Colleen)
It’s exempt!

COLLEEN
(completely supportive)
I know, honey.

JUDD
So pull over already!

COLLEEN
I’m just waiting for this guy to pull out.

Judd looks impatiently at the car in their way.

BOWMAN
(to Colleen)
Who’s on your list?

COLLEEN
Well, first, of course: Johnny Depp. Then Javier Bardem, Denzel--

JUDD
(to Bowman and Colleen)
I should go talk to her, right? But I can’t just... I mean... What... How... What do I say?
BOWMAN
How about “goodbye”?
(pointing)
She just went inside.

JUDD
(turning to look)
What? No! Should I follow her?!

COLLEEN
Yes! Run after her! Go! GO!!!

Judd just looks at Colleen.

JUDD
You don’t think I can make it happen, do you?

COLLEEN
Not really. No.

JUDD
Me neither. Shit.

COLLEEN
But you could talk to her at least. Tell her what a big fan you are.

JUDD
It’s not the celebrity conversation list. It’s the celebrity exemption list.

COLLEEN
Hey, I was game.

JUDD
I know. I appreciate that.

As Colleen pats Judd on the shoulder, consoling him...

INT. AIRPLANE, FIRST CLASS CABIN - NIGHT

Bowman follows Judd through the first class cabin.

BOWMAN
The whole point of a fishing trip
is the boat and the beer. If we’re
fly fishing we don’t have a boat,
and where do we keep the b--

Judd stops so abruptly that Bowman bumps into him.
BOWMAN (CONT’D)

Why’d you--

Bowman sees what Judd sees: Alyssa Milano in a window seat reading a tabloid! (She’s reading about “Virginia’s Un-Virgin” and there’s a bad photo of Frannie.) Alyssa doesn’t notice Judd staring at her, but a male FLIGHT ATTENDANT does.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Sir? Could you keep moving, please? We need to get everyone into their seats.

JUDD
Yeah. Sure. Sorry.

Judd and Bowman continue on to coach. Judd’s mind is racing.

JUDD (CONT’D)
Houston, we have contact!

BOWMAN
You have yet to make eye-contact.

JUDD
And it’s an overnight flight!

INT. AIRPLANE, COACH CABIN – CONTINUOUS

JUDD
I admit there are a few challenges.

BOWMAN
You think?

As they load their things into the overhead compartment...

JUDD
There’s the class difference.

BOWMAN
First class/coach or celebrity/nobody?

Judd gives Bowman a look. Bowman is enjoying this.

JUDD
And she’s got a boyfriend. Some hockey player... Perling?

BOWMAN
New York Rangers Perling?
JUDD
Yeah.

BOWMAN
He sucks lately. All he does is start fights. Last week he put a guy in the hospital.

JUDD
So there’s that.

BOWMAN
You know what? If you end up beaten to a pulp by a hockey stick, you did better with her than anybody expected.

JUDD
Would it kill you to be a little more positive?

BOWMAN
I’m so positive I’m gonna take the middle seat so you can get in and out for hot sex with Alyssa Milano.

JUDD
That’s what I’m talkin’ about.

They take their seats. Judd on the aisle, Bowman in the middle. The seat by the window is empty for now.

BOWMAN
Seriously, let’s say you do this thing. You seduce Alyssa Milano between L.A. and New York.

JUDD
(imagining it)
Uh huh. Yeah?

BOWMAN
Do you really think Colleen would be okay with that?

JUDD
That’s the beauty of the list. It’s sanctioned.

BOWMAN
But, and correct me if I’m wrong, isn’t the whole premise of the list that it’s never gonna happen?
JUDD
Probably never gonna happen, unless all the stars align and you end up on a flight with the first and only celebrity on your friggin’ list!

BOWMAN
I thought you got five people.

JUDD
I didn’t want five. Only her. Whereas Colleen has three to five guys on her list at any one time, and they’re constantly changing. I can barely keep track of who she’s allowed to cheat on me with.

BOWMAN
The slut.

JUDD
Look, I know it’s a long shot. But I have to try. I owe it to a fat kid from Philly who had a poster of Alyssa Milano in his room.

BOWMAN
You had me at fat kid.

JUDD
So how do I do this from coach?

BOWMAN
Send her a drink?

JUDD
Drinks are free in first class.

BOWMAN
It’s still a nice gesture.

JUDD
Unless she’s sober.

BOWMAN
If she’s sober, you’ve got bigger problems than offending her.

JUDD
So you’re saying she’d have to be drunk to sleep with me.
BOWMAN
It would not hurt.

JUDD
And this is you being positive?

BOWMAN
Look, you’re out of the loop. I’m still out there, and women, even non-celebrities, need at least two drinks to sleep with you.
(a beat)
Or is that just me?

JUDD
Let’s stay focused.

BOWMAN
Good idea.

A moment as they think some more. Bowman pulls out the duty-free catalog, holds it up and smiles as if this is brilliant.

JUDD
What do I do with that? Send her a watch?

BOWMAN
Or some other kind of crap.
(flipping through)
Reading glasses? This butterfly pendant is nice. Swarovski crystals.

JUDD
You don’t give Alyssa Milano a $29 necklace.

BOWMAN
What have you come up with?

JUDD
(a beat)
Well, I know she likes tattoos. I’m a tattoo artist. Maybe I sketch something for her?

BOWMAN
I love it. I would sleep with you.

JUDD
You’re definitely not on my list.
Judd pulls out a pen and looks for something to write on, decides on the barf bag.

**BOWMAN**
You’re gonna draw it on a barf bag?

**JUDD**
I’ve got nothing else to sketch on.

**BOWMAN**
In that case, let’s revisit the pendant.

**JUDD**
No, this’ll work. Just don’t talk to me for a while. I need quiet. I need to get into “the zone.”

A Latina woman, ROSA, holding a CRYING BABY BOY, appears at the end of their row.

**ROSA**
Excuse me.
  (points to window seat)
  I have that seat.

Bowman and Judd stand to let her in. As the baby CRIES...

**JUDD**
That’s not gonna help.

**BOWMAN**
It most certainly is not.

INT. AIRPLANE, COACH CABIN – A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER

The baby is STILL CRYING. Bowman turns to Judd.

**BOWMAN**

Judd hasn’t sketched much, although you can see from his drawings that he’s good. (He’s the artist from the opening.)

**JUDD**
He can’t cry the whole time.

**BOWMAN**
No, my friend. He can and he will.

Rosa senses their annoyance.
ROSA
I’m so sorry. He just wants his mother.

BOWMAN
You’re not his mother?

ROSA
I’m his nanny. His mother is in first class. She wanted to sleep.

BOWMAN
So the rest of us must suffer?

There’s a BUMP of turbulence. Judd’s drink spills on his sketches. He puts the barf bag back in the seat pocket.

JUDD
Forget it. I give up.

BOWMAN
You do not.
(to Rosa)
Let’s try “Itsy Bitsy Spider” again. He liked that the first couple... hundred... times.

JUDD
Nope. The dream is dead. I can’t even get into first class to use the john, so this whole plan--

Just then a wealthy-looking woman in her late 30s, KINDRA, arrives. She has her sleep mask on her forehead.

KINDRA
Rosa, I’ve been waiting for them to turn off the fasten seat belt sign, but with this turbulence--
(to the baby)
Hi, sweetie. Mommy’s here.
(to Bowman and Judd)
He hasn’t stopped, has he?

BOWMAN
(joking with her)
What did you say? I’ve lost my hearing?

The COACH FLIGHT ATTENDANT passes through.

COACH FLIGHT ATTENDANT
M’am, you need to take your seat.
KINDRA
I will. I am. I just...
(to Bowman)
Would you like to trade seats?

JUDD
You’re giving up your first-class seat?

KINDRA
The thing is...
(whispering)
I’m sitting next to Alyssa Milano, and she kept saying, “Why doesn’t that poor baby’s mother do something, and I kept saying, “I know!” And then I finally admitted it might be my baby, so now I can’t face her. I definitely can’t subject her to his wrath.

A moment as the men absorb this. Judd looks at Bowman.

BOWMAN
How good a friend am I?

JUDD
I don’t know. I’m waiting to see.

BOWMAN
(to Kindra)
He’ll take your seat.

JUDD
(to Kindra and Bowman)
And I will owe you both for the rest of my life.

As Judd gathers his things...

BOWMAN
Don’t forget the barf bag!

KINDRA
(looking concerned)
Please don’t throw up on Alyssa Milano.

JUDD
No, no. I have some sketches...

As Bowman and Judd stand together, letting Kindra into the row, Judd whispers to Bowman...
JUDD (CONT’D)
Do I take off my wedding ring?

BOWMAN
I don’t know. Do you?

JUDD
No. Then it feels like cheating, and it’s not cheating. It’s exempt.

Judd takes a deep breath and walks off, a man on a mission.

INT. AIRPLANE, FIRST CLASS CABIN – MOMENTS LATER

As Judd goes to his new seat, the male flight attendant tries to intercept him, but Judd will not be deterred.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Sir, the “fasten seat belt” sign is still illuminated. And that’s definitely not your seat.

JUDD
The woman who was here traded with me.
(partially to Alyssa)
I’ve been sitting with her baby.

ALYSSA
It was her baby! Oh, my God. I was so rude about that baby.
(to the flight attendant)
Please tell her she can come back and bring her baby if she wants.

JUDD
No, she doesn’t want. I mean, her nanny’s back there, so...
(to the flight attendant)
You can ask her yourself. 21C.

The flight attendant reluctantly leaves them alone. An awkward moment. Judd forces himself to forge on.

JUDD (CONT’D)
I’m Judd. Judd Rousch.

ALYSSA
Alyssa.

JUDD
Yeah. I... I know.
ALYSSA
So that baby’s been crying for, like...

JUDD
Two hours and twenty-four minutes.

ALYSSA
(laughs, then)
I feel like crying like that on planes. I hate turbulence. My boyfriend used to have to hold my--
(as they hit a BUMP)
--hand! And, of course, the second I break up with the guy, I’m on the flight from hell.

JUDD
Oh. So you... You just broke up?

ALYSSA
(playfully)
Don’t you read the tabloids? I’m kidding. I’m so glad you don’t.

JUDD
That must be weird when your heartbreak is news.

ALYSSA
Well, he’s a hockey player, and now his game’s gone to shit and apparently it’s my fault. Even though he’s the one who cheated. Anyhow, I’m so done with ath--
(as they hit another BUMP)
--letes! Aaaaah... You’re not an athlete, are you?

JUDD
No, but thanks for pretending that was a possibility. I’m a tattoo artist.

ALYSSA
I love tattoos. That’s so cool.

JUDD
(pointing to her wrist)
That’s a nice one, the sanskrit.

She nods, and he notices her death grip on the arm rest because of the turbulence...
JUDD (CONT'D)
You can hold my hand... if it would help. Or not.

She looks at him. He seems harmless and sweet.

ALYSSA
(re: his ring)
And you’re married, right?

JUDD
Yeah.

ALYSSA
Maybe just until they turn off the fasten seat belt sign.

She takes his hand. He’s amazed, throws a look back to Bowman, who is on the aisle and can kind of see him...

ALYSSA (CONT’D)
Although every married guy I know cheats. Have you ever cheated?

JUDD
No, not yet. Not ever, I mean! And I’ve been married four years.

ALYSSA
So what’s the secret? How do you stay faithful?

JUDD
Well, I love my wife. She’s really cool. We trust each other. And also...

(getting up his nerve)
We have this list. Of people we’re allowed to cheat with if we ever get the chance, but we’ll never get the chance because they have to be like... celebrities.

(trying to avoid admitting she’s his)
But anyhow, it makes monogamy seem more do-able. But that wouldn’t work for you, because you are a celebrity, so you can sleep with whoever you want.

ALYSSA
Oh, yeah. Just the other night I rang up George Clooney.
Judd laughs.

**ALYSSA (CONT’D)**
So who’s first on your list? Angelina?

**JUDD**
I’d rather not say.

**ALYSSA**
I let you hold my hand! Keira Knightley? Penelope Cruz? C’mon!

**JUDD**
You. Are.

**ALYSSA**
What?

(completely surprised)

No. Really?

(off his nod)

I’m not first on anybody’s list anymore.

He shrugs. Then he feels like he’s made her uncomfortable.

**JUDD**
It’s more like fantasy football. You know there will never be a game, it’s just fun to think about. Not that I’m thinking about it now. Do you want me to get the lady with the baby back, because, I mean, I know I’m not first on your list--

**ALYSSA**
Well, I don’t have a list.

**JUDD**
Because you don’t need a list.

Judd feels like a total idiot, which Alyssa finds endearing.

**ALYSSA**
I have a to-do list though.

**JUDD**
Right. So that’s--

**ALYSSA**
(whispering)
As in, places I’d like “to do” it.
JUDD
Wait, what?

ALYSSA
And guess what’s first on my “to-do” list?

JUDD
I don’t... I don’t know.

ALYSSA
(a beat... she leans in)
On an airplane.

Judd can barely speak.

JUDD
I think I left something on my...
in my... back at my seat.

INT. AIRPLANE, COACH CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

The mother and baby are sleeping against Bowman, the family he vowed not to have. His eyes are closed, too, but Judd is whispering something, trying to wake him. His eyes open:

BOWMAN
You need a condom?!

JUDD
Shhhhhh!

BOWMAN
Are you kidding me?

JUDD
She said she always wanted to do it on an airplane!

BOWMAN
I knew I should have taken that seat!

Bowman pulls a condom out of his wallet.

JUDD
What do I do?

BOWMAN
Unwrap it and put it on your--
JUDD
No! I mean, what if Colleen doesn’t understand?

BOWMAN
She said she was game. And worse comes to worst, the fat kid from Philly finally got his shot at Alyssa Milano, and I finally get a shot at Colleen.

Before Judd can digest this, they are interrupted:

IN-FLIGHT ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
The Captain has turned off the “fasten seat belt” sign. You are now free to move about the cabin.

BOWMAN
Go move about the cabin, baby!

As Judd looks back to first class, excited and worried...

INT. AIRPLANE, FIRST CLASS BATHROOM - LATER

Judd closes the door behind him. He and Alyssa are now smashed up against each other, still fully clothed.

JUDD
Wow.

ALYSSA
Kind of tight in here, huh?

JUDD
I should have worked out more... than once... last year.

ALYSSA
(laughing)
How do people do this?

JUDD
I have no idea.

ALYSSA
Maybe if I sit up on the...

As she climbs up on the sink, she knocks the condom out of his hand and it drops on the floor...

JUDD
I just dropped the condom.
ALYSSA
Can you reach it?

JUDD
With my foot maybe...

As he tries, the “return to your seat” button DINGS and LIGHTS up.

IN-FLIGHT ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, we are crossing another turbulence zone. Please return to your seats and keep your seat belts fastened.

Alyssa looks nervously at Judd.

JUDD
Should we return to our seats?

ALYSSA
Is that okay?

JUDD
I’m pretty sure never having sex with the first and only person on my list beats bad sex with the first and only person on my list.

ALYSSA
So I’m “the only?”

Judd shrugs shyly. She thinks about this.

ALYSSA (CONT’D)
What the hell? A quickie?

JUDD
Yeah... No! Argh! I think... I don’t want to cheat on my wife. Even if it’s not cheating.

ALYSSA
(nods, then)
Is it okay if I lie and say we did?

JUDD
Sure.
ALYSSA
And maybe take a few cell phone
tables of you naked so I could
leak them to the press and get my
ex really jealous?
(off his look)
Too far? Okay.

INT. NEW YORK AIRPORT - DAWN

Bowman exits the plane just as Alyssa is kissing Judd on the
cheek. She has the barf bag with the sketches on it.

ALYSSA
I’m gonna have you do this tattoo!

JUDD
Absolutely.

She smiles and walks off. Judd grins at Bowman.

JUDD (CONT’D)
Did you see that? Huh?

BOWMAN
You know what I saw? A man who was
in the bathroom with Alyssa Milano
for 57 seconds. I timed it.

JUDD
More importantly: “I finally get a
shot at Colleen?” What was that?
Have you been secretly lusting
after my wife all these years? Is
that why you’re always around?

BOWMAN
(smiles)
What can I say? She’s first on my
list. She’s cool.

Judd can’t help but take this as a compliment. He smiles and
dials his cell phone.

JUDD
She is cool. She’s very cool. And
wait until she’s hears what
happened to her cool husband.
(into the phone)
Colleen? Were you asleep?...
You’re still at Jace’s party?! Listen, guess who I just sat next
to on the plane to New York?...
(MORE)
JUDD (CONT'D)
(smiling at Bowman)
Yes!... She was in first class, and so was I, because this woman traded seats with me so she could be with her baby... Colleen, the baby isn’t important. The important thing is, believe it or not, I had the opportunity, and I did nothing. Well, I held her hand, but when I had the chance to join the Mile High Club, I refrained, because I love you...
(still smiling)
What do you mean, that’s too bad...
(not smiling)
Johnny Depp was not at the party...
(playing along)
Oh, really. In the cabana.

BOWMAN
She’s joking, right?

JUDD
Of course she’s joking. You’re joking, right?... Colleen...

As he dials again, slightly concerned, and our THEME MUSIC comes up...

END OF ACT THREE
TAG

As FINAL MUSIC plays -- a great, upbeat song that reflects the episode’s theme (like “You’re My First, My Last, My Everything” by Barry White, “Falling for the First Time” by Barenaked Ladies, or “Feels like the First Time” by Foreigner) we get one last quick coda from one of the three stories:

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Frannie, in dark glasses and a baseball cap, is looking at the tabloid story as Annie tries to help.

FRANNIE
It wasn’t enough he talked about it on the radio? He had to out me in the tabloids?

ANNIE
It’ll blow over.

FRANNIE
And what do they do? Look for the worst picture they can find?

ANNIE
You look great. You look thin.

FRANNIE
I look deranged. How did they even * get this picture? * (looking more closely) * And whose... is that your arm around me?

Annie looks more closely at the picture, then shrugs and sips her soda. Frannie just looks at her. Annie finally smiles (yes, she outed Frannie in the tabloids!) and says: *

ANNIE
Payback’s a bitch...

As Frannie takes this in, impressed and appalled...

END OF PILOT