

LOVE BITES

(an anthology of love and sex)

"firsts"

by

Cindy Chupack

Writer's Fourth Draft
(with asterisks and new Act Two)
July 18, 2008

LOVE BITES

"firsts"

TITLE SEQUENCE/OPENING

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...

*

ACT ONE

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 loooooove 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.
(flirting)
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)
 What? Oh, yeah. Right. I can't.

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?

FRANNIE
You're welcome.

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

FRANNIE
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)

BOSS (CONT'D)

I'm making a big announcement this morning, and I wanted to tell you about it first.

CARTER

Why me?

BOSS

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

CARTER

(he's being promoted?)
Thank you.

BOSS

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...

(off Carter's blank stare)
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.

BOSS (CONT'D)

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

CARTER

Right. So what will my new job be?

BOSS

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 fiancée 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 fiancée 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. Yesssss...

His fiancée 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, YEEEEAAAAAAHHH!!!

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)

KELL (CONT'D)

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 perfectthinith...

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?

LIZ
 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
Not getting married. Not having children.

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 you 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 pictures 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