



WARNER BROS. TELEVISION
SINGLE WHITE MILLIONAIRE

“Pilot”

Written by

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"SINGLE WHITE MILLIONAIRE"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

In rapid succession, we see:

A MAN PUTTING A DIAMOND RING ON A WOMAN'S FINGER, A COUPLE DANCING ABOVE THE WORDS "E-HARMONY," AND THE MADE ME CONSIDER SUICIDE CIALIS AD WHERE AN AGING COUPLE SIT IN SIDE-BY-SIDE OUTDOOR TUBS, HOLDING HANDS AND WATCHING A SUNSET.

PULL BACK to reveal RICKY ZIMMER, an unassuming, absurdly unthreatening looking millionaire in his extremely late 30's. Ricky's made his fortune WRITING MOVIES and therefore has less glamour in his life than a craft service person or a house fly. He's sitting on his couch with his beloved CAT, VLADIMIR, watching his gi-normous, top of the line PLASMA TV.

RICKY

(envious, to Cialis ad)

C'mon, you already have the sunset
to admire, you lucky old bastards.
Why do you need an erection too?

We HEAR A HOCKEY GAME on TV. Ricky sits back now, calm and semi-content. His PHONE RINGS. The machine picks up and we hear his INCOMING MESSAGE.

RICKY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

Ricky, are you there, honey? It's
your mother. I'll wait in case
you're upstairs. Or downstairs.
Your house is so big, like Blake
Carrington in Dynasty!!

Ricky's mother will phone twelve hundred times throughout the series, but Ricky will never come close to even looking at the machine, let alone pick up. Ricky holds up a WEDDING INVITATION, and mouths her next line as she says it.

RICKY'S MOTHER (V.O., CONT'D)

(heavy handed "casual")

Oh! I JUST heard. Peter Wood is
getting married. You know
something? I BELIEVE he's the last
person from school--other than you,
dear--to never be married.

RICKY
 (to himself, defensive)
 Seth isn't married.

RICKY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
 Not counting your juvenile,
 emotionally retarded friend Seth.
 Don't get me wrong, I love Seth,
 he's just not a big, fancy writer
 or half the looker you are--

Ricky reaches urgently for his CELL PHONE and dials.

RICKY
 (into cell phone)
 Zimmer, password six eight, six
 eight. Yes, I'd like to put a
 thousand dollars on the Penguins.
 And three thousand on the Lakers.
 And an eleven-team-parlay for--

Suddenly, Ricky's DOORBELL RINGS.

RICKY (CONT'D)
 Uh, can you hang on a second there,
 anonymous foreign bookie?

Ricky WALKS to his FRONT DOOR, opens it, and we see...
SETH MARTIN, late 30's, a bundle of fast talking, faux-hip
 energy, no more or less a looker than Ricky. Think of him as
 a Vince Vaughn who doesn't score with women.

SETH
 Put down your remote and grab your
 'scrote.' It's Saturday night. We
 are gonna do it! We are gonna
doooooo it! We are getting paid and
 laid tonight, baby. Paid and laid!

RICKY
 What the hell does that even mean?

CUT TO:

INT. APPLEBEE'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ricky and Seth are sitting at their usual table, the only two
 men in the restaurant not sitting with women or families.

SETH
 Who do you think Jennifer Anniston
 would rather nail, me or you?

RICKY
Neither of us.

SETH
No, no, I mean, if she had a gun to her head.

RICKY
Same answer. So...are we 'doing it' yet?

SETH
Hey. What's with you tonight, dog? You're sucking all the energy out of the part-aay.

RICKY
I didn't realize a pasta bowl and a Pepsi constituted a "part-aay."
(dramatic)
Peter Wood is getting married.

SETH
Did you know that guy has three nipples?

RICKY
Fun fact. It doesn't bother you we're the last two freaks from college to never be married?

SETH
I thought you usually got your period on the twentieth. Cause men don't get jealous about other men getting married! Besides, he's not living and swinging like us.

RICKY
We're at Applebees!

Ricky SIGHS, finally just blurting it out.

RICKY (CONT'D)
I keep thinking about Marika.

Seth rolls his eyes.

RICKY (CONT'D)
I just wish things could have gone a bit better last time.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. RICKY ZIMMER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ricky is naked IN BED with MARIKA VEKEMANS, late 20's. She KISSES him passionately, then they stare deeply into each other's eyes for about ten seconds. Finally, Ricky speaks.

RICKY

You...want to break up?

Marika nods.

RICKY (CONT'D)

(recapping, a statement)

But you still love me.

MARIKA

God, yeah.

RICKY

And you think I'm your soulmate.

MARIKA

Very much.

RICKY

But...you don't think we should see each other any more.

MARIKA

No.

(beat)

Maybe not never. Just until I get my music career going.

RICKY

Um, how long might that be?

MARIKA

I don't know. Anywhere from ten months to eight years.

CLOSE ON Ricky as he absorbs this.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. APPLEBEE'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

RICKY

It's been ten months and almost an hour. I wonder if I should give her a call.

SETH
 (exasperated)
 Sweet Meat, that relationship was a
 ONCE in your lifetime aberration
 and a youthful crazy mistake.

Ricky looks away. Seth gets right in his face.

SETH (CONT'D)
 You had it all, sugar! For SO LONG.
 No commitment, no love. Just you,
 your casa, and your beautiful TV.
 The three of you were so happy
 together and goddamnit, I know you
 can be again!

RICKY
 That's a nice dream, Seth, but I'm
 not sure I can go back now that
 I've seen Parrree. (Paris)

SETH
 Okay, I'm not even gonna respond to
 something that off the charts gay.
 Now I promised you a night of lewd
 and rude shenanigans and the S-Man
 will not disappoint!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

A movie marquee reads: "OH, THAT CAD!" STARRING HUGH GRANT.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Ricky and Seth are SITTING IN A CROWDED THEATER. Once again,
 they are surrounded by COUPLES AND FAMILIES. Suddenly, TWO
 ATTRACTIVE WOMEN in their early 30's sit in front of them.

SETH
 (a bit too loud)
 So when do you go into production?

RICKY
 I'm not in production...

Seth ELBOWS RICKY and he notices the women.

RICKY (CONT'D)
 Next month.

SETH
Is it fully cast yet?

RICKY
Nope, we're still looking for our
last two actresses.

SETH
Do they have to be well known?

RICKY
Not necessarily, they could be
total newcomers.
(glances at the women again)
Or...two well known actresses we
just don't happen to recognize.

This new ad-lib CRACKS UP up both Ricky and Seth, who, let's
face it, do this to amuse each other, not pick up women. THE
WOMEN TURN AROUND and Ricky and Seth look away shyly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - TWO HOURS LATER

The movie is over and Ricky and Seth are now in the lobby.

SETH
So, what did you think?

RICKY
I don't know, it kind of freaked me
out. The actress looked a lot like
Marika and--

SETH
She was black!

RICKY
No, I think she was mulatto.
Besides, I'm sick of Hugh Grant.
(lame British accent)
I...I...I'm terribly sorry ladies,
I'd like to make direct eye contact
but I'm painfully, exquisitely,
inexplicably shy.
(as himself again)
Uh-uh, no fair. You can't look like
a Greek god and be self deprecating
too. Then what do mortals like me
and Jon Cryer have left--

WOMAN (O.S)

Ricky!

Ricky turns and sees ANGELA BECKER, mid 30's, pretty in a smart, wonderful way and her husband SCOTT BECKER, late 30's, tall, muscular, intimidatingly handsome. Scott is Ricky's OTHER BEST FRIEND FROM COLLEGE. Ricky SMILES as he sees them, his mood lifting. Scott gives Ricky a BEAR HUG. Ricky stiffens a bit, not the world's greatest hugger.

SCOTT

Hey, man. Nice to see you out.

RICKY

What? I get around, baby.

ANGELA

(smiles, good-natured)

Yeah, you're a regular Paris Hilton.

SCOTT

Oh! I reallocated your investment portfolio yesterday to less equities and more fixed...

CLOSE ON Ricky -- HIS EYES IMMEDIATELY START TO GLAZE OVER. Inside his head, we hear a TOILET FLUSHING, a TRAIN WHISTLE, and three words, spaced far apart, faintly in the background: "fiduciary"... "ancillary"... and "debenture."

ANGELA

So, you going to the wedding?

Ricky WINCES as this nightmare subject is brought up again.

RICKY

Of course. I even bought a slinky new dress. Shows off my gams.

SCOTT

(delicate)

You...taking anybody?

RICKY

We've met, right? No...

(beat)

Is it okay if I take your wife?

Scott just smiles.

RICKY (CONT'D)

I'll be a perfect gentleman. But afterwards, I may try and do her on your sofa.

Ricky is one of the few men on the planet SO UNTHREATENING he can get away with this kind of joke to others of his gender.

SCOTT

(laughing hard)
Sure, go for it.

Ricky shakes his head, "hurt."

RICKY

Just once I wish a guy would take a swing at me for saying that, or at least glare at me. You know, like I was an actual man.

Angela smiles, amused by this familiar exchange.

ANGELA

Poor thing. You emasculated him, honey. Maybe we should at least pencil him in for a three way.

SCOTT

(to Ricky)
Okay, but this is how it'll work. You'll pleasure Angela orally and I'll romance you from behind.

RICKY

Win/win.

Ricky, Scott, and Angela LAUGH HARD, close friends sharing a moment of bawdy camaraderie, while Seth just shuffles his feet behind them, feeling left out.

SCOTT

We better get back home. See you Friday for dinner, Rickster. Oh, and nice seeing you again...Seth.

Seth grits his teeth and nods. Ricky watches Angela and Scott leave, a dreamy, envious look in his eyes.

RICKY

See? That's what I want.

SETH

Angela?

RICKY
 (defensive)
 No! Everyone has a perfect connection. Scott got Angela, Peter found a Mrs. Wood, even my cat snuck out the other night and knocked up another cat.

SETH
 Yeah, whatever. Did you notice how Scott hesitated before he said my name? I was in three more classes with him and he always has to think before he says my name.
 (wounded, like a little boy)
 Rude, pretty boy Nazi.

Suddenly, they see TWO PRETTY WOMEN across from them in the lobby. Ricky and Seth look at them for a LONG BEAT.

SETH (CONT'D)
 Let's go over and say hi, dog.

RICKY
 Absu-tootly.

Neither one moves a muscle.

SETH
 I'm gonna do it. I swear.

RICKY
 I know. Me too.

SETH
 We're gonna pick up those sweeties and do some serious damage.

RICKY
 Hey, you're preaching to the choir.

PULL BACK to reveal the WOMEN ARE NO LONGER EVEN THERE.

RICKY (CONT'D)
 What are we talking about? You can't just go up to a woman cold. It's uncouth.

SETH
 It's barbaric.

CUT TO:

INT. RICKY ZIMMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ricky is back in front of his glorious plasma TV, CHUGGING A BOTTLE macho-style, switching to a DOZEN HOCKEY GAMES.

RICKY

What the hell have I been
complaining for? High-Def hockey
and Peach Snapple--it doesn't get
any better than this, baby!

Ricky CHEERS a goal, then suddenly, his PHONE RINGS. We HEAR a now familiar VOICE on Ricky's answering machine.

RICKY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

Hello, Ricky. It's your mother. Are
you okay, honey? I was worried you
might be blue--not that you have
any reason to be. Lots of people
meet their significant other late
in life. Look at David Letterman,
or...Adolf Hitler.

Ricky MARCHES over to his phone and...MUTES it. He sits back down, then gazes adoringly at the sports on his TV like RAIN MAN staring at JUDGE WAPNER. Suddenly, he hears a POPPING SOUND. He GASPS as he sees the picture on his TV GO BLACK. Ricky dials a number as quickly as if his house was on fire.

RICKY

Hi, I bought my TV at your store,
and it just DIED! The model number?
(immediately)
WD-65831. My lamp is out? Oh my
god, could you rush one over right--
(STAGGERS, unsteady on his feet)
You won't...you won't get it
shipped in for six days?

Ricky CLUTCHES AT THE COUNTER, trying not to faint.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTT AND ANGELA'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

Ricky is sitting across from Scott, Angela, and SAM, their shy, neurotic 14-year-old son. Ricky's eyes are glazed. Scott pats Ricky hard on the back.

SCOTT

It's only six days, Ricky.

RICKY
(melodramatic whisper)
Yeah...

Ricky looks down for a beat, embarrassed.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Oh, who am I kidding? You know something's a tad askew with your life when you take the news of a lamp going out worse than 9-11.

ANGELA
You just have to make your life a little fuller. I mean, it's bad enough you've had to work at home all these years, you don't have to spend every waking hour there too.

SCOTT
She's right, man. You've been holed up like Anne Franks ever since the breakup.

RICKY
Frank. I know, I thought I was finally over her, then suddenly, this vile, evil wedding came along and--

SAM
(all in one breath)
You worried about not being able to get a date and looking pathetic and creepy at the wedding cause everybody there has a special someone but you?

RICKY
Worried is too strong a word, Sam. I prefer petrified.

SAM
I can't get a date either! I thought I was doing great with one girl--I made her laugh so hard in class, Diet Sprite came out of her nose. Then one day, I passed by her locker and saw her kissing the punter on the football team.

RICKY
What a bitch!

Angela and Scott look up in surprise, Ricky too caught up empathizing and identifying with Sam to censor himself.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Sam, let me give you a hard lesson now and save you some grief. Most women say a sense of humor is the most important thing in a man, but you don't see many of them dating rodeo clowns.

Sam LAUGHS. Ricky smiles at him. If you just walked in, you'd be convinced Ricky was his father, not Scott.

ANGELA

Hey! I just thought of something. Sort of a baby step to get you back into the dating world. Ever hear of American Singles?

RICKY

On-line dating? I don't know... C'mon, don't you know any single women with low self esteem?

ANGELA

The last single woman I knew was Marika and again, I'm REALLY sorry.

RICKY

No, c'mon, don't beat yourself up. If you hadn't introduced me, I wouldn't have gotten out of my shell and felt something for the first time in years and holy crap, that would have been great.

Angela gives him a sympathetic smile.

SCOTT

You know...there's no stigma to computer dating anymore. A buddy of mine just met his wife on that site. Another friend met his mistress there.

RICKY

That's lovely.

(thinks about this)

Internet dating, huh? The good thing is I could chat with women in my underwear and now no one would frown on it.

Angela LAUGHS. Ricky GETS UP and starts to PACE, feeling a bit energized now.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Yeah, yeah! That's not bad. The wedding is only in two weeks. Maybe I can have a deep, meaningful relationship with someone by then just like you and everybody else and slow dance with her at the wedding and then pay someone to take pictures of us and express mail them to my mother.

ANGELA

Uh, let's not get ahead of ourselves here, Ricky. One step at a time.

RICKY

Of course. I'm not an idiot.
(deadpan, flatly)
But I've never felt more alive.

CUT TO:

INT. RICKY ZIMMER'S HOUSE (DEN) - NIGHT

Ricky is in his "office" in the bottom floor of his house, scanning PHOTOS ON A DATING SITE. Seth is beside him.

SETH

This is stupid. All the chicks on this site are looking for a serious relationship!
(sudden facial tic)
Or m-marriage.

Ricky stands up now, as dramatic as Norma Rae.

RICKY

So...am...I!

SETH

Are you on horse or crank right now?

RICKY

I don't know what either of those things are. Now, c'mon, help me out here. Who should I pick?

Seth glares at him, then looks down at the computer.

SETH

Let's see...too tall, too many
chins and necks, too "looks a bit
too much like Charles Grodin," too--

Suddenly, we hear a "You Got Mail" DING. Ricky hits a button and we go CLOSE on the SCREEN and see: A DROP DEAD BEAUTIFUL, SEXY WOMAN in her early 30's. Ricky leans forward and reads her e-mail OUT LOUD.

RICKY

"Dear Mr. Write, I liked your photo
and funny way you spell right "w-r-
i-t-e." I live in Azerbaijan but am
coming to America to find job and
soulmate. Is that you?"

Seth looks at her picture, his mouth wide open.

SETH

If you don't marry her, I will.

Ricky types something. Seth leans over and reads it.

SETH (CONT'D)

Dear "Looking For American
Soulmate"...do you want to go to a
wedding with me next Sunday?

Seth looks at Ricky, surprised.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SCOTT AND ANGELA'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

It's a few nights later and Ricky is sitting across from Scott, Angela, and Sam again. He looks upbeat and excited.

RICKY

I swear to you, guys, I really think she's the one.

Angela and Scott smile, trying to be encouraging.

ANGELA

That's great. Uh...just out of curiosity, have you even spoken to her yet?

RICKY

What? Of course! I mean, not verbally. But we've exchanged five e-mails. We'll have plenty of time to talk when she sleeps in my den.

SCOTT

You're letting a total stranger stay over at your place?

RICKY

Total stranger? Do you even listen to me when I talk?
(sarcastic singsong)
We've exchanged five e-mails...

They just look at him.

RICKY (CONT'D)

She just needs a place to stay for eight to eleven days, till she gets settled.

ANGELA

What if she's a nut?

RICKY

So? What's the worst thing that can happen, she rapes and kills me? I can live with that.

Scott and Angela LAUGH.

RICKY (CONT'D)
 Look, I know it's stupid, but it's
 kind of exciting. I've never done
 anything like this before...

Angela smiles, happy to see him excited like this.

RICKY (CONT'D)
 Besides, my TV's out. What the hell
 else am I gonna do this week?

SAM
 Can I see her picture again?

Ricky immediately whips out HER PICTURE FROM HIS POCKET.

SAM (CONT'D)
 (whistles)
 Does she have a daughter?

RICKY
 I sincerely hope not.

CUT TO:

INT. RICKY ZIMMER'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Ricky is tidying up. Seth is sitting in Ricky's easy chair,
 drinking a FANTA. Ricky shoots him a look.

RICKY
 Please get the hell out of here.
 She's gonna be here any second!

SETH
 Hey. I'm just trying to help you
 clean up. Have you done your porn
 evacuation yet?

RICKY
 What?

SETH
 Don't play innocent, Bambi. You've
 never had a honey shack up with you
 before and the place has to be hard
and soft core immaculate.

RICKY
 You're right. Thanks.

Ricky RUNS straight to a CABINET UNDER HIS TV and takes out FIVE DVDS. Then he SPRINTS over to a DRAWER IN HIS KITCHEN and takes out SEVERAL VICTORIA SECRET CATALOGUES. He tosses them into the trash, looking a little misty eyed as he does.

He sighs, relieved, remembers something, then RUNS TO ANOTHER KITCHEN DRAWER and takes out a TUBE of premature ejaculation ointment called MAN-DELAY. Ricky tosses that in the trash too, then takes it back out and puts it in his pocket.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Okay. Now, seriously, um, get out or I'll go Bobby Brown on your ass.

SETH

No way, dog. I'm staying here to protect you. She's from the Middle East. What if she's with Al-Queda?

RICKY

That's racist.

SETH

What are we, on Oprah here? I didn't say she was with Al-Queda. Just a theory. What time does your mind open, man?

RICKY

You just want to ogle her.

SETH

How dare you, sir! How dare you! Besides, I bet you anything the pictures she sent were bogus.

RICKY

(nervous)

No way...

SETH

For all you know, the chick who's about to walk in that door is four foot five and nine hundred pounds, with one leg and/or a penis.

RICKY

That's why I sent my driver to pick her up. If she's crazy or has an Adam's Apple, his instructions are to drop her off at any Ramada Inn.

SETH

I still can't believe you have a driver.

(jealous smile)

Mr. Hollywood...

RICKY

Yeah, right. You're a comptroller and your life is more glamorous than me. Besides, you know I get driven around in a Honda Civic.

SETH

I thought Andy drove a Lexus.

RICKY

His wife took it in the settlement after she caught him in bed with half the cast of "Gossip Girl."

SETH

(in awe)

Andy, man. What a stud.

RICKY

(in awe too)

Yeah. He's the king.

Ricky's BELL RINGS. Ricky takes a deep breath, looks at himself in the mirror, fixes his hair, takes a hit of breath spray, then for some reason, shadow boxes...

SETH

(Gleason to Carney)

OH, WILL YOU OPEN THE DOOR!

Ricky OPENS THE DOOR. Standing in front of him is SABINA -- who looks ten times hotter in person. Ricky can barely contain his smile, Seth is finding it a little hard to stand. Sabina looks from one to the other.

SABINA

(bit of an accent)

Which one is Ricky?

SETH

I'm Ricky. How you doing?

Ricky glares at Seth and WALKS IN FRONT OF HIM.

RICKY

I'm Ricky. That's my friend Seth, say hi-and-bye, he's leaving.

SETH
That's a little rude...

Ricky gestures for Seth to leave but he just stands there. Suddenly, A DIMINUTIVE MAN IN HIS LATE SIXTIES steps forward.

OLDER MAN
Will there be anything else?

RICKY
No. That'll be all, Andy.

We see now that the sexual king Ricky and Seth were talking about is this small man pushing 70, ANDY MAZUR, ideally played by BOB NEWHART. ANDY EXITS, leaving Sabina alone with Ricky. And Seth. There's a bit of an awkward silence.

SABINA
Your driver nice. Easy to talk to.

RICKY
(nods)
He used to be my psychiatrist. So, um...how was your flight?

SABINA
Long.

RICKY
Yeah. I bet--

SETH
You hungry, sweetheart? We can order from Papa John's.

RICKY
(tight smile)
Excuse me for a second, Sabina.

Ricky pulls Seth aside, out of earshot of Sabina. They speak in LOUD COMIC WHISPERS throughout the following.

RICKY (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing?

SETH
Can't I at least stay and videotape you two or something? I promise I won't let her run it on Al-Jazeera.

RICKY
Shut up!

SETH

Do you have any condoms?

RICKY

What? Of course not.

SETH

Are you nuts? She's sleeping at your place tonight, what do you think is going to happen?

RICKY

I don't know, I didn't think that far ahead.

(turns to Sabina)

Sorry, be with you in a second.

Just going over some...work stuff.

SABINA

You two work together?

RICKY

No.

Ricky turns right back to Seth and resumes his frantic, LOUD WHISPERS discussion.

RICKY (CONT'D)

This is all happening so fast.

Besides, the last time I was in bed with a woman she broke up with me.

SETH

(laughs)

That was your last time? That was like eleven months ago!

RICKY

Ten and a half. When was the last time you did the deed, Romeo?

SETH

Last Thursday.

RICKY

A civilian, not a hooker.

SETH

What's the difference? A woman's a woman, you snob.

RICKY

Sorry, I'm a little on edge. It's just, I usually like to take six weeks, work up the nerve, listen to a few motivational tapes--

SETH

Well, grab something by Dr. Phil quick. Cause this time, your first date is ending in the same room.

RICKY

We don't know that for a fact. She's from a different culture for god sakes!

Ricky casually WALKS back to Sabina.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Let me put your suitcases away.
(closes his eyes)
Where should I put them?

SABINA

("Duh")
Where you sleep.

RICKY

Of course, where else would I...
Will you excuse me for a second?

Ricky runs back to Seth, but Seth's WALKING OUT THE DOOR.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Where you running, Seth? Why don't you stay for a cup of cocoa and a spirited game of "Pictionary."

SETH

Have fun, kids.

Seth smiles to himself and EXITS. The two strangers are now alone for the first time, and it's a little awkward.

RICKY

Hi...

SABINA

Hi...

RICKY

You look great, by the way. Even prettier than your pictures.

SABINA

Thank you. You too.

RICKY

Yeah, I get whistled at a lot. By women and construction workers. It can be pretty demeaning.

SABINA

Oh. I'm sorry.

RICKY

Just...just a joke.

There's a bit of a silence.

SABINA

So...you write for movies. That must be exciting.

RICKY

Yeah, it's a trip and a half.

SABINA

You meet famous stars?

RICKY

Uh, well, let's see, about six months ago, I had a lunch meeting with...you know the guy who played Stiffler in "American Pie?"

SABINA

No. Sorry.

RICKY

That's okay.

A long silence.

RICKY (CONT'D)

I know this is a little awkward, but I'm sure after we talk for a few hours and share each other's hopes and dreams, we'll really--

SABINA

You want to go upstairs and have sex?

Ricky looks at her in total shock.

CUT TO:

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ricky is under the sheets with Sabina, having just done the deed. Ricky's eyes are glazed, not used to moving at warp speed like the characters in movies and TV. Sabina turns to him.

SABINA
You were amazing.

RICKY
I...I was?

SABINA
(sincerely)
Yes. You were best lover I've ever had.

Ricky looks at her, stunned.

RICKY
Will you marry me?

She LAUGHS.

RICKY (CONT'D)
I'm not a hundred percent sure I'm joking.

Ricky smiles at her and she GIGGLES.

SABINA
Ready to go again?

RICKY
(suddenly cocky)
Sister child, I was born ready.

Ricky reaches for his INHALER, takes a quick hit, then dives under the sheets, this sudden Casanova ready for Round Two.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

It's MORNING and the two sexual marathoners are still in bed.

RICKY

Wow, that's the most times I've
ever done it in a...year.

Sabina smiles and starts to pull him back down for more.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Are you serious? We haven't even
eaten.

Sabina pushes him down now, Ricky's head SLAMMING HARD
AGAINST THE HEADBOARD.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's EVENING now and Ricky and Sabina are STILL IN BED.
Sabina is smiling ear to ear, beyond satisfied. Ricky,
however, is starting to LOOK A LITTLE FRIGHTENED. He turns
slowly towards her.

RICKY

You sure you're not hungry? Cause I
could really use a Pop Tart.

Sabina mounts him again.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTT AND ANGELA'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - THE NEXT MORNING

An exhausted Ricky is sitting across from Scott and Angela.
Scott and Angela both look extremely amused.

SCOTT

I never knew you were such a stud.

RICKY

Believe me, it was headline news to
me too.

(MORE)

RICKY (cont'd)

This woman's treating me like I'm Tom Cruise, or even Ben Stiller. She even said I have an exquisite penis!

ANGELA

She actually used the word "exquisite?"

RICKY

And "robust," but I didn't want to sound like a braggart.

SCOTT

Sweet Jesus, you're her Mandingo! You must be on cloud nine.

RICKY

Uh-huh.

ANGELA

Your joy is infectious, Ricky.

RICKY

Look, for the first nine hours of intercourse, I was pretty puckish. But when nine turned into twenty two, I started to feel a little like Jodie Foster in "The Accused."

SCOTT

(sarcastic)

Maybe I can loan you some mace.

RICKY

Could you? Cause I'm telling you, if she grabs my Semitic treasure one more time, a single tear is going to fall from my eye.

ANGELA

Still taking her to the wedding?

RICKY

I don't know. The whole idea was for me to take someone I'm comfortable with, feel close to, just like everybody else. And while our genitalia have become b.f.f's, the rest of us are total strangers.

Ricky SIGHS. Angela pats him on the arm, comforting him.

Scott stares at both of them like they're insane.

CUT TO:

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Ricky WALKS INTO HIS BEDROOM and sees Sabina is now fast asleep. He SIGHS, a little relieved.

RICKY
(to his groin)
It's okay, boys. We're safe for a few hours. Let's go downstairs and have some tea.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

It's a little later and Sabina is sitting in bed, reading. Suddenly, Ricky WALKS IN, A TOWEL AROUND HIS WAIST. Sabina looks him up and down like he's a piece of meat.

RICKY
Please don't look at me like that, I feel bloated. I had a few Krispy Kremes with my tea before and--

Sabina REACHES FOR RICKY'S TOWEL. Ricky FLINCHES involuntarily like an abused spouse.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Look...this time, could we maybe try talking a little first?

SABINA
(a bit taken aback)
About what?

RICKY
Anything.

There's a long silence.

RICKY (CONT'D)
So...um, you never told me why you're moving to America.

SABINA
Ah, you know.

RICKY

No, please, I'm curious.

SABINA

I don't know. I thought it would be good place to raise my kids.

RICKY

You...you have kids?

SABINA

Just two.

RICKY

Wow. You didn't mention that.

SABINA

Is that problem for you?

RICKY

No. It's just, I have to be honest, Sabina, it hurts me a little that we could be intimate almost three dozen times and you wouldn't share something like that. I mean, I told you my Dad never said he loved me. I know you told me not to talk during sex, but--

SABINA

Oh, I forgot. While you were in shower, a man called and said lamp in your TV was ready...

Ricky beams, too excited to be upset anymore.

RICKY

Oh my god! That is so wonderful. Wait till you see how stunning the ice AND puck look in glorious LCD--

SABINA

They had delivery man in your area today but I told him to come back next week.

RICKY

(barely audible)
Wha...t?

SABINA

I didn't want TV on while I'm staying here. I hate TV.

RICKY
Please get out of my house.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

The WEDDING is underway. SEVERAL HAPPY COUPLES are dancing on the floor of the RECEPTION ROOM. Ricky, Seth, and Sam are sitting together at a SINGLES TABLE. A PRETTY 14-YEAR-OLD GIRL and her HANDSOME 14-YEAR-OLD DATE DANCE RIGHT BY their table. Sam points at them and SIGHS.

SAM
That's my girl and the punter.

RICKY
Ah, they'll probably die young.

SAM
(brightening)
You think?

Ricky stares into space. Seth looks at him.

SETH
You did the right thing. You don't want a chick with kids unless her kids are twenty four and Playmates.

RICKY
I just hope I catch the bouquet.

Ricky sees Angela and Scott DANCING. He stares at them a few seconds too long.

SETH
They're not happy, you know.

RICKY
Sure they are. Look at them. It's amazing. They still have so much damn fun. Every second.

PAN OVER to Scott and Angela dancing nearby.

SCOTT
Did you remember to call the plumber?

ANGELA
You said you were gonna call.

SCOTT

I said I'd call the electrician.

BACK to Ricky, still staring, his eyes full of envy.

RICKY

How do they do it?

SETH

You know, fifty-four percent of all marriages end in either divorce or suicide. Seriously, I read that last week.

RICKY

You just made that up.

SETH

So what? I'm bored.

Angela and Scott walk over. Scott goes over to Sam on the other side of the table. Angela approaches Ricky and Seth.

ANGELA

I was scouting around before, guys. No single women. Except for the groom's mother.

SETH

(points)

That her? I'd tap that.

Seth GETS UP and heads towards the elderly MRS. WOOD.

RICKY

What a total perver...actually, she doesn't have a bad ass.

ANGELA

How you doing, Ricky?

RICKY

You think I was stupid for choosing televised hockey over sex?

ANGELA

Baby steps, Ricky. You made a lot of progress this week.

RICKY

I don't know...

ANGELA

Come on. You lived with a woman!
Almost had kids too.

Ricky smiles at her. Then he looks at all THE COUPLES around him for a LONG BEAT.

RICKY

You think it's too late for me?

ANGELA

What? Of course not.

RICKY

Someone once said if you're pushing forty and you've never been married, there's either something wrong with you or you're gay.

ANGELA

Well, you're not gay.

RICKY

Thank you, Tony Robbins.

ANGELA

Ricky, um...I think it's great how hard you've worked all these years to become a success and everything, but it's time you caught up on the social part of your life too.

RICKY

But I don't even know where they keep all the good human females.

ANGELA

I'll help you.

RICKY

What?

ANGELA

Sam's in school and Scott doesn't need me around the office anymore. Some people read to the blind when they're bored, I'll help you get some tail.

RICKY

That is the sweetest thing I've ever heard.

Angela smiles. She looks at him for a beat.

ANGELA

It's not just about finding you a mate, you know. You need to open up your world. Get out of your cave more, Osama.

RICKY

Hey, I went to a movie and a wedding in the same month!

Angela gives him a playful swat.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Okay, I'll try and start living, but don't expect me to enjoy myself.

ANGELA

That's the attitude.

Angela smiles. So does Ricky. He looks at all the COUPLES again, then turns to Angela.

RICKY

You know...part of me being a spinster is your fault.
(sweetly, no ulterior motive)
You raised the bar too high all these years.

ANGELA

(reddens a little)
Yeah, right.

RICKY

I'm serious, it's been hard to find a woman in your league and--

SCOTT

(suddenly appearing)
Hey, you trying to put the moves on my wife?

RICKY

So totally shut up!

Scott LAUGHS, then pats harmless Ricky affectionately on the cheek. Ricky LAUGHS, but he's blushing a little too. Angela smiles at Ricky, still touched by his compliment.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT

Ricky and Seth are once again in a movie theater. They look across the lobby at TWO ATTRACTIVE WOMEN. Ricky takes a deep breath, and...this time actually WALKS OVER TO ONE OF THEM!

RICKY

Hi, my name's Ricky. I'm a good person. Would you like to grab a coffee?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Sorry, my boyfriend's in the bathroom.

RICKY

Oh, then we better order our lattes quick.

She LAUGHS. Ricky smiles at her, then walks back to Seth, who's staring at him in open mouthed awe like Ricky just climbed Mt. Everest in a full body cast.

SETH

How...the hell did you do that?

RICKY

I'm on horse and crank.

Seth chuckles, still amazed. Ricky takes a series of deep breaths, on a high that won't fade anytime soon.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

