

The Rules for Starting Over

"Pilot"

"Cougars, Chimps and Pimps, oh my!"

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COLD OPEN

EXT. NORTH END, BOSTON - NIGHT

JACK GATELY, aka, GATOR (think a 35-year-old George Clooney), walks JULIA, 30's, sophisticated and cute, to the front door of her apartment. Both are dressed in black-tie attire.

JULIA

It was so nice meeting you tonight.
And thanks again for the donation.
You're too generous.

GATOR

It was my pleasure--always happy to help save the apes. I'm sure if there's ever a 'Save The Humans' event they'll return the favor.

JULIA

You'd hope--they are our relatives.

GATOR

Speaking of which, I'm still not convinced that gorilla in the third cage wasn't my cousin Donny.

JULIA

(LAUGHS) Well, thanks for walking me home. (THEN) You wouldn't want to come in for a cup of coffee?

GATOR

It's a little late for coffee.

JULIA

(CRESTFALLEN) Oh...

GATOR

(BRIGHTLY) But I'd love a beer.

INT. JULIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

JULIA and GATOR ENTER. The lights flip-on to reveal her apartment--it's Pier One Imports meets the deep jungle--African art, tropical plants everywhere, etc. The SOUNDSCAPES of a RAINFOREST play.

JULIA

I know, it's a little weird, huh?

A BLAST OF MIST JETS out from a humidifier, spooking Gator.

GATOR

What? No. Not at all. It shows
your...passion for your work.

JULIA

Not everyone gets it. But...maybe
you're not like everyone.

GATOR

Maybe not.

JULIA

Actually, this is for my roommate--
it makes him feel right at home.

GATOR

Him--roommate? So, he's...African?

JULIA

A hundred percent. You're going to
love him. (CALLING) Chango!

GATOR

(TO SELF) Chango?

Suddenly, peeking out from the plants, face-to-face with
Gator, is CHANGO THE CHIMPANZEE.

GATOR (CONT'D)

(JUMPING BACK) What the--!

Julia grabs Chango and puts him down in front of Gator. He's
dressed in toddler-sized Red Sox pajamas. He's adorable.

JULIA

Chango, this is Gator.

Chango shyly hides behind Julia's leg.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I found him in Zimbabwe. His mother
had been killed by poachers. He was
only a few weeks old, starving to
death. No one thought he'd make it.
(EMOTIONAL) He's my little miracle.

GATOR

(OFFERING HAND) Hey, buddy.

Chango hides even further behind Julia.

JULIA

Here. Try giving him a peanut.

Gator takes the peanut, crouches down, and feeds Chango out of the palm of his hand. Chango lovingly hugs Gator's leg.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Wow. He likes you. He's usually intimidated by men.

GATOR

Well, we both love the Sox, both have a bit of a back hair issue, and it appears we have the same taste in women.

Flattered, Julia smiles and takes his hands. They kiss.

JULIA

I have a feeling about you. Can I show you something?

GATOR

Sure. Show away.

Julia pulls out a video cassette and inserts it into a VCR.

JULIA

I have to warn you, it's a little...wild.

With a hopeful look in her eye, she hits play.

ANGLE ON TV SCREEN - MALE and FEMALE MOUNTAIN GORILLAS are in the initial stages of their mating ritual where the female is presenting her butt to the male. As they progress, the action turns very primal and violent.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I shot this during my last Silverback rescue.

Julia notices Gator is uncomfortable.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, this was a bad idea.

GATOR

No, no. I'm just--those are some powerful images. Very...intense.

JULIA

Yes! It is, isn't it? Their mating rituals are so raw and beautiful.

A VICIOUS ROAR comes from the TV and Gator jumps back.

GATOR
(STARTLED) So beautiful.

JULIA
(SHYLY) Would you do that?

GATOR
I'm sorry, do what?

JULIA
(POINTING TO THE TV) That.

GATOR
You want...that?

JULIA
(STRADDLING GATOR) Take me like a
Silverback.

Julia stands and circles around Gator, GRUNTING softly.

GATOR
Oh. This is wild.

Gator responds with a half-hearted GRUNT. Julia then slips one of her dress straps off her shoulder. Gator GRUNTS louder, and off comes the second strap.

JULIA
Yes! I love it!

As Gator lets out a GUTTURAL GRUNT, Julia drops her dress, and a curious Chango pops his head out from behind the couch.

ANGLE ON THEIR SHADOWS as clothes come off. Julia presents herself to Gator, WAVING HER ASS IN THE AIR.

ANGLE ON CHANGO FROM BEHIND as he slowly DROPS HIS DRAWERS.

TIGHT ON GATOR who GRUNTS and POUNDS his chest like Kong.

ANGLE ON CHANGO who POUNDS his chest, then takes off RUNNING. SLOW-MO as he SOARS THROUGH THE AIR, pajamas around ankles.

ANGLE ON THEIR SHADOWS as Chango LANDS on Gator's back.

TIGHT ON Gator's face. Off his PAINFUL and PRIMAL SCREAM...

ANGLE ON the MIST HUMIDIFIER spurting out a blast of mist.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. BOSTON - DAY

We PAN across a row of classic brownstone buildings in an upscale neighborhood. We settle on one and PUSH IN.

GATOR (O.C.)
(INCREDULOUS) I can't believe I was
raped by a chimp.

INT. GATOR'S BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

GATOR is bent over an ottoman with a bed sheet draped tent-like over his backside. TOMMY, late-30's, Gator's best friend since childhood, looks on with great amusement.

TOMMY
I don't know, sounds consensual to
me. Come on, ref, what's the call?

Like an NFL referee reviewing instant replay, DR. BILL, 37, nebbish, pops out from underneath the sheet.

DR. BILL
After further review, the ruling on
the field is overturned. There was
no penetration. The monkey never
crossed the goal line.

GATOR
Oh, he crossed the line. He crossed
all kinds of lines.

DR. BILL
There's no question this Chango
character wanted in. You have a two-
inch laceration on the upper left
gluteus, some significant abrasions
surrounding the sphincter--

GATOR
Bill, bottom line.

DR. BILL
Three stitches (GRABBING AN
ELECTRIC RAZOR) and a shave. Let me
tell you, that chimp had probable
cause--it's a jungle back here.

GATOR

Sorry, man. Hell of a way to spend your birthday, huh?

DR. BILL

No big deal. I was supposed to play golf, so I would've been in the rough anyway.

Dr. Bill disappears back under the sheet. Just then, there's a KNOCK at the door.

TOMMY

Come in!

Gator shoots Tommy a look as KATE, 30's, ENTERS, carrying a manila envelope. She's pretty, confident, and professional. She looks to Gator in his compromised position as the HUM of the RAZOR UNDULATES.

KATE

I knew it was only a matter of time before it came to this.

GATOR

I was attacked by a monk--
(GRITTING TEETH IN PAIN) eeey.

KATE

Right. (TO TOMMY) I figured you'd be here. Your divorce papers are ready to be signed.

TOMMY

(TAKING THE ENVELOPE) Standard forms? No surprises?

KATE

Nope. Same as your last two.

Tommy takes a deep breath, then begins to sign away.

GATOR

I have to say, I really thought you and Jenny were gonna last. She had such a great personality.

TOMMY

She really did. Too bad her other four didn't care for me.

GATOR

Well, you're handling it with class and dignity, buddy.

KATE

By that, if you mean rolling over and giving her everything, then yes, he's quite the prince.

TOMMY

She was like the Cyclone on Coney Island--terrifying, yet exciting. I figured it was only right to pay her for the ride.

KATE

(PRIVATELY TO GATOR) By the way, you really need to sign yours, too. I'm getting some pressure from the other side.

GATOR

I know, I know. I'll get to it, I promise.

Bill pops out from under the sheet to grab his stitching kit.

DR. BILL

Hey, Kate.

KATE

Hey, birthday boy. So, you guys have any big plans tonight?

GATOR

The whole night's set. I got a limo taking us to Sonsie's for dinner, then we'll head over to my company party--open bar, featuring Tommy's newest brew.

TOMMY

Trawler Stout--dark, rich, nutty--inspired by my first wife.

GATOR

We're gonna really do it up tonight, Kate. You in?

KATE

I wish I could, but I actually have a date.

GATOR

With who? That guy you bought at the charity auction?

KATE

Nope, already went down that road.

GATOR

And...?

KATE

Dead end. Apparently there's more than one Tom Brady in Boston. The one I paid three-thousand dollars to go to dinner with wasn't the Superbowl quarterback, he was Tom Brady, the wedding photographer.

GATOR

T-bone?! Tall, skinny...lazy eye?

KATE

You know him?

TOMMY

Ah, he's the best. He's done all my weddings. Gate and I went to high school with him.

KATE

Yeah, well your high school buddy's got some anger issues. I didn't know what eye to talk to, so I finally just picked one--then he starts screaming at me in front of everyone, "left eye, left eye!"

TOMMY

Sounds like there's some kind of "blind" date rule in there, Kate.

KATE

What is it with you guys and these ridiculous rules?

GATOR

Ridiculous, helpful, amusing--it all depends on how you look at it.

TOMMY

I think they're life savers.

KATE

Really?

Kate reaches into their trunk/coffee table and pulls out a MASSIVE-SIZED BRA with writing on it.

KATE (CONT'D)

So knowing... (READING OFF BRA) "if she's still nursing, it's too soon" will save lives?

TOMMY

Absolutely. I almost died.

DR. BILL (O.C.)

(FROM UNDERNEATH SHEET) It's true-- he's lactose intolerant.

Kate tosses the bra back into the trunk.

KATE

Uh-huh. See you guys later.

GATOR

Not so fast, you never told us who you're going out with tonight?

TOMMY

Yeah, maybe we know him too.

KATE

Doubtful--he's smart, sophisticated, athletic...

GATOR

What's the matter with this one?

KATE

He's short--real short.

GATOR

So, he's a little height challenged. He can't help that.

KATE

Gator, he needs blocks to reach the pedals in spinning class. I've just never dated anyone shorter than me. I mean, Todd was six-four and--

GATOR

You've gotta stop comparing everyone to your ex-fiance.

TOMMY

Gate's right, you can't judge a beer by its label. You need to start casting a wider net--go trawling once in a while.

KATE

Isn't that your company slogan?

TOMMY

It works on so many levels.

GATOR

What we're saying is, it wouldn't hurt you to look past a few shortcomings and open your mind a little bit.

KATE

You know what, you're right. I need to start overlooking the minor details. I mean, Tim's great. I should give him a chance. Plus, he does work in promotions for the Celtics--not that it matters.

TOMMY

You might be surprised, sometimes big things come in small packages.

KATE

I've seen him in spandex--there's no surprises. Have a great birthday, Bill.

DR. BILL

(RESURFACING) Thanks, Kate.

Kate EXITS.

DR. BILL (CONT'D)

All stitched-up.

GATOR

So, Bill, reservation's at seven--pick you up at your place?

DR. BILL

Gate, I appreciate you putting all this together, but I think I'm just gonna do my own thing tonight.

GATOR

I was on the bottom-bunk freshman year--I know what "do your own thing" means--and I'm not letting you spend your birthday doing it. (SITTING NEXT TO BILL) Listen, I know how tough birthdays and holidays are the first time around. I mean, thank God I had you guys last year.

DR. BILL

It's just that, Joan and I would always go to Cappricio's on my birthday. It was kind of our thing.

GATOR

I know. But things are different now. We're all single and starting over. You, me, Tommy--we're all in this together. (STANDING UP) Now, there's no way we're letting you spend your birthday alone. So, unless you've got someone else to call, you're coming with us.

TOMMY

Come on, Bill. It'll be good for all of us. After the party we'll cruise over to Chinatown. You'll get the rub, I'll take the tug. My treat.

DR. BILL

(TO GATOR) I'll call someone. (OFF GATOR'S LOOK) I promise.

INT. BEACON HOTEL - NIGHT

GATOR addresses his GUESTS at an upscale function.

GATOR

I can't tell you how excited I am about The Gately Group merging with Alpha Financial. Business aside, I've gotta come clean, Alpha--us at Gately, we're drinkers. Big drinkers. So let's loosen up those ties and let down that hair. We'll make money on Monday. (RAISING HIS GLASS) Tonight let's make friends.

Off the APPLAUSE, Gator's new partner, HERB, 60's, approaches.

HERB
Well said, Jack. Well, said.
Katherine, come meet Jack.

KATHERINE, 60, approaches (think an aged Molly Shannon).

KATHERINE
(SHAKING HANDS) It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Mr. Gately.

GATOR
The pleasure's all mine.

HERB
Katherine's been the brains behind my operation for twenty years. If she's not happy, I'm not happy.

GATOR
Well, I guess we better keep a smile on that face.

HERB
Jack, I also wanted you to meet my family...(SEARCHING) where the heck--oh, there's my daughter...

ANGLE ON a pretty YOUNG WOMAN FLIRTING with Tommy.

GATOR
(ALARMED) She's...beautiful, sir.

HERB
Thanks. I can't believe she's already a sophomore.

GATOR
Oh, yeah. Where at?

HERB
Fairfield.

GATOR
Oh, Fairfield University?

HERB
High school.

GATOR
Could you excuse me a sec, Herb?

ANGLE ON Tommy who is demonstrating how to pour a beer to Herb's daughter, AMY.

TOMMY

The key is to work the glass just right so you don't get too much head. But I guess that's not always a bad thing, am I right?

They both LAUGH.

AMY

(CHEWING GUM) How do you know so much about, like, beer?

Tommy points to a promotional life-size cardboard cut-out of a FISHERMAN CASTING A NET, reading, "Trawler Stout -- Cast Away."

TOMMY

Founder-slash-Brewmaster. Trawler Brewing Co.

AMY

(POINTING TO THE FISHERMAN CUT-OUT) Is that you?

TOMMY

Guilty as charged.

Tommy hands her a Trawler key chain/bottle opener.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Keep it.

AMY

(IMPRESSED) Sick.

Gator GRABS Tommy's arm and pulls him away.

GATOR

Gotta give you the hook on this one.

TOMMY

What? She's beautiful, she's funny, she's--

GATOR

Sixteen.

TOMMY

She's sixteen?!

ANGLE ON Amy who's blows a bubble which bursts all over her face.

GATOR

She's an ankle bracelet. Do us both a favor, wait staff only.

INT. CAPPRICCIO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

DR. BILL sits with ANNIE, 30, cute, wholesome (think Amy Poehler), at a corner booth of this fancy restaurant.

DR. BILL

So I'm examining her cervix, when wham! Her water breaks. It was like getting a warm bucket of Gatorade (CATCHING HIMSELF) I'm sorry. That's not very good dinner conversation, is it? I'm just a little out of practice--this is my first date since... (THINKING) ninety-two. December, ninety-two. So, almost ninety-three.

ANNIE

Don't apologize, Billy. It's not everyday I get to have dinner with a surgeon. There's nothing more attractive than a man who's so passionate about his work.

DR. BILL

Well, I'm sure you're just as passionate about...being, uh...

ANNIE

An escort? It's okay, you can say it. I'm not ashamed.

DR. BILL

No. I would never suggest you should be. It's just, this is my first time calling...somebody. I promised my friends I wouldn't be alone tonight.

ANNIE

Look, I know how hard it is out there. As pathetic as it sounds, I just look at this as getting paid to try to find...Mr. Right.

DR. BILL
That's such a healthy perspect--

The WAIT STAFF approaches SINGING HAPPY BIRTHDAY and places a cupcake with a lit candle in front of Bill.

DR. BILL (CONT'D)
You did this?

ANNIE
Happy Birthday. Make a wish.

Bill takes a deep breath and BLOWS OUT THE CANDLE.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
So, what'd you wish for?

DR. BILL
I don't want this night to end.

ANNIE
(GRABBING HIS HAND) Neither do I.

Looking into each others eyes, there's a definite connection.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Let's make this the best birthday
you've ever had.

DR. BILL
(EXCITED) I know this incredible
cheesecake place if we hurry.

ANNIE
Cheesecake's good. Or, hear me out--

Annie bites her lip as Bill hangs on her words.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Atlantic City.

Off Bill's surprise and Annie's excitement, we...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CAPPRICIO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

DR. BILL

Atlantic City? The one in Jersey?
That's a bit of a haul, isn't it?
Don't get me wrong, I love the
idea. But by the time we drive--

ANNIE

No, no, no. I'd never ask you to
drive there.

DR. BILL

Oh...so you want to fly? (ANNIE
NODS) Isn't it a little late to
catch a flight?

ANNIE

I know a company that could have us
there in less than an hour.

DR. BILL

Oh, a private plane? Wow.

ANNIE

We'll have so much fun, Billy. I go
every year for my birthday. The
casinos are right on the beach.
It's so beautiful.

DR. BILL

(THINKING) I do get a kick out of
those slots. But still...I just...

ANNIE

You know what, forget it--it was a
silly idea. (DISAPPOINTED) We'll
just do...your thing. Cheesecake.

DR. BILL

You know what, it's my birthday.
(SHOUTING) I need a check and a
cheesecake! (TO ANNIE) To go!

INT. BEACON HOTEL - NIGHT

Gator's on his cell phone.

GATOR
 (INTO PHONE) Bill, it's Gate. Just checking in. Hope you're having a great birthday. Give me a call.

Gator hangs up and walks over to Tommy.

GATOR (CONT'D)
 I gotta get home. My ass is killing me. Damned dirty ape. Ready to go?

TOMMY
 Nah, I'm gonna hang. I actually have a pretty good thing going with the Jennifer Spanish-ton running the chocolate volcano.

ANGLE ON a heavy-set SPANISH WOMAN who bears no resemblance to Jennifer Aniston at all -- all right, maybe her hair cut.

GATOR
 I think you might be trawling a little deep. Oh, and by the way, great job with the Stout, everyone loves it.

TOMMY
 Thanks, buddy. Catch you later.

Tommy EXITS. As Gator turns to leave, he comes face-to-face with Katherine, who has undergone a transformation. She holds a martini in one hand, and a long Virginia Slim in the other.

GATOR
 Katherine! I didn't see you there.

KITTY
 Of course you didn't. (DRAG) A woman turns forty and suddenly she's invisible to guys like you.

In disbelief, Gator mouths, "forty" to himself.

GATOR
 Not true, Katherine.

KATHERINE
 Come off it, Jack. A couple years ago (SHAKING WHAT SHE'S GOT) you would've been beggin' for this. P.S., (DRAG) call me, Kitty.

Katherine PURRS and makes a cat-like swipe at Gator, who flinches.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
Don't worry. I don't bite. (THEN)
Unless you want me to.

What starts out as a LAUGH, turns into a SMOKER'S HACK.

GATOR
Are you okay, Katherine? (OFF HER
GLARE) Sorry...Kitty.

KATHERINE
No, I'm miserable. All I am is just
an old Barbie doll who's collecting
dust waiting for Ken to show up.

GATOR
(SINCERE) You're being too hard on
yourself, Kitty.

KATHERINE
All I want is some companionship.
Somebody to have a drink with. Is
that too much to ask?

GATOR
No, not at all. In fact, you know
what...hold that thought.

Gator RUSHES off.

KATHERINE
Yeah, that's right, run. That's all
you Gen-X'ers do!

As a WAITER crosses with a tray of martinis, Katherine trades
her empty glass for a full one, and SLAPS him on the ass.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
Keep 'em coming, Tony.

ANGLE ON Tommy who is now demonstrating how to pour a beer to
the bad Spanish Jennifer Aniston look-a-like.

TOMMY
(IN SPANISH/ENGLISH SUBTITLES) The
key is to work the glass just right
so you don't get too much head. But
I guess that's not always a bad
thing, am I right?

They both LAUGH, then she motions to the fisherman cut-out.

JENNIFER SPANISHTON
(IN SPANISH/ENGLISH SUBTITLES) Is
that you?

TOMMY
Si. Culpable.

Gator GRABS Tommy's arm and pulls him away.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
What? She's thirty-two. It was my
first question out of the gate.

GATOR
I need your help. I have an
emergency.

TOMMY
(ALL BUSINESS) Where is she?

GATOR
See that woman over there?

TOMMY
(LOOKING) The cougar?

ANGLE ON KITTY as she NOTICES a long RUN IN HER STOCKING. As
she bends over to fix it, she BANGS her head on a table.

KATHERINE
Aw, Christ!

BACK ON Gator and Tommy.

TOMMY
By God, that's no cougar. That
there's a sabertooth.

GATOR
Name's Kitty. Works for Alpha.
She's had a little too much to
drink--

ANGLE BACK ON a frustrated Kitty who's LIGHTING THE WRONG END
OF HER CIGARETTE. When the filter finally does get lit, the
FLAME NEARLY CATCHES HER HAIR ON FIRE.

BACK ON Gator and Tommy.

GATOR (CONT'D)

All right, a lot too much. All I need you to do is keep her company and make sure she gets home safe.

TOMMY

Why can't you do it?

GATOR

I'm going to be working with her every day--I don't want this any more awkward than it already is.

ANGLE ON KITTY as she GROOVES with her eyes closed to the Black Eyed Peas, "My Lovely Lady Lumps."

BACK ON Tommy and Gator.

TOMMY

I don't know, man.

GATOR

Please, do me a solid. The merger isn't final yet--I just need to keep her happy. You can have the limo. I'll cab it.

TOMMY

All right, I'm on it. But only 'cause it's you.

GATOR

Thank you. I owe you one.

Tommy downs his drink and makes his way over to Katherine.

TOMMY

Hey there, Kitty. I'm Jack's friend, Tommy.

Katherine looks Tommy over like a piece of meat.

KATHERINE

Not what I was hoping for, but what the hell (DRAG) I wasn't looking for a challenge anyway.

INT. BASKETBALL ARENA - NIGHT

KATE is escorted to her court-side seat by her UNUSUALLY SHORT date, TIM, 30's, handsome, fit, dressed in a suit.

KATE

Wow. These seats are amazing.

TIM

One of the many perks.

A very tall CELTICS PLAYER hustles over.

CELTICS PLAYER

What's up, Tim?

TIM

Wha'sup, playa? (JUMPING/BUMPING SHOULDERS) Good luck, tonight.

The Player looks to Kate, then back to Tim.

CELTICS PLAYER

You, too, dog.

The BUZZER SOUNDS announcing the game is about to start.

TIM

It's almost tip-off. I've gotta go do my thing. Don't go anywhere.

He turns to an elderly usher, JOE.

TIM (CONT'D)

Joe, take good care of my girl for me--anything she wants.

JOE

You got it, Mr. Sheehan.

As Tim EXITS, an excited Kate dials her cell phone.

KATE

(INTO PHONE) Gator, guess where I'm sitting right now--on the court. Thanks so much for talking me into coming--Tim's awesome. (OFF LIGHTS DIMMING) Game's starting, gotta go.

P.A. ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Celtics basketball! And now, please give it up for your Celtic Girls!

The crowd and Kate CHEER on.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
 Led by your favorite Celtic, the
 one, the only...

SPOTLIGHTS whip around the arena until landing on...

P.A. ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
LUUUUUUCKY...THE...LEP-RE-CHAUN!!!

REVEAL Tim at the tunnel entrance, grooving to the beat. In one fell swoop, he RIPS OFF his detachable clothing revealing his Lucky The Leprechaun outfit made up of green spandex and a shamrock vest.

ANGLE ON a stunned Kate, who's the only one not on her feet as the crowd around her goes nuts.

BACK ON Lucky as one of the Cheerleader's tosses him a derby cap, high octane techno-music kicks in and Lucky leads the Celtic dancers out to center court, CART-WHEELING, POINTING, AND BACK-FLIPPING to the CHEERS of the crowd.

As he skips past a numb Kate, he gives her a wink.

JOE THE USHER
 (OVER MUSIC) Luck's the best, eh?

KATE
 Oh, yeah. He's smart,
 sophisticated, athletic...

ANGLE ON Lucky suggestively thrusting his pelvis to the music as he points to Kate. Off her forced smile, we...

EXT. SMALL AIRFIELD - NIGHT

A private jet ROARS. With a CHEESECAKE under his arm, DR. BILL reviews the particulars with an AIRFIELD MANAGER.

AIRFIELD MANAGER
 (SHOUTING OVER THE ENGINE) She's
 all fueled-up and ready to roll!
 You'll be on the ground in forty-
 two minutes, birthday boy! All I
 need is your John Hancock!

DR. BILL
 (TAKING THE CLIPBOARD) Great!

AIRFIELD MANAGER
 Must be special. The big four-o?!

DR. BILL
Thirty-seven!

AIRFIELD MANAGER
Even better!

Bill goes to sign and does a double-take.

DR. BILL
I think there's been a mistake--I
just want to rent it, not buy it!

AIRFIELD MANAGER
That is the rental price! (OFF
BILL'S LOOK) Is there a problem?!

DR. BILL
It's just a little...a lot more
than I wanted to spend!

AIRFIELD MANAGER
Look, pal, you try to find two
sober pilots at ten o'clock on a
Saturday night!

DR. BILL
I know, but it's just...

AIRFIELD MANAGER
Son-of-a-bitch! (INTO WALKIE-
TALKIE) Shut her down, Rusty!!

DR. BILL
I'm sorry! I just got caught up in
the moment!

ANNIE (O.C.)
Hey, Bill!!!

REVEAL ANNIE hanging out the jet doorway WEARING A PILOT'S
CAP and holding a BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
They got Krystal! (KICKS OFF SHOES)
Whew-hoo!

The Airfield Manager gives Bill an "are you kidding me" look.

DR. BILL
What the hell--you only turn thirty-
seven once!

EXT. GATOR'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

GATOR and KATE are returning home at the same time.

GATOR

Just got your message--what are you doing home so early?

KATE

Let's just say I got the wrong kind of lucky and leave it at that.

GATOR

Come on, I'll make you a drink?

KATE

How 'bout four.

GATOR

You haven't heard from Bill, have you?

KATE

No, why?

GATOR

I just want to make sure he's not alone curled-up somewhere in the fetal position.

A MONTAGE OF DR. BILL AND ANNIE LIVING IT UP IN ATLANTIC CITY

--'Luck Be A Lady' plays as BILL and ANNIE poke their heads through the sunroof of a limo, taking in the sites.

--BILL and ANNIE EXIT the limo holding hands. Several guys give Bill the thumbs-up, which he gives right back.

--BILL and ANNIE both PULL THE LEVER on a slot machine. The panels roll landing on...CUPID--CUPID--CUPID. Coins pour from the machine, as the two celebrate. Off Annie joyfully THROWING THE COINS IN THE AIR, we go to...

--Bill and Annie window shop through the stores of the Taj Mahal. Annie stops in her tracks, marvelling at the DIAMONDS in the Tiffany and Co. storefront window.

INT. TRUMP TAJ MAHAL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Bill and Annie slow-dance on a candle-lit balcony overlooking the Atlantic City skyline. They gaze into each other eyes.

ANNIE

Billy, you're the most amazing man
I've ever met.

DR. BILL

Do you believe in fairy tales?

ANNIE

I do now.

Bill then dips Annie and KISSES her long and deep. 'Luck Be A Lady' crescendos as FIREWORKS EXPLODE in the b.g.

EXT. GATOR'S BROWNSTONE - ROOFTOP DECK - NIGHT

Gator and Kate sit, sharing a bottle of wine on their rooftop deck overlooking the Boston skyline.

GATOR

I thought you said you could
overlook a few minor details.

KATE

Minor? Gator, he's a leprechaun!
(EXASPERATED) I don't get it. All
my friends are so happy and have
these perfect families. I'm thirty-
five and the only thing I'm married
to is my job. What am I doing
wrong?

GATOR

You're not doing anything wrong--
you'll get there. You're smart,
beautiful, partner at a major law
firm...

KATE

Apparently, those are the main
ingredients in man repellent. It's
just, I never remembered it being
this hard.

GATOR

The game's changed. It's a jungle
out there.

(MORE)

GATOR (CONT'D)
(ADJUSTING THE DOUGHNUT PILLOW HE'S
SITTING ON) Sometimes literally.

KATE
It didn't used to be.

GATOR
The way I look at it--it's kinda
like going to the farmer's market
first thing in the morning--all the
fruit's fresh, firm, and plentiful.
That's dating in your twenties. But
go to the market at closing time,
there's not a lot of fruit left,
and what is there has been ageing
in the sun all day. It's been
dropped, poked at, handled by a
thousand people--that's dating in
your thirties. That's us. Let's
face it--we're bruised fruit.

KATE
Hold on. How am I bruised fruit?
I've never been married.

GATOR
But you were in a relationship for
seven years--same difference.
Listen, I was married for ten
years. I never wanted to be dating
again. But now that I am, I'm just
trying to make the best of it.

KATE
So, do you think you'll ever get
married again?

GATOR
Sure. Me, Tommy, Bill...we all do.
I just have to be sure it's with
the right person this time. But...I
guess before I start considering
marriage again, I should probably
finalize the one I'm still in. It's
crazy--it's been over a year and I
still can't bring myself to sign
those things.

KATE
You'll get there.

Kate smiles and pours them some more wine.

KATE (CONT'D)
So, I'm bruised fruit, huh?

GATOR
I wouldn't worry about it--your
melons look like they've barely
been touched.

KATE
Don't remind me.

They share a smile. Just then, Gator's BLACKBERRY BEEPS.

GATOR
It's Tommy. (READING) I owe you
one...?

KATE
For what?

GATOR
Not sure--he attached a picture
though. (SQUINTING AT THE
BLACKBERRY) What the--it looks like
an...oiled up catcher's mitt.

KATE
(LOOKING) Oh, my God. (DISGUSTED)
That's not a catcher's mitt!

GATOR
(WINCING) Aw, Kitty.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - SUNRISE

A red carpet is rolled out across the tarmac as BILL follows ANNIE out of the plane carrying several Taj Mahal shopping bags. He stops in his tracks as he admires her beauty which is lit-up by the morning sun. It's a Hallmark moment.

DR. BILL
Annie, hold on.

ANNIE
What's wrong, honey?

DR. BILL
Nothing...everything.

Bill drops the shopping bags and approaches her.

DR. BILL (CONT'D)
 Last night may have just been the
 best night of my life.

ANNIE
 (KISSING HIM ON CHEEK) Mine, too.

DR. BILL
 But, I want to have last night
 every night...with you. (TAKING HER
 HANDS) Annie, I know this seems
 crazy--it is crazy. My friends are
 always telling me to take chances,
 but I never do. But you've changed
 me--changed me into a man who wants
 to take a chance. A chance on us.
 (DROPS TO A KNEE) Annie Louise
 Duffy (REACHING INTO POCKET) will y-

MAN (O.S.)
Whoa! What's wrong with this
 picture?

Meet CHUCK, 30's, (think Will Arnett in a track suit).

CHUCK
She should be on her knees. Hey-O!

DR. BILL
 (STANDING UP) Excuse me, I--

CHUCK
 Atlantic City? Taj Mahal? (ARM
 AROUND BILL) This is my kinda guy!

ANNIE
 Chuck, we had the best time.

DR. BILL
 Chuck? (TO ANNIE) Who's Chuck?

CHUCK
 Annie's full-time manager, part-
 time boyfriend.

DR. BILL
 (SOTTO) Boy-friend?

ANNIE
 It's Billy's birthday.

CHUCK
Nice. (TO BILL) The big four-o?

DR. BILL
The big three-seven.

CHUCK
Still nice. So how 'bout we settle
up, birthday boy?

Chuck pulls Dr. Bill aside and flips open a notepad.

DR. BILL
No, no, no--I already did settle
up. I paid in advance.

CHUCK
For dinner. So all you're
responsible for is the additional
balance.

DR. BILL
Additional bal--

CHUCK
So here's the breakdown--you had
her for ten hours, six at the
regular rate, the last four at time-
and-a-half. Plus, you took her
across state lines, so that's an
additional surcharge. And then of
course, Uncle Sammy's gotta get
his. (ADDING NUMBERS) Tell you what
I'm gonna do--you look like good
people--we'll round it down and
call it an even eight grand.

DR. BILL
Eight thousand dollars!

Off Chuck's expression changing, we...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BOSTON HIGHWAY - LATER THAT MORNING

An aerial view of a busy Boston freeway. CLOSE ON a car with a BUNCH OF CANS attached to the bumper with 'JUST DIVORCED' written on the rear window...this is Tommy's car.

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - SAME TIME

Tommy drives, Gator shotgun, and a numb Bill in the back.

DR. BILL

Guys, thanks so much for bailing me out. How could I be so stupid?

TOMMY

How could you pay eight g's and not get any?!

DR. BILL

We wanted to wait. I thought she was different.

TOMMY

She is--she's a hooker.

GATOR

Go easy, Tommy. Bill, don't beat yourself up. You were vulnerable, she was a seasoned pro--it wasn't a fair fight.

DR. BILL

Thanks. Listen, I'll pay you back first thing Monday, Gate.

TOMMY

Nah, we're good.

GATOR

What do you mean we're good?

Tommy wearing a shit-eating grin, hands Gator back his check.

TOMMY

I swapped out your check with mine.

GATOR

I thought you were all tapped-out from the settlement?

TOMMY

I am. You think I'd give Hustle and Flow a good check.

GATOR

Are you insane? Tommy, you don't pass off a bad check to a pimp!

TOMMY

Would you relax. (RAISING HAND FOR HIGH FIVE) Score one for the good g-

WHAM!!! A MONSTER TRUCK rear-ends them.

ANGLE ON Chuck behind the wheel while Annie hangs out the window waving a gun.

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - MOMENTS LATER

Chuck paces in front of the guys while Annie JABS A GUN into Dr. Bill's ribs.

ANNIE

(SCREAMING) I want eight-thousand dollars and I want it now!

CHUCK

You think I wouldn't call in a personal check?! I got systems!

TOMMY

Oh, come on! What kind of business are you guys running? She didn't even put-out!

ANNIE

I tried! Thirty-seven-year-old virgin here wanted to wait!

DR. BILL

You said I was the most amazing man you've ever met?

ANNIE

I get paid to sling that crap.

Bill bows his head, embarrassed.

TOMMY

It's okay, buddy.

GATOR

Everyone, relax. Just put down the guns. (HOLDING UP CHECK) I've got the real check right here.

CHUCK

I'm not fallin' for that again!

Chuck SNATCHES the check and RIPS IT UP.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I want cash! Somebody better pay-up right now, or else--

TOMMY

If you got a way to get eight grand out of an ATM on a Sunday, I'd love to hear it, mister "I got systems!"

GATOR

(STEPPING BETWEEN) Tommy, enough!

DR. BILL

Wait! Just...everyone hold on.

He slowly removes a SMALL TIFFANY & CO. BOX from his pocket.

TOMMY

(DISGUSTED) You didn't.

He opens it revealing a stunning DIAMOND RING.

DR. BILL

I paid twelve thousand for it. Take it.

CHUCK

(TAKING THE RING) Twelve g's? I ain't gonna get anything near that when I pawn it.

ANNIE

(HURT) You're gonna pawn it?

Chuck looks to Annie, then to the ring. Then...

CHUCK

You know, I have been waiting for the perfect moment...

As the back-draft from a SEMI TRUCK BLOWS his comb-over to the other side of his head, Chuck drops to one knee.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Annie, you've been my top bitch for years. Whatta ya say we make it legal?

Annie jumps on Chuck and they start MAKING-OUT HARD.

TOMMY

(TO BILL) I stand corrected. You did get screwed this weekend.

As Gator puts a consoling arm around Bill, we...

INT. GATOR'S BROWNSTONE - LATER

Tommy, Dr. Bill and Kate lounge, watching Sunday football. Gator ENTERS with a tray of Bloody Marys and passes them out.

GATOR

All-in-all, not a bad weekend.

KATE

Not a bad weekend? You were raped by a primate, and Bill was raped by a prostitute.

DR. BILL

Only financially. And I learned a valuable lesson. (HOLDING UP TIFFANY & CO. BOX) Now I know "Pretty Woman's not a documentary."

KATE

Most people learned that for seven-fifty at the movie theatre in 1990.

GATOR

Come on, Kate, didn't your mother ever tell you, if you don't learn how to fail, you'll always fail to learn?

KATE

Probably, but she also told me to get married and have kids before I turned thirty, so...

GATOR

I know you learned "a little" something this weekend. (OFF KATE'S LOOK;

(MORE)

GATOR (CONT'D)
 IRISH ACCENT) I'm just saying we
 all haven't been as "lucky" as you.

KATE
 Fine. (RAPID FIRE) Never date a
 leprechaun. There's my rule. Next.

TOMMY
 (DEVILISH SMIRK) I know I sure
 learned a helluva lesson.

He pulls up his shirt REVEALING SCRATCHES COVERING HIS BACK.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 Cougars have claws.

Tommy's phone BUZZES. He reads a TEXT MESSAGE, smiles, then
 puts on a jacket.

GATOR
 Where are you going?

TOMMY
 Cougar's hungry.

Tommy EXITS.

GATOR
 In his case, he usually fails to
 learn. (HANDING HER AN ENVELOPE)
 But, hopefully I haven't.

KATE
 You signed them?

GATOR
 (TOASTING) Here's to a fresh start.

KATE
 (SMILING) To bruised fruit.

DR. BILL
 Bruised what?

GATOR
 Just drink.

And as they all go bottoms up, we...

END SHOW