

"Threesome"

A comedy pilot

By

Ricky Blitt

12/15/08

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. SHAWN & PERRY'S APT. - LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM - NIGHT
(SHAWN, PERRY)

A TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT IN DOWNTOWN PITTSBURGH WITH A BIG SCREEN TV AND AIR HOCKEY TABLE IN THE CORNER. SHAWN GORDON, A SMART, IRONIC, AFFABLE GUY IN HIS EARLY 30'S ENTERS.

SHAWN

(CASUAL) Hi, sweet meat, I'm home.

AFTER A BEAT, PERRY MARTIN, EARLY 30'S, APPEARS. PERRY IS HANDSOME IN A RUGGED WAY AND STILL LOOKS LIKE HE COULD BE THE STAR GOALIE AND CLEAN-UP HITTER HE WAS BACK IN COLLEGE.

PERRY

(BY ROTE) Hey, cheese balls.

THE TWO IMMEDIATELY SHUFFLE OVER TO A TABLE TILTED TO FACE ESPN PLAYING 24/7. PERRY HAS PIPING HOT FOOD WAITING. THEY EACH GRAB SECTIONS FROM THE NEWSPAPER, THEN START TO DIG IN. THEY EAT IN SILENCE FOR A FEW SECONDS, THEN PERRY LOOKS UP.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Okay, here's one. You sell your first novel, it's number one on the NY Times best seller list, you get to finally quit your telemarketing job, but if you do, your mother falls down a flight of stairs. She doesn't break a hip or anything, but she's in agony for about twenty minutes.

SHAWN STOPS EATING HIS ROLL AND STARES AT PERRY IN AWE.

SHAWN

That's...the best moral dilemma you've given me at dinner in five years.

PERRY

(PROUD) Yeah, it felt good. Well?

SHAWN

I don't know, man, that's a tough one. I mean, me and my mother go way back. Twenty minutes, huh? But she's fine after that, right?

PERRY

Totally fine. Except for the scars.

SHAWN

Scars? Are they visible?

PERRY

Depends on the light.

SHAWN

Whoa. Let me get back to you, okay?

PERRY NODS. LIKE AN OLD MARRIED COUPLE, THEY GO BACK TO EATING IN SILENCE, EACH OF THEM READING THE PAPER. SHAWN PUMPS HIS FIST AS HE SCANS THE TV LISTINGS.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

The Godfather is on tonight!

PERRY LOOKS AT THE BACK OF THE PAGE SHAWN'S READING, ALL THE COLOR SUDDENLY DRAINING FROM HIS FACE.

PERRY

Oh my god...

SHAWN

I know! It'll only be the four
thousandth time we've seen it. I even
have Enzo the Baker's lines memorized.
(A LA ENZO) "You should see the cake I
baked...the bride, the groom--"

PERRY GETS UP AND GRABS THE PAPER FROM SHAWN. AS HE DOES, WE
SEE A PHOTO OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AND OVER THAT, THE HEADLINE:
"PITTSBURGH FLAUTIST RETURNS TO PERFORM AT GLOBAL WARMING
EVENT." SHAWN LOOKS AT THE PAPER, THEN AT PERRY.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

She didn't call you?

PERRY

No...(GRITTING TEETH) I gave her the
best thirteen months of my life.

SHAWN

Dude, I thought you were over this.
It's been like a year.

PERRY

Eight months, ten days, and two hours.
Did you just call me 'dude?'

SHAWN

Sorry. (BEAT) Look, I don't get it.
You can get any woman you want in the
greater Pennsylvania area.

PERRY

I know, but Tina was my soulmate. We
were going to have six kids.

SHAWN

You don't want kids. They're loud and mean and you'd have stretch marks.

PERRY WALKS ONTO THE BALCONY. SHAWN FOLLOWS HIM. HE SEES PERRY'S DOWN, SO HE TRIES TO CHEER HIM UP.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Come on, Perry...there's no such thing as soulmates. That's something invented by Hallmark and those awful Kate Hudson movies where violins play whenever she sees that mongaloid Matthew McConaughey.

PERRY LOOKS UP SUDDENLY AND SMILES.

PERRY

Hey! Come with me to that global warming thing tonight.

SHAWN

(LOOKS AT HIM) The Godfather is on, you pansy...idiot...ass.

PERRY

C'mon, man, you're great with words! You can be my Cyrano. Make sure I don't say anything too dopey or needy around her. Pleaaase, Shawn.

SHAWN

(BEAT) You know, you're sounding a little needy right now.

PERRY STARTS TO PACE.

PERRY

Last time I saw her things were pretty intense. There was a lot of crying and she got emotional too. Look, she never technically broke up with me, she just said she needed to make it as a musician first and now she has and...I just need closure, okay?

SHAWN

Okay, okay. But you owe me big time.

PERRY

Owe you? I pay most of the rent!

SHAWN

(FEELING BAD) Hey, I'll pay you back every cent when I stop making minimum wage and sell my books and make... maximum wage and--

PERRY

I was kidding!

SHAWN

That was a joke? Man, thank god you're eye candy.

PERRY SMILES, THEN TAKES A LONG, DEEP BREATH, AND HEADS OUT THE DOOR WITH SHAWN.

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE BINT. BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

(SHAWN, PERRY, REBECCA, TINA)

SHAWN AND PERRY HAVE JUST ENTERED AN INFORMAL CHARITY EVENT/PARTY WITH BANNERS FOR GLOBAL WARMING. PERRY SCANS NERVOUSLY AROUND THE ROOM FOR HIS EX FOR A FEW SECONDS.

SHAWN

Okay, we gave it our best shot, let's
go home.

SUDDENLY, PERRY HEARS A FLUTE AND TURNS VERY SLOWLY AROUND. HE LOOKS UP AT A SMALL STAGE IN FRONT OF THE ROOM AND GAZES AT TINA, THE WOMAN WE SAW EARLIER IN THE PHOTO.

PERRY

She's the most beautiful creature on
God's green earth. I want to make love
to her outside and spoon with her in
the morning dew.

SHAWN

Yeah...we're gonna need you to sound a
smidge less like you have a vagina
when you walk over.

PERRY NODS, EMBARRASSED. SHAWN LOOKS AT HIM.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

My god, look at you, you're shaking.

PERRY

Slap me.

SHAWN

What?

PERRY

Seriously, do it.

SHAWN LOOKS AT HIM TENTATIVELY, THEN SLAPS PERRY HARD. A BEAUTIFUL, CLASSY-LOOKING WOMAN IN HER EARLY 30'S LOOKS OVER FROM ABOUT 20 FEET AWAY AND LAUGHS. THIS IS REBECCA ULRICH.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Ow! You mother--

PERRY CURLS UP HIS FIST TO SLUG SHAWN, THEN LOOKS UP.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Oh lord, oh crap, oh jesus, she's walking off the stage. What do I do, what do I say? Slap me harder, you wavy-haired bitch!

SHAWN

What? Listen to me. Just walk over super casually and say "Hey, Tina, it's nice to see you again. Looks like you finally got your dream and I couldn't be happier for you. Things have been going great for me too with my financial planning company and perfect teeth--just kidding--and hey, if you'd like to catch up and grab a coffee or something, that would be kind of cool."

PERRY

(NODS) Can you please write that down?

SHAWN PUSHES PERRY IN HER DIRECTION.

PERRY WALKS SLOWLY ACROSS THE ROOM, NERVOUS AS HELL.
SUDDENLY, REBECCA ULRICH, THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO LAUGHED
WHEN SHAWN SLAPPED PERRY, WALKS OVER TO SHAWN.

REBECCA

(SMILES) You were kind of hard on your
friend there.

SHAWN LOOKS AT HER, A BIT TAKEN ABACK.

SHAWN

Huh? Oh, you saw the slap? Well, you
know, he likes it rough. (OFF HER
LOOK) Not that we're gay.

REBECCA

God, of course, I mean, why would I
assume you're gay just because you
like rough sex with your male friend?

SHAWN

Cool. Cause some people think hopping
in the sack with another guy and
cupping his bottom makes you gay.

REBECCA

What time do their minds open?

SHAWN LAUGHS. SHE LAUGHS TOO. THE TWO OF THEM STARE AT EACH
OTHER FOR A BEAT. AS THEY DO, WE SUDDENLY HEAR A VIOLIN PLAY
IN THE BACKGROUND. SHAWN LOOKS UP, A BIT THROWN, THEN TURNS
AROUND AND NOTICES THAT A VIOLINIST IS NOW ON STAGE. HE
LOOKS BACK AT REBECCA.

SHAWN

So...what brings you to this fun gala?

REBECCA

I don't know. Figured there would be a lot of rich guys here. Thought I could turn a few tricks.

REBECCA'S SO PRETTY AND REFINED, NOT MANY GUYS GET HER DARK HUMOR RIGHT AWAY. BUT CLEARLY SHAWN DOES.

SHAWN

(SMILES) Oh, so you're a prostitute?

REBECCA

A notch below. Lawyer.

SHAWN

Seriously?

REBECCA

You sound surprised.

SHAWN

No, no, it's just...you don't sound that bright.

REBECCA LAUGHS HARD. SHAWN SMILES. THERE'S A BRIEF SILENCE.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

How did you get roped into coming to this thing? (SNORTS) Global warming.

REBECCA

Why, you in favor of it?

SHAWN

No, I'm just saying, if you gave Al Gore or anyone truth serum, you'd find out no one really gives a rat's ass about global warming.

REBECCA

You don't care how we leave the world behind for our children?

SHAWN

No, not really.

REBECCA

That's...wow, you're very enlightened.

SHAWN

Look, if the world ever does burn to a crisp, it'll be in like three hundred years and there's a good chance I'll be dead. And I don't have to worry about how I'll leave the world because I don't have any kids. (FAUX MACHO) At least none that I'm aware of.

REBECCA

Yeah, me either. I mean, I'd probably know if I had kids, right? But just because we're too cool and fancy to have children, it doesn't mean we shouldn't care about stuff like greenhouse gas emissions and--

SHAWN'S EYES IMMEDIATELY GLAZE OVER AND WE CUT TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM WHERE PERRY IS NOW A MERE FOOT AWAY FROM TINA. THE LAST OF THE PEOPLE CONGRATULATING TINA ON HER SET HAVE VANISHED AND PERRY NO LONGER HAS ANY EXCUSE. HE TAKES A DEEP BREATH, WALKS OVER AND TAPS TINA ON THE BACK.

PERRY

(TOO QUICKLY) "Hey, Tina, it's nice to see you again. Looks like you finally got your dream and--"

TINA TURNS AROUND AND LOOKS AT PERRY.

TINA

Oh my god, Perry! How are you?

PERRY

Not bad, not bad, things have been going great with my financial company and teeth, just kidding, so would you like to grab a--

TINA TURNS AND GESTURES TO A SMALLISH GUY WITH A GOATEE.

TINA

I'd like you to meet my fiancée Len.

PERRY TRIES HIS HARDEST NOT TO LOOK LIKE HE WAS JUST SUCKER PUNCHED IN THE GUT BY A THOUSAND GORILLAS. HE FORCES HIMSELF TO SOUND MORE CASUAL THAN HE'S EVER SOUNDED IN HIS LIFE.

PERRY

Hey, Len. How's it hanging? Listen, I'd love to chat, but I'm kind of in a rush and...boy, it was just so nice seeing you again, Tina. Bye!

PERRY TURNS ON HIS HEELS AND WALKS CASUALLY AWAY, PICKING HIS STRIDE UP DRAMATICALLY AFTER A FEW STEPS. WE CUT BACK TO SHAWN AND REBECCA ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM.

REBECCA

Oh, by the way, I never asked what you do for a living?

SHAWN JUST STARES AT HER.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Okay, maybe I was a bit too cryptic.
(PLAYFUL, LIKE SHE'S TALKING TO A KID)
I'm a lawyer and you're a...

SHAWN

I'm a tel--(QUICKLY) I work in market research. It's very lucrative, make great moolah, I don't want to brag.

REBECCA

Ah, brag away. You have no idea how refreshing it is to talk to a guy who actually has a good job or even his own Discover card.

SHAWN

(UNCOMFORTABLE) Yeah, there are a lot of losers out there.

REBECCA

Tell me about it.

SHAWN

(ABRUPTLY) I have a Lexus.

REBECCA

Oh. (BEAT) I drive a hybrid.

SHAWN PUTS HIS HANDS ON HIS CHEEKS AS IF TO SAY: "WHAT A SHOCKER." SHE SMILES. SHAWN SMILES BACK. THEN SUDDENLY, PERRY WALKS OVER TO SHAWN.

PERRY

I'm feeling nauseous, let's go home.

REBECCA LOOKS UP, A LITTLE THROWN, AFTER HEARING PERRY SAY: "LET'S GO HOME." SHAWN WINCES, THEN PULLS HER ASIDE.

SHAWN

I know what you're thinking and I'm not gay. True, I live with that ruggedly nauseous gentleman and look, I know you're probably wondering why a very successful marketing executive over thirty has to shack up with a guy, but the truth is...

SHAWN LOOKS UP, TRYING TO THINK OF SOMETHING. PERRY, STILL CRUSHED BY SEEING HIS EX AND HER FIANCEE, GRABS TWO MARTINI GLASSES OFF A SERVER'S TRAY. SHAWN TURNS BACK TO REBECCA.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

The truth is, Perry's an alcoholic, and he can't live alone right now.

REBECCA LOOKS AT PERRY. PERRY SPILLS ONE OF HIS OVERFLOWING MARTINI GLASSES ALL OVER HIS SHIRT, THEN DRINKS QUICKLY FROM BOTH GLASSES AT THE SAME TIME TO AVOID ANY MORE SPILLING. SHAWN LOOKS DOWN AND SHAKES HIS HEAD "SADLY."

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Listen, I...better drive him home, but is it okay if I get your number? I promise I won't make any crank calls.

REBECCA THINKS FOR A BEAT, THEN HANDS HIM HER CARD.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

(LOOKS DOWN) Business card? What, I
can't get your home number?

REBECCA

I just met you. You could be a rapist
or a Jehovah's witness.

SHAWN

Oh my god, thank you. No woman has
ever seen me as threatening enough to
be a rapist or a door to door cleric!

REBECCA

Well, glad I could boost your ego.

SHAWN LAUGHS. REBECCA SMILES. AS SHAWN EXITS WITH PERRY,
SHAWN AND REBECCA BOTH SNEAK ONE MORE LOOK AT EACH OTHER AT
THE EXACT SAME TIME, THEN QUICKLY, CLUMSILY LOOK AWAY.

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE C

INT. SHAWN & PERRY'S APT. - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
(SHAWN, PERRY)

SHAWN AND PERRY ARE SITTING ON THE COUCH, WATCHING TV. AFTER ABOUT FIVE SECONDS, SHAWN LOOKS UP.

SHAWN

Yeah. I'd let my mother fall down a flight of stairs.

PERRY

What?

SHAWN

I told you I'd get back to you.

PERRY

You're...a monster.

SHAWN

What? My mother's a quick healer. And suddenly, I kind of wish I was a success right now. That Rebecca was so pretty and funny and cool--

PERRY

Hey, I just lost my soulmate! If you fell in love tonight, that's very, very selfish. (HIS VOICE BREAKING JUST A LITTLE) And a tad cruel.

SHAWN

I didn't fall in love! God...

SHAWN AND PERRY GO BACK TO WATCHING TV. AFTER A FEW SECONDS, SHAWN LOOKS UP AGAIN.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Besides, even if I did, I don't have a chance with her. She's a big time lawyer and I...phone people during dinner. I was embarrassed, so I made up a couple of little white lies.

PERRY

(SURPRISED) You lied to a woman?

SHAWN

Not lied. Teeny exaggerations. (BEAT)
I said I was rich and you were a lush.

PERRY GLARES AT HIM.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Look, I needed to justify why I was living with a roommate!

PERRY

Why didn't you just say I was the broke, struggling artist and you were the one paying most of the rent?

SHAWN LOOKS AT HIM FOR A VERY LONG BEAT.

SHAWN

Hindsight is 20/20, isn't it?

SHAWN LOOKS DOWN, EMBARRASSED, AND FEELING A LITTLE GUILTY AND WE...

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE D

EXT. UPPER MIDDLE CLASS "PICKET FENCE" HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. REBECCA ULRICH'S HOUSE - (LIVING ROOM) CONTINUOUS
(JUSTIN, SCOUT, REBECCA)

REBECCA IS SITTING IN HER LIVING ROOM, A FARAWAY LOOK IN HER EYES.

SUDDENLY, JUSTIN, A HANDSOME, JOCK-ISH 14-YEAR-OLD BOY, AND SCOUT, A CUTE, CEREBRAL 12-YEAR-OLD GIRL ENTER.

JUSTIN

Mom, Dad's on the phone.

SCOUT

His new (SHUDDERS) wife too.

REBECCA

I'm not home.

JUSTIN

We just said you are.

REBECCA

(MORE TO HERSELF) Tell him your Mom is
a big fat liar.

THEY LOOK AT HER, TAKEN ABACK, AS REBECCA LOOKS DOWN, THE SAME GUILTY, EMBARRASSED LOOK ON HER FACE SHAWN HAD IN THE SCENE BEFORE.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE E

FADE IN:

INT. "MARKET FACTS" OFFICE - DAY
(SHAWN)

SHAWN IS SITTING IN A CUBICLE IN THE SMALLISH BACK ROOM OF A LARGER MARKETING OFFICE. HE'S ON THE PHONE, A VACANT LOOK IN HIS EYES.

SHAWN

Hello, sir, this is...Lionel calling
from Market Facts. (MONOTONE) Would
you like to answer a short forty-five
minute survey about toothpaste? (BEAT)
Sorry, sir. Please don't yell at me.
There's no way I could have possibly
known you have cancer.

SHAWN HANGS UP, NON PLUSSED, THEN LOOKS AROUND AND TAKES OUT REBECCA'S BUSINESS CARD FROM HIS WALLET. HE LOOKS AT IT, TAKES A DEEP BREATH, THEN DIALS.

CUT TO:

INT. REBECCA ULRICH'S LAW OFFICE - CONTINUOUS
(REBECCA)

IN SHARP CONTRAST TO SHAWN'S HUMBLE SURROUNDINGS, REBECCA IS SITTING BEHIND AN EXPENSIVE DESK IN HER OWN LARGE, PRIVATE OFFICE. HER PHONE RINGS. SHE PICKS IT UP. (NOTE: THROUGHOUT THE FOLLOWING, WE INTERCUT BETWEEN SHAWN AND REBECCA)

REBECCA

Henderson, Falvey, Levine, and Ulrich.

SHAWN

(INEXPLICABLY USING A DEEPER VOICE)
Yes, is Miss Ulrich there?

REBECCA

This is she.

SHAWN

You answer your own phone? That's a little pathetic.

REBECCA

My assistant is in--who is this?

SHAWN

Um, I met you the other night. (BEAT)
The criminally adorable man you thought was a Jehovah's rapist?

REBECCA

Hi!! (WINCES, MORE CASUAL) Hi.

SHAWN

It looks like rain today. How about our local sports teams? Okay, I'm done with the small talk. Do you want to have dinner Saturday night?

REBECCA

Saturday...

SHAWN

It's the day after Friday on the Judao-Christian calendar.

REBECCA

Let me check my social...thingie.

REBECCA REACHES DOWN AND RUSTLES THROUGH A STACK OF PAPERS, PRETENDING IT'S A SOCIAL CALENDAR.

SHAWN SQUIRMS A LITTLE AS HE WAITS FOR HER ANSWER.

SHAWN

Please don't make me ask Henderson,
Falvey, or Levine.

REBECCA SMILES AT THIS.

REBECCA

Okay, I just finished rustling through
a stack of old phone bills and it
looks like I'm free.

SHAWN LAUGHS. SPLIT SCREEN: WE SEE THE TWO OF THEM SMILE EAR
TO EAR, THEN AFTER A BEAT...

SHAWN COVERS HIS PHONE AS ANOTHER TELEMARKETER TALKS LOUDLY,
AND REBECCA TURNS A PHOTO OF HER KIDS AROUND SO THEY'RE NOT
FACING THE PHONE.

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE F

INT. SHAWN & PERRY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
(SHAWN, PERRY)

SHAWN IS FIXING HIS HAIR IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR, WEARING HIS NICEST SWEATER AND JEANS. SUDDENLY, PERRY ENTERS FROM OFF SCREEN, IN A ROBE. HE HAS A FOUR DAY BEARD GROWTH AND IS HOLDING A PINT OF HAAGEN DAAZ AND A HEINEKEN.

SHAWN

You look better today. Um, don't you think it's time you forgot about Tina and went to work or bathed--

PERRY

(MORE TO HIMSELF) All happy couples should be hung or have their genitals eaten by dogs.

SHAWN

I think they do that in Iran. (BEAT, TRYING TO CHEER HIM UP) Hey! I thought of a moral dilemma for you. Okay... your penis grows one full inch, but you get leukemia.

PERRY

Shawn, I'm not in the mood. (SIGHS)
How many weeks of chemo?

SHAWN

Ten. Plus a round of radiation.

PERRY

But I live?

SHAWN

Um...no.

PERRY

Then why the hell would I--

SHAWN

Okay, I haven't fully thought this one through. Listen, I hate to chat and run, but--

PERRY LOOKS UP, SUDDENLY NOTICING SHAWN'S NICE CLOTHES.

PERRY

Where are you going?

SHAWN LOOKS AT PERRY. THE LAST THING HE WANTS TO DO IS DEPRESS BROKEN-HEARTED PERRY WITH NEWS ABOUT HIS DATE.

SHAWN

My...mother's. I felt bad about willing her down the stairs, so I thought I'd wear the clothes she bought me last Easter and...(WATCHES PERRY DOWN HIS BEER AND ICE CREAM) I hate to see you like this, man.

PERRY

I know, it's so retarded. I really thought I was over her...then I had to see that stupid, stupid article. I just wanted freakin' closure and now I feel even worse.

SHAWN LOOKS AT HIM FOR A LONG BEAT, THEN SMILES.

SHAWN

You know what would give you closure?
Throw a funeral for that emotional
terrorist.

PERRY

What?

SHAWN

I'm serious. Monday night. After
dinner, we'll take all your photos of
Tina, the locks of hair you took from
her comb, all your poems--her two
postcards--fire up the barbecue, and
say goodbye to her forever.

PERRY

That sounds fun! (BEAT) You know
something? We don't need women to be
happy. It's like we always say, man.
Bro's before ho's.

SHAWN

Wait, do we say that?

PERRY

No, but we really should.

PERRY GIVES SHAWN A MACHO FIST BUMP.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Bro's before ho's!

SHAWN

Bro's before ho's!

SHAWN/PERRY

Bro's before ho's!

SHAWN LOOKS AT PERRY FOR A BEAT.

SHAWN

Anyhoo...bro, I better run, or Mom
will chew me a new one for being late.

(ULTRA CASUAL) Oh, hey. Do you mind if
I borrow your Lexus tonight?

PERRY

Why?

SHAWN

I'm...going to take my mother out for
apple pie after and she always gets
nauseous in my Honda Civic.

PERRY

You're a good son, you know that?

SHAWN

Tell me about it, angel scrotum.

PERRY CHUCKLES, THEN FLIPS HIM HIS CAR KEYS AND WE...

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE GINT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

(REBECCA, SHAWN)

REBECCA AND SHAWN ARE IN A CORNER BOOTH OF A NICE ITALIAN RESTAURANT. THEIR FOOD IS IN FRONT OF THEM AND THEY'RE IN MID-CONVERSATION, EACH OF THEM CLEARLY HAVING A GOOD TIME.

REBECCA

(SMILING) You really think if you were on the Steelers, you'd get over thirty sacks a year.

SHAWN

Absotively. I may not be huge, but I'm sneaky.

REBECCA

(BEAT) If I could sing or dance, I think I could be a Rockette.

SHAWN LAUGHS. THERE'S A BRIEF SILENCE.

SHAWN

By the way, I wanted to thank you. That was very considerate, you waiting in front of your house when I picked you up.

REBECCA LOOKS AWAY.

REBECCA

I was raised right. (QUICKLY CHANGING THE SUBJECT) I liked your car.

SHAWN

Yeah, she's a sweet ride...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

(QUICKLY CHANGING THE SUBJECT TOO) So, how was work? Sue anybody, file any motions, do any...writs?

REBECCA

Boy, you really know all the legal terminology, don't you?

SHAWN

I once nailed Judge Judy.

REBECCA

(LAUGHS HARD) I see...how was she?

SHAWN

Ah, she just lay there.

REBECCA

Bitch. (TO HERSELF, SURPRISED) God. I'm actually having fun tonight.

SHAWN

You do realize I can hear you, right?

REBECCA

No, no, it's just, I hate first dates. They're so awkward and...this one isn't.

SHAWN

(SMILES AT HER) Yeah. And to think, I almost didn't go to that global warming thing because I didn't want to miss "The Godfather."

REBECCA

What's that?

SHAWN LOOKS AT HER: "UH OH."

SHAWN

You...you've never heard of "The Godfather?"

REBECCA SHRUGS. THEN, AFTER A LONG BEAT:

REBECCA

"Leave the gun, take the cannoli."

SHAWN

(HOLDING HIS CHEST) Oh god, please don't do that to me again.

REBECCA LAUGHS. SHAWN SMILES AT HER FOR A BIT.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

You know something? You...really cheered me up tonight, Rebecca. I had a phenomenally crappy day at work and--

REBECCA

I'm sorry. Is anything wrong?

SHAWN

You mean, other than the fact it was an insanely tedious, mind numbing day (CATCHING HIMSELF) but who cares cause my job is so lucrative.

REBECCA

Hey, all jobs have peaks and valleys, even the good ones.

SHAWN

(LOOKS AWAY, GUILTY) Yeah...

REBECCA

We don't have to talk about work.

(BEAT) How's Perry?

SHAWN

Huh? He's good.

REBECCA

Really? No relapses or anything? Cause

I've read a bit about alcoholics and--

SHAWN WINCES, FEELING EVEN MORE GUILTY NOW.

SHAWN

No, no, he's a trooper. Don't get me wrong, it's one day at a time. I mean, last week, he took his pants off in front of a busboy and...

SHAWN LOOKS DOWN. HE SIGHS, THEN LOOKS BACK AT HER.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Look, there's something I should probably tell you about Perry.

SHAWN CONTINUES TO LOOK AT HER, NOT HAVING THE GUTS TO COME CLEAN JUST YET.

REBECCA

You mean, like tonight?

SHAWN

(NODS) Possibly within the hour.

REBECCA SMILES.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

See, um, things have really been nice tonight, almost perfect, except for one thing. (LOOKS DOWN) I...kind of wish I was a better, more honorable person right about now.

REBECCA LOOKS AT HIM, A LITTLE BLOWN AWAY.

REBECCA

That...might be the most profound thing anyone's ever said to me on a first date.

SHAWN

Sorry.

REBECCA

No, god, I think it's great. I mean, the truth is, I've been feeling exactly the same way the last few days and (ABRUPTLY) do you want to come home with me right now?

SHAWN LOOKS AT HER IN ABSOLUTE SHOCK AND WE...

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE H

EXT/INT. REBECCA ULRICH'S HOUSE - NIGHT
(SHAWN, REBECCA)

REBECCA IS WALKING A STILL DAZED-LOOKING SHAWN INTO HER HOUSE. SHE TAKES HIM BY THE HAND AND LEADS HIM TOWARDS THE LIVING ROOM.

SHAWN

Nice place--

REBECCA

Thanks.

SHE YANKS HIM QUICKLY DOWN ON THE COUCH. SHE CLOSES HER EYES, THEN TAKES A DEEP BREATH.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Okay, let me say this quickly, or I won't say it at all. I haven't been honest with you. Maybe it's because I've lost faith in mankind or menkind, or maybe I just lost faith in myself. I lied to you when I said I don't have kids. I have two kids who are having dinner at my sister's right now. Scout's twelve and Justin's fourteen-- I had them young! I don't know when I was planning to tell you. Maybe next Christmas. Or if we had a second date. But I don't know, somehow...tonight just kind of felt like the right time to tell you.

SHAWN SMILES AT HER, THEN HE LOOKS DOWN FOR A LONG BEAT. HE TAKES A DEEP BREATH, THEN LEANS A LITTLE CLOSER.

SHAWN

There's something I need to tell you
too. I lied to you about Perry.
I'm the alcoholic, not him.

REBECCA LOOKS AT HIM, TAKEN ABACK.

REBECCA

Wha...t?

SHAWN

Um, maybe not a full-out 100% alkie,
but I have a LOT of demons and you're
great, you truly are incredible and
you deserve so much better than me.

SHAWN IS NOW BACKING QUICKLY TOWARDS THE FRONT DOOR.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

(SINCERE) I had a fantastic time
tonight, I really did, and I, I wish
you and...your family good luck.

SHAWN NODS GOODBYE, FUMBLES WITH HER DOOR AND EXITS. REBECCA STARES AT THE DOOR FOR A BEAT, INCREDULOUS, THEN SHAKES HER HEAD IN DISGUST. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, SHAWN SHAKES HIS HEAD TOO, MORE SURPRISED THAN HER BY WHAT JUST CAME OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREESCENE I

FADE IN

INT. SHAWN & PERRY'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - MORNING
(PERRY, SHAWN)

SHAWN IS SITTING ALONE ON THE BALCONY IN HIS ROBE, UNSHAVEN, HOLDING A BAG OF OREOS AND A BUD LITE. PERRY ENTERS IN A SUIT AND TIE, CLEAN SHAVEN.

PERRY

I cannot wait till our funeral
tonight. I even bought black socks
and...beer and cookies in the morning?
Who are you, my grandmother?

SHAWN

(LOOKS DOWN, MISERABLE) I'm a bigger
jerk than Hitler or Alec Baldwin.

PERRY

(BEAT) You seem a little down, let's
play air hockey.

PERRY STARTS TO WALK TOWARDS THE AIR HOCKEY TABLE IN THE LIVING ROOM. SHAWN CALLS OUT TO HIM AFTER A FEW STEPS.

SHAWN

I lied to you the other night. I
didn't go to my mother's, I had a date
with Rebecca.

PERRY

(TURNS SLOWLY AROUND) I see...

SHAWN

It's okay, you and your misery are still going to have company because I screwed up.

PERRY LOOKS AT SHAWN, CONCERNED, DESPITE HIMSELF.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I was having an amazing time...then I practically knocked over her Williams-Sonoma lamp running out the door after I found out she had kids.

PERRY

(SMILES) Kids, that's cute.

SHAWN

They're not cute. They're twelve and fourteen!

PERRY

Look, you always said you didn't want a relationship till you made it as a writer, so what's the big deal?

SHAWN

I know, I had it all planned. No girlfriends until I had my own place, a decent car, and a bank account that didn't make tellers giggle.

PERRY

One teller giggled, Shawn.

SHAWN

But her voice really carried. (SIGHS)
 Why did God have to toss somebody so
 cool into my life before I was ready?
 And give her kids too! I don't like to
 speak ill of the lord, but sometimes
 he can be a real douche.

PERRY

Oh, so she has kids. They're just
 little humans.

SHAWN

Thanks for the explanation. Look,
 young teens scare me. They smoke and
 cop feels...and have iPods.

PERRY ROLLS HIS EYES. SHAWN STARTS TO PACE.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Besides, I'm not even sure I'm ready
 to be a boyfriend, let alone...Mike
 Brady. I have no idea what you're
 supposed to even say to kids. ('GROWN
 UP' VOICE) "Drink all your milk,
 Billy." "Put on a jacket...Billy, or
 you'll catch your death of cold."

PERRY

You know, they're not all called
 "Billy."

SHAWN

You see how clueless I am!

PERRY

So forget about her, man. I mean, look what I just went through. (POINTS TO THE SKY) 'Big G' actually did you a solid here.

SHAWN LOOKS AT HIM FOR A LONG BEAT, THEN NODS.

SHAWN

Yeah... (LOOKS HEAVENWARD) Sorry I called you a douche before, 'Big G.'

PERRY

Ah, he understands, he's good people.

PERRY GRABS HIS BRIEFCASE AND STARTS TO EXIT.

PERRY (CONT'D)

See you tonight, don't forget to pick up lighter fluid. I have all my poems, photos, and locks of that (MELTING) beautiful angel's golden hair (STRONG AGAIN) ready to burn.

SHAWN

It'll be a magic night.

PERRY SMILES, EXCITED, THEN EXITS OUT THE FRONT DOOR. SHAWN LOOKS OUT FROM THE BALCONY, DEEP IN THOUGHT. THEN HE TAKES OUT REBECCA'S BUSINESS CARD AND STARES AT IT.

CUT TO:

ACT THREESCENE I

INT. REBECCA ULRICH'S LAW OFFICE - DAY
(RECEPTIONIST, SHAWN, REBECCA, LISA)

SHAWN WALKS INTO THE LARGE RECEPTION AREA OF REBECCA'S LAW OFFICE. THERE'S A PETITE, SWEET-LOOKING WOMAN IN HER MID 20'S SITTING BEHIND THE RECEPTION DESK.

RECEPTIONIST

May I help you?

SHAWN

I'm here to see Rebecca Ulrich.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you have an appointment?

SHAWN

No, not technically, but I'm a friend
of hers. Shawn Gordon.

THE SWEET-LOOKING RECEPTIONIST LOOKS AT HIM, THEN SCREAMS IN A VOICE WAY TOO LOUD FOR HER BODY.

RECEPTIONIST

GET OUT!

SHAWN AND THE OTHERS IN THE RECEPTION AREA LOOK UP, STARTLED.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

YOU'RE STILL HERE. GET OUT!!

A FEW LAWYERS WALK OUT OF THEIR OFFICES NOW, TRYING TO SEE WHAT THE COMMOTION'S ABOUT. THE LAST LAWYER TO SHUFFLE OUT OF HER OFFICE IS REBECCA. SHAWN WALKS QUICKLY TOWARDS HER.

SHAWN

Rebecca, I'm so sorry to barge in on
you like this, but you wouldn't take
my calls and I needed to talk to--

THE PETITE RECEPTIONIST JUMPS ONTO SHAWN'S BACK, TRYING TO PREVENT HIM FROM WALKING OVER TO REBECCA.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

What the...

SHAWN LOOKS UP, AMAZED, THEN TRIES HARD TO FLING THE RECEPTIONIST OFF HIS BACK BUT HER GRIP IS TOO STRONG.

REBECCA

Lisa, get off him! Are you insane?

THE RECEPTIONIST LOOKS UP, EMBARRASSED, THEN SLOWLY GETS OFF SHAWN'S BACK. SHAWN IS BREATHING A LITTLE HEAVY NOW.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. My sister can be a teeny
bit overprotective.

SHAWN LOOKS UP, SURPRISED, AS WE REVEAL THIS IS LISA ULRICH, REBECCA'S YOUNGER SISTER. SHAWN TURNS BACK TO LISA.

SHAWN

Hello. Nice to meet you.

LISA

I hope you die in less than a month.

SHAWN GULPS. REBECCA LOOKS AT HIM, THEN CLOSES HER EYES.

REBECCA

You have forty seconds.

SHE GESTURES SHAWN DOWN THE HALL TOWARDS HER OFFICE.

RESET TO:

INT. REBECCA'S PRIVATE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER
(REBECCA, SHAWN)

REBECCA IS SITTING BEHIND HER DESK WITH HER ARMS FOLDED. SHAWN IS PACING, TRYING TO PUT TOGETHER THE RIGHT WORDS IN HIS TINY TIME ALLOTMENT. REBECCA LOOKS DOWN AT HER WATCH.

REBECCA

Twenty-nine seconds...

SHAWN

Stop doing that! Okay, let me say this quickly, or I won't say it at all. I lied to you when I said I'm an alcoholic and I lied when I said my roommate's an alcoholic. Oh, and funny story, I lied to you before that too. I don't have a lucrative job or a new Lexus. I'm a telemarketer, actually a telephone interviewer, which puts my income somewhere between a Denny's waiter and a homeless guy. I've been trying to make it as a writer since Clinton was in power and even though I've come close, damn close, I haven't sold my first book yet and I have no idea when I will. But the worst thing I did all week was walk out on you. It was despicable, jerky, and un-American. I meant it when I said you were great. You're funny and beautiful and you can quote Clemenza in "The Godfather." You were the first woman I've wanted to impress since...

(MORE)

SHAWN (CONT'D)

college and I'm sorry I lied to you
and way sorrier I ran out your door.

REBECCA

My god, I thought I was verbose.

SHAWN LOOKS AT HER AND SMILES.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I appreciate you coming here like
this. Most guys wouldn't. And I guess
we both lied to each other. But I've
been burnt before and I've been doing
just fine by myself and I'm still not
sure why I agreed to go out in the
first place. Between my job and my
kids, I have more than I can handle.

SHAWN

Look...I really like hanging out with
you and I'd love to meet Jenny and
Scott.

REBECCA

Justin and Scout.

SHAWN

(WEAK SMILE) I hope you don't mind, I
gave them nicknames.

REBECCA SMILES AT THIS.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Can't we just grab another dinner?

SHAWN (CONT'D)

One dinner. Okay, two appetizers and a drink.

REBECCA

I don't know...

SHAWN

I'll let you touch my biceps.

REBECCA LAUGHS HARD.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Happy you're amused, wish it didn't get that big a laugh.

REBECCA

(BEAT) One appetizer, no drinks.

SHAWN

When?! (CASUAL) When?

REBECCA

I don't know. Look, the only night I'm free for the next little while is tonight and obviously that's way too short notice and--

SHAWN

Perfect! I mean, I'll have to move things around and cancel my dates with Rita, Phyliss, and Hank...damn, I meant a female name.

REBECCA

(SIGHS) Pick me up here at six.

SHAWN SMILES. HE STARTS TO EXIT, THEN TURNS TO REBECCA.

SHAWN

Do you have a back exit? I'm a little
afraid of your sister.

REBECCA OPENS HER DOOR, THEN POINTS TO A BACK EXIT DOWN THE
HALLWAY. SHAWN EXITS, AND REBECCA WALKS BACK BEHIND HER
DESK. AFTER A BEAT, LISA COMES RACING IN, STOKED.

LISA

So, how did it go? Did you swear at
him? Throw coffee? Try and castrate
him with your stapler?

REBECCA

I...agreed to go out with him tonight.

LISA

(ONE BREATH) Pardon me, what?

REBECCA

It's just one appetizer.

LISA

I swear to you, Bec, if this one turns
out to be another jerk, I'll 'Lorena
Bobbitt' him myself.

REBECCA

You're a good sister.

LISA

(MOVED, SOFTLY) Thank you!

CUT TO:

ACT THREESCENE J

EXT. REBECCA ULRICH'S HOUSE - NIGHT
(REBECCA, SHAWN, JUSTIN, SCOUT)

SHAWN IS WALKING REBECCA TO HER DOOR. SHE SHAKES HER HEAD.

REBECCA

You lied to me again. We had a meal.

SHAWN

No, no, we had fifteen appetizers.

REBECCA

Well, thanks. It was...fun.

SHAWN

When I replay that later in my mind,
I'm going to eliminate the pause.

THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER FOR AN AWKWARD BEAT.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Can I call you again?

REBECCA

Um...I guess.

SHAWN SMILES. IT'S NOT MUCH, BUT HE'LL TAKE IT. HE LEANS IN TO KISS HER ON THE CHEEK, BUT SHE EXTENDS HER HAND. THEN SHAWN EXTENDS HIS HAND, AND SHE TRIES TO KISS HIM ON THE CHEEK. SUDDENLY, JUSTIN, REBECCA'S JOCK-ISH 14-YEAR-OLD SON, OPENS THE DOOR.

JUSTIN

Get your filthy paws off my mother.

REBECCA

Justin!

JUSTIN

He was about to go for your goods,

Mom.

SCOUT, REBECCA'S CUTE, CHRONICALLY ANXIOUS 12-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER WALKS ONTO THE PORCH NOW TOO. SHE DOESN'T SAY A WORD, SHE JUST STARES, MAKING SHAWN EVEN MORE UNCOMFORTABLE.

REBECCA

Don't be crude! Look, Shawn here is

just a friend--

SHAWN

(A BIT STUNG) O-kay.

REBECCA

(LOOKS AT SHAWN) A friend I may get to

know a little better...(TO JUSTIN) so

I expect you to be a hell of a lot

more courteous, mister.

JUSTIN LOCKS EYES WITH SHAWN AND GIVES HIM A LONG GLARE.

SHAWN

Hi... (LONG BEAT) Put on a jacket or

you'll catch your death of cold.

JUSTIN JUST STARES AT HIM LIKE HE'S AN ALIEN. AFTER A BEAT, SCOUT LEANS SHYLY FORWARD.

SCOUT

We'll all be dead in twenty years

anyway after the earth's magnetic

field disappears and we're bombarded

by deadly cosmic rays.

SHAWN LOOKS AT HER, TAKEN ABACK, THEN TURNS TO REBECCA.

SHAWN

Kids...

REBECCA SMILES, THEN WAVES GOODBYE TO SHAWN AND ESCORTS JUSTIN AND SCOUT BACK INTO THE HOUSE. SHAWN WAVES BACK, THEN WALKS TOWARDS HIS HONDA. HE SNEAKS ONE MORE LOOK AT REBECCA, THEN TAKES ANOTHER NERVOUS LOOK AT HER KIDS.

CUT TO:

ACT THREESCENE K

INT. SHAWN & PERRY'S APT. - LIVING/DINING ROOM - NIGHT
(SHAWN, PERRY)

IT'S LATE NOW AND SHAWN WALKS IN THE DOOR, PREOCCUPIED. SUDDENLY, HE LOOKS UP AND SEES PERRY, DRESSED IN BLACK, SITTING AT THE DINING ROOM TABLE ALONE, SHAWN'S UNEATEN PORTION STILL ON HIS PLATE. SHAWN WINCES.

SHAWN

Oh god, I missed the funeral.

PERRY

Oh, was that tonight?

SHAWN

Let's...have dinner and do it now.

PERRY

The chicken paprikash is COLD, you thoughtless bastard!

SHAWN

Chicken pap...that's my favorite.

PERRY

(DRAMATIC WHISPER) Yeah.

SHAWN

Look, Perry, I'm sorry. I really am.
It's just...I went to Rebecca's office to apologize and she agreed to see me, but it had to be tonight and--

PERRY

She went out with you again?

SHAWN

Yeah, on a quasi date.

DESPITE HIS OWN RECENT HEARTACHE, PERRY CAN'T HELP SMILING.

PERRY

Good for you, man.

SHAWN

You're not pissed anymore? Wow, I forgot how much easier it is to apologize to a man.

PERRY

So...what, you have a girlfriend now?

SHAWN

Yeah. Sorta. Not at all. I'm going to have to climb Mt. Everest to get someone like Rebecca and I have trouble climbing a rope.

PERRY

So the worst that'll happen is you'll break both your legs.

SHAWN

I meant mine as a metaphor, I hope you did. (GULPS) It's been eons since I've even dated and now I have to win over a lawyer and the Children of the Corn.

PERRY

You'll do fine. Maybe.

SHAWN LOOKS AT HIM, NOT VERY REASSURED.

PERRY (CONT'D)

So, when do I get to meet your little friend?

SHAWN

Soon.

PERRY

Great...

SHAWN NOTICES THAT PERRY STILL LOOKS A LITTLE BLUE.

SHAWN

Hey, maybe we can double or something.

(BEAT) She has a sister.

PERRY

Yeah? Is she nice?

SHAWN

So sweet.

PERRY

I think I need a little more time.

SHAWN

No you don't...

SHAWN LOOKS AT HIM, THEN CLAPS HIS HANDS.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Let's lay the flautist bitch to rest.

PERRY

Nah, it's stupid.

SHAWN

No, it isn't. Yeah, maybe a little.

But it'll be fun.

PERRY

Okay! (LEAPS IMMEDIATELY OUT OF HIS
CHAIR) Let me get my photos, poems,
and hair.

PERRY COMES BACK A FEW SECONDS LATER WITH AN ABSURDLY HIGH
STACK OF TINA ARTIFACTS.

SHAWN

Holy sh...let me help you with that.

SHAWN GRABS HALF THE STACK AND THEY WALK ONTO THEIR BALCONY.
THEY TOSS THE FIRST BATCH OF POEMS AND PHOTOS ONTO THEIR
BARBECUE AND SHAWN POURS LIGHTER FLUID ONTO IT.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

We are gathered here today to say
goodbye to a self absorbed,
insensitive she-devil who was too
damn stupid to see that Perry is the
nicest, coolest guy in the world...a
guy so generous (LOOKS DOWN) he's let
his friend stay with him for years.

PERRY LOOKS AT HIM AND SMILES. SHAWN SMILES BACK. IT'S A
GENUINELY POIGNANT MOMENT, MADE EVEN MORE SO BY THE POETIC
BLAZE OF RED LIGHT EMANATING FROM THE FIRE. A REAL MOMENT
THAT'S A TAD TOO MUCH FOR TWO STRAIGHT MEN. SO THEY DO THE
MORE COMFORTABLE THING OF JOKING THEIR WAY OUT OF IT. PERRY
PUTS HIS MOUTH A FEW INCHES AWAY FROM SHAWN'S. SHAWN PUTS
HIS MOUTH A TINY BIT CLOSER. PERRY LOOKS AT HIM.

PERRY

(SMILING) Game on?

SHAWN

Game on, asswipe!

PERRY PUTS HIS HAND ON SHAWN'S LEG NOW, ABOUT FOUR INCHES
ABOVE HIS KNEE.

SHAWN CLOSES HIS EYES, THEN PUTS HIS HAND ABOUT TWO INCHES HIGHER. PERRY TAKES A DEEP BREATH, THEN PUTS HIS HAND AS CLOSE TO SHAWN'S GROIN AS A STRAIGHT MAN IS CAPABLE OF. SHAWN PUTS A HAND UP TO SIGNAL "GAME OVER." PERRY RAISES HIS ARMS, VICTORIOUS.

PERRY

I win!

SHAWN

There are no winners in 'gay chicken.'

PERRY CRACKS UP, SHAWN SMILES AT HIM AND WE...

FADE OUT

END OF SHOW