

## **INT. TED'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT**

After dinner. Ted and Karen sit on the leather couch, talking and flirting.

KAREN

It seems like I barely have any social life anymore. I'm either working or sleeping. Or even worse, I'm sleepy when I'm at work, then I can't sleep when I get home.

TED

I know what you mean. I've spent most of my time lately focusing on work...

*(groans)*

... There used to be more to life than just work...

Karen laughs ruefully.

KAREN

The 90's are hell for single people.

TED

*(scoots closer)*

It's terrifying, isn't it? Sex is life threatening. Actually, good sex has always been life threatening, but now even bad sex is.

Karen sighs, resting her head on his shoulder.

KAREN

Yeah. I miss good sex... It's almost not worth living in an era like this...

Ted puts his arm around her, Karen snuggling up closer.

TED

*(scoots closer)*

Yeah. Makes you want to do something crazy and irresponsible... something almost life-threatening, death defying...

CUT TO:

## **INT. TED'S TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Ted and Karen in bed, sliding around on the black silk sheets. Ted kisses and caresses her as he speaks to the CAMERA, Karen completely oblivious.

TED

... But not too life threatening or death defying. So, I use condoms. Plain, reliable latex condoms. No day-glow or ribbed ones. I know they're supposed to increase your pleasure, but let's face it - if it's not pleasurable enough, you're doing it wrong.

Karen moans, Ted taking a deep breath and smiling.

TED (cont.)

I'm doing pretty well here. What a relief... Anyway, don't buy condoms out of vending machines. You won't buy a candy bar out of a vending machine, so why something as important as a condom?

Ted looks to Karen, then back to the CAMERA.

TED (cont.)

I'd better get back, we're getting close. Here's another tip, # 7: If you want to prolong sex time, imagine you're doing something else. Some guys picture themselves making love to fat old nuns or their old lunch ladies from school. Personally, I think it's too much work to make love to Sister Gladys, so I think of myself as a super hero. Not just any super hero - a bachelor super hero...

*(proudly)*

... BachelorMan!

### **INSERT - FANTASY SEQUENCE**

Ted flies through the air as BACHELORMAN, cape snapping behind him, a large BachelorMan logo on his chest. He crushes boulders in his hands, burrows through mountains, and bends steel bars as SINGERS belt out his theme song.

SINGERS

BachelorMan - single and free!  
BachelorMan - can stand up to pee!  
BachelorMan - loves autonomy!  
Can shave his head or wear a goatee!  
BachelorMan is his fantasy –  
Helps prolong his ecstasy!

BachelorMan flies toward a shining Pink Palace, heading toward its lovely portal.

The sound of MOANING grows louder as he gets closer.

TED (cont.)  
Yes, I'm BachelorMan, flying toward the Pink Palace. The warm, comfortable Pink Palace...

The MOANING escalates to a fever pitch, a blissful expression on BachelorMan's face as Karen suddenly cries out.

KAREN (v.o.)  
Wait a second - stop!

A net is suddenly thrown over BachelorMan just before he reaches the Pink Palace, and he's YANKED out of frame.

**INT. TED'S TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM**

Ted and Karen lie still - listening as the MOANING we heard comes through the wall from next door.

KAREN  
Why are there three people moaning?

TED  
*(groans)*  
It must be my new neighbor.

They're quiet again, a WOMAN'S VOICE calling out.

WOMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)  
*(muffled)*  
Oh yes! Yes! You're so good!

KAREN  
What if you have to listen to this every night? I can't think of anything more sexually frustrating...

TED  
I can. Now where were we...?

He moves to embrace her, but she's already sliding out of bed.

KAREN  
I'm sorry, Ted. I can't. This is too creepy.

TED  
What do you mean? So they're a little loud - think of it as a challenge.

The MOANING gets louder.