

BACHELORMAN

**Screenplay by
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FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

Circa 1969. A woman, MRS. DAVIS, strains through the agony of childbirth while a DOCTOR and NURSES tend to her. As one of the Nurses wipes Mrs. Davis' brow, a friendly voice comments on the action.

TED (V.O.)

Hi. I know you're wondering what we're doing here, but I thought it was important you see this. My name is Ted Davis, and the woman in pain on the delivery table is my mother. I know she's in pain because she'd tell me all about it at seminal points in my upbringing - like every time I laughed in church, or tracked mud through the living room...

Mrs. Davis lets out a cry of pain as a new contraction hits.

TED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Notice that my dad is nowhere to be found. These were the dark days before natural childbirth, and husbands and wives 'sharing the experience' - my dad thought 'Lamaze' was a 24-hour road race in France. And here I come...

DOCTOR

Push, Mrs. Davis, push!

MRS. DAVIS

I'm tired of pushing - you pull!

TED (V.O.)

Anyway, I thought it was important you see this, because I believe this moment set the tone for my relationships with women...

HEAD NURSE

Push, Mrs. Davis, push!

MRS. DAVIS

I'm pushing! I'm pushing! I want more drugs! Oh... never again, I swear...

(last grunt)

... Get... OUT!

A fairly disgusting noise emanates from Mrs. Davis, and the Doctor holds up baby Ted.

TED (V.O.)
... The very first time a
hysterical woman threw me out.

Baby Ted screams in protest as the Doctor and Nurses grin proudly, setting him on his mother's stomach.

DOCTOR
Congratulations, Mrs. Davis -
it's a boy.

Mrs. Davis lays back, relieved and exhausted.

MRS. DAVIS
A boy... A noisy, little
chauvinist...

Glancing down, the Doctor's and Nurses' eyes go wide. The HEAD NURSE mutters in shock.

HEAD NURSE
Doctor - do you see what I...

DOCTOR
Oh my God...

MRS. DAVIS
(worried)
What is it?

HEAD NURSE
I've never seen... What's it
doing...?

DOCTOR
He's... he's trying to get
back in!

TED (V.O.)
So it would be with every
woman I met for the rest of my
life...

ROLL CREDITS

EXT. CIRCA 1984 - APARTMENT DOORWAY - MORNING

TED DAVIS, now a teenager, steps out of the apartment. He wears a nice suit, hair slicked back into a small pony tail. An attractive MADONNA WANNABE stands in the doorway, with big hair, accessories and a bathrobe.

TED (V.O.)
Relationships were a lot
easier in the late 80's...

MADONNA WANNABE

Call me...

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCA 1992 - APARTMENT DOORWAY - MORNING

Door opens, Ted stepping out. He sports the "Grunge" look - shorts, unkempt hair, flannel shirt. Like a slacker, Ted turns as a COURTNEY LOVE WANNABE follows him out. She wears a torn T-shirt, a couple piercings and too much lipstick, carrying a guitar.

TED (V.O.)

The 90's were even better, for a while...

COURTNEY LOVE WANNABE

Call me.

The Courtney Love Wannabe gives Ted a long kiss before he shambles down the walk.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCA 1999 - FREE CLINIC - DAY

A casually dressed, worried looking Ted steps out.

TED (V.O.)

But the new millennium changed all the rules...

We THEN see the DOCTOR standing behind him, holding a metal beaker in his latex-gloved hand.

DOCTOR

(discreetly)

Call me.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Present. Ted walks through the crowded room, no woman escaping his notice. A girl at the bar smiles. They make small talk as Ted's voice-over continues.

TED (V.O.)

These days I'm more discriminating. I try to play it safe...

He moves on and another girl stops him.

TED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Actually I try to play it safe two or three times a week...

Ted continues to wind his way through, three girls waving at him from nearby.

TED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 You're probably wondering how an ordinary guy like me is so popular with all these woman. All I can say is they know I'm sincere. I'm girl happy, I just adore women - the way they move, the way they talk, the way they think. I don't think I'm God's gift to women... I'm just optimistic enough to think they're God's gift to me.

Ted waves back, then turns and speaks directly into the CAMERA.

TED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Look, if I met the right woman - a REAL woman - someone who's natural, smart, athletic, a sense of humor, nice hips... you know, kissable...
 (thinks, brow furrowed in concentration)
 ... horny, fun, rich family,
 (drifts off)
 wears those panty-hose with the...
 (snaps back)
 ... then yeah - I'd settle down in a heartbeat. But let's face it, my dream girl is not going to show up. So I just continue to struggle on...

Ted steps to the bar, glancing to the back of the room, where a group of people have gathered beneath a banner reading 'HAPPY 30th BIRTHDAY DONNA!'. An attractive woman, DONNA, sits morosely while her friends laugh.

TED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Women have been through the same drastic societal changes as us. Today it takes a more sophisticated, sensitive approach to close the deal...

Donna stands, heading for the bar.

TED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (motions toward the party)
 Women are all obsessed about getting older - especially the single ones.

(MORE)

TED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And after they've been hitting
 the snooze button on that
 biological clock for a few
 years, they need some
 reassurance...

(to camera)
 Bachelor tip - number 27:
 Always try to appeal to a
 woman's sense of youth...

Donna sidles up to the bar next to Ted. He looks to her understandingly.

TED (CONT'D)
 The big 3-0, huh? Looks pretty
 grim.

DONNA
 I can feel my hair turning
 blue. I was afraid I might
 fall and break my hip coming
 over here.

TED
 Come on, it's not that bad.
 You shouldn't be moping
 around, you should be
 celebrating your maturity and
 wisdom...
 (grins)
 But if you are feeling old, I
 have just what you need...

DONNA
 Let me guess: I should
 "celebrate my wisdom" by going
 home with some guy who tries
 to pick me up in a bar?

TED
 I'm serious. If you're worried
 about getting older, I have
 the secret to staying young.
 It comes in a little pill. If
 you take one of these, you'll
 feel like you're five again...
 serious.

DONNA
 Let me guess - Ecstasy? Or are
 you more of Ruffie man?

He reaches into his pocket, pulling out a small, wooden
 moose.

TED
 ... Poopmoose?

It's a famous retro-novelty candy dispenser. Donna laughs,
 surprised. Ted flips the antlers and a small candy drops out
 of it's ass.

DONNA
Poopmoose? Awww... I love
Poopmoose!

TED
Keep it. Happy birthday.

DONNA
Thanks! You sure? I had one of
these when I was little... You
sure?

TED
I'm positive. I have a whole
collection of them back at my
place...

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Panning over from his Poopmoose collection to the bed, Ted and Donna lay under the covers - playing with a huge Poopmoose. Donna laughs happily, working her way down Ted's torso as Ted looks to the CAMERA.

TED
Underline tip 27...

He returns to Donna as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTSHOLLYWOOD NETWORK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A monitor shows a promo for the SportsHollywood Network, opening on a seemingly innocent game of croquet.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Don't miss the double hoops
and double-barrel action of
Croquet Skeet.

An older man knocks his ball through the double hoops and it strikes the stick. The contact causes a cage to open, allowing two pigeons to fly free. He quickly brandishes a shotgun from his mallet rack, aims and nails both birds in flight with two successive shots.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Only on SportsHollywood - the
Extreme Sports Network!

We PAN to Ted, who sits at the large conference table, speaking to MEG THOMPSON. She's attractive, dressed in a conservative business suit. She grins at him skeptically.

MEG
Poopmoose?

TED
Women love Poopmoose.

Meg shakes her head and laughs as she shuffles through some paperwork. Ted watches her with a smile.

TED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Meg Thompson - marketing executive here at the network. We were hired the same week, eight years ago. She's the one person in this world I can count on no matter what. A true, loyal, trusted friend...

MEG
(teasing)
You are a slut of the worst kind - you realize that, right? Sex means something to a woman - not just some sort of temporary gratification. Don't you know those days are over?

TED
What can I say, I'm old school. Who're we meeting, here?

Meg hands him a sheaf of papers, Ted giving them a cursory glance.

MEG
A sales rep from Extremely Real. They're shopping around some new shows...

TED
Okay, let's do it... And please god, nothing with monkeys...

A salesperson, SHERRY, enters, carrying folders bursting with various charts and graphs. They shake hands.

SHERRY
Sherry Cappleman, Extremely Real Productions.

Ted gives Sherry 'the James Coburn' look.

We see a digitized electronic scan of Sherry, overlaid with alphanumeric readouts, like something out of 'The Terminator'. A grid appears over her body, data spinning past:

SCAN MODE:
BREASTS: 37
WAIST: 23

(MORE)

SHERRY (cont'd)

HIPS: 34
 NO WEDDING RING
 NICE SMILE - 3 CAPS
 GREAT LEGS - ONLY SHAVES THE
 CALVES

The readout changes:

POSSIBLE OPENING LINES:
 "SHERRY? MY MOTHER'S NAME IS
 SHERRY."
 "DO YOU WANT TO GO IN HALVES
 ON A BABY?"
 "YOU LOOK LIKE THAT WOMAN WHO
 RAN FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW
 JERSEY."
 "GOT A HAM SANDWICH ON YOU?"
 "PERMISSION TO COME ABOARD?"
 "NICE TO MEET YOU."

Ted stands, shaking her hand, as their eyes lock for a moment.

TED

Nice to meet you. We're looking to branch out from extreme sports and move into more mainstream reality programming. That's why we called you. Loved that show "When the Elderly Attack." So what do you have for us?

Sherry pitches excitedly.

SHERRY

(pulling out charts)
 "OUCH-MY BALLS!" Home video show of guys getting hit in the nuts. Hit with baseballs, footballs, bowling balls - we even have footage of one poor slob getting tagged by a wrecking ball.

TED AND MEG

(not impressed)

Mmmm...

SHERRY

"HANDS UP!" Instead of a camera crew riding with cops, they follow the criminals! Planning the crime, stealing the getaway car, robbing the liquor store...

MEG

We're looking for something with a little more crossover appeal.

SHERRY
 "CELEBRITY BREAST EXAM!"
 Different celebrities have
 their boobs examined. Couples
 can watch it together - it's
 educational and raunchy.

Ted and Meg are still underwhelmed. Sherry scans her notes desperately.

SHERRY (CONT'D)
 Uh... a thong bikini
 lumberjack competition? Nearly
 naked women with chain saws...

TED
 We already have something like
 that with monkeys.

SHERRY
 (honing in on Ted)
 Perhaps if I knew what you
 were looking for I could
 better satisfy your needs.

TED
 I have an hour open on
 Thursday nights. I've signed a
 half hour show but there's
 nothing to go with it. I have
 to fill that hole pretty
 quickly.

SHERRY
 I may have a nice companion
 piece.

Sherry hands Ted her business card.

TED
 I'd love to see it.

SHERRY
 I have a number of interesting
 ideas - maybe we should get
 together over dinner to
 discuss them...

Ted turns over the card to find her home phone number written on the back. He looks to Meg smugly as she rolls her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. TED'S CONDO - DAY

Ted is walking in as he notices a moving truck parked, with burly MOVERS in the driveway. Ted freezes when he sees his new neighbor, HEATHER NEWMAN, step out of her house.

She's in her late-twenties, all natural, long-legged, athletic, nice hips - Ted's REAL woman . He stares, mesmerized, as she bends to pick up a box, only to have the bottom fall out, sexy panty-hose scattering everywhere. The Movers lunge forward, elbowing and biting each other to help her pick it up.

TED
(muttering)
"Dear Penthouse, I always
thought your letters were fake
- until I met my new
neighbor..."

Ted shakes his head, snapping out of it as he unlocks the door, stepping inside.

INT. TED'S CONDO - DAY

Ted's place is the ultimate bachelor pad. Utilitarian. Furnished in Early Ikea. Ted plays his answering machine, an ANGRY WOMAN'S voice coming from the tiny speaker.

ANGRY WOMAN (V.O.)
... You sleep with me and then
don't call for two weeks? What
do you think I am, some kind
of tramp that you can use and
then just dump-

He hurriedly shuts off the machine, smiling sheepishly.

TED (V.O.)
Bachelor Tip #12: If you've
got a date coming over, turn
off the answering machine.
Messages like this tend to
affect her enjoyment, not to
mention yours...

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

Later that night, Ted wanders the house, selectively messing things up. He continues to speak to us.

TED (V.O.)
Also, try to keep your place a
little messy. Not like you're
a slob, just a little
disorganized. New Age CD's and
travel magazines are okay,
dirty underwear is not.

The doorbell RINGS, Ted opening the door to reveal an Asian man, MR. YI, holding several bags of Italian take-out food.

TED
All right - Mr. Yi, my man.

MR. YI
 (bowing)
 Anyoungi Haseo.

TED
 (bowing back, sort of)
 Anyoungi to you, sportsfan.

Mr. Yi steps inside, moving to the kitchen counter. He's obviously familiar with the apartment. As he pulls food from the bags Mr. Yi glances to the big screen TV, where a 'Then Came Tree' rerun is on (It looks an awful lot like a 'Kung Fu' rerun, but instead of David Carradine it stars a muscular African-American).

MR. YI
 You watch 'Then Came Tree'
 reruns?

TED
 Never miss it. Channel 34,
 eight o'clock.

MR. YI
 Shaolin would never let half-
 breed into temple.

Ted scoffs, shaking his head.

TED
 Come on - his parents were
 killed. He had nowhere else to
 go!

MR. YI
 (laughs hard)
 Hah! You need study Chinese
 more...

TED
 This coming from a Korean guy
 with an Italian restaurant?

Mr. Yi opens the food containers, Ted pulling a couple of pots and pans from the cupboard. Mr. Yi looks at Ted, insulted, as they begin putting the food in the cookware.

MR. YI
 Must be pretty good for you to
 always pretend you cook
 traditional Sicilian feast -
 all in the name of sexual
 conquest? That not right!

TED
 You need study American more.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

Later, Ted glances out the window to see Sherry moving up the front walk. He springs into action, moving to a small picture hanging in the entry way. He slides it away to reveal a can of furniture cleaner in a cubby hole in the wall.

TED (V.O.)
Bachelor Tip #31: When you see her coming, spray some polish over the door. When she comes in she'll think you spent the whole day dusting.

He sprays the door, putting the can back in it's hiding place as the doorbell RINGS. He opens the door, gesturing Sherry inside.

TED (CONT'D)
Hello! Come on in.

Sherry enters, sniffing the air.

SHERRY
Have you been cleaning? For me?

TED
(grins sheepishly)
Oops. You caught me.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

A little later. Sherry sits at the dining table while Ted stands over her, spooning food from a pan onto her plate.

SHERRY
I can't believe you went to all this trouble. This is really special.

TED
Are you kidding me? I can't believe you're here tonight. I don't know how guys control themselves around you - it's like having a centerfold over for dinner. Every guy's dream...

SHERRY
(giggling at his bull)
No - every guy's dream is to be able to deliver lines like that with a straight face...

Ted sits, raising his glass of wine in a toast.

TED
 "Dove posso prendere il tassi
 per andare in citta`..."

A TITLE appears across the bottom of the screen, translating:
 "How can I get a taxi into the city?"

SHERRY
 (clinks glasses with Ted)
 How beautiful. Thank you. I
 just love Italian food and the
 Italian language and this
 whole Italian night...

She takes a bite, and speaks with noodles hanging out - her
 mouth full.

SHERRY (CONT'D)
 ... Say some more in
 Italian...

The doorbell RINGS, saving Ted as he stands to answer it.

TED
 Excuse me. I can't imagine who
 it could be...

He opens the door to reveal Mr. Yi, tiny bag in hand.

MR. YI
 (loud and friendly)
 Forgot cookies!

Ted slams the door in his face, turning back to Sherry. He
 laughs uneasily.

TED
 Those Girl Scouts are getting
 uglier all the time.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

Later still. After dinner, Ted and Sherry sit on the leather
 couch, talking and flirting.

SHERRY
 It seems like I barely have
 any social life anymore. I'm
 either working or sleeping.

TED
 I know what you mean. I've
 spent most of my time lately
 focusing on work... I've got
 to make SportsHollywood huge.
 (MORE)

TED (cont'd)
 I want to kick the other
 network's asses so bad, I can
 smell it...
 (stops himself, grins)
 ... Sorry. I get carried away.
 There used to be more to life
 than just work...

Sherry laughs ruefully, speaking over-dramatically.

SHERRY
 Life is hell for single people
 in the highly competitive
 world of reality
 programming...
 (smiles slyly)
 Of course, I could take some
 of the pressure off you...

TED
 (scoots closer)
 Really?...

Sherry sighs, resting her head on his shoulder.

SHERRY
 I could do it right now, as a
 matter of fact...

TED
 Ummm. Go for it, sweetheart...

She pauses to think, then pulls her face up next to his:

SHERRY
 Tonight...

TED
 ... Yes???

SHERRY
 Tonight... DONKEY BOWLING...

Ted rubs his cheek against hers as if he heard what he wanted to hear.

TED
 I've never tried that posit-
 (realizes)
 Wait - what?

She kisses him lightly.

SHERRY
 ... Followed by "When Good Gym
 Teachers Go Bad"...

She smiles huge. Ted is still confused

SHERRY (CONT'D)
There's your Thursday lineup!

TED
Oh, right, right... Actually,
I'm more interested in
tonight's offerings...

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

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ted and Sherry in bed, sliding around on the black silk sheets. Ted kisses and caresses her.

TED (V.O.)
Here's another tip, #17: If
you want to prolong sex time,
imagine you're doing something
else. Some guys picture their
old lunch ladies from school,
or The Cubs. But I imagine
myself as a super hero... Not
just any super hero - a
bachelor super hero...

Sherry moans, Ted taking a deep breath and smiling.

TED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(proudly)
... BachelorMan!

ANIMATED FANTASY

BachelorMan stands on a mountain top with his logo on his chest. He crushes boulders in his hands and bends steel bars as SINGERS belt out his theme song. BachelorMan flies toward the shining "Palace of Love," heading toward its heart-shaped entrance. The sound of MOANING grows louder as he gets closer.

TED (V.O.)
Yes, I'm BachelorMan, flying
toward the Palace of Love. The
warm and exciting Palace of
Love...

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

SHERRY (V.O.)
Wait a second - stop!

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

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

SHERRY

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!

SHERRY

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.

SHERRY

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. - who can get further, faster - us against them!

The MOANING gets louder. Pictures on the wall rattle.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(muffled)

Harder! Do it! Yes! YES!!!

SHERRY

(pulling on clothes)

I don't think so. I mean, if we can hear them, then they might hear us...

TED

So? We'll be quiet, we'll use different names - you don't have to rush out of here.

SHERRY
Who's rushing? Not me...

TED
Then why are you putting on my
underwear?

She looks down to see that she's wearing Ted's briefs. Embarrassed, she starts to take them off and falls against the wall, CRASHING to the floor, making a huge racket. She gets up and starts putting on her own clothes.

SHERRY
Sorry. I really had a good
time tonight - the dinner, the
wine...

They both turn toward the wall as the Woman's Voice calls out wildly.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(muffled)
Pump me! Pump me! Pump me!

SHERRY
... the entertainment. I'll
call you. Don't get up... I
mean out of the bed.

Hopping on one foot as she puts on her shoe, Sherry gives Ted a regretful smile as she hurries out. Ted lays back, staring up at the ceiling in disbelief.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(muffled)
Oooh, Lucky... you're the
best, Lucky.

TED
BachelorMan has met his
kryptonite...

CUT TO:

EXT. TED'S CONDO - DAY

The next morning. Ted steps onto his porch, bending to pick up the paper when he hears the door open next door. He looks up to see Heather, also retrieving her paper. She turns, making meaningful eye contact. Ted flashes his best BachelorMan smile.

HEATHER
Excuse me, but do you think
you could keep it down to a
loud roar over there at night?
So maybe those of us who work
for a living could get a few
minutes of sleep?

Ted's BachelorMan smile fades. He stammers, trying to rebut...

TED
But, I...

... only to have her turn and step back inside her house. He stares at the closed door, puzzled...

CUT TO:

INT. SUSHI BAR - NIGHT

Ted sits at the sushi bar, partying with three friends. The chefs are wild and getting drunk. GORDIE POSTER, short, rumped and hyper, leans to Ted, speaking loudly.

GORDIE
What are you, high? Tree could kick Tyson's ass.

SUSHI WAITER
Who cares? Mr. Miage kick both their asses.

KELLY BARNET, a broad-shouldered guy with close-cropped hair, carefully puts a piece of sushi on the table.

KELLY
Eat it, or I will kick your ass.

ARTIE SPIRES, a little dorky looking, looks to the Sushi Waiter.

ARTIE
I want one of those big Japanese beers.

The Sushi Waiter turns to the bartender, hands spread vertically to indicate a huge beer.

SUSHI WAITER
Doy!

TED
How come Japanese beers are so massive? Aren't these the same people that make small cars, small TV's, small stereos - you want a beer?
(to waiter, imitating him)
Doy!

GORDIE
(to Waiter)
Doy!

SUSHI WAITER
 (to bar)
 Doy!

KELLY
 Doy!

TED (V.O.)
 Kelly Barnet. I've known him
 since I was seven years old.
 His goal in life is to get
 married and settle down. Maybe
 it's because he never gets
 laid.

Kelly grimaces as Artie picks up the sushi filled with little
 red salmon eggs.

TED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He's convinced that if he gets
 married he'll never have to
 masturbate again.

ARTIE
 This baby's going down with
 one swallow.

KELLY
 That's what she said!

Kelly laughs uproariously.

TED (V.O.)
 Odds are he'll never know the
 sad truth...

Artie slowly and deliberately puts the sushi in his mouth,
 chewing with his mouth open as the others gag. Ted looks to
 Artie, who smiles triumphantly at the gross-out.

TED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Artie Spires. Still bitter
 from a broken relationship...
 in high school. He's totally
 obsessed with it...

Artie swallows, looking to the others bitterly.

ARTIE
 Did I tell you? That slut had
 her fourth kid - just to bug
 me.

GORDIE
 Give it up, you idiot.

TED (V.O.)
 My best friend, Gordie Poster.

GORDIE
What are you, high?

ARTIE
I'll tell you this - she
better not have grandkids. If
she pulls that one, she's off
the list.

KELLY
You're psychotic...

ARTIE
Everybody says that; except my
friends, deep inside the
earth...

GORDIE
You're single, you're free!
Forget her!

TED (V.O.)
Gordie is probably the best
friend I've ever had.

GORDIE
You wouldn't know a real woman
if she jumped up and cinched
onto your ball sack...

TED (V.O.)
Gordie's wife is a knockout.
She's constantly horny. He's
probably the only happily
married man I know...

SUSHI WAITER
You want to see a REAL woman?
Owner's niece will be in here
today. Walk all over you
idiots.

KELLY
She probably looks like
Yoda...

TED
Actually, I think the perfect
Ted woman moved in next door.

GORDIE
And you're here with us? What
are you, high?

TED
I have to come up with an
opener...

ARTIE

Use the 'Will you help me pick out a gift for my mom?' routine. No, no - "my drains are clogged can I take a shower over here?" Winner! Winner!

GORDIE

My favorite of all time was when you told that nurse you were a former hostage in Iran and hadn't had sex in 12 years.

TED

(reminiscing)

Oooh - that was a good one...

KELLY

I remember in third grade you used to stick worms in your Snak-Pak pudding and show all the girls.

GORDIE

What are you... what are you... what are you... high?

KELLY

Well I didn't say it'd work now!

TED

(cocky and only half-serious)

No boys, the classic lines wouldn't work on this woman. I have to tell her exactly how I feel - be honest with her, express my true feelings, share with her, be sincere...

Gordie, Artie and Kelly bow their heads in admiration. The Sushi Chef suddenly points to the entrance, calling out:

SUSHI WAITER

Rook! Niece coming!

INT. SUSHI BAR - NIGHT

The restaurant breaks off into complete silence as the doors swing open to reveal the Chef's niece - a gorgeous girl in tight jeans and a silk blouse, TSUKI.

She saunters in like she owns the place, all heads turning as she steps to the bar like Clint Eastwood in Italy. The Sushi Chef freezes.

SUSHI WAITER
 Howdy stranger. What your
 poison?

The girl chews and spits.

TSUKI
 (gesturing with hands and
 yelling)
 Doy!

INT. SUSHI BAR - NIGHT

Continuous. The place goes back to normal - loud rock and
 roll music blaring, employees and customers partying together
 and chef's shouting "DOY!"

Kelly steps to where Tsuki sits, sipping her big beer, trying
 to be cool. The CAMERA sweeps back and forth, as if filming a
 Western.

KELLY
 Hi.

TSUKI
 Hi.

KELLY
 The word of the day is legs,
 what do you say, let's go back
 to my place and spread the
 word.

TSUKI
 You got a major booger hanging
 out of your nose.

Kelly's head snaps back, BANG, as if shot by a twelve gauge;
 Artie steps up.

ARTIE
 ... How'd you like three
 inches of pink steel?

TSUKI
 Save your air - you're going
 to need it to blow up your
 date later...

Artie grabs his chest as though wounded, spinning away.

Ted stands, kicking his barstool away, walking toward Tsuki's
 table. Spurs jangling. He stops before her, grinning
 confidently (NOTE: Through the course of this seduction,
 everyone in the place begins to gather, cheering Ted on).

TED

Pick-up line number one -
confident: Do you believe in
love at first sight or should
I walk by again?

TSUKI

Huh?

The crowd sees Ted is on the make, grabbing their drinks and rushing over to hear. This has obviously happened here a lot.

TED

You've probably heard them
all. Flirtatious lines: "I
know your legs must be tired,
because you've been running
through my mind all day..." Or
worshipful: "I was just
wondering if heaven knows
you're here, because it's
missing an angel." Or,

(the crowd goes "awww!")

How about the provocative
approach: "If I gave you some
negligee, would there be
anything in it for me?" "Hey
baby, how would you like to
join me in some math? Let's
add you and me, subtract our
clothes, divide your legs, and
multiply!"

(the group applauds - even
Tsuki joining in)

An oldie but a goodie...

(stick finger in drink,
flicks it on her shirt)

"How about we get out of these
wet clothes?" Or sleazy: "You
know where that dress would
look great? On the floor in my
bedroom..."

(the crowd boos, laughing)

Finally, pathetic: Hey babe -

ZOOM IN on Ted's face.

TED (cont'd)

"Do you have a quarter I can
borrow? I told my mother I
would call her when I fell in
love."

The crowd stops and Tsuki is taken back.

TSUKI

Who are you?

Ted gives her "the James Coburn look."

TED
I'm BachelorMan.

Tsuki stares at him a moment, then smiles. The crowd applauds when she stands, taking Ted by the arm as they walk out of the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

The house is dark and silent, except for some occasional SOUNDS of passion. The only illumination comes from the big screen TV, which plays "Donkey Bowling" on the SportsHollywood network.

We PULL BACK to see Ted and Tsuki rolling around on the floor. Ted begins to unbutton her blouse, Tsuki backing away slightly.

TSUKI
You're awful quick, Mr.
BachelorMan.

TED
I'm sorry, I'll slow down.
It's just that... oh, forget
it.

Ted kisses her again, but her eyes don't close.

TSUKI
Just what?

TED
I don't know how guys control
themselves around you - it's
like having a centerfold in my
house. Every guy's dream...

TSUKI
(whispering)
Yeah?

Ted smiles, closes his eyes and resumes kissing.

TED
(affirmative)
Mmmm-hmmm.

The action continues, Ted expertly unbuckling her belt. He goes for the zipper, but AHH - they're buttons! He reaches up and blows on his fingers like he's cracking a safe, then expertly unbuttons her pants (with one hand). There is only token resistance as he grabs the top of her jeans with both hands, ready to pull them down. He pauses, pondering intensely.

TED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Bachelor tip #22: In this situation you never really know whether you're going all the way until she does the old lift-up-the-hips deal. When she does that, you're in there. Don't get cocky until this point.

He turns back to Tsuki, who smiles and lifts up her hips very deliberately. Ted looks with a raised eyebrow.

TED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Yes!

Ted pauses as the doorbell RINGS, groaning.

TED (CONT'D)
 (to Tsuki)
 Hold that thought.

He creeps over to the window, peeking through the shade. He's not happy.

TED (CONT'D)
 This'll take two minutes. Wait for me in the bedroom - down the hall, last door on the left. And keep those hips raised!

Tsuki laughs as she scurries off down the hallway. Ted opens the door to reveal his mom. She bursts in, looking around curiously.

MRS. DAVIS
 I thought I heard noises. Who's here with you? Are you getting lucky?

TED
 (impatiently)
 Just some girl I know. What are you doing here, mom?

MRS. DAVIS
 It's Monday night! Bears-Cowboys! Monsters of the Midway versus those pussies from Dallas. Besides, your father kicked me out of the house so he could have his "space" as he's always saying... God knows what he does when I'm out - he sure doesn't clean up anything...

TED
I forgot. Isn't it a little late?

MRS. DAVIS
(getting the picture)
Late? It's 6:15. What'd you do, pick her up at happy hour?

TED
No! Well, I... uh... yes.

Mrs. Davis opens her purse, rummaging through it before pulling out three or four condoms.

MRS. DAVIS
Here, these are fresh. And don't forget to use them. They're the extra thin ones - four bucks a pop. Speaking of pop, they're your dad's favorite.

TED
(taking condoms)
Thanks for the visual, mom. Suddenly I'm not in the mood.

MRS. DAVIS
Yeah, right.

She fumbles through her purse once more, pulling out a large vibrator.

MRS. DAVIS (CONT'D)
Here. Call it an early Christmas present.

TED
Mom!

MRS. DAVIS
Two minutes with this and you'll have her grunting like Monica Seles at match point.

TED
This is not what I need.

MRS. DAVIS
Nonsense, I know what you need. I'm your mother and don't you forget it. A woman knows all about her children. She knows about dentist appointments and romances, best friends, favorite foods, how long she was in labor with them...

Ted gives an 'It never ends' look.

MRS. DAVIS (CONT'D)
 ... A mother knows these things - a father is vaguely aware of some short people living in the house.

TED
 Mom, I can't take this from you.

MRS. DAVIS
 Nonsense, I get a deal at the Women's Resource Center. It's the latest thing. It's cable ready!

Ted takes it, holding it gingerly between his thumb and forefinger.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A little later. Tsuki lays in bed, the covers over her body. Ted is completely hidden beneath them, positioning himself. Once again we hear Heather MOANING from next door.

HEATHER (O.S.)
 Oh, you make me feel sooooo good...

Tsuki's eyes snap open, confused by the voice coming through the wall.

TED
 (muffled, under covers)
 Me, too.

Tsuki frowns, looking around the room.

HEATHER (O.S.)
 You are so big. You feel sooo nice...

Ted pops his head out from under the sheet.

TED
 I really haven't done anything yet.

TSUKI
 But, it's not...

HEATHER (O.S.)
 Oh yes... that's it. Yes... oh, faster... you stud...

Ted cringes, turning on the light. Tsuki listens, impressed.

TSUKI
 Maybe I should be next door.
 Who is that?

TED
 It's Bachelorette Woman...

ANIMATED FANTASY

Heather flies through the air as BACHELORETTE WOMAN, cape snapping behind her. BachelorMan flies up next to her, wielding his sword - only to have Bachelorette Woman laugh in his face and zoom off into the clouds, leaving Ted blinking in disappointment. The sword droops limply.

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ted and Tsuki continue to listen.

HEATHER (O.S.)
 Yes, yes - go Lucky - go!
 Deeper! Harder! Faster!

Ted tries to resume physical contact.

TSUKI
 Ted - stop. I can't do this -
 I feel too inhibited now. It's
 like trying to sing with Maria
 Callas living next door.

TED
 (trying to change subject)
 Never mind her. Did I show you
 what I got for Christmas?

CUT TO:

EXT. TED'S CONDO - DAY

The next morning. Ted steps out to fetch the morning paper. He turns as Heather steps out her front door wearing a jogging outfit. She gives him a friendly but uninterested smile before trotting off down the street.

TED
 Jesus, eight hours of sex and
 she still moves like a
 gazelle...

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTSHOLLYWOOD NETWORK HALLWAY - DAY

Ted strolls up the hall, doing a double-take when he sees A SECRETARY, who is very sexy in a girl-next-door way.

He walks backwards to admire her and once again we see a digitized grid appear over her body:

SCAN MODE
 NO WEDDING RING
 VERY LITTLE FACIAL HAIR
 BREASTS: 36C
 CHILD-BEARING HIPS

The readout changes:

POSSIBLE OPENING LINES:
 "HEY BABE - MOUSE OR
 TRACKBALL"
 "YOUR FACE OR MINE?"
 "WE NEED TO GET YOU OUT OF..."

Before the last readout has a chance to register, Ted bumps into an OLD LADY with a walker.

TED
 Oh! Excuse me, I'm sorry.

Ted turns, making eye contact with the old lady, and as he does the digitized grid switches to her stats:

SCAN MODE:
 BREASTS: 38 LONG
 WEDDING RING
 FOUR CHINS
 DEPENDS

Before the readout can continue Ted quickly spins and shakes it off, waving his hands in front of his face.

INT. SPORTSHOLLYWOOD NETWORK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ted and Meg are talking at the conference table. Ted is face down.

MEG
 What's with you?

TED
 It's my damn neighbor! I can't get any sleep.

Meg steps back in, handing Ted a glass of water as she sits next to him.

TED (CONT'D)
 It's like living in hell. She's my dream girl - all natural, no make-up, long-legged, athletic, hips to Sunday. And she lives next door.

MEG
You're right, sounds like
hell.

TED
It is! Her bedroom's right
next to mine and I have to
listen to her having sex all
night with someone who isn't
me.

Meg gives him a piercing look.

MEG
Ted Davis - the man whose idea
of a commitment is putting a
girl's phone number on speed
dial - has found his 'dream
girl'?

TED
No woman's driven me this
crazy since Marsha Brady got
her training bra.

MEG
Have you talked to her yet?

Ted squirms self-consciously.

TED
I tried...

MEG
So try again - ask her out.
But if she really is your
dream girl don't try and scam
her...

CUT TO:

EXT. HORSE RANCH - DAY

Ted and Gordie brush their horses.

GORDIE
Scam on her! Romance her!
Sleep with her! Take good
mental notes! You know the
only pleasure I get in life is
hearing your stories.

Ted seems uncertain.

TED
Yeah, but she's my next-door
door neighbor. I don't want to
shit in my own nest.

GORDIE
 What are you, high? Shit away,
 shit away!

Something really funny happens with horse poo.

GORDIE (CONT'D)
 So what does she look like?

TED
 Great, but she's obviously
 taken.

GORDIE
 Is he bigger than you?

They look at the horse for a moment.

TED
 (shrugs)
 She keeps screaming that he's
 huge - but what's she gonna
 do, scream "Oh, give me your
 small thing! You're so small,
 you're so small..."

GORDIE
 I meant can he kick your ass?

TED
 I've never seen him. I've
 never even heard him, for that
 matter. He just has sex for
 eight hours with a one hour
 lunch break and leaves. It's
 kind of like wham-bam, wham-
 bam, wham-bam, wham-bam, wham-
 bam, wham-bam, wham-bam, wham-
 bam, wham-bam, wham-bam, thank
 you, ma'am.

GORDIE
 I hate him. Steal her, steal
 her, steal her, steal her!

TED
 She calls him "Lucky"...

GORDIE
 Let me get this straight -
 this guy, who's hung like
 Secretariat, (points) sneaks
 in undetected for eight hours
 of loud pounding, then beams
 back to planet testosterone
 without a sound?

TED
 That's about the size of it.

ANIMATED FANTASY

Ted flies through the air as BachelorMan. He stops when a Chippendale's-type rival super hero blocks his way. BachelorMan quickly pulls a large sword from his scabbard, wielding it skillfully. His rival pulls out an even bigger sword, grinning wickedly. BachelorMan looks from his sword, to his rival's, and back to his. He swallows hard as the rival lunges forward, engaging him in a death battle. Ted's sword is cut-off.

EXT. HORSE RANCH - DAY

Ted sighs, depressed. Gordie struggles with a hoof cleaning.

GORDIE

James Coburn is your answer.
Hey - I could never rely on
good looks to attract a woman,
but you can't lose with the
James Coburn. Watch.

Gordie straightens up, as TWO COWGIRLS walk by. He shoots them his best "James Coburn," but they pay no attention to him. He deflates dejectedly.

GORDIE (CONT'D)

I'm obviously taken.

TED

Don't mess around with that,
will you? The James Coburn is
an art that must be practiced.
You must also know when to use
the In Like Flynt or the Hard
Times, or what. Observe:

A girl struggling with her saddle gives up. She sees the boys and Ted shoots her the "James Coburn." She smiles and walks over.

TED (CONT'D)

(to Gordie)

"Magnificent Seven"

Gordie acknowledges as she leads Ted away. He turns and smiles at Gordie, who grins, impressed.

GORDIE

(as they walk away)
Stories baby - don't forget
stories...

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTSHOLLYWOOD NETWORK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ted and Meg sit at the conference table. Meg can barely get the words out as she finishes her story, laughing hysterically.

MEG
... then afterwards the
monkeys were smoking...

She laughs even harder and must wipe the tears from her eyes as she recovers. Ted is in a catatonic stare through the whole thing.

MEG (CONT'D)
You have to stop worrying,
Ted. Since you've been head of
programming, we have the
highest ratings we've ever
had.

TED
Yeah, but this network is
never gonna be taken seriously
if we don't break out of these
ridiculous shows...

MEG
These ridiculous shows pay the
bills-

Meg looks up as DOUG HARDIN flirts with a group of secretaries at another table. Immaculately groomed, immaculately dressed and immaculately sleazy, Doug glances at Meg, giving her a cocky wink. Her smile fades as she stands to leave.

MEG (CONT'D)
I've got to run.

TED
What's the rush?

MEG
(nods to Doug)
I really don't want to talk to
Hardin.

Meg walks away, Ted calling after her.

TED
Thanks - leave me here with
him...

Doug steps up, taking Meg's place at the table. He checks out Meg as she walks away, turning to Ted with a macho grin on his face.

DOUG
What's up her ass? Jesus, you
do a girl once and they think
it's a lifelong commitment.

TED (V.O.)
Doug Hardin, company dicknoz.

Doug turns again, continuing to check her out as Ted tries to
ignore him, disgusted.

TED (CONT'D)
If I throw a stick, will you
leave?

DOUG
I swear, man - hottest piece
of ass in the building. Too
bad she's so possessive.

TED
Doug, there's three things a
bachelor should know: Never
call your girlfriend by the
wrong name in bed, and don't
brag about women that wouldn't
touch you with a ten-foot
pole...

Doug looks at Ted expectantly. A beat.

DOUG
What's the third thing?

TED
Never try to make love while
suppressing a fart - but
that's not important here...

Doug scoffs, shaking his head.

DOUG
(not buying it)
Cut me some slack, Davis.
Everyone knows you're the
biggest cocksmitth in the
company... next to me. What,
are you gonna tell me you love
'em all?

TED
As a matter of fact, I do.

DOUG
Yeah, yeah, right. Listen,
I've got a great idea for a
new show...

Ted cuts him off impatiently.

TED

Doug, you are in sales.
Concentrate on sales, I'll
concentrate on programming.

DOUG

No, really. This will
revolutionize reality
television.

TED

Hardin - don't you get it? I
don't like you. You screwed
over Meg - then you brag about
it like we're on some
imaginary 'guy team' and you
scored some big victory. I
happen to be very fond of Meg,
so I'm probably not the guy
you want to come and pitch
your ideas to, okay?

DOUG

I guess I'll go over your head
with these ideas if you won't
listen to them - know what I'm
sayin'?

Doug walks away.

TED (V.O.)

Never argue with an idiot -
they drag you down to their
level and then beat you with
experience...

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTSHOLLYWOOD NETWORK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Later. Several SportsHollywood Network EXECUTIVES sit around
a huge table, with a bar chart on an easel. Meg and Ted sit,
squirming uncomfortably.

EXECUTIVE #1

I am very excited about our
new marketing and programming
plans. As you know, for the
last three periods, our
competitors have had an
aggregate rating of about
28.5. For the same period,
SportsHollywood has enjoyed
our highest ratings ever,
averaging 5.8.

Some slight clapping, until they realize that sucks.

EXECUTIVE #1 (CONT'D)

... And while that is significantly up from our 1.2 from last year; we would like to start kicking the world's aggregate asses as soon as possible.

EXECUTIVE #2

Programming needs to step it up...

EXECUTIVE #3

Ted Davis, our new programming wiz here, has been working for the past 90 days on several outstanding ideas for the future of SportsHollywood!

They cheer and Ted acknowledges.

EXECUTIVE #1

I'm afraid it's not all good news, however... A hostile bid for control of this network is brewing. The shareholders are naturally tempted by all the numbers being thrown around, but I've convinced the board that on the horizon is that one breakthrough show that we can build the network around and become a major player.

EXECUTIVE #2

Programming needs to step it up...

EXECUTIVE #1

Davis? You have exactly one month to put it all together, or we'll all be moving to...
(shudders)
... Atlanta...

The entire place groans as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

On the big-screen TV is the reality cop show, "Hands-up!" A couple of dopey criminals are pulling off a petty crime, obviously playing for the camera.

We PULL BACK to see Ted lounging on the sofa, taking notes. He sighs, bored, as one of the criminals getting a beating from the cops starts MOANING to the cameraman to help him. There's also a girl moaning, but...

Ted snaps back when he realizes the MOANING is coming through the walls from next door again. Frustrated, he jumps off the couch and heads for the door.

TED
That's enough!

EXT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

Ted bolts from his house, hurrying next door, where he listens intently. The sounds of love continue to resound from within until he raps on the door loudly. After a moment Heather opens the door - a telephone in one hand, the other covering the mouthpiece.

HEATHER
I'm busy. What do...

Ted sizes up the situation, a huge grin spreading across his face.

TED
(figures out it's phone
sex)
Ooooh! Ah-ha!

HEATHER
(realizing, embarrassed)
You mean... you can hear... oh
no.

TED
Oh yes.

Flustered, she motions him inside.

HEATHER
Come on in - I'm not... I mean
he's not finished.

Ted follows her inside.

INT. HEATHER'S CONDO - NIGHT

Ted glances around the living room while Heather moves to the kitchen counter, where she stuffs a Cornish game hen while continuing the call.

HEATHER
I'm sorry, Lucky. Where were
we? Oh yeah...
(feigning arousal)
Oh yes, Lucky... stuff it in.
Cram it in, baby... add
almonds... uh, I mean, keep
going...

Ted listens to this, fascinated. Grinning playfully, he calls out.

TED
 "Honey, I'm home from the war..."

Heather gives him a stern look, but almost breaks out laughing.

HEATHER
 Never mind, Lucky. Keep trying... oh, you stud...

TED
 "Oh my God - You're in bed with another man? I'll kill myself!"

HEATHER
 Go, Lucky. Go, baby...
 (stops acting)
 What? Oh. All right, talk to you later...

She hangs up, looking to Ted as she wipes her hands on a towel.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 That did it. Thanks.

TED
 It was nothing. I've got to tell you, it's a big relief to know you don't sleep with fifty guys a week.

Heather laughs sheepishly.

HEATHER
 Sorry if I'm a little loud. A lot of my clients are hard of hearing. I'm Heather Newman, by the way.

TED
 (they shake hands)
 Ted Davis. How long have you been doing this?

HEATHER
 About a year.

TED
 And just how does one train for a job where you screw people without getting personally involved?

HEATHER
 I worked in a law office.

TED

Everything's starting to make sense...

HEATHER

I really was getting burned out there...

(stuffing game hen
angrily)

... Plus I caught my hot-shot attorney boyfriend with a stenographer, and his legal briefs around his ankles...

Heather notices that Ted is wincing with every violent stuff into the poor game hen. She calms herself, changing the subject.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

... So with that I decided to take a year off - get out, have some fun. Not that this is all that exciting, but the pay is good and I am my own boss...

TED

So you went from a job prosecuting people for sexual harassment to one where it's actually encouraged.

HEATHER

In this line of work, harass is two words.

TED

(impressed)

Wow - looks and a sense of humor... How does your boyfriend handle this?

HEATHER

I don't have one.

Ted's eyes light up. He gives Heather his most charming grin.

ANIMATED FANTASY

Ted stands on a mountaintop, where with a stab of triumphant music he rips open his shirt to reveal his BachelorMan superhero outfit. Arms outstretched, he flies joyfully into the air.

INT. HEATHER'S CONDO - NIGHT

Ted speaks with supreme confidence.

TED
Listen, I've got an extra
ticket to The Greek Sunday -
would you like to go?

HEATHER
No.

Ted just stares at her in shock as we...

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Gordie and his knockout wife nuzzle. His cell phone rings and he picks it up.

GORDIE
No?

CUT TO:

INT. SUSHI BAR - NIGHT

Kelly and Artie sit, eating gross things. Artie yells into his cell phone, confused.

ARTIE & KELLY
No?

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - DAY

Mr. Yi is dumping leftovers from dirty plates into a pan, balancing the phone on his shoulder, stunned.

MR. YI
Noooooooo.....!

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - DAY

Ted sits at the kitchen table while his father, MR. DAVIS, makes him lunch.

MR. DAVIS
Why have you been moping
around here all afternoon?

TED
To be honest dad, it's girl
troubles.

Mr. Davis sits next to Ted, placing a concerned hand on his knee.

MR. DAVIS
Julie?

TED
No.

MR. DAVIS
Diane?

TED
Naw.

MR. DAVIS
Barbara?

TED
Uh-uh.

MR. DAVIS
Kay?

TED
Nope.

MR. DAVIS
(frowns)
Jill?... Laurie?... Liz?...
Janet?... Eileen?... Lisa?...
Wendy?... Bobbie?

Ted shakes his head 'no' with each name. Mr. Davis stares at him, stunned.

MR. DAVIS (CONT'D)
A new one?

Ted doesn't answer, playing with his sandwich morosely. Mr. Davis seems uncertain what to do next. He wrings his hands nervously.

TED
Her name's Heather.

MR. DAVIS
Well - I don't envy you son.
Until you find that someone
special - life is just a
series of dumping and getting
dumped. Thank God I found
your mom - I knew the dumping
was finally over. But it's
not like you to be depressed
over a girl.

TED
I can't even get her to go out
with me. I've never had this
happen before - I don't know
what to do.

MR. DAVIS
Give up, son - it won't hurt a bit!

TED
(getting no help)
Where is mom, anyway?

MR. DAVIS
She's in the den. Watching sports.

They exchange looks. 'In the den watching sports.' Only brave men dare enter.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S PARENTS' DEN - DAY

The television is tuned to "Senior Women's Hockey." As the crowd roars, A BEER CAN STRIKES against the TV screen, slightly splashing the picture.

MRS. DAVIS (O.S.)
Oh! You common piece of shit!

We PULL BACK to find Ted's mom sitting in the big chair, with the sports page in one hand and the remote in the other. She is screaming at the tube.

MRS. DAVIS (CONT'D)
You're getting paid to shoot like that? You're pathetic!

Ted steps into the room, momentarily caught up in the game. Mrs. Davis glances at him.

MRS. DAVIS (CONT'D)
Who the hell is 24?

TED
Shohoney. They just got her from Pittsburgh.

MRS. DAVIS
Well she blows chunks.
(groans, yelling at TV)
Oh, fuck me to tears! I can't win for losing!

TED
Take it easy mom, it's only the second period.

MRS. DAVIS
These wrinkly bitches haven't won since they had a period.

Ted sits on an ottoman, trying to get his mother's attention.

TED
Can I talk to you about something?

MRS. DAVIS
Can't it wait? I got forty bucks on these whores...

TED
Just for a minute?

Mrs. Davis hits the 'mute' button on the remote, but keeps her eye on the game.

MRS. DAVIS
What's the problem?

TED
It's this...

Ted notices that his mom is looking over his shoulder at the TV. She sighs as he scoots the ottoman to block her view.

TED (CONT'D)
It's this girl.

MRS. DAVIS
Julie?... Diane?... Kay?

TED
No, no. A new one. Heather.

Mrs. Davis nods, grabbing a pad of paper and a pen, adding Heather's name to a long list.

MRS. DAVIS
God, you are hornier than Woody Allen at a family reunion... just like the old lady, aren't ya? You know, you really should talk to your father about this.

TED
I did. He just told me to give up.

MRS. DAVIS
Your father couldn't get laid at a Stones concert with a fistful of backstage passes. Come see me when the match is over and I'll tell you how to get in her shorts...

Ted ducks as she groans and pegs another beer at the screen.

MRS. DAVIS (CONT'D)
 (back to Ted)
 Better yet - get some of those
 network guys at the station to
 help you. They gotta know more
 about getting women than they
 do about hockey.
 (yelling at the TV)
 Douche bags!

Ted raises his eyebrows thoughtfully as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTSHOLLYWOOD NETWORK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ted sits at the conference table, watching as a network
 veteran with a graph and a pointer makes a presentation. The
 converging lines on the chart track the amount of money spent
 with the occurrence of sex on the average date.

DICK VITALE
 ... and it's at this amount of
 money spent that actual
 penetration will occur...

CUT TO:

EXT. HEATHER'S CONDO - NIGHT

Heather opens the door to find Ted wearing a tuxedo, designer
 sunglasses and hundred dollar bills falling out of his
 pockets. He hands her a bouquet of roses.

TED
 Pardon me, but did you order a
 sugar daddy?

HEATHER
 (as she swings door shut)
 No.

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTSHOLLYWOOD NETWORK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A network veteran with a huge flip chart pitches Ted.

DICK VITALE
 Sell her on the product. You
 need brand recognition - sell
 the sizzle, pound that message
 home...

CUT TO:

EXT. HEATHER'S CONDO - NIGHT

Heather opens the door to find Ted grinning at her, a sparkler in each hand. He wears a 'DATE TED NOW - ASK ME HOW' T-shirt. A Mariachi band plays in the street as a huge banner goes by reading 'DINNER TONIGHT?'.

HEATHER
(closing door)
No.

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTSHOLLYWOOD NETWORK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

DICK VITALE is now sweating, and coming out of his tie.

DICK VITALE
Big Ted Davis, baby! Mr.
Bachelor superstar! Tell her
your hopes and fears, tell her
your secret desires -
everything deep down inside -
then you're in there, baby!

CUT TO:

INT. HEATHER'S CONDO - NIGHT

Heather's business phone rings. She answers it, using her sensual, work voice.

HEATHER
Hi, you've reached the 'Reach
Out and Touch Yourself' hot
line. Can I help you?

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

Ted is on the phone, disguising his voice by holding his nose.

TED
Yes, I was wondering if you
offer...

HEATHER (V.O.)
(recognizes his voice)
No.

TED
But I... you see...

She hangs up, the DIAL TONE buzzing in Ted's ear. He hangs up, frustrated.

CUT TO:

SLAMMING DOORS

THREE doors slam with Heather saying 'no'. The last one is the stall door in a public bathroom, with Heather on the throne.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRENDY CAFE - DAY

Heather is seated at a table with two single women in their late 20's: CAROL is edgy and energetic, very career oriented, while JANEY is more the party girl, skinny and avant-garde, fashion-wise.

HEATHER

There's nothing to tell. He won't take 'no' for an answer. He doesn't just send flowers - he buys billboard space across from the apartment pleading for a date. I can hear him listening to me through the adjoining wall. He produced a late night "Date Ted" infomercial. It's getting weird...

JANEY

Is he cute?

HEATHER

Looks are overated.

JANEY

If he's brilliant, charming and witty but looks like the elephant man you're still gonna spend a lot of nights sitting at home.

CAROL

Looks aren't important as great sex, I can tell you that. It's great sex and a lot of money. What does he do?

JANEY

You've got to consider the size of the penis he gives you compared to the size of the ring he gives you.

CAROL

This is true. Your rock to cock ratio is crucial...

HEATHER

He annoys me, that's what he does. Beyond that who knows. Why should it matter?

(MORE)

HEATHER (cont'd)

(smiles)

... although he is cute when he makes this sad little face when I reject him.

A WAITER approaches with his note pad. He is tall, dark and European looking.

JANEY

(expertly)

Triple Latte and one of those large chocolate bars - dark chocolate. A lot of whipped cream on top with cinnamon sprinkles...

CAROL

(articulate and concise)

I'll have an ice-blended mocha, half-half and half, half regular, 2% Milk, with chocolate-covered espresso beans... and a... Biscotti...

(thinks)

Wait - make it a Mezzo-Mezzo Grande with a double shot of espresso, two teaspoons of amaretto, with two chocolate scones and the whipped cream on the side... De-CAF.

They smile as the Waiter rips out about six pages of order forms, turns and leaves. Carol turns to Heather inquisitively.

CAROL (CONT'D)

So how have you been, Heather? We sure miss you at the D.A.'s office. The way you used to handle those asshole private attorneys...

JANEY

(adjusting her wonder-bra)

I'm sick of guys thinking of me as a sex object.

HEATHER

It's getting to where I'd jump the first guy who just uses a little sincerity. I yearn for the good old days, when all men did was fake sensitivity to get us into bed. Now they also throw in pretending to want a relationship, too... cruel.

CAROL

It's called the time-honored tradition of seduction.

(MORE)

CAROL (cont'd)
 Man pursues woman - it's
 nature - quit trying to fight
 it.

HEATHER
 So's the plague. I'm sick of
 these guys - trying to look
 adorable with his cute little
 come-ons. Showering me with
 gifts, complimenting me...

JANEY
 You know you like him - no
 matter what we talk about you
 keep bringing him back up.
 I'll bet he's sitting at home
 right now, thinking about you,
 too...

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Ted and Gordie are seated at the bar. They've been there a
 while.

TED
 I gotta get some strange,
 homeboy.
 (to a passing female)
 Hi there!

She smiles impolitely - and moves on. Ted looks to Gordie,
 rebuffed.

GORDIE
 That's weird... do "phone
 number".

Ted nods. Another woman walks past them and Ted tries to get
 her attention.

TED
 Excuse me, I've lost my phone
 number - can I have yours?

She glances quickly, then walks by.

GORDIE
 She didn't hear you.

TED
 She heard me.

GORDIE
 Maybe you should use 'ham
 sandwich.'

TED

Every woman in this bar is ignoring me. What is going on?

GORDIE

What are you, high? You're in love. They don't notice you because you're obviously taken.

TED

(defeated)

I've got to get away from here. Someplace without any distractions, no women. Just peace and quiet...

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The QUIET AND SOOTHING SOUNDS of nature fill the air. All is peaceful until SUDDENLY a LOUD SHOT is heard. PAN DOWN to a group of running, screaming and shooting paint ball fighters, dressed in full gear, completely disrupting the calm.

A group of guys that include Gordie, Artie and Kelly engage in battle, fighting squads of other weekend warriors. They wear battle fatigues and protective goggles as they have plenty of serious guy fun. (NOTE: TED IS ONLY IN FINAL SHOT.)

Gordie gets shot and WE SEE the paint splash through his organs, a parody of "THREE KINGS."

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Later. The 'war' is over and the guys have gathered for some beer and male bonding.

ARTIE

That was great, man!

KELLY

Best war ever - great job.

GORDIE

I love the smell of non-toxic, water-based enamel in the morning..

ARTIE

This was just what I needed baby.

KELLY

I kicked some yuppie ass today.

They all high five.

GORDIE
I'm a little worried about
Ted.

KELLY
Yeah, he's not himself.

ARTIE
What's up with that?

GORDIE
I don't know, he seems kind
of... down...

They turn to look at...

EXT. FOREST - MEADOW - DAY

Ted stands alone in a huge, uncovered meadow, head down, gun
at his side, completely splattered by hundreds of paint
balls.

TED
(muttering)
The horror... the horror...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

Ted staggers through the front door, still covered with
paint. He tosses his duffel bag down in disgust when he hears
the MOANS coming from next door.

TED
Ahh! That is IT!

He storms out the door determinedly.

EXT. HEATHER'S CONDO - NIGHT

Ted marches over to Heather's house. The sounds of love
continue to resound from within, until he raps hard on the
front door. She answers, phone in hand.

HEATHER
(into phone)
Can you hold... the phone, I
mean.
(to Ted)
What? I'm busy!

Ted speaks calmly, rationally.

TED
Don't worry, this won't happen
again.

(MORE)

TED (cont'd)

I just wanted to tell you what a heartless person you are. I wouldn't date you if you paid me.

HEATHER

Will you leave me alone if I pay you? Look - you're just another poodle in heat - I'm just another leg hump. Now if you're through, I have to speak to another jerk-off.

TED

Fine. Your last boyfriend betrayed you, so you'd rather hide in your apartment and talk dirty to strangers rather than give me a chance? A guy that is really nuts about you and wants to be next to you and know all about you? Do you know how hard that is for me to say?

She doesn't react.

TED (CONT'D)

Fine! No sweat...

He turns and stalks off, then hesitates and turns.

TED (CONT'D)

I can't leave it like this. Look, I can't see you anymore, because seeing you and not being with you drives me crazy. But... I think you're wonderful.

He places his precious Poopmoose - his BachelorMan secret weapon - on the counter for Heather, leaving it behind forever.

TED (CONT'D)

Keep this, I'm through with it...

He leaves as Heather stares after him in surprise.

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

Ted steps back inside, moving to the kitchen sink, where he begins to wash the paint off his face when the phone rings. It's Heather.

HEATHER (ON PHONE)

Ted, it was never my intention to make you feel bad - I don't run around looking for people to hurt. It's just that I'm so sick of lines and bullshit.

TED

What the hell did I do? Help me out here - how am I supposed to get to know you? Why do you hate me?

HEATHER (ON PHONE)

I don't hate you or anything like that... I apologize, okay? I haven't been getting along with men lately.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

TED

Hold on - there's somebody at the door - I'll get rid of them.

He answers it, to reveal Heather standing on the porch with her cellular phone.

HEATHER

(still into phone)

Actually, now that you're being honest with me, I find you kind of attractive.

She comes in and they sit down on opposite ends of the couch. They continue their conversation, still talking on their respective phones.

TED

So how 'bout dinner?

HEATHER

Okay... As long as we can bring cell phones...

TED

Do you want to try talking like real people?

HEATHER

Not yet - this is more comfortable. So are you going to forgive me for being so mean to you, or what?

TED

I guess so...

HEATHER
How about a tiny little kiss
to make up?

TED
Sure...

He kisses into the phone. She sighs.

HEATHER
That's not what I meant...

Heather inches her way down the couch. She leans forward, kissing him on the lips. They wrap their arms around each other and kiss madly. She pockets the phone and moves down, nibbling on Ted's neck.

TED (V.O.)
(confessing)
Bachelor tip #43: When all
else fails, the old 'honesty
gag' works every time.

Ted and Heather stumble back into the living room, making out and trying to remove each others' clothing.

HEATHER
I don't know how girls control
themselves around you.

TED
What do you mean?

HEATHER
It's like having a Playgirl
centerfold. Every woman's
dream.

Ted reacts.

ANIMATED FANTASY

BachelorMan glides happily through the skies toward the Palace of Love. A huge banner reads 'WELCOME TED DAVIS!' as the palace doors swing open invitingly. BachelorMan closes his eyes in ecstasy as he zips toward his goal. But they bolt open as a phone RINGS.

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

Ted and Heather continue to grope, clothes disheveled. Heather pauses when a phone RINGS.

TED
Don't worry, my machine will
get it.

HEATHER

Uh... it's my phone. Sorry -
I'm still on duty.
(pulls phone from pocket)
Hello? Oh, hi Lucky. Ready...?

Ted is frustrated; but then a wicked grin spreads across his face as he listens to Heather on the phone.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I'm wearing a white blouse,
and...
(Ted rips her blouse open)
... the buttons are missing
and... ooh!

Ted lifts her up and starts carrying her toward the bedroom.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

... You're taking me into the
bedroom...

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)

I'd rather do it in the
kitchen.

HEATHER

... I mean the kitchen, the
kitchen...

INT. TED'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ted spins around, hurrying into the kitchen, where he lifts her onto the kitchen sink. He tears at her belt.

HEATHER

... I'm on the sink - you're
ripping my pants off...

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)

Hey, wait a minute... I don't
even have my zipper down yet.

Heather leans her head back, eyes closed.

HEATHER

... You've got your tongue...
oh my God...

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)

What? What? I've got my tongue
where? Where's my tongue?

HEATHER

(cooing)
... Oh, you are good... you
are the best...

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)
What! I'm the best at what?

HEATHER
... Keep going... yes, yes...

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)
Hold on, I dropped my
lotion...

HEATHER
... Right there, right
there... yes... I'm gonna...
ohhhhhh...

There is a pause while she recovers. She drops the phone into the sink, where water drips from the faucet.

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)
... I'm feeling used...

RELATIONSHIP MUSIC begins to play, continuing through the next sequence.

DISSOLVE TO:

FALLING IN LOVE MONTAGE

They go walking, they clink glasses, she gives him a facial and pinches a blackhead.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRENDY CAFE - DAY

Ted and Heather are talking very openly and are really focused on one another.

TED
What is a relationship,
anyway? I mean, when is it
official? Is there some sort
of 'going steady' fifth inning
and suddenly I become the
pitcher of record?

Heather is loving every minute of this.

HEATHER
This isn't sports Ted. This is
us. You know, as in me and
you?

TED
I guess what I'm trying to say
is that I think you are fine.

HEATHER

Do you realize you actually
have a romantic glow?

TED

It's the cappuccino. I burned
the shit out of my tongue a
minute ago and I'm red from
holding back the tears.

HEATHER

(eyes light up)

Tears? BachelorMan has the
urge to cry?

TED

That, I won't do.

HEATHER

Why not? Get in touch with
your feelings; it's a total
turn-on.

TED

Really?

HEATHER

My nipples are hard just
thinking about you crying.

TED

For that I'd cry like a
schoolgirl.

HEATHER

Wow - I can't wait!

TED

Anything for the cause.

HEATHER

Do you think you're the only
one that's scared?

TED

I knew the conversation about
horny wouldn't last.

They have a nice laugh together as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPORTSHOLLYWOOD NETWORK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

We hear dangerous, doom-like music as Ted's personal life
begins to destroy his professional life. Several
SportsHollywood Executives and Meg sit around a table, with a
chart with less than huge television ratings on it.

EXECUTIVE #1

As you can see, while industry ratings have held steady for the last period at 28.5, SportsHollywood has dropped to a 2.4... This is not exactly in line with our goal of becoming a threat...

The men look around the room, dumbfounded.

EXECUTIVE #3

Our goal is to become a little more... legitimate...

EXECUTIVE #1

A LOT more legitimate... It's time to stop resting on our laurels and move this network UP a few clicks... 28.4 clicks, to be exact...

EXECUTIVE #2

Programming needs to step it up.

EXECUTIVE #1

Yes - where the hell is Davis, anyway?

They all look to the empty seat where Ted is presumably supposed to be sitting.

EXECUTIVE #3

If ad rates drop any further, we may be forced to drop the company softball team..

EXECUTIVE #2

Programming needs to step it up...

EXECUTIVE #1

Would you quit saying that?

(to Meg)

You know Davis the best - what's going on? For the last three weeks I haven't seen anything coming out of his department.

MEG

He's been under a lot of pressure lately.

EXECUTIVE #2

We may be able to relieve some of that pressure if programming doesn't step...

(MORE)

EXECUTIVE #2 (cont'd)
 (stops himself)
 ... take a new turn soon.

Executive #3 sheepishly speaks up.

EXECUTIVE #3
 There's this young guy who's
 always coming to me with
 ideas. He's only in sales, but
 it's got to be better than
 this stuff.
 (into intercom)
 Send in Hardin.

Meg senses trouble as Doug Hardin steps in, playing the room
 confidently.

DOUG
 Hello, Burt... Andy... Jen...
 (big shit-eating grin)
 ...Meg.

EXECUTIVE #3
 Hardin, get a list of those
 ideas together. We may be
 asking you for a presentation
 real soon. There may be a
 shake-up in programming.

Doug nods, feigning sincerity.

DOUG
 I understand. Davis has always
 done a fine job in the past,
 but maybe it's time for some
 new blood to help relieve some
 of the load...

MEG
 (under her breath)
 Speaking of loads...

Doug hears her, flashing an irritated glance as she does her
 best to cover for Ted.

MEG (CONT'D)
 I think your concern is
 premature.
 (to Doug)
 In fact, as I recall,
 everything about you is
 premature.
 (back to crowd)
 Right this moment Ted is
 planning something huge. A
 blockbuster, one-of-a-kind
 extravaganza.

EXECUTIVE #1
 He better be. And if it's
 anything involving monkeys or
 super models, he's fired!

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On a TV, is "Battle of the Super Model's Golf."

A fabulous babe in a thong concentrates on a putt. She drains it, picks her ball out of the hole and waves to the crowd. As they cheer, the golf analyst jokes:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Her boobs certainly didn't get
 in the way of that putt!

We PULL BACK to show the woman is now on the TV in Ted's bedroom. Ted and Heather lay in bed, cuddled up close.

HEATHER
 ... You know what else is
 great? Equestrian stuff with
 the big horses and pretty
 costumes.

Ted grabs a microcassette recorder off the bed stand.

TED
 Yeah?
 (into recorder)
 Dump 'Career-Ending NFL
 Bloopers' and replace with
 horse jumping...
 (he QUICKLY flips it back
 on)
 ... with Super Models...

HEATHER
 Enough talk... time to play.

Heather slides down OUT OF FRAME. Ted grins, then YELPS in surprise.

TED
 Youch!

TED (V.O.)(cont'd)
 Bachelor tip #64: In a
 relationship, expect a two or
 three week period where your
 girlfriend will become
 completely fascinated with
 your penis.

He winces, stifling a scream.

HEATHER (O.S.)
It kind of jumps!

TED
Ow!

Ted grimaces, until the phone on the bed stand RINGS. Heather's head pops back up when he reaches for it.

HEATHER
Don't you move. Let the
machine pick it up.

Ted lays still, twitching nervously as Heather once again slides down OUT OF FRAME. The answering machine picks up.

TED'S VOICE (V.O.)
(on machine)
This is Ted Davis. Leave a
message.

Tsuki's voice comes over the answering machine. He cringes, glancing at the phone nervously.

TSUKI (V.O.)
(on machine, suggestively)
Hey there, BachelorMan ...
Just wanted to see if you're
busy tonight. I was thinking
about what you gave me last
time... call me... Me and the
moose need a refill...

Heather comes back into frame.

TED (V.O.)
That tip about the answering
machine's a biggie... never
forget #12...

HEATHER
... Well?

TED
... Just some girl I know...
knew. Knew before I met you,
that is. Have since forgotten.

HEATHER
What gift? A refill? Did you
give her Poopmoose? It better
not be Poopmoose.

Ted hangs his head sheepishly. Heather stands, moving across the room, where her clothes hang on the back of a chair. She starts to get dressed.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Look, I really like you, Ted.
I know you're used to seeing a
lot of women, and I'm not
going to try and make you
change. You don't want a
relationship, just admit it.
I don't want you to have to be
deceitful.

Ted sits up, insulted.

TED

Me? Deceitful? I've never been
deceitful!

INT. ND SPACE

TESTIMONIAL #1: An EX-GIRLFRIEND sits in shadow, silhouetted
against a neutral background to conceal her identity as she
speaks nervously.

EX-GIRLFRIEND #1 (V.O.)

He saw me at a basketball
game. I was with another guy
at the time, so he went to the
police and reported that his
wallet was stolen and gave
them my description. When they
tracked me down he dropped the
charges and asked me to
dinner. I guess I was
flattered...

INT. ND SPACE

TESTIMONIAL #2: Another girl, also silhouetted.

EX-GIRLFRIEND #2 (V.O.)

I'm a nurse. He came into the
emergency room on my shift
pretending to be sick. Only
problem was he was so
convincing that they removed
his appendix.

(giggles)

We were bedridden for weeks.

INT. ND SPACE

TESTIMONIAL #3: A third girl, silhouetted, and angry.

EX-GIRLFRIEND #3 (V.O.)

His car smacked into mine in
the Safeway parking lot. We
were only going about five
miles an hour, but he insisted
on taking me to the hospital.

(MORE)

EX-GIRLFRIEND #3 (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Later I found out he bought my
 chest x-rays from the doctor.
 If you see him, tell him I
 want them back.

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ted sits in bed, stunned by the realization.

TED
 My God - I am deceitful!

HEATHER
 Ted, I didn't want a
 relationship - I didn't even
 want to go out with you. I'm a
 very passionate person. Once I
 get into a relationship - I
 want it to last. I devote all
 my feelings to it. I want
 somebody to love me. I can't
 afford to get hurt again.

TED
 I do want a relationship. I
 swear I do. I want you - no
 one else. I swear, I've never
 felt like this, nothing even
 close. I just want to be with
 you. I don't know how else to
 say it, except... Please don't
 leave, just stay, because....

Heather looks back at Ted skeptically. But we see something
 new in him. The camera ZOOMS in on Ted's face.

TED (CONT'D)
 I love you.

She slides into his arms and his expression turns to 'Oh
 Shit', as we...

CUT TO:

IN LOVE MONTAGE

Ted and Heather with more relationship music. They hold hands
 at sunset, he brushes her hair, They feed a horse a carrot.
 At the end is an intimate setting with Ted staring at Heather
 next to him. She is looking away, but when she turns, he
 kisses her very romantically. He is definitely in love, as
 we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ted continues his stare, now on a sleeping Heather. She is
 beautiful and he smiles, contented, knowing...

He gets out of bed and quietly retrieves his little black book from a drawer under his socks.

CUT TO:

EXT. TED'S DUMPSTER - NIGHT

Ted looks out the open second floor window wearing his bathrobe. On the ground below sits a large green dumpster. Above, Ted has his little black address book in hand. He looks at it longingly.

TED
 Good-bye, Jill... good-bye,
 Laurie... good-bye Liz...
 Diane... Janet... Eileen...
 Lisa... Wendy... Bobbie...
 (holding Poopmoose)
 ... Poopmoose.

Gathering his strength, he lets the last few candies poop out and drops the Poopmoose into the trash, followed by the address book, watching it tumble from his grasp sadly.

ANIMATED FANTASY

BachelorMan stands on the edge of a cliff, holding his sword before him. He drops it over the side, watching it spiral away from him, disappearing into the blackness of the abyss.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S CONDO - DAY

Ted and Gordie step inside. Ted doesn't look as well put-together as normal. Just little things - his shirt and pants don't match, and his shirttail is untucked, hanging over his belt.

GORDIE
 Are you okay, man? You look
 different...
 (grabs Ted's shirttail)
 What's with the shirt? Is that
 a little pot belly under
 there...?

TED
 (slaps his hands away)
 Knock it off. Things are great
 - they're perfect.

Gordie calmly runs over several items denoting the changes in Ted's bachelor pad.

GORDIE
 Fluffy pillows... Knick-knacks
 and figurines... Photo
 collaaaaage?

Gordie looks at the new calendar.

GORDIE (CONT'D)
Kittens!!

TED
That's Pookie The Cat!

GORDIE
Men don't like cats. They HATE
cats! WOMEN love cats. Men SAY
they love cats, but when women
aren't looking, men KICK cats.

Gordie falls back onto the couch, eyes closed. He opens them to see Ted saunter over with a glass, placing it on the table in front of him - careful to set it on a coaster.

TED
Diet Ice tea?

GORDIE
Ted - what's happened?

TED
What?

Gordie pulls Ted onto the couch next to him. He shakes his friend urgently.

GORDIE
You sure you're ready for
this?

TED
What do you mean?

GORDIE
This chick. Is this the one?

TED
(laughs)
Heather? You're paranoid.

GORDIE
(pointing and yelling)
There's a love seat where your
weight machine used to be!

Ted frowns quizzically.

TED
Well, I hardly... we need more
space when we entertain...

Gordie looks into Ted's eyes seriously, trying to break the spell.

GORDIE
What are you..... HIGH?

TED
Heather.. I... that is, we...
thought...

ANIMATED FANTASY

BachelorMan flies through the air with some difficulty -
caused by the long ball and chain attached to his ankle.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S CONDO - DAY

The phone RINGS, Ted relieved at the interruption.

TED
Oops - I'll just be a sec...

GORDIE
Let the machine get it.

The room goes silent as the answering machine picks up. The
outgoing message was recorded by both Ted and Heather, and is
insufferably cutesie. Ted cringes, embarrassed, as they
listen.

TED (V.O.)
(on machine)
Hi. This is Ted...

HEATHER (V.O.)
(on machine)
... and Heather.

TED (V.O.)
(on machine)
I'm not in...

HEATHER (V.O.)
(on machine)
... and I don't even live
here.

TED & HEATHER (V.O.)
(on machine - giggling
together)
So leave your name and number,
and we'll call you when we're
done with what we're doing...

There is more giggling as the machine answers the incoming
call, Heather's voice coming over the speaker.

HEATHER (V.O.)
(on phone)
Hey lovey-buns.
(MORE)

HEATHER (V.O.) (cont'd)
 I'm home and I see your light
 on. Why aren't you picking up?
 What are you up to in there?
 (playfully)
 I've got someone here that
 wants to see you. She's been
 thinking about you and Herby
 all day. See you soon...

She makes kissy noises before hanging up.

GORDIE
 Herby? She renamed your wang?
 What are you, high?

TED
 She didn't like 'Super
 Gulp'...

GORDIE
 Is this a scam to get laid?

Ted stands, chuckling and pacing as he tries to save face.

TED
 That's exactly it - you
 figured it out, man. You know
 me way too well.

GORDIE
 (stands defiantly)
 She's not here now.

TED
 Yeah. So?

GORDIE
 So let's hang out.

TED
 Solid.

Gordie slowly advances on Ted, who backpedals uneasily.

GORDIE
 How about let's you and me
 watch some TV?

TED
 Bitchin'.

GORDIE
 It's eight o'clock, Ted.

TED
 Great. Your pick.

GORDIE

Egg salad... I say we watch what we always watch at eight o'clock, Ted.

TED

Uh-oh... yeah.

GORDIE

'Then Came Tree,' Ted.

TED

You're gonna laugh, Gordie.

GORDIE

I'm only gonna laugh when Tree kicks the crap out of five rednecks at the end of the show, Ted.

TED

We can't watch 'Then Came Tree,' Gordie.

GORDIE

We can't watch 'Then Came Tree?' Why not, Ted? For the past 15 years, it's our favorite show...

TED

Heather is, uh... she's taping something over here. It's a one-time shot, I really don't want to mess with the VCR...

Gordie holds up the remote control.

GORDIE

Snatch the remote from my hand, Ted.

TED

Come on, man - I'm humoring her. It's a scam! It's just that it's a really important show and she really has to see it.

GORDIE

What's the show, Ted?

TED

I don't know, but she...

GORDIE

... What woman stops you from watching whatever the hell you want?

TED

It might be a re-run too... no, I really don't remember...

Gordie has Ted backed up against the wall.

GORDIE

What show is she taping that we can't watch 'Then Came Tree'?

TED

(nearly crying)
Mel...

GORDIE

Yes? Mel... Mel? ... Gibson?
That's not bad.

Gordie makes a move back toward the couch, but stops dead in his tracks when Ted continues.

GORDIE (CONT'D)

... Nuthin' wrong with the Road Warrior, huh?

TED

Mel...row...

GORDIE

Mel what? Mel Torme? Melanoma?
Mel... ba toast? What!?!?

Ted finally breaks down, sliding down the wall in a crouch, ashamed. He can't look Gordie in the eyes.

TED

Melrose Place...

GORDIE

Ohhhhh, well... why didn't you say so? RE-RUNS of Melrose Place - yes. You can't miss an episode of Melrose Place and expect to enjoy it to it's fullest. For unlike 'Then Came Tree,' which is essentially comprised of self-contained episodes and, except in the case of the rare two-parter, does not rely heavily on information gleaned from previous shows, Melrose Place must be viewed in it's entirety - every show, every week, week-in and week-out as it's producers intended - in order to appreciate the intricacies of the story and how each character's actions affect and influence future plots.

TED

Well, it's just that Sydney and Amanda are sniping at each other again and while Jane and Alison are trying to be supportive, they still end up looking like a couple of doormats. And the fact that Billy constantly checks on Alison doesn't exactly sit too well with Brooke...

GORDIE

(feigning interest)
Really? I bet ol' Brooke has something up her sleeve...

TED

Ah, little Brooke has so much else on her mind. See, there's the matter of this trust fund her mother left her. And it turns out by getting married, she fulfilled the last condition of her receipt thereof...

GORDIE

Ahh, I see...

TED

(seriously)
It's good - you want to check it out with us later?

GORDIE

(loses it)
WHAT ARE YOU, HIGH?

A look of determination on his face, Gordie marches to the phone, momentarily disgusted to see Ted's cool phone replaced by one with the huge number keys. He dials, glancing back at Ted worriedly.

GORDIE (CONT'D)

(into phone)
Artie? Get Kelley and get over here to Ted's - he needs our help.

He hangs up, Ted looking at him defensively.

TED

What are you talking about? I don't need any help.

GORDIE

You don't need any help?

He holds up the stupid looking phone as evidence and gives Ted a cringing smile.

TED

Okay, okay, so there's a new phone, and a different calendar, and we're not gonna see the one where Tree loses his virginity. But I'm fine.

GORDIE

(calmly)

Well, obviously you're fine. You've got some new plants, a mail order catalog and even a cute kitty cat calendar.

(pointedly, voice rising)

Your life contains everything you've ever despised! Shelf paper, potpourri... Face it, man, she's got you, she's changed you...

(PUSH-IN in on Ted's face)

... You're pussy whipped!

ANIMATED FANTASY

BachelorMan vacuums the Pink Palace, wearing an apron like Ted's dad, pot belly growing beneath his super hero costume. He looks to Bachelorette Woman, now fat with curlers in her hair, sitting in an easy chair, stroking the cat while she watches TV. He looks down to see the 'BM' logo on his chest has changed to 'PW'.

INT. TED'S CONDO - DAY

As the words "pussy whipped" resound, a look of horrible realization crosses Ted's face. He breaks down miserably.

TED

Okay! Okay! It's true! I'm tired of pretending! I don't know how it happened - one minute everything's fine, the next I've got throw-pillows! I really like Heather, but I want things back the way they used to be. I like my freedom. I like flirting and underwear with holes. I liked leaving wet towels on the floor and using the TV Guide instead of a coaster! And look what I found in the mailbox today...

(holds up a flyer, almost hysterical)

She made party fliers for a neighborhood potluck! And look how she signed it - "Ted n' Heather"! I've become a 'n'! I want to be a 'me' again, not a 'n'!

He grabs Gordie by the shirt, screaming in his face.

TED (CONT'D)
Help me before it's too late!

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

A MUSIC VIDEO of Gordie, Artie and Kelly returning Ted's apartment to its former bachelor glory. They rip up the kitten calendar, rejoicing as the girlie tool calendar goes back on the wall... The girlie phone is out, replaced by a cool one. Plants go flying out the window. Through it all Ted is a wreck, but knows they must do it.

Artie runs in from the bedroom with a CD, which he holds out to them.

ARTIE
Look - Janice Morrisettie!

They squeal madly and destroy the CD.

INT. TED'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ted stands before the toilet, urinating as Gordie, Artie and Kelly watch in anticipation. Ted is uncomfortable as he finishes, tapping and zipping up. He glances back at them as he reaches to flush.

GORDIE
That's it, man.

KELLY
Flush only.

ARTIE
Your work here is done.

Ted gives them a 'don't worry' look, and flushes. His EYES LOCK ON THE UPRIGHT TOILET SEAT.

KELLY
Don't do it, man.

GORDIE
You're out of here. Leave it, Ted.

Ted stares, reaching slightly as the lid beckons.

ARTIE
Ted, please! Leave it. For God's sake, leave it up!

Ted looks back, confused.

TED

But what if she... what if she
sits on the...

GORDIE

(on his knees, pleading)
Ted - it's for your own good!

Ted's trembling hand slowly reaches for the lid, the others watching in horror. Ted strains, reaching, reaching. His face is a mass of conflicting emotions as he grabs the seat... finally tearing off the furry toilet lid cover, raising it over his head in triumph, the lid defiantly 'up'! The men cheer lustily and lift Ted onto their shoulders, marching around the condo, Ted with the cover raised high.

EXT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

WE SEE through the window, the silhouette of their victory dance as we...

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

Later. The big screen TV plays 'Then Came Tree', while Ted, Gordie, Artie and Kelly sit around a green velvet poker table in the center of the room. Smoke and fun fill the air. Artie puffs on a cigar, deck of cards in his hand - poised to deal. He looks at the others, deadly serious.

ARTIE

Low Chicago, five dollar ante.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

A few minutes later - Kelly's deal. He squints through the smoke at the others.

KELLY

Four card Clint-shit, no
peekie. Loser matches pot...

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

A little later. Gordie's now dealing.

GORDIE

Seven-card Anaconda, pass to
the right, low card in your
hand is wild, high-low split,
roll your own and you must
declare...

KELLY
Straights count against you?

GORDIE
What are you, high?

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

A little later. Ted holds the cards, hesitating. The others watch in suspense. Ted grins, pulls the cigar out of his mouth, and lets out two weeks of pent-up bacheloritis.

TED
Low-high, buck-'em, fuck-'em.
Three-balled queens are wild,
and eat me out on Tuesday...

They all cheer as he starts to deal.

TED (CONT'D)
I'm back. We're all back!

They all look at him skeptically.

TED (CONT'D)
Guys, guys, guys! This is me
you're talking to!
(stands, holding beer
aloft)
I, Ted Davis, by the power
vested in me by Poopmoose
Incorporated, pledge to you
that I am and will forever
always be... BachelorMan!

Ted downs the beer, crushing the can. The guys cheer.

GUYS
Viva BachelorMan!

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Heather, Janey and Carol are swaying to the music on couches. Janey yells above the music to Heather.

JANEY
Herby?

They all laugh.

HEATHER
Yes: "The Love Bug"...

CAROL
Anteater or helmet head?

HEATHER

Please... There's definitely a helmet down there...

JANEY

(revelation)

You know I've never slept with a man that was uncircumcised? I bet it would be a novelty...

CAROL

Yeah, but what happens when you pull back the drape and he's got stuff built up in there?

HEATHER

That's when the novelty wears off!

CAROL

Hold the mayo!

They laugh drunkenly. A new song begins, and Janey moves her body frenetically to the beat, as a guy approaches her.

CLUB GUY #1 (V.O.)

You wanna dance?

Janey STOPS MOVING, sizing him up.

JANEY

I don't like this song...

He moves on. Janey continues gyrating once he's gone.

CAROL

So this Ted thing is working out, huh?

JANEY

We never see you anymore.

CAROL

I always hate it when women get into a relationship with a guy and ignore all their friends.

HEATHER

You do it.

CAROL

Yeah, but I hate myself for it.

CLUB GUY #2 (V.O.)

Wanna dance?

CAROL

No.

CLUB GUY #2 (V.O.)

Don't be so picky. I wasn't.

He turns and leaves. They start dancing again.

JANEY

Well I for one, am very happy for our little Heather, and I propose a toast to the man of the hour: Ted... what's his butt...

They start to toast, but Carol cuts them off.

CAROL

... and to Herby!

They all cheer, then clink their glasses.

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTSHOLLYWOOD NETWORK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ted sits at the big table while Meg pleads with him.

MEG

You better pull your head out of your ass and get your shit together, Ted.

TED

Question: How can I get my shit together if I pull my head OUT of my ass?

MEG

I mean it. They're thinking of letting Hardin pitch show ideas. If that happens, our ratings are gonna drop lower than Bob Dole's testicles...

They look at each other, then Meg realizes what she's said...

MEG (CONT'D)

My point is, you better come up with a winner pretty soon, or you're out of a job.

TED

Don't worry. I'm breaking up with Heather and fully immersing myself in my career. I'm gonna have this network back up to a .05 in no time...

MEG

Oooh. Break up, huh? I thought you dug her.

TED

Yeah - not looking forward to it either...

MEG

Well whatever you do, you've got to tell her the truth. It may hurt now, but not nearly as much as it will if you drag it out with a bunch of lame stories and unreturned phone calls... What are you worried about - you've done this before, haven't you?

INT. SPORTSHOLLYWOOD NETWORK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A little later. A network veteran enlightens Ted.

DICK VITALE

You want out, you gotta telegraph it. Billboards. Print media. I see a possible infomercial. You explain the benefits of her being an unattached woman again.

Ted kind of shakes his head no.

DICK VITALE (cont'd)

Then hit her with the stats, baby: Tell her three out of every five marriages end up in divorce. You don't want that, do you? Then shut -up. Don't say a word. The first one that talks loses. Just run. Bingo.

Ted is not fired up for that either.

DICK VITALE (CONT'D)

No problem - Big Ted Davis - show her the real you. Be sincere, tell her you made a mistake. Show her you're a man. Be up front, honest, genuine, compassionate...

TED

What if that doesn't work?

DICK VITALE

Tell her you're a homo - then
you're out of there, baby!

CUT TO:

INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

Ted and Heather shoot pool among yuppies, entertainment wanna-be's and miscellaneous beautiful people. As WE HEAR Ted, he circles the table, making shots.

TED (V.O.)

Bachelor tip #85: When
breaking up with your
girlfriend always be up front.
Be direct, yet gentle. Take
her someplace she likes to go,
so the evening won't seem
quite so horrible. Also, she's
less likely to do something
crazy or violent - she'll want
to come back here.

Ted misses. Heather lines up a shot and dunks it.

TED (CONT'D)

You got lucky.

HEATHER

Not as lucky as you're gonna
get later.

TED

Heather, I have something to
tell you.

HEATHER

Is it a surprise?

TED

Oh yeah.

Heather grins at him playfully.

HEATHER

Well, I've got a surprise for
you, too.

Ted's face stiffens as we DISSOLVE TO TED'S IMAGINATION:

INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

We see Heather in Ted's mind as she cheerfully announces all
the things her surprise could be.

HEATHER

I'm pregnant!

Heather with her arm around a Hell's Angel.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
My husband's been paroled!

She exposes the inside of her lip

HEATHER (cont'd)
My herpes is in remission!

She lifts up her skirt to reveal a prop obviously left over from 'Boogie Nights.'

HEATHER (CONT'D)
I'm a man!

Heather stands with a tall redhead.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
I talked my friend Judy into
sleeping with us!

INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

Back to reality, Ted has a horny grin on his face.

HEATHER
Ted?

TED
What?
(snaps back)
Oh, you go first.

HEATHER
Okay, but I have to tell you
alone. In private.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

Ted and Heather snuggle close, Ted sighing uncomfortably as she pulls him over to her. Ted groans, starting to make out with her halfheartedly.

HEATHER
I love the way you kiss... It
reminds me of a magazine cover
I saw at my gynecologist's
office the other day...

TED
Listen, Heather, I've got
something I absolutely have to
tell you. It may come as a
shock, but in the long run
you'll thank...
(realizing)
(MORE)

TED (cont'd)
 ... You... you were at the
 gynecologist?

HEATHER
 That's my surprise.

TED
 (stomach tightening)
 Yeahhhhhh?

HEATHER
 I know how you hate condoms,
 so I got on the pill.

Ted is surprised, and touched.

TED
 You did?

HEATHER
 You can't tell? For the past
 three days I've been growing a
 mustache like Pancho Villa.
 But you're worth it. Now let's
 go home. I've got another
 surprise.

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dazed, Ted sits on the bed, fully clothed. He doesn't know what to do. Heather steps out of the bathroom wearing a revealing teddy. Ted can't bear to look. She sits next to him, running her fingers through his hair.

HEATHER
 Well? You ever gonna tell me
 what your surprise is?

TED
 (nervously)
 Yes. I have to... I mean we
 have to...

HEATHER
 (interrupting)
 Wait! I almost forgot...

She pulls a baseball out from under the bed, handing it to him proudly.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 For you. Look who autographed
 it.

Ted examines the ball, taken aback.

TED
 Manny Mota?

HEATHER

That's the guy you like,
right?

TED

(sincerely)

I've wanted this since I was
five. This must've cost a
fortune.

(bewildered)

I've never told that to
anybody - how did you know?

HEATHER

Your mom told me.

(models teddy)

She also let me borrow this
teddy. Like it?

Ted's expression sours, grossed out at the thought. Heather
begins unbuttoning his pants.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Now what do you say we get a
look at that big surprise of
yours...

Ted spaces out as Heather starts to undo his belt.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. TED'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - TED'S IMAGINATION

Ted's dad eerily intones the familiar words, the red
flashlights of Hell burning outside the kitchen window. An
evil looking jester juggles torches beside him.

MR. DAVIS

Give up, son - it won't hurt a
bit!

CRASH CUT TO:

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ted stands, breaking away from a surprised Heather.

TED

No! That's not my surprise. I
have to get out of this
relationship. I'm BachelorMan -
people depend on me...

HEATHER

People? What people? Your
friends? The three stooges -
Wimpy, Crazy and Moron?

Ted paces, frenzied.

TED

I tried to break up with you -
but you wouldn't listen! You
don't play by the rules.
You're perfect!

(gestures wildly)

I just couldn't do it! You
stopped me... you told me I
was great in bed!

HEATHER

Well, you are.

TED

(covers ears)

Stop it! Stop it! I'm sorry,
it's not my fault. I thought I
could be content, but I can't!

HEATHER

What more can I do? How can I
make you understand that what
we have is deeper than a titty
calendar or "Then Came Tree"?
Men always think they're
giving up some great freedom,
when all they're really
sacrificing is the ability to
goof off whenever they feel
like it.

Ted calms himself, sitting next to her. He takes her hand,
speaking gently.

TED

Heather. First of all... I
love you. I know you're gonna
think this is a scam, but I
really do love you. It's just
that the thought of getting
married is beyond me. It's
terrifying - it terrifies me
that I might hurt you, or
wreck your life somehow. And I
couldn't live with that,
because I truly am in love
with you.

(pause)

I'm just not ready. I don't
know if I'll ever be.

There's a long silence. She stares at him expressionlessly.

HEATHER

Fine.

She stands and goes into the bathroom. Ted is relieved.

TED
 (to himself)
 That was easier than I
 thought...

Just then the baseball flies in and beans him on the side of the head. Ted picks it up and looks at the signature, rubbing his head.

TED (CONT'D)
 ... Greatest pinch hitter ever
 played the game...

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Ted and Gordie are seated at the bar. They've obviously thrown back a few. Ted seems a little depressed, Gordie trying to pump him up again.

GORDIE
 What are you, high? Look at
 you - out having a blast, just
 like old times. Me and you,
 pal.

TED
 You're right - who needs her?
 Any minute now I'll be right
 back in the swing of things.

GORDIE
 Right on, bro'.

They raise their glasses, letting out distinct male-bonding howls.

TED
 Whooooo!

GORDIE
 Whooooo!

Gordie spots a nice-looking woman stepping in the door. She looks around like she's lost. He nudges Ted and points.

GORDIE (CONT'D)
 Comin' in hot - ten o'clock -
 ten o'clock - ten o'clock...

Ted spins and slides off the bar stool, sauntering over to where the woman stands. Not finding who she's looking for, she starts to leave as Ted calls to her.

TED
 Excuse me... excuse me -
 Sally?

She turns with a wary look.

BAR GIRL #1
I'm sorry?

TED
(happy)
Sally Bevins.

BAR GIRL #1
No, I'm not her.

Ted chuckles as though she's pulling his leg.

TED
I'm Ted. We're supposed to
meet here. Ted Davis?

BAR GIRL #1
You've got me confused with
someone else.

TED
Tom said you'd be the gorgeous
brunette with the smile and
the knockout legs. Look around
here and tell me you're not
Sally Bevins...

She gives in, smiling gently.

BAR GIRL #1
Ohhhhh - you're Ted? You must
be the obnoxious, drunken
asshole that Tom warned me
about.

Her expression changes as she turns and walks out the door.
Ted is momentarily frozen, finally staggering back to the bar
where Gordie waits anxiously.

GORDIE
So? What happened? You meeting
her later? You get her number?

TED
Hold on, hold on... I'm going
in with the James Coburn on
this one...

Ted is scanning the room. He sees a place open up next to a
sexy woman just down the bar, moves in and shoots her a
pitiful James Coburn.

TED (CONT'D)
Hi - haven't we met before?

BAR GIRL #2
Yeah, that's why I don't go
there anymore...

TED
So going back to my place is
out of the question?

BAR GIRL #2
Oh, I don't know - will two
people fit under a rock?

TED
I'll be over here if you need
me.

Ted walks back to Gordie.

GORDIE
Remember when James Coburn
guest-starred on "Picket
Fences?"

TED
Shut up. It's over, I'm a done
deal.

GORDIE
What are you, high? So you're
out of practice. Like your mom
always says - girls are like
streetcars, Ted. You need
another beer.

TED
And the sad thing is I've lost
all my super powers. That's
it. I've had my share. I
hogged all the fun and now I'm
gonna pay.

GORDIE
Ted, Ted, Ted - what are
you... HIGH? It's just a
glitch. An aberration...

TED
... No! I'm a loser, I'm a
dope, I'm an idiot, I'm a
schmuck, I'm a fool...

Suddenly a woman's tongue runs up the side of his face.

TSUKI
Ted Davis - sex machine...

It's our old friend Tsuki.

TED
 (straightens, voice
 deeper)
 ... I'm BachelorMan.

Gordie stands, patting Ted on the shoulder like he arranged the whole thing.

GORDIE
 Schmell you later pal. Take
 good mental notes.. Stories,
 baby...

Ted collects himself, turning to Tsuki suavely.

TSUKI
 I'm bored, want to go to your
 place for a nightcap?

She finishes his sentence with him.

TED
 Of course, I'd be delighted.
 How could anybody resist you?
 It's like...

TSUKI & TED
 ... being with a centerfold...

Ted grins, caught. She takes him by the arm, steering him toward the exit. He swaggers as we...

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ted and Tsuki are in bed, under the covers, getting close.

TSUKI
 Oh... I'm ready when you are,
 honey...

TED
 Any second now, baby doll...

Ted seems to be having a little trouble. Tsuki opens her eyes, squinting in the light.

TSUKI
 Could you hit that light,
 sweetie?

TED
 (nervously)
 Yooouuuuuu betcha...

Ted reaches out to turn off the light.

ANIMATED FANTASY

Bachelorman soars through the air toward the Palace of Love once more. The haunting BachelorMan theme plays in the background.

TSUKI (V.O.)
I'm ready when you are, big
guy...

But BachelorMan begins to stall, unable to maintain altitude. The theme begins to wind down as well.

TSUKI (V.O.)(cont'd)
... Need some help?

Bachelorman is sputtering and hitching - as is the music.

TSUKI (V.O.)(cont'd)
(a little impatient)
... Strike while the iron's
hot...

BachelorMan plummets earthward, landing short of the Palace of Love with a sickening THUD. The music warps to an end as he rolls and bounces off the door, his body limp.

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

After a beat, Ted turns the light back on and they both lie there staring at the ceiling with eyes wide open.

TSUKI
It's okay, Ted... Even super
heroes have trouble getting
into the Palace of Love sooner
or later...

TED
Not BachelorMan...

TSUKI
I think I know what the
problem is.

TED
I drank too much, that's the
problem. Whiskey-dick, plain
and simple. Too much
alcohol...

TSUKI
No. You've got someone else on
your mind. You're in love.
You're obviously taken...

TED
(scoffs)
You don't know what you're
talking about, Heather.

CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Ted sits on the examination table in his shorts, waiting nervously. The Doctor enters, taking a long look at Ted's chart, looking at him compassionately.

DOCTOR
I have my prognosis, Ted.
Nearly every man has a little
trouble in the old erection
department at one time or
another.

TED
Give it to me straight, doc.

DOCTOR
I will. Too bad you can't do
the same.

He laughs like he's told the joke a million times - and he has. Ted remains stone-faced.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(regaining composure)
Yes, well...All the test
results are normal. You're in
good health - no diabetes,
drug abuse, nervous
disorders...

TED
Give me a week.

DOCTOR
You're young, you seem to be
perfectly healthy and normal
in almost every way.

TED
Then what is it?

DOCTOR
There's a quick and easy way
to diagnose this: If you're
unable to masturbate, then the
problem is physical. On the
other hand, if you are able to
masturbate, then it's
psychological.

TED
(immediately)
It's psychological.

The doctor pauses, giving Ted a hard stare.

DOCTOR
Have you fallen in love
recently?

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTSHOLLYWOOD NETWORK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Several SportsHollywood Executives sit around a huge table, looking at a flow chart with television ratings on it.

EXECUTIVE #1
As you all know, our ratings
for the last period dropped to
zero. No one is watching
anymore...

The men look around the room, dumbfounded.

EXECUTIVE #2
Programming needs to step it
up.

They look at Ted, who is asleep, slumped over in a chair and not paying attention.

EXECUTIVE #1
I guess we made a big mistake
putting Davis, here, in charge
of programming...

EXECUTIVE #2
Programming needs to step it
up...

EXECUTIVE #1
Would you quit saying that?

MEG
No, you're wrong - he's asleep
because of all the hours he's
been putting in on his big
project - trust me - it's
going to be HUGE!

EXECUTIVE #1
In the meantime, we've had to
go a different way,
Thompson...

Executive #3 proudly announces:

EXECUTIVE #3
 (into intercom)
 Send in Hardin.

Meg senses trouble as Doug Hardin steps in, playing the room confidently.

DOUG
 Hello, everyone. I call this meeting to order...

He walks over to where Ted is and slides him and his chair out of the way, and takes Ted's place.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 I think you'll find that I fit in Davis' position quite nicely...

Meg is initially horrified, but then gets an idea...

CUT TO:

INT. HEATHER'S CONDO - NIGHT

Heather's on her business phone again, balancing her checkbook with a calculator on the kitchen counter.

HEATHER
 Yes, Lucky! Oh yes - nobody does it like you... I've never felt like this before... I never... I never withdrew this much from the Versateller...

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)
 Huh?

HEATHER
 Oops - never mind. What else would you do to me, Lucky?

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)
 After the oil and assorted seasonings? I'd rip your bra and panties off my body and love you like no other man could.

Heather's mood shifts at the mention of 'love'.

HEATHER
 You'd "love" me, would you? What do you men know about love? You run from love...

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)
 ... So anyway, I've got this egg beater...

HEATHER

(not listening)

... Because you men just feed on us - not just with oil and assorted spices - you feed on our souls, devouring our energy and emotions until we're left barren and empty. Then you're off for another meal down the street...

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)

Am I being charged for this...?

HEATHER

Don't talk about how much you're getting charged, Lucky - it's the women who really pay in relationships!

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)

(breaking down)

I can change! I promise - you've just got to give me a chance...

HEATHER

You use us until you're tired of us, and then you abandon us in search of something better that just isn't out there...

There is a brief pause.

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)

Look, we have to talk. I just don't think this relationship is working out...

CUT TO:

EXT. HORSE RANCH - DAY

Ted and Meg brush their horses. Ted seems tired and jumpy, like he hasn't slept.

MEG

I'm telling you, Ted - you need a hit at the station or they're gonna can your ass. I told the brass that you were coming in with something BIG! You gotta deliver, and SOON!

TED

I'm just in a little slump.

MEG

A slump? First you put on all those stupid shows with Super models, and now you want to do 'Greatest Impotent Sports Legends'?

Ted breaks down, holding his head in his hands.

TED

Okay, I've lost it! I admit it - all my charm, my business savvy, my confidence... it's all gone.

MEG

Get hold of yourself. You just need a good idea, that's all. It's like riding a bike... you can still ride a bike, can't you?

Ted shamefacedly pulls up his pant leg to reveal a bad scrape. Sighing, Meg reaches into her saddle and pulls out a gift.

MEG (CONT'D)

Pathetic. Here - have a Poop...

Ted looks up as she poops out a candy from a Poopmoose dispenser. He grins.

TED

Thanks - I needed a poop. You always know how to cheer me up.

Ted laughs as she gives him a supportive pat on the back. Meg looks up as Doug Hardin steps out of a barn, leading two horses. She groans.

MEG

Oh, God - it's Doug.

Ted looks up as Heather steps out of the barn. He groans.

TED

Oh, God - it's Heather.

Doug and Heather kiss. Ted's jaw drops in shock.

TED (CONT'D)

... And she's with Doug!

Stunned, Ted staggers through a pile of road apples and falls against a fence, watching helplessly as Doug puts Heather into the saddle.

TED (CONT'D)
Heather! Heather!

Heather turns to see Ted pounding on the fence.

HEATHER
Oh, no...

As she looks, Ted rushes to greet her.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Hello, Ted.

TED
Heather - we've got to talk.

Heather stares him down coolly.

HEATHER
Says who?

TED
I'm serious. My life has
fallen apart without you.
Well, actually, it was falling
apart with you, too, but it
was a hell of a lot more
fun...

HEATHER
No. You wanted it to be over,
so it's over.
(turning away)
I've got to go.

TED
I'm miserable. I might lose my
job.

HEATHER
(turns back, confused)
What's that got to do with me?

Heather walks away. He stands there a moment, thinking.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S PARENTS' GARAGE - DAY

Ted sits in the garage drinking a beer, next to a jacked-up
old T-Bird. Mrs. Davis is underneath the car, working on it.

MRS. DAVIS
She spoiled you, that's why
you can't get it up. 3/8ths
inch deep well.

Her hand shoots out from under the car. Ted finds the 3/8ths
deep well socket in the toolbox and hands it to her.

TED
I'm really worried.

MRS. DAVIS
That's only gonna make it worse. Trust me. Torque wrench...

TED
(hands her tool)
Did this ever happened to dad?

MRS. DAVIS
No, but I banged several guys in college that were intimidated by me at first and they had trouble... vise grips.

TED
(hands her tool)
But they were okay, right?

MRS. DAVIS
I have no idea. I laughed my ass off at 'em. Really humiliating. But women only have so many chances in life to make a man feel completely inferior, so you've got to take advantage of every opportunity... flathead.

Ted frowns, sighing unhappily.

TED
You don't have to call me names, mom. This is kind of a sensitive time...

Mrs. Davis pokes her head out from under the car, looking at him like he's an idiot.

MRS. DAVIS
Flathead screwdriver...

TED
Oh!
(hands her tool)
All I can say is I hope it doesn't last too long.

MRS. DAVIS
You're in love...
(nostalgically)
... I remember when your father fell in love with me. It was pitiful, but at least I knew I had him.

TED
Mom?

MRS. DAVIS
Ball peen.
(hand reaches out, Ted
gives her tool)
What is it?

TED
Am I turning into dad?

Mrs. Davis erupts in gales of laughter.

MRS. DAVIS
Is that what you're worried
about?
(slides out, pops beer,
takes swig)
You will if you keep whining
and don't get Heather back. If
your Aunt Sally were here
you'd have a fight on your
hands over that babe. Just her
type.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

Ted slumps on the couch, watching TV. He's bored and becomes distraught, changing channels so rapidly that only a few words of dialogue from each show is heard.

(NOTE: Shot from behind TV) The strung together shows make the staggered sentence; (NEWSCAST) "... It's well known across the world... (EVANGELIST CRYING) ... no matter what you do... (RICHARD SIMMONS-LIKE)... try, and try, and try, and try... (MANIC EXERCISE INFOMERCIAL) ... but it won't work - and I'll tell you why! (LOUIE DEPALMA ON 'TAXI') ... because you... are a loser!"

Ted jumps up from the couch, and spins around with his head back and his eyes closed.

Loud MOANING starts from next door.

HEATHER (O.S.)
... Oh, Lucky - you stud...

Ted groans as he prepares to hear another tortuous session with "Lucky." Able to take no more, he grabs the phone. He brightens when Heather answers.

HEATHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Hi. This is the 'Reach Out and
Touch Yourself...'

TED
 Heather - hi. It's me. This is costing \$3.99 a minute, so be nice.

INT. HEATHER'S CONDO - NIGHT

Heather thinks about hanging up, but holds off.

HEATHER
 Right.

SPLIT SCREEN BETWEEN TED AND HEATHER AS THEY SPEAK.

TED
 Listen, I wanted to call and apologize about the way I acted at the ranch. I was pretty stressed about my job, but I took your advice and everything's okay.

HEATHER
 I'm glad.

Ted smiles, encouraged.

TED
 Well, I just wanted to call and see if you think we could get together tonight? I could cook a nice dinner...

Heather grins slyly, seeing right through him.

HEATHER
 Sure, that sounds nice. I'll bring Doug. Do you have a date?

Ted grimaces as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. TED'S DUMPSTER - DAY

Ted is inside in search of something.

TED
 (muttering)
 Doug, huh?... I'll Doug her...

The music chimes in as Ted grows weaker by the moment.

TED (CONT'D)
 (fist raised to the sky)
 Damn her... damn the woman who would vex BachelorMan...

Suddenly, the sky opens up. Holy music plays while a lone shaft of heavenly sunlight beams down. He has found his little black book. He holds it skyward, the trumpet fanfare announcing his glory.

TED (CONT'D)
 (fully recovered)
 Hello, Jill... Hello,
 Laurie... Hello, Liz...
 Janet... Eileen... Lisa...
 Wendy... Bobbie...

He SUDDENLY PANICS. Searching wildly through the rubbish, he cannot find what he's desperately searching for, until he HEARS THE POOPMOOSE MUSIC. He finds and holds up the POOPMOOSE dispenser, glowing. TED LAUGHS WILDLY as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

Ted sits on the couch with Tsuki, who wears a sexy red minidress. She snuggles up to him, but he's distracted, checking his watch and glancing at the door.

TSUKI
 I'm really glad you called,
 Ted. You seem a little
 different, though. Is
 everything okay?

TED
 Nah, I just got sick of the
 old lifestyle, the flashy
 shallow stuff. I'm a
 relationship guy, it turns
 out...

Ted begins nuzzling her neck, Tsuki responding.

TSUKI
 I'm really glad to...

The doorbell RINGS, Ted jumping up so fast Tsuki falls face first onto the cushions.

He opens the secret chamber with the polish in it, giving the door a quick spray.

TED (V.O.)
 Bachelor tip, blah, blah,
 blah, whatever...

Ted opens the door, to reveal Heather and Doug.

HEATHER
 Hey - hi. Ted.

DOUG
Ted.

 TED
Heather.
 (shit head)
Doug.

 DOUG
How are you? And WHO are you?

Ted sneers at Doug as he gestures to Tsuki.

 TED
Terrific. This is Tsuki.
 (pointedly, to Heather)
We're very close.

 TSUKI
 (waving)
Hi. Glad to meet...

Ted quickly steps between them, clapping his hands together loudly, and motioning to the dining room.

 TED
Enough pleasantries! Let's eat
the food already.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

They're about half done.

 TED
So... anybody want a drink?
Wine... beer... cyanide?

The others shake their heads 'no'. Ted gives a big yawn, stretching and putting his arm around Tsuki.

 TED (CONT'D)
Well, it's getting pretty
late. I guess we'll turn in.

 TSUKI
Huh?

Ted stares at Heather pointedly. She glares back at him, taking Doug by the hand.

 HEATHER
Then I guess we will, too.
Goodnight.

 DOUG
 (pleasantly surprised)
All right!

Heather pulls Doug up as Ted watches, jealously.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Furious, Ted bursts into the room, leading a confused Tsuki by the hand.

TED (V.O.)
 Tip #1,273 subparagraph 'A':
 If one woman breaks your
 heart, get a different one.
 (to Tsuki)
 Let's make love.

TSUKI
 I don't know... this is even
 weird for me, Ted.

CUT TO:

INT. HEATHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heather rushes in with Doug, complaining angrily as she addresses the CAMERA.

HEATHER (V.O.)
 Bachelorette tip #488: Sex
 with love is great, but sex
 for revenge ain't bad, either!
 (to Doug)
 Let's make love.

DOUG
 (rips open shirt)
 Okay!

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ted kisses Tsuki's neck passionately, moaning loudly. They are leaning against the adjoining bedroom wall. She sighs.

TSUKI
 I've got to admit - what you
 lack in sincerity you make up
 for in enthusiasm. Can I use
 the bathroom?

TED
 No - I mean, yes, but hurry!

CUT TO:

INT. HEATHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Doug places his hands on Heather's hips. Hearing Ted's moans through the wall she matches them, moaning louder.

DOUG
(thrilled)
Jesus, this is going to be
easy!

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ted is still moaning as Tsuki leaves. Noticing that she's gone, he moans at a higher pitch, trying to imitate her voice.

TED
Oh yes... yes... !

CUT TO:

INT. HEATHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Doug kisses Heather on the cheek. She cries out in ecstasy as she tries to out-moan Ted.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hearing Heather's cry, Ted grabs a chair. He bangs it against the wall rhythmically, mimicking Heather's cry in a higher pitch.

CUT TO:

INT. HEATHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heather screams louder, more urgently. Doug steps back, taking a seat near the window, where he watches her in amazement.

HEATHER
Uh... uh... Oh my God!... I'm
coming!

She pauses, listening for a response.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ted continues to bang the chair against the wall, crying out petulantly.

TED
 Oh yeah? Well I'm coming, too!
 Ooof!

CUT TO:

INT. HEATHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heather is in the final throes of ecstasy.

DOUG
 Tell the truth - are you
 faking it?

Unable to form words anymore, she starts to cry. Seeing this, Doug claps his hands like a blackjack dealer, and hurries out. Heather pauses as she hears Ted wailing.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ted bangs the chair against the wall as Tsuki steps out of the bathroom, naked. She climbs into bed, speaking seductively.

TSUKI
 Okay, Ted. I'm ready!

TED
 (preoccupied)
 Come on, Tsuki - not now...

CUT TO:

INT. HEATHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heather backs up against the far wall, determined, and runs across the room, calling out angrily.

HEATHER
 I'm COMING!!!

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heather CRASHES THROUGH the wall into his bedroom. Ted, with chair raised overhead, looks at her in shock.

CUT TO:

EXT. TED'S CONDO - NIGHT

Doug scratches his head as TSUKI runs past, screaming, naked but for a sheet. A beat. Doug runs after her.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ted and Heather sit on the bed, Heather with drywall in her hair.

HEATHER
One of us has to move...

TED
I can't believe you're with
that prick!

HEATHER
He's gone. Meg set us up. She
said it would drive you insane
- and she was right! We only
did it to piss you off and
show you what a lunatic you
are.

TED
Great - my reputation is
ruined too.

HEATHER
You deserve it...

TED
Me? You wrecked my house and
destroyed my life!

HEATHER
What about my life? My house?

They pause. Ted wipes some tears and dust off her face. Their eyes meet.

TED
This place has never been
better...

HEATHER
What?

He points at the huge hole in the wall.

TED
Yeah - we just knock out the
whole adjoining wall...
Bingo... That is, if you'll
marry me...

HEATHER
(saw it coming)
Yes!

They fall into each others' arms, kissing passionately.

TED
I love you!

HEATHER
I love you too...

They resume pawing at each other, obsessed. Heather pauses, worried.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Do you think we woke the neighbors?

TED
I don't care! I'm with the woman I love. I'm no good without you...

Ted SUDDENLY stops.

TED (cont'd)
You'll have to get back on that phone, though. Somebody needs to bring home the bacon. I've lost my magic touch at work. At least I know you'll be there when I fail...

HEATHER
(had enough)
Here's my advice: You're the hotshot programmer, so program what YOU like. What about that stupid kung fu junk you and your stupid friends worship? It'd be the first time those guys were actually productive.

The victory music starts. Suddenly a crazy grin spreads across his face as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTSHOLLYWOOD NETWORK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

CLOSE on a TV screen as "TREE," the actor from "THEN CAME TREE" is in a kitchen, whipping something up in the microwave. He speaks over the noise.

TREE
Tree's Bachelor Tip #32: The ultimate bachelor NEVER eats ANYTHING that takes longer to cook, than it does to eat!

The doorbell rings.

TREE (cont'd)
Ooh! Who could that be?

He opens the door and is engaged in a kick-boxing fight with two rednecks.

DICK VITALE (V.O.)
 Here we go, baby! The grudge match of the century! "Then Came Tree" against "The Outdoor Barbecue Brothers" to prove once and for all who is truly the toughest, meanest spiritual television-mentor in a no-holds-barred ten round free-for-all! We'll be back after these messages, with "The Ultimate Bachelor!"...

We PULL BACK to see Ted, Meg, and the SportsHollywood Executives sitting at the conference table, watching the screen in rapt attention.

EXECUTIVE #1
 Brilliant! We pulled a 15 rating and a 39 share.

MEG
 'Ultimate Bachelor' beat out everything on cable!

EXECUTIVE #2
 Programming stepped it up...

EXECUTIVE #1
 Would you stop... uh, yeah, they did...

They all turn admiringly to Ted, who smiles with some satisfaction.

TED
 Sounds great. Now, if you'll excuse me, I think I'll take the afternoon off.

EXECUTIVE #1
 Sure thing! You deserve it. Got a big date lined up?

The Executives grin knowingly as Ted stands, chuckling halfheartedly.

TED
 No - something much better...

CUT TO:

EXT. HORSE RANCH - DAY

The ranch has been dressed up for a wedding ceremony. Guests throw rice on Ted and Heather as they run down the line. Mr. Davis hugs Heather happily.

MR. DAVIS
Welcome to the family, dear.

HEATHER
Thanks... dad...

Mr. Davis gives her an odd look. Heather grins shyly as Mrs. Davis pulls Ted aside.

MRS. DAVIS
Listen, honey - I know you're wondering how to keep the magic alive now that you're married.

TED
(looks at her skeptically)
Yeah...

Mrs. Davis reaches into her purse.

MRS. DAVIS
One word...
(pulls out vibrator)
... plastics.

Meg hugs Ted and congratulates them.

TED
Think you guys can handle the network without me for two weeks?

MEG
We'll survive - besides, I got a huge promotion for spearheading your project. You're not going to believe this - Doug Hardin will actually be working for ME now! I can't wait - I'm going to make him wear Speedos and pinch his ass every morning!

Heather moves up behind him as their limo pulls up.

HEATHER
Ready to go?

Ted and Heather climb into the back of a limo, Ted turning to the CAMERA.

TED
Bachelor tip #1 - and this is the most important: Don't ever take any tips on love and romance... especially from me.

Heather leans out the car window, waving good-bye. Mr. Davis stands with his arm around his wife, calling out.

MR. DAVIS
Good-bye, son! Good-bye,
Heather!

Heather's eyes brighten as she recognizes Mr. Davis' voice. She smiles, calling back enthusiastically.

HEATHER
Good-bye, Lucky!

Mr. Davis' jaw drops, as the limo speeds off.

Kelly and Artie stand, watching the limo disappear sadly.

ARTIE
It's over.

KELLY
The end of an era.

There is a HUSH as the crowd parts. The actor who plays "Tree" in "Then Came Tree" appears in all his glory.

TREE
It's not over...

Tree approaches the two boys, who fall to their knees. They look at each other in shock.

KELLY AND ARTIE
Then came Tree...

Tree opens his fists to reveal two Poopmoose dispensers. Once again a lone shaft of sunlight streams down, bathing them in a heavenly glow as Kelly and Artie accept them reverently.

They look from the Poopmoose dispensers, to bridesmaids Janey and Carol, then back at each other. New confidence shines in their eyes as the torch passed.

TREE
Show me the love...

Kelly and Artie shoot Janey and Carol the 'James Coburn' and offer their Poopmoose dispensers.

ANIMATED FANTASY

Kelly and Artie fly through the air in their own BachelorMan suits. Grinning proudly, they pull swords from their sheaths, soaring away - up, up, and out of sight, music soaring with them as we...

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END