

# HUNG

"Pilot"

by

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HUNG

INT. OAKWOOD HIGH SCHOOL LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

RAY (early 40's) sits on a bench, in color coordinated sweats. He is a good looking guy fighting middle age. A mix of cockiness, weariness and dismay.

The OAKWOOD HUSKIES-- Ray's ragtag BASKETBALL TEAM-- sits huddled around him in silent anticipation. They are waiting for Ray's pre-game speech.

Silence. Ray points to a photo taped to his office window-- a dung beetle climbing up a hill with its ball of dung.

RAY

Scarabaeidae Geotrupes. Anyone know what that means?

The Huskies stare at him blankly.

RAY

It's a dung beetle, team. Everywhere he goes, this little beetle travels with his ball of shit. Sleeps with it, eats it, talks to it at night. Like two peas in a pod this little beetle and his shit ball are, the dung is the Hall to the dung beetle's Oates.

The Huskies exchange looks-- what is coach driving at?

RAY

So what's the point I'm trying to make here? What is the correlation I am trying to draw upon?

JERRY, a second stringer, opts for a guess--

JERRY

More man-to-man coverage?

RAY

No, Jerry. What I'm trying to say is that unlike the dung beetle in question, we as a team *cannot afford to take our shit with us*. We cannot roll it in a ball, we cannot push it up a hill, we shouldn't eat it, and we certainly *better leave it behind* when we get on the court tonight against the Red Men.

(beat)

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

Shit happens. We know that. It happens and it tries to follow us. Tyrone's girl broke up with him. Clay dropped a dumbbell on his foot. Joe's mom and dad are in a middle of a nasty separation... hell, we lost a lot of seniors last year!

(beat)

So every week we get our teeth kicked in. Yeah, "we got heart and we got hope" but it's not like we've been winning any games! It's been a rough year... maybe we're cursed, I don't know. Look at me, my house burned down. I got a hole in my roof the size of nuclear bomb. I wake up wet in the morning when it rains!

(beat)

But do you see me dwelling on that shit? I want to but I don't. I meet you out there shit-ball free and try to coach you guys the best way that I can. Because I care about you guys. Cause I believe in you.

(beat)

So tonight, just have fun. Pretend you're on a winning streak. Pretend you don't have a care in the world and sooner or later you ARE GONNA WIN. Let's make it happen!

The Huskies nod, oddly inspired.

HUSKIES

Yeah, coach. We can make that happen. Yeah.

RAY

One more thing.

HUSKIES

Yeah coach?

RAY

I won't be around during the game.

The Huskies look at each other, stunned.

JERRY

What?

Ray holds his stomach, in pain.

RAY

I gotta get out of here. My stomach's killing me. I got an intestinal occlusion maybe. If anybody asks, tell'em I'm fine.

JERRY

Coach, what are you talking about?

RAY

Mike's taking over. Mike's gonna coach tonight.

He points to MIKE (20'S) his beefy assistant coach in the back of the room. The Huskies murmur, upset.

HUSKIES

Coach, we can't play without you.

RAY

Trust in Mike, okay? Mike knows my system like the back of my hand.  
(holds his stomach)  
Now I gotta get out and drive myself to the hospital.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

ON RAY, limping towards his '83 Mustang Convertible. A few Huskies wave to him from across the parking lot.

HUSKIES

Feel better coach. We'll visit you after the game.

RAY

Don't visit me. Forget about it.

He starts the car, clutching his stomach in pain and pulls out of the parking lot.

INT./EXT. MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

As Ray drives away from the school, he reaches under the front seat, pulls out a pair of neatly pressed dress slacks, a jacket and a silk shirt.

RAY (V.O.)

Okay. So I lied to the kids. There was a scheduling conflict and

(MORE)

RAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
something had to give. I feel  
terrible.

He unzips` his Huskie jacket and slips on a silk shirt as he drives.

RAY (V.O.)  
But do you know how much a teacher  
makes these days? The same they  
always made. About 40 grand a year.

He stops at a red light next to an 80K Lexus SUV.

RAY (V.O.)  
About half of what it takes to live  
a normal life.

He pulls off his sweat pants and tries to put on his slacks.  
The Woman in the Lexus looks at him, then looks away, sipping  
her 5 dollar latte.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN/ INT. RAY'S MUSTANG - NIGHT

Ray pulls into a parking spot, steps out, zips his fly,  
straightens his shirt and jacket and heads for the entrance.

RAY (V.O.)  
So what do people do when their  
careers pay crap? You do a side  
gig. Tutoring. Ebay maybe. Others  
try to make a little extra off  
their hobbies... like baking, or  
sailing, or woodcarving.

INT. HOLIDAY INN, LOBBY - SAME

Ray crosses to the counter, checking himself out in the  
mirror.

RAY (V.O.)  
Me? I can't bake.

He looks at the hotel CLERK. Clears his throat.

RAY  
Bob Montana.

HOTEL CLERK  
Excuse me?

RAY  
Bob Montana. Here to see Ms. Aphra  
Behn.

HOTEL CLERK  
(looking in the computer)  
Hold on, Mr. Montana.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLIDAY INN, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ray heads down the hall. Asserting a strut.

RAY (V.O.)  
Can't sail, or carve things out of  
wood, or make little dolls to sell  
on Ebay. I got a different skill  
set.

He stops by the hotel room door. Takes out a breath spray.  
Sprays it in his mouth.

RAY (V.O.)  
That's right. I'm in the oldest  
occupation in the world.

He's about to knock on the door when he hesitates, suddenly  
gripped with anxiety. Beat.

RAY (V.O.)  
Well, I'm *about* to be. This is my  
first time. This is what you call,  
virgin territory.

He knocks on the door.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Hold on a sec.

A SHADOW comes over the peep-hole.

WOMAN'S FISH-EYE POV: of Ray, standing at attention,  
attempting to disguise his nervousness. He tries to smile.

Beat. The shadow moves away. The door remains closed. Ray  
knocks again.

RAY  
Hello?

Nothing. Then, a NOTE appears, slid under the door. Ray picks  
it up, reads it:

*"I'm sorry. I changed my mind."*

Another NOTE follows, attached to a \$5 bill-- "*for your trouble.*"

OFF RAY, staring at the two notes, in dismay.

RAY (V.O.)  
Oh, man. It's been a rough year.

CUT TO:

The screen reads: *THREE MONTHS EARLIER*

INT. RAY'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

ON RAY, asleep. Smoke creeps into the room.

INT. RAY'S HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS LIVING ROOM - SAME

A SMOKE ALARM missing its BATTERIES hangs by a wire, ignoring the engulfing FLAMES. Little men on top of Ray's baseball and basketball TROPHIES melt in the heat. The glass protecting NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS of Ray's high school accomplishments cracks under pressure...

INT. RAY'S HOUSE, BACK IN THE UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - SAME

Ray sits up as something shatters downstairs. He sees the smoke.

RAY  
Damon! Darby!

He jumps out of bed and runs to...

INT. RAY'S HOUSE, DARBY'S BEDROOM - SAME

Empty. His daughter Darby's bed doesn't even look like it's been slept in.

RAY  
What the... ?

He scowls for a millisecond, then runs into...

INT. RAY'S HOUSE, DAMON'S BEDROOM - SAME

RAY  
Damon, wake up! Wake up there's a fire!

Ray shakes his son DAMON (17) awake.

DAMON  
 (groggy)  
 What?

RAY  
 Oh Jesus Christ, you wear that shit  
 when you sleep?

Damon-- a long haired GOTH KID-- is still in his makeup. He wears black long johns and skull rings.

DAMON  
 It's hard to take off and put on  
 every day.

RAY  
 It's unhygienic, Damon. Where's  
 your sister?

DAMON  
 She snuck out. Maybe Hammer's?

RAY  
 Who's HAMMER?! You SURE she snuck  
 out?

DAMON  
 Yeah, she asked me not to tell. Is  
 the house really on fire?

Ray opens the window and points to a nearby TREE BRANCH.

RAY  
 No, I'm doing this for my health.  
 Go! Go Damon! You first!

DAMON  
 How about a ladder?

RAY  
 This is not a fantasy scenario,  
 Damon! Climb out and hold the tree  
 trunk--

Ray pushes Damon out and helps him GRAB onto the tree.

RAY  
 Climb down Damon! And be careful...  
 Damon!

Ray winces, watching Damon land on the ground with a THUD.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAY'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - A BIT LATER

ON RAY, in boxer shorts and blanket, grinding his teeth in frustration as he watches the FIREMEN douse his house.

RAY (V.O.)  
 When your house is burning you just  
 wanna be alone. Of course that  
 didn't stop the hypocrites.

He glares at a small crowd of mesmerized NEIGHBORS in upscale bathrobes who have gathered to watch the fire.

RAY (V.O.)  
 They tried to get rid of me for  
 years. First they hit me with bogus  
 citations. Then the sky high  
 property taxes. Now they really  
 smelled their chance.

One of Ray's neighbors -- DR. BILL KOONTZ (40's)-- approaches Ray, gently puts a hand on his shoulder.

DR. KOONTZ  
 How you holding up there, Ray?

RAY  
 Holding up alright there, Dr  
 Koontz.

DR. KOONTZ  
 (nods, faux sympathetic)  
 No one got hurt. Thank god for  
 that.

RAY  
 Yep. Even the little creatures are  
 okay.

DR. KOONTZ  
 (frowns)  
 You mean... your kids?

Ray rolls his eyes, irritated.

RAY  
 No, Koontz. Not my kids. Darby's  
 red eared sliders over there.

Ray points to a small outdoor pond. Dr Koontz nods, noticing a dozen FAT TURTLES on the rocks.

DR. KOONTZ

Oh... Boy, I never knew there were turtles in there.

RAY

Yeah, she gets them on the internet from people who don't want them anymore.

DR. KOONTZ

Really?

RAY

"Turtle Rescue". If it weren't for Darby, all the little fuckers would be flushed down the toilet by now.

DR. KOONTZ

That's compassionate of her.

(beat)

Hey, did you know turtles carry salmonella?

RAY

Salmonella? Nah. Our turtles are clean.

DR. KOONTZ

All turtles carry salmonella, Ray.

Dr Koontz blinks, faux friendly, intense. Then walks off. ON RAY, suddenly gripped with regret.

RAY (V.O.)

Bill Koontz. Homeowners association president, veterinarian, and major prick. In a moment of weakness, I ran my mouth and gave him valuable information. Now I had another fight on my hands.

A dented PT Cruiser pulls up on the curb. Damon's fraternal twin sister, DARBY (17)-- a "big girl" with a pretty face-- steps out of the passenger side, stunned by the fire.

She spots Ray, slams the door and approaches her dad. Beat. They look at each other. She sits down next to him.

DARBY

Dad. Our house is burning.

RAY

You think?

Beat. Ray puts his arm around his daughter. They sit, watching the fire.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAY'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The firemen have gone. The fire's out. Ray's house-- the only middle class house left in a lake-front neighborhood of giant McMansions-- stands about one quarter burned down.

INT. RAY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM-- EARLY MORNING

Ray and the Twins pick through the charred debris of their living room, trying to save what they can. Bummed out, Ray dusts the ashes off his high school yearbook.

RAY  
So who's Hammer?

DARBY  
No one.

RAY  
Don't sneak off at night, Darb.  
You're a smart girl. Any guy named  
Hammer is not a good idea at  
midnight, okay?

Darby sighs. Nods. Damon plops down on the half burned couch. It squishes.

DAMON  
Oh man, I'm fricking wet.

RAY  
And you, don't whine. We've had a  
rough night, okay? We gotta stay  
upbeat.

DARBY  
Where are we gonna live? Do we have  
to go to mom's?

RAY  
(making a stand)  
We live where we've always lived.  
Here. We rebuild. We'll be fine.

DAMON  
We got insurance, right?

RAY  
... Sure we do.

DARBY  
What about all those termination  
letters?

RAY  
(smoothly, lying)  
That was a mix up. I took care of  
it.  
(points at the beams)  
Look, the fire bozos said our house  
was structurally alright!

DARBY  
Dad, your room is open to the  
elements. Rain, hail, wind...

RAY  
That's my problem. Your room is  
fine.

DARBY  
It's embarrassing! The neighbors  
can see into our house!

RAY  
I'll put up plastic.

Damon grimaces.

DAMON  
Plastic? All the rich kids are  
gonna make fun of us.

RAY  
Look. This is a setback, alright?  
It's halftime and we're down by  
twelve--

DARBY  
-- We're not your Huskies, dad.

RAY  
What I am saying is, with teamwork,  
we will persevere! We'll find a  
way! And we'll come through it all,  
with grace and dignity.

Off their skeptical looks--

CUT TO:

INT. OAKWOOD HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

On a tableful of FUDGE BALLS. A SIGN on the table reads:

*"FUDGE SALE: To Benefit Coach Drecker!"* underneath a drawing of a HOUSE IN FLAMES.

RAY (V.O.)  
But grace and dignity weren't on  
the menu.

Some PERKY OVERACHIEVERS man the table, trying to flag as many passing students as they can. LYNDI BALL (17), their ring leader, shouts out--

LYNDI  
Fudge sale! Buy some fudge, help  
pay for Coach Drecker's new roof!

Darby slinks past the table, embarrassed as hell, then gives Ray a scowl. Ray approaches the fudge table. GARY FISTER (17) gives him a big smile.

RAY (V.O.)  
Fudge balls were on the menu.  
Chocolate. Peanut Butter. Oatmeal  
crunch.

RAY  
Lyndi. Gary.

LYNDI  
Hi Coach!

GARY  
Fudge ball, coach? Free of charge.

Ray takes a fudge ball, bites into it. STUDENTS pass by, pat Ray on the back, ad lib "Hang in there, coach", "We're pulling for you", etc. He nods back, struggling for dignity.

RAY  
You know guys. I appreciate the  
effort. But it's... uh, you know...

LYNDI  
What?

RAY  
It's a little much, you know?  
This... "fund-raiser". It's not  
exactly necessary.

LYNDI

You mean you have insurance?

RAY

(uncomfortable)

Sure. Everyone has insurance.

LYNDI

But insurance doesn't cover everything, right? There's usually a deductible?

(to a passerby)

Fudge ball?

(back to Ray)

We're just trying to help out, coach. I want the National Honor Society to be active in the community this year. You're a cause everyone can rally behind.

GARY

(apologetically)

It's more for us than it is for you.

Ray starts to say something, but instead just nods and walks away. Defeated. Munching on his fudge ball.

RAY (V.O.)

Fudge and humiliation.

CUT TO:

INT. OAKWOOD HIGH SCHOOL, CAFETERIA - DAY

Students eat while watching a SLIDE SHOW on Ray's legacy and importance to the school. Among them is JAMIE HOLT (30's)-- Oakwood's newly acquired Home Ec. and Business teacher. Lyndi, flanked by her fellow OVERACHIEVERS, narrates:

LYNDI

Coach Ray Drecker: an Oakwood Legend. He started out as Oakwood's star athlete and a member of the legendary Huskie class of 1984, when he lettered in *THREE* sports! After attending University of Central Florida on a prestigious baseball scholarship, he then returned to once again offer his services to Oakwood as a coach, history teacher and all around inspiration.

GARY clicks onto a SLIDE of Ray, age 18, in goofy arrogant ecstasy, holding up a baseball state championship MVP trophy. Ray, standing by the cafeteria door, winces.

RAY (V.O.)

Not only did she make me sound like a turd, she left out all the good parts. Like the Braves, and my ligament injury. Like how I tasted and came close to greatness.

LYNDI

(oddly ominous)

Since then, *Coach Ray has been with us.* Through thick and thin.

Gary flips through SLIDES OF RAY THROUGH THE YEARS: at 24, at 28, at 35, at 41. Sporting various haircuts and fashion choices of the times. With a Tom Selleck mustache, without. Coaching, laughing, teaching American history. Held up by his players in triumph, lowering his head in defeat...

LYNDI

Through the good times and the bad. Through the championship years and the lean years and all the years in between. Coach Drecker's always there when we need him.

We stay ON RAY, deeply troubled by the SLIDE SHOW.

RAY (V.O.)

Is that what I was to them? The guys who's "there"? The guy they can count on to stay behind when they leave?

LYNDI

And when we graduate and go off to college and forget our high school days, *Coach Drecker will be here.*

(triumphant)

Coach Drecker is *always* here for us! And now it's time for us to chip in for *HIM!* Which is why we've raised over 253 DOLLARS in only two days...!

Lyndi's voice FADES AWAY. Ray stares at a slide projection of his younger self-- happy, cocky, ready to take on the world.

He winces, in dismay.

RAY (V.O.)  
 What happened to my life?

CUT TO:

EXT. FERAGAMO HOUSE, BACKYARD DECK - LATE AFTERNOON

On a row of MAHI MAHI STEAKS, grilled to sizzling perfection.

RONNIE FERAGAMO (early 40's) is the grill master. He's not a good looking man, but someone for whom money had done wonders. He's surrounded by PARTY GUESTS. Dockers wearing. Pinot Grigio sipping. Watching the sunset on the spacious raised deck of Ron's alpine style McMansion.

RONNIE

So this guy comes in my office.  
 Morbidly obese. Still in his  
 forties and already with a triple  
 bypass. "Doctor"- he says- "I don't  
 understand why every time I take a  
 piss I'm out of breath"...

Ray leans against the railing with his wine, watching Ronnie from afar. Taking in the whole fancy catered gathering.

RAY (V.O.)

Ron Feragamo, also from the Huskie  
 class of 1984. Heart surgeon.  
 Overcompensating little fucker.  
 New husband to my old ex-wife.

Ray's eyes shift to his ex-wife ANGIE (early 40's) as she comes out of the house. Sun kissed, well put together, all American. Sporting a new BOOB JOB.

Angie approaches the KIDS' TABLE, gives Damon and Darby a warm hug hello. Then spots Ray, takes a glass of Pinot from a CATERER'S tray, comes over.

ANGIE

Hi Ray. I'm glad you came.

RAY

(trying hard)  
 Yeah.

ANGIE

It's good this way. We're natural  
 and civilized.

RAY

Well, maybe we are civilized, but I don't really see how we're all natural.

ANGIE

There's no bitterness, Ray. It's good for the kids to see us all together. *Comfortable* with one another. Like a big extended family. Me, Ronnie, the kids... and you.

Angie squeezes Ray's hand. Ray smiles, trying hard not to dwell on Angie's new tits.

RAY (V.O.)

She wasn't always like this.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RAY'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

The screen reads: *TWO YEARS EARLIER*

ON ANGIE, bedraggled, sans tits, dragging a suitcase towards her '96 Corolla. Ray follows, trying to intercept.

ANGIE

(hoarse from screaming)  
He's a surgeon!! He saves LIVES!!  
Whose FUCKING LIVES have you  
FUCKING SAVED?!

RAY

C'mon Angie! We went to school with the guy! He's a turd!- we've *talked* about this a million times-- you *know* he's a turd!

ANGIE

He LOVES ME, RAY!

RAY

I LOVE YOU!

ANGIE

NOT! ENOUGH!

Beat.

RAY

He's loaded, is that why?

ANGIE

You think I'm that shallow? Do- you-  
*REALLY THINK- I'm THAT- SHALLOW?!*

She heaves her suitcase into the trunk. Then slams it shut.  
 Breathing heavily.

ANGIE

Alright. Yes I am a little shallow.  
 I know that-- I'm deep, I'm much  
 deeper than people think, but I  
 also have a *shallow* side, because I  
 CHOOSE TO-- Hell, I'm a beauty  
 queen, Ray! I'm a homecoming,  
 cheerleading, STUPID ASS BEAUTY  
 QUEEN!

(beat)

And clearly I made the obvious  
 choice.

(gestures towards him)

Clearly I'm stupid enough to have  
 completely bought into it!

RAY

(confused)

What are you *talking* about?

ANGIE

You were magical, Ray! You were a  
 king. You were smart, and  
 athletic... beautiful, and  
 popular... and HUNG.

Shaking her head, she gets in the car, slams the door shut,  
 starts the engine.

RAY

And now I'm WHAT?... What AM I NOW,  
 ANGIE?!

He runs after her, slamming his hand on the car as she backs  
 out of the driveway. Beat. She stops.

ANGIE

Now you're just hung!

She wipes the tear streaked mascara off her face...

ANGIE

I never wanted much out of life,  
 Ray. My whole life... all I wanted  
 was a big house, a big car and a  
 big dick. And now I'm gonna have--

(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
(she sobs)  
Well. Two outta three ain't bad.

... And hits the gas, leaving Ray in the dust.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. FERAGAMO HOUSE, BACKYARD DECK - AFTERNOON

ON RAY AND ANGIE as before. She smiles, placid and healthy looking. Showing her new tits.

ANGIE  
Ray?... Have you noticed  
anything... different?  
(beat)  
About me?

Ray stares at her, playing dumb. Not gonna let her have this.

RAY  
You look good, Angie. Brown. Did  
you go to one of those insta-tan  
shops?

ANGIE  
I went to Bermuda, Ray. But that's  
not what I'm talking about.  
(beat)  
The tits?

Ronnie approaches, offering his hand.

RONNIE  
Hey there, Coach Ray. Not much  
doing with the Huskies this year,  
huh?

RAY  
Ronnie.

Ray squeezes Ronnie's hand, a little too hard.

RONNIE  
Woah. Take it easy slugger. I gotta  
operate in twelve hours.

RAY  
(to Angie)  
Listen, can I talk to you a second?

ANGIE  
Um...

RONNIE  
Go talk to him. Show him your  
Thomas Kinkades.

Ray smiles, polite.

EXT. BY THE KIDS' TABLE - SAME

Damon and Darby sit with ZACK (11) and COLT (14), Ronnie's two pieces of shit spawn. They watch their parents from afar.

DAMON  
Did mom... ?

DARBY  
Yes.

DAMON  
I mean... her... breasts.

DARBY  
Yeah, she got new tits. It was  
Ronnie's birthday present I think.

Zack and Colt stare at Damon, in full goth regalia.

ZACK  
Are you an albino?

DAMON  
Excuse me?

ZACK  
Colt and I wanna know if you're an  
albino.

Damon squints, unable to muster a quick retort.

CUT TO:

INT. FERAGAMO HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

On three treacly Thomas Kinkade LANDSCAPES in a vertical row, beautifully framed and painstakingly lit.

ANGIE  
They're Masters Editions. See the  
silver in those clouds? Kinkade  
himself did the highlighting.

Ray pretends to study the quaint landscapes, nodding.

ANGIE

You know, it's not true what people say about Him.

Beat. Ray raises an eyebrow.

ANGIE

That he feels the need to pee everywhere. To "mark his territory"? I think it's other artists who are just jealous spreading rumors.

Ray blinks, totally confused.

RAY

I don't know what you're talking about, Angie. I just need to... I need to borrow some money, okay?

ANGIE

They hiked your property taxes again?

RAY

Well that and this fire thing. It's putting me in a financial hole.

ANGIE

What about your insurance?

RAY

Well... There was some mix up and I tried to cut some corners and I... *lapsed*, okay? Don't tell the kids.

ANGIE

You "lapsed"? When?

RAY

At the moment of the fire, that's when. When do you think?

(beat)

Anyway, I also got this petition problem. That jerkoff Koontz is starting some crap about turtles being a biohazard cause they carry salmonella. And he *knows* that Darby will refuse to give up the little buggers, so he *thinks* that THAT'S the way to get me to *SELL!*... And CHEAP too, now that the house is half burned off!

ANGIE

You sound a little paranoid, Ray.

RAY

Look I'm already fighting the property taxes, now I gotta fix the roof before they slap me with some kinda roof citation!-- what I'm saying is... I got my back against the wall here, Angie. I'm in the Alamo. I can really lose the house this time.

Beat. She looks at him, hurt.

ANGIE

Is that the reason you came here today? To borrow money from me?

RAY

Of course not.

ANGIE

Because that's what it feels like, Ray.

Beat. They stare at each other. At a standoff.

ANGIE

Talk to the kids. If they agree to stay with me, I'll see what I can do.

RAY

(confused)

They're staying the weekend, Ang.

ANGIE

No, not the weekend, for good. I'll take the turtles too.

Beat.

RAY

That's not fair, Angie. The kids chose me out of their own free will. I'm more fun and more relaxed. Ronnie is too uptight and a clean freak.

Angie gulps, wounded.

ANGIE

Bullshit, Ray. That's your  
brainwashing at work.

(beat)

And now, maybe you can wash their  
little brains back! They live with  
me or I won't give you any money.  
That's my answer, okay?

She stares at him, angry. Off Ray, nostrils flaring--

CUT TO:

EXT. RAY'S NEIGHBORHOOD/ INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

ON RAY, pissed as hell. Driving past his neighbors'  
McMansions to his half-burned piece of shit little house.

RAY (V.O.)

She claimed to be "civilized and  
all natural" but what she really  
wanted was *everything*.

The Mustang's engine light FLASHES RED. The car SPUTTERS and  
STALLS. Ray pulls to the curb. Sits back, takes a breath...

... and SLAMS HIS HAND on the dashboard. Hard. In utter  
frustration.

RAY

(re hand)

Ow! Fuck!

Koontz drives by, eyeing Ray. Ray waves, faux-friendly.

CUT TO:

A TV INFOMERCIAL:

JIMMY LEBLANC (30's), a well dressed neatly coifed man with  
fake looking blue contacts addresses the camera.

JIMMY LEBLANC

Wanna make lots of money? Wanna be  
your own boss?

Over some New Age-y inspirational music, the screen reads:

*"The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of  
their dreams"* -- Eleanor Roosevelt.

INT. RAY'S HOUSE, RAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's 3 am. Ray sits in bed, staring at the TV, his hand BANDAGED, polishing off a half-pint of whiskey.

JIMMY LEBLANC

You're not alone. Everyday,  
millions of people dream of  
financial windfalls yet don't even  
know they already have what it  
takes to make that dream a reality.

Ray gulps, drunk. The infomercial cuts to a MUSTACHED MAN.

MAN WITH MUSTACHE

The world of money used to be a  
locked door for me. Jimmy LeBlanc  
and his MONEY METHOD gave me the  
key.

The infomercial FADES as we STAY ON RAY, his drunken face illuminated by the TV screen, mesmerized.

RAINDROPS begin to riddle his face. He looks up-- through the giant HOLE in his roof-- at the sky.

CUT TO:

INT. A JIMMY LEBLANC SEMINAR, THE LEARNING ANNEX - EVENING

Jimmy LeBlanc is not actually there of course, but on a large TV MONITOR.

JIMMY LEBLANC (ON MONITOR)

What you're about to experience  
will BLOW- YOUR- MIND!

A dramatic power chord punctuates Jimmy LeBlanc's words, as FLOYD RADICH (30), the Money Method instructor, freezes Jimmy with a remote control.

Beat. Floyd scans the room. About 20 or so STUDENTS of varying ages and ethnicities, have gathered for the Money Method seminar. Ray sits among them, in a little desk-chair.

FLOYD

We're not gonna withhold. We're  
gonna tell you the secret right  
now.

(beat)

It's you. The secret is in you.  
Each one of you already proved that  
fact by coming here tonight. And

(MORE)

FLOYD (CONT'D)  
 each and every one of you is about  
 to be a millionaire.  
 (beat)  
 Repeat after me: "I'm about to be a  
 millionaire!"

The class exchanges looks, embarrassed.

CLASS  
 (weakly)  
 I'm about to be a millionaire.

FLOYD  
 Is that the best you can do?  
 (shouts)  
 "I'M ABOUT TO BE A MILLIONAIRE!"

ON RAY, kind of creeped out and kind of into it.

RAY (WITH CLASS)  
 I'm about to be a million--

FLOYD  
 --Hold on, a million's not what it  
 used to be! Let's kick it up a  
 notch-- "I AM ABOUT TO BE A *MULTI-*  
*MILLIONAIRE!*" Say it!!

RAY (WITH CLASS)  
 (determined, into it)  
 I'm about to be a *MULTIMILLIONAIRE!*

The class laughs, enthused.

FLOYD  
*That's better! "How" you ask?*

Ray writes down "HOW?" in his notebook, as an ATTRACTIVE  
 HIPPIY-ISH LOOKING WOMAN (mid 30's) enters class. Late, out of  
 breath.

RAY (V.O.)  
 Shit. Tanya Gagle.

He ducks down, trying to maneuver himself out of the Hippie  
 Woman's sight line.

RAY (V.O.)  
 She wanted to be a multi-  
 millionaire too?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OAKWOOD HIGH SCHOOL, RAY'S AMERICAN HISTORY CLASS - DAY

The screen reads: *SEVEN MONTHS EARLIER*

AXEL, a high-strung sophomore, stands in front of the class. Ray sits behind his desk, his feet up. Tanya Gagle listens from the front row, leaning in, intense.

AXEL  
 (reciting)  
*Night Musket*  
*The smell of fear, thick in the air*  
*In the revolutionary sky*  
*I grope for my wife...*

As Axel's voice FADES--

RAY (V.O.)  
 State had this program, see. A grant. You could get these so-called "local poets" to come to your class and teach poetry. On any subject, anytime-- I mean, these people were *available*. So whenever you didn't get your lesson plan figured out in time, you'd call up this Tanya Gagle chick and just "Gagle it" for a couple of days.

AXEL  
*"The British are coming!*  
*The British are coming!"*  
*I yell in the night.*

Beat. Tanya nods, then begins to clap... alone, with purpose. The class follows, unenthused.

TANYA  
 That was lovely, Axel. Your poem really lets us feel the history.  
 (to the class)  
 Comments anyone?

RAY (V.O.)  
 This wasn't the problem.

CUT TO:

INT. TANYA GAGEL'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

ON TANYA, in MID-MOAN. Ray is on top of her, pounding away.

She MOANS, utterly orgasmic, for what seems like forever, as Ray looks around, distracted by the giant Gamesh staring at him from across the room.

RAY (V.O.)  
This definitely was.

His nostrils flare as burning incense wafts into his face.

RAY (V.O.)  
The patchouli oil alone should've been a dead giveaway. Not to mention the veganism, or the neediness, or the cumming that had no beginning and *no end!*

TANYA  
Give it to me. Give it to me!

Ray obliges, pounding with everything he's got.

RAY (V.O.)  
I felt used.  
(beat)  
I felt like a piece of meat.

CUT TO:

INT. TANYA'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - LATER

ON RAY, naked, staring at himself in the mirror. He cups some water into his mouth, rinses, spits. Through the half-opened door, he can see Tanya, in bed, tangled in sheets.

TANYA  
Come back to bed, baby.

RAY (V.O.)  
I didn't come back to bed. I never called her again.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE "MONEY METHOD" SEMINAR - NIGHT

Floyd is addressing the class. He points to the words "ONE WINNING TOOL" written boldly on the white board.

FLOYD  
Here's the point guys. The "money method" believes that each one of you already has at least--  
(underlining)  
(MORE)

FLOYD (CONT'D)

-- ONE WINNING TOOL with which you can make millions. The purpose of this class is to help you IDENTIFY that tool.

(beat)

And, develop a marketing plan for it.

Ray looks down at his notebook and writes: FIND TOOL. THEN MARKET. A few rows behind him, Tanya takes copious notes.

CUT TO:

INT. SEMINAR - NIGHT, LATER

The class has broken for the evening. Ray cuts through the crowd, angling for some one-on-one time with Floyd.

RAY

Floyd, you got a minute? I got uh... a few winning tool ideas I wanted to run by you.

FLOYD

Next week, Ray. That's your homework, alright?

RAY

I know I just... I'm eager to start-

TANYA

--Ray?

Beat. Ray faces Tanya. Puts on a smile as another student grabs Floyd's attention.

RAY

Tanya!... How are you?! I haven't seen you around much!

TANYA

Oh... Yeah, the grant ran out.

RAY

So no more... ?

TANYA

No. No more "Poets In The School".

Beat. The conversation has suddenly run dry. Ray looks for Floyd, who is managing to slink out of the room.

RAY (V.O.)  
 She looked like an electrocuted  
 mouse. I had pity.

RAY  
 (out loud)  
 So what are you doing? Wanna go  
 grab some coffee?

She looks at him, confused.

TANYA  
 Uhm... Sure.

RAY (V.O.)  
 I have no idea why I said that.  
 I guess I had more pity than I  
 thought.

CUT TO:

INT. TANYA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

ON TANYA'S GAMESH -- placid and smug, staring at Ray, on top  
 of Tanya, pounding away. She MOANS and SCREAMS like before.  
 It's a time warp.

TANYA  
 Give it to me. GIVE IT TO ME!

Ray gulps, scanning the room, freaked out.

RAY (V.O.)  
 But all I could think of was the  
 money method. And my unpaid  
 property taxes. And saving my  
 house.  
 (beat)  
 I was desperate. I needed cash and  
 I needed it fast.

CUT TO:

INT. TANYA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - LATER

Post sex. Ray lies in bed, in thought. Tanya lights a  
 cigarette, looking through an ee cummings book.

TANYA  
 "Here is the deepest secret nobody  
 knows (here is the root of the root  
 and the bud of the bud and the sky  
 of the sky of a tree called life--"  
 (MORE)

TANYA (CONT'D)

(beat)

Do you like that?

She smiles at him, coy and cute. He blinks, polite.

RAY

Tanya, I gotta take off.

She blows out some smoke.

TANYA

Okay.

He gets up, begins to get dressed. She watches him.

TANYA

So is that your thing?

RAY

What?

TANYA

You know. Being distant and cold after sex.

RAY

I don't know what you're talking about, I'm not cold. I'm a just a little preoccupied with my money situation--

TANYA

-- Okay, Ray, whatever. Just go.

Silence. He zips up his pants.

TANYA

I mean, if you call this normal it's not.

RAY (V.O.)

I don't know what I was trying to achieve, but I just felt like saying it.

RAY

(out loud)

Look Tanya. Has anyone ever told you you cum a lot?

Beat. She bites her lip, stunned.

TANYA

What do you mean "a lot"?

RAY

I'm not saying it's a bad thing.  
It's not like being a leper or  
anything.

TANYA

You think I cum too much?

RAY

Of course not.  
(beat)  
It's just a lot.

An odd, uncomfortable beat. He puts on his shirt.

TANYA

It's not like you're some genius in  
bed or something, if that's what  
you're getting at.

RAY

I wasn't getting at that.

TANYA

I mean your dick is big. It's  
bigger than most. So maybe...  
(beat)  
God, is this your fantasy or  
something? Being told you're hung?

RAY

It's not the first time I heard the  
news, Tanya.

TANYA

God. You're infuriating me.  
(beat)  
I need to change my sheets.

She gets up, stubs out her cigarette, pulls her sheets off  
the bed. Roughly. With force.

TANYA

I don't know why I sleep with  
people like you. You know nothing  
about my life. You're not  
interested in getting to know me.  
You have the imagination of a  
fucking *dung* beetle!

RAY

Let's not get carried away, Tanya.

TANYA

Hey, maybe *that's* your "winning tool". Maybe you should go MARKET YOUR DICK!

Beat. We STAY ON RAY-- considering.

RAY (V.O.)

She meant it as an insult. But a seed was planted.

CUT TO:

INT. RAY'S GARAGE - DAY

Ray sits behind his prehistoric desktop in front of a Google screen. He types in "HOW TO MAKE MONEY FROM YOUR LARGE PENIS". Pushes SEND. A list of "Penis Enlargement" links comes up.

RAY (V.O.)

I couldn't get away from the penis enlargement products.

He types in "MAKE MILLIONS WITH BIG DICK", RE-SENDS. No luck.

RAY (V.O.)

It was either how to make money, or how to make your penis larger.

He types in "MALE GIGOLO". RE-SENDS.

RAY (V.O.)

And when I did find what I was looking for...

Ray sighs, browsing through the seedy-looking "Male Gigolo" pages. He looks a little disturbed.

RAY (V.O.)

... I just wasn't sure it was me.

Damon WALKS IN.

DAMON

Hey dad, can I borrow sixty bucks?

Panicked, Ray LUNGES to cover the monitor, then quickly TURNS OFF the computer.

RAY

*Sixty?*

DAMON  
Godhead's playing next week.

They look at each other, Ray trying to seem cool and casual.

RAY  
Who's that, one of your Gothic overlords?

DAMON  
You're not funny, dad. It's *Goth*. Gothic is the middle ages. What are you doing?

RAY  
I'm working, Damon. I'm researching roof repair.

Damon looks at the turned off computer.

DAMON  
I thought you were putting up plastic.

RAY  
Yeah. That's temporary, remember?  
(beat)  
Anyway, I'm sorry, I don't have sixty bucks.

DAMON  
Figures.

Damon turns to go.

RAY  
What's *that* supposed to mean?

DAMON  
(with tude)  
Nothing, dad.

RAY  
Look, son. Teaching Phys Ed is a respectable profession but it's not exactly a cash bonanza, alright?

DAMON  
Riley's dad is a teacher.

RAY  
Riley's dad has family money. They founded Rite Aid for Pete's sakes.

DAMON

What about Mrs. Barber?

RAY

Mrs. Barber invested in junk bonds  
and penny stocks and got lucky.

DAMON

Why didn't you... invest in  
something?

RAY

(defensive)

Because I didn't, alright? Cause I  
had other fish to fry!

Beat. Ray squirms. Caught in his own personal hell.

RAY

Look, Damon. For most of my life, I  
thought people who made money were  
just trying to overcompensate.

DAMON

For what?

RAY

For what they didn't have.

(beat)

You know, they were usually short  
type guys who wanted to feel  
important, or get girls... or be  
popular. I thought that getting  
money was their way to get  
attention. And since, you know, I  
already *had* attention...

DAMON

You didn't need to overcompensate.

RAY

That's right.

Beat. Damon nods, knowingly.

DAMON

What about now?

RAY

Now...

(he sighs)

Now it's different.

CUT TO:

INT. THE "MONEY METHOD" SEMINAR - NIGHT

Ray sits among the Money Method Students in his little desk-chair. He is listening to ED, a weathered man in his 60's, present his "winning tool" idea to Floyd.

ED

I lived a long life. Seven children, three wives, fifteen shitty jobs. Drank a lot of whiskey. Smoked a lot of Camels in my time.

(beat)

So when I got to thinking about my winning tool, I thought- what do I offer that a lot of people can't? Well, it's "life-knowledge", "life-experience". People ask me for advice all the time. "*I think my kid's on drugs, Ed. What do I do?*" Etcetera etcetera.

(beat)

So I been telling people how to manage for a while now and I thought-- maybe *that's* my thing. I could put an ad in the paper- "*Ed Phipps, Unlicensed Therapist: No-nonsense advice from the man who's seen it all.*" Then charge by the hour instead of giving it free.

The class claps. Floyd considers, thoughtful.

FLOYD

Good idea, Ed. We need to flesh out the business model but it's a good start. Tanya, what about you?

Tanya stands up, looks around, self-conscious.

TANYA

Well, I'm a poet, so what I'm good at is words.

(beat)

Some people don't value words as much as I do. Some people don't put

(MORE)

TANYA (CONT'D)  
 much stock in them or are casually  
 cruel with them. But I like to  
 believe most people are better than  
 that.

She glances at Ray, vaguely dismissive.

FLOYD  
 So what's your idea, Tanya?

TANYA  
 "Lyric Bread". Using the Fortune  
 Cookie as my inspiration, I want to  
 create and market a line of baking  
 good products with a short poem  
 embedded inside. A croissant  
 surrounding "Phenomenal Woman" by  
 Maya Angelou for example. Or a  
 raisin loaf with Robert Frost's  
 "Road not Taken" swirled in. Maybe  
 some of my own poetry too.

Beat. Floyd nods, in thought.

FLOYD  
 "Lyric Bread: Food for the Body,  
 Food for the Soul".  
 (to the class)  
 What do you guys think?... Ray?

Ray shrugs, feeling a little guilty.

RAY  
 You might want to laminate the  
 poem. At the same time, you don't  
 want a plastic taste in your mouth.  
 Other than that, you got yourself a  
 winner, Tanya.

Beat.

FLOYD  
 O-kay. Now what about you?

RAY  
 What about me?

FLOYD  
 Have you considered your winning  
 tool?

Beat.

RAY

Yeah, I've considered it. I think I know what it is. What I need to know now is how to market it.

FLOYD

Okay, what is it?

RAY

Because what I'm discovering is it's a pretty sad disgusting world I would be entering with my tool and in that world it's hard to see myself pulling down millions.

FLOYD

Woah. Slow down there, Ray. I can't help you until I know what it is. You gotta pitch it to me first.

RAY

I'm not in the mood to pitch tonight, Floyd.

Beat.

FLOYD

Ray, could it be you have a fear of change? Of starting something new?

RAY

Maybe.

FLOYD

Well that's normal. Fear is a common stumbling block. But the way to beat it is to go balls out on this thing. Now without thinking, what is your winning tool? Tell me. Just say it.

Ray hesitates.

FLOYD

Without *thinking*, Ray! Spit it out!

RAY

I got a big dick, Floyd.

(beat)

Alright? I got a big dick. Now what the hell do I do about it?

Ray looks at Floyd and the Class, stunned.

RAY

I'm not that smart. I'm not that talented. I *wasted* my youth. Now everyone has accomplished something but me. And I don't have *anything*. I got a burned out house and a bunch of kids who think I've been coaching them since the 50's. And I can't even pay my taxes on time. I can't afford to buy my son a ticket to a fucking rock n' roll show. Okay?

(beat)

So I'm pretty much at the precipice here and my big dick is all I got. You got any advice for me?

Floyd and the Class stare at Ray, stunned, as we FREEZE ON THIS TABLEAU.

RAY (V.O.)

Okay. I didn't actually say that. I said I was good with old cars. Wanted to be a mechanic.

(beat)

What a crock.

CUT TO:

INT. RAY'S HOUSE, GARAGE - DAY

ON A CLASSIFIED AD in the local paper: *FOR A "GOOD TIME", CONTACT HARRY at [harry13764@yahoo.com](mailto:harry13764@yahoo.com)*

RAY (V.O.)

Anyway, I left the class and decided to go it alone. Opened a yahoo account. Placed an ad in the Observer.

Ray sits behind his desk. He moves the newspaper aside, clicks on his Yahoo mailbox.

Then begins the task of deleting the penis enlargement spam.

RAY (V.O.)

A week went by and no one wrote.

About to click and delete, Ray's mouse finger stops by a curious looking e-mail. "*HI HARRY*" the subject line reads...

RAY (V.O.)

And then they did.

As Ray clicks on to open the e-mail, we--

CUT TO:

INT. HOLIDAY INN, HALLWAY - NIGHT, BACK TO PRESENT

ON RAY, staring at the \$5 BILL and the TWO NOTES, in dismay.

RAY (V.O.)  
And here I am.

He hesitates, then KNOCKS on the door again.

RAY  
Hello?

Silence. A SHADOW comes over the peep-hole again. Ray moves closer to it, leans in.

WOMAN'S FISH-EYE POV: of Ray, looking right at her.

RAY  
Uh... Is there something wrong?

No answer. A healthy looking COUPLE gets off the elevator, laughing. They look at Ray, passing by. He nods, politely.

RAY  
I don't need this. I'm leaving.

He waits for a reply. Then, frustrated, shoves the two notes and the \$5 back under the door, takes a few steps...

... STOPS, comes back. RETRIEVES THE \$5 BILL.

RAY  
Your loss.

CUT TO:

EXT. AN ATM MACHINE - NIGHT

Ray leans against the ATM, listening as it SHUFFLES money. The screen reads: "Processing..."

RAY (V.O.)  
Sometimes I wonder if there's some  
guy back there. Watching you.  
Trying not to laugh in your face.

He poses for the ATM camera, exhausted, depressed.

RAY (V.O.)  
 "Listen to all this money we got in  
 here. Now take your 20 and get  
 lost."

The screen turns to the Fee Disclaimer-- \$2.50 on top of  
 whatever else *your* bank may charge. DO YOU AGREE?

RAY (V.O.)  
 Or better yet-- "You want your  
 money, pal? How *much* do you want  
 it? Do you agree?"

Ray stares at the "DO YOU AGREE?" option on the screen.

RAY  
 (to the ATM camera)  
 Do I agree? Is that what you're  
 asking me?

ANGLE ON TANYA

-- walking to her car with a cart of groceries, croissants  
 and bread loafs overflowing the bags. She SEES RAY, TALKING  
 TO AN ATM MACHINE, then moves off without being noticed.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAY'S NEIGHBORHOOD/ INT. RAY'S MUSTANG - NIGHT

ON RAY, in his convertible, driving past his NEIGHBORHOOD  
 McMANSIONS in SLOW MOTION...

RAY (V.O.)  
 It wasn't always for the rich.  
 This place. It was for everyone.

We INTERCUT TODAY'S McMANSIONS with PHOTOS OF RAY'S MOM AND  
 DAD--

-- smiling with goofy glee through the 50's, 60's, 70's...

RAY (V.O.)  
 My father worked for the city, my  
 mom was a part-time school nurse.  
 They weren't fucked up the ass  
 every day of their lives by  
 property taxes and home owners  
 associations and overeager honors  
 students and selfish beauty queen  
 ex-wives. They were proud! They had  
 (MORE)

RAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 normal jobs and made a normal  
 living. They fit in.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAY'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Ray pulls into his driveway as Damon exits the house, on his way to the dented PT Cruiser parked at the curb.

Ray looks at Darby, in the PT Cruiser, sitting next to "HAMMER" (20's). She gives Ray a timid wave.

Beat. Ray sighs, then stops Damon. HANDS HIM HIS LAST 60 BUCKS. They look at each other, father and son. Damon nods, acknowledging the sacrifice.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAY'S HOUSE, YARD, BY THE TURTLE POND - NIGHT

Ray dips his hand into a large can of "REPTO-MIN" TURTLE FOOD, throws a handful into the pond. Scores of TURTLES suddenly come to the surface, chomping, FIGHTING VICIOUSLY for the floating pellets.

RAY (V.O.)  
 Dad bought this house by the lake  
 like it was no big deal.  
 (beat)  
 When seeing trees and water out  
 your window wasn't something you  
 paid 2 plus million to get.

He looks at the McMansions surrounding his house. Sad. Throws another handful of Repto-min into the pond.

CUT TO:

INT. RAY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ON RAY, on his couch, scratching off LOTTO TICKETS, a mishmash of bananas, cherries, lemons...

RAY (V.O.)  
 When did the world become something  
 you buy?

He scratches off the last ticket, sighs, tosses the busted tickets onto the floor. Then lies back, looking up at his burned ceiling, in thought...

RAY (V.O.)  
Do I agree?  
(beat)  
I never agreed to a thing.

Silence. Then, a KNOCK.

TANYA  
Ray?

Ray sits up. Tanya enters through half-opened front door, hesitant, looking around.

TANYA  
Hey. The door was open, so... wow,  
your place is really burned up.

Beat.

RAY  
How did you know where I live?

TANYA  
From the phone book.  
(beat)  
Anyway, you left your... gel pen  
that day at my house so I thought  
I'd bring it back.

She takes out a Uni-ball pen, places it on a table.

RAY  
That's not my gel pen.

TANYA  
Oh.

RAY  
Must be someone else who left a gel  
pen at your house.

Beat.

TANYA  
Okay, there's no one else. It's my  
gel pen.  
(beat)  
I just saw you talking to an ATM  
machine and got a little concerned.  
I mean I know we're not dating or  
anything, but I thought I might be  
easier to talk to, than an ATM  
machine.

(MORE)

TANYA (CONT'D)  
(she waits for a reply)  
Maybe not.

She turns, about to go.

RAY  
You were concerned?

TANYA  
Yeah. You haven't been coming to class.

RAY  
(beat)  
I thought I'd just go out and do it, you know?

TANYA  
So you're gonna fix vintage cars?

RAY  
Not really.

TANYA  
What do you mean?

Ray looks at her, considering whether or not to confess.

RAY  
Look. I'm not good with cars, Tanya. I lied.

TANYA  
That's not your winning tool?

Ray shakes his head.

TANYA  
So what are you doing then?

Ray takes the Classified Section of the Observer, CIRCLES HIS AD with the Uni-ball. Hands it to Tanya.

TANYA  
(reading)  
For a good time, contact... Harry?  
(beat)  
That's *horrible!* What kind of an ad is that?

RAY  
I wanted to be brief. Concise.

TANYA

But what *is* it? What's the ad *for*?

Half-embarrassed, Ray motions toward his crotch. Beat.

TANYA

... UGH!

RAY

You the one who gave me the idea.

TANYA

To be a... *MAN-WHORE*? That's *DISGUSTING*, Ray! Isn't there anything else you're good at?

RAY

Apparently not.

TANYA

Well that is just pathetic!

RAY

(snapping back)

Look, Tanya. What are you, like forty?

Beat. Tanya keeps her temper in check.

TANYA

I'm thirty six.

RAY

Okay. So don't be so insulting. Sure I've got some flaws but you got no job, no kids, and you're about to start baking bunch of--

TANYA

-- I do have a job. I'm an artist.

RAY

Yeah, but right now you're a temp.

Silence. He goes to the fridge, takes out a beer. Offers one to her.

TANYA

It's not my fault things deserving of love and reward aren't loved or rewarded, okay?

They look at each other. Drink their beers.

TANYA  
So did you have any luck?

RAY  
(shrugs)  
I went on my first thing today. She  
wouldn't open the door.

Tanya stifles a laugh.

TANYA  
You mean she called you and then...

RAY  
... Changed her mind. Took one look  
at me through the peep-hole and...  
don't laugh!

TANYA  
I'm sorry but that's hilarious.

She looks at Ray's classified ad.

TANYA  
If you want my opinion, it's the  
ad. It's stupid. It doesn't say  
anything.

RAY  
Did I ask your opinion?

TANYA  
I mean for all we know, "good time"  
is a ticket to Disney world.

RAY  
Well it's not.

TANYA  
You need to sell yourself, Ray.  
Describe who you are. A photo  
wouldn't hurt.

RAY  
(unsure)  
Of what?

TANYA  
Of your face!

RAY  
Are you fucking kidding me? I'm an  
educator, Tanya. I'm an upstanding  
(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)  
 member of... okay, bad choice of  
 words. Point is-- NO ONE CAN KNOW  
 WHO I AM!

TANYA  
 So what, you're gonna wear a mask?  
 (beat)  
 Look, you missed the class on  
 creative marketing. There are  
 other ways you can sell yourself.

Beat. She thinks.

TANYA  
 I mean, if you want I can help.  
 When I'm not working on Lyric  
 Bread.

RAY  
 You wanna help me sell myself?

TANYA  
 Sure. I mean, not for free.  
 (beat)  
 Maybe for like... a percentage of  
 some kind?

They look at each other. Both know what this sounds like...

RAY  
 You wanna be my pimp?

Beat. They ponder this a moment... as a couple of CARS are  
 HEARD pulling up outside. Ray runs to the window.

RAY  
 Shit.

TANYA  
 What's wrong?

RAY  
 I'm supposed to be sick. I got an  
 intestinal occlusion, just play  
 along.

He runs to the bed, grabs a blanket, wraps himself in it,  
 then stumbles to the front door. Clutching his stomach, in  
 pain. Tanya follows.

INT./EXT. RAY'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - SAME

A few HUSKIE BASKETBALL PLAYERS wave to Ray from the cars.  
 TROY, the Huskie center, steps out from the drivers side.

TROY  
How are you feelin', Coach?

Ray moans quietly.

RAY  
The doctor said I was alright but I  
been better, Troy.

TROY  
Well. We just wanted to stop by.  
Check up ya.

Beat. Ray nods, touched.

RAY  
You take your shit with you?

The Huskies look at one another, trying not to grin.

TROY  
Nah, coach. We played shit-ball  
free basketball.

The Huskies chuckle.

RAY  
So how much did we lose by?

Troy looks at his fellow Huskies.

TROY  
We won.

Beat. OFF RAY, moved, exuberant, fighting a frog in his  
throat--

END OF PILOT