

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*

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