

INT. RICK AND DEBBIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rick is cooking dinner in the cramped combination kitchen / living room. He has about five dishes going at once as he dashes from stove to refrigerator. He grabs some hamburger meat, rolls it into a ball, then slaps it on the counter. He then takes a steam iron and presses it on the patty.

Debbie comes in the front door and crosses to him and hugs him tightly, kissing him sweetly.

DEBBIE

(between kisses)

God, you're a slob.

RICK

But a fabulous cook.

DEBBIE

What are we having?

RICK

It's either meatloaf, Swiss steak or charred flesh. I won't know till it's finished.

DEBBIE

(looking at the stove)

I think your dinner's burning.

Rick crosses to the stove. A small fire is coming out of one of the frying pans. He douses it with water.

RICK

Don't worry... it's supposed to do this.

DEBBIE

(setting the table)

Want to hear something great? Bobbie and Phoebe are throwing me a shower. It's really gonna be fun.

RICK

Not as much fun as the bachelor party the guys are throwing for me.

DEBBIE

You're going to have a bachelor party?

RICK

Of course. I'm a traditional guy...

It's a traditional event.

(he brings all the
food to the table)

Well, what do you think?

DEBBIE

It looks awful.

RICK

Yes, but looks are deceiving...

(takes a bite)

Not in this case, however.

DEBBIE

Are you going to have women at your
party?

RICK

No, sweetheart, it's a stag party.

Does stay home.

DEBBIE

I'm not talking about does. I'm
talking about hookers.

RICK

Oh, those. Why do you ask?

DEBBIE

Because from what I've heard, it's a
tradition and you're a traditional
guy.

Rick grabs her; starts kissing her passionately on the neck.

RICK

Deb, you is my woman now. I is yo
man. No painted lady ever gonna come
between us.

DEB

I need you to promise.

RICK

Okay, you got it. I got a way we can
seal the deal -- what'd you say?

He grabs her. They kiss and slide down onto the table,
knocking the dishes to the floor.