

BLINTZES TO BURKAS

"It's not his Pecker"

Half-Hour Pilot

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - CITY STREET - DAY

ADAM KESSLER, 40s, a would-be handsome man if he lost forty pounds, strolls down a bustling street. He wears jeans with a finely tailored suit jacket and exudes charisma.

SHOPPERS take a second glance as he walks past.

Adam stops at a shop window. Inside the showcase, an eye-catching diamond ring.

Through the window, we see a CLERK wave in recognition. She walks to the showcase window and points at the ring. Adam nods. The clerk removes the ring from the showcase, as Adam enters the store.

INT. HARRISON JEWELERS - A MOMENT LATER

Adam holds the ring into the light.

ADAM

It's spectacular. Absolutely
flawless.

The clerk speaks with a formal British accent.

CLERK

It's quite brilliant. Isn't it.

The clerk, a gangly woman, takes the ring from Adam and places it in a ring box.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Will you be paying or shall I put it
on your mother's account, Mr. Ford?

ADAM

I'm paying. You can split the bill
between a couple of cards?

CLERK

Most definitely, Sir. That's no
problem at all. That will be thirty-
nine thousand split--

Adam rifles in his coat jacket for his accordion BILLFOLD.
A myriad of credit cards cascade down.

ADM

--Eight ways. You don't mind, do you?

Off the clerk's reaction.

CLERK

Not at all, Sir.

ADAM

Great! Then wrap it up.

Adam stacks the cards on the counter.

INT. OCEANFRONT APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME TIME - DAY

A business suit hangs across a chair. A spaghetti dress and hosiery lies on the floor. Bed covers are strewn off the bed. We see clear blue skies through opened French doors.

We hear the headboard POUNDING against the wall and GRUNTING. Under the linen sheets, a silver-haired, hot and buffed, WILLIAM "BILLY" FORD, early 60s, is up on his knees doing it doggy-style.

Beneath him, GOUZALIA VESELOVSKY, 22, struggles to breathe. Her face squished into the pillow case. She sputters in a deep Russian accent:

GOUZALIA

Baby, that's so good. Oh, yeah.

BILLY

Do you love it?

Gouzalia nods, rapidly.

GOUZALIA

I love it. Give me more. MORE!

Billy's face scrunches. He starts to breathe heavier.

BILLY

I'm coming, baby...I'm coming!

Gouzalia glances at the clock on the night stand. Her face clouds over.

GOUZALIA

Oh, yes. YES!

Billy lets out a high-pitched SQUEAL and flops on top of her. Gouzalia panics. Her face turns blue.

GOUZALIA (CONT'D)
I can't breathe.

Gouzalia flails her hands.

 GOUZALIA (CONT'D)
Can't...Breathe...

Billy rolls off. Gouzalia takes deep breaths.

 BILLY
That was amazing.

Billy kisses her shoulder.

 BILLY (CONT'D)
Zhanna, you were amazing.

Gouzalia props herself against his chest.

 GOUZALIA
Anything to make you happy.

Billy grabs his pants and pulls out a jewelry case.
Gouzalia's eyes widen.

 BILLY
I got you a little something. I
know it's nothing much.

 GOUZALIA
Darling, you shouldn't of.

Billy kisses her shoulder.

 BILLY
Have you reconsidered my proposal?

 GOUZALIA
I'm happy. We're happy. Why make
bad of a good thing?

Gouzalia opens the case, revealing a diamond tennis bracelet.
She grins.

 GOUZALIA (CONT'D)
Okay, maybe I consider it. But,
now. No talk.

Gouzalia opens the bedside table drawer. She drops the tennis
bracelet inside, amidst an array of lavish jewelry.

 GOUZALIA (CONT'D)
For now, we get busy.

Gouzalia kisses him, slowly moving towards his crotch.

GOUZALIA (CONT'D)

Very busy.

A GASP, Billy's face scrunches up in ecstasy.

BILLY

Oh, yeah.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. OCEANFRONT APARTMENT - DAY

Original art adorns the walls, matching the modern motif. A MUSICAL RING TONE. Gouzalia tosses Billy his pants.

GOUZALIA

You must go, now.

Gouzalia throws on her sheath dress, while pushing Billy out the door. Another MUSICAL RING TONE.

BILLY

Sweetheart, what's wrong?

GOUZALIA

It's my family.

BILLY

I can meet them.

GOUZALIA

No! They would not understand.

BILLY

Can I see you tomorrow?

GOUZALIA

Of course. But, now. Please, go!

Gouzalia SLAMS the door in his face. She grabs the *hajib* hanging on a nearby coat rack and dons it. She grabs a remote and aims at a large flat-screen T.V. It live-streams:

DEMETRO VESELOVSKY (40s), ruggedly handsome and YESINA VESELOVSKY (40s), wearing a *hajib*, and demure dress. She's breathtaking. They both speak in heavy Russian accents.

DEMETRO

Privet! Kiska!

YESINA

I see you are keeping to tradition.

GOUZALIA

Of course, Mama. You taught me well.

DEMETRO

So tell us, how is school?

GOUZALIA

I have good grades.

YESINA

And friends? You make comrades?
Maybe meet boy?

DEMETRO

If she had met boy she would have
told us. Have you?

GOUZALIA

No, Papa. I have no time for such
things. I am only in America to
study.

DEMETRO

And after you study, you come back
home.

YESINA

We find you good Muslim husband.

GOUZALIA

Maybe that's not what I want?

Yesina grabs her chest.

YESINA

What are you saying?

GOUZALIA

I want to be a psychologist.

YESINA

And that you can do here.

DEMETRO

Talking to crazy people all the time
making you crazy.

GOUZALIA

You should know, Papa.

DEMETRO

What I know is that after you finish
study you are coming back home.
Ponyat?!

GOUZALIA

But--

Demetro's face grows stern.

DEMETRO

I will come get you, if need be.

GOUZALIA
But...! I understand.

The lines on Demetro's face relax.

DEMETRO
Good. I love you, *Kiska*.

Gouzalia forces a fake smile.

GOUZALIA
I love you, too. I miss you, Mama.

Gouzalia clicks off the T.V. She tosses the hajib and remote across the room while exiting off screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - MANSION - DAY

Manicured lawn and trees surround an immense mansion with guest house.

INT. MANSION - OFFICE - DAY

IONA KESSLER, an imposing woman in her sixties, sits at a desk reviewing case files. She grabs a heavy law book and rifles through it.

Adam enters. He watches Iona for a moment, starts to walk away, then turns back. Iona continues to work without looking up.

IONA
Adam. What is it?

Adam sits across from her. He fiddles with a miniature crystal globe sitting on the desk.

ADAM
I... I have something I'd like to discuss with you.

The globe slips through his fingers and rolls toward Iona. She snatches it, setting it back in place.

IONA
What is it this time? And, spit it out. I have a deposition to prepare.

Adam pauses.

ADAM
You seem unusually tense.
(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Is everything going okay--you know--
between you and Billy?

Iona sits upright and removes her bifocals. Adam watches her every movement.

IONA

My sex life is none of your business?

ADAM

Uh... that's not what I asked.

IONA

Good. Because it's not.

ADAM

But if it was, I'd tell you to talk
to your doctor. Especially at your
age.

IONA

At my age?!

ADAM

Your libido does change.

IONA

There's nothing wrong with my libido.

ADAM

If it's Billy... they have pills for
erectile dysfunction.

Iona face clenches.

IONA

A little blue pill isn't going to
help.

ADAM

Actually, it produces an erection in
about ten minutes and it lasts for
about an hour.

With that, Iona slams the law book shut.

IONA

It's not his pecker! That son-of-a-
bitch is cheating on me. It's been
going on for months!

Adam stares at her, shocked.

ADAM

That--I was not expecting.

Iona softens.

IONA

It started months ago. Unusual credit card charges. Perfume and lipstick stains. He won't even let me touch his Twinkie anymore.

Adam fidgets in his seat.

ADAM

You call his--a Twinkie?

Iona's eyes narrow, with pressured speech she explains.

IONA

Edible with cream filling.

ADAM

Thanks. I don't think I'll ever eat one again. I mean the pastry. Not...

Adam shifts his position in the chair, trying to gain perspective.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Have you tried to talk to him about it?

IONA

No, and I don't plan to. Besides, he'd never divorce me. He'd have too much to lose.

ADAM

I can try to talk to him.

Iona leans across the desk.

IONA

You will not utter one word of this. Do you hear me?

ADAM

Very clearly.

Iona taps her fingernails on the desk.

IONA

Is there anything else?

Adam takes a deep breath, then:

ADAM

I'd like to invite someone for dinner tonight.

Iona leans back in the chair. She watches Adam squirm.

IONA

Is she Jewish?

ADAM

I know you're going to love her.

IONA

That's not what I asked.

ADAM

Does it matter?

IONA

Of course, it matters. Did Hebrew school teach you nothing?

ADAM

It taught me to be accepting of others, no matter what race or religion.

IONA

Thirty-five thousand for a bar mitzvah and this is what they teach you?

Iona puts the glasses back on. She re-opens the law book and resumes work, scrunching over like Scrooge.

IONA (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Invite this *shiksa*. Why should you care how I feel?

ADAM

You know how much I care. You'll like this one. You'll see.

Adam kisses her on the cheek.

ADAM (CONT'D)

And I'll make sure she's on time.

He rushes out. Iona looks over her bifocals. She SHOUTS:

IONA

There's a lot of nice girls at *shul*!!
Why can't you meet a nice Jewish girl?

CUT TO:

EXT. MOSCOW - STATELY MANOR - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Russian music. A cobbled street. GUARDS stand at the entrance of a gated complex, fully armed.

INT. MOSCOW - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Persian rugs underneath a mahogany desk. Museum pieces hang on the walls. The same GOONS sprawl out in the leather chairs, watching the deal go down.

An ARMS DEALER, definitely Middle-Eastern, lifts an assault rifle and examines it. He's dressed in jeans, turtleneck, and *keffiyeh*. He speaks with a strong Arabic accent.

ARMS DEALER

Nice. I like.

DEMETRO

The guns arrive two days.

The Arms dealer places a DUFFEL BAG on the desk. Demetro opens it, revealing stacks of American BILLS. He counts, then frowns.

DEMETRO (CONT'D)

This is not what we agreed.

ARMS DEALER

My friend, you will get other half after we get the full shipment.

DEMETRO

Hussein. You are not my friend and you cheat me.

Demetro tosses the duffel bag at the arms dealer. Subtly, he motions to his goons.

DEMETRO (CONT'D)

We get all the money today. Or the deal is off.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! The goons cock their guns, aiming at Hussein.

HUSSEIN

Don't you dare threaten me.

DEMETRO

I don't threaten. I am asking politely.

HUSSEIN

This isn't over, Demetro.

VLADIMIR LYSENKO, 30s, a handsome over-buffed goon, hits the trigger. BAM! He speaks with a heavy Russian accent.

VLADIMIR

Now, it over.

Hussein grabs his chest and crumples to the floor. All eyes turn toward Vladimir.

INT. MOSCOW - BEDROOM SUITE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

Yesina files her nails in bed. Hearing the gunshot, she stops and tosses the nail file on the bed. She dons a robe, and walks head-strong out the door.

INT. MANSION - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Horror spreads across Demetro's face. He lifts his hands in despair while pacing back and forth.

DEMETRO

Vladimir, *chto*?! You idiot!
What did you do?

VLADIMIR

I make smart administrative decision.

DEMETRO

No! You make big, bad, stupid
decision. This is bad. This is
very, very bad.

Demetro paces like a big cat in a small cage.

DEMETRO (CONT'D)

Everybody out! I need to think.
And get rid of him.

The goons grab Vladimir.

DEMETRO (CONT'D)

Not him, idiots! Him!

Demetro points at the dead Arms Dealer. Vladimir shoves the goons off. They MUTTER.

DEMETRO (CONT'D)

Ai-yai-yai! Only half a brain between
all of you. Out! NOW!!!

The goons roll the lifeless body onto the Persian rug. His legs protrude. They drag him toward the door.

The door flies open. Yesina stands in the doorway, hands on her hips. Everybody freezes.

DEMETRO (CONT'D)
Preevyet! Yesina, my love.

YESINA
I hear gunshot.

Yesina enters. She sees the man wrapped in the carpet.

DEMETRO
I had minor problem. It was accident.

YESINA
It always an accident. Is man dead?

DEMETRO
He very dead.

Yesina kicks the man in the balls. Nothing.

YESINA
I see. When will you learn, Demetro?

Demetro waves to the goons, motioning them to exit. They drag the dead man out, shutting the door behind them.

Demetro crosses to Yesina.

DEMETRO
Yesina, it wasn't me! It was--

Yesina pushes him away.

YESINA
I don't care!

Demetro lifts up her chin to kiss her. She yanks her face away.

YESINA (CONT'D)
So... We must leave, again.

DEMETRO
We will go wherever you want to go.

YESINA
And!?

DEMETRO
I will do anything, anything to keep you happy.

YESINA
Remember that! I go pack.

With that, Yesina walks out. Demetro slumps into an office chair.

DEMETRO

Vladimir shoots. Man is dead. And
it's my nuts that are crushed.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - PARKING LOT - DAY

A brand new PRIUS squeals into the parking lot coming to an abrupt stop in front of the Psychiatry Learning Center. STUDENTS mingle on the front steps.

INT. PRIUS - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Gouzalia twirls her locks into a conservative bun. She slips a tailored suit jacket over a body-hugging dress then dons eye-glasses hidden in the glove compartment.

She double-checks her image in the rear view mirror and applies a new layer of lipstick. Satisfied, she grabs her leather briefcase and exits the car.

EXT. EDUCATION BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Gouzalia runs up the steps in tall stiletto heels. Despite her secretarial appearance, she turns every eye.

INT. PSYCHOLOGY CLASS - A MOMENT LATER

Adam sits on the edge of his desk, addressing eager STUDENTS. The door opens. Gouzalia slips inside, sliding into a front row seat.

Gouzalia crosses her long legs, catching Adam's attention.

ADAM

Each one of us suffers from a personality disorder, no matter how mild or slight.

A STUDENT in the back row shouts out:

STUDENT

Speak for yourself, professor. There's nothing wrong with me.

ADAM

Actually, there is. You've just displayed an over-inflated sense of self-importance.

Gouzalia smirks. The same student leans back.

STUDENT

Professor, I call it self-confidence.
Am I right, everybody?

The student motions to his classmates. We hear SNICKERING.
Gouzalia stares at him.

GOUZALIA

Your lack of self-confidence makes
you feel threatened, thus needing
validation from your peers. I believe
you just proved the professor correct.

LAUGHTER. A school bell RINGS. The student leaves in a
huff. The classroom empties. Gouzalia is last to leave.

ADAM

Miss Veselovsky, can I talk to you
for a minute?

She engages the lock on the door and walks toward Adam.

GOUZALIA

Of course, Professor.

Adam's eyes are fixed on her swaying hips.

ADAM

Thank you, for what you just said.

Gouzalia grabs his tie, yanking him close.

GOUZALIA

Anything for you, darling.

Adam GULPS.

ADAM

Be gentle with me.

GOUZALIA

Never.

Their lips lock.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOSCOW - STATELY MANOR - CURBSIDE - DAY

A black sedan waits idling at the curb. Vladimir leans
against the car. He glances at his watch.

The front door swings open. Yesina, wearing a *burka*, walks
out. Demetro at her side.

Vladimir opens the rear passenger door. Demetro and Yesina enter.

DEMETRO
To the airport. Drive.

Vladimir shuts the door. He surveys the street before getting into the driver's seat.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Vladimir flips down the car visor. Secured by a rubber-band is a PHOTOGRAPH of Gouzalia wrapped in Vladimir's arms.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK on the divider window. Vladimir flips up the visor and slides the divider open.

DEMETRO
Hello?! Any time today?!

VLADIMIR
Yes, Boss. We will go now.

Vladimir checks the rear-view mirror--it's clear. He shifts the car into drive and hits the gas.

INT. SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Demetro removes the veil covering Yesina's face.

DEMETRO
We are now safe, my *Lapochka*.

Demetro kisses her forehead.

YESINA
That we have yet to see.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - LATER

Adam and Gouzalia crawl out from beneath the teacher's desk. Books are strewn across the floor. They lean against the wall underneath the chalkboard, puffing.

ADAM
Gouzalia, can we talk?

GOUZALIA
What is it, baby? You did not like?

ADAM
Oh, no. I like.

GOUZALIA

Then, what is it? What is wrong?

ADAM

I know I'm not the most handsome man
in the world.

GOUZALIA

To me you are beautiful inside.

ADAM

And I have a few pounds to shed.

GOUZALIA

That I can fix. I can put you on
diet.

ADAM

And you're so brutally honest.

GOUZALIA

Why would I not? I love you.

ADAM

I was hoping you felt that way.

Adam grabs her hand.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Gouzalia, I know I'm not perfect.

GOUZALIA

That true.

ADAM

And I know you could probably find
someone younger or richer than me.

GOUZALIA

That is also true.

ADAM

But what I'm trying to say very badly
is--

Adam grabs his pants and removes a RING BOX from the pocket.
He opens it. Gouzalia's eyes grow big.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Will you marry me?

GOUZALIA

Shut the back door!

ADAM
You mean front door.

GOUZALIA
Front. Back. Same difference!

ADAM
Not really.

GOUZALIA
You're sure?

ADAM
I'm quite sure. So what's it going
to be? Will you be my wife?

GOUZALIA
Praise be to Allah! Yes! I will
marry you.

Adam slips the RING onto her finger. Their lips lock. They
sink together to the floor for round two.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRORIST HIDEOUT - NIGHT

It's obvious something is wrong. ABDUL HAKAM, 50s, wearing
a *thawb* and *keffiyeh*, paces the floor while twisting his
beard between his fingers.

He turns to IMAD IMRAM, 30s, who stands his aide.

ABDUL (CONT'D)
How long since last contact?

IMAD
Five hours since he has last checked
in.

ABDUL
This is not good.

A weasel-like MESSENGER rushes in. GUARDS block his entry.

MESSENGER
Let me pass. Abdul! I have news.
It is about Hussein.

Abdul's attention is caught. He motions to let him past.

ABDUL
Tell me! What you have learned.

The messenger enters, then bows.

MESSENGER

Hussein is dead.

ABDUL

May he be blessed with an eternal
erection and seventy-two virgins.

MESSENGER

Wait! There is more. The Russians
have fled.

Abdul pounds his fist.

ABDUL

(under his breath)
Demetro!!

He grabs the messenger by his shirt.

ABDUL (CONT'D)

You know this for sure?

TERRORISTS cock their guns, aiming at the messenger. He
holds his hands up in defense.

MESSENGER

I swear to Allah.

ABDUL

Do you know where they went?

MESSENGER

Word is they went to the home of the
infidels.

ABDUL

Hollywood!
(beat)
You must go! Find them.

IMAD

But how will we gain entry into
America?

ABDUL

Disguise yourself as Mexicans and
enter illegally. You will go
unnoticed.

IMAD

And when we find them?

ABDUL

Text me. Tweet me. I don't care.
(MORE)

ABDUL (CONT'D)

Just let me know so I can decide a
suitable punishment.

An Arab WAR CRY ULULATION. The terrorists rush out.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. BEVERLY HILLS - MANSION - EVENING

Iona lights two candles placed on the dinner table. She waves her hands over the candles drawing the warmth toward her body three times.

Adam and Billy enter.

BILLY

So, who is this broad?

Iona covers her eyes, trying to ignore them. She SINGS the evening *Shabbat* blessing. Adam and Billy speak over her.

IONA

Baruch ata Adonai.

ADAM

Someone I met at school.

IONA

Eloheinu melekh ha'olam...

Iona spreads her fingers apart to glare at her husband and son as she continues to recite the blessing over the candles.

BILLY

She's one of your students. I suspect she's passing with honors.

IONA

*Asher kid'shanu b'mitzvotav
v'tzivanu...*

ADAM

It's not like that. She's a very brilliant young woman.

IONA

*L'hadlik ner. L'hadlik ner. Shel
shabbat.*

BILLY

And you're a dumb *schmuck*! She's using you, Adam!

IONA

(a little too loud)
Amen!

Iona plants both hands on her hips.

IONA (CONT'D)

Billy, stifle it! This woman is coming as Adam's guest. Can we just try to get along?

A DOORBELL.

ADAM

She's here. Be nice.

BILLY

I can't promise you that.

Iona jabs Billy in the ribs.

IONA

(to Adam)

We'll be on our best behavior. Won't we.

Adam heads toward the door. Iona follows, with Billy two-steps behind. He mutters:

BILLY

Yes, dear.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Gouzalia rings the doorbell, again. She wears a demure and sophisticated sheath dress. The door swings open.

IONA

Hello! My?! Adam didn't tell me how beautiful you are.

GOUZALIA

Spasibo! Thank you.

Billy walks into frame. Gouzalia freezes. Horror spreads across her face.

ADAM

And this is Billy--

BILLY

Adam's step-father.

Billy shakes her hand. Gouzalia doesn't let go.

GOUZALIA

You look so familiar to me. Haven't we met somewhere before?

BILLY

I would remember if we did.

GOUZALIA

Are you sure? You look so familiar.

BILLY

I don't know you. If you could kindly give my hand back now.

Gouzalia lets go. Billy retracts his hand.

ADAM

(to Gouzalia)

You're the lucky one. I've had the misfortune of knowing him for years.

BILLY

Don't start, Adam.

Iona grabs Gouzalia's arm.

IONA

Come with me, dear. I want to learn all about you.

Iona catches a whiff of a very familiar perfume. Her brow furrows.

IONA (CONT'D)

What a delightful perfume you're wearing? What is that fragrance?

Iona leads Gouzalia inside the house.

GOUZALIA

It's called "Love."

IONA

I'm quite sure it is.

Iona looks over her shoulder. Adam and Billy stand mouths agape and the door wide open.

IONA (CONT'D)

Shut the door, please. I don't think Elijah will be joining us for dinner.

Adam shuts the door and scampers after them. Billy follows two-steps behind.

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Iona sits at the head of the set dinner table. Billy sits at the opposite end.

Adam and Gouzalia sit across from each other. A feast sits before them. It's dead silent.

GOUZALIA
This is very lovely. Thank you.

Glitter catches Iona's eye. She spots the diamond bracelet on Gouzalia's wrist.

IONA
Our pleasure. My what a lovely bracelet? Is that--?

GOUZALIA
Tiffany? Yes. It was a gift from a friend.

Billy inhales a carrot. He grabs his throat, choking.

BILLY
Can't breathe?!

IONA
For goodness sake, Billy. Adam can you--?

Adam whacks him on the back. The piece of food flies across the room.

ADAM
That should do it?

IONA
Honestly, Billy!

Iona's eyes bulge as she notices the diamond ring.

IONA (CONT'D)
(to Adam)
And is that--

GOUZALIA
--an engagement ring? Yes.

Adam places his arms on the back of Gouzalia's chair. Billy takes a gulp of wine.

ADAM
I asked Gouzalia to marry me.

Billy spews the wine, spraying it across the dinner table. Iona wipes her face.

IONA
What on earth has gotten into you?

BILLY
Hopefully, more wine.

Billy grabs the bottle and pours another full glass. He tips the bottle to Iona. She nods. He pours.

IONA
This is so interesting. Don't you find it interesting, Billy?

Iona downs the glass of wine.

BILLY
You have no idea.

Billy tosses back another glass of wine. Iona turns to Gouzalia.

IONA
Are you going to convert?

GOUZALIA
Maybe Adam convert to Islam?

IONA
You're Muslim!
(to Adam)
You are not seriously considering going from blintzes to burkas are you?

Iona motions to Billy for a refill, and keep it coming.

ADAM
I love her, *Ima*.

GOUZALIA
And I love him.

BILLY
What a load of crap!!

ADAM
And Gouzalia has asked me to move in with her.

BILLY
Have you totally lost your mind?!

Gouzalia reaches out and grabs Adam's hand.

GOUZALIA
I thought we should know each other better before we are wed.

BILLY

This is ludicrous! Iona! Talk some sense into that son of yours.

Iona taps her fingers on the dinner table.

IONA

It's not my decision to make. He's a grown man, Billy.

All eyes focus on Adam. Gouzalia squeezes his hand.

ADAM

I've made up my mind. I move in next week.

IONA

I see. That's your final decision?

ADAM

Yes.

IONA

Then I'm washing my hands of it, and you. I hope you are happy with this decision.

Off Adam and Gouzalia's reactions.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. OCEAN FRONT APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Rays of sun beam through horizontal blinds. Adam snuggles close to Gouzalia. His arms wrapped around her.

Gouzalia awakens. She gazes at the engagement ring on her finger and grins. The blanket rises at attention. Gouzalia eyes go toward the bulge. She ducks under the blanket.

Adam's eyes bolt open.

ADAM

Oh, my!

Adam lifts the blanket to watch. He GASPS.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Oh, my-my-my!

EXT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A Taxicab pulls away from the curb. Suitcases sit piled on the sidewalk. Demetro, Yesina, and Vladimir stare up at the expensive high-rise. Yesina wears a *burka*.

YESINA

This is it?

VLADIMIR

Dah! She live here.

DEMETRO

It's not so bad.

YESINA

It is not so good. But it will do.

Vladimir eyes the street.

VLADIMIR

We need go inside.

Vladimir and Demetro grab the suitcases, escorting Yesina up to the front door. Vladimir rams a bump key into the lock.

VLADIMIR (CONT'D)

We are lucky. Door is open.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - MOMENT LATER

Yesina, Demetro, and Vladimir saunter down the corridor, checking suite numbers. They stop, dropping the suitcases onto the floor.

Demetro RAPS on the door.

INT. OCEAN FRONT APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Adam lies flat on the bed. His face scrunched. You can tell he's almost there.

DEMETRO (O.S.)
(muffled)
Gouzalia!

Hearing her father's voice, Gouzalia bolts upright from under the blanket.

GOUZALIA
I must answer the door.

ADAM
I'll go.

GOUZALIA
No! You stay. I'll be right back.

Gouzalia swings hers legs out of bed.

INT. OCEAN FRONT APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Gouzalia runs to the front door and peers out.

GOUZALIA'S P.O.V. THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE

Demetro, Yesina, and Vladimir wait in the hallway, impatient.

BACK ON GOUZALIA

Panic. Gouzalia dashes to the bedroom. She tosses the covers off Adam.

GOUZALIA
Out!!

Gouzalia grabs Adam's clothes. She opens the bedroom window to the fire escape and tosses them out.

ADAM
What the--? My clothes!

GOUZALIA
You must leave.

Another KNOCK at the front door.

DEMETRO (O.S.)
(muffled)
Gouzalia!!

ADAM
Aren't you going to let them in?

Gouzalia yanks Adam to his feet. She pushes him toward the window.

GOUZALIA
It's complicated.

Adam faces her.

ADAM
It's obvious they know you.

Gouzalia twirls him back around.

GOUZALIA
It's my parent. They cannot see you
like this.

Gouzalia points to the bed and then to his draped pecker.

ADAM
I understand.

GOUZALIA
You do?!

Adam crawls out the window and grabs his pants strewn over the fire escape.

ADAM
Who wouldn't.

GOUZALIA
Thank you for understanding.

Adam grabs Gouzalia's face and plants a kiss on her lips.

ADAM
Now, go answer the door.

GOUZALIA
I love you, baby.

Gouzalia SLAMS the window shut and pulls the blinds closed.

END OF SHOW