

I met "Lauren" on Match.com. Or rather, she found me. That was the first red flag. Women are never attracted to me on Match.com, unless they are from Russia or the Philippines and seeking a green card marriage.

So I was surprised when Lauren, a Pacific Palisades native, sent me an e-mail. We went back and forth. I thoroughly amused her with my wacky anecdotes and list of creative dates. ("Magic Date: We go to a magic show at Magicopolis in Santa Monica and then make some magic of our own, woo, woo!") Hey, what girl wouldn't fall for that?

Our first phone call was actually a lot of fun; we had several things in common: A love for the original Twilight Zone TV series, London and Vicodin. Gosh, could she be THE ONE?

After all, I lived in Brentwood, and she was in the Palisades—no green card issues there!

Then a second red flag came up. She managed to fit drinking multiple times into the conversation: "I have to meet with my dad; it's nothing a good drink won't get me through." "I have to work tomorrow, nothing a good bottle of wine won't get me through."

We made plans for our date. I was to pick her up at her mom's house in Pacific Palisades where she lived. Okay, so she was 31 and lived with mom. "Rent isn't cheap in Los Angeles, I would do the same thing," I thought. But I thought about it a bit more, "Wait a second, my mom drives me crazy in less than 24 hours. I would throw her through a window."

About two hours before the date, Lauren called and told me that she would come pick me up at my place: "My little nieces are here and they are so precocious, but they'll embarrass me," she insisted. So Lauren picked me up in gas-guzzling SUV, and we went to a restaurant where she immediately ordered bottle of wine, and only one glass. She went on to tell me how she usually drinks vodka, but she was in a "wine mood."

At this point, this thought struck me, "Gosh, she just might be a raging alcoholic."

It went downhill from there.

She scolded me for placing too much butter on my dinner roll. "That's pure fat, she crowed. When I talked about being a writer, she rolled her eyes, "How can you make a living doing that?" A few drinks later, she bragged, "My boyfriend is very successful and owns an art gallery."

(That's why she didn't want me to meet the nieces; they would have spilled the booze, err beans, on Aunt Lauren.)

At that point I told her that she shouldn't be out with me while having a boyfriend. "Why not? It's not like something is going to happen with us," the lush laughed.

Politely civilized, I didn't make a scene in the restaurant; but later that night, I wrote her a scathing e-mail. She subsequently had me banned from Match.com...for which I am eternally grateful.