

# LOVE AND DEATH

Episode 101

“The Huntress”

Written By

David E. Kelley

Directed By

Lesli Linka Glatter

Based on *Evidence of Love* by

John Bloom & Jim Atkinson

**WRITER'S DRAFT 4/1/21**

**CAST LIST**

Candy Montgomery  
Pat Montgomery  
Ian Montgomery  
Jenny Montgomery

Allan Gore  
Betty Gore  
Alisa Gore

Pastor Jackie Ponder

Sherry Cleckler  
Tom Cleckler (non-speaking)

Don Crowder  
Carol Crowder

Jo Ann Garlington  
Richard Garlington

Kevin Dobson  
Jean  
Gary  
Cindy

Ivy

Five-Year-Old

**SONG LIST**

"GLORIA PATRI" - TRADITIONAL

"HALLELUJAH" - MILK AND HONEY

"BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE" - TASTE OF HONEY

"MORE THAN A WOMAN" - THE BEE GEES

"MIDNIGHT TRAIN TO GEORGIA" - GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS

"THIS WILL BE" - NATALIE COLE

"HEAVEN KNOWS" - DONNA SUMMER

"O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST" - TRADITIONAL

**SET LIST**

**INTERIORS:**

ALLAN'S CAR

BATHROOM

CAFÉ

CANDY'S CAR

CHURCH

- JACKIE'S OFFICE
- RECTORY
- NEW SANCTUARY
- OLD SANCTUARY

CLASSROOM

CONTINENTAL INN

- MOTEL ROOM
- RECEPTION

GORE HOUSE

- BEDROOM
- FAMILY ROOM
- HALLWAY
- KITCHEN

GYMNASIUM

MONTGOMERY HOUSE

- BATHROOM
- BEDROOM
- FAMILY ROOM
- KITCHEN
- LAUNDRY ROOM

MOVIE THEATER

ROCKWELL INTERNATIONAL

- ALLAN'S OFFICE

SCHOOL

- CLASSROOM

TEA HOUSE

WYLIE PUB AND GRILL

**SET LIST**

**EXTERIORS:**

AUTO REPAIR SHOP

CHURCH

- PARKING LOT

CONTINENTAL INN

DALLAS

FREEWAY

GORE HOUSE

GYMNASIUM

- PARKING LOT

LOVEJOY SCHOOL

MONTGOMERY HOUSE

ROCKWELL INTERNATIONAL

- PARKING LOT

STREET

"THE HUNTRESS"

FADE IN:

TEXAS, JUNE 1980. A BUCOLIC AND NOSTALGIC VISTA.

CANDY (O.S.)  
Once upon a time, there were three  
trees. High up on a hill.

WE AERIAL PAN WAVING PRAIRIE GRASS, FARMHOUSES, A LITTLE  
RED SCHOOLHOUSE -- it's all so wistful and inviting.

CANDY (O.S.)  
And for centuries and centuries,  
they grew and grew. Sometimes they  
would talk to each other.

WE SETTLE ON DOGWOOD STREET, A NEW SUBDIVISION in Wylie,  
Texas. A nice -- though not the nicest -- part of town.  
Groomed lawns, picket fences, a time when streets were  
safe, neighbors were neighborly, and God was God.

CANDY (O.S.)  
The biggest tree used to say to the  
others--  
(as her voice goes deep  
and masculine)  
"When I grow up, I want to be made  
into a big boat, the finest ocean-  
liner in the world."

WE LAND ON A PLEASANT HOME, brick and white trim.

CANDY (O.S.)  
And the second, medium-sized tree  
would say, "When I grow up, I want  
to be made into a baby cradle,  
which is the most marvelous thing  
of all."

INT. GORE HOUSE, HALLWAY - MORNING

AS WE MOVE, the house is tidy, neat, the work of a good  
homemaker. Nothing seems especially out of place.

CANDY (O.S.)  
But the third tree, the littlest  
one, said, "I don't ever want to be  
cut down. I want to stand here  
forever, pointing to God."

But then, as WE PASS A BATHROOM... BLOOD. ON THE SHOWER  
DOOR. THE SINK. THE FLOOR. Something has happened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CANDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But one day a group of woodcutters came to the hill of the three trees.

INT. LUCAS METHODIST CHURCH, NEW SANCTUARY - MORNING

\*

CANDY MONTGOMERY, twenty-nine, oozing a cocktail of warmth, vivaciousness, and goodness, stands at the altar.

\*

CANDY

And one of them looked at the biggest tree and said, "This tree looks like it would make a fine fishing boat."

REVEAL ABOUT FIFTY CHILDREN in the pews, ages five to ten, all seemingly rapt. None are fidgety, such is the spell Candy routinely casts with her parables. Outside of Candy, ALL WE HEAR IS THE WHIR OF THE CEILING FAN.

CANDY (CONT'D)

The big tree cried and cried. But the woodcutters cut it down anyway. And it became the very boat that Peter used as his altar to spread the Good News. Then the woodcutters took a look at the second tree and said, "This one looks like it would make a great barn stall." And the medium-sized tree cried and cried, but the man cut it down anyway. And it turned out to be the stable the baby Jesus was born in, the best baby cradle of all.

Candy lets the expectation build. The kids are rapt.

CANDY (CONT'D)

And then the woodcutters looked to the third tree. "This tree will make a fine cross." And the little tree cried most of all. But it ended up as the cross that Jesus hung on, and it's still standing today, pointing to God. We should always remember that what we are is not what we plan for ourselves, but what God plans for us.

The kids look enthralled, as does Candy herself. She glows with simple, genuine delight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                          CHOIR (O.S.)  
                  (singing)  
          *Glory be to the father/ And to the  
          Son and to the Holy Ghost...*

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

SEPTEMBER 1978.

                          CHOIR (O.S.)  
                  (singing)  
          *As it was in the beginning/ Is now  
          and ever shall be...*

INT. CHURCH, OLD SANCTUARY - CONTINUOUS

\*

AS THE MUSIC CONTINUES, Candy is in the choir, she stands next to her husband PAT MONTGOMERY, thirty-five. ALLAN and BETTY GORE, thirties, are also in the choir. Something so familiar and quaint about them all.

                          CHOIR  
                  (singing)  
          *World without end, amen, amen...*

EXT. CHURCH - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

A post-service picnic in progress. KIDS playing, PARENTS mingling, utterly common and routine. A certain cacophony of family, community. WE FIND A CLUSTER OF PARENTS at one table, eating, talking, typical Sunday blather. A whole lot of nothing, which somehow adds up to a life we yearn for.

Pat and Candy, Allan and Betty Gore, DON and CAROL CROWDER, mid-thirties, and PASTOR JACKIE PONDER, forty-three. Brassy, convivial, Jackie is a mother, a life force, a spirit of love and community. To most she is the United Methodist Church of Lucas. SHERRY CLECKLER, thirties, is also at the table with her husband TOM.

\*

                          CANDY  
                  (mouth full of zucchini  
                  bread; to Betty)  
          Oh, my God, you made this? You did  
          not make this.

                          BETTY  
          I made it. Sometimes I wonder --  
          you think you're the only one who  
          can bake.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLAN

Can we get back to the volleyball please? 'Cause if our goal is really to beat Plano...

\*

BETTY

It only seems to be your goal, Allan.

ALLAN

What we should be doing is recruiting Mike Awry. He's six-five, can spike the ball like nobody's business.

(to Jackie)

I mean, is there a reason not to at least reach out?

JACKIE

He's Episcopalian.

\*

CANDY

What about you, Donny? Why don't you join the team?

DON

Not my thing, volleyball.

CAROL

Not enough mayhem. He gravitates toward viciousness. That's why he went into law.

PAT

Are you a criminal lawyer?

CAROL

Not enough mayhem there either. He's matrimonial.

DON

(to Carol)

We're just full of quips today, aren't we?

ALLAN

Why not join the team, Don?

BETTY

Didn't you play professional football?

CAROL

(proudly)

For the Washington Redskins.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

DON

I tried out. I didn't make the team.

CANDY

I dated a football team in high school. Did I say "team", I meant "player".

(admitting)

Okay, a backfield.

(as she rubs Pat's head)

Who knew I'd end up with a rocket scientist.

ALLAN

I'm off in search of potato salad.

DON

Don't pull a muscle.

BETTY

Honey.

(sotto)

We should probably get going soon.

(more sotto)

According to the chart, I hit peak fertility around one p.m.

INT. GORE HOUSE, BEDROOM - LATER

Allan is on top of Betty, missionary position. It's more clinical, mechanical than it is sexy.

BETTY

Little bit slower. And be sure to emit as you propulse forward, evidently that makes a difference.

ALLAN

Really?

BETTY

And try to go deeper.

ALLAN

I'm going as deep as I can, Betty.

BETTY

You've been deeper before. And if you can squirt rather than drip, that helps, too.

And he begins to go faster, his butt cheeks begin to convulse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTY (CONT'D)

Slower. Deeper. And squirt.

UP PIANO MUSIC: "HALLELUJAH" (MILK AND HONEY, EYDIE GORME VERSION)

INT. MONTGOMERY HOUSE - DAY

Candy and her daughter JENNY, age six, sit at the piano. Candy is helping Jenny with her piano practice. BOTH PLAYING, but Candy seems to be doing more of the playing.

CANDY/JENNY

(singing)

*Hallelujah/ Sing a song/  
Hallelujah/ We'll follow along/  
With a simple word, a single word/  
We'll bless the sky, the tree, the  
bird/ And we'll fill our heart with  
joy/ Hallelujah...*

THE DOORBELL CHIMES.

CANDY

Keep going, you're doing great.

JENNY

Do I have to sing it?

CANDY

(a little snappish)

Yes.

(softening)

If you want to keep filling that little heart with joy.

And Jenny keeps going as Candy moves to the door, opens it to REVEAL JACKIE PONDER.

JACKIE

Hey, hey, hey.

CANDY

Hey, hey, hey.

As Jackie enters--

JACKIE

(calling out)

Hi, Jenny.

JENNY

(still playing)

Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Jackie moves to the kitchen table and plops down--

JACKIE  
Oh, my God. My feet.

CANDY  
Still swollen?

JACKIE  
It's the stress, the crullers, or  
both.

She gives a sniff.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
And you've been baking.

CANDY  
Gingerbread cookies.  
(calling back to Jenny)  
Sing along, baby.

As Jenny continues to play and SING a bit --  
halfheartedly -- in the b.g., Candy stands at the  
threshold so she can both talk to Jackie and oversee  
Jenny.

CANDY (CONT'D)  
So why do I have the pleasure, a  
house-call from my favorite pastor?

JACKIE  
Well, it's not exactly pleasure,  
I'm afraid. And I might stop being  
your favorite pastor.

CANDY  
What's going on?

Jackie takes a breath.

JACKIE  
Bill's gone. He wants a divorce.

CANDY  
Oh, honey.

JACKIE  
It's been coming for a long time.

CANDY  
I know you've been struggling some.  
(back to Jenny; singing)  
*Hallelujah/ Day by day...*  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CANDY (CONT'D)

(back to Jackie)

You said it was likely coming.

\*  
\*

JACKIE

I know. But still... he's actually out the door. It's a bit of a thing.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CANDY

We'll just all have to get together and hug you right through this. That's all.

\*

(back to Jenny; singing)

*Fly and spread your wings, have a try/ Be free again like a butterfly...*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(to Jackie)

You'll get through it. I'll drag you through it.

\*  
\*  
\*

JACKIE

I'm scared. I'll admit it.

CANDY

About?

JACKIE

For starters, how I'll lead the congregation.

CANDY

You'll lead us the same as you always have.

JACKIE

And being single. After twenty-three years of marriage. I'm not sure I'll even know how to put one foot in front of the other.

CANDY

You just need to look at this as a new beginning. A new destiny.

\*

The SOUNDS of a car door closing. Pat and Ian.

\*

CANDY (CONT'D)

Seems our archeological diggers have returned.

She goes to the front door to open it and greet them.

CANDY (CONT'D)

(to Ian)

Hey, baby.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

IAN \*  
I found a prehistoric rock! \*

CANDY  
Wow.

IAN \*  
It's called... \*  
(to Pat) \*  
What is it?

PAT \*  
A petroglyph.

As Jackie appears at the door, behind Candy--

IAN \*  
And I found a bone. Of a bird!

CANDY \*  
Oh, my goodness. Prehistoric?

PAT \*  
More like last Tuesday. \*  
(seeing Jackie) \*  
Hey, Jackie.

JACKIE \*  
Hey, Pat. \*

PAT \*  
You two tweaking God's plan again? \*

JACKIE \*  
Something like that. \*

EXT. GORE HOUSE - NIGHT

A hot summer night. Sticky. The cicadas are HISSING in all their glory. WE FIND BETTY AND ALLAN sitting in tense silence at a picnic table. Having a bit of a spat.

BETTY \*  
It's not fair.

ALLAN  
It's my job, Betty.

BETTY  
The whole point of the new job was that you wouldn't have to travel.

ALLAN  
As much. And I don't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTY

It's not normal for a husband and wife to be apart, that's all I'm saying.

ALLAN

We're talking about four days.

BETTY

Critical days during peak fertility. If I don't have the baby by midsummer, I'll miss the beginning of the year. I might be relegated to being a substitute teacher again. And we know how that goes.

\*  
\*  
\*

Silence.

ALLAN

The doctor said you might easier get pregnant if you could stress less.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BETTY

So it's my fault.

\*  
\*

ALLAN

I didn't say that.

\*  
\*

BETTY

Of course you did, and you might consider that it's your traveling that causes my stress.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ALLAN

Maybe we should give this Marriage Encounter thing a shot.

As she looks away--

\*

BETTY

Oh, for God's sake.

\*

ALLAN

The Garlingtons swear by it.

BETTY

And they act like they were brainwashed. The way they're always holding hands and fawning over each other like moonies.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALLAN

We used to fawn over each other. We  
used to hold hands.

\*

BETTY

It's more difficult to do when  
you're never here.

\*

\*

ALLAN

So now I'm never here?

\*

\*

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Church volleyball league, GAME IN PROGRESS. Lucas  
Methodist is squaring off against another parish, the  
game is robust and competitive. Candy Montgomery and  
Allan Gore are both playing for Lucas. Suddenly--

\*

Wham. As Candy dives for a loose ball, she COLLIDES HARD  
with Allan, also diving. BAM.

ALLAN

(concern)

Oh, God. Are you okay?

CANDY

I'm fine.

As Allan helps her to her feet--

ALLAN

Are you sure?

\*

CANDY

Yes. Are you okay?

\*

ALLAN

(takes her by the  
shoulders)

Maybe you should sit a bit.

\*

\*

\*

CANDY

I'm fine, Allan. Thank you.

But as the players regroup to restart the game, WE HOLD  
ON CANDY. She's never so much as noticed Allan Gore  
before, not really. But something in this moment...

\*

INT. WYLIE PUB AND GRILL - NIGHT

Post-game hangout, pizza and beer. WE FIND CANDY WITH  
SHERRY in a booth.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERRY	*
I'm not saying she <u>should</u> lose her job but...	*
	*
CANDY	*
But what?	*
	*
SHERRY	*
Well, a pastor getting a divorce. It <u>is</u> kind of sin, certainly a big no-no for clergy.	*
	*
CANDY	*
Half the congregation came to this church because of Jackie.	*
	*
SHERRY	*
I realize that, but still.	*
	*
CANDY	*
People won't abandon her. A lot of folks will <u>envy</u> her a little. I know <u>I</u> do.	*
	*
SHERRY	*
Why?	*
	*
CANDY	*
Well. It's like she's got this whole new adventure about to happen. A new chapter.	*
	*
A beat.	*
	*
SHERRY	*
Are you and Pat not happy?	*
	*
CANDY	*
I didn't say that.	*
	*
SHERRY	*
Well, when married people start envying new adventures...	*
	*
CANDY	*
Don't you ever... think about a life not your own?	*
	*
SHERRY	*
Do you mean, do I let my mind daydream from time to time or...	*
	*
CANDY	*
Fantasize?	*
	*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

SHERRY

It's natural. My father once told me all women are shoppers at their core. Fixating on what they want 'stead of what they have. Course, he was cheating on my mother at the time, seemed he was a shopper, too.

CANDY

I collided with Allan Gore playing volleyball tonight. It felt a little like fate.

SHERRY

What are you talking about?

CANDY

I dunno. He put his hands on my shoulders. And I got tingly.

SHERRY

Allan Gore?

CANDY

(admitting)

He smelled a little like sex.

SHERRY

Are we talking about the same Allan Gore?

CANDY

I know, I know. But I just got this weird sensation. Plus...

SHERRY

Plus what?

CANDY

I dunno. That he would be interested.

SHERRY

Candy.

CANDY

I'm just talking.

SHERRY

He's not even handsome.

She looks out the windows, her mind has gone elsewhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHERRY (CONT'D) \*  
 Tell me. What you're thinking right \*  
 now. \*

CANDY \*  
 Nothing. \*

SHERRY \*  
Tell me. \*

CANDY \*  
 The other day, I was waiting on \*  
 Jenny, she had an after-school \*  
 thing. I kept the car running \*  
 'cause it was cold. And while I'm \*  
 sitting there, the car ran out of \*  
 gas. I thought, "Really?" And then \*  
 I thought, kind of my story. Out of \*  
 gas. \*

SHERRY \*  
 You're talking like a depressed \*  
 person right now. \*

CANDY \*  
 I'm not depressed. I'm just... \*

SHERRY \*  
 Not satisfied. \*  
 (then) \*  
 You got a good life, Candy. \*

CANDY \*  
 I know that. I'm just talking. \*

CLOSE ON FRANKIE AVALON SINGING "BEAUTY SCHOOL DROPOUT".

REVEAL:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Candy, Pat, Ian, Jenny, and Alisa Gore are in the PACKED THEATER WATCHING *GREASE*. A family outing, benign, it seems a bit quaint, certainly family-affirming. But as the CAMERA CLOSES ON CANDY, she looks a bit wistful. Candy likes to escape into her movies some.

Ian looks to his dad, who suddenly covers his nose to sneeze. Candy looks over as Pat opens his hand to reveal Junior Mints in his palm. As if he sneezed them out. Pat then pops the Junior Mints into his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ian covers his mouth to mute his "yuck" and "yucks". And Candy takes note. Isn't that just like Pat? Good ol' Pat. She smiles, then returns her attention to the screen.

AS THE MUSIC CONTINUES, WE--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Writer's workshop in progress. They've borrowed a classroom at the elementary school. A GROUP OF EIGHT sit in a circle. KEVIN DOBSON, forties, is the teacher.

DOBSON

Gary, would you like to share your poem?

\*

GARY

Okay.  
(fair warning)  
It's short.

\*

DOBSON

That's fine. Some of my favorite poems are short. Haikus are quite wonderful in fact.

GARY

Well, this isn't one of those.

\*

DOBSON

Let's hear it.

GARY

Okay.  
(reading)  
"On my brand new toilet. I did the same ol' thing."

And he looks up. That's it. They all stare blankly.

\*

GARY (CONT'D)

It's about the folly of materialism.

Silence. Until--

CANDY

I totally get it. We all think we can change our lives with stuff, y'know? I do it all the time with shoes or whatever.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CANDY (CONT'D)

If I can just have that or just get  
this, things will be different. I  
really like your poem, Gary.

GARY

Thank you.

CANDY

Mine's kinda got a similar theme.  
About "wanting".

DOBSON

Let's hear it, Candy.

CANDY

Okay. It's called "My Heart Asked".

JEAN

What a lovely title.

CANDY

(reading)

"My heart asked, 'What's the  
answer?' I said, 'What answer?' It  
said, 'You know.' I said, 'I don't  
know. I give up. What's the  
answer?' And the heart said, 'The  
answer is don't give up.'"

A beat.

CINDY

I don't get it. So like, the heart  
can speak? It has a mouth?

UP MUSIC: THE BEE GEES' "MORE THAN A WOMAN"

INT. MONTGOMERY HOUSE, LAUNDRY ROOM - MORNING

Candy is unloading the washer as WE HEAR THE SONG.

TIME CUT:

INT. MONTGOMERY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

AS THE SONG CONTINUES, she moves through the house with a  
full hamper. She pauses to look out the window. Pat is  
mowing the lawn. Isn't that her life? Laundry. Mowing the  
lawn. She takes in a deep sigh.

INT. CHURCH, OLD SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Choir practice night. Candy, Pat, Allan, Jo Ann and Richard Garlington, Sherry Cleckler.

THEY SING "HOLY, HOLY, HOLY". It's all very nice. But Candy's mind drifts a bit. As do her eyes. Which drift to Allan.

EXT. CHURCH, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Candy emerges from the church. Heads for her car, climbs in.

INT. CANDY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

She makes a move to start the car, then decides to take a moment. Candy has a secret relationship with solitude, which few people know. If any.

She then pulls out a cigarette. A secret relationship there as well. Nicotine can fill a void. She LIGHTS UP, takes a drag. Like she's sucking a gulp of her life into her lungs to take measure of it all. Exhales. And then--

HER POV:

Allan walks to his car.

RESUME

Candy watches.

INT. ALLAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Allan climbs inside. Then, as he puts the car in gear, Candy is suddenly in front of the car. He brakes, lowers his window as Candy approaches.

CANDY

Allan. I want to talk to you sometime. About something that has been bothering me a little.

ALLAN

(thrown)

Oh.

"Oh." That's his best counter? She just stands there. And then--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLAN (CONT'D)

How about right now?

Candy walks to the passenger side, opens the door, slides in. She does not look at him. What the...?

CANDY

(still not looking at him)

I've been thinking about you a lot. And it's really bothering me. And I don't know whether I want you to do anything about it or not.

What the? Allan says nothing. A deer in the headlights. A passive deer in the headlights. A beat.

CANDY (CONT'D)

I'm very attracted to you. And I'm tired of thinking about it. And so I wanted to tell you that.

A beat. Candy then exits, closes the door, and is off. Allan, a bit stunned, just sits there. What. The fuck. Was that?

ANGLE CANDY as she walks away. She's perhaps more surprised than Allan even. Holy shit.

CLOSE ON BETTY.

BETTY

It's not appropriate.

INT. GORE HOUSE, FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Alisa is dressed up as Sandy from *Grease*, wig, lipstick, skirt, bobby socks. Allan is reading the newspaper. Or more like hiding behind the newspaper. Wants to stay out of it.

ALISA

(crestfallen)

Why?

BETTY

Because it's not. Where'd you even get all this? \*

ALISA

Jenny's mom.

BETTY

Well, you're going to have to pick another costume.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA

Why?

BETTY

I told you, it's not appropriate, especially for a girl your age.

ALISA

(appealing)

Dad.

BETTY

Never mind. You will not be trick or treating on the streets as a trollop. We'll find something better.

And Alisa flees the room in a huff.

BETTY (CONT'D)

This is why I did not want her seeing that movie.

ALLAN

*Grease?* It's a family picture, honey.

BETTY

Well, not for this family. A bunch of talk of girls "putting out", you want your daughter seeing that? One girl pulls out a condom. Can you imagine? There's drinking. Smoking. It's not appropriate, certainly not for our daughter.

Silence.

\*

BETTY (CONT'D)

You're judging me.

\*

\*

INT. MONTGOMERY HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Candy is brushing her teeth. In the b.g., Pat lies in bed WATCHING RODNEY DANGERFIELD ON JOHNNY CARSON.

Candy gives herself a hard look in the mirror, she's not sure what to see. On the one hand, she feels a bit of guilt. She propositioned a man. But also... maybe some pride. She showed a little dare.

INT. MONTGOMERY HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

PAT IS STILL WATCHING RODNEY DANGERFIELD ON JOHNNY CARSON as Candy emerges, climbs into bed.

CANDY  
You read my short?

PAT  
(watching the television)  
Sorry?

CANDY  
My short story. From writing class.  
I asked if you would read it,  
remember?

PAT  
(eyes on the television)  
I did. Excellent.

CANDY  
What was it about?

PAT  
It was about swans.

CANDY  
What about swans?

PAT  
Wow, if I knew there was gonna be a  
test, I would've studied harder.

CANDY  
(not amused)  
Study harder, you have a PhD, Pat.

PAT  
Not in swans.  
(off her look)  
Let me read it again.

\*  
\*

And his attention goes back (it never left) to Rodney and Johnny.

Candy looks at her man. Her life. RODNEY SAYS SOMETHING FUNNY, Pat explodes with LAUGHTER. But it's Candy who feels a bit like the punchline.

EXT. DALLAS - DAY

WE SETTLE ON AN OFFICE BUILDING, the home of Rockwell International.



## INT. ROCKWELL INTERNATIONAL - CONTINUOUS

Allan sits at his desk. It's a nice desk in a nice office, where he gets to go about his nice job, developing electronics and software systems for blue chip clients. A good paying job, a home in the suburbs, a wife, a child. Allan is living the American dream. On paper, at least.

But he's now discovering he's more restless than he knew. His frustrations until now have been either denied or dormant. But then Candy Montgomery climbed into his car.

His eyes go to the phone. Who knows what excitement, what wonder he could unleash by picking up that phone. He reaches for it. But then returns it to the cradle. He could never. Never. He goes about his work. But the mind doesn't always cooperate.

FLASHING IMAGES, Picaso-esque. Her hair. Her arm. The shape of her waist. Her thigh. Her lips even.

## RESUME

Allan is so repressed, his mind cannot even process the whole picture. Only snippets. Certainly his mental wandering is less sinful if he limits it to snippets. He doesn't even allow himself to mentally undress her.

He stares at the phone yet again. What could a phone call hurt? A lot actually. Never mind.

## INT. CHURCH, JACKIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The church council in a late night meeting. Jackie is of course present, as are the Garlingtons.

Candy and Allan are also on the council. They have not spoken since the car encounter. And they make it a point not to make eye contact. Candy's aversion is a bit out of humiliation, having put herself out. And Allan... well, hell does have a fury.

As the meeting drones on about the need for a new sanctuary, Allan allows his eyes to wander to Candy's right hand. Out of the corner of his eye, he allows himself to drink in (maybe just sip) her hand, her wrist. But only that.

JO ANN GARLINGTON

It's not about repainting or redoing.  
We need a new sanctuary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKIE

A church is more about its parishioners than it's hardscape, Jo Ann.

JO ANN GARLINGTON

That may be well and true but this church won't be anything if we don't grow the congregation. And for that, we need a new facility.

DON

It's not just that it's old, Jackie. It sends the message that it's unloved. Nobody searching for a new place of worship is going to choose that.

And Allan allows himself to peek at Candy. She happens to be staring right at him, watching him stare at her hand. He quickly looks away but Candy's suspicions -- if not confirmed -- they're at least supported: he's interested.

JO ANN GARLINGTON

It should make a statement. \*

RICHARD GARLINGTON

Especially if we want to draw the younger couples.

CANDY

Aren't we the younger couples?

JACKIE

Where's your head, Allan? \*

Fuck. He's caught.

ALLAN

I'm sorry? What?

JACKIE

Where's your head? \*

(then) \*

You think we need a new sanctuary? \*

ALLAN

Well... \*

CANDY

The thing about religion. And life, and love... there's renewal in it. \*

And to me... nothing sells renewal better than, y'know, something new. \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She's looking at Jackie. But Allan feels she's talking directly to and at him.

RICHARD GARLINGTON

I agree. We need a major building.

And then, SILENCE. People continue to talk, lips continue to move. BUT THE NOISE HAS BEEN CANCELLED OUT FOR ALLAN, MAYBE CANDY, TOO. Something else is happening in this room. It can be ignored. It can be denied. But it is happening just the same.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Another church league volleyball game in progress. Lucas Methodist is not competing, however, team members are there to referee instead. This includes Candy and Allan, standing on opposite sides of the court, but Allan cannot help but clock Candy from time to time. And she senses as much.

EXT. GYMNASIUM, PARKING LOT - LATER

Post-game. The parking lot is clearing out, WE FIND ALLAN, CANDY, AND SHERRY CLECKLER walking to their respective cars.

SHERRY

You would think the teams themselves would be in charge of cleaning up, not the referees, but that would make too much sense, wouldn't it. Never let it be said that we mix church and logic in Texas.

CANDY

(good natured)

Don't you be talking blasphemy now, Sherry. Be it about God or Texas.

As they arrive at Sherry's car--

SHERRY

We still on for coffee tomorrow?

CANDY

Is the sun still planning to rise?

\*

SHERRY

I'll call you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Sherry climbs into her car, Allan and Candy keep walking.

CANDY  
Betty not feeling too good again?

ALLAN  
Some headaches and so forth.  
Probably stress-related.

CANDY  
You haven't got any tricks up your  
sleeve to relax your bride, Allan?

There's some needling there. But perhaps also an invitation to shift the conversation.

ALLAN  
Betty's seen all my tricks.

CANDY  
Ah.

And they walk in silence. A silence which begins to take on a life. And Allan's chest starts to tighten some. Candy made an overture before. The burden would now shift to him. As they arrive at Candy's car--

CANDY (CONT'D)  
This is me. You tell her I hope  
she's feeling better. And she can  
always drop Alisa off if she wants  
to rest.

ALLAN  
I'll tell her that. Thank you.

As Sherry pulls up alongside, rolls down her window--

SHERRY  
Are you sure I can trust you two  
alone?

Ha ha. Laughter all around. And Sherry drives off. A beat.

CANDY  
Well. Night.

ALLAN  
Candy. Before. In the car. What was  
it you had in mind?

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CANDY

Get in.

Candy climbs in as Allan walks around to the passenger side, climbs into--

INT. CANDY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

A beat.

CANDY

Would you be interested in having an affair?

Despite all his mental preparation, he wasn't prepared for something that direct. A beat.

ALLAN

I don't know what to say.

CANDY

It's just something I've been thinking about. And I wanted to say it so I don't have to think about it anymore.

Silence. Seems eternal.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Okay. I got my answer.

ALLAN

It's just... I don't think I could. I love Betty.

A beat. Candy looks a bit frozen. Again, she's walking a plank, only to flop a bit.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

When we were living in New Mexico, she had an affair.

CANDY

Betty did?

ALLAN

I know, seems like the last thing she would ever do. But she did. And it hurt me a lot. I wouldn't want to do that to her.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CANDY

That's fine, Allan. I love Pat,  
too. I wouldn't want to do anything  
to hurt him, either.

ALLAN

She just got pregnant again. \*

CANDY

Betty? \*

ALLAN

Just. So it would really be unfair  
to her. Especially since I don't  
feel the same way about you that I  
do about her. So I probably  
couldn't do something like that.

CANDY

Okay. I was just putting the option  
out there because of how I felt. I  
certainly don't want to hurt your  
marriage. All I wanted to do was go  
to bed. I won't mention it again. \*

A beat. An awkward beat. Then Allan leans over and softly  
kisses Candy on the lips. He then quickly gets out of the  
car, heads off. Off Candy, sitting there...

CANDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I feel so foolish.

INT. CAFE - MORNING

Candy sits with Sherry Cleckler.

CANDY

So... humiliated.

SHERRY

It's probably best, sweetheart.

CANDY

I wasn't looking for what's best. I  
was out for something... more  
transcendent. I was looking for  
fireworks. \*

SHERRY \*

That only happens in the movies. \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CANDY

How can we just accept that? That it's only true in movies or fairy tales? This is the only life we get, right? Shouldn't it, y'know, be all it can be?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SHERRY

You're thinking of the Marines.

\*  
\*

CANDY

Please don't make it a joke.

\*  
\*

SHERRY

I'm not doing that.

\*  
\*

CANDY

And he broached it. He invited the conversation.

\*  
\*

SHERRY

What exactly did he say?

CANDY

He asked me what I had in my mind. When he knew very well what I had in my mind. Then he climbed into the car. I mean, come on.

A beat. Sherry's not quite sure what to say. Emotional support could cross the line to enabling.

\*

CANDY (CONT'D)

And why'd he kiss me? Right on the lips? It wasn't exactly passionate but it wasn't a brotherly kiss either.

\*

SHERRY

Men kiss all the time when they don't mean it.

CANDY

I think he's looking for me to make it happen. He doesn't want to hate himself for being unfaithful to Betty. So he wants me to make it happen.

SHERRY

You need to think of Pat.

\*

CANDY

(genuine)  
In a way, I kinda am.

\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CANDY (CONT'D)

I wanna go on. In part for Pat. I  
can't go on like this.

\*  
\*

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

HALLOWEEN NIGHT, THE STREET IS FULL OF TRICK-OR-TREATERS. A smattering of Michael Myers from *Halloween*, Tony Manero from *Saturday Night Fever*, Sandy from *Grease*, Princess Leia, some Jimmy Carters, a few Nixons... a lot of *Star Wars* characters, as well as *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

INT./EXT. MONTGOMERY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's kind of an open house deal, folks can trick-or-treat or even come in for apple cider. As a little FIVE-YEAR-OLD SUPERMAN approaches the front door--

CANDY

Well, my word in heaven. Are you a  
bird? No, wait, you're a plane,  
aren't you?

FIVE-YEAR-OLD

I'm Superman.

CANDY

Superman, that's it. You're a Man  
of Steel. Why, you may be the super-  
est one I've ever seen.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD

Thank you.

And as Candy looks up, a LITTLE PRINCESS LEIA is approaching with Allan. Alisa did not get to be Sandy from *Grease* after all. Along with Alisa is Jenny, dressed up as Yoda.

JENNY

Hey, Mom.

CANDY

Hey, honey. Wow, you back already?

JENNY

Just to drop off. Filled my  
pumpkin.

Indeed her pumpkin basket is brimming with candy.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JENNY (CONT'D)

I'm just gonna empty it and go back out.

CANDY

And what do you plan to do with all that candy, young lady?

JENNY

I'll trade with Ian.

Candy shoots a look to Allan, silent hellos exchanged. The chemistry is palpable, as is the awkwardness.

CANDY

Thanks for walking with them.

ALLAN

Sure.

CANDY

You see Pat and Ian in your travels?

ALLAN

I did see a pretty scary Elton John.

CANDY

(smiles)

That would be Pat.

And as Candy turns to greet the next trick-or-treater, Allan takes a moment to observe. How free and easy Candy seems to be, she just seems to flow through life. Betty is so rigid, so ever wrought and mechanical. And Candy just has a flow about her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Jackie Ponder walks, she carries a bakery box, we see that she's approaching the Montgomery home. She arrives, RINGS THE BELL. The door opens TO REVEAL CANDY.

JACKIE

(singing)

*Happy birthday to you...*

CANDY

Oh, my God.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKIE

I brought you confection. And the bakery said if we eat before ten a.m., it won't make our asses fat, at least not completely.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. MONTGOMERY HOUSE, KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Jackie and Candy eating chocolate cake.

CANDY

This is why your people follow you.

JACKIE

I let them eat cake.

(then)

Doing anything special?

CANDY

Well. Polish off this sugar bomb. Maybe have a glass of wine with Sherry. Then the usual fanfare with Pat.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JACKIE

Big doings.

A beat. And then, shifting tone--

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Listen. Um...

CANDY

I don't like the sound of that.

JACKIE

Remember I told you I was offered that other job? At Southern Methodist.

CANDY

Which you turned down.

JACKIE

Yeah. Well, turns out I reconsidered.

Candy just stares, gobsmacked.

CANDY

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKIE

It was pointed out: the bishop  
doesn't make offers like this every  
day.

A beat.

CANDY

(crestfallen)  
But it's in Kansas.

JACKIE

I'll come back and forth.

CANDY

What do you mean you'll come back  
and forth? It's like a zillion  
miles away.

JACKIE

This is my next calling, Candy.

Candy is poleaxed.

CANDY

What am I going to do? You're my  
best friend.

JACKIE

Our friendship is not going to  
change.

CANDY

But you won't be here. Who's going  
to replace you?

JACKIE

We'll find somebody great. Someone  
who can get the new sanctuary  
built.

CANDY

(weakly)  
Oh, my God.

JACKIE

I know.

CANDY

It feels like the bottom just fell  
out of my bottom.

\*  
\*  
\*

A beat. They allow for the silence. Then they take hands.  
Solidarity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACKIE

It is not going to affect our  
friendship. We will not allow for  
that to happen.

CANDY

You're the only one I have to talk  
to here, Jackie. For real.

JACKIE

Now that's nonsense. You have  
Sherry. You're the belle of the  
ball at church.

\*  
\*  
\*

CANDY

Sherry is good. But you're my  
heart.

\*  
\*

A beat.

CANDY (CONT'D)

When would this happen?

JACKIE

They want me there by the end of  
the year. You still got plenty of  
time to throw me a big surprise  
party send-off.

\*

THE PHONE RINGS. Candy picks up.

CANDY

Hello?

WE INTERCUT WITH ALLAN IN HIS OFFICE:

INT. ROCKWELL INTERNATIONAL, ALLAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He's a bit furtive, careful not to be overheard. Also a  
bit nervous, not a natural risk-taker.

ALLAN

Candy? It's Allan. Allan Gore.

CANDY

Oh. Hey.

ALLAN

Hey. Hi.

He nearly chickens out right here and now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Listen. I have to go to McKinney tomorrow to get some tires checked on a new truck I bought up there. I wonder if you'd like to have lunch.

(a half-beat)

You know, to talk a little more about... what we talked about before.

And now it's Candy's turn to be thrown. Guarding against being over-anxious--

CANDY

Okay. Fine.

ALLAN

Twelve o'clock?

CANDY

Meet you there.

As CANDY HANGS UP--

CANDY (CONT'D)

Where were we?

JACKIE

Who was that?

CANDY

Just somebody.

JACKIE

Somebody?

A beat. Oh, hell.

CANDY

Somebody I'm thinking about having an affair with.

Jackie just fixes a stare.

JACKIE

You told me that because you want me to talk you out of it.

CANDY

I'm not doing so good. Another reason -- not a good time for my pastor to be getting out of Dodge.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CANDY (CONT'D)

Pat and I... we've kind of hit a plateau.

JACKIE

Every marriage hits one of them.

CANDY

I suspect yours did. And you did nothing about it?

JACKIE

Meaning what, if I'd had an affair, Bill would still be taking out my garbage?

CANDY

I'm talking about my garbage. And not wanting to settle for it.

A beat.

JACKIE

Y'know, Candy, I got front-door friends and back-door friends. Front-door friends show up when they have a reason. They knock, say the right things. Back-door friends, they just bang in through the kitchen door and drop whatever's on their mind.

(then)

You're my best back-door friend. So I'm gonna drop my mind on your table here. This will come to no good.

CANDY

I've done all the things a wife is s'pose to do. The house. The kids. The meals. Where's the payback?

JACKIE

This is the payback. Take it from me: somebody who lost it.

Silence.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I can see I'm talking to a woman whose mind is made up.

EXT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP - THE NEXT DAY

\*

Candy stands by her car, waiting, a bit nervous as Allan emerges from the garage. Awkward. How to best say hello in a public setting to someone you're about to have an adulterous affair with? Allan -- a preparationist at heart -- came ready for that.

ALLAN

Hi.

CANDY

(warmly)

Hey.

ALLAN

I brought you a little card.

He hands it to her. She opens the envelope.

ANGLE THE CARD: on the front it reads, "For the Last of the Red Hot Lovers".

RESUME

Candy smiles. Kind of the perfect icebreaker. She opens the card to find a small plastic bag of Red Hots inside. She chuckles. Just the kind of hokey gag she loves.

CANDY

That's so sweet.

TIME CUT:

INT. TEA HOUSE - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

A quaint little place, known for tea and comfort food. They're midway through the meal. The small talk is a bit forced, they're both nervous.

CANDY

My dad was a radar technician in the army. Probably why I hit it off with Pat. What is it they say, every girl wants to grow up and marry her father.

ALLAN

How'd you two meet?

CANDY

His mother set us up, if you can believe it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLAN

Actually I kind of can.

CANDY

He worked at Texas Instruments back then.

TIME CUT:

CANDY (CONT'D)

Terrible first date. He spent most of it trying to tackle me on a beach. I wanted nothing to do with him after that. Then he sent me roses with a card that said, "Hope you got the sand out of your pants." How sweet is that? I mean, really?

TIME CUT:

ALLAN

I was teaching at Southeastern. Betty was actually one of my freshman students.

CANDY

(mock disgust)  
Shame on you.

ALLAN

Nothing happened then. But later, once we were no longer teacher and student...

CANDY

You went on to chasing other freshmen.

ALLAN

What? No.

CANDY

I'm kidding.

ALLAN

Betty was the first relationship I ever had. I guess the only one I've ever had.

CANDY

Is she the only woman you've ever, y'know, been with?  
(too nosy)  
I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

ALLAN

That's okay. In fact, yes. She's the only person I've ever had relations with.

(then)

What about you?

CANDY

Me? I've been with everybody.

(quickly)

I'm kidding. But there were others. Before Pat, of course. Not after.

TIME CUT:

INT. TEA HOUSE - LATER

As the waitress is clearing dishes, meal over, and they're still stuck in the small talk--

CANDY

I just worry. I mean Jackie is the church when you think about it.

ALLAN

I hope she doesn't become a stranger.

CANDY

How can she not, at least a little? Wichita's in Kansas, last time I checked. Frankly, I don't know how we'll begin to go about replacing her. I don't want to become some stodgy-podgy church.

ALLAN

That would be awful.

CANDY

Awful.

Allan takes a sip of his coffee.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Should we talk about our kids now? Maybe the Cowboys?

(then)

Pat was a champion trumpeter in high school, did I cover that?

\*  
\*  
\*

He gets her point. The elephant can only be danced around for so long.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLAN

I've never done anything like this before.

CANDY

I haven't either.

ALLAN

I would never be able to forgive myself if Betty ever found out. It would be devastating to her.

CANDY

I feel the same. We would have to be so careful that no one would ever know except us.

\*

ALLAN

I've been thinking a lot about what you said. About just wanting to go to bed. Not wanting to get emotionally involved. That would be very important to me.

CANDY

Me, too, Allan. I just want to enjoy myself without hurting myself or anyone else.

ALLAN

Well, let's think about it some more and maybe we should think about the hazards. And whether we want to take that risk.

CANDY

Fine. I think we should.

A beat.

CANDY (CONT'D)

So. That's the plan? To think about it some more?

Evidently it is.

UP MUSIC: "BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE" BY TASTE OF HONEY

INT. MONTGOMERY HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

As Candy works on her lists, two columns: "Why?" And "Why not?"--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TASTE OF HONEY (O.S.)

(singing)

*If you're thinking you're too cool  
to boogie/ Boy oh boy have I got  
news for you/ Everybody here  
tonight must boogie/ Let me tell  
ya, you are no exception to the  
rule...*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROCKWELL INTERNATIONAL, ALLAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Allan's at his desk, working on his list. He's talking on the phone. With Candy, it's a different day. As the MUSIC CONTINUES, WE PLAY THROUGH A MONTAGE, WHICH INCLUDES--

INT./EXT. VARIOUS - MONTAGE

A. Allan and Candy talking, planning.

B. Candy has note cards, hazard flash cards, laid out on the table.

C. In the Montgomery kitchen, another day. Candy is putting a pie in the oven.

D. In the Gore kitchen, Allan is carving the Thanksgiving turkey.

E. In the Montgomery dining room, the DALLAS COWBOYS ARE PLAYING ON TELEVISION as the Montgomerys are at the dining room table. Pat is saying grace.

F. In Allan's office, another day, Allan and Candy talking on the phone.

G. In Candy's car, yet another day, Candy has taped her lists to the steering wheel as she studies them in earnest. "BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE" CONTINUES.

INT. ROCKWELL INTERNATIONAL, ALLAN'S OFFICE - YET ANOTHER DAY

INTERCUT WITH CANDY IN HER KITCHEN:

INT. MONTGOMERY HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

ALLAN

It's not that I don't desire you.  
Or that I'm stalling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CANDY

Ah. And so I know the difference,  
what would stalling look like?

ALLAN

We just have to be so careful. The  
idea of ruining my marriage. Our  
marriages.

CANDY

Allan. I'm not sure how many more  
strategy sessions I can take. This  
is becoming the most planned-out  
love affair in the history of  
romance. It should be more natural.

ALLAN

It's just, we can't be too careful.

CANDY

I'm hearing that. Over and over.  
(another tact)  
Y'know, if you don't go to bed with  
me pretty soon, you'll never be  
able to live up to the growing  
expectations I have of you in bed.

ALLAN

(not amused)  
Don't think I haven't thought about  
that. \*

A beat.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Maybe one more planning session.

As Candy rolls her eyes. "Oh, my fucking God."

CANDY

We can have it here.

ALLAN

At your house?

CANDY

We can meet for lunch.  
(off his apprehension)  
People need to eat, right?

INT. GORE HOUSE, KITCHEN - EVENING

Allan and Betty eat in silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTY  
How was work today?

ALLAN  
Oh. Good. Kind of the same.

BETTY  
You're kind of quiet tonight.

ALLAN  
Am I?  
(a beat)  
How was your day?

BETTY  
Pretty good. Think I felt the baby  
move. I know that's near impossible  
this early, probably my  
imagination, but I felt it.

ALLAN  
Wow.

BETTY  
I realize you think my imagination  
is capable of almost anything.

ALLAN  
Are we gonna fight over this?  
Whether the baby really kicked you  
or not?

BETTY  
You been going over your list,  
Allan?

His eyes jerk up. Busted.

ALLAN  
I'm sorry, what?

BETTY  
The list. Of potential baby names.

ALLAN  
Oh. I will.

BETTY  
You will? It's only our child's  
name.

UP MUSIC: "MIDNIGHT TRAIN TO GEORGIA"

THE NIGHTTIME AERIAL PAN DISSOLVES TO DAY AS THE MUSIC  
CONTINUES. WE LAND ON THE MONTGOMERY HOUSE AND GO--

INT. MONTGOMERY HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Candy is pulling out the stops, trying to close the deal with her world-class lasagna. She wears her apron, does her kitchen magic as she SINGS ALONG TO THE SONG.

CANDY/THE PIPS

(singing)

*He said he's going...*

GLADYS KNIGHT (O.S.)

(singing)

*He said he's going back to find...*

CANDY/THE PIPS

(singing)

*Going back to find...*

GLADYS KNIGHT (O.S.)

(singing)

*Ooh, ooh, ooh, what's left of his world...*

This is Candy in her element. Food. Music. And the looking forward to what's to come.

On the walls, two posters, two lists, "Do's" and "Don't's". Under each respectively, the various reasons to or not to have an affair. It's time to close the deal.

TIME CUT:

Candy and Allan at the kitchen table, going over lists and rules while eating the glorious lasagna. Final stages of planning.

CANDY

(going through her list)

If either of us wants it to end,  
for whatever reason, then it ends.  
No questions asked.

ALLAN

Agreed.

CANDY

If either of us gets too  
emotionally involved, it ends.

ALLAN

We should make that rule number  
one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CANDY

If we start taking risks that shouldn't be taken, the affair ends.

ALLAN

Agree, agree, agree.

CANDY

All expenses -- food, motel, gasoline -- will be shared equally. We'll meet only on weekdays. I'll be in charge of fixing lunch on the day we meet. That way we'll have more time. I'll also be in charge of getting the motel room. Same reason, gives us more quality time. We'll figure on Tuesdays or Thursdays -- that's when Ian has playdates -- once every two weeks.  
(sighs)  
Did I leave anything out?

ALLAN

No. I think that about covers it.

CANDY

You sure, Allan?

ALLAN

Sure.  
(then)  
Shall we set a date? For the affair to begin?

On one hand, she can't believe he said that. On the other hand, completely predictable.

CANDY

Let's go for December 12th.  
(adding)  
This year.

He smiles.

CLOSE ON TELEVISION SCREEN: AN EPISODE OF *M\*A\*S\*H*, Hot Lips and Frank declaring their torrid sexual heat for each other.

FRANK

(on screen)  
Oh, Margaret, you don't know what it does to me, being near you all day in surgery, only able to touch you on your rubber gloves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REVEAL:

INT. MONTGOMERY HOUSE, FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Pat is WATCHING *M\*A\*S\*H* ON TELEVISION as Candy enters, observes.

She gives herself a final gut check. Can she go through with this? Pat cackles at the television. She sits next to him, scrunches in close, either consciously or unconsciously trying to talk herself out of this whole thing. As she cuddles in tight--

PAT

What are you doing?

CANDY

What am I doing?

(off Pat)

You once told me your favorite character was Snugglepuss, did you not tell me that, Pat?

PAT

Snugglepuss.

Her face drops. Yes, she can do this.

NATALIE COLE (O.S.)

(singing)

*This will be an everlasting love/  
This will be the one I've waited  
for...*

INT. MONTGOMERY HOUSE, BATHROOM - MORNING

Candy is showering as WE HEAR NATALIE COLE'S "THIS WILL BE".

TIME CUT:

She's now in front of the mirror, putting on makeup as the SONG CONTINUES.

INT. CANDY'S CAR - MORNING

Candy drives, Jenny rides in the passenger seat. Ian is in the back. "THIS WILL BE" PLAYS ON THE RADIO.

As she pulls up in front of--



EXT. LOVEJOY SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

She parks in front of the little red schoolhouse.

CANDY

(to Jenny)

Okay, angel girl. Come out smarter  
than you go in.

JENNY

I will, Momma.

CANDY

And don't be talking to boys.

JENNY

You're so silly.

And Jenny deboards. Candy watches her daughter head for  
the schoolhouse. Her attention is then arrested by--

HER POV:

Betty, also walking to the school. She teaches there.

RESUME

CANDY

(to Ian)

Okay, buddy. Next stop, preschool.

And she puts the car in gear.

INT. MONTGOMERY HOUSE, KITCHEN - ONE HOUR LATER

Candy, apron on, is preparing the day's special lunch.  
Marinated chicken, lettuce salad, cherry tomatoes, and  
bacon bits. She's loading it all into a picnic basket as  
"THIS WILL BE" CONTINUES TO PLAY.

She packs a table cloth, cheesecake, white wine. Then she  
slips a few undergarments and a nightgown into her purse.  
She's both Betty Crocker and Kim Novak. She's ready.

INT. CANDY'S CAR - LATER

Candy drives, game day face, as the SONG CONTINUES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE COLE (O.S.)

(singing)

*This will be/ You and me/ Yes sir-  
ee/ Eternally/ Hugging and  
squeezing and kissing and pleasing/  
Together forever through-ever  
whatever/ yeah, yeah, yeah, you and  
me...*

CANDY/NATALIE COLE

(singing)

*So long as I'm living, true love  
I'll be giving/ To you I'll be  
serving 'cause you're so  
deserving...*

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

She crosses into Richardson, and she starts to slow a bit to survey the selection of venues. And she spies one right on the freeway.

HER POV:

The Continental Inn.

RESUME

Perfect. Sounds almost European. Worldly. She pulls into the parking lot, inhales a gulp of courage.

INT. CONTINENTAL INN, RECEPTION - DAY

Candy is counting out the cash, twenty-nine dollars in total. IVY, a young woman, maybe mid-twenties, is working the desk.

IVY

I need to see a driver's license.

CANDY

Really?

IVY

I don't make the rules.

Candy proffers her license. Ivy then returns it, with a registration card.

IVY (CONT'D)

Need to fill this out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hmm. She'll have to write down her real name, the girl just saw her license. Oh, hell. She doesn't know a soul who's even heard of the Continental Inn in Richardson. She fills out the form.

TIME CUT:

EXT. CONTINENTAL INN - MINUTES LATER

Candy pulls the station wagon to the back, where her room is located. She parks. Deboards. Begins to unpack her luggage. This may be the most exciting thing she has ever done. Ever.

INT. CONTINENTAL INN - MINUTES LATER

Candy enters, flicks on the LIGHT, and surveys the room where it's going to happen. It'll do nicely. Ten by twelve feet, an old television, built-in shelving. The walls are covered with bright yellow fake paneling. Old brown carpet -- it all has an autumnal decor. On the bed, even a spread adorned with leaves and pine cones.

She opens the drapes to reveal a nice view of a car wash, a "FOUR-DAY TIRE" store and a Yamaha dealership. So romantic.

She goes to the phone, picks up the receiver.

INT. ROCKWELL INTERNATIONAL, ALLAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Allan sits at his desk. The PHONE RINGS, his head jerks. It's a call. It's that call. For a fleeting second, he balks, a flash change of mind, a lapse of dare. But then... he answers. INTERCUT:

ALLAN

Hello?

CANDY

I'm at the Continental Inn on the Central Expressway. Room two-thirteen.

ALLAN

Be there in a few minutes.

BACK TO CANDY AS SHE HANGS UP. This is happening. This is actually happening. She rises, begins to get things ready. Opens the picnic basket. She spreads the table cloth on the bed. Begins to arrange the marinated chicken pre-game feast.

EXT. ROCKWELL INTERNATIONAL, PARKING LOT - DAY

Allan, looking a bit robotic, purposefully marches to his car. Jitters swirling, he looks to be a bit on auto-pilot. Enough self-awareness to know that any game of second-guessing -- he'll lose. One foot in front of the other. Step. Step. Step. Step.

INT. CONTINENTAL INN, MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Candy emerges from the bathroom, she's slipped into her favorite peekaboo negligee. Soft pink, almost but not quite sheer. It's long, falling to her ankles. She looks at herself in the mirror. For a mother of two -- not too bad.

She then sits by the window. And waits. Inhales another gulp of courage. But the deep breath has the opposite effect. She's suddenly nervous. Everything before -- harmless flirtation. But now. This will change everything. It will change her.

CANDY

(to herself)

What am I doing?

INT. ALLAN'S CAR - DAY

Allan drives, DONNA SUMMER'S "HEAVEN KNOWS" PLAYS ON THE RADIO. Perhaps he's channeling Donna Summer, trying to feel sexy. But it's not working, he's full of anxiety.

HIS POV:

There it is. The Continental Inn.

RESUME

A burst of panic. He slows, then accelerates to drive by. Nope. This is not happening.

INT. CONTINENTAL INN, MOTEL ROOM - MINUTES LATER

And there she sits. Her own anxiety compounding. She waits. And waits. Then, a KNOCK on the door. She goes to the door, opens it TO REVEAL:

Him. Allan is there.

And the sight of her in that negligee. Libido and bravado is immediately coursing through him. Wow is all over his face, which she reads, and it buoys her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CANDY

I've made lunch.

Allan can see that she's more nervous than he is.

ALLAN

Great.

(then)

You look beautiful. Really  
beautiful.

CANDY

Thank you.

A beat. There's still opportunity to call this off.

CANDY (CONT'D)

We should eat.

ALLAN

Excellent.

As he spies the spread--

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Wow. Looks delicious.

They sit, he sees that she's poured wine. Good idea. She takes a sip/swig.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

(small talk)

Y'know, I've probably driven by  
this motel a thousand times and  
barely knew it was here.

CANDY

It's funny that way, life. The  
bland and innocuous can suddenly  
take on vivid hues and colors.

Allan gapes, "Where did that come from?" And she clocks  
it.

CANDY (CONT'D)

(admitting)

I take a creative writing class.

ALLAN

That was really good.

CANDY

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALLAN

I'd love to read some of your writings.

CANDY

Well, that would make one of you. Pat has no interest. And I read all his stuff on electromagnetics when he was getting his doctorate.

ALLAN

(bravely)

Are we talking about Pat now?

CANDY

No. We're definitely not.

\*

A beat. She tears off a bit of chicken.

CANDY (CONT'D)

I feel like what we're eating.

He takes her point.

INT. SCHOOL, CLASSROOM - DAY

Betty sits at her desk as the STUDENTS are taking a quiz. She sees one BOY peer over to a neighbor's desk--

BETTY

Eyes on our own desks, everyone. Goes without saying. We do not cheat.

INT. CONTINENTAL INN, MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Having polished off the cheesecake, they busy themselves with cleanup, clearing away paper plates and containers. The anxiety is palpable, neither wants nor knows how to make the first move.

We begin to HEAR A BEAT, faint at first, but it steadily GROWS LOUDER. A bass beat of sorts, a heartbeat. Right out of Edgar Allan Poe, their *Tell-Tale Hearts*. It grows steadily louder, to the point of being oppressive.

When all the stuff is put away -- nothing left to do -- Candy goes to the chair by the window and sits. The bass/beat sounds almost like a THUMP now. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Other than the thumping sound -- silence. Strained silence. It's awkward, painful.

ALLAN

Are you just going to sit there?

A beat. Candy then smiles.

CANDY

Yes.

He walks around the bed to the chair. Gently touches her shoulder. And all of her nervousness dissolves. She rises, puts her arms around his shoulders, and tenderly kisses him on the lips. A smile. And she gives him a more passionate -- though still gentle -- kiss. He's startled, recoils. And she reads his expression exactly. And now she's startled.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Allan. Have you never been French-kissed before?

ALLAN

(covering)

Well...

CANDY

You've never had a woman's tongue in your mouth?

He can't lie. He could, but his face gives him away. Candy's both disappointed by his sexual naiveté and perhaps a bit titillated. He's a virgin of sorts. Her virgin.

CANDY (CONT'D)

I think you're going to quite like it.

And she gives him another kiss. Still gentle, tender, but this one is deeper, more probing. And he does like it. In fact, he's transported. Just the way her body moves and responds here, standing, kissing. It's already the most exciting sexual experience of his life.

As they move toward the bed, WE STAY AT THE WINDOW. The CAMERA HOLDS ON THE TIRE STORE, THE YAMAHA DEALERSHIP. WE CAN HEAR THE SOUNDS of coupling, breathy kisses, the creak of the bed as they lower themselves onto it.

The tire store has a neon blinking sign, which somehow seems to blink with more fury.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE CAMERA EVENTUALLY TURNS AND COMES BACK TO THE BED. Allan's pants are off, he is on top of Candy. It's passionate but not reckless. Tentative but also assured. Maybe "meant to be" assuredness.

As she takes hold of him and guides him inside her... on her face, my God, it is transcendent. And transformative. For both of them. It doesn't last terribly long, but every second of it is wonderful. And the way she responds and moves -- her energy -- it's the single most exhilarating three minutes of Allan's life.

They both climax. Everything missing in Candy's life seems to be supplied by that climax. For all the planning, strategizing -- it's lived up to all the promise.

As Allan explodes inside her, his eyes almost recede into his head. He has one thought and one thought only. He will be wanting more of this. Some long, deep breaths as they lie there, post-coital.

CANDY (CONT'D)

You okay?

ALLAN

I'm so okay. You?

CANDY

Oh, yes.

ALLAN

What is it Apollo Creed said to Rocky at the end of the fight?  
 "Ain't gonna be no rematch."  
 (then)  
 I want a rematch.

She giggles, snuggles into him.

CANDY

Me, too.

A beat.

CANDY (CONT'D)

We need to shower. Probably should've added that to the list. Always shower after. So we won't smell like each other.

ALLAN

'Kay.

As he begins to rise--

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

CANDY

Allan. It was wonderful.

Indeed it was. As he kisses her again--

UP MUSIC: A HYMN.

CHOIR (O.S.)

(singing)

*Oh, God, our help in ages past/ Our  
hope for years to come...*

AS THE SONG CONTINUES, CLOSE ON A HAND TURNING ON THE SHOWER NOZZLE, THE WATER SPRAYS OUT.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

AS THE HYMN CONTINUES, Candy, naked, climbs into the tub to shower. She welcomes the water, like it's baptismal almost.

The water pours on her head as WE CLOSE ON HER. Or do we? This is Candy. But something different. Like a Candy we have not yet met. There's a numbness to her. A darkness even. Who the fuck is this?

AS THE CAMERA PULLS BACK a bit... she's wearing clothes now. What the fuck? This is a different person, it seems. On a different day. But what person? What day?

THE HYMN CONTINUES AS WE GO BACK IN TIGHT ON HER.

CHOIR (O.S.)

(singing)

*Time like an ever rolling stream/  
Bears all its sons away/ They fly  
forgotten, as a dream/ Dies at the  
opening day...*

AS THE HYMN CONTINUES, WE CLOSE TIGHTER YET ON CANDY. Something has happened. Off her, we eventually--

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK... THE THUMPING, THE HEARTBEAT.

TO BE CONTINUED